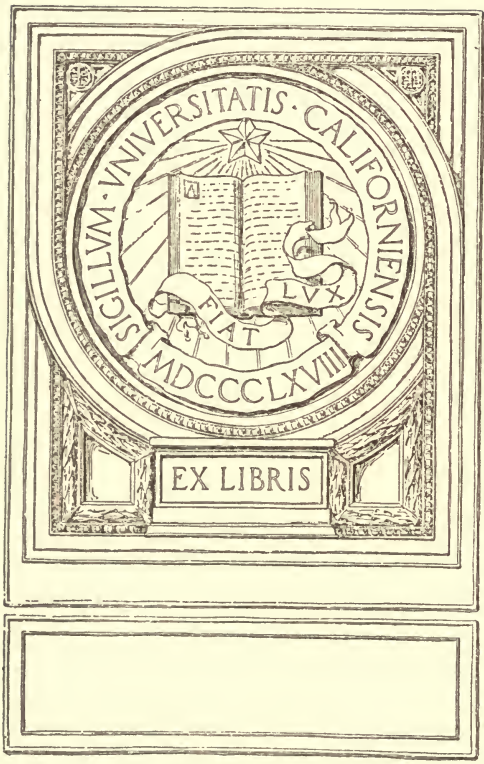


AMERICA AND
HER PROBLEMS

D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

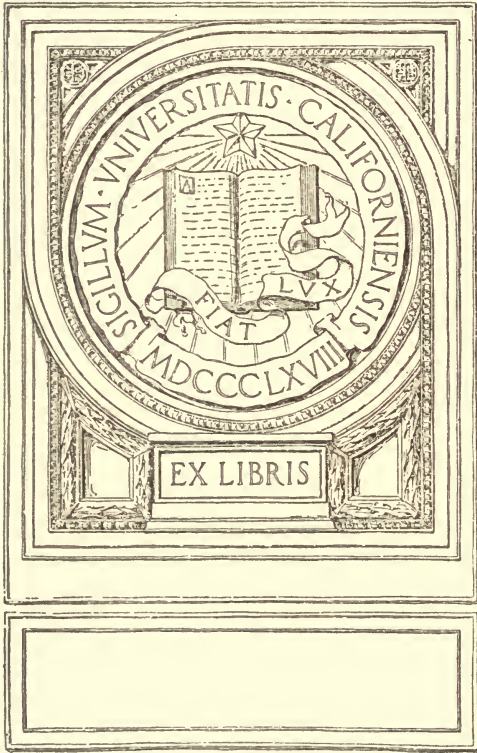


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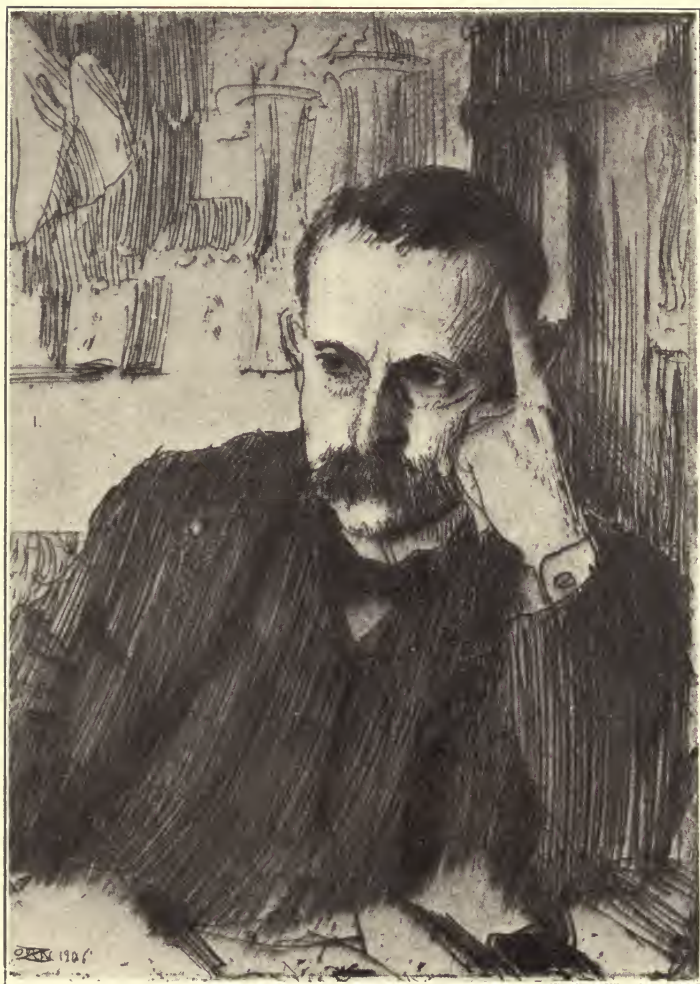


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PAUL H. B. D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT.

AMERICA AND HER PROBLEMS

BY

PAUL H. B. D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF FRANCE AND DELEGATE
TO THE PEACE CONFERENCES AT THE
HAGUE, 1899 AND 1907

New York

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1915

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TO THE
AMERICAN

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PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION

To my Friends in the United States

THIS book, the fruit of a lifetime of observation, study and travel in distant countries, was written during 1911, 1912 and 1913; that is to say, almost on the eve of the war now being waged. It is an act of faith in American and in human idealism. My object was to give it living interest, and, for this purpose, I have devoted the first part of it to a faithful description of the country as I saw it, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Mexico to Canada, in the infinite variety of its magnificent scenery. During the last ten years I have paid several visits to the United States, which I have learned to know very imperfectly — it could not be otherwise with a continent — but to the best of my ability. I have tried to describe, for my readers' benefit, the United States as I saw them, with the numerous problems — internal, external, economic, political and moral — that confront them. I have tried to make these problems spring out of the ground, so to speak; to make the soil tell its own story and explain its needs, its resources and the future of the inhabitants who have assumed the responsibility of developing it. I have introduced the greatest possible number of those who are taking part in this great work in a country where no one is idle, where every one contributes to the accomplishment of a common

duty, where women and children share in it, where education is general, not only in universities and churches but in clubs and countless associations constituted by an incessant stream of immigration. I have not endeavored to minimize the difficulties that confront the population in which so many nationalities and different races, often uncongenial, end by becoming assimilated or living side by side. I have expressed my admiration for the manner in which they struggle against inherited error, routine and egoism, against drink, slavery, injustice and violence in all its forms.

My primary purpose is to make this an educational work, appealing to the ardent activity of the young and to the enthusiasm as well as to the good sense of public opinion. It was written in a spirit of confidence, after an experience of forty years of a laborious peace, in the strong hope that the danger of a great European war might be averted by the combined effect of concerted efforts and the coöperation of those disinterested workers who, in countless numbers, are scattered all over the world and who ask for nothing better than to unite and act together. To those skeptics who looked upon war as either a solution or a fatality, I have held up the greatest republic in the new world as an example.

I had two objects. One was to do my best not only to show the United States how fully I appreciated their vast resources, but to make them realize the incalculable service they could render to civilization, as well as to themselves, by remaining faithful to their peace policy, which is the main cause of their prodigious prosperity. Secondly, after defining this peace policy and quoting facts to show that it was inspired neither by short-sightedness nor by cowardice, I have tried to indicate its patriotic grandeur and its advantages for other nations, especially for those who believed in the superiority of militarism. I have given my

readers a choice between two forms of actual experience — two models, the first, to be followed, a peace policy, and the second, to be avoided, a policy of adventure and armament.

Since the first edition of this book appeared in French, in 1913, war has broken out. Events have proved, better than all arguments, that this war will bring no advantage to the governments that premeditated and declared it. As I have always foreseen, it stands out in its true light as a bad action and a piece of bad business, as an indescribable crime and a monstrous absurdity, perhaps even a form of suicide. All the hatred, sorrow, mourning and irreparable ruin it will leave as a heritage to our children will only too thoroughly justify the efforts of those disinterested men who have tried their utmost to avert it. Had they had but one chance in a thousand to succeed, it was their duty to take that chance.

The publication of an English edition of this book in the United States will be timely, for it is becoming more and more necessary that the young states of the new world should avoid imitating old Europe's mistakes. The spirit of domination will lose more and more of its prestige, while a policy of justice and conciliation will impose itself as being the only one corresponding to the aspirations and progress of humanity. We now have to decide the question that might serve as a conclusion to this work: the armed peace policy being condemned by facts, with what are we to replace it? How are we to organize a peace that is not foredoomed to end in universal war?

The present war will teach neutrals a terrible lesson. Whether they like it or not, their interests are bound up with those of the belligerents who are fighting for peace and justice. Fortunately for themselves and for civilization, they can no more free themselves from this bond than they can escape from the more and more complex obliga-

tions of international intercourse. On the other hand, they do not want to compromise themselves. Their position is extremely difficult. What is their duty? Nothing could be a more delicate matter, for instance, than for the government of the United States to avoid becoming involved in this world conflagration and, in a word, to remain neutral. But how are we to understand neutrality itself? No one suggests that the United States should take up arms, as a nation, on behalf of any of the belligerents, but, on the other hand, no one can conceive the neutrality of the land of American independence as amounting to indifference. In showing that the duty of the American government is to deliver the world from the scourge of war, I do not draw the conclusion that it can insure the organization of peace by holding aloof. On the contrary, my belief is that such abstention, so far from keeping American influence intact, would amount to an abdication and would disqualify America. My view, at the very outset of the war, was that it was the duty of the United States government to make an indignant protest against the violation of Belgian neutrality and of the Hague conventions, signed by its representatives. Its duty and interest were to make this protest all the more vigorously in view of the fact that it remained neutral. Its persistent silence has been an immense disappointment for its friends, and, I believe, a great mistake; if it will not play its part as a defender of treaty obligations during the war, what authority will it have to advise the negotiation of other treaties after the war? It will not be listened to. So far from making peace easier, the United States government will have contributed to discrediting it and making it impossible.

Let us, however, put this burning question aside. The present war raises plenty of others for the consideration of neutrals. The first is whether national defenses should be in a state of preparation or non-preparation. This is an-

other difficult case to elucidate. How are we to escape both dangers: preparing too much or not enough? I have felt bound to express myself unmistakably on this point, as well as on others, such as the abuse of governmental and parliamentary powers and of those in the hands of politicians, business men and their newspapers; as, for instance, excessive protection, the yellow peril, the Indian and negro questions and those raised by Mexico, the Panama canal, the Philippines, etc.

The problems I mentioned in 1913 as containing serious ground for consideration have become questions of life or death for the United States since the war. It is not without interest that a foreigner should have studied them beforehand in a spirit of profound sympathy for the new worlds and with the conviction that it is their destiny to regenerate civilization.

Long before I visited the United States I had looked at them with a friendly eye. I began to know America, without having crossed the ocean, first by my own marriage, thirty years ago, and afterwards through the gentleness, courage and spirit of justice shown by several American men and women living or traveling in France, where they represented their country better than legions of newspapers could have done. Some of the friends who guided me have left this world. Among them I must name the refined and cultivated Edmond Kelly. Among others, nearly all of whom, I am glad to say, are still with us, are Edward Tuck, Nicholas Murray Butler, Du Puy, Cyrus McCormick, Edwin Ginn, General Porter, Henry White, Robert Bacon. After my first journey I made other visits to America, four times in all, and stayed longer and longer. Many Americans received me in their homes, from the White House down to the humblest. I have met most of their statesmen, their savants, their artists and their leading diplomatists and philanthropists, especially at the two

Hague conferences. It was even arranged that, this year, I should at last accept long-postponed hospitality from my many friends in South America. I was to have gone to Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Chili and Peru, returning by way of Panama, San Francisco (during the exposition), the United States and perhaps Japan. Like many other plans, this was upset by the war.

I am very far from having seen everything that attracted me to the United States. The problems that arose during my journey absorbed my attention more than the journey itself. I even had to give up the idea of seeing such marvels as the Grand Cañon and Yellowstone Park, not to mention many others.

My first visit to the United States dates back thirteen years. I went there for the Washington anniversary at Chicago on Feb. 22, 1902. On this occasion I delivered my first speech in English. It was the starting point of a new phase of my existence. Formerly I had talked about the American peril. Since then I have believed in the American remedy. I returned in 1907, having been invited by the Andrew Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh to attend the foundation of the powerful American International Conciliation Association in New York. This association made the arrangements for my third journey in 1911. Up to this time I had traveled very little outside the Eastern states. My friends advised me to go farther afield and to see the advance guard of Americans. Long in advance they planned out receptions for me, both public and private, in the largest possible number of important centers. I owe them much gratitude. But for their minute care I should have been unable to make so complete a tour and to understand what might otherwise have escaped a foreigner. Every city, every chamber of commerce, university, club

and corporation undertook to put me in touch, as soon as I arrived, with those who could give me the information I required, and also to make all the arrangements for my lectures. The number of people whose movements were affected by my visit made it all the easier for me to put questions, to listen to what others had to say, and to see what there was to be seen; and I had no difficulty in speaking several times a day to all kinds of audiences, the smallest of which numbered a few hundreds, though the usual size was several thousands. It would be very ungrateful on my part if I omitted to say that, to my great surprise, this long journey fortified me instead of tiring me out; and when, the year after, Gabriel Hanotaux asked me to join the deputation from the Comité France-Amérique and pay a visit to the United States for the Champlain commemoration, I had no hesitation in accepting his invitation and doing my best to help him in his public-spirited enterprise.

From this visit I returned with the conviction that if, through a combination of exceptional circumstances, my testimony could add another link and contribute to an exchange of instruction between Europe and the United States, I had no right to hold aloof. It seemed to me that my book would at least be useful as a record, like many other books that have preceded it, of the contemporary position of the United States, their strong and weak points, their resources and their defects, and the degree of prosperity to which they have attained. It was Albert Kahn's very human idea to photograph the world at once, before it is reduced to a uniform level or transformed by progress. His operators are bringing back cinema films to Paris from Morocco, the Far East, Albania, Belgium, etc., which will be of great interest fifty years hence as showing what the world was like in 1911, 1913 or 1915. This book is an

attempt of the same kind — a faithful presentment of the present and my personal vision of the future of the United States.

The translation of this book into English has been most carefully made in Paris, in consultation with me, by Mr. George A. Raper, whose scrupulous exactness and most faithful interpretation of my meaning I cannot praise too highly. The proofs of this translation have been revised, in New York, by a staff of most devoted voluntary helpers, in spite of the complications, which can be only too readily imagined, resulting from the war. I owe my personal thanks to my friend, President Nicholas Murray Butler, whose energy, as usual, triumphed over all obstacles; to my compatriot Mr. A. R. Ledoux, in whose veins runs the rich blood of French ancestors and who is an embodiment of the Franco-American *entente cordiale*; and to the Secretary of the International Conciliation Association in New York, Mr. F. P. Keppel, an old and tried friend and fellow-worker.

The delay in publishing the American edition has enabled me, not to modify my book — for that would have changed its character — but to make, in the form of notes or amplifications of the text, such additions as were necessary to bring it up to date, and also to bring forward fresh arguments in support of the confidence which I shall preserve, in spite of everything, to my dying day, in the future of humanity.

I bequeath to my American readers and to my friends, known and unknown, in the new world, the inheritance of the beliefs which, to my sorrow, I have been unable to make prevalent in the governing circles of the old world, though these beliefs are those of all nations. They will eventually outweigh the preconceived opinions of statesmen. After this horrible war we shall have more reason than ever to believe in the spirit of self-sacrifice, in the benefits of pain-

ful creative effort, in the sanctified nature of the resistance that springs from both heart and head, and in the triumph of Reason, Good Will and Justice over the sterile forces of ignorance, pride and violence.

P. D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT.

CRÉANS,

April 2, 1915.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART I

THE COUNTRY

CHAPTER I

FROM WASHINGTON TO TEXAS AND THE MEXICAN FRONTIER

	PAGE
1. On the way to Washington. Crossing the ocean. The lesson of the Titanic. The port. The progress and mistakes of New York. The demoralizing skyscraper	3
2. Philadelphia. American independence. Franco-American work. Newspapers, photographers and phonographs	8
3. The Mexican revolution. American Machiavellis. A collective intervention?	11
4. Washington. The bureau of the American republics. An international center. Pan-American conciliation. Baltimore. Exchanges of teachers and students. Johns Hopkins University. The French diplomacy. Good men and bad organization. No information from France, but a daily hint from Paris. French taste	14
5. New Orleans. French names; French initiative; French souvenirs; French ingratitude. Tulane University	21
6. Texas. New Orleans and Texas remind me of North Africa. The Texan desert and the miracles of American energy. The resurrection of Galveston. Austin University. San Antonio and the American army. El Paso reminds me of a Turkish garrison. The end of the Mexican administration	23

CHAPTER II

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. NEITHER CONQUEST NOR ABSENTION

General Porfirio Diaz's dictatorship. The danger of the situation. Conquest? Mr. Hearst's publications. President Taft's firmness. An American party in Mexico. The cogwheel.

	PAGE
President Wilson. Madero. Huerta. A case of conscience.	
The dilemma. A moral intervention. The Hague institution	27

CHAPTER III

CALIFORNIA

1. The long distances. The state of Arizona. Los Angeles. San Francisco	42
2. Labor and agriculture	44
3. Yellow immigration	47
4. An Eldorado. Touring. The American "côte d'azur." From Los Angeles to Del Monte. Pasadena	50

CHAPTER IV

WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES

1. At the universities. Berkeley. The girls' dinner. Voluntary servants. Young Americans traveling in France	55
2. An election campaign. For or against women. The boulevards of Paris. Miserable young girls. The three husbands	59
3. The French woman. A French wife	63
4. Votes for women. The suffragettes in England. The woman and the war. The necessary struggle. The rights of the man. The woman and the child forgotten. The good man is shy. Triumph of the women. The seaports and pleasure cities	66

CHAPTER V

FROM SEATTLE TO SALT LAKE CITY

1. A new city. Seattle. The moving houses. The Seattle spirit. The "single tax." Henry George. The churches	75
2. The Seattle exhibition. Past and future. Far West to Far East. From the Arctic circles to the Tropics	82
3. Seattle's ambition. The railways. New ideals; the French Revolution. The products follow the ideas. Bad management; deforestation; American waste. American organization. The states of Washington and Oregon. Culture and gathering of the apples. If only France knew!	85
4. Portland. The Sacramento. The gold seekers. The rose city. The automatic telephone. The Columbia River. The gold. The progress of agriculture	93
5. Dry farming. The Mormons. Illegal but existing polygamy	98

CHAPTER VI

COLORADO

	PAGE
1. The Rocky Mountains. Colorado Springs. The cañon. The cathedral spires. The prairie. The Indians	103
2. Boulder University. The Easter Sunday. Presided over by the Rocky Mountains	108
3. Denver. My lecturing in English. Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. Follow the flag! But have it in good hands. The lesson of the Spanish War. A cornet solo	110
4. The Chamber of Commerce, the Press, the legislature of Colorado. The governor of the state. His Honor the Mayor of Denver. The Press of Denver. The legislature. Lady members. The chief justice	115

CHAPTER VII

THE "INEVITABLE? WAR" BETWEEN THE
UNITED STATES AND JAPAN

1. Japan premeditating war? Let us study the danger. Soap bubble	125
2. The worst hypotheses: <i>A.</i> The United States attacks Japan. <i>B.</i> Japan attacks the United States	128
3. The empire of the ocean; an anachronic dream	133

CHAPTER VIII

LINCOLN — KANSAS CITY

1. The capital of Nebraska. Life on board of the American railways; cabins, cooking. Lincoln or Omaha? The work of militia. Voluntary discipline. The pacific and patriotic doctrine. William Jennings Bryan. The Hague capital of new ideals. American disinterestedness. France sower of seed. Alcoholism. Paris and pornography. Too many dogs and cats. Temperance	134
2. Another new city. Kansas City. Agriculture center. Scarcity of labor. The 938 school teachers. The Press. French horses. The automobiles and the plucky girls. The park. The boulevards. The Missouri's failure. The floods. The lady who wants to know. The Knife and Fork Club	144

CHAPTER IX

ST. LOUIS — LOUISIANA

PAGE

1. New France. The Mississippi. I see Cavalier de la Salle passing. The martyrdom of our pioneers. The foundation of St. Louis. The treaties of Utrecht and of Paris. The selling of Louisiana. The funeral of the flag 155
2. The population. The climate of the United States. All kinds of climate. Floods and earthquakes. Peace necessary. Souvenirs of France. St. Louis exhibition. French and American idealism relatives but strangers 164
3. The French spirit. The French language. The country as it is. Mr. Robert Brookings. They do not dare speak foreign languages. Happy change. A French lesson. The lesson of The Hague 171
4. The American devotedness. The paradise of American hospitality. Human good will. Against skepticism. St. Louis expansion 180

CHAPTER X

TWIN CITIES — MADISON — BASEBALL

1. St. Paul and Minneapolis. The Seine and the Mississippi. American jokes 184
2. The railroad crisis. Mr. James J. Hill. Outburst of prosperity. No terminal facilities. The panic. The water traffic. The ladies of St. Paul and Minneapolis. French influence . . . 188
3. Madison. The lakes. The legislature and the university of the state of Wisconsin. "Our future is on the water." The constitution of the state of Wisconsin. Political economy. Social science and peace organization. Again the militia . . 196
4. Baseball. The umpire. Early risers. The international clubs. The "Marseillaise." Seeds of liberty 204

CHAPTER XI

MILWAUKEE — THE GROWTH AND DECLINE OF
GERMAN INFLUENCE

1. The city and the surroundings. The well-deserved success of the Germans. France's disasters, but no decadence. The great revenge. German militarism against German idealism. The Americans and the Alsace-Lorraine question. Tired of

	PAGE
“Might makes Right.” German imperialism a threat and a disappointment	209
2. The catastrophe. The balance-sheet of war. What German militarism has brought	223

CHAPTER XII

THE STATES OF ILLINOIS AND OHIO

1. Chicago. Latest developments. The lake traffic. The drainage canal. The town. The American luncheon. The Panama Canal. American Sunday. The orchestra hall	233
2. Art, music, literature, science, philosophy	244
3. The American barber	250
4. The universities of Chicago and Illinois. Chicago. Urbana. The religion of the future. The Chinese revolution boycotted by European diplomacy	252
5. Women and the drink question	262
6. Cincinnati. The wealthy man who does good. The fine river. Toledo, Indiana, Columbus, Cleveland, Dayton. Organization of peace and aviation. The need of this organization is shown by the present war	264
7. End of the first part of my campaign	275

PART II

THE PROBLEMS

CHAPTER XIII

THE SPRINGTIME OF A NATION

1. Back to Washington. A non-central Federal center. Fate of a world decided by one city and one man. Awakening. Outburst of spring. Residential quarter. Children. Society women. Springtime of a nation	279
2. Plan of the Federal city; how it was carried out. Major L'Enfant. The Capitol taking the place of the Pantheon. The spirit of Franklin. Public spirit	285
3. City planning. Blessings of air and sunshine. Religion of beauty. Walks. Children's crusades against dirt. Women again	291
4. Washington's park. Trees, birds; the eagle and the bluebird	296
5. The art of gardening. Gardening is internationalized and democratized. Cheap horticulture. More pleasure for less trouble	

	PAGE
and less cost. Bouquets of leaves. Turfed walks. Creation of natural taste	300
6. Mount Vernon and the White House. The American middle class and the traditions of the simple life. Pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. A city of gratitude. Visits to the White House in 1902, 1907, 1911, and 1912. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. My appeal to President Roosevelt in 1902. The Hague tribunal saved by the United States. Consequences of this action. Mr. Taft and arbitration treaties. Is their failure to be deplored? The White House as battle field. Capital or court of a democracy? The eagle or the star? . . .	304

CHAPTER XIV

THE IDEALISTIC MOVEMENT

Everything for the future : Education. Nation building	315
1. Freedom of instruction : Generalization impossible. Educational establishments. Margaret Morrison School. Domestic economy. The dietitian. German teachers of French. One of the results of our wars. "E pluribus unum." The leaders of public spirit. Trustees. Lafayette College. Columbia University. Harvard. Yale. Princeton. Coeducation. Vassar College. Girls' Normal College in New York. Meeting of school children. The protection of youth. The Sorbonne and the Boulevard St. Michel. The church as a school. Toleration at the universities. Freedom for educators	318
2. Lake Mohonk. The Brothers Smiley. The lake cure. Debating great ideas. Supporting great causes	338
3. The education of political parties. Political classifications. Misleading names. The dissatisfied. The center between the two wings. Progressives and Socialists. Comparative weakness of Socialism	343
4. The Indians. American impatience. History of colonization. French and English. Spaniards and Puritans. Prairie Cæsars	351
5. The Negroes : the inevitable day of reckoning. The slave trade. The war of secession. Negroes liberated but not made citizens. Mingling of races. Unassimilated population. The negro in a white democracy. Injustice to be confirmed or atoned for. Americans have faith	359
6. Religion : is it dying out or becoming modernized? Competition in well-doing. Religion of good. Christian Scientists.	

	PAGE
Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. People who imagine themselves sick. Mind cures. The Scientists' newspaper. Their Mother Church in Boston. Union of religions. The spirit of the French Revolution. The Pioneer of pioneers. Sentiment and reason. Indifference to dogma. The Unitarians. Man's duties. Rival gods. Morality common to all. Back to the real Christian spirit. Phillips Brooks. The religion of the future. American women and secularization in France	370
7. Civic and philanthropic works: the Presbyterian Church at Seattle. Pastor Matthews. Andrew Carnegie. Edwin Ginn. Scientific management. American museums. A model farm	397
8. Children. Teaching them how to play. Their need for life, space, cheerfulness, light, Nature and especially quiet. Playground associations. Tadpoles. Imitation war. Bonfires. Excursions. John Brashear. Doing the honors of the sky. Libraries. John Bigelow. The pageant. The light of truth. The Christian command	407

CHAPTER XV

COMPETITION

1. Pittsburgh. Production. The circulation of things, men and ideas. Fort Duquesne. Fort Pitt. Pittsburgh. Gas, coal and wheat one above the other. Blast furnaces. The apotheosis of initiative. Conveyance by land and water	418
2. Americans <i>versus</i> Americans. Pittsburgh's competitors. Chicago. Railroads and canals. The Erie Canal. Duluth. Roads. La Salle Creek. Disciplining Niagara. Education by gentleness. Collective labor. Another moving house. Unloading ore automatically at Buffalo	426
3. Competition from Canada. The two banks of the Niagara. Revenge after prolonged disdain. A clear field. Four months of hot weather. The population of Canada. Agriculture. Motoculture. Père Monnier. Three transcontinental railroads. Navigation on rivers, canals and lakes. Hudson Bay. Our slowness. The port of Brest. The armed peace system. A century of peace between England and America. Contagious dreadnought fever	444
4. Universal competition. The West Indies. South America. The African continent. From the Nile to the Zambesi. From	

	PAGE
Morocco to the Cape. Asia. Turkey. American ignorance of Russia. A Canada in Europe and Asia. Competition from old countries. Great and small powers. Scandinavia. Americans between two fires	467

CHAPTER XVI

AMERICA'S DUTY

1. Pensions. The army and navy: 440 million dollars spent in pensions. The professional army. The militia. The navy. The United States protected by two oceans. A race to ruin. "Ships that are too big." Progress in submarines, mines and torpedoes. Expenditure. Dissatisfaction. Ports for all. The true American navy. The Naval School at Annapolis. The danger of an American navy and the policy of intervention. The lessons of the great war of 1914-1915	479
2. The colonies. Imperialism and its vicious circle. The Pacific Ocean an American lake or the Pacific islands neutralized? The Philippines. Machinery wanted	497
3. Panama. The Panama Canal repudiated by the French republic. Charles de Lesseps in prison. Resurrection. The forthcoming opening. A tribute to President Roosevelt and American energy. Fortifications. Enfeeblement through militarism. Possession or destruction of the canal. Preferential tolls. Treaty violation. Arbitration suggested and rejected. The actual war: neutrality not indifference	501
4. Customs tariffs. Pessimism: Putting tariffs into operation worse than tariffs themselves. Inadequate justice. Administrative habits contrary to national idealism. Parliamentary control a farce. Elected representatives as slaves. Pork-barrel legislation. Organization of the Grand Army of the Republic. "Patriotic" military and naval leagues. Electoral reform. Newspapers. Customs of legislation. Public spirit will reform the administration. Reply to pessimists. New currents of foreign immigration in the United States	513
5. Conclusion: Distance between the United States and their government. Americans faithful to the Mount Vernon traditions, but the government has moved away from them. Birth of imperialism. The 1912 election. The rights of man and the right of peoples. The renovation of Europe. Interest and duty of the United States	518
Appendix: My New Year's letter	525

PART I
THE COUNTRY

AMERICA AND HER PROBLEMS

CHAPTER I

FROM WASHINGTON TO TEXAS AND THE MEXICAN FRONTIER

1. ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON: CROSSING THE OCEAN. The lesson of the *Titanic*. The port, progress and mistakes of New York. The demoralizing skyscraper. — 2. PHILADELPHIA. American independence. Franco-American work. Newspapers, photographers and phonographs. — 3. THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION. American Macchiavellis. A collective intervention? — 4. WASHINGTON. The Bureau of the American Republics. An international center. Pan-American conciliation. Baltimore. Exchanges of teachers and students. Johns Hopkins University. The French Diplomacy. Good men and bad organization. No information from France, but a daily hint from Paris. French taste. — 5. NEW ORLEANS. French names; French initiative, French souvenirs; French ingratitude. Tulane University. — 6. TEXAS. New Orleans and Texas remind me of North Africa. The Texan desert and the miracles of American energy. The resurrection of Galveston. Austin University. San Antonio and the American army. El Paso reminds me of a Turkish garrison. The end of the Mexican administration.

1. *Policing the Ocean*

I HAVE nearly always made the crossing from France to New York at the worst time of the year, either in February or in the spring, but this has in no way prevented me from looking back on the journey with pleasure as an air-cure and a period of perfect rest. It has been borne in upon me, however, that the faster our modern liners steam, the less safe is the route on which they travel, especially for the unfortu-

nate vessels they sink, sometimes without even knowing it. The route ought to be watched and, in any case, made more southerly eight months out of the twelve. There are several international organizations that are needed in these days of enormously increased means of communication; and among them is the policing of the ocean. The *Titanic* disaster ought never to have taken place, and the same may be said of a great many others, some less sensational and some of which we know nothing at all. In the matter of regulating ocean traffic, everything still remains to be done, or to be done over again. Let us hope that the recent international agreement of London will have good, practical results.¹

New York Harbor too Narrow

Practically all harbors are proving inadequate. This applies to Havre, in spite of all that has been done to improve it. Brest does not count except as a naval port. Magnificent and impressive as it is, the entrance to New York harbor has nevertheless proved too narrow for the enormous vessels now in use, which the slightest mistake transforms into catapults that carry destruction to themselves and everything within reach.

¹As a result of the *Titanic* disaster, an international conference was held in London during the month of November, 1913. This conference elaborated and adopted on January 20, 1914, a convention duly signed by the representatives of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, the United States of America, France, Great Britain, Italy, Norway, The Netherlands, Russia and Sweden, "to safeguard human life at sea."

The convention sought especially to minimize the danger from wrecks and derelicts by their destruction, to promote researches concerning floating ice, improvement in design and arrangement of water-tight bulkheads, radio-telegraphy, life-saving apparatus and its operation, measures against fire, etc., etc. Unfortunately, this convention was not ratified, the war having intervened to arrest all progress and to turn civilization backward.

The disaster to the *Titanic* was only an accident of small importance compared to the catastrophes deliberately planned through mines, artillery, torpedoes and submarines. (March, 1915.)

Progress has become so daring and so upsetting to preconceived ideas that, to keep pace with it, the world has to be continually changing its methods and machinery. There is ruinous and exhausting competition on all sides. The necessity of making these incessant changes ages even young countries in a few years. The ports, and also the factories, that are in the best position nowadays are those in which everything has still to be done. Having no past, they can begin with the latest improvements, to which the others are just coming or for which they are planning.

Old Cities in America

It is the same with cities, and especially American cities. The oldest, dating back a century or two — three at the outside — are badly off nowadays in comparison with the new cities springing up on all sides. The former lack the charm and the prestige that history has bestowed on ancient towns, whose ruins are worth more than modern dwellings, and they are hampered by roughly built structures that make all beautifying and progress difficult. Half their time and resources are taken up in more or less makeshift attempts to correct the mistakes of a by no means distant past. The life of New York is a constant succession of great achievements. A fine sight, and one that well befits our times, is this effort on the part of a city, which began badly, and may be said to have been badly brought up, having reached maturity and become conscious of its position strives to fill it worthily.

Badly Planned New York

The plan of New York was conceived, or improvised, in opposition to modern ideas. These in reality are a reversion to true architectural traditions, in which a garden or

landscape served as an harmonious and health-giving surrounding for the habitation. New York can boast neither a tree nor a single charm of Nature. It consists of cement cubes and caissons built as high as possible, placed side by side and separated only by long nameless streets crossing one another at right angles. What chance does such a plan leave to the imagination? It is something to see the Americans in this their darling city, proud of the difficulties it has overcome, plethoric with wealth, more thickly peopled than some European kingdoms (it has just twice as many inhabitants as Norway) and already compelled by its own success to begin all over again!

Every one is trying to contribute to the beautifying of New York, but it is nothing less than a labor of Hercules. By going a long way off, it will be easy enough to provide New York with parks (we must admire the city for having preserved Central Park), open spaces, promenades and playgrounds; but what can be done for the vast extent of old New York? Merely modernizing a single railroad depot, not even in a central district, means compulsory purchases of property, expedients, temporary works that threaten to last forever, combinations of interests, and graft — the usual experience, in fact, of all large capitals. What would it be if an attempt were made to change the whole plan? It would be an impossibility; and yet everything possible is being done — immense achievements, doomed to be inadequate! All this is well known. Plenty of foreign travelers have given us excellent descriptions of New York. Only a few of them have made the mistake of taking New York for the whole of America. I will therefore refrain from remarking upon its magnificent new docks, its colossal Pennsylvania and Grand Central stations, its depressing but speedy subway, and its gigantic tube under the Hudson, which used to be so pleasant to cross by ferryboat.

I will abstain from deploring the continued and excessive increase in the height of its skyscrapers, and yet I must say something on this subject, if only to satisfy my conscience by expressing a hope that the skyscraper fashion will not spread to the old world just as the new seems to be beginning to tire of it.

Demoralizing Effect of the Skyscraper

Now that it has forty or forty-five stories, the skyscraper is becoming aggressive and demoralizing. I admit that, both for those who build it and those who live in it, it possesses all kinds of very practical advantages, owing to the way in which everything is centralized, simplified and perfected to the highest possible point, but the cost of these individual advantages to the community is too great. The day will come when extremes will meet and the skyscraper will be banned like the hovel. Perhaps nothing better will be invented, for those who like to live well above the crowd and its noise and dust, but it is a form of oppression directed against the population of the entire city. At the base of a skyscraper, a wide street becomes a mere alley, a ditch, or a well. Man counts for less; the poor are still poorer, and drop out of sight. On the ground, which has become a great luxury, the skyscraper monopolizes the only benefits that belonged to all—light, air and the blue sky. It lengthens night and throws its icy shadow in daytime over whole districts, thousands of human beings eager to live, and children. It will not even let trees live! Hitherto the size of houses and public monuments has been more or less regulated by trees. These are now dwarfed into mere mushrooms by the skyscraper. It is a monument of egotism, ostentation and self-advertisement. It is enormous and inhuman. Apart from trees, how can we imagine, near this dominating mass, any one of those works of art that

are more numerous than one would suppose in the United States and are being built even in New York, in the wealthiest districts? How are we to conceive the existence of any monument of piety, love or taste; any library, museum, temple, church, club or theater, under such conditions? And still less can we imagine a mere garden.

The Americans realize their youthful errors as well as ourselves, and perhaps better, but it does not always rest with them to make up for these errors. Megalomania carries its own chastisement with it, and leaves traces that serve for the instruction of posterity. For these reasons and many others the great and magnificent modern city of New York is viewed by many of the young communities in the United States, as we shall see, in the light of an out-of-date creation. It is the same with Philadelphia.

2. *Philadelphia*

I duly made the pilgrimage to Philadelphia, the birth-place of American independence. I found that the city council and the business men who received me at the city club were more than ever busied in preparing for the future requirements of their city. A great amount of attention is devoted to education and the care of the rising generation. Even young trees are included, and people are sorry that the ax was used so freely in former years. A census of such trees as are left has been ordered. Others are being planted, and a "shade committee" has been formed. This is going back to the mistakes as well as to the pleasant remembrances of the past. Americans are constantly on the lookout for facts and examples that will help them, and are finding them afar off or close at hand or away back in history.

In a pious and patriotic spirit they are keeping the memory of our French forefathers alive. France would be guilty of criminal folly if, through ignorance, she allowed

such bonds between the two sister republics to snap or even to slacken. I have been shown the statue of a French benefactor to Philadelphia, Etienne Girard, a precursor of France's free and generous ideas. Statues of Lafayette are to be found all over the country. His biography has been written by a former American ambassador in Berlin, Mr. Charlemagne Tower, who is now living in active retirement in Philadelphia, and the book has become a classic.

Franco-American Work

Americans are grateful, and they are proving it. They love France, simply and disinterestedly, for the part she took in creating and liberating the United States, and for her attachment to the principles of justice which are the *raison d'être* of a free people. They are disturbed in mind by all the ill we speak about ourselves, by the continual attacks of our newspapers on responsible authority, and by our national mania for making things out worse than they are; and they are glad to be reassured and have it demonstrated to them that, after all, the French Revolution brought forth some fruit that was not entirely bad and that France is still the same France as of yore. They realize that, in reality, France's enemies are theirs also, that the attacks on her are directed against her form of government and, consequently, against theirs, more than against herself. They ask for nothing better than to see that she is progressing in the world's confidence and in peaceful prosperity. That prosperity and wealth are not the result of mere chance. The climate and soil have much to do with it, but what they admire and want to hear about is her love for labor, her obstinate devotion to great ideals and her belief in better things, for, like ourselves and in a still greater degree, they need labor, progress and continuity to carry on their national organization.

This, and nothing more, is the theme I have come to uphold. I rejoice with them over all the good accomplished by their ancestors and ours, but I add: "*Noblesse oblige!* They created your country and won your freedom. It is now our duty to turn our inheritance to good account and hand it down to those who come after us. Governments, even with the best intentions, are at the mercy of mistaken public opinion. Let us therefore instruct that opinion, and begin by instructing ourselves. Let us draw closer together and know one another. This is a Franco-American movement which will be not merely idealistic but positive, practical and urgent, and it will complete what was done by our predecessors."

All this is perfectly well understood; and when I have "covered," as they say here, the territory of the United States I shall not have wasted my time. I have been both helped and hampered by the press: by which I mean that I had to lecture several times a day to journalists who, as a rule, summarized my remarks correctly. Some people complain of newspaper men, instead of blaming themselves for giving poor expression to what they expect others to reproduce well. There are also the reporters, who are not always journalists: the kind who board your steamer at New York in a hurry, with a notebook in one hand and a kodak in the other. The photographer is also an excellent auxiliary (not to mention the phonograph man, who wants you to deliver your speech to him). The photographer attacks you at your hotel, invades your room at the head of his squad of operators, and does not let you go until he has taken innumerable pictures with extraordinary speed. Next morning, or the same evening, you see yourself in the paper at the top of a report of your speech. It is a very convenient and up-to-date way of letting your family know what you are doing.

3. *The Mexican Revolution*

At the beginning of my last journey but one, the pessimists (in March, 1911) were much exercised by the revolution in Mexico. They assured me that war would follow at once and that the best thing I could do was to return home. I declined to listen to these exaggerations and I went on my way. The situation must be regarded in its true light. We have to consider not only a revolution, carried even to devastation and anarchy, in Mexico, but also the real interest of the United States and their means of action.

The situation was very complicated in 1911; I found it the same in 1912 and it is much more so at present. The United States government cannot deal with it as it would like to do; and, what is more serious, it cannot act absolutely as it pleases in all the states, and especially in Texas, which is much larger than France (688,340 square kilometers), not to mention the five other states taken away, like Texas, from Mexico — an invariably dangerous precedent. The United States government has to guard an enormously long frontier (about 2000 kilometers), bristling with wild, inaccessible mountain peaks; and it will have some difficulty in reconciling its police duties, and that of temporary intervention, in case of serious trouble across the border, without coming into conflict with its duties and interests as a neutral. It will have to be especially careful to hold out against the usual demands of its citizens, established or not in Mexico, who claim its protection and then proceed to clamor blindly for a protectorate and finally annexation. In addition to all these difficulties, there will be claims for damages, not to mention the danger of destroying the equilibrium of the United States by extending them too far southward and Spanifying them as far as Panama. But this is only one side of the question.

What can the United States do and what do they want to do? That is the point. They have assembled an army, the papers say, but what sort of an army? An immense country, in process of formation, cannot muster an army so quickly. It has neither the time nor the money, and it can hardly supply the men, even by paying them heavily and sacrificing crops which already have to suffer considerably through the scarcity of labor. One can travel from Chicago to New Orleans without seeing a single soldier.

American Macchiavellis

It has been suggested by some American Macchiavellis that bodies of irregulars — Mexicans, half breeds, Indians, etc. — should be raised and paid to fight Mexico. This would be a deplorable old-time expedient. It would demoralize all concerned and end by making Mexico resist still more desperately, and by exciting mistrust, not to say hostility, throughout South America and in Canada. A few American regiments, dispatched to or raised in Texas, and acting in coöperation with some cruisers protecting the ports, should therefore be sufficient to enable the government to carry out indispensable police operations, but, except through some attack of madness which nothing entitles us to anticipate, it will go no further.¹ It will not go beyond intervention in the most restricted and temporary form possible, well knowing, as it does, that it would be powerless to stop, and more especially that not one of the forty-nine states in the Union, including the former Span-

¹The result has proved this to be correct. The Government of the United States has not even attempted to intervene — or at least only temporarily and with the desire to terminate the intervention without delay. It has given proof, in accord with almost universal American opinion, of a generous spirit of conciliation; it appealed to the mediation of the three principal South American republics — the "A. B. C.'s." All these facts are not as generally known as they would be had not the European war imposed such great responsibilities upon the United States. (March, 1915.)

ish provinces and the state of Texas itself, wants either war or adventurous policies that lead to it.

A Collective Intervention

It may be, I repeat, that the United States will be obliged to decide on a *minimum* of intervention, but even that minimum should not and cannot last. It is quite the reverse of being to the interest of the United States. I regret that it has not been thought possible to prepare for a collective coöperation of all the great Powers, American as well as European and Asiatic,¹ in order to secure neutral and clearly disinterested intervention, in case of urgent need. This intervention would not be in contradiction to the Monroe Doctrine; far from it. It would not constitute intrusion on the part of one or of several foreign Powers. It would be joint action by all civilized nations for the sake of civilization, in answer to an invitation from the United States. This collective intervention would be the safest and most honorable way of putting an end to anarchy or at least of diminishing it. It would localize the outbreak and encourage the good elements in the Mexican population to maintain order and attend to business. They would not regard it as a danger or an offense, but as a mark of friendliness. It would arouse no suspicion and not even offend any susceptibility. It would be acceptable both morally and politically. In taking such an initiative, the United States would do honor to themselves, because it would show them to be faithful to their principles and opposed to new conquests and adventures, and would give a great and striking example of uprightness when the world most needs it.

¹ Let it be remembered once for all what has been said in the introduction to this volume. It was completed and published in French long before the present European war. The reader will quite understand that the writer was not willing to modify in 1915 his published impressions of 1913. So to do would have changed the very spirit of the book. (March, 1915.)

A Mexican War and Its Dangers

The effect of a Mexican war on the United States would be to stop their growth. It would only serve the interests of the little army of Imperialists, Megalomaniacs and speculators, who are much more dangerous to their country than is the revolution in Mexico. It should not be forgotten that conquerors have no luck with Mexico. The United States had better avoid a mistake that was fatal to Napoleon I himself. In his omnipotence he looked down upon his weak neighbor Spain, but this weakness was too much for his armies and his generals. The Spanish guerrillas had the better of the Napoleonic Grand Army, and the Spanish war was the beginning of the end for the conqueror of conquerors and for his empire. Even Bismarck, soon after his great triumph, had to give way to Spain when she rose in defense of the Caroline islands. He yielded to a country which, though weak, was strong in the consciousness of its right. Beware of Mexico; it is four times as large as Spain, more deserted, more difficult of access, and more deadly! It is emphatically a hornets' nest. I will revert to this question because it is more than complex; it is tragic. It is not merely American or Pan-American, but universal and, I fear, eternal. It is a severe test for the youthful United States of America.

4. At Washington. The Pan-American Bureau

Washington society and the diplomatic corps were invited by the Bureau of American Republics to attend my lecture in the fine building it owes to the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. This Pan-American Bureau works admirably. It has no pretension toward unifying the twenty-one republics of the New World, which would be absurd and impossible. It contents itself with doing

its best to unite them as much as possible. It does not pretend to abolish causes of dissension or prevent difficulties, which are the inevitable lot of every association, but it places at the common disposal everything that can bring them together and serve their interests. In fact, it is paving the way, as a practical application of the Monroe Doctrine, for a positive and defensive alliance of all the republics on the American continent, — a society for mutual assistance as well as initiative and economic activity, an insurance against American misunderstandings, quarrels and wars: in other words, American peace and progress. Its expenses are paid by contributions from all the American states, in proportion to their population. The pivot and soul of the organization is its director-general, Mr. John Barrett. He is elected by the committee and officers, to whom he is responsible.

The Bureau itself is made up of the United States Secretary of State and all the representatives of American governments at Washington. The organization also comprises an international staff of statisticians, commercial attachés, editors, librarians, translators, clerks and stenographers. Correspondence is actively carried on with business men in all countries of the Union and beyond. A very handsome illustrated monthly review is published in four languages — English, Spanish, French and Portuguese. Some day, perhaps, numbers in German and Russian will be added. The library, which consists of books on special subjects, issues reports, tabulated statements, illustrative diagrams and maps. The public is admitted to the library as well as to the rest of the building. The interior has been so designed — by a French architect, Paul Crêt, a follower of Pascal — that the lofty classical portal enhances the charm of the *patio* inside, where Latin-Americans find a homelike hothouse atmosphere, with tropical vegetation all around them. In summer the roof, which is movable,

is taken off, and the *patio*, like those in the South, is in the open air. It is symbolical of Spanish America.

All the American governments support the Bureau, which is constantly calling attention to the resources of the various states in the Union. It is a sort of collective development syndicate — something like a committee formed to make America known and to bring its various parts into communication.

An International Center

I do not see why we should not have a bureau of this kind in Europe. By keeping in touch with the American Bureau, it would render great service to trade and producers in every country and, consequently, to all. This would be, as it is here, the beginning of an organization indispensable as a complement to the new rapprochements of our time. Some influential body — the Comité France-Amérique, for instance — ought to take the initiative in realizing this idea. We would then see, on both sides of the Atlantic, the Pan-American Bureau at Washington and the Pan-European Bureau in Paris — two twin bureaus for one and the same national and universal action. This is not so far off as it seems. Some architects of great merit, Mr. Hendrik C. Andersen, an American, and M. Ernest M. Hébrard, a Frenchman, with an élite of collaborators, have already drawn up a very fine plan of the new city, the “international artistic, economic and scientific world-center,” where the representatives of these two bureaus could meet the delegates of all the foreign administrations, who want, not to become one, of course, but, on the contrary, to know one another and to affirm their national existence. The most highly respected men, beginning with M. Emile Boutroux of the French Academy, M. Liard, the Rector of the Sorbonne, and many others have accorded their patron-

age to this vast enterprise, the realization of which would not cost very much if the expense were divided among forty-seven Powers and spread over ten or twenty years.¹

Pan-American Conciliation

Another sign of the times is that the Washington Bureau has already made its influence felt in the United States and South America. Its aims are so well understood that a subsidiary and additional organization has just been founded in New York with the powerful assistance of Messrs. Elihu Root, Nicholas Murray Butler, Robert Bacon, James Brown Scott and others. It is called the Pan-American Conciliation Institute and is a new offshoot of the already mentioned International Conciliation Society. This institute's mission is preëminently educational. In all the American countries in which it is represented, it will arrange for exchange visits of teachers and students, for publications and assistance in various forms, in the spirit that will most surely prepare public opinion to aid the work of the Pan-American Bureau.

Baltimore. — Exchanges of Teachers and Students

These exchanges of ideas, knowledge and men are in the air and are being discussed everywhere. A question put to me at Baltimore, where the celebrated Johns Hopkins University is situated, was: "Why does not the French Government help to send some of its young graduate teachers to our great universities? It would be doubly beneficial both for them and for us."

I fully approved of this suggestion, while not forgetting that a similar experiment, which has already proved very interesting, is being carried on, thanks to some generous

¹ *France-Amérique Revue*, December, 1913; a lecture delivered by Paul Adam in the great hall of the Sorbonne, Dec. 6, 1913.

innovators. There is, for instance, the Albert Kahn foundation. When, however, the holders of these traveling scholarships return to France, the Ministry of Public Instruction usually treats them as if they had been away on a vacation instead of at work. They are sent off to some obscure provincial college and left to vegetate there. As a rule, any one in the employ of a French government department who distinguishes himself by a spirit of initiative is more likely to be punished than rewarded. Any officer or teacher who undertakes a mission outside the regular routine sacrifices his prospects. "The absent are always to blame" is a peculiarly French proverb. It is particularly applicable to our representatives abroad.

French Diplomacy

For the past fifteen years — to go no further back — we have been lucky enough to be well and very ably represented at Washington. In this period we have had only two ambassadors — in itself a good sign: two men as different from each other as any two Frenchmen could well be. One, M. Jules Cambon, does not speak English, while the other, M. Jusserand, knows it thoroughly.

When I met M. Jules Cambon here in 1902, I admired the manner in which he added to our influence by his experience and the all-pervading charm of his intelligence and conversation. I even thought his ignorance of English was a great advantage, as it obliged the Americans to bring out their French, about which they were more often shy than ignorant. M. Cambon's personal efforts in the United States have done an immense amount to awaken, or revive, pride in the Franco-American coöperation of olden times. The Lafayette and Rochambeau monuments, which occupy the most prominent corner positions opposite the White House, on the main square of what has become a

magnificent city, are an impressive sight. They are pre-eminently national monuments.

The fact remains, however, that in a country with a future, and in a land of education such as this, people are not satisfied with merely seeing things; they want to know, and so M. Jusserand, when he unveils a statue, tells his audience about it. He explains what France was and what she is. He is an ambassador who does not confine himself to negotiating. He also discharges the duties of a public educator, and this is what a young people, such as that of the United States, appreciates most of all.

In reckoning up the excellent work accomplished by these two representatives of France, I rejoiced at their selection, and I hoped such choices would become the rule. There is no lack of the right kind of men, but the trouble is in the way in which selections are made at the Quai d'Orsay. Influences of all kinds are brought to bear, with a complete disregard for the intellectual, social and moral standing of our representatives, and, I might say, their family life. There is certainly no need for an ambassador of the Republic to set an example of display, but it is essential that he should be a man of personal worth, with a respectable and respected home circle. If this is true as applied to our ambassadors, it is none the less so in regard to our consuls. After having passed a stiff examination, these unlucky men are sent off, anyhow, to posts and climates which are often quite unsuited to them. Consuls who know English are frequently sent to Spanish-speaking countries, to Germany and Russia, and so on. To my knowledge this has always been the practice. The permanent officials give way to the minister, who in turn gives way to pressure from Parliament or elsewhere. This state of things will continue so long as public opinion remains ignorant or indifferent and declines to interfere.

If we look back to the way in which France was formerly represented, in the Chevalier d'Eon's day, for instance, we shall find that our diplomatists have no reason to complain of their position as compared with that of their predecessors under the old régime. But it is a great pity to see France take so little interest in the manner in which she is represented abroad, especially as the development of means of communication has enormously extended our relations with other countries.

No Information from France. Paris Fashions

The mistake is all the greater in view of the fact that there is no organized service of telegraphic news from France. The American papers publish news from every country in the world except ours. France is scarcely mentioned except when some scandal crops up, and even then the news is taken from English or German agencies.

Nevertheless, truth will out, and vital forces must assert themselves in spite of all obstacles. The monuments of our great men, the masterpieces of our artists, scientists, aviators, professors and novelists, our new plays, our actors and our fashions make up for newspaper silence. To mention only our fashions, the speed with which they cross the ocean is remarkable.

The same newspapers that pay no attention to our political debates are full of what is inspired by our Rue de la Paix. Regularly every day they give prominence to an echo of our fashions: a Parisian idea with an elegant illustration, a "Daily Hint from Paris." I have been out of reach of our boulevards for only a few weeks, and here I find the big hat conflict going on just as it does with us, and I see pretty faces hidden under parasols of flowers and feathers or crowned by a little helmet or a flower-pot about the size of one's fist. All these things bear the stamp of

Paris and France. It is a monopoly. Good or bad, it is French taste, and this is the only kind wanted.

5. *New Orleans. French Initiative and French Ingratitude*

From intense cold I have changed into a tropical temperature. It was a great surprise to see fresh vegetation and blue sky when I awoke, and another surprise was the cordial greeting I received from people of dear old France, such as MM. A. Fortier, Roaldès and Chassaingnac, who were waiting for me at the station. It was also painful to have to note, once more, what a magnificent piece of work was accomplished by French initiative and repudiated by France. Reminders of La Salle, Champlain, Marquette and many others meet one on all sides. Such names as Orleans, Pontchartrain, Chantilly and Paul Tulane constantly catch the eye, like those of Lafayette and Rochambeau at Washington.

French initiative came here and put life into this immense new continent, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. It took possession of the magnificent Mississippi valley, scattered along which are French names, such as Saint Paul, Saint Louis and even the little village of Chef Menteur. Of course, such an empire could not have been retained in a political sense, but how utterly it was abandoned by an indifferent government and misunderstood by public opinion!

Frenchmen seem to be fated to have no support from their own country when they devote themselves to the noblest, most thankless and most useful causes. This is perhaps owing to the operation of some law of Nature which is opposed to intrusting too much to a single agency and limits our share of active participation, as in the case of the inventor. To some is given the joy of opening up the path, and to others the satisfaction of reaching the goal.

It is also a question of temperament. True inventors are like cooks who do not eat the food they have themselves prepared, and like genuine artists who paint for the sake of art and not to sell their pictures.

Our old families of French planters have also suffered severely through their abandonment by France, but they show no sign of it and have remained true to her in spite of everything. It has been a great delight to me here to come across so many of our provincial turns of speech and familiar names. Paul Tulane, the founder of the great university in which I was a guest, and of which my friend Dr. Craighead was president, is a very common name in our old Maine.

Since the abolition of slavery, the Southern states of the Union have suffered more than the rest from the great weakness of the United States — the scarcity of labor. In Georgia one travels through plantations of fruit trees — peaches, plums and almonds — extending as far as the eye can see, and, farther south, are the cotton, rice, tobacco and sugar estates, but every year there is the same difficulty about getting in the crops. It becomes more than ever a wonder to me where the government, which is looking all over the world for colonists and workmen, can find sailors and soldiers.

Tulane University

I was greatly surprised and impressed by the great annual festival at Tulane University. When I entered the hall in my new dignity as a doctor of the university, the orchestra greeted me with a series of old French folk songs and patriotic songs, from the "Chant du Départ" to "J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière," "C'est le Roi Dagobert" and "J'aime bien les bons gâteaux et les confitures" and ended with a most spirited "Marseillaise." The students emphasized these songs with Indian war whoops. The

girls, who looked charming in their black or mauve gowns, with caps to match, waved their banners gayly and applauded frantically. Every one wanted to do honor to France, "la belle France," as she is called everywhere, except among ourselves.

6. *Texas. Northern Africa*

Since I arrived in Louisiana, and more especially Texas, I have been haunted by the remembrance of northern Africa. I do not mean that this country has anything resembling the Mediterranean coast landscapes, which in my opinion are unequaled. New Orleans reminded me very little of what the European part of Tunis, "la marine," was in my youth, with its level ground reclaimed from the lake, its houses and even its tombs washed by the waters, its mountains and its flies. Most of these things are missing here, but we have something that Tunis does not possess — the Mississippi, which is quite capable of bringing the whole country not only wealth but floods; the luxuriant, chaotic vegetation flourishing wherever the virgin forest has not made way for immense rectangular plantations; the roads which remind me of our native tracks, dotted with light vehicles driven in Tunis by Sicilians, Arabs and Maltese, and here by Spaniards, Americans, negroes and negresses. This is not America as Chateaubriand described it, but colonization, with its mixture of races and its contrasts, and also its problems.

A Miracle

Texas is a country of great estates and ranches over which scanty herds and a few cowboys are scattered. Throughout endless tracts of territory there is no water to be had. I saw some tropical showers, but I was assured

that, up to that time, there had not been a drop of rain for fourteen months.

This is the kind of desert that human energy is beginning to fertilize. From time to time the train stopped at a station surrounded by wooden buildings, many of which were pretty; and I could see windmills at work over recently bored wells. Then came the desert again, bounded by the Apache mountains.

Houston and San Antonio are feeders for the flourishing port of Galveston, founded by a French Canadian, Lucien Ménéard, in 1837. It is not only a prosperous but an extraordinary port. It was wiped out in 1900 by a tidal wave which, in a few hours of one terrible night, submerged the whole city, drowning 12,000 out of 50,000 inhabitants. Galveston has so profited by this disaster as to become the third port in the United States. The material progress made by Texas is shown by the immense quantities of agricultural produce exported from Galveston. What was once a desert is in a fair way to take the front rank among the producing states of the Union. In all parts of the country I have been told about the future importance and exceptional wealth of Texas.

The University

I was, moreover, able to form some estimate of my own from what I saw at the University of Texas, situated at Austin, which extended to me a hospitality I shall not readily forget. I was greatly indebted for this reception to the kindness lavished on me by President Mezes and his very distinguished brother-in-law, E. M. House. It was after leaving New Orleans and Austin that I felt myself really uplifted by the sympathetic interest that sustained me to the end of my long trip through the United States.

San Antonio. El Paso. The American Army

There is a great contrast between the peaceful, intellectual city of Austin and the caravanserai-city of San Antonio. The latter is inhabited by Mexicans, Americans and Germans. It has the odors and appearance characteristic of the South. It is also the point of concentration for the United States troops to which I have already referred. Slender and elegant young men in khaki walk about the town, which is near their camp. This is where Colonel Roosevelt assembled his "rough riders" at the time of the war with Spain. At present the government has no difficulty in finding recruits for the cavalry. It makes strong appeals to the youth of the country by means of attractive placards, exhibited in every state, and especially at the universities. Where is the young man who would not jump at such an opportunity for a few weeks' or a few months' campaigning on the frontier? He regards it as sport combined with camping out, a fine expedition and perhaps some fighting, all organized for his benefit by the government: and if he can persuade himself that he is serving his country and some worthy cause, the temptation becomes very strong. It is the same everywhere. Does not the charm of novelty and danger attract swarms of volunteers in France for the aviation service or the colonies? Here, however, the attraction is not sufficient for volunteers to consent to serve in the infantry. Nevertheless, some infantry have been obtained, where and on what terms I do not know, or in what absolutely inadequate numbers. Did not the British army itself have to find 448,000 men to overcome—temporarily—40,000 Transvaal Boers? There were ten Englishmen to every Boer! American volunteers can and do exist only as an accidental exception to the natural order of things. I saw some of them, certainly not more than 15,000 or 20,000, at San Antonio and El

Paso, which are, for the time being, the two military centers of Texas and the United States.

The small American town of El Paso, right on the frontier, is separated from the little Mexican town of Juarez, Mexico, only by the Rio Grande, a small, half-dried-up river. It is crossed by several old wooden bridges, which reminded me of those in Turkey. At each end of each bridge the two armies and the two Customs were face to face. The young American volunteers in their new uniforms looked manly and determined, with nothing of the swashbuckler about them. The Mexican soldiers were more sedate, and had a thin and resigned appearance. Like the bridges, they reminded me of Turkey. It is said that President Diaz was for a long time unaware that by far the greater part of his army existed only on paper. It was the same with other national institutions, and notably the Mexican Parliament.

CHAPTER II

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. NEITHER CONQUEST NOR ABSTENTION

General Porfirio Diaz's dictatorship. — The danger of the situation. — Conquest ? — Mr. Hearst's publications. — President Taft's firmness. — An American party in Mexico. — The Cogwheel President Wilson. — Madero. Huerta. — A case of conscience. — The dilemma. — A moral intervention. — The Hague institution. . . .

General Porfirio Diaz's Dictatorship

THOSE who, in view of the outbreak of revolutionary fury, now look back with regret to General Porfirio Diaz's administration, and its undoubted prosperity, are estimating it, as I once estimated it myself from afar, on the strength of results which were very brilliant but not durable. It produced all that can be expected from a dictatorship: industrial peace based on moral slavery and all the material benefits of this peace, then corruption and finally anarchy. A dictator has no right to grow old. After a time his supporters, being rich, tired or dead, are only the souvenir of his administration, whilst several successive generations of active men have been left aside, doing nothing, except waiting for their chance, — that is to say, for revolution.

But we must go further back, and it would be altogether too summary a proceeding to throw the whole responsibility of the Mexican revolution on the shoulders of a single man. General Porfirio Diaz's dictatorship itself constituted progress, in comparison with what went on under Spanish

rule. He certainly was a despot but none the less a benevolent despot. He began in very much the same way as a great many other dictators, and, during his thirty years of absolute power, he was accused of many crimes, beginning with the slaughter at Vera Cruz. He abused the unlimited power he exercised, but he also made good use of it. The truth is that his unfortunate country was not educated up to self-government, and that the only result of its insurrection is a relapse into anarchy.

The Danger of the Situation

The situation is dangerous enough in itself, and is made still more serious by the extent to which it reacts on the different countries having large colonies in Mexico. Some very important French interests, as well as English and German, are threatened and seriously involved; and what is to be said of those of the United States? Ten years ago, in 1901, Mexico's exports were 120 million dollars to the United States, 12 to Great Britain, 5 to Germany, 2 to France, 1 to Spain; in all, 150 million dollars.

The United States, as Mexico's next-door neighbor, are permanently confronted with problems with which we in Europe are familiar but which are new to them, like many others — the questions that have always arisen between neighboring countries when one is strong and well-organized and the other is weak and given over to anarchy. Crimes, followed by reprisals, are constantly being committed between them, generally crimes against common law, the work of nomads always ready to escape across the frontier. The repetition of these offenses against common law ends by constituting a state of disorder which is unendurable by the neighboring country and all foreign residents. It is a trouble that is as old as the hills.

The situation was rendered additionally complicated in

the United States by the necessity, under which the government found itself, of making a distinction between professional plunderers, not to mention the men sent to stir up trouble for jingoistic or speculative purposes, and political insurgents, who could naturally count on warm support from a large proportion of the American people, especially in the Southern states, which are the most democratic, and particularly in Texas. Leaving all interested calculations out of account, American national sentiment could not possibly support Porfirio Diaz, the usurper, against the Maderists or Constitutionals who opposed him in the name of the very principles obtaining in the Union. The state of Texas, for instance, has never been and never will be able to turn an indifferent eye on a scene of which it is a highly interested spectator. Its inhabitants are of an ardent nature, with traditions which, in a sense, are Spanish but are preëminently revolutionary. At El Paso they attend cockfights and bullfights. As agriculturists and business men they are, no doubt, interested in the maintenance of order, but, at the same time, most of them, being genuinely republican and not Catholic, have not forgotten their struggles against Spanish priestly domination. They remember how the American defenders of independence were massacred in the Alamo mission church, now kept up, not as a church, but as a national monument. San Antonio is proud of having been called, since those days, "the cradle of liberty in Texas." When I was there in 1911, I do not suppose that any of its inhabitants contemplated a conquest of Mexico, but none of them would have agreed to any intervention intended to paralyze a revolutionary movement such as they are proud of having carried to a successful issue on their own side of the frontier. Their state of mind was complicated. They were in favor of order and insurrection — especially insurrection.

Taking the most evident facts and interests into account, and leaving out the inevitable maneuvers of fishers in troubled waters, we must see that the present prosperity of the former Mexican provinces which have become an integral part of the United States cannot fail to react on the neighboring provinces which have remained Mexican but are penetrated by American influences, and to excite, as can readily be imagined, all kinds of aspirations, ranging from single-minded emulation to regret and covetousness. Thus it is true that, with the best of good faith, — in consequence, in fact, of its good faith, which is as undoubted as its interest in the matter, — the Washington cabinet is at a loss as to how to settle the Mexican question and thereby give satisfaction to impatient public opinion. I would like to discuss this question impartially, basing my remarks on the experience I may have acquired in my diplomatic and political career, which happens to have brought me into touch with other conflicts of the same kind.

Conquest?

In these cases there is always some one to recommend the use of strong measures, that is to say, armed intervention and conquest in the name of outraged national dignity. So extremely simple a plan is inadmissible. Its only excuse, to my mind, is ignorance and a patriotism which, I know, is often sincere and disinterested but very short-sighted. It plays into the hands of all sorts of interests, personally ambitious schemes and more than suspicious speculations — interests that are very active and generally combined, while the national interest, on the contrary, is undecided and scattered. A special Press, which provides the partisans of this policy with arguments and encouragement, has grown up. It appeals to fine sentiments and the love of great deeds and, at the same time,

it favors immense operations calculated to bring in both glory and money, for which reason it appeals much more strongly to the reader's imagination than does the honest newspaper which confines itself to advising him to keep quiet.

Mr. Hearst's Publications

In the United States, where they do nothing by halves, there is a whole string of newspapers, magazines and reviews, well known as the "Hearst Publications," that are every day at work announcing, preparing the next, the inevitable war of which we have heard and will hear so often.¹ In fact these publications, apparently very rich, have a remarkable organization which has to be not only national but international. They have their agencies of information, "the International News Service," in the best quarters of all the capitals in Europe, as well as in America. Their principal European offices are located in London, in the Haymarket and, in Berlin, on Friedrichstrasse. Speaking of Paris only, their French office is 2 rue de la Paix, not very far from our gigantic association or trust of the manufacturers and constructors of material of war (an association whose part, clearly defined by its official statutes, art. 8, is to influence the public powers, government, parliament, administration and so on). Each of the European branches of the Hearst publications recruits the ablest reporters from amongst the strongest newspapers of their respective countries, in order to collect sensational information from well-chosen sources. They cable to each other and exchange this information, so that they can keep public opinion constantly in a state of feverish alarm and bring, when it is required, fresh arguments to the international body of the so-called "patriotic" newspapers, as well as to Congress and the legislatures in favor

¹ This was written in 1913.

of naval and military expenses. What can a poor, independent newspaper do, what can the most honest man do, even the most honest government, against such a powerful organization? In America every one knows that the war with Spain was forced upon Mr. McKinley's government by the Hearst publications. Since that time, these publications have naturally developed and enlarged their ambition and their organization in proportion to the increase of armaments. They have been, as regards the Mexican question, more and more engaged in representing armed American intervention as inevitable: "The determination of government," they say in substance, "and the evident interest of the American people are of very little account. The Mexican question will not be settled by reason but by the force of circumstances. Some day, a handful of American business men in Mexico will manage, if they find out the right way, to overcome the ignorance and pacific inertia of the entire population of the United States and the government as well."

President Taft's Firmness

This is what I heard in 1911. This did not prevent President Taft (whose adversaries, and especially his friends, have so greatly deplored his kind-heartedness, which they described as carried to the verge of weakness) from holding out, with most exceptional energy and coolness, against these appeals, made even by some of those who approached him most closely. If President Taft had yielded to these influences, the question would now be settled in favor of an irremediable conquest. He did not give way, and this by itself, to my mind, entitles him to general gratitude. Maneuvers which have proved successful in all times and in all countries were checkmated by his steadfast opposition. I described these maneuvers

years ago in connection with the occupation of Tunis — an occupation which we were far from desiring and which we postponed as long as possible.¹ They were carried on quite as actively in Egypt, the Transvaal, Morocco and Asia. They have now found a most favorable sphere in Mexico. As a natural outcome of the situation, an American party has been formed in the five Mexican provinces bordering on the southern frontier of the United States.

An American Party in Mexico

This party does not confine itself to clamoring for annexation, but also does its best to make annexation inevitable. All this is a matter of course, the first item in its program and the ABC of the most elementary speculation. Every one connected with the owners of the petroleum wells, mines and ranches who has taken root in the provinces of Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Lower California wants to be under American government and the protection of the Federal troops, whereby the property they have acquired would immediately rise to twice or perhaps ten times its present value. This is a temptation which presents itself everywhere, with this difference, that, to the United States, the temptation is much stronger than it is to our old European states; for in this case we have to deal, not with some distant territory, but with a neighboring country. For the past fifty years the United States have been constantly extending and spreading toward everything around them. Will they stop now?—The question has to be put in this way.—Or, nourishing high aspirations, as we shall see, to take the lead in the general movement in favor of peace, order and conciliation, will they now plead the cause of conquest and make themselves

¹ See "La Politique Française en Tunisie," 1 vol., 8vo, published by Plon, Paris, 1890.

conspicuous by contradicting themselves in the most cynical way? They have no lack of pretexts and excuses. We need not delude ourselves on this head. They can, first of all, anticipate a future which, though decidedly doubtful, is none the less possible, and which will inevitably be brought nearer by a continuance of the revolution. The day may come when several out of the twenty-seven Mexican provinces, tired of insecurity and impotence and led away by the maneuvers to which I have referred and by the unparalleled success of states that are growing rich next door to them but across the frontier, will claim the right to be conquered as an advantage to themselves, or will simply ask for that of taking a vote of the people to decide on their nationality. Personally, I believe that if the United States go on extending indefinitely, they will weaken, and end by a split. Even supposing that some of the Mexican provinces want to yield themselves up and that all that has to be done is to take them, all the more pressure will have to be brought to bear on the others which remain refractory. Constant and energetic action will be needed in Mexico, not to mention the distrust, and also the hostility, which it would be very difficult to remove in South America and Canada. At present the United States are far from being ripe for this action. In any case, it is clearly to their interest not to hurry. It should be fully realized that events are urging them on only too fast as it is. It is not so easy for the United States to turn a deaf ear to the appeals of Americans and foreigners who are imploring their assistance from morning till night and from night till morning — assistance at their own gates, on their own frontier, almost on their own soil. How are they to resist these appeals which, though interested, are interesting and moving and often desperate, coming from compatriots and Europeans who have been threatened and plundered, crying out for help,

fleeing with their wives and children from gangs of murderers? Meanwhile, the newspapers are circulating stories of these scenes of horror and publishing photographs, letters and names. The temptation is certainly very strong, and I know more than one American statesman who would have proved "weaker" than Mr. Taft and, in his place, would have patriotically given way.

The Cogwheel

Yes, but beware of putting your foot in the cogwheel, or at any rate realize that you will not be able to pull it out again. Action of this kind at a distance is exhausting enough for a European power and exceeds the strength of a young state. France, for instance, in less than a century, has allowed herself to be dragged into one conquest after another — Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, even Indo-China, Madagascar, West Africa and the Soudan, while holding on to her possessions in America and the Pacific. These are a great many conquests for one country to undertake in so short a time, and a republican country too! It also remains to be seen how she will be able to bear the burden and risk of this excessive expansion. We have some indication already in her financial and social difficulties, now that she has to provide not only for the millions her wars in the past have cost her, but for the millions she needs for her colonial expeditions, her battleships and the army that keeps all her young men in barracks for three years. At any rate, she has stood the strain of this very severe training up to the present, just as England has done, because she has an old-established military organization which, even now, is semi-imperial; France, thinly populated as she is, has three armies. The United States, on the contrary, have no real armed force, except their fleet and some volunteers, and they could not have

one, even if they were much more densely populated, without at the same time losing what constitutes their economic greatness, their unity, their prestige and, in a word, their future, and without renouncing their traditions, their principles and their reason for existence. The policy of a democracy cannot be that of the Roman Empire or of the Russian Empire or of any empire. The choice must be made. For the sake of argument, let us consider as nothing the risks, the difficulties and the duration of such an enterprise; let us suppose Mexico to be conquered, protected or administered by the Americans. "We could not," they themselves say, "administer the country without a force and means of action which would be a negation and eventually the destruction of the system itself. To act effectively in Mexico, we should have to concentrate at Washington powers which would leave us absolutely no liberty for ourselves." "All arbitrary power calls for an arbitrary force. How is a force of this kind to be limited and, once we embark upon this course, where are we to stop?"

President Wilson. Madero. Huerta

This is evident, and this is certainly why President Wilson, following President Taft, has been as much opposed as was his predecessor to any policy of conquest in Mexico. But here again complications occur, and men of absolute mental tendencies, in their wretched mania for reducing everything to antitheses and dilemmas, try to force him to choose between two extremes—annexation or abstention. This would be too simple a way of dealing with the question. The exiled president, Porfirio Diaz, has left behind him the prestige of a reign of more than thirty years. The country, having obeyed him like one man, so long as his will was the strongest influence, has

been educating itself backwards. It is no longer fit to govern itself. It needs time, credit and order. An honest man, President Madero, supported by General Huerta, took office. He and his friends were lured into a trap and murdered under circumstances the horror of which exceeds anything in Shakespeare. Thereupon General Huerta, the supposed murderer (*fecit qui profuit*) caused himself to be proclaimed president in Madero's place, and immediately proceeded to request the foreign governments to recognize his tenure of power. What power? That was the first question. Did he rule the whole country as it was ruled under the iron hand of General Porfirio Diaz? Could he go so far as to say that he would govern Mexico and make himself obeyed and enforce respect for treaties, laws and order? In the place of a legal and regular system could he at least produce any guarantee in the shape of some force which, whether accepted or merely endured by the people, is admittedly predominant? No; the country was only partly under his rule. The Northern states accused him of restoring a dictatorship a hundred times worse than that of Diaz and of putting the national clock back three quarters of a century. They called for a constitutional president, and the outcome of the conflict between the two parties was destruction and bloodshed. The more he was threatened and the more precarious he felt his position to be, the more President Huerta insisted. What was the attitude of the President of the United States? He proclaimed his strong desire for peace, and proved it by his acts. In his Message to Congress on Dec. 2 he said: "We are Mexico's friends, and that is why we do not forget that we are also the friends and champions of constitutional government. We will recognize the government of Mexico but not the usurpation and destruction of that government."

A Case of Conscience

In short, President Wilson did not care to extend his hand to a murderer who, unlike Diaz, was not even a fortunate soldier. He declined to give his indorsement to crime or his confidence to a temporary and obscure state of things; and yet his opponents accused him of having scruples and acting as an intellectual instead of as a statesman. It seems to be forgotten that Europe herself was in no hurry to recognize the Portuguese revolution, the accession of the king of Servia and even the Chinese revolution. It is forgotten that President Porfirio Diaz himself had to wait nearly a year before President Hayes recognized him on behalf of the United States, in 1878, and that he had to enforce obedience from his own people before he obtained the confidence of the world at large. All this is nothing more than the ABC of politics. The head of a state is not asked to produce certificates of virtue, but, as a matter of decency as well as of prudence, recognition is not given immediately to the first person who asks for it. Moreover, there is nothing to prove that, after having satisfied his conscience by a natural and necessary show of repugnance, President Wilson will not end by acknowledging some genuine government legally constituted and accepted by the country. If President Wilson had not made his protest, I would like to know how American opinion would have received his indorsement of the dictatorship and his assistance in crushing the revolution. Is it the duty of a modern statesman to demoralize his country?

The President's "Innocence"

For these reasons, I respect the "scruples" and what has been called the "innocence" of President Wilson and

his "masterly inactivity," and I ask myself whether these scruples do not reflect the real feeling of the United States, for it is easy to make mistakes about what is called public opinion. The genuine opinion, which lies the deepest, also has scruples and is at times silent and timid. It seldom makes its voice heard, whereas superficial opinion is always dinning its views into our ears.

The Dilemma

The worst of it is that scruples do not provide a means of settling the question, and, I repeat, the settlement is not to be found in either of the two terms of the dilemma, abstention or conquest.

Abstention may end by becoming morally and materially impossible. This is a fact, and this is why I regret that there has been no means of providing for this impossibility by an agreement among the Powers. The time may come when, apart from what the United States think, the universal conscience will be moved by horror and indignation to protest against a passive and indefinite abstention and will declare that such a state of things has already lasted long enough and cannot be allowed to continue.

When that time comes, the government of the United States and all the governments concerned will have to join hands in obedience to this command or heartfelt ejaculation or force of circumstances, whichever we may call it.

A Moral Intervention

Would this, then, be conquest? No, and no one will be deluded into considering it as such, if the United States succeed in their endeavor to prove their disinterestedness and thereby reassure South America, Canada and Europe as a whole, and if they do not blush to act on the principle that "honesty is the best policy." This will be the in-

evitable intervention, to which I have often referred, reduced to its minimum, which will be either suspicious or reassuring, according to the spirit of the intervening government and country; for the problem will be solved by spirit and not by violence. Here is something new. Violence will make the situation hopelessly involved. A spirit of disinterestedness and conciliation and a true conception of the interest of the United States can alone, with time and patience, solve the difficulty.

I am convinced that this spirit exists and predominates in the United States. Whoever treats it as of no account will dig a great gulf between his policy and the country.

Time will show whether or not there is any foundation for my optimism.

The Hague Institution

I must add a few words in regard to the "moral" that certain skeptics are rather too ready to deduce from the Mexico affair. Some writers, of not inconsiderable weight, have seen in it a fresh proof of ineffectiveness on the part of the Hague institution.¹ They once more discover that this budding institution, which, in spite of all obstacles, has already rendered very great services, was unable to prevent the Transvaal war, the Russo-Japanese war, the Turco-Italian war, the Balkan war and so on, and not even the Mexican revolution! The newspapers take up the tale one after the other, and parliaments vote all the

¹ It is true that the present war in Europe, the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and of all the principles of the rights of men — to say nothing of treaties themselves — has, on the other hand, bound together all the countries combating the aggression of Germany in a sort of coalition for the defense of the Right, and consequently, for the defense of the work of The Hague.

The present war has brought into conflict two opposite camps totally diverse: On one side the defenders, on the other the despisers of the Right. (March, 1915.)

war credits they are asked for on the strength of the argument that never has there been so much fighting.

The answer to this is that there was more fighting before the Hague institution came into being, and that while it has not succeeded, as if by enchantment, in teaching reason to the governments of the great military powers, it has nevertheless enabled them, during the past ten years, to arrive at a friendly or legal settlement of conflicts which, at other times, would have started general conflagrations. This is progress to an immense, unhopedor and incalculable extent, and it is only a beginning, — for us the dawn of a new day ; if only we have faith to discern it. Moreover, nobody at the two Hague Congresses imagined it was possible so to transform humanity as to prevent wars and revolutions everywhere and forever. We confined our ambition to trying to prevent a few, and in this we succeeded. In common justice this is what ought to be pointed out, instead of reproaching us with that which we neither accomplished nor expected to accomplish.

And now let us go on our way and return to our travel impressions, unfortunately clouded by events.

CHAPTER III

CALIFORNIA

1. THE LONG DISTANCES. Arizona. Los Angeles. San Francisco.
- 2. LABOR AND AGRICULTURE. — 3. YELLOW IMMIGRATION. —
4. AN ELDORADO. Touring. The American Côte d'azur. From Los Angeles to Del Monte. Pasadena.

1. *The Long Distances. Arizona. Los Angeles. San Francisco*

EUROPEANS in the United States are invariably baffled at first by the great distance between one place and another and the endless extent of sparsely populated country. In Texas, for instance, which is rich in resources, but poor up to the present as regards water, one can travel on the railroad for two days through what is nothing but a desert, while fertile California, which, like Texas, is larger than France, has only two million inhabitants, the large number of whom live in the towns and cities. The new state of Arizona looks as large as Texas and more desert, if possible. The journey from Los Angeles to San Francisco takes up an entire day, or more than twelve hours, from morning to evening. No doubt the trains are slow and the lines have only a single track; but if the European tries to imagine a France with fewer people than Paris, New York or Chicago, the problems connected with the future of this country will immediately present themselves in a new light.

A country such as this is evidently destined to become a nursery, not only for plants, but for men and ideas, and a field for new experiments, the results of which will react

upon and transform the Old World ; but, in the meantime, any attempt by European travelers, statesmen and writers to forecast the future of the United States with any degree of exactitude can only be unreliable — even more so than the predictions that mature age is so fond of making as to young men's futures.

However, the public idea of distance is steadily undergoing alteration, even in Europe. Great cities, such as Berlin, London and Moscow, are, like Paris, extending in all directions. Electric tramways have enabled new American cities to be laid out on an immense scale, leaving plenty of space for parks, avenues, squares, promenades, schools, museums and other public institutions. This has not prevented the building of skyscrapers in the business districts. Do what he will, it is not at all easy for a European to become accustomed to the long journeys he has to make, and to set aside the right amount of time for them. In Washington, the residential districts and the embassies are a very long way from the Capitol — a fact which does not seem to strike the Americans at all. At Los Angeles, where my host lived in a villa in the best, I might say the most sumptuous, part of the city, I was seven miles from the railroad depot. When I was at San Francisco, I had to lecture at the University of California, which is at Berkeley, and Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto. To reach Berkeley, which I took to be a suburb, and where a great many San Franciscans live, I had first of all to get to the landing stage of the big ferryboats that cross the bay, as the New York boats cross the Hudson River, and then take an electric car. This means an hour's journey each way, every day, for business men. Palo Alto can be reached by railroad alone, but this also involves an hour's journey. No one thinks anything of it. People make their arrangements accordingly; read, relax and rest. Constantly repeated

short journeys of this kind are no doubt counted as so much rest by Americans. They think nothing of traveling. I saw an old man of ninety-two, my admirable and regretted friend, John Bigelow, start from New York on an annual round of visits in Europe. Young men and girls cross the American continent in all directions on the slightest pretext, to make the acquaintance of others and fraternize with them. I know old San Franciscans, Raphael Weill, for instance, who go to France every year and are surprised at my surprise. They make humorous comparisons between the distances people travel nowadays and fifty years ago, when it took at least a month or a month and a half to go from Havre to New York and as much from New York to San Francisco. Far from complaining of the number of days occupied by these journeys, they congratulate themselves on its smallness, and they profit by it.

2. *Labor and Agriculture*

To live on such a scale, people must have large incomes, and, in this connection, all sorts of problems crop up. To begin with, how is such a vast country to be organized, and with what kind of inhabitants? and where are the inhabitants themselves to be found? Americans are too busy to burden themselves with large families, and they have to fall back upon adoption, that is to say, immigration. European immigration is not sufficient, and, as we shall see further on, its best sources are drying up. It provides only a comparatively infinitesimal number of hands for agriculture and domestic service. The result is that living is expensive and that skilled European workmen do not settle in California unless they can obtain very high wages. Masons and carpenters are paid at what look like exorbitant rates, amounting in some cases to eight dollars a day. To be exact, a carpenter can earn

up to six dollars and a mason or bricklayer up to seven or eight dollars for a day's work, strictly limited to eight hours, and even these rates are lower than formerly. When the work of rebuilding the city was at its height, men were paid as much as eleven dollars a day and a dollar an hour overtime. This is partly due to the fact that the men have a powerful union and can and do dictate terms. Each craft regulates its own wages. Only the art workmen or specialists, having no union, are in less demand and, consequently, are not so well treated. There are very few negroes in California. The climate on the coast does not suit them, and moreover they have been crowded out by the yellow races.

To get over the difficulty of finding cooks, maids and other servants, people contrive to secure Chinese cooks and Japanese valets, butlers and grooms. There are no women at all in the leading hotel at Seattle. Young Japanese, known as "bellboys," take the place of kitchenmaids and chambermaids. A few privileged hotel proprietors engage Scandinavian girls. There are various specialties. For instance, the washing is now done by Frenchmen at San Francisco instead of Chinese, and the French form a large and much-esteemed colony, by whom I was fêted. Unlike many others, they cause no trouble. There are also French waiters, who are doing well. Of course I do not take into account exceptional cases, such as the wages paid to some chauffeurs when motor cars were in their infancy, or even the celebrated French chef who, to my knowledge, was paid fifteen thousand dollars a year by a big New York hotel and was at liberty to spend six months of the year in France.

But then comes the agricultural problem. The Californian farmer not only has to till a magnificent soil, producing all kinds of fruit, vegetables and cereals, but he has to attend to the industrial part of his business, such

as the reaping, packing in cans or otherwise, conveyance to markets, sale and export. It is a combination of agriculture, industry and commerce which cannot be effected without men and money, in a country which, having no population, has few roads outside the railways and tramways. The difficulty is generally met by keeping near the main lines of railroad or breeding horses on a large scale, pending the coming of the motor car.

Let me describe briefly how the raising of live stock is generally carried on, between San Francisco and Sacramento, for instance, with the smallest amount of help, and how it is combined with agriculture. On either side of the railroad, at the foot of the majestic chain of the Sierra Nevada, stretches a limitless, uninterrupted green plain. Here browse and multiply flocks of sheep and lambs, in quantities exceeding all that I had ever imagined. Further on are herds of cows, also very numerous, with the dairy — very simple, but large and well contrived — in the middle. Then we come to the horses, and here and there are the turkeys, chickens and hogs. The horses are gradually broken in by cowboys, first for riding and then for harness. When the time comes for plowing, harrowing or rolling, the farmer takes as many horses as he wants from the ranch where they are all left at liberty; a young horse is harnessed between two old ones, and so on. With teams of six or eight, or even more, immense fields are soon made ready for sowing; and afterwards, if there is a rush to get in the harvest, the farmer who has finished first hires out his teams to others. All this is becoming simplified in proportion as estates are split up or, rather, lose their enormous size; but still the supply of labor is insufficient, because cereal growing is not everything; there are fruits to be gathered and packed, cows to be milked and so on. This is where the problem of Chinese, Hindu and Japanese immigration comes in.

3. *Yellow Immigration*

Nobody wants coolie immigration on a large scale. It would be too much for some states, particularly California. It would bring wages down to starvation point, for the American workman, whose numerous needs are out of all comparison with Oriental simplicity. Negro competition does not constitute the same problem in those states in which they are more numerous than they are in California, because, unlike Japanese and Chinese, who take all their savings home to their own country, the negroes spend their money where they earn it and, consequently, work less regularly. The immigration of yellow workers on a large scale, supposing the American workman made up his mind to submit to it, would also pave the way to a serious danger for the United States — a danger which it is to the interest of every civilized country, including Japan as well as Europe and America, to prevent. The country would be divided into three classes at least, the first consisting of the dominant white race, the second of the subordinated yellow race, and the third of unemployed and wastrels — the dregs, in fact, of the population. This would be in contradiction to, and the end of the democratic system in the United States. It would mean what might be called the automatic preparation of dictatorship, decomposition and anarchy. The question of importing yellow labor, even into Europe, has been more than once raised, and there does not seem to be anything out of the way in the idea of a factory run by European foremen and overseers and imported labor; but no one has ventured, or will venture, on such a revolutionary enterprise. The Japanese themselves do not want to see too many openings for yellow labor in the United States, principally because it is not to their interest to help American competition, and also because they do not care to create a source of

constant trouble and conflict with America, which would be as injurious to one country as to the other.

Are we to conclude that yellow immigration in America should be stopped altogether? This question, like others, is one of moderation and tact. The problem will be and is being solved by observing mutual consideration and following a middle course.

Japanese "intellectuals" are admitted to American universities, and I saw a considerable number of them at Stanford. They live on terms of comradeship with American students. A great many Chinese and Japanese servants remained in California or returned there after the passing of the immigration laws a few years ago. The Hawaiian islands, which are full of Japanese, but have become American, have acted as a naturalization center for many of them, and this process has been carried to such an extent that the Japanese government spontaneously took steps to prevent such an abuse of emigration.

By law, the United States government places the immigration of yellow labor on the same footing as foreign immigration in general; but, as a matter of fact, the state legislatures, and, to a still greater extent, public opinion and the Press, in the states concerned, are more or less masters of the situation as regards opposition to coolie immigration. It is clear that a few thousand Japanese at San Francisco can always be boycotted or at any rate worried. This is a local question which the Federal government is no more able than the Japanese government to settle as it pleases.

Due account must be taken of the temper of the working classes and of the Press. This temper changes under the influence of education, reason and experience, but the process takes time. For instance, Japanese servants are much more welcome at Seattle, in the state of Washington, than they are at San Francisco. Why? I am told that

California has a sort of Patriotic League which acts on the more impressionable and excites them continually against Japan. At present these incitements have very little effect. In any case, there is no such league at Seattle, where people even regret the restriction of emigration by the Japanese government and would like to have more Japanese in the country. The stories of Japanese acting as spies are treated with ridicule. "Those who come," I am told, "are nearly all educated young men who want to learn. They all study English, and conscientiously jot down words they want to remember, whereupon they are promptly denounced as spies. This kind of thing strikes us as laughable. What is there to spy about here? What have we to hide? Such suspicions are absurd, but they check the desired immigration more effectually than laws could do. There are only 3000 Japanese at San Francisco, and more than three times that number — 10,000 — at Seattle, and yet all the objections come from San Francisco, where there is a political anti-Japanese organization run by a few cranks and supported by uneducated people. If you take all the Japanese in California, you would not find 40,000; and half that number for the state of Washington and not quite so many for the rest of the United States, and you have a total of less than 100,000 Japanese in the whole of the Union. It is a case of much ado about very little."

What we need is to face the facts. European and American missionaries have been at work in continually increasing numbers in China and Japan for nearly half a century; we have insisted on teaching the yellow race, and now we are surprised because, after having been taught by us, they travel and complete their education! There are young Chinese, holding scholarships, all over Europe. Who invites them but the governments themselves, with the consent of our own manufacturers, who want customers?

In my own native district, the Sarthe, I used to see a class of Chinese students every year at our military school at La Flèche. There were about forty of them two years ago, all very intelligent, steady and interested in everything — in military science, which we teach them, as in agriculture, with which they are acquainted. After leaving the school they serve for a time in our regiments or at the military academies (St. Cyr and Saumur). They are to be found all over France and all over Europe. How can we wonder at other Chinese crossing the Pacific so as to learn English and visit America? Chinese and Japanese commissions go all over the world. In what way are they a special danger for America?

By whatever means it is brought about, a process of trickling in is going on, owing to a more or less tacit agreement between the two governments, but it is certainly not a flood, and this trickle is a long way from providing California with the labor she requires to develop as Oregon and the other Western states have done. Considering the difficulties, one cannot but admire the manner in which the Americans have made their west coast what it is, and, still more, what it promises to be. We have been confronted with the same questions in our colonies. With such a low birth rate as ours, what could we do in Northern Africa without the Arabs, Moors and Kabyles, not to mention Tunisians, Sicilians, Maltese and Spaniards?

4. *An Eldorado. Touring. From Los Angeles to Del Monte. Pasadena*

California is, like our North African colonies, a garden that flourishes in spite of unfavorable circumstances and the earthquakes that occurred four years ago. They are already forgotten, but they made their sinister, destructive fury only too evident, and, as they follow an almost

invariable course, there is no denying that they may occur again, here as elsewhere. This country is, as I have said, a garden, and what a garden! I thought the people who told me about it must be exaggerating, but the soil calls every one to witness its fertility, and we can estimate it by its magnificent trees. The oaks, cedars, pines, rubber trees and sequoias or redwood trees, in fact everything that is left of the wonderful Californian forests and has not been burned or rooted up, helps to give one an idea of the astounding richness of this country. From Los Angeles to San Francisco the railway runs alongside the Pacific, at the foot of great undulating hills. They are not mountains, and their mighty green-clad curves look like immense meadows lifted up by a heaving ocean. When the upward and downward wave of hill and forest at length subsides and the train finds its way into flat country, we come to an endless succession of plantations. It was spring when I came here, and I could see orchards of orange trees, vines, plum trees, apricot trees, cherry trees, almond trees and fig trees. It was like hundreds and hundreds of acres of a trim, well-kept, flowered carpet spread over miles and miles of country. All this fruit, after being gathered in the season, is generally sorted by machinery. The grapeseeds are extracted by machinery, after which the fruit is exported in the form of raisins. The plums are packed in boxes, also by machinery (with the best fruit on top and the others underneath!). All kinds of jams, marmalades and jellies, and also wine, are made. It is even asserted that Bordeaux people import wine from California, but official statistics are against this, for the excellent reason that Californian wine is very dear, even on the spot. It costs the grower more than twenty cents a bottle, and of course the twenty cents expand into a dollar at a restaurant. Californian clarets are none the less good, though much coarser than ours. They have

been a source of wealth to various Italian-Californians whose palaces I have seen. Mere cook-boys twenty years ago, they are now very important and much-esteemed men, worth millions. When we remember that this country became known through its gold mines and that all these flourishing crops have been added, taking the place of forest or desert, thanks to irrigation, we must admit that the efforts of man and of civilization deserve something better than the disdain of skeptics.

With all this, I have said nothing about the crops of vegetables, maize, rice, potatoes, artichokes, endives, olives and beetroot. I am in danger of forgetting that there are all kinds of climate here, including night mists that keep the grass fresh and green through the heat of summer and help to provide pasture for the innumerable cows I have already mentioned but whose milk I have not extolled as it deserves. From it the Californians make cream, celebrated all over America, and a San Francisco butter which is certainly the best I have tasted since I left France and is equal to good Danish or Normandy butter. I can say as much for the meat, poultry and fish. Californian cooking is a surprise and a delight for a Frenchman, no matter how particular or entitled to be particular he may be. The Californians have as cultivated palates as the French, and a taste for good cheer and appetizing dishes. Anything served at their tables can be eaten with confidence. What wonders our cooks could accomplish here! If I were the state of California, I would start a French cookery school at San Francisco. It would be all that is wanted to complete Californian culture.

The cultivation of all these different kinds of produce of the soil demands not only labor, but care, science and education, and the universities devote part of their teaching to this.

The earth does not confine itself to producing gold and eatables. We must not overlook petroleum, which crops

up in all sorts of places, even on the seashore; and petroleum, like the grapevine, has created a great deal of wealth. I have heard of a Los Angeles surveyor who could get very little money out of his clients and had to take a few odd bits of land as payment instead. Up to the time of his death he was trying in vain to find a buyer for his scraps of real estate, and his widow was equally unsuccessful; but one fine day petroleum wells were discovered on adjoining land, and then on her land, so that now, instead of being hard up, she has an income of not less than a thousand dollars a day from what is on her land and under it. Petroleum is used here instead of coal to run locomotives, factory furnaces and even the machinery in the big San Francisco stores. I saw some of this machinery, and found that a very high and regular temperature was obtained by a mixture of petroleum vapor and air, without smell and without accidents: a remarkable instance of progress.

Agriculture and mining are of little importance, my Los Angeles friends tell me, in comparison with the newest of the great resources the country possesses — tourist traffic.

The climate, the beauty and variety of the scenery and the excellence of its products have attracted a steadily growing clientèle to California. It is the United States' Riviera.

No one who has not seen the surroundings of Los Angeles — Pasadena, for instance — or such coast resorts as Santa Barbara and Del Monte can form any idea of what these favored places are or what they will be. I do not say this district can compete with our Riviera. On the contrary, I consider that the Pacific will not attain the same standard of brilliant, majestic beauty as the Mediterranean, always provided that we do not spoil Nature with the works of our hands. That sea will ever stand alone as the birthplace of our civilization; but no one who has not seen the Californian Riviera can imagine what American civilization has already produced.

I have lived happily in France; I know England and the shady groves of Oxford and Cambridge; I have seen the spring in Algerian oases; and I thought myself *blasé*; but I found that the Americans have covered the most beautiful valleys in California with grass, flowers and fruit, and have created therein, with their cottages designed after the most refined style of English domestic architecture, their artificial rain and their schools of landscape gardening and horticulture, what I can only call offshoots of the terrestrial paradise.

Every villa at Pasadena stands amid its own lawns, shaded by its own roof. Every cottage is different from its neighbor and is covered with roses and geranium creepers. The place is one mass of palms, mimosas, ever-green oaks, carob trees and magnolias. Here and there the sun sends a shaft of light through the deep shade to some brilliant flower bed and fills the odorous blossoms — honeysuckle, wallflower, heliotrope and glycina — with perfume. The flowers of every garden in the world are here assembled in one.

Over all the gardens created by Americans hovers inspiration in the form of the American woman. I shall have something to say about her as I shall of the delightful way in which girls and young men associate in the California universities. I shall also revert to a question that interests a great many people here, as elsewhere: the so-called Japanese peril. Will the Japanese interfere with the development of the new continent and, consequently, with the peace of the world at large? Are they or are they not making ready for war? Is war between the United States and Japan possible? I have discussed this question, with the consent of my American and Japanese friends, in my lectures in the Far West; and farther on I will summarize my impressions with the utmost possible impartiality.

CHAPTER IV

WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES

1. AT THE UNIVERSITIES. Berkeley. The girls' dinner. Voluntary servants. Young Americans traveling in France. — 2. AN ELECTION CAMPAIGN. For or against women. The boulevards of Paris. Miserable young girls. The three husbands. — 3. THE FRENCH WOMAN. A French wife. — 4. VOTES FOR WOMEN. The suffragettes in England. Their devotedness and services during the war. The necessary struggle. The rights of the man. The woman and the child forgotten. The good man is shy. Triumph of the women. The seaports and pleasure cities.

1. *At the Universities. Berkeley. Stanford*

IN the Eastern states, people are beginning to discuss the question of coeducation for the two sexes. In the West, it seems to have been definitely settled in the affirmative. At Stanford University and at Berkeley, and afterward at Salt Lake City, in Colorado, Seattle and Chicago I spoke to mixed audiences of young men and girls of from eighteen to twenty, all remarkably attentive to my explanation of the new ideas. I spent an afternoon and an evening at Berkeley, where one of my principal university addresses was given, under the presidency of Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler; and no one could wish to have a more intelligent, united and responsive audience. At Stanford, I spent the whole day with President David Starr Jordan, and the young men students invited me to visit their houses and dormitories. They are allowed to choose between two entirely different styles of living. Some of them, divided into groups of twenty or twenty-five, live

in small villas, where they are their own masters, under the management of one of their number, whom they elect president in virtue of his ability and merit. They study, play outdoor games, practice athletic sports and sleep in the open air in all weathers. In the evening they meet in the parlor — of course with draughts still playing all round them — and devote themselves to music and various amusements. Others lead exactly the same life in a larger building, where they number several hundred, but are just as free as the others.

It is the same with the girls. Groups of them have their houses and gardens, or their independent dormitory. The houses occupied by the girls and youths are close together and intermingled, and there is never a breath of scandal. The girls go about freely all day, and even at night, in the gardens and streets and on the playgrounds. They play games, ride (always astride) and gallop about bareheaded, just as they go on foot. They are not afraid of anything — neither the air, nor the cold, nor the heat, nor of any one looking at them.

The Girls' Dinner. Voluntary Servants

When I had finished my automobile drive in the neighborhood of the university and my three or four speeches. I received an invitation to dinner in one of the girls' pavilions. The girls were all dressed in their best, in white or pink, and it was delightful to see them looking so fresh, with their fair or dark hair, their blue or dark eyes, smiling and confident.

In addition to the two Japanese students who waited on this gathering of youth and grace, there was, strange to say, a tall young man, very quiet and simple — an American, who was also serving. He was a student, working as a servant, in accordance with a custom which

prevails all over the United States among young men whose means do not enable them to pay the expenses of their college course. It was done so simply and naturally that no one but a brute could have made facetious remarks about it in such a company or asked how such paradoxes were possible. From time to time during the meal the girls stopped talking, in obedience to an imperceptible sign from one of them, and without standing up, began to sing a part-song. It was either lively, sentimental or witty, but the lively element predominated. Then they stopped, the talk and laughter began again, and presently came another song. The dinner seemed a very short one to me.

After that I went to see the young men, to the number of several hundred, and made them a speech, amid frightful draughts. It was a pleasure to see their fresh and open countenances. All these young people have no thought of evil; but it will be all the more easy to deceive them and lead them astray, and how necessary it is to put them on their guard, not only against their own mistakes, but against those committed by governments! I have often expressed such fears on leaving these young men and girls, abandoned, so to speak, as they were, to their own instincts. Finally, however, I began to wonder whether this kind of education is not the best of safeguards, and whether the use of liberty is not the best form of precaution and discipline.

Young Americans traveling in France

It would be a mistake for our young Frenchmen to suppose that an American education is good only for the muscles and nerves and that, in all other respects, it simply produces innocents who cannot make their way outside of their own country. On the contrary, it turns out men who are at home anywhere. Here is one instance out of a thousand. I had returned to Paris and was leaving my

house one day to go to the senate. It was on July 13, the day before the national festival. I was late, as usual, and while I was going downstairs, I ran into two tall young men dressed in gray flannel suits and so obviously American that I stopped, just as they did. They were two students from Stanford who had been present at my lectures and had come to call on me; but they did not want to disturb me; they were touring in the simplest way on bicycles, and their vacation was nearly over. In spite of the dreadful hurry I was in, and my consciousness that I was impatiently awaited, I should have been glad to show my liking for these young men, but I had to confine myself to scribbling a few words on my card to help them see the review, and also jotting down my address in the Department of the Sarthe, with a few brief directions about the best way to go there.

Three days afterwards they made their appearance at La Flèche as unconcerned as if they had been my neighbors. They could not speak French, but they were so pleasant, natural and well-behaved that they found people willing to help them everywhere. More than this, they had managed to pass through the crowd and the lines of police at the review and get very good places, though they had no tickets. They saw the president of the republic and the ministers, the presentation of the colors and decorations; they vibrated to the strains of the "Marseillaise" and "Sambre et Meuse," and cheered the dirigible balloons. Every one made room for them. They found the way to the heart of France.

At my house at Créans they were soon playing tennis, swimming and canoeing exactly as if they were at home. Every one was so delighted with them that we would not hear of their going. More than this: as I had to attend a public banquet in a neighboring village, they went with me, and, despite their ignorance of French, their mere

individuality made them so popular that one of them had to make a speech which I translated, proposing the two sister republics: Washington and Lafayette. It was a delightful day for all, and afforded self-evident proof that products of an American education are quite suitable for export.

I can say as much for a Pittsburgh girl who accompanied me and my children on a series of visits we made by automobile to several communes in my department. She indeed spoke French, but her graciousness and simplicity were such that she was *persona grata* with every one, peasants and workmen alike. She became so popular that the village bandsmen came and formed in a circle around her to play her an "aubade," or morning serenade, and asked her for prints of the photographs she had taken of the fête.

It must be admitted that the young Americans who make up their minds to travel in Europe belong to the most sociable kind. They are even beginning to regret their ignorance — hitherto quite natural — of foreign languages. They are nevertheless in a position to see that their independent style of education does not cut them off from other people, but rather brings them into closer communion. It is the same with many other points of difference, which, to the superficial observer, might be expected to act as so many causes of incompatibility, instead of being, as they are in reality, connecting links or sources of mutual influence and of friendship between the New World and the Old, and especially France.

2. *An Election Campaign. For or against Women*

The objection may be raised that I am too much pre-possessed in favor of the enviable progress achieved in the United States, but the fact is that, in that country, I

have been steeping myself in simplicity. Especially in the West, or rather the Far West, I have seen the downfall of our old prejudices one after another, and the victory of natural conceptions over Old World traditions which would be senseless in the new hemisphere. I do not see why I should not admit that my travels have given me a second education. I could not help keeping my eyes and ears open. My travels, and in fact my life, have been one long road to Damascus. I have been literally taken by storm and invaded by problems which prudence or routine would have preferred to see relegated to the background. Against such assaults I struggled in vain. What was to be done, for instance, against a sudden and simultaneous attack by all the women in California? I was obliged to decide, all at once, whether I was on their side or hostile to them. What should I have said if any one had told me before I left France that I, a diplomatist, would not only carry on but actually open an electoral campaign in favor of votes for women at San Francisco? And yet that is what happened. I did not yield without resistance. I spoke my mind very freely. I was contradicted and questioned at several large meetings. I did not attempt to conceal that a conflict was going on between my natural sentiments and those created in me by my European education. This conflict lasted throughout the week I spent in California, without a moment's rest. Long-distance telephone calls, daily and nightly telegrams, messages, letters, visits and all kinds of efforts were used to induce me to intervene.

In principle I had already given hostages to the cause, and this was known. The newspapers in many cities of the United States had published translations of an address I delivered in Paris on "Women and the Cause of Peace."¹

¹ See *International Conciliation*, Pamphlet No. 40, March, 1911. 407 W. 117, New York City.

I have presided over a great number of the meetings of their national and international association. All efforts on behalf of the weak and all movements towards emancipation, assistance and social improvement belong to the great primordial struggle against violence. No one can advance the progress of the human race and at the same time contribute to enslaving and destroying it. It is all part of one whole. One must be for or against might, for or against right. Every feminist is inevitably a pacifist, and *vice versa*; and this is especially true in the United States and other new countries. The newer the community, the higher the position given to women and children. Woman's status has improved with the march of civilization and the westward progress of the sun, and it has therefore reached its maximum of progress in the Far West of America, on the shore of the Pacific. This was the substance of the proposition I had put forward, and I could not refuse to uphold it at San Francisco, but I immediately perceived that it was too moderate. "You are too easy to please," the American women told me; and they even added, "We decline your certificate of felicity." This hard knock was administered to me by the woman president of one of the numerous meetings I was invited to attend. I responded frankly, being fortunately accustomed to public meetings, by saying: "You are justified in asking for more, from your electoral point of view, but I am also justified in congratulating you, whether you like it or not, from my general point of view. You are entitled to complain; but, ladies, you are fortunate, free and highly favored. I am sorry to have told you so at an inopportune moment, but you are superlatively well off in comparison with the women of other countries. By all means agitate for further progress, so that those other women may profit by it. They have much more need of it than you have." I then went on to

give some of my experiences as a traveler and to describe the life of women in eastern and southern Europe. Although all audiences like to be opposed, this one at first appeared disinclined to listen to my arguments. I had invited contradiction, and I obtained all I wanted.

The Paris Boulevards

One of the ladies present observed, somewhat acidly, that I must have brought my prejudices with me from France, considering that a French mother has not enough confidence in her daughter to let her go out alone in Paris. To this I replied by deliberately taking the part of the French mother, and adding that no mother or real friend of an American girl would let her go out alone in the evening on our boulevards, not on account of bad Frenchmen, but of the cosmopolitan crowds who go there to spend their money.

Miserable Young Girls

After this, I drew an only too faithful picture of the manner in which girls are exploited in all countries. I pointed out that they are defenseless, not only against law, but against custom, which urgently calls for alteration. In this way harmony was restored between my audience and myself, to such an extent that an old workman, who only knew me by the title of "Baron," lavishly used by the American newspapers in referring to me, shouted out: "That's good! I like to see an aristocrat who's human!"

The Three Husbands

Although the ice was thus broken, my difficulties merely took another form just as the debate assumed a different tone. I mention it because it took place publicly and was reported at the time. One of the ladies took the floor

and said: "You must not judge us by appearances. The Frenchwoman is perhaps not so free as we are, but in reality she is happier." Why? "Because she is more esteemed by her husband. Our husbands and fathers give us all we can wish for, except their confidence. A French husband treats his wife as a friend and helper; an American husband keeps his wife at a distance from his life. No doubt you know what we say here about a French couple and how we distinguish it from others. The English husband goes in front of his wife, the American wife goes in front of her husband, and the French husband and wife go side by side."

It was a rather awkward novelty for me to have to discuss such questions at a public meeting. I confined myself to remarking that I knew a great many very united couples in America, and that, if there was a lack of confidence among others, it could not be made up for by any law. Such confidence, in fact, must be earned. To illustrate my meaning, I could find nothing better than to describe the inside of a French household — not the kind in which the wife copies her neighbor, who copies an Englishwoman who copies a fashion paper, but just one of those plain and unpretentious families of which I know thousands in France.

3. *The French Woman. A French Wife*

Let us, I said, in substance, avoid generalizations; there are ill-assorted couples everywhere, both in France and in America, but I am quite willing, ladies, to admit that the Frenchwoman does not complain, does not ask for a vote, and seems more satisfied with her lot than you are. A French family, especially of the kind that exists in circles unknown to travelers, is the ideal form of association between man and woman, and is a triumph for the latter, because it is her work. But it is a work requiring great

and inherited patience. It is a conquest of the husband's authority — a conquest for which the way is paved by the wife's education, spirit of continuity and abnegation. The masterpiece of the whole achievement is that the marital authority remains intact, but it is never exercised without a check. The wife respects it, and supports it whenever necessary, but never ceases to enlighten it with maternal care.

Many a time have I stopped to study one of these model families, in my native department, the Sarthe, whenever I happened to find one on my path, in some small town or on a farm. Here indeed does the wife reign, or rather the husband reigns while the wife watches. The man gives the orders but the woman suggests them. She retires into the background and devotes herself to the humble needs of the household. The constantly recurring duties which are not worth mentioning individually, but are indispensable items in the daily life of the household, are her care. She discharges them unawares, as if by the operation of the Holy Ghost. The husband — a cattle dealer, let us say — goes off in his cart before daybreak to see farmers or make purchases at a fair. His wife, up before him, lights the fire and prepares breakfast without any fuss. She rouses the stableman or herself gives the horse his oats. She brushes her husband's clothes and shoes and, if need be, helps him to harness the horse. As soon as he has gone, she tidies the bedroom, the kitchen and the house in general and sees to the farmyard, the poultry yard, the cowhouse and the stable. She dresses the children, gives them their breakfast and sends them off to school. She mends, washes and irons the linen, not without conversation, for she is by no means of a grumpy disposition, and her husband will not be averse to hearing the village news when he comes home. Between whiles she kills a chicken or duck, plucks it and trusses it for next Sunday's dinner. She kneads the bread, heats the oven,

prepares a cake or gives her orders to the baker. She makes her purchases from the grocer and butcher. She attends to the cellar, too, and she it is who goes down to fetch the bottle of good white wine that the master wants to open for the benefit of a customer or of the friend whom he brings home. She it is, clean, calm and smiling, who receives us and entertains us when I come with my friends. She attends to everything, without appearing to do so. She keeps the accounts, too, and the most extraordinary part of it is that some of these wives, to my knowledge, can hardly read; but they are never a centime out when it comes to calculating what she has to take from Peter and give to Paul, advance to Louis and deduct from Charles's account and so on.

It often happens that when the husband comes back from market, he is not in a very good temper, and then, of course, his wife has to bear the brunt. "It's your fault," he will tell her; "you forgot this, you told me that, your idea was all wrong, and so on!" The wife responds in her own way and according to circumstances. If there are any witnesses, she holds her tongue. She is politic, like Louis XI, and dissimulates, or else she makes jokes and takes nothing to heart. She has heard worse things, and so have her mother and her grandmother before her! She laughs heartily or else she furtively wipes away a tear. It depends on her temperament or the circumstances. Sometimes her husband has had hard work to induce a customer to make up his mind, and has had to drink a glass or two of wine, or perhaps a glass too many. She sizes up the situation at a glance, says nothing and waits till next day; or, if she is alone, she gives her husband a piece of her mind, in which case there is no knowing what takes place.

In any event, next day there can be no doubt about her being mistress in her own house, as she was before, and her husband, though he may growl and grumble, internally

admits that she is right. She is his adviser, his friend and his better half. What would be the use of trying to substitute a political right for the conjugal authority thus exercised by the Frenchwoman? Is it surprising that she does not ask for legislation?

In the same way, the right to vote is never claimed so much by the favored few as by the others. For them is it required, and for this reason is it sacred. If we contrast the satisfied condition of the happy wife with the sufferings of the wretched women who are victimized by the present condition of affairs, the point of view alters, and I have never had the heart to discourage the American women who plead the cause of their kind.

4. *Votes for Women. The Suffragettes. Their Devotedness and Services during the War*

My Liberal friends in England have, in my opinion, committed a very great mistake in opposing the suffragettes, whatever may have been the violence against which they have often had to defend themselves. Departing, in an inexplicable manner, from all traditions of English public life, they have refused to concede the right of women to discuss their claims, and have treated these claims with disdain. If they had given them only a small part of the consideration lavished, by all parties in all countries, on the least respectable sections of the electorate, they would have placed themselves in the most favorable position and would not have committed such a monstrosity as to put woman — in England, of all countries! — in what may be called the lower scale of humanity and drive her to the excesses which have been too often committed.¹

¹ Let us not fail to note as one more argument in favor of votes for women, the patriotic devotion, the public spirit of which they are giving evidence during the European war of 1914-15. The women had already shown what immense service they could perform in the vast domain of municipal

No party in the United States has perpetrated such a blunder as that of the Liberals in England. Even President Roosevelt, who believes in vigorous methods, has not pronounced against feminism. He, at first, avoided committing himself and took refuge in a sympathy which he has himself described as "lukewarm." He became much more decided later on. Whether their own sympathy be ardent or tepid, the public authorities cannot elude the question of votes for women much longer. It is an integral part of a great social, national and universal

administration, in charities, in teaching, in hygiene, the improvement of morals, justice, etc. We shall many times bear such testimony in the course of this book, but one domain had always, so it seemed, been closed to them, that of war. Jeanne d'Arc, it had seemed, was to remain almost the single exception in history. The English suffragettes have recently responded most nobly to this last appeal. Although following pacific lines, they have understood that it was their duty to combat, in accordance with their means and their strength, for the rights of the most feeble, and for peace, against the aggression of German militarism. They did not stop with exhortations to their sons, brothers, husbands and fiancés to take arms. They have themselves enlisted and are actively participating in auxiliary service of the army, the post office, the telephone, telegraph; in administration, acting as interpreters, as members of Boards of Health, etc. None can any longer find anything ridiculous about their activities, now that these will leave free thousands of soldiers and officers to go to the front, while women will take their places in the offices or even on the firing line. Suffragettes at war! yet surrounded by the respect and receiving the gratitude of a nation. Who could have predicted this miracle?—but it is nevertheless quite natural. Here in France we have seen socialists and anti-militarists sacrificing everything without hesitation for the defense of the country and of peace. This war must be furnishing to the women of all countries—not excluding those of Germany—an opportunity to justify their right in doing duty like the men. They have been everywhere collaborators, indispensable in the service of health. Many admirable women have hastened to Europe, both from America and from Japan. They were not satisfied to bring over here mere material assistance, however valuable, in money or in supplies. They are spending that which is still more precious, their very selves. One must see them on the field of battle as intrepid as the bravest soldiers; one must see them in the hospitals and in the model ambulances which they have prepared and the service of which they direct.

This war must be adding an irresistible force to the propaganda of women for righteousness and for peace. (March, 1915.)

problem, which has been laid before the United States and is being solved in sections, by partial successes which will end in a general triumph. That this would be the case was my impression after my first journeys in America, and it was confirmed after my visits to the Scandinavian countries, where ideas germinate earlier than elsewhere; but I now regard it as a certainty. My experiences at San Francisco were merely a prelude to the initiation that awaited me later on, in state after state, when I was able to estimate what had been attempted and accomplished by women in the United States. It is not that the American woman is superior to others, but she is freer. She is as brave as others, but her bravery shows itself in public, for the good of the cause, while the European woman, who is more resigned, is brave only in suffering.

The Necessary Struggle

People laugh at the woman who claims the right to vote. She is ridiculed, just as ridicule has been heaped upon advocates of the noblest causes, at all forerunners, inventors and pioneers, but in the long run she will be respected in proportion to the extent to which people feel ashamed of having made fun of her. I have heard the most frivolous society women admire the grandeur of an immense procession that went past their windows in New York. It was a women's demonstration, carried out on a winter day, amid rain and mud. Thousands and thousands of women, of all ages, all classes and all kinds, marched past, without distinction of place, forgetful of the times in which they lived, of their inequalities of station, of their joys and sorrows, their minds fixed upon a common purpose — the emancipation of their sex and the right to act, compete, protest and vote in public as well as in private. There were tears in the eyes of the women who described this

scene to me. Perhaps it was an awakening for them. They admired the courage that must have been necessary for the philanthropic women whom they saw at the head of the procession — women who exposed themselves not only to ridicule from the spectators, but to contact with unfortunates of the lowest type, and also with the female cranks who spoil the best causes by their excessive zeal. I discussed the matter with mothers whose families I knew to be united and to enjoy general esteem. I explained my doubts, fears and prejudices, without exciting any surprise, and their reply was :

“We shall win because we must win! You have witnessed the fight for the parliamentary vote in California. That was only a single stage of the struggle. We have been successful in many other very important preliminary attacks. In the state of Kansas, for instance, women take part in all municipal elections, both as electors and candidates, and every one, especially the taxpayer, is delighted with this moralizing progress. A great many women are at the head of municipalities and are not only excellent mothers but excellent mayors.

“In nearly half the United States we have the education vote; that is to say, the mothers as well as the fathers elect the school officials, the members of the library committees, etc., and nobody complains; quite the reverse. In some states a woman, and even a young one, has been elected to the post of school superintendent. We have obtained the right to vote for or against certain kinds of expenditure and public works, so as to make sure that the outlay will be really useful and not for the sole benefit of the contractors and their friends.

“Moreover, the progress of our cause should not be judged solely by these results, brilliant as they are. Our means of action, our resources, our numbers, our organization and the splendid men and women who support us and lead us

must be taken into account. Our history also should not be ignored.

*The Rights of the Man. The Woman and the Child
Forgotten*

“Our objection to the narrow interpretation of the Declaration of the Rights of Man is of no recent date. We claim that it should be applied, not merely in the letter, but in the purely humane spirit in which it is conceived, both to women and children. We tried our strength in the negro emancipation question. Our success proved our legal inferiority to be a paradox that could not be entertained. Our assistance was accepted, but when the fight was over, the right to vote was denied us. Slaves were freed but women were not. We were put in the same class with criminals and madmen. We were obliged to go about with the placards you have seen: ‘Criminals, the insane and women do not vote.’

“We have succeeded admirably in municipal affairs (not to mention the active part played by women in chambers of commerce and agriculture), and why, and by what right, should we stop there?

“If you admit that the interest of all the inhabitants of a city is to unite in preventing, for instance, the adulteration of milk, sugar and other foods on which our children are fed, how are you to hinder us when we are organized, as we soon shall be, from stopping the moral adulteration of education and national truth? How will you prevent us from uniting against the lies, abuses and corruption that men support or encourage because of profit to themselves or because they are afraid to denounce them? We are numerous, and we constitute a force that has been often employed. It is not enough for us to exercise influence; we must resort to direct action.

“We have held aloof too long through timidity and because we were convinced of our own incapacity and of your alleged superiority in the domain of public affairs. We have now been aroused from this over-long dream, devoid of pride and ambition, by realities and facts. In man’s own interest, it is time to deprive him of his monopoly of management, which is quite as bad for him as it is for us and for civilization.

The Good Man is Shy

“The best men are really more timid than women. They are afraid of the yellow newspapers, of scandal, of blackmail, of innovations and of truth, and finally their weakness spells predominance for gangs of the worst kind. The Press, politicians and business men would end by dominating all honest people if it were not for us. Because we do not want to come out of our homes, are we to abandon them to the very men who would destroy them? Never! It was for love of our home, our children, our families, our country, of liberty and of justice that we entered the fight, and in their cause we shall triumph.

“But this triumph can only come through our obtaining the right to vote, and this will take a great deal less time than converting politicians. Once at the head of the polls, we shall compel the men to do, both for the country and the city, what they have hitherto failed to do.

“As for our homes, you need be under no uneasiness. They will be all the better protected when we can guard them both outside and inside. We have stayed indoors so long, and so many things have been taken from us, that we must needs go out to retake them. Our position as wives and mothers is threatened if it carries with it no right of control, and this right of control is nothing without our right of interference.”

To sum up, the movement in favor of votes for women is a protest of outraged morality against the masculine infringements of politics on private life, conscience and individual liberty. This protest, which is sometimes negative, is directed with incredible violence against drink, for instance, as we shall see later on. At other times it takes a positive form on behalf of the public health, open spaces, children's sports and education, the regulation of labor and the protection of childhood. It can no longer be treated with contempt. Governments must take it into account, even in Europe. I certainly did not expect to take part in the campaign carried on by the ladies of San Francisco. I am delighted to bear my share of responsibility for their triumph: for, as every one knows, they eventually won.

Triumph of the Women

They now have the right to elect and be elected at the next parliamentary election in the state of California. There are now eleven states which have become feminist as the result of constitutional changes adopted by the electorate. A surprise vote temporarily deprived the state of Washington of this new right, but it was soon regained. Even New York state itself is perceptibly wavering. In 1912, six states — California, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado and Washington — had been won over to the principle of votes for women; the last five being among the least populous states in the Union. The conquest of California, whose population exceeded that of all the others put together, resulted, in the following year, in the conversion of five other states, — Montana, Kansas, Arizona, Oregon and Michigan, — making eleven in all, or more than a fifth of the whole country.¹

¹To these eleven states and the territory already conquered by the women at the end of 1913, in order to be exact, one must add twelve states

Seaports and Pleasure Cities

Here is another remarkable fact. The "gay" cities, and especially the large seaports, are, of course, hostile to any reform directed towards protection of women. Such dreams are not for the patrons of bars, saloons and low houses. San Francisco consequently voted dead against the change, and so large was the plurality that, on the night of the election, the defeat of the cause seemed certain and was announced beforehand in telegrams sent all over the country. It was made the subject of ironical comments in next morning's newspapers, but on the following day the returns from the rural constituencies outweighed those of the capital and the rout became a victory. The moral will not be lost sight of: the communities in which woman is submerged are hostile to her uplifting, but the country districts, where she is mistress of the farm or household, are in her favor.

I have set down faithfully how I took part, all unprepared, in this great movement. Did I thereby depart from my path? Certainly not; I widened it. I met with new assistance and did not neglect it. Such numerous protests carry weight, and such willing helpers end by forming a powerful union of common interests which will

in which universal suffrage has been voted by both chambers of the legislatures, awaiting only constitutional ratification. Seven states have granted the right to vote on school matters alone, three have granted "school and taxpaying suffrage"; two states have granted only "taxpaying suffrage." Fifteen states in 1913 refused the suffrage, but since then there has been further progress. See among the numerous suffrage publications in the United States the "Women's Journal and Suffrage News" of Boston, founded by Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell, a weekly journal which has already been published forty-seven years.

The example of the United States has induced rapid changes in the entire world, beginning with the great colonies of England and extending even to France. See the very interesting reports made by M. Ferdinand Buisson, Deputy to the French Parliament, and especially that of July 29, 1913. (March, 1915.)

be bound together by the force of circumstances. Governments began by denying the strength of public opinion and then braved it. They are now making up their minds to recognize it whenever it is awakened and makes its voice heard. They had better take care. Under the system of armed peace they have created an accumulation of dissatisfaction against themselves. It is coming from men of intellect, from the working classes and from a large section of business men. If the governments add women to the list, they will make themselves very unpopular indeed.

Women have supported me, and I now support them. Being the weaker sex, they are even more interested than men in the maintenance of peace and the organization of justice. Whenever the fishers in troubled waters are trying to stir up war or panic, the influence of women ought to turn the scale. This struck me with especial force at San Francisco, where the wonderful progress of a rich country only too often runs the risk of being spoiled by the schemes of a handful of adventurers, and especially by the threat of a so-called "inevitable" war between the United States and Japan, the inanity of which I shall discuss in another chapter. In case of a danger really national, on the contrary, as I have said above, the women are the first to set an example of heroism and to contribute to the defense of the country.

CHAPTER V

FROM SEATTLE TO SALT LAKE CITY

1. A NEW CITY. Seattle. The moving houses. The Seattle spirit. The "single tax." Henry George. The churches.—
2. THE SEATTLE EXHIBITION. Past and future. Far West to Far East. From the Arctic circles to the Tropics.—
3. SEATTLE'S AMBITION. The railways. New ideals; the French revolution. The products follow the ideas. Bad management; deforestation; American waste. American organization. The states of Washington and Oregon. Culture and gathering of the apples. If only France knew!—
4. PORTLAND. The Sacramento. The gold seekers. The Rose city. The automatic telephone. The Columbia River. The gold. The progress of agriculture.—
5. DRY FARMING. The Mormons. Illegal but existing polygamy.

1. *A New City. Seattle*

I AM now at the most northerly point of my journey in the West. As every one knows, Seattle — which dates from yesterday, or, to be exact, from sixty years ago — is already a very large city laid out on a vast scale like the others, and even more so. The population, about a thousand in 1870, will soon total 300,000. Here again the Americans have prepared for the future on spacious lines. It must be admitted that Nature seems to have decided the proportions of these big towns. The Greek and Roman metropolitan cities are large in proportion to their surroundings, and this harmony constitutes their beauty; American cities of the twentieth century cannot be on these lines. They are gigantic, like the country, the mountains, the trees, the gulfs, the rivers. It is surprising that the men themselves are not bigger.

The celebrated Douglas fir trees, which are beginning to yield to the progress of civilization, are several yards in diameter and are several thousand years old (6500 years, it is said). The pillars of a temple, built for the forestry exhibition at the Seattle Exposition, and still standing, were made out of enormous tree trunks, all identical and each in a single piece, larger than any monolith or stone obelisk.

From San Francisco to Portland, and from Portland to Alaska and the Rocky Mountains, everything is big; how could Seattle be small? Such an enterprise could not have been carried out without a great amount of money and a still greater amount of confidence and assurance. Not only has the forest been cleared away, but even the mountains are being leveled. From the thirteenth floor of my hotel I can see line after line of hills interspersed with lakes and gulfs. These hills are partially cleared of forest and are already dotted here and there with houses. Building lots are marked out among new streets that have been carried up the steepest slopes, paved and provided with sidewalks. In a few months these streets will be lined with houses. They are already served by busy, restless tramways, with their surprising contempt for gradients and uninhabited localities; and they are lighted, after the Seattle style, with an abundance of five-branch electric standards worthy of the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris.

The Moving Houses

In certain places, notably near the New Washington Hotel, the gradient was really too much even for the Seattle tramways; but no time was lost in hesitating, and the hill was simply decapitated. It is now being treated just as one might take off the upper half of a cottage loaf. This gets rid of a hill about three hundred feet high and provides a comparatively level roadway. This bold operation, how-

ever, was not foreseen, and some of the inhabitants had established their homes on the top of the hill, whence they enjoyed a splendid view over the gulf and lakes. The existence of these houses was a mere detail. They were simply moved down. Like another Macbeth, I have seen these houses come down the hill, and they are moving as I watch. I have to go and satisfy myself that I am not under some optical illusion. Most of these pretty houses are built of wood, but brick and even stone houses, as we shall see later, are successfully moved in the same way. The wooden houses are comparatively large, the most spacious containing at least ten rooms. Being perched on the hillside (which in the meantime is being attacked night and day by boring machines, the earth being conveyed elsewhere by a series of railways), they may be said to be ready for traveling. The foundations which rest on a square of logs are soon laid bare, and are replaced by a square framework of lumber, under which two immense wooden beams, pointing downhill like an enormous chariot, are slipped, a sort of bridge or inclined plane leading downhill having been previously made. Piles of roughly hewn logs are placed, one above the other, like a child's building blocks, their number being smaller and smaller as the inclined plane, to which they act as supports, comes nearer the level of the new site, where everything is made ready for the house. Down this rudimentary bridge, which looks as if it had been designed by a child, the two beams, and the house with them, are gently lowered by means of a clever combination of ropes, until the house has reached the plot that is waiting for it. Strong wheels are then fitted to the beams, and the house is steered to the exact spot desired and is ready for occupation.

I had a conversation with the owner of one of these houses while she was putting the finishing touches to a small garden in front of her veranda in its new place. My surprise, or rather my astonishment, seemed to amuse

her, and she was kind enough to tell me all I wanted to know about her removal. "Nothing could be simpler," she said. "Everything inside the house was left as it was. The furniture, fixtures, pictures, and so on, all stayed in their places. We did not even have a window-pane broken." It was perfectly true, and I have seen at Seattle, at Minneapolis, St. Paul and Buffalo, other houses moved in the same way, with their windows intact and the curtains in their place just as if nothing unusual were going on. The lady's satisfaction, however, was not altogether unalloyed, inasmuch as, according to what she told me, the moving cost her \$25,000, including everything. I asked if she could not have had a new house built for the same cost, to which she replied, philosophically: "Probably."

The contractor, whom I found at his works, was more optimistic. He pointed out that, by letting one of these transplanted houses for five or six years, the owner gets back the cost of moving it. In the meantime the land increases in value and the house can be rebuilt for a permanency.

The Seattle Spirit

None the less, shaving off the top of a hill and moving the ground, with the houses on it, into the valley—an operation known as "degrading"—is an uncommon exploit, except at Seattle, where extraordinary things are the rule and where the principal object is to accomplish the impossible. People talk about the "Seattle spirit," "what Seattle wants" and the "Seattle walk," and there is some truth in it. I have met many Americans with a "sure-to-get-there" style of walking, just like their conversation.

This self-confidence has already shown what it can do. It was what led the citizens of Seattle to discuss plans for

laying out the city on a larger scale while the terrible fire in 1889 was still raging. Thanks also to this spirit, they compelled the railway companies to pay attention to their district, which was thought of very little account at that time. The companies refused to establish their terminals in such a chaos of mountains and lakes. They set down the idea as impossible and crazy. Not to be discouraged, the Seattle men set to work themselves in gangs and, without any outside help, they built the most difficult section of the line, starting from Seattle, ready to connect with the future trunk line. Since that time Seattle, together with the two other northwestern ports, Portland and Tacoma, has become a center for all the transcontinental railroads. At present there are six; there will soon be eight, and, no doubt, others later on. In this way a great center for trade with the Far East has been built up. It is easy to understand why Seattle absolutely refuses to join in any so-called patriotic movement against Japan. Seattle has shortened the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific and Japan by two days, owing to the curvature of the earth's surface. In connection with the surrounding ports, such as Tacoma, Everett, Victoria, Vancouver and Portland, Seattle has become the great supply center for Alaska and British Columbia. A great many people work in the Klondike during the summer and return to Seattle for the winter.

Prophets of ill omen predict all sorts of failures and disappointments for too-ambitious Seattle; but the bolder spirits reply :

“What does that matter? We can stand disappointments. We are not working for ourselves alone, but for the city, for the country and the future. Nothing venture, nothing win; if we have setbacks, we will begin again, and if we still fail, others will get the benefit of what we have done. Nothing is lost. It makes no difference when the

Panama Canal is finished or how fast the cities competing with us grow. The port of Seattle is in the middle of such a rich district that it is bound to take its place not only as a connecting link between East and West, but as a market for produce. This is why so much Eastern money is invested here, and why the rise in value of real estate justifies us in spending lavishly with an eye to the future. Lake Washington, which is deep enough for the biggest fleets in the world, will soon be connected through the city with the Sound; we will begin to get coal out of our mines, we will have our own steel works and our crops will give ten times as much as they do now.

The "Single Tax"

"Capital from outside works with an absolute certitude at Seattle, and it has come to such a point with us that the question of property presents itself in a new light. Henry George's theories have a good many believers here, and it is easy to understand why. Look at this piece of real estate. Ten years ago it was worth nothing, and now it would sell for a million dollars. Its owner is simply waiting while the city works for his benefit. He lives in Chicago or New York and does nothing. He is speculating on other men's labor. Is this right or just? The same question has arisen at Vancouver, and it has been settled, not by Socialism but by what is called the "single tax," based on the value of the ground, according to Henry George's system. Land should bring in revenue for the community and not for the owner alone.

"You, gentlemen from Europe and the East, you will have to understand that we cannot live by your ways of settling things, and that we must find our own. Do not try to measure us by your standards. We are different from you, through the force of circumstances and through

your own fault. Civilization has always moved westward with the sun, and now it has reached the end of the journey, where we are. On us lies the burden of all your disappointments and excesses, as also of whatever good you have done. We have to deal with all the problems you have not been able to solve. At least let us view the task through our own eyes and take it in hand in our own way. We are a new people in a new sphere, and we have to find out new ways — our own ways; not yours.”

The Churches

Thus, it will be seen, the Seattle spirit does not accept European ideas without due examination. The Seattle spirit takes nothing for granted. It shows itself in every department of life; in the churches, for instance, where my lectures were organized to perfection. I shall refer later on to the Presbyterian church, and I must also express my gratitude to the Congregational church, the most democratic of all and also the oldest. It is under no bishop and is not connected with any organized church system. Its congregation consists of people who combined to build their own church and manage it after their own way, without any interference from outside or above. As the number of churches increases, they combine in turn. The members of the congregation elect their minister, and very good choices they make. They organize their Sunday school, their concerts and their meetings — in fact, every form of their intense activity.

This, moreover, is how a great many Protestant churches in America regard their educational mission. They are open to moral instruction of any kind. The teaching of conciliation and international justice is by no means outside their program, but, on the contrary, forms part of it. There are a great many who think that the schools ought to be

used for purposes of general instruction, outside school hours. Their theory is that the schools belong to the people, and that the people ought to have the use of them.

2. *The Seattle Exhibition. Past and Future*

The Washington State University considers it an honor to give object lessons and practical assistance to the city of Seattle. The one helps the other. I was unable to talk as long as I could have wished with the devoted and distinguished men who founded this university, and especially with its chancellor and professor, Edmond S. Meany, one of the good genii who are constantly exalting and stimulating the Seattle spirit, which he defined as "disinterested civic coöperation." To see and do all I wanted, I should have had to stay months in each one of the cities I was visiting, and I was obliged to confine myself to a rapid inspection, with the assistance of reliable guides. I must not omit, however, to mention the 1909 Exhibition, the remembrance and the traces of which were still very evident. It was organized by the university and in the university, on the finest site that could possibly be imagined, overlooking the panorama formed by the city, its hills, valleys, lakes, gulfs and sheets of water. The site itself, and the information given me by the organizers, showed me clearly enough why the exhibition was a success. None the less it was really a paradox, if not a folly. To undertake an international exhibition at the furthest extremity of the United States, and in such a distant and thinly populated district, must have looked like a defiance of common sense and a certain failure. Not at all; it was an excellent operation from every point of view — a master stroke, in fact. It was a means of making a center out of a place on the edge of the continent. It was, first of all, a center between the future and the past,

which is always a matter of great interest here. Seattle is a thing of yesterday, but is all the more anxious to keep up the connection with its origin. The exhibition was a tribute to explorers and navigators in general, to Cook, to Drake, to Spain in the heroic epoch of Charles V and Philip II, to the England of Elizabeth, and to the Russia of Peter the Great, not forgetting the French explorers whose names are commemorated in Mount La Pérouse, Mount Crillon and the new city of Juneau, built in 1880 by a nephew of the founder of Milwaukee. Having thus shown Seattle's right to its heraldic quarterings, I will add that Seattle has to be a center, not merely in time, but in space, both abstract and practical—a center of economic, political, intellectual and social activity. For these reasons, Seattle took care not to give its name to the exhibition, but adorned it with a title which signified a great deal more than the name of any one city, however great, could give; namely, the "Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exhibition." Behold, then, Seattle as the capital of the Pacific coast, extending from the Arctic circle to the Tropics! Behold her a connecting link between the Far North and the Far South! as she is between the Far East and the West, which last has become Oriental in relation to Seattle. Behind Seattle the world dissolves in dawn. The sun does not set, it rises at Seattle.

Far West to Far East. From the Arctic Circles to the Tropics

By means of its exhibition Seattle placed itself, politically speaking, on the great international highroad. It ceased to be an isolated point; it became a junction, a post of honor, a terminal open towards all four of the principal points of the compass. The Pacific and Atlantic coasts might almost be said to meet on its territory and complete a circle from which American unity will expand. Why, however, should this circle be closed at Seattle instead of

very much farther on? Why should not the Yukon, Alaska and other regions still newer than Seattle be brought into it? When this is done, Seattle will become, in its turn, a sort of elder sister showing the way to younger communities. At present a colony, it will rise to the rank of a metropolis and have its own markets, its own purposes and a clientèle which will give it more influence in the councils of the United States, where the new territories, generally the best equipped and the most advanced, are naturally those that command the greatest amount of attention. We may therefore expect to see the territories of Alaska transformed one of these days into states, with capitols, parliaments, governors and supreme courts. Nothing is more probable. It was only in 1870 that the United States bought from Russia this peninsula five or six times as large as France for 37,000,000 francs, scarcely a third of what the gold mines of Alaska alone now yield annually. In ten years the general production of Alaska has reached a total of \$300,000,000. Commerce, formerly limited to the fur products and seal fisheries, has risen from almost nothing to \$150,000,000 in 1909 with the United States. Gold, in Alaska as in California, has ceased to be the principal source of wealth; metals of all sorts are abundant, along with coal, woods suitable for building, and cereals, in a disconcerting climate where the snow forever seems to cover the land, but where the long days of summer with their eighteen hours of sunshine hasten the maturing of the crops. It is a new fountain of youth for humanity; and to think that people talk of the exhaustion of the earth and of the decadence of our time! I understood the energy of the inhabitants of Seattle better after the surprise of Alaska. It is in them, to be sure, but it is multiplied by the enthusiasm of enterprises opened to the competition of superior activity in these virgin countries, sources of physical and moral sanity where human vigor is increased tenfold.

The best is sure to succeed there. There also, more than anywhere else, will signify success. Nothing is more natural as a consequence than to see these wills, which have triumphed over such great obstacles, continue to dominate the resistance and the routine of the rest of the country. New York has succumbed to the influence of Chicago, which is now influenced by Seattle, and that city, as it grows older, will come under the influence of another. This is all in the regular order of things. The colonial enterprises of our time are so many renovations of the world of to-day, including the United States, just as the discovery of the New World was a renovation for the Old.

3. *Seattle's Ambition. The Railways*

The first railroad which connected the Atlantic and Pacific, in 1869, not only put new life into the United States, but transformed their unity, previously a mere phrase, into a reality. First of all came the old Central and Union Pacific line and then the Northern Pacific in 1883. After this, the Great Northern was extended as far as Seattle in 1893. I shall deal with the Great Northern later on when I come to its founder, James J. Hill, at St. Paul. Population and produce increased, as if by magic, to show that these new railroads were needed, and to demand others. In my ignorance I had imagined that all this country was left desolate. As a matter of fact, it is already exporting a variety of produce, specimens of which have been shown me, ranging from miraculous drafts of salmon and other fish, game, canned provisions, furs (seal, bear, blue fox, beaver, goat and muskrat skins) and gold, to agricultural produce of the most European kind, and even to fruit like the kinds grown in Europe. The total value of all this produce has already reached an immense figure.

The traffic of the ports on the Pacific coast has increased by 102½ per cent in fifteen years, and the exports from Seattle and Tacoma alone have risen from three million to seventy million dollars. Seattle even exports southern as well as northern produce, including an enormous quantity of cotton. All this is so obviously the outcome of human enterprise that the people of Seattle can hardly be prevented from planning out their future on the lines of their past, short as it is, and from shrugging their shoulders at the timidity born of our too long experience.

New Ideals. The French Revolution

How can there be any limit to the ambition of a people whose enterprises have already proved so successful? We can readily understand that they are not content with exercising merely a business influence, and that they want to help to give the whole nation, if not the world, new ideals and a new policy. We may smile skeptically, but the fact is that youth, imagination, inventiveness and genius meet with encouragement in these new countries, instead of mockery and opposition. There is a demand, as they say here, for initiative. Every effort made by these new cities leads to providing some additional resource for the Old World, and we European producers and inventors are dependent on these bold pioneers, who are bound to become our customers in the fullest sense of the term. I have not yet mentioned how the arguments (which I have already summarized) in favor of Henry George's theories were put forward in my presence, or how enthusiastically they were urged. I was alone in a railway car when two Americans came and sat down beside me, one after the other, and began a conversation. The first, a man between twenty-five and thirty years of age, with a frank and open expression, had attended some of my lectures. He was a

drummer in the flour trade, and wanted to take the opportunity of thanking me. He told me about his journeys in Alaska, like a thorough business man, and finished with a remark which, in Seattle, seemed quite natural: "When I have made my pile, I will devote myself to two causes in which I am intensely interested, the relief of poverty and the organization of peace. In the meantime I keep myself acquainted as well as I can with what is going on." The other man was a lawyer somewhat older, of a more excitable temperament, and might even be described as in open revolt against things as they are. He began by wanting to know what I thought about Turgot and the physiocrats. He knew all about the events that led up to the French revolution and was very eager for French culture and an ardent consumer of French ideas. I was very sorry to part from him.

The Products follow the Ideas

The people of Seattle, however, consume a great deal besides ideas. They actually aim at putting the best kind of furniture in their brand-new houses, hanging the best French pictures, such as are found all over America, on the walls, and accumulating our works of art and the very best of everything! To mention another point: As Seattle is becoming a capital, it needs a concert hall. I can say nothing about the theaters. I hardly dare say it, but throughout my journey I did not manage to find a single evening for going to the theater. I myself was the show; and yet French authors supply the Americans with plays that are given all over the country. The time of my journey corresponded with that of a comic opera or vaudeville troupe, which was sometimes ahead of me and sometimes behind me, and was in competition with me wherever I went. I should have liked to go and see it. This troupe was giving a play adapted, I believe, from the

French and called "Madame Sherry," but all I saw of it was its bewilderingly brightly colored posters. I nevertheless met some artists, and was surprised to hear that symphony concerts were already very much appreciated at Seattle, and to such an extent that a conductor had been able to get together an orchestra modeled on the Colonne orchestra in Paris. It comprised 63 instrumentalists, and I was told that great European artists whom it had accompanied were very pleased with it. Obviously the greater part of the orchestra came from Europe; and they played European music — Beethoven, Wagner, Schumann, César Franck, Massenet, Saint-Saëns and Debussy. The Seattle orchestra intends to be quite as good as that of Boston, which is one of the best in the world and where the tickets are sold by auction every year at very high prices, enabling the management to pay handsome fees and attract the best European artists.

Wherever I go, I see openings for our artists, engineers, doctors, surgeons, teachers, governesses and architects, if only they could bring themselves to speak a little English; but though we do not care to leave our own country, which is understandable after all, here we can at least find instructive examples, in both small things and great, which would be so much wealth for us and would temper our metal afresh, as it has done for people here, if we only knew.

Bad Management. Deforestation. American Waste

It will perhaps be said that the resources I admire so much cannot last; that, for want of provident and far-seeing management, they will soon be exhausted, and that the fat years will soon be followed by lean ones. Some men — capable, I admit, but too pessimistic — say: "America will be played out in fifty years. Her population will have doubled, and the soil will not produce enough to feed

every one. Her devastated forests will have gone altogether. Her areas of cultivation, which are immense but neglected, will be poor in comparison with the results obtained by intensive farming in Europe. Her coal, minerals, timber and the earth itself will have been worked out." The same has been said of the soil in France, and yet we see it now producing, under scientific management, four or five times as much, in some places, as it did formerly. The day no doubt will come when America will be thickly populated, but the people will then be better educated and more ingenious, and they will no longer eat their corn in the blade. The earth is not so easy to kill as some suppose. Deforestation, the destruction of fish and game, and wasteful mining are a present danger here as elsewhere, but action is being taken against this danger, and in this matter, too, the new countries will gain by our mistakes. I see proof of this at Seattle, as well as at Washington, where, during Mr. Roosevelt's presidency, I met an afforestation apostle, Mr. Pinchot, a man of French origin, as enthusiastic as a Frenchman and an ardent upholder of American greatness and the proper management of his country's natural resources.

Whatever may be said about it, I wonder where America's productive capacity will stop, seeing how enterprising and methodical the people are, and how greatly they have simplified their methods. There can be no doubt that they are wasteful and not very careful. In personal matters, the lack of order among Americans is enough to astound a French housewife. Whoever has seen an American automobile stop at a French inn and disgorge a confusion of miscellaneous articles, and has observed, after the travelers have gone, that the bedrooms look as if a cyclone had struck them, or has merely been present at a meal and seen how the Americans, like the English, never finish what they have on their plates, can form some idea of the unlimited

waste that is the rule among the so-called Anglo-Saxon race, in complete contrast to the Frenchman's carefulness and strict economy. No one is more inclined than myself to find fault with this wastefulness, and I have never succeeded in accustoming myself to it, but, to be just, we must recognize that it has its good side. It implies doing things on a big scale and in a spirit of self-confidence instead of suspicion; it reduces personal effort to a minimum and saves it up for the work that is really essential.

American Organization. The States of Washington and Oregon

Organizing and simplifying progress is also a form of carefulness, or, as some might prefer to put it, takes the place of that quality and produces the same results with less trouble. All these souvenirs of the 1909 Exhibition, as well as the collections I have seen, speak eloquently. I have seen how an Oregon wheat crop is gathered in. I dare say the land gives considerably less per acre here than it does in France or Belgium, but this is merely a question of manure. For the time being, the great extent and small value of the land make up for this disadvantage; other methods will be taken in hand later on. In the meantime, one sees strange threshing machines hauled by thirty horses through oceans of cereals which they reap and bind into sheaves. A great many ears are no doubt lost, but there is a great saving in time and wages; and what do a few ears matter in a field of such vast size? It is not a wheat-field, but a field of battle; the sheaves, formed in squares that extend farther than the eye can see, look like an army split up into thousands of regular platoons. Then we have the pasture lands, extending over hill and dale, belonging to some gigantic farm, extending far away to the horizon and bounded only by the majestic white outline of Mount

Hood or the crown of Mount Olympus; flocks of sheep on the pastures and flowers in the gardens, and villas perched on the hillside like so many opera boxes from which to watch the daily spectacle of the sun setting in the glory of sky, cloud and water. These villas are much simpler but by no means less pretty than those in California — the two-story cottages with verandas, their ground floor hidden in rhododendron bushes and their walls covered from top to bottom with cascades of climbing roses.

Culture and Gathering of Apples

What shall I say of the activity that goes on at the ports, where immense lots of lumber that have floated or been brought by tugs downstream from the mountains are cut up by sawmills on the river bank, where the ships are loaded and unloaded in a few hours, and every bottom is adapted to the cargo it is intended to carry? And then the rectangular forests of hops, and regiments of apple trees, and the gathering of the apples! Here again the Washington and Oregon farmer has obtained a great advantage over his fellows in Europe by better methods, designed to save time and handling. These justly celebrated apples are gathered by armies of youths, collected in great numbers so as to finish the work as quickly as possible. They work on ingeniously contrived ladders which I recommend to our Norman and Maine farmers. We have a bad habit of knocking our apples down from the trees — by which I do not mean that we treat an apple tree like a walnut tree, but we take no precautions and do a good deal of damage to the next crop. The Americans, on the other hand, gather the fruit by hand so as not to break the twigs and branches; but to do this they have special double ladders which are never leaned against the tree. Large two-horse wagons are driven about and soon piled up with cases, stuck all over

with bright-colored advertising labels, which are then conveyed to the nearest railroad depot or port.

Americans do not confine themselves to gathering their apples methodically. They watch the growth of the fruit very much as our vine growers look after their vines. When the blossom comes out, it is sprinkled with sulphates, and they obtain remarkably regular and abundant crops. I have been shown five-year-old trees that have each produced hundreds of large apples. I mention this because we, too, might profit by this instance of progress. Our ancestors imported their apple trees into Canada, whence they spread all over the continent, meeting with great favor and proving very successful; but these emigrant apple trees experienced the same fate in the New World as in the Old. They began to die out, and were looked upon as finished. They were being given up generally, when some enterprising young landowners of my acquaintance discovered how to treat them and regenerate them. The result is that even the apple trees are animated by the Seattle spirit, and America is becoming, not only the country that consumes more apples than any other in the world, but the one that already exports and will go on exporting the largest quantities. It is a question of organization. The Americans know how to organize. If it were possible to summarize the difference between the French and the American temperament in one word, I would say that the one has carefulness and the other organizing ability. This is true in regard to a great many other kinds of produce besides apples. I know an old beekeeper in France who has just given up his hives, while those in America are steadily becoming better and more numerous.

Organization is not the same thing as the care, and certainly not the love, lavished by the French peasant on his little holding, but it supplements them, just as an American incubator is no substitute for the hen, but takes the place

of a hundred poultry yards; and Seattle is only one among a great many new centers that are continually blossoming out. New colonies for the regeneration of our descendants are being formed all over the world. Nature will give them the confidence we shall not be able to hand down to them.

If only France Knew

If only France realized all this! If only all the dissatisfied people who exhaust their energies in fruitless conflict and recrimination were enlightened as to the spheres in which they could find a certain return for their efforts, what an amount of good and useful seed they would disseminate in the world, to the honor of our country! But they do not know, or rather they do not know enough, for it must be admitted that great progress is being accomplished. Frenchmen are traveling and learning foreign languages. Cities such as Roubaix and Grenoble, following in the footsteps of Lyon, have become centers of radiation. May the French do as their ancestors did; initiative is in their blood. First of all, may they stop counting on the government, which, republican or monarchical, is instinctively hostile to all personal enterprise.

4. *Portland. The Sacramento. The Gold Seekers. The Rose City. The Automatic Telephone*

It is a fine journey from Seattle to Tacoma, and especially from Tacoma to Portland, through mighty mountains, rich in forests, mines and coal, to say nothing of plains fertile with magnificent fruit and grain. Portland is a progressive city, like the rest, although the Seattle people slightly describe it as a "conservative city." It is also known as the "Rose City," and has over 200,000 inhabitants. It is the port for the magnificent Columbia valley, larger than

the whole of France. It is a very important trading and manufacturing center. The ideal, automatic, domestic telephone, with practically no exchange operators, no overhearing and no loss of temper was already in operation here in 1911. The system was explained to me by Mr. Samuel Hill, the able president of the concern. I saw and was much impressed by a sort of library of little instruments that were receiving, and promptly transmitting, sounds, voices and other expressions of life, and taking the place of hundreds of people and brains. When we see such a delicate, human, manifold and complicated system worked by mechanical means, we may expect almost anything. Mr. Hill is also one of the most earnest advocates of the creation of a network of highroads which are almost entirely lacking in the United States. I shall have frequent occasion to refer to this deficiency as well as to the inadequacy of the river traffic.

The Columbia River

The Columbia River, as seen when leaving Portland on the east side, is celebrated for its beauty. It forms a lake, or rather a series of lakes, of the most imposing kind, whose waters reach almost to the foot of the high mountains and rocks that form their banks. American rivers, neglected like the trees, are on a scale befitting the country. Spreading out nobly over the plains they have conquered, they are none the less fine in their struggle with mountains and their efforts to find their proper outlet in spite of all obstacles.

Time has not allowed me to describe the Sacramento, up whose course we went towards Portland. It was nevertheless a splendid sight, calculated to call up remembrance of the early European pioneers and of the conflict of science and commerce against the Indians, the solitude

and the united forces of Nature. To-day the mountains through which the Sacramento rushes stand stripped of their forests, which have been ravaged and destroyed by fire. A great work of reparation is here for the American people to accomplish. Nowhere, except perhaps in Turkey and Greece, have I better realized man's improvidence and his frenzy to destroy what Nature has taken centuries to prepare. The Arabs say: "One man can destroy what a thousand could not build." Here one might say: "One man can destroy what thousands of years have created."

The Gold

In combination with railways, gold — the frenzied thirst for gold — is no doubt the great offender. At the beginning everything was sacrificed to getting gold from the banks of the Sacramento, and, little by little, this magnificent country has been reduced to something like a heap of cinders. Even the mines themselves fell victims to the prevailing craze and were abandoned, because they had not been worked with an eye to the future. Science has now, as elsewhere, corrected man's mistakes and multiplied the means at his disposal. A public movement, which has my heartiest support, here as in France, against deforestation — another form of violence — is in process of organization, and in the meantime new methods have made it practicable to extract a great deal more gold from deposits which were regarded as worked out. I was fortunate enough to travel with and make the acquaintance of a gold seeker, Mr. Hutchinson, and under his guidance I saw the Sacramento. He was, of course, a wanderer. From Seattle he transferred his energies to the Klondike, where he worked hard for eight years. He then went down to Arizona, where he established himself with his family, his motor car and his crushing mills. With him, on the

banks of the Sacramento, I followed the two main processes — the washing of sand from the river bed and the winning of auriferous and other ores from the mountain. Gold is by no means the only metal found in California. Silver, copper and many other ores are waiting to be opened up. What progress has been made! I was shown a picture of a miner of fifty years ago. All he had was a donkey, a pickax, a shovel and some sacks! Nowadays the miner can make his choice from among all sorts of ways of breaking the rock into pieces, finding out what there is in it, reducing it to dust and chemically extracting whatever is valuable. Every village store in the district shows modern mining implements and models of machines for automatically cutting tunnels. It is appalling to think of the energy that must have been expended fifty years ago by gold seekers in such a desert, thrown entirely upon their own resources, first with their poverty and then with their wealth — sometimes the more dangerous of the two. Everything is organized nowadays. The gold seekers are their own policemen. The thief has distance and the telegraph against him. As soon as he vanishes, his description is sent out and he is caught in the next town. The gold-seeking business has settled down, like others, and, to judge by my friend, it produces very fine men.

The crushing mills bestride the Sacramento like so many fisheries, with nets intended to catch, not fish but nuggets. Up above, masses of rock are being blasted with dynamite close to a rudimentary house half hidden among the charred skeletons of the forest. Then there is a little Decauville railway that brings its trucks full of the fragments of rock to just above the house and pours them into the first floor, where they are broken by machinery and fall in small pieces to the ground floor. Here they are reduced to powder and passed down to tanks in which the gold is dissolved, precipitated by zinc and finally isolated. Here

and there, solitary lights can be seen shining on the mountain side at night. Each miner is watching over his steadily growing treasure, protected solely by the conception of a common interest — the need of security. This need regulates modern organization all over the world. Governments will not evade the necessity of thus regulating their relations with one another by limiting their sacrifices of men and money to a minimum. Future generations will have to make up for a great many mistakes.

Progress of Agriculture

But, patience! The first part of the line from San Francisco to Portland is a magnificent conquest of modern progress. Nowhere have I seen the material and moral triumph of modern organization over the confusion existing formerly more eloquently asserted and proved. Here we have great mountains parallel to the coast, to the north and south of San Francisco, extending their fertile mantles as far as the plains, like a vast expanse of pasture land and well-prepared harvests. Nature looks more animated and alive than ever. Some of these mountain sides are bare; some bristling with trees or covered with live stock. Everywhere there are numberless legions of flocks, thousands and thousands of cattle, sheep and horses; there are hogs, turkeys and chickens, to say nothing of the flowers that brighten the greensward — blue flowers and the Californian orange-tinted poppy, as brilliant as an orchid.

There is no sign of protection for all this life and wealth. A dog can be seen here and there, but not a single man. Organization, however, is here. Long lines of thousands of fruit trees remind us that man is at hand. He is near enough for his handiwork to be seen and admired, and far enough to give us some idea of what California will be

like when, instead of two million inhabitants, it has ten times that number.

I am sorry not to be able to remain longer in the Pacific states, but my route has been mapped out for me, hour by hour, for the past two months, and I cannot avoid disappointing some one, unless I resist temptation and go on with the regularity of a chronometer. Farewell, then, to the Sierra Nevada, the Cascade Mountains, the Sacramento, the Snake River, the Columbia River and the Shasta mineral springs. With a salute to Mount Rainier, standing like a white pyramid in the distance, on we go through haughty chains of blue mountains, through still undevastated forests and past torrents whose names are unknown to me. Sitting quietly in the train I watch these varied landscapes awakening to life under the influence of man's approach. Passing the first outlying spurs of the Rocky Mountains, we enter the wild and arid regions, fertilized by the Mormons, where other questions await us. Here I am in Salt Lake City.

5. *Dry Farming. The Mormons*

The Mormons have rendered humanity the very great service of reclaiming an unattractive and supposedly sterile country. As the state of Utah it has become known, like the rest, by the importance and variety of its produce, both mineral and agricultural. This is an irrigation country, like Arizona, with this difference, that in Arizona the Federal administration paid for immense public works, the chief of which was completed in 1911 and is called "*the Roosevelt Dam*"; but when irrigation is either too expensive or impracticable, the people find something else, and the land does without irrigation, thanks to "*dry farming*." I have heard it argued in France that this is simply our former method of cultivation in furrows, but

if we consult the reports from our representatives in Algeria and Tunis (where the question excites the keenest interest and conflicting opinions), and especially the records of the much-talked-about Dry Farming Congresses, whose devoted secretary I met at Colorado Springs; when we hear what the governor of the state says about the matter, and when we read the books written by the head of the Utah Agricultural College, Mr. John A. Widtsoe, commencing by his celebrated work (translated into French by Miss Anne-Marie Augustin Bernard), "Dry Farming and the Cultivation of Dry Land," it is difficult to deny that here we have a really new system of cultivation for semi-arid land in which the moisture from rain that fell two years before can be preserved. This system has been adopted after patient experimenting with the special soil and climate of the country, and we can understand why the Mormons and their rather numerous imitators in the other north-western states adhere to it. Consumers are quite as enthusiastic as producers, and I have known the "non-irrigated" label on fruit to be a recommendation. Utah celery has obtained a hold on the New York market, and beetroot raising has increased so much in Utah that a great many local sugar factories have been put up.

The progress made by this extraordinary kind of agriculture in a more than extraordinary country has caused the Mormon population to receive constantly increasing additions from outside, and this has made it possible to work the very valuable mineral deposits, particularly copper; while the workmen, being themselves consumers, have stimulated the already large agricultural output. This progress, of which little was heard when I was at Salt Lake City in 1911, as the guest of that admirable man, Bishop Spalding, is now a widely recognized fact. A learned and well-known American, Professor W. M. Davis, of Harvard University, was the organizer of a great scien-

tific excursion, carried out from August to October, 1912, through the United States. He invited the world's leading geographers: France, which he knows exceptionally well, was represented by the principal disciples of our dear countryman Vidal de la Blache. In the "Annales de Geographie" (March 15, 1913) there is a remarkable series of articles on the most interesting of the places visited, notably Utah, which M. Gallois has described in a few pages.

Illegal but Existing Polygamy

The Mormon sect is still very powerful. Its principle is that man should work and produce. Its emblem is still a hive with innumerable bees. Polygamy has ceased to be legal in Utah since the territory was raised to the rank of a state and had to conform to the Constitution of the United States; but, as a matter of fact, it still exists. It cannot be abolished at short notice.

Living in vast and thinly peopled tracts of country, the Mormon colonists instituted polygamy as an element of civilization and a religious duty. The best man, they consider, is he who has the greatest number of children, and the best women are those who share in the accomplishment of this duty. The women are recruited in distant countries, particularly in northern Europe, whence the immigrants are taken to Boston and thence, under various labels, to Utah, where they declare themselves quite satisfied with their mode of life and even more determined than the men not to change it. It is true that the country is now fairly well populated, and the old religious and local obligation is opposed to the legal and general interdiction; but in Utah, as elsewhere, the law is powerless to change the habits and needs of the people, and when it is premature, it is evaded. Agriculture still calls for a great many pairs of arms and a great many families. How are we to con-

demn to-morrow what we were obliged to accept yesterday and have to tolerate to-day? How are we to outlaw the coming generation of children without inflicting injury on those already born? To take the case of the children only: their position cannot be settled by a mere decree, and it is often a very difficult one. Many of them adhere to their parents' creed. They believe in what their parents taught and practiced. They belong to families of ten, twenty, thirty or forty children. When a father complies with the new law and repudiates one of his wives, he also repudiates some of his children and inflicts irreparable injury on their mother and themselves, while at the same time he commits an act of injustice to the detriment of some and the advantage of others. The situation becomes hopelessly complicated as regards the right of property inheritance. Such an act is a crime that divides a family into several hostile camps and sets brother against brother. There are brothers in the same town who have not spoken to one another for twenty years.

Nevertheless, the state of Utah is prosperous. Salt Lake City is growing steadily and is the most hospitable of cities. I was invited to speak in the Mormon tabernacle; I was presented to the audience by the governor of the state; the great organ, in this great hall which will seat 14,000 people, greeted me with a recital in honor of France, ending, amid applause, with the stirring strains of the Marseillaise.

I also addressed an audience composed of the three thousand young people of both sexes attending the university — an audience of these children that are divided against themselves. I did not want my mission to omit a state of such importance — a state that has its vote and brings its great share of influence to bear on Congress at Washington and on the destiny of the country; but I must admit that I ended my visit to Utah in a somewhat doubtful

frame of mind, wondering how peace, which may be organized among nations, can ever be established in the mental and family life of Salt Lake City. It is a question of time, and also of money: of time, because there is intercommunication among all the states, and the Mormons will be no better able than the Indians to remain isolated from the American nation, especially as they are more industrious, more enterprising and more imbued with the spirit of trade. Moreover it will be with polygamy here as elsewhere — at Constantinople, for instance. A pasha of my acquaintance, with very cultivated French tastes, took advantage of the Young Turk revolution to bring his young wife to Paris two or three years ago. She was no less cultivated and no less French than himself, and also very fashionable. They paid sundry visits to the shops and to the dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix. On returning from one of these visits, my friend exclaimed: "This will finish it! It costs too much to dress one wife: how can we afford to keep several? It's all over with polygamy!" he added, laughing. He was quite converted to our view of the question.

It has also been pointed out to me that the sumptuous style of Mormon worship is extremely expensive and constitutes a heavy tax on labor and incomes, in addition to municipal and general taxation. The result must be that the Mormon religion will soon become, not only anomalous, illegal and a source of all kinds of difficulties, but a luxury.

CHAPTER VI

COLORADO

1. THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. Colorado Springs. The cañon. The cathedral spires. The prairie. The Indians. — 2. THE STATE UNIVERSITY. Easter Sunday. Presided over by the Rocky Mountains. — 3. DENVER. I lecture in English. Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. Follow the flag! But have it in good hands. The lesson of the Spanish war. A cornet solo. — 4. THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, THE PRESS, THE LEGISLATURE OF COLORADO. The Governor of the State. His Honor the Mayor of Denver. The Press of Denver. The Legislature. Lady members. The Chief Justice.

1. *The Rocky Mountains. Colorado Springs. The Cañon*

WE are still traveling among snow and are slowly scaling the outlying spurs of the Rocky Mountains. The train is hauled and pushed, with one engine in front and one behind. Gradually it becomes hemmed in between the walls of gloomy, titanic gorges that make the sky seem farther off than ever. Deeper and narrower they become; one after another they follow, all steeped in solitude and silence. Rocky masses hang suspended overhead as far as the eye can see. On Friday morning, April 15, I found that the train had squeezed its way, under cover of the darkness and my ignorance of the surroundings, into the bottom of a narrow precipice. Yesterday we saw the gradual growth of rivers that were as yet nothing but mountain torrents; to-day we are at their birthplace. Here are the Colorado and the Rio Grande, great rivers that I have seen flowing toward the Gulf of California and the Gulf of Mexico. Here I

find them, not by any means meek — on the contrary they are fierce and unruly — but so meager! The train makes its way defiantly up their course, and in the deep and narrow fissure, or cañon, where the struggle goes on, there is soon no room for anything but the two rivals, steam and water. The narrowed torrent leaps up in revolt, but none the less the panting train makes its way. Let but a fringe of rock break away and the train will be squashed like a caterpillar, and then drowned. Are we to pity poor humanity? No; rather let us admire man's splendid genius that nothing can turn back — a genius that disciplines the very powers of destruction and turns them to account. How much longer is it to be deprived of the means of action that we lavish on the barren service of war?

Finally, the train emerges and straightens itself out in full daylight. It has reached the point that dominates both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, higher than the snow line, 10,200 feet above sea level. From this point of vantage I greet an apparent chaos of mountains. It is an inexhaustible well-spring, a source of sources, the birth-place of rivers that make their way toward the four points of the compass and distribute their waters to the west, east, north and south, fertilizing the plains and creating the wealth of an entire continent.

The descent is no less impressive than the ascent. It is another succession of gorges and cañons, especially the latter. Down below flows the Arkansas, at first a brooklet, then a torrent and finally a river, a tributary of the Mississippi. But now the train and river are no longer in conflict, but race each other. They follow the same slope and almost the same path. The forces of man and of Nature are in perfect accord, and the same limpid water that supplies steam for our locomotive marks out a path beside it among the rocks.

The grandeur, the majestic lines and the coloring of these rocks exceeded all my anticipations. I rather mistrusted Colorado and the fanciful and highly ornate descriptions published about it by so many people who try to embellish what they describe. But I was wrong; what I found was a combination of strength and gracefulness, of massiveness and of lightness — an impression of the same kind that is made by Rouen Cathedral. I often think of the man who should be the one painter of these marvels, my dear friend Claude Monet, who was ridiculed because he ventured to express himself sincerely and who unfortunately will never see them except through my eyes.

The Cathedral Spires

At the bottom of the gradient I arrive at the health resort of Colorado Springs, the Davos of the United States, celebrated for its numerous cures. Among the friends awaiting me I find some former consumptives, now quite strong and permanently cured. At Colorado Springs I confined myself to observing. I was the guest of the hard-working president of the college, Mr. Slocum, and, from the window of my room, I was never tired of looking at the Rocky Mountains we had just crossed and the peaks standing out immaculate in white against the blue sky. Sheltered by this magnificent screen, I breathed in the keen and salubrious air under a burning sun. I am convinced that without the cold — of which I was constantly complaining during the greater part of my journey in these supposedly hot countries — I should not have been able to endure the fatigue of my tour.

As my lecture did not take place until the evening, after dinner, I had my afternoon free to make a motor trip along some of the brick-colored tracks connecting the prairie with the Rocky Mountains. I thought I had ex-

hausted my capacity for admiration, but the new sight my friends had prepared for me was not in the least like anything I had expected. They took me to the "Garden of the Gods." At the right hour of the day, when the cliffs and peaks, appropriately called "Cathedral Spires," rising from the plain as if by magic, are lit up by the sun and stand out red against the sky.

The Prairie

I cannot, moreover, avoid paying my tribute of admiration to the undulating prairie extending, like the sea, to the horizon. The soft tints of this endless plain, that shows pale yellow, pink and blue in the distance, contrast with the rich and vivid coloring of the mountains. It is like an ocean spreading out before me. The United States are bounded on the east and west by the Atlantic and the Pacific, but there is a third ocean between these two — the prairie. The great snow-covered heights we have just crossed are the western shore of this inland ocean.

The Indians

One fixed idea has pursued me during my long journey through all these different states, some mere deserts and others fertile, some arid and others wooded. Less than fifty years ago all these mountains, gorges, valleys and plains were inhabited. Peoples of incomparable vigor and of a very fine type, almost white, lived here by violence and warfare, and might very well have thought themselves invincible and beyond the reach of outside intervention. Being without organization, the weaker called in the assistance of the whites to shake off the oppression of the stronger. Determined as they were to slaughter one another, the Indians have, so to speak, vanished with

great rapidity. "Only thirty-five years ago," one of my friends told me, "the Indians encamped on the plain where our university is built. Every day and every night we were in danger of being waylaid and murdered." Another man, not very old and still quite active, told me he had crossed the prairie in a caravan thirteen times from the eastward as far as Denver, which was then half a town and half an Indian camp. The journey took days and days and was not without danger. For food, the travelers shot a buffalo or an antelope and left the carcass lying where it fell after having cut off and broiled a part of it. At night they took turns guarding the camp or wagon, watching their baggage and especially their horses. The Indian lay in wait for the white man and attacked him when he could. The illustrated papers of "Easter Saturday" are full of recollections of this kind. I bought one of them which represents, with that prodigality of the American press, in which advertisements and pictures occupy so much space, a classic scene of this period, which is so close and which seems so prehistoric. It was in 1875, on the very ground where the long tennis courts of Colorado Springs now stretch out their well-laid rectangles. A young colonist and his bride sought the solitudes. He, entirely at his ease, did not perceive the tomahawk which the powerful Indian, ambushed in the tall grass, was about to throw at him. He was doomed, and what of the girl? What tortures were in store for her? Only thirty-five years ago, the nomad Indian looked upon the white man as a kind of game that it was his business to exterminate, while the white man destroyed the Indians like wild beasts. This implacable conflict was not what was contemplated by our great pioneers when they crossed America quite alone, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and succeeded in making themselves liked, and obtaining willing help and service.

Whose fault was it? The question is a complicated one, and the Americans are not alone to blame. The fact is that the Indians fell victims to their own religion of warfare. Like other nations I have had opportunities of examining closely in Africa and Eastern Europe, they raised ignorance and idleness to the rank of nobility; their only ambition was the domination of the weak. Their only object in life was to fight one another. They despised labor, and they succumbed to wasted courage. If they had been better guided by some clear-sighted élite, they might have used their heroism to better advantage. There are plenty of examples of equally brave and picturesque nations that have remained alive and have compelled universal respect by their steadfast adherence to peace. They have sought for, and won, the most arduous kind of victory — the victory over one's self, which paves the way for every other. The Japanese, for instance, have for centuries been accumulating forces that the Indians exhausted, and when the time of danger came, these accumulated reserves were instrumental in securing a triumph over Europe itself.

I have been constantly endeavoring to place these teachings before Americans for them to meditate upon. It is a fine thing to die for one's country or for a great cause; but to die so as not to work, to die for the mere pleasure of fighting, is not giving one's life, but losing it. This is not serving one's country, but rather sacrificing it.

2. *The State University. Easter Sunday*

I left Colorado Springs on a radiant spring morning. The whole city was making holiday. From every house came out children in new clothes, on the occasion of Easter Sunday. It was a pretty sight, but a sad one for a traveler from abroad.

Presided over by the Rocky Mountains

I merely went through Denver, jumping from the train into a street car to go to the university at Boulder, where I was the guest of President James H. Baker. I was to lecture at four o'clock. There were so many people that the great hall was not half large enough, and I was asked to speak outside. How could I refuse? The crowd, regardless of burning sunshine and a cold wind, flowed out over the grass under the canopy of a clear sky, and I spoke from the top of a staircase with the Rocky Mountains as chairman. Not for many a long day shall I forget that crowd of attentive listeners with their expressive faces, in such surroundings. I did not expect such an Easter Sunday. To me it ended like a festival. I expatiated to all the young people before me on the beauty of their future and the might and grandeur of a country that could set an example of progress and justice. I expressed my confidence in their energy. I summarized what the ancestors of the French people and their own had done together to bequeath a free and prosperous country to them. I told them what they, in their turn, had to do, and I showed them what was wanting. When I had finished, their fathers and mothers came forward, like the young men, shook hands with me and thanked me, in accordance with the touching custom followed after every one of my addresses, in all parts of the United States. This time it was done so spontaneously that I felt impelled to say: "I felt lonely this morning, but now I have a family about me." After the others came a young man, who said timidly, almost trying to run away as he did so: "Thanks for what you said; I needed it!"

I keep these words in the bottom of my heart as an expression of the sentiment that instinctively attracted me to the United States. These young men indeed need to be

told of something beside conquests and the glory of brute force; they need to have the patriotism of labor and patience held up to them; they need to have the heroism of the aviator, of the inventor, of the pioneer, of the scientist, of the artist who refuses to sacrifice his ideal to routine and the heroism of those who have devoted themselves to the service of humanity, exalted before their eyes. They need to be warned against the innumerable causes of error that lie in wait for them, and to be shown the beauty of life that they can devote to making themselves useful and loved instead of feared.

I devoted this Easter Sunday to paying the homage our two nations owe to the noble souvenirs they have in common. I addressed this American audience on behalf of the thousands of unknown or misunderstood Frenchmen who lived the heroic life, — on behalf of Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, La Salle, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Dupleix, de Lesseps, on behalf of all the noble hearts who scattered the sacred seed of their enthusiasm to the four winds of heaven.

3. *Denver*

After my visit to the university I returned, happy at being alone again, to Denver to sleep. Next day I was the guest of the chamber of commerce as well as of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. I spoke all day.

Lecturing in English

I should like to take this opportunity of disclaiming the too flattering opinions of some of my friends with regard to my knowledge of the English language. I speak fairly fluently, as I have spoken Greek and Italian, for the good of my cause, but without in the least pretending to superior knowledge, and not so well as many of my friends who are

more timid or less practiced than myself. To convince an audience and make simple ideas penetrate into its consciousness, it is a good thing not to have a too abundant vocabulary. It is a good thing to repeat the same word when it is the right one, and it is an especially good thing not to convey the impression of being a mere rhetorician. The anatomy of the idea, and not the language in which it is clothed, is what makes the impression. The more brilliant and sumptuous this clothing is, the more it is apt to make the listener's mind wander and excite his mistrust. The speaker scores a success, but the effect is less lasting.

Sons and Daughters of the Revolution

I accomplished a miracle at Denver, according to the Colorado newspapers. It was an easy kind of miracle, seeing that I knew nothing about it. I restored peace between two rival bodies, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. They united to receive me and gave a very fine banquet in honor of France.

These societies exist in many cities of the United States and have considerable influence. Americans are proud of their national origin and celebrate it with youthful fervor.

So far from taking no interest in these demonstrations, American women preponderate in them. Our out-of-date expression, "the weaker sex," certainly does not apply to them. They have been spared the fate of European women, whose place, for a very long time, was with the children, and who, when conquering armies marched through the country, were nothing but a luxury or a burden. Women took part in the creation of the United States and the war of independence. To-day, being fully conscious of the obscure but all the greater share taken by their female ancestors in the colonization of the New World and in all the great national crises that have arisen, they are

openly patriotic; they air their opinions and take part in public affairs.

Nowhere was action of this kind more necessary than at Denver, and, in fact, in all new centers that have sprung up so quickly as to leave no time for a moral rule to be instituted together with material arrangements. People had to make sure of their living first of all, group themselves together in a hurry, build railroads, put up electric wires, plan streets, provide for water, food and light, construct houses, stores, clubs, schools, churches, banks and hotels, organize their post offices, police and local government and, in short, found their city; after which they had time to look around and begin to educate the public mind. This is the law that every colony has to obey. We must not forget that Denver did not exist at all sixty years ago and that it now has a population of over two hundred thousand. We should have to carry injustice to the verge of foolishness not to give the United States due credit for the marvelous cities that have been built up. I am filled with admiration for the amount of good order that prevails, combined with very high aspirations, in all these improvised capitals.

Follow the Flag

The banquet was largely attended. It was more than cordial, fraternal. Americans greet a guest as if they were under an obligation to him. With them he is indeed welcome. I sat next to the president of the Daughters, an agreeable and distinguished woman, whom nobody could call "provincial." We discussed the future of her association and, necessarily, the future of her country, the two being inseparable. She showed an ardent and patriotic desire for peace, knowing that peace alone can insure prosperity and strength to the United States, but she was not afraid of war. The three colors of the French and American flags, with which

the hall was decorated, were a symbol, both for her and for me, of any just and productive revolt against oppression, and she readily indorsed the proposition, on which I based my remarks, that we should be patriotic and follow the flag.

Have the Flag in Good Hands

My answer was this: yes, we have to follow the flag; let us be patriotic; without nations there can be no international coöperation, no peace; the essential condition of peace is a good national organization in all countries. We do not propose to relapse into the Sioux, Huron, Apache and Iroquois stage; no nation is more patriotic than the French; but the more a nation follows its flag, the more necessary it is that the flag should be in good hands, and this is where we see that a national education is indispensable to every civilized nation. It is quite as necessary to Americans as to others, if not more necessary, because, unlike many others, they have not been taught by bitter experience. American women can do a great deal to further this education in their own country. They can keep on the lookout to moderate the impulses of public opinion and muzzle the irresponsible alarmists who excite the crowd, the press and public opinion and, through that opinion, the government.

Level-headed as he may be, as well as his friends, a President of the United States will be, some day (and he has been already), unable to hold out in times of panic, if public opinion is not prepared to support him.

In saying this, I feel I am voicing a sentiment I have often heard expressed. At the University of California, for instance, before a crowded audience, the president, Mr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, — a well-read, cultivated man and an ardent patriot, — introduced me to his students, nearly a thousand young men and women from eighteen

to twenty-two, in these words: "Educate yourselves, so that future generations may avoid the wars that past generations might have avoided. The United States have hitherto had only three foreign wars: with England in 1812, with Mexico and recently with Spain, and all three might have been averted."

It ended to their advantage, but they ran serious risks. We all know that Americans are brave, but so are Spaniards. If the latter had been better prepared and their sailors had not been handicapped by lack of ammunition; if they had had a defensive organization in Cuban waters and the merest apology for submarine defenses, would the Americans have been found ready, or could they have been ready? We must admit that they could not, if we face the actual facts and decline to be put off with talk.

This unnecessary war might therefore have been a disaster for the development of the United States. In any case it cost the country thousands of young men, the flower of its manhood, who sacrificed their lives in vain — lives that were quite as necessary for the prosperity as for the glory of their country.

A Cornet Solo

Those American women who try to prevent a renewal of similar mistakes are patriots, but it must be admitted that they are infinitely freer than European women to undertake this noble task. I shall have many occasions to mention instances of the bold way in which American women take the initiative. One of them occurred at this very banquet, and I commend it to the attention of the "Parisienne." One little incident may mean a great deal, and this one shows, better perhaps than any other with which I am acquainted, the immeasurable self-confidence with which the American woman faces prejudice, criticism and even ridicule, and ends by getting the public on her side.

This is what happened: We were in the middle of the banquet, at the time when the sorbet usually comes along. A singer had just given us Schumann's "Marseillaise," followed by a piece specially composed for the occasion, "The Prince of Peace," when suddenly we heard a solo. It was so full of sound and melody and so faultless that all conversation stopped. It was a cornet solo. I listened, and then looked to see what nightingale was favoring us with its trills and runs, breathing out its plaint, and invoking Heaven with its hymn of praise. The nightingale with the cornet was a woman — a fair, graceful girl. As soon as she had finished I got up at once and shook her hand with all the French warmth I possess. I do not know whether she fully understood that I was congratulating her even more on her courage than on her talent. The audience was wildly enthusiastic and insisted upon an "encore," which was even better. Never before had I seen a woman play the cornet. She was a complete embodiment of satisfaction, expansiveness and absolute self-confidence. She struck me as the happiest woman in the United States, and no doubt she was, for a girl must be exceptionally brave and good to make up her mind to earn her living so pluckily.

Let me venture to suggest, in all seriousness, a cornet cure for all spoilt children and neurotic women.

I must not forget that before going to this revolutionizing banquet I was present at a no less memorable luncheon which the Denver Chamber of Commerce had long ago arranged to give during my visit.

4. *The Colorado Chamber of Commerce. Press and Legislature. The Governor of the State*

Everybody knows what is or ought to be the business of a chamber of commerce. It is intended to exhibit,

to the best advantage, the resources it places before its clientèle. I realize perfectly that the innumerable receptions with which I have been honored by all kinds of chambers of commerce, in all the countries I have visited in Europe and America, have been principally intended to impress me with the superiority of each chamber over all the others. Denver did things in ultra-American style. They gave us maps of the United States showing Denver as a center of dazzling light, with all the rest of the world in shadow. The luncheon, at which there were three or four hundred guests, was delightful. At least half of them, as usual, were ladies. There were also farmers, engineers, the principal officials of the state, the bishop (a very intelligent and broad-minded man) and so on. The governor, Hon. John F. Shafroth, made an incisive and witty speech in the easiest and simplest style. The applause with which it was received ought to give food for reflection to the megalomaniacs in Eastern America, and I have heard the same argument approved time after time.

“If it is true,” he said, “that we must spend a great deal of money in preparing for war so as to have peace, the United States have been uncommonly lucky up to now. Our only two neighbors are Great Britain, who used to be our bitter enemy as she was France’s, and Mexico, whom we have also fought. These events are comparatively recent, and, according to the great modern principles, they ought to have placed us in a record state of insecurity and obliged us to spend an amount of money proportionate to the extent of our frontiers, which are twenty times as long as those of any European state, to say nothing of our two open coast lines and our exceptional vulnerability as a young and thinly populated country. And yet, in spite of our ignorance of these accepted traditions, we have managed to get along for a century without spending anything on

frontier defense. That frontier has not been defended by a single ship or a single gun for a hundred years. During all that time we have been saving something like two hundred million dollars a year, and we have built cities, made harbors and created a place for ourselves in the international market and the world's estimation. The experiment has been so successful that we are now proposing an unlimited arbitration treaty to England. As a matter of fact it will simply be a final and practical application of our traditional policy. It must be admitted that we are not at all in the fashion."

His Honor the Mayor of Denver

This elected governor of Colorado has been more attacked by the newspapers than any man I know — always excepting, of course, the mayor of Denver, because any one who has to manage a great, new city, almost a state in itself, has to satisfy or moderate the claims of a great many hungry office seekers, and is bound to excite a great deal of resentment and bitterness. Here, as elsewhere, electoral gratitude slumbers, while the discontented make all the noise. The funniest part of it was that I was the only one who took these signs of discontent seriously. They are the salt of public life in Colorado.

My illusions having been promptly dispelled, I got myself in harmony with the dominant note and, encouraged by the general good humor, I replied to the toasts to my health by developing the idea that we must suffer in order to be happy. Wherever I find people with a large share of Fortune's favor, they are gloomy and full of complaints, whereas poor people who lead hard lives are cheerful and sympathetic. The Englishman who had too many society invitations was quite right when he said that life would be tolerable but for its pleasures; he might have added that it would be intolerable but for its difficulties. Our only

merit comes from the obstacles we overcome. Those who oppose us are really our best friends.

These truths, which would probably be considered as so many paradoxes in old Europe, were fortunate enough to delight the Denver business men as much as myself. I have seldom seen such a jolly face as that of the mayor of Denver or heard such whole-hearted, contagious laughter. The mere sight of him is enough to make one develop unexpected energy. Before I met him I was rather inclined to pity him. Morning and afternoon several of the Denver papers poured torrents of abuse and personal attacks, marked by refined cruelty, upon him. One of them referred to him as "His Honor!" in big capitals as if he had been a thief; and as for the caricatures of him, they were past belief. I could not help telling him how I sympathized with him, but I was rather taken aback when he laughed heartily and said: "Oh, that doesn't amount to anything here."

The Press

Here, as in the smaller circle of my own experience, I see that the Press ruins its influence when it descends to vulgar personalities. It is a recommendation for a man to be attacked by a bad newspaper. Nevertheless, the Press can still do a great amount of harm. That of Denver needs to moderate its tone. When I was there, it was always out for trouble and was given over to heated arguments and conflicts of all kinds, local, national and international. The public will eventually tire of being constantly stirred up in this way, but, in the meantime, it may be made to lose its self-control sufficiently to cause some irreparable calamity to grow out of a misunderstanding or a mere falsehood.

The public is not supplied with information that is sufficiently correct and disinterested to protect it against

a scare kept up by a few newspapers in combination with a stock-manipulating coup. This is the danger of our time.

The Legislature

After the luncheon, I had the honor of being received at the capitol by the Colorado Legislature. I began by paying a visit to the governor. He had already made a hurried departure from the banquet so as not to miss any of his visitors. All day long his office door is open to everybody. A skeptical negro usher lets visitors pell-mell into the anteroom, where they wait their turn — electors, officials and taxpayers all together. Here an exception was made in my favor. I asked the governor the same question that I put to French statesmen: "How do you find time to work?" His only answer was a vague gesture, and he hurried me into the great hall where the Senate, over which he presides, and the lower House were holding a joint meeting to greet me. On the way, he explained the general plan of the building.

The capitol is magnificent. All the mineral wealth of a country abounding in mines and valuable quarries has been used in its construction. The architects wisely chose the site on high ground and built the capitol after a fine design inspired, as usual, by classic art. They made free use of all the different kinds of metal, marble, granite and onyx available. Various anthropological, mineralogical and zoölogical collections are fitted up in the basement, to the great advantage of the public, giving, as they do, immediate information to the traveler as to the history, the formation and the future of the country. All over America there is the same taste for museums and libraries. Their statistical departments and information bureaus are not archives only open to the few, but are so much practical assistance, available for every one. The

collections and official publications of all the United States are of incalculable value to agriculture. Every farmer is provided with practical information as to his crops, the kind of stock raising suitable to his locality, the best plans to be found in the world for housing stock and the best means of coping with drought, frost and other natural obstacles. Without this advice I should not have seen, as I did from the train, orchard after orchard in full flower, lit up and warmed by the blaze from thousands of petroleum cans.

My first impression on entering the Denver capitol, and looking at the hall in which my colleagues of the Colorado parliament were assembled, was very different from what I experienced after familiar conversation with them. The Americans, though they are always trying to perfect themselves, are still in their infancy as regards local parliamentary institutions. All the lack of restraint I have seen here will have vanished in less than ten years from now. To feel sure of this, one need only look at the marvels that have been accomplished in so short a time.

As every one knows, each of the forty-eight states has its legislature, its senate and its house of representatives. The senators are elected for four years and the representatives for only two years. All are elected by what is practically universal suffrage. The senators, being less numerous than the representatives, are elected by larger districts, and that is all the difference. The senate and the house of representatives unite to elect members of the United States senate, two for each state.¹ On the day of my visit it happened that the Colorado Legislature had to appoint a United States senator, and although the Democratic party had a considerable majority — two

¹This system has been altered. The members of the Federal Senate, by a recent amendment to the Constitution, will be elected by universal suffrage.

thirds of the voters — they could not agree. The Democrats were divided into two equal parts, and the result was to split the Legislature into three sections and make it impossible to settle the matter.

The accommodation provided for the combined sittings of senators and representatives is very good, but the sittings themselves are so badly organized that it is impossible to arrive at satisfactory results. There is certainly a lack of dignity about the French parliament, when it is not compared with a good many others that are still worse, but I do not propose to give my Denver colleagues any peace until they put an end to the inconceivable torture they inflict on themselves by taking the spectators into their debates. Without exaggeration, I can say that respect for the rights of the elector is used as a pretext for making the elected work under unacceptable conditions. It is impossible to estimate the extent of the drawbacks that result from this state of things, not only for the general government of the country and indirectly for its neighbors, but also for the parliamentary system, which is made responsible for the abuses forced upon it.

Electors are admitted to the hall in which the sitting is going on. I saw some walking about with women and children, or sitting along the wall near their senator or representative to see what he was doing. The newspaper men, of course, had a splendid time in this scene of disorder. They could give our cabinet attachés points. They walk about from one bench to another and go up and speak to the president. The vials of their wrath are ready to be poured out on the head of any one who is innocent enough to stand in their way.

The members of the Legislature themselves do like the rest. They take things easily, smoke and lean back in their chairs with their feet on their desks. Shades of great debates in the British and French parliaments, how dim

and far away you seem! The example set by the members is followed by the officials, including the "cheeky" boys employed (to save money) as ushers. Only the girl stenographers and typewriters behave properly and are always ready for any member who wants to dictate a letter. The finest specimen of disregard for appearances was the principal secretary. This excellent man walked about in his shirt sleeves with a pipe in his mouth.

Lady Members

I managed to conceal my astonishment and begin my address, but I had to break off at the very beginning. I began by saying "My dear colleagues" and I was about to add "Gentlemen" when I perceived four lady members, elected to the house of representatives, sitting opposite me. I stopped short, and resumed: "My dear colleagues, ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time that a member of the French parliament has had to say 'ladies' at the commencement of an address to foreign colleagues. This in itself is a revolution."

These opening remarks were very warmly received, and the rest of the address may be imagined. Afterward I went into the body of the hall, like an ordinary American elector, and introduced myself to my feminine colleagues. Here again I had to get rid of my European prejudices. The conversation caused me pleasure and even emotion. One of the ladies was a farmer and managed a large butter and cream concern. She represented the country Republican interest. Another was a Democrat who had been reelected three times. She was a widow and had lost her son in the war with Spain. She was a city member and was intensely interested in educational questions. She introduced me to the school superintendent, a very pretty woman who spoke with such seriousness and was so evi-

dently impressed by the importance of her duties that I could only look and listen with equal surprise.

When I talked as long as possible, the president amicably notified me that it was time to leave, as the sitting was to continue with closed doors, whereby I learned that my unfortunate colleagues were at any rate allowed some breathing time. Meeting the ladies again soon afterwards, I could not help asking them how they could endure their male colleagues' habit of smoking and putting their feet up. They looked at me in mild surprise at my innocence, and replied: "We must give the men some liberty if we are to get anything out of them!" after which they showed me a long list of useful measures passed into law through their influence.

The Chief Justice

Before leaving the capitol, which is the headquarters of the judicial as well as of the executive and legislative authority, I asked permission to pay my respects to the head of the Supreme Court; and here again I had to get rid of another set of preconceived ideas. I wondered what sort of man an elected judge was likely to be in such surroundings. I had been surprised to find so much solid worth, sincerity and talent in the governor, and I was prepared to find less to approve of in a magistrate elected by universal suffrage — a new idea for me. The governor took me to a very quiet, British-looking study that reminded me of some peaceful retreat at Oxford or Cambridge. A man of very gentle and refined manners rose and came to meet me. We had a long conversation. He has been Chief Justice for ten years and is invariably reëlected and respected. On asking how such a state of things came to be possible, I was told that it was simple enough. Each party is responsible for its candidates, and when one of them proves unequal to his position, his party has to suffer for it.

An interesting detail is that the Chief Justice became deaf and was on the point of giving up office because he could hear neither witnesses nor counsel. Thanks to a marvelous little electric machine, connected by two wires to a sort of headpiece, — which he put on, with apologies, when I entered his room, — he can now hear as well as anybody, and better than a great many people.

I shall certainly be sorry to leave Denver. It fortifies one's confidence in humanity.

CHAPTER VII

THE INEVITABLE WAR

1. JAPAN PREMEDITATING WAR? Let us study the danger. A soap bubble. — 2. THE WORST HYPOTHESES. A. The United States attack Japan. B. Japan attacks the United States. — 3. THE EMPIRE OF THE OCEAN: AN ANACHRONIC DREAM.

1. *Japan Premeditating War?*

I SAID that I had hardly landed in New York when people began to say to me: "You have chosen a fine time for your visit! we are about to have war between the United States and Mexico!" I went on, and I came back with the firm conviction that, whatever might be the difficulties of the future, neither the government nor the people of the United States would ever commit the folly of declaring war against their Mexican neighbors. (I will not repeat what I said in Chapter II about that.)

But the pessimists insisted and, explaining confidentially and patriotically to me that the real danger was not Mexico but Japan, they added: Japanese people are very patient, they have been premeditating and they are preparing their war, their *coup*, what we call now the *attaque brusquée*. They have their numerous agents, their spies everywhere in Mexico as in California or in the Hawaiian islands; their trap is laid just now on the Mexican frontier, but it is in Tokio that the inevitable danger is lying.

Let us Study the Danger

Very well! we accept this dramatic warning. In order to take it seriously, let us study at first hand the specter which

is held up to terrify us: in order to understand it better, let us visit the places which should show the danger most clearly — Arizona, California, Oregon, Utah and Colorado. In these the Japanese are relatively the most numerous. Here national unrest and susceptibility might well be aroused, as the Japanese are found in larger and larger numbers in the universities, in the hotels, learning English, traveling about and studying the United States. It is true that the Japanese government, far from encouraging emigration, as is generally supposed, is working in the opposite direction and placing great obstacles in its path. Every emigrant is subjected, to the most rigorous tests, and the departure of farm hands and laborers — in a word, of the least educated Japanese — is specifically forbidden. Japan does not wish to send her lower classes abroad. It is a point of pride with her to permit the departure of those citizens only who are capable of doing her honor and of profiting by their travels. The educated young men, graduates of her universities, who travel abroad are, as is the case in Germany, happily excused from compulsory military service on the condition of having had at least thirteen years of schooling and of having passed all their examinations in military proficiency, and in general having shown themselves capable of success in life.

This explains the relatively slight immigration of Japanese into the United States. It is none the less true that the young Japanese who do come might well be objects of suspicion to the Americans, who are daily incited against them by a section of the Press. This, however, is not the case in the universities, where they are treated as comrades, and where, if they are poor, they are given the same opportunities for self-support as are open to American students. More than once I have seen young Japanese in the household service of university presidents and professors. Outside of the universities and hotels, you see them on every

hand, serious, thoughtful, obviously above their present temporary occupations. It would not be hard to imagine that they are spies. This is more than enough to form the basis for irritation and suspicion of their presence in the United States. It is for this reason that I came to study the question at first hand rather than from books.

As I came into occasional relation and into intimate and confidential touch with those who are in a position to give me light, as in Texas, I did not hesitate to ask questions. I exposed my convictions and observations to daily tests by the public and the Press. In every one of my lectures I set forth impartially the two points of view, that of the alarmists and the opposite. I discussed the question under the most diverse circumstances, in personal chats and before large audiences in public meetings widely heralded in the daily papers. I have addressed men of affairs, teachers, labor organizations and students. My lectures have been in colleges, churches, clubs, before chambers of commerce, state governors and legislatures. The more important papers have published my arguments and given every opportunity to any one who, in the interests of his country or in the interests of truth, might desire to make an effective reply to them. I do not think that I lost a single opportunity of bringing to light whatever of truth there might be in the United States regarding this legend of the Japanese peril; and now, as I bring to an end my long campaign through the Far West, I can conscientiously state that I have not found a single serious trace of alarm.

A Soap Bubble

I have, indeed, in a few rare cases, in fragmentary after-dinner conversations, heard transient notes of agitation and alarm, but alarm about what? About everything: yesterday, Mexico; to-day, Japan; to-morrow, Germany.

For the alarmists have turned their attention, for the moment, from Japan to Germany. As I passed through Denver my eye was caught by the huge, sensational headlines about the "next war of the United States," no longer with Japan, but with Germany. To-day it is Germany which is to seize Mexico; Germany guided by the signally successful experience there of my own country!

All this proves how little reliance can be placed in these alarms of war. If no one takes them seriously, they fall of their own weight. I have more than once compared the talks of war between the United States and Japan to a soap bubble. If one wished, the bubble could be burst by a cannon shot, but who would wish or would permit that shot to be fired? The possibility of a war between Japan and the United States is not conceivable unless one is willing to suppose the two governments equally stupid, the two nations equally blind, and the world at large indifferent to their joint absurdity.

2. *The Worst Hypotheses. A. The United States attack Japan*

Let us study the worst hypotheses: In the first place, let us conceive the United States attacking Japan and being victorious all along the line, by sea and by land. As we are merely supposing, let us not hesitate. In the second place, let us suppose that Japan, on the contrary, should attack the United States, and that her triumph by sea, on land and, as has been suggested, in the upper air, should be complete.

Let us consider the first case. Can we conceive such folly, such crime, such weakness; such incapacity in a government which would repudiate its traditions, its policy, its good faith, which would bring its own development to an abrupt close, would compromise its future and

wreck its very existence for the sake of a war in which, were the nation victorious, she could not receive any advantage and from which the whole world, on the other hand, can to-day foresee disastrous consequences? One cannot do the United States the injustice of believing that, after having given to the world the example and the signal of vigorous devotion to the work of the Hague conferences, its government would ever take such a step. To argue on the supposition that the United States will ever be attacked with such an epileptic seizure is to assume the suicide of a great nation as a normal happening.

The objection would be made, it is true, that some accident would do the mischief: a second *Maine*, for example; perhaps an American admiral, without instructions and on his own responsibility, might see fit to fire upon a Japanese vessel in the harbor of Manila or Honolulu; a single premature shot, as at Navarino, fired against orders, and the battle would be on, and the national honor, the national flag, would be at stake. Without hesitation, without reflection, without thought, America would follow her flag. If such a thing could be, I ask what more terrible indictment can be made against the policy of a huge navy which, not content with employing the youthful energy of the citizens, is shown forth in a time of peace as the sole possible cause of war. Would any one to-day bring up as an argument in favor of armaments the example of the Russian fleet on its way to China, in 1904, when at Dogger Bank it gave excuse for a war with England, superadded to the one which Russia was then waging against Japan? And this war would actually have taken place had not the two governments, fortunately controlled by public opinion, been able to avoid the conflict by an appeal to the Hague conventions.

An attack upon Japan by the United States under pretense of avoiding an imaginary danger would have no other

result than the strengthening of Japan. War does not change geography. No victory of the United States could result in the shrinking up of the ocean! A defeated Japan would be no less inaccessible on the other side of the Pacific. Apparently humiliated by the American triumph, she would be raised to the rôle of victim and later to that of avenger. She would grow in moral strength, both in her own eyes and in Asia at large. She would become a champion of the right, the defender of the yellow race against the white. The solidarity of the most thickly populated continent of the world would give her the opportunity for a prompt, terrible and easy revenge.

B. Japan attacks the United States

A victory for the Americans could only open up an era of endless reprisals, which would ultimately bring economic and political disaster to the United States. Let us not press the question, but let us rather turn to the hypothesis of a more or less artful attack upon the United States by Japan. "You have seen," say my after-dinner alarmists, "only the most favorable samples of the Japanese. The real Japan is watching her chance to attack the United States. She also has her own Monroe Doctrine, 'Asia for the Asiatics,' and she will carry it out. That is her program, her aspiration, her only *raison d'être*. The outrages committed daily upon her citizens or upon other Asiatics, not only in California, but in Australia and elsewhere, are an insupportable humiliation, to Japan a daily slap in the face. Japan says nothing, but she treasures them up in her memory; she accumulates these affronts; she is awaiting her chance; and when that chance comes, keep your powder dry! Her army and her navy are animated with religious fervor, they are well disciplined and have the tradition of success. Even supposing that the

Japanese Government might be inclined toward peace, it would finally be overwhelmed by public opinion and sooner or later obliged to give way, as have so many other governments in the history of the world, to the war fever spread by the army and the navy throughout the country.”

Let us stop for an instant before the picture of Japanese patriotism and courage, and observe in passing that these same alarmists who draw Japan as the most ardent and best trained of all the military states are the very same who solemnly state that peace will destroy the energy of a nation; for it is through centuries of peace that Japan has steeped her courage and made ready her resistance to the armies and navies of Europe. But let us go back to our hypothesis. Japan has seized her chance. I admit that in taking possession of the Philippines, when they have so much to do at home, the United States made a mistake. They should make it their object to-day to insure as soon as possible, under the guarantee of the modern progress of international law, the neutrality of this too distant possession. In the meantime it is here, as the alarmists truly say, and in the Hawaiian islands, that the United States are vulnerable, and it is upon these that Japan has her eye. At the outset, Japan, thoroughly informed by her omnipresent spies, seizes the Philippines—a trifling task for her—and the Hawaiian islands with their 80,000 resident Japanese—an easier task. This done, she presses her advantages. She threatens the Isthmus of Panama. She threatens San Francisco. She seizes the spoils of war. She establishes Gibaltars in California and Mexico. In a word, she becomes the mistress of the Pacific, the mistress of half the world, neither more nor less.

The vision is tempting enough. I am willing to believe that among the Japanese jingoes, as among jingoes everywhere, it is easy to find applause for such a program. In France we know this kind of applause only too well, and

what Jules Ferry has called "*les Saint Arnaud de café concert.*" Imitations of these wretched caricatures exist in every land. Why, indeed, should not Pan-Japanism have its votaries, like Pan-Germanism, Pan-Hellenism, or Pan-Islamism? But uproar is not a political program. Let us imagine Japan blind enough to start upon this career. And let us imagine her with enough money. Where will she stop and how can she stop? Let us suppose that in due time she attacks the United States. In spite of the efforts and the resources of her diplomacy, no matter what may be the situation in Europe, she will in so doing threaten England, the British Empire. No secret treaty, no mysterious clause, has weight against a plain fact such as this, against such a march of events. To-day the treaty does not exist which would hold two governments against the will of the peoples whom they represent.

To seize the Philippines from America would be to threaten the British settlements in Asia, from Singapore to Shanghai; the French, from Saigon to Hanoi; the Russian, from Vladivostok to Siberia; the Dutch in Java and Sumatra; the German colonial possessions.¹ It would threaten the integrity of Australia. It is indeed a fine program which we are suggesting for Japanese chauvinism, a program well worthy of chauvinism in general. Nor would Japan find help from Asia should she herself be the aggressor. If she should in her folly set herself against the whole world, she would find that her influence in China, now maintained with difficulty, would slip away. Her victory over the United States would spell her ruin. Any effort to monopolize the Pacific Ocean, any absurd and untimely return to a Napoleonic dream of a universal blockade, could mean nothing for Japan but utter disaster. It would be a march to the abyss, to annihilation and not to mastery.

¹ Which exist no more as German possessions. (March, 1915.)

3. *The Empire of the Ocean is an Anachronic Dream*

In our own interests, we must all see that the empire of the ocean is to-day but an idle dream. I cannot say too often that no single state can possibly be the mistress of the sea. The sea belongs to the world at large just as the heavens belong to aviation. No combination of diplomacy, no howlings of the Press, can alter facts. War between the United States and Japan is impossible. Individual acts of folly are unpreventable, just as are assaults and murders in every country, in spite of the arm of the law. The question is to know whether we have to organize the world under a normal condition of justice or on the assumption that murder is the rule.¹

¹ In reality the only war truly inevitable is one which the governments believe to be inevitable — a war for which they prepare under the pretext of thereby assuring peace! The present European war could have been avoided by confidence and accord between the great Powers. It was rendered inevitable by suspicion and by the increase of armaments. (March, 1915.)

CHAPTER VIII

LINCOLN. KANSAS CITY

1. THE CAPITAL OF NEBRASKA. Life on board of the American railways; "staterooms," cooking. Lincoln or Omaha. The work of militias. Voluntary discipline. The pacific and patriotic doctrine. William Jennings Bryan. The Hague capital of new ideals. American disinterestedness. France sower of seed. Alcoholism. Paris and pornography. Too many dogs and cats. Temperance. —
2. ANOTHER NEW CITY. Kansas City. Agricultural center. Scarcity of labor. The 938 school teachers. The Press. French horses. The automobiles and the plucky girls. The Park. The Boulevards. The Missouri's failure. The floods. The lady who wants to know. The Knife and Fork Club.

I MANAGED to extend my stay at Denver by twenty-four hours and shut myself up in my room, though my friends thought I had gone. I was so saturated with impressions that I felt the need of shutting out everything for a time. When people and places pass before our eyes too quickly, our vision becomes blurred, questions cease to state themselves plainly, and life becomes nothing better than a whirling cinematograph. In addition to retirement, which is often difficult to obtain in a hotel, I enjoy the rest on the trains.

Life on Board of the American Railroads

I left Denver at nine o'clock at night, but remained shut up in my stateroom or cabin until next day at noon. These cabin (staterooms) are all alike, and in every one of them I have my favorite corner and arrange things after my own fashion. I make myself absolutely at home and let nobody

in, — not even the colored porter, — so that I can arrange my plans without interference and put my mental house in order.

Americans burn the candle at both ends. They are splendid organizers and understand everything except the value of lost time! Continually busy as they are over smoothing out rough places and overcoming natural obstacles, they are unacquainted with three elements which are indispensable to happiness and success; I mean silence, solitude and sadness. Compare their intense activity with Russian nonchalance, for instance, and tell me if that apparent nonchalance, with its resigned acceptance of long winters and long nights, does not bear fruit in the shape of masterpieces of art and thought.

I have found something reposeful even in the food on the American dining cars. I was rather alarmed at the prospect of several months' railroad travel and especially of the cooking, which, to a Frenchman born with a cook's palate, ought to have time and care given to it; but I was mistaken. All that was necessary was a little firmness. The ice, provided in abundance all over the United States, also helped a great deal. It is a surprise, even for the most exacting stomachs, to find plenty of fresh cream, in the South as well as in the North. It is served as milk is with us, but more freely, and is purer. It is produced at every meal, as are all sorts of fruit, such as grapefruit, strawberries, bananas, oranges and apples. The last-named, being easy to keep and send from place to place, are becoming the national fruit of the United States. The luscious, golden-brown, wrinkled, baked apple can be had in every dining car and railroad restaurant, and its hygienic qualities are invaluable to the traveler. Add to these, plainly cooked vegetables which are necessarily not "faked," such as potatoes and rice (the negroes cook these very well), plain soups, porridge with cream, chickens (sometimes young) or pigeons, tea and ice-

water, with very little wine, this being a country producing scarcely any, and you have a diet warranted to cause not even a headache.

Thus restored to my usual serenity, I reached Lincoln, the young capital of the state of Nebraska.

Lincoln or Omaha

Lincoln is a paradox. I do not yet fully understand how it comes to be a capital. It has a comparatively small population, about 30,000. The principal city in Nebraska is Omaha, which has three or four times as many inhabitants and is well known for its abattoirs and its commercial wealth. When it came to be decided which city should be the capital of Nebraska, Lincoln carried the day by a majority of only one. Since that time, the legislative, administrative and judicial life of the state has centered in this secondary place, just as Versailles, at a time, was preferred to Paris, Springfield to Chicago, Baton-Rouge to New Orleans and so on.

The Work of the Militia

I saw militia — the embryo of the national army which is lacking in the United States — for the first time at Lincoln. They were a very manly lot. Most of the young fellows belonged to the state university at which I spoke. They wore smart uniforms and carried out various movements under the command of a young captain. This officer greeted me very courteously and cordially, and spontaneously declared himself a strong supporter of arbitration and peace. "Our drill," he said, "is a form of training necessary, not only for national defense, but for strengthening our unity. Most of the boys in our schools are the sons of foreign fathers and mothers. They were away with

their parents on farms where they did not speak English but here they learn to live together, speak the same language and become part of a people which will be great if it is united but a failure if it is divided against itself. In combination with the universities and athletic sports, our budding militia are schools for voluntary discipline and union. For these reasons we cordially approve of your endeavors to spread a uniform doctrine of patriotism and peace throughout our country, and you can count us among your sincerest supporters."

Pacific and Patriotic Doctrine

I replied that the French were obliged by their past and by the present state of Europe to regulate their military organization more or less by that of their neighbors, but that nowhere was there a better comprehension of the double duty of defending to the uttermost not only the fatherland but right and justice, without which peace, constantly threatened as it is, would be a mere mockery. "Show Europe," I added, "that you love peace just as much as your country, and no one will dream of attacking you. You will become invulnerable, and your example will make any revival of the old-style war of conquest impossible. The good organization of the United States is one of the conditions of universal peace."

These sentiments, which are understood everywhere, are those of every state in the Union. I have expressed them, in different forms, before over a hundred audiences, and particularly to young people. I have, in fact, addressed a nation.

William Jennings Bryan

My route being strictly mapped out, I could not be at Lincoln at the same time as my friend William Jennings

Bryan. He was kind enough to join me a little farther on, at Chicago, but I was very sorry to miss him at Lincoln. He was in the South, carrying on a campaign similar to mine. I had to confine myself to paying a visit to his home, which was hospitable even in his absence.

He lives in an elegant villa on top of a hill at some distance from the town. I went there by automobile, through a woodless but fertile country and over roads that were not worthy the name, I must say! I admire the strength of American men, and especially American women, and also of the motor springs that can hold out against such steeplechasing. Of course a new country is something like a plot in the builders' hands, and the roads are attended to when everything else is finished. America is still in the rut period.¹ Perhaps the roads helped to keep me in good health by providing me with exercise.

The life of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, like those of his successful competitors for the presidency of the United States, Messrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Taft, testifies to the need for organization and stability that manifests itself here in all directions. All three have strongly supported the Hague institution, and not without merit to themselves. Let there be no mistake about it: a narrow mind might think that the national interest of America was not to situate the universal capital of equity and the final expression of human justice in Europe. Why should such a capital of new ideals be in the old world and not in the new? The government of the United States showed a great deal of political instinct, but also a certain amount of abnegation, when it agreed to show Europe the way to the Hague; and I am surprised that Americans, who are constantly accused of having no ideals, have never thought of drawing attention to this evident proof of their own

¹ This, of course, does not apply to many roads I have enjoyed near such centers as New York, Boston, Washington, or certain military roads.

disinterestedness. The movement in favor of international justice in the United States is a national and moral movement. It is a complement to the national education, and is a meeting ground for all who think of the future. The widely different elements brought into America by emigration from abroad cannot be fused into a homogeneous state without education, material and moral progress. All kinds of rival regions are to be met with on the American continent, and if they cannot be brought together by a higher morality, common ideal or public spirit, the result will be anarchy. Americans possess this public spirit in the highest degree.

France — Sower of Seed

This is why they are grateful to France as the sower of seed in the form of humane ideas. Her history, her great men and even the disasters she has suffered appeal to the world at large, and she carries on a work of universal education. At Lincoln, far from Europe and far from everywhere, I was the guest of a family that was French in spirit, and I had yet another opportunity of seeing the affection inspired by our country in a great many timid and unknown foreigners who turn their eyes towards her despite all the ill, and perhaps on account of the ill, that is said of us. The same minds that disdain newspaper attacks on individuals undertake to rehabilitate over-calumniated nations in esteem; and the ill will back of the criticisms that are leveled at our efforts and struggles has certainly placed a great many people on our side.

“Above all, do not be discouraged” was the remark made to me by a Lincoln man — a great traveler and very well informed. “France,” he continued, “is attacked because she is always stirring up ideas, making people aspire to something better and keeping them mentally on the

move. She is always interfering with routine, abuses and accepted errors. This is what constitutes her greatness. If she lets herself be disconcerted by the noise of her own activity, she will be giving up the part she has to play in the world. Lincoln is not the only place where this view is held; you have observed it elsewhere and will observe it every day. France exercises a sort of fascination in places as widely separated as Australia, India and South America. If only you could realize it! The thoughts and imagination of the entire world are your clients. At least eighty Lincoln families spend their vacations in France every year. My own children have lived two years at Tours. And what does Lincoln amount to? You have only to multiply the number I have just mentioned by that of a great many other and larger cities. There is not a single new town, separated though it may be from you by thousands and thousands of miles, that does not turn its thoughts towards Paris, send you its best men and women, and come to you to spend its savings and lay in a supply of what makes for comfort, taste and refinement, especially the last. The French ought to be made to understand that the world is becoming more and more refined, and is coming to Paris for its models. Why? Because the Frenchman is impulsive, critical, witty and, above all, lively. Don't lose your liveliness! Only pedants and fools fail to realize the depth of French gaiety. It is as charming and captivating as a woman smiling through her tears or a rainbow in a storm. It calls up whatever is sweetest and strongest in the soul. To the world it is a source of regeneration, or what we call an inspiration. Morose critics may cavil, but all the better for you; we love to shock them. French gaiety attracts us because it is so closely allied to enthusiasm. Do not let your wings be clipped. Was it not your Michelet who said that no one can do good work except in a cheerful spirit? You create masterpieces, be-

cause your cheerfulness is a soul-triumph, born of anguish. Continue to be bold, enterprising, and intrepid; go on giving the world explorers, submarine navigators, aviators, scientists, orators, poets, actors, artists, adventurers, strivers after the unattainable, Cyranos de Bergerac, d'Artagnans, Blériots or Pasteurs. Hold fast to your ideals.

"When I say 'Do not let your wings be clipped,' I refer to more than one danger that has to be avoided. Because you were beaten in 1870, some people would like to materialize you and give you a distaste for the chimeras that have ennobled and enriched you. There is more than one sign that makes this evident to your real friends. You have everything to lose and nothing to gain by the change."

Alcoholism

"For instance, all sorts of little weaknesses, which it would be easy to overcome, are contributing to the spread of the liquor habit, and it is a great pity. To make the Frenchman into a drunkard is like killing a *rara avis* or spoiling its voice and destroying its gracefulness and its song. Everybody can be drunk, but everybody cannot be gay."

Paris and Pornography

"It is the same with pornography. To please a certain number of dissolute cosmopolitan clients, reduced to the lowest forms of vulgarity, you give up your speciality — gracefulness. This is inexcusable. Everybody can be coarse, but not everybody can be refined. For the sake of this low patronage from people who will come back to you in any case, because they must have change, you either divert the inflow of a vast family clientèle or lose it. Switzerland is cleverer than you, and so are England and Germany. I do not say they are better than you; on the con-

trary, I believe in the honesty and scrupulous probity of the Frenchman and Frenchwoman. Your Republican government has really too much of the red-heel-shoe or the Directoire period about it. It gives so much rope that it makes democratic vices out of what used to be hidden in the time of Louis XV and his favorites. The influence of this makes itself felt in everything, and the result is general moral slackness. You object to the temporary obstruction due to the Metropolitan Railway works in Paris, but you allow your boulevards to be permanently degraded by scattered handbills, professional beggars and touts. You put up with the evil-smelling little conveniences that gape cynically at you from every sidewalk. Still, why should we stop to bother about such things when we are so glad to be in Paris? And yet we cannot venture to go to the theater without risk of seeing actors in their underwear and actresses in their chemises, if not less! Your newspaper stalls, on the streets and in the railroad depots, are under the control of your all-powerful public administration, which licenses them and derives profit from their business, and yet they are allowed to display obscene publications, less to the injury of passing strangers than to that of France's own children — young workmen and workwomen, for whom there is no protection and who are brutalized instead of being helped and lifted out of the mire. One of the finest of nations is being poisoned, weakened and depopulated. What a pity! There must be a marvelous hidden reserve of good in France after all to get the better of this superficial layer of filth!"

I thanked him, and told him he had said what I had been saying in parliament for years. He continued:

"France is the world's garden — the promised land. You have a splendid past; and think of your landscapes, castles, cathedrals and museums. *Noblesse oblige!* With a small outlay — which would pay for itself over and over

again, in upkeep and cleanliness, — you could double the number of travelers who come to France. You have plenty of able men, — men who can govern, — but you have not enough government, and every one takes advantage of it. Public spirit in France has been paralyzed by centuries of obedience and does not seem to have awakened yet, and in the meantime the administration of public affairs has gone to sleep. The one relies on the other, and, at this rate, a change will be a long time coming.”

“Not so long as one might think,” I replied. “The great movements of public opinion spread rapidly nowadays, and the knowledge of what affects the general interest is no longer confined to the few. We are already having frequent fits of ill temper which sometimes take the form of disgraceful violence but are all the more significant. At the same time we see perfectly orderly crowds at aviation meetings. You must leave us time either to govern ourselves or make the public powers understand that we want to be governed.”

Too Many Dogs and Cats

“Very well, then, let’s take our time and not worry!” he exclaimed, with quite Gallic gayety; “but, in the meantime, couldn’t you help to thin out the really excessive number of dogs and cats you have in France?”

The Americans are very strong on this point, like the English. They are by no means wanting in affection for domestic animals, which they treat even better than we do (I have seen dogs’ dentists in America); but they consider, and not without reason, that the friend of man is intrusive and dangerous when he is left to wander about.

Temperance

Having delivered my address at the university, I left Lincoln after a very fine banquet held in my honor. It is

common enough for ice water to be the only drink at American banquets, and the rule is strictly observed here. Before I made my speech, I thoughtlessly asked the negro waiter to put a drop of whisky in my glass. He gave me such a look that I still turn hot all over when I think of it! I asked my next-door neighbor for an explanation. "Such temperance at a dinner surprises you," he said, smiling, "and you are inclined to think it is hypocritical; but it is a very wise rule, and you will see other examples of it. We are in a new country where every one is overworked and no wine is grown; and if, instead of setting an example of temperance, we were to begin drinking spirits, where would our workmen and our young men stop? The cocktail is insidious."

2. *Another New City. Kansas City*

In describing Kansas City I do not want to be unfaithful to Seattle, Denver and all the other new cities where one is received with open arms, as young people who have just set up housekeeping welcome a visit from their grandparents. All the same, I must confess that I am in another "hub of the universe." It is a very fine thing to have a town grow up under one's eyes and to see nothing beyond it, but I find it hard to get accustomed to the speed and self-confidence with which these places in America are developed. How could it be otherwise with one who comes from a country with so much history, the valley of the Loire, which has suffered so much, has seen so many expectations and disappointments, so many tears and so much bloodshed and so many masterpieces created and destroyed?

But for its happy state of mind, Kansas City might be inclined to complain of its location, a long way from the Atlantic and the Pacific and from both the northern and southern frontiers of the United States. Quite the con-

trary; the farther away the city is, the more it considers itself necessary to the others. The wider grows the diameter of the circle of which Kansas City is the center, the more wealth it receives and distributes. To-day it is a city of 250,000 inhabitants. Its population has increased by 100,000 in ten years. It makes me think of a similar place in France, also located in the heart of the country and in a rich agricultural district, and on a great river. It was once a residence of kings and the seat of the court of France. It is still celebrated for its castle, but in all other respects it is asleep and moss grown. What a contrast! Kansas City is one of those new capitals that think nothing is beyond their reach and are quite persuaded that they are the source and the goal of everything. The city is served by eighteen railroad companies with thirty-four lines; to say nothing of the river traffic, estimated (as the city advertisements say) as the future equivalent of a hundred railroads running themselves and costing nothing. Kansas City has coal for its railroads and steamers. For its factories it has something even better than coal — petroleum, and especially natural gas, close at hand, on the very banks of the Kansas and issuing from the earth through numerous wells, entirely separate from one another. The cattle pens and abattoirs can compare with those of Chicago. I saw enough of the latter ten years ago to dispense with paying a visit to the same kind of thing here. It is a repulsive sight, and I have already described it quite sufficiently.¹

Agricultural Center

Kansas City is an agricultural center. Its scientific corn farming gives most remarkable results. A man could easily lose himself in one of these immense harvest fields. It is a sight to see reaping machines with teams of ten,

¹ See the files of *Le Journal Fléchois* of 1902. La Flèche (Sarthe).

twenty or thirty horses cut down great slices of wheat, separate the grain from the straw and turn a forest of wheat in a few hours into a desert of stubble. On still larger estates, a farmer told me, the reaping machines leave the straw and cut off only the ear, which is thrashed and put into sacks as the machine goes on. The straw back of them is set on fire, after which the ground is plowed and sown by other steam machinery, so as to reduce the amount of labor to the minimum. This, however, is nothing new, no more than apples hand-gathered in thousands, packed on the spot and sent off to the nearest station without passing through farm or store. Apricots, plums, almonds and peaches, fresh or dried, are treated in the same way, as in California, in Oregon, etc.

French Horses

There is a great influx of raw material to Kansas City: notably gold, silver and copper from Montana and Wyoming; zinc and lead from Oklahoma, Arkansas and Missouri, oats from Iowa; hay, cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and mules from all adjoining or distant states, including horses from France. During the past twenty years I have observed a great increase in the business of exporting French horses to the United States from the Maine and especially the Perche districts. I have known our breeders to sell unborn colts for as much as two hundred dollars apiece. I see the descendants of these colts here and everywhere, but another privilege of France is that neither our horses, seeds nor plants can maintain their good qualities abroad, much less perpetuate them. They have to be regularly renewed in France, and I may remark in parenthesis that it takes a good deal of perseverance to carry on the process, seeing how complicated the export of horses is made in France, owing, as usual, to the absence of properly organized means

of transport. This at any rate is what I am told by American buyers, and I know only too well that they are not exaggerating. A French horse bought at La Ferté-Bernard or Nogent-le-Rotrou cannot be sent direct to any French port. It has to go first to Paris and then to Havre, where there is not a single line of boats properly fitted up to take horses across the Atlantic. The animal has to be shipped across the Channel to England, the only country possessing large cargo steamers of the *Minneapolis* type. One wonders how a young horse can be conveyed from the green meadows, where he was raised and left to run about as he pleased, to his destination on the other side of the ocean. It is quite surprising to find that he generally gets there safe and sound.

This is an instance of the defective way in which things are organized in France. What is France's loss is England's gain. Neither Kansas City nor any neighboring state wastes time over such details. Nothing is allowed to interfere with their progress or check their vitality, which hurry along with bewildering speed. There is a constant increase in the number of banks, the extent of their operations and the total deposits. It is even asserted that labor is cheaper and better here than elsewhere. For this there are several reasons. Extra help can be summoned from all points of the compass, and, if there is a shortage of workmen, a few telegrams to the right quarters will have the desired effect. Secondly, the city spends a great deal on public education. It is calculated that the money invested in schools decreases the number of vagabonds, drunkards and criminals, produces better workmen and makes them better citizens. Education brings them more happiness and increases the value of their labor. Outbursts of discontent, such as strikes, are less frequent and are easier to settle. This state of things may perhaps be because the demand for labor in a new city is so great that

there is comparatively little hesitation about paying high wages, which are put down as capital outlay, whereas in an old city they count as upkeep and are paid out of revenue. The difference is considerable. Some of my obliging Kansas City organizers, who are so skilled in the art of proving that their city is the industrial capital and strategic center of the New World's supplies, have provided me with the following figures, which I give entirely on their authority : An ordinary laborer, who is paid 23 or 24 cents an hour at Chicago, gets only 19 at Kansas City ; a workman in one of the building trades, who is paid 29 or 30 cents an hour at Chicago, can command only 20 at Kansas City, and so on.

The 938 School-teachers

It is easy to understand that these agricultural, industrial and mining states, all in process of development, want a national policy that makes for stability, and consequently the reception extended to me at Kansas City was particularly cordial. Several months before my arrival, I saw that things would be well done at Kansas City, and in no half-hearted fashion. Even before I left France, in February, I received a letter informing me that the Kansas City school superintendent had given the 938 school-teachers in the city a day's vacation for April 20, the date of my lecture, so that they and their pupils could attend. On reaching Lincoln, twenty-four hours before I was due at Kansas City, I was met by two members of the reception committee, who attended the banquet at Lincoln and then took me to the railroad depot. They did not leave me until I reached the door of my stateroom, and there they were again next morning before we arrived. The more than cordial way in which I was received on the platform made me forget the short but uncomfortable night I had spent on the train. It was a rather sharp morning. Very fast and

very open motor cars were waiting for us. One of my aides-de-camp seated himself at the steering wheel of one of these cars and drove off with me, quite cheerfully, without thinking it at all necessary to put on an overcoat, while I shivered under a heap of coats and rugs. I felt as if there were a good deal of old Europe about me just then! My collapse, however, was only temporary. I was taken to a hotel and left in a sumptuous suite, where I began to wonder if I had not been changed into some one else on the way and if I were not Sarah Bernhardt in person! On every table were lovely, sweet-smelling French roses, and many other signs of welcome and delicate attention. I was recalled to reality by the newspaper men and photographers.

The Press

Kansas City has a great many newspapers, one of which has a circulation of 260,000 while the others run to about 150,000. I had only just satisfied these visitors and attended to my toilet and breakfast when the motor car was announced by telephone and I went down.

The Automobiles and the Plucky Girls

I must confess that I was rather scared by the Kansas City automobiles. As in the rest of the United States, the automobile business is an old one and rather the worse for wear. It is "bad business," as they say here. Every one makes motor cars and every one has one. They began by bringing cars over from France and then importing the parts and putting them together, and finally they were made everywhere. There are two kinds of automobiles here. One is a small electric car, some of them made in Germany and used principally by elderly or timid people. It is a coupé, or perhaps a landaulet, driven from

inside by an old gentleman, a lady or a little girl. As a rule, however, the girls prefer the other kind — the big forty-horse-power petrol car. It is most alarming to see one of these thunderbolts rushing at you, nonchalantly driven by a child of fourteen, who looks pityingly at you, very much as you might look at a startled hen. You see the projectile fly along and pass your own automobile with a few inches to spare, and you have also the consciousness that you are wholly innocent and yet that if there were any accident the judge would be sure to decide in favor of the woman or child, who, knowing this, can run any risk! This kind of thing is unsettling. People who come to Kansas City from Paris are clearly not up to date. I reproach myself with it, for I have known Englishmen appoint mere boys as cashiers in great business houses — also a great responsibility.

Arriving safe and sound at the hall where I was to speak, I found myself face to face, as in most of the cities on my tour, with the future of the United States — the school-teachers of to-day and to-morrow. There is nothing to equal the satisfaction of instructing instructors and giving light to those who have to enlighten others. Its effects are not immediately visible, but they are certain to come, and it is impossible to estimate their extent. Its effectiveness is apt to be ignored because it does not act at once, but it goes all the deeper. Such instruction finds its way into millions of minds, and reacts on generation after generation, much more rapidly than is generally supposed.

The Park, the Boulevards

After my address, I was asked to deliver an extra one in the afternoon at the Shubert Theater for the ladies of Kansas City, and I was then taken to see the city and its parks and boulevards. It was a memorable drive. The

city covers 58 square miles, and has 45 miles of boulevards and 324 miles of paved streets. It is just hilly enough to give its inhabitants the pleasure of building houses that get plenty of air. Its extension is in width and not in height, except the big hotels and a few immense buildings erected for the express purpose of centralizing an organization that can hardly be complete and up to date unless it serves a great number of people. Every one insists on having his own home and his own garden at Kansas City, just as people do in the majority of American and English towns. This system is facilitated by the electric tramways, and it costs no more nowadays to spread out on cheap land than to build story upon story, after the old style, on enormously costly lots. The business of house and land agents is most important in new cities. It is tremendously active here and is all the time at work transforming waste lots into residential districts, leveling hills, filling up valleys, creating local development associations and so on. The style of all these houses is graceful and varied. Quite a number of American architects study in France. They certainly profit by what they learn there. They adapt classical ideas to the requirements of numerous clients who dislike routine. The result is most satisfactory, but American domestic architecture certainly seems to be principally derived from English cottages and country houses. The parks here are large and numerous, as elsewhere, well laid out and connected with the city by fine avenues. One of the boulevards is built like a cornice along the face of a picturesque cliff overlooking the valley of the Missouri and is known as the Cliff Drive. Nature has given this cliff the appearance, color and relief of one of our medieval castles. Ivy and the fresh green vegetation of spring grow among what might very well pass for imitations of ancient towers. It is the ruiniform escarpment, well known to geologists and often met with in

Europe. It might have been placed here for the express purpose of making a new promenade look as if it had a past. What luck the Kansas City real estate dealers have!

The Missouri's Failure

I have not yet referred to the Missouri, and I can only call it a disappointment. Like the Loire, it is a river that has failed in its duty and has not lived up to its traditions. In all the cities I have visited on the banks of these magnificent rivers, they are scarcely thought of except as a cause of floods. I cannot help uttering yet another protest against such a waste of natural forces and such modern vandalism. Unless I am mistaken, the inhabitants of Kansas City took my reproach to heart. "We agree with you," they said, "but a movement is on foot, not only among our manufacturers and merchants, but among the public, for a return to river navigation, afforestation and all other questions that are essential to the development of our country. Subscriptions have even been opened in Kansas among workmen, workwomen, clerks and employees of both sexes, with a view to a revival of traffic on the Missouri. The subscription is a success, the movement has taken shape, and now it is only a question of time. Next time you come to see us, we will take you on the Missouri to St. Louis."

The Lady who wants to Know

The last banquet of the day (which was quite as busy as its predecessors) took place at my hotel. It was arranged by an influential body known as the Knife and Fork Club. There were at least five or six hundred guests, in the hall and annexes, and none of them were women! Can I venture to say that I was not sorry? There is a limit to

human endurance. To deliver three or four addresses every day for several months in succession is a form of physical exercise that calls for training, and still more for organization. Speaking and talking are not the same thing, and it is difficult for a speaker to hold forth for three quarters of an hour, after dinner, if he has done two hours' talking during the feast, and he cannot do otherwise if he has a lady next to him, especially when that lady is interesting. There are some women who excel in the art of exhausting a lecturer. They squeeze him like a lemon, after which they leave the remains for his hearers. Heaven preserve me from the enthusiastic woman who wants to know everything and has left you no time either to eat or to take breath before the chairman calls on you for your speech! I have made up my mind to run away from her — or at least to denounce her, as there is no running away. She is to be found in all countries, and she never releases her prey.

The Knife and Fork Club

The members of the Knife and Fork Club hold banquets less for the sake of eating and drinking than meeting one another and getting acquainted with any new facts that may be useful to them. The dinner they gave me was the one hundred and second since the foundation of the club. After dessert, the waiters retire, the doors are closed, everybody draws up to the head table, lights his cigar and prepares to listen. Not a word is lost. A speech, especially by a foreigner, appeals to the members as a sight and an attraction as much as an opportunity to learn something. Galleries around the hall enable the members' wives and friends to hear what is said. No subject appeals more strongly to American audiences than the need of national expansion and developing of intercourse with the rest of the world.

Just before the close, the chairman, George H. Forsee, gave a mysterious sign that every one but myself understood. A large case was brought to him, and after thanking me for coming so far to tell them about France, he requested me, in terms that considerably touched me, to take home a souvenir of Kansas City; and, as he opened the case to hand it to me, I saw that it contained a mighty silver knife and fork on which my name and the date, April 20, were engraved. I do not know what I said in reply, but I am quite sure that if ever I return to Kansas City, I shall find myself among friends, and this applies not only to myself but to all good Frenchmen whose representative and messenger for a day I was.

And now for my room, my bag and my roses, and then the automobile, the depot and the train, wherein I say good-by to my guides, and so to sleep after a fashion, waking next morning at St. Louis.

CHAPTER IX

THE CAPITAL OF OLD LOUISIANA

1. NEW FRANCE. The Mississippi. I see Cavalier de La Salle passing. The martyrdom of our pioneers. The foundation of St. Louis. The treaties of Utrecht and of Paris. The selling of Louisiana. The funeral of the Flag. — 2. THE POPULATION, THE CLIMATE OF THE UNITED STATES. All kinds of climate. Floods and earthquakes. Peace necessary. Souvenirs of France. St. Louis exhibition. French and American idealism relatives but strangers. — 3. THE FRENCH SPIRIT. THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. The country as it is. Mr. Robert Brookings. They do not dare speak foreign languages. Happy change. A French lesson. The lesson of the Hague. — 4. AMERICAN DEVOTEDNESS. The paradise of American hospitality. Human good will. Against skepticism. St. Louis, expansion.

1. *New France*

I WAS already up when, next morning, Friday, April 21, the ever smiling negro knocked on the door of my state-room and notified me that we were not far from St. Louis. Three nights in succession on the railroad had not contributed to my physical repose — (not all the lines here are good ones, and the one I had to take at Lincoln to save time was quite one of the worst) — but I was still further from being mentally rested. Since leaving the Rocky Mountains behind me on my journey away from the Pacific, I had felt, not as if I were going further away but as if I were returning; and the first stage of this return journey to Europe was to St. Louis, the capital of French Louisiana.

Louisiana! The name has a sweet and yet painful sound to a French ear; it symbolizes so much beauty, so much strength of mind, so much heroism, so much of the clear-sightedness of genius, and, at the same time, so much moral hideousness, so much ineptitude, so much false wit and so much cowardice; it sums up not only all the grandeur and misery of France, but the grandeur and misery of humanity at large, so well that the country of to-day vanished from my eyes and I saw nothing but its past. Without exaggeration I can say I saw La Salle at New Orleans. I could not refrain from tears when I found him still living in the memory of the Frenchmen I met; I sympathized with him in his trials, as if they dated only from yesterday; I suffered what he suffered, and I blushed for the men who deserted him as I should blush for a national disgrace.

I was met at the central depot by one of those Americans, numerous in the United States but whose existence is not even suspected in Europe, whose whole life is devoted to the public good. I was immediately taken to one of the fine residences that adorn the new part of the city; but before referring to this paradise of hospitality, let me finish what I have to say about the old town.

I requested to be shown it as soon as possible — immediately after my first lecture engagement, which had to be fulfilled directly on reaching St. Louis — and I went straight to the bridge over the Mississippi. I declined to visit any of the public buildings, and, in fact, one of my weaknesses is a distaste for seeing public buildings. My friends may be astonished and pained, but I cannot help it; I have seen too many “Monuments” in my time. I have always said that one cannot see a country through society, and it is the same with public buildings. What interests me is the earth, the sky, the men, the problems. A description of the capitol of every city I visit need not be expected from me.

The Mississippi

The Mississippi, a magnificent and unutilized river, flows before me. Like the Missouri, it does nothing but flood the surrounding country, which seems to be the principal function of great rivers nowadays. Civilization disdains them, but no matter; this is but one out of many cases in which man has spurned Nature's gifts. None the less does the river spread out its broad surface of water that springs from so far away; and this is the river that once bore our pineoers.

Cavalier de la Salle

I can see Cavalier de la Salle and his thirty-three Frenchmen floating down in their Indian canoes. They have come from Quebec; after Cartier and Champlain, they have made their way up the St. Lawrence; they have reached Lake Erie and the inland seas formed by the Great Lakes; they have battled with the extremes of climate, so cold in winter and hot in summer; they have lived by hunting the bison and wild goose, but privations have been their ordinary lot; they have crossed marshes and forests, and braved reptiles, wild beasts, mosquitoes, men and animals; they have left behind more than one of their number, taken in ambush and tortured, or worn out by dysentery, like that fine man Father Marquette, whom the Church, in default of France, ought to have glorified and beatified; they have built forts, especially the one named, only too well, *Crève-cœur* (heart-break); they have built a flotilla, and even a ship, the *Griffon*, lost through treachery on the part of its pilot; they have long sought the unknown sources of the rivers that flow into the Atlantic, and those of the Great Lakes; nothing has shaken their courage; they have inspired confidence in the Indians,

living Chateaubriand's romances before they were written, and inculcating amity rather than the spirit of lucre and conquest; they have learned the Indians' tongue, entered into alliances with some and fought against the more ferocious; they have reached the dividing line of the watershed and, to cross it, organized — at what risks and at what a cost! — the "portages" whose names still appear in French on the maps; they have penetrated the mysteries of the other side. Here they come, down the Ohio River first and then down the Illinois, till they came here — here where I stand!

Martyrdom of our Pioneers

One of these journeys lasted two years! Two years with no shelter save the changing sky, no food save what chance brought them or the flesh of alligators, and none but Nature's remedies against unrelenting diseases: two years without money, without armed forces, without ammunition, without support against persistent attacks on themselves and their reputations! Their one passion was to go forward — to create and conquer a continent. In his proclamation on April 9, 1682, La Salle was able to do homage to Louis XIV by presenting him with New France, or Louisiana, to which La Salle gave the king's name. Louisiana comprised the whole of the immense watershed and the rivers that flow through it, some ice-cold and some scalding hot, and all the surrounding territory. Colbert understood La Salle and supported him against the cabals that were formed against him, as well as against his creditors and the men who were jealous of him, and Governor La Barre's foolish treachery. Several times La Salle made the journey from America to Versailles — a still more adventurous undertaking than exploring the Mississippi. As every one knows, his life came to a miserable end, as

sad as that of Duplex and even more tragic. Involved as he was in debts that were an honor to him, and impoverished through having enriched his country, death was all he needed to become a genuine French hero. Captain de Beaujeu, who was ordered to convey him to the mouth of the Mississippi, either made a mistake or wilfully deceived him, and abandoned him on the desert coast of Texas. Even this blow could not subdue his unconquerable energy. He made up his mind to reach the Mississippi once more and make his way upstream to Canada, so as to be able to provide access to his beloved Louisiana by two entirely different routes, from the south as well as the north. It was on this ground that La Barre denounced him as a madman and a national danger. He started off on foot, through forests and across deserts, and he had proceeded a considerable distance inland when his companions murdered him and left his body to the wild beasts. He was forty-four years old.

Martyrdom is a most powerful incentive. Those who came after Champlain, Marquette and La Salle were legion; and business men began to see that profit was to be had by following in their footsteps and reaping the fruit of their heroic efforts. Colbert gave the movement a start by organizing colonization officially and sending out four thousand farmers from Brittany, Normandy and Anjou to Canada, where they spread out in all directions. They had established various centers which had grown into towns (still bearing French names) when France met with a series of disasters, such as the treaty of Utrecht whereby Newfoundland was given up, the bitter rivalry between the Capuchins and the Jesuits, and finally, at the end of Louis the Fifteenth's reign, the desertion and profaning of everything that had been conceived and accomplished by French genius.

Creation of St. Louis

St. Louis was originally nothing more than a refuge from the invading English. The French were outnumbered along the whole length of the Atlantic seaboard, and, except Sainte Geneviève, they had merely a few outposts on the left bank of the Mississippi. They crossed the river. Two out of this band of hardy pioneers, the sons of La Vérendrye, even made their way, unaided, as far as the Rocky Mountains, which they discovered as long ago as 1742, more than sixty years before the existence of these mountains was officially recognized. When we lost the fine valley of the Ohio, and, with it, the most direct route between the two capitals of Louisiana, from New Orleans to Montreal, the French fell back upon the right bank of the Mississippi, where, near its junction with the Missouri, they decided to look for the most suitable position for a center of communication between the north and the south, which would also serve as a base for exploring and hunting expeditions in the untrodden west. The Louisiana Fur Company intrusted Pierre Laclède, who was then thirty-nine years of age, with the command of the expedition. He left New Orleans in 1763 and established himself first of all at Sainte Geneviève and then at Fort Chartres, but finally selected the unknown site that is now the metropolis of this great valley and is before my eyes.

From all the centers occupied by the French there went out, with Pierre Laclède and after him, a succession of travelers, trappers, hunters and woodmen whose poetic existence in these virgin territories has given rise to many a legend. The exploits of Mme Chouteau, who accompanied Laclède, and those of her two sons, Pierre and Auguste Chouteau — especially those of the younger, Auguste, who, at the age of thirteen, was given the command of a party of thirty men — were romances in real life. They inspired

literature that gave food to our imaginations for nearly a century and still had its influence long afterwards.

The Treaties of Utrecht and of Paris

All these achievements of the French in Louisiana, like those of Montcalm and La Bourdonnaye, counted for nothing at Versailles. They were treated as so much rubbish by the treaty of Paris; and New France, like the French Indies, ceased to exist. The saddest part of the affair is that Louis XV is not alone responsible for this abandonment. He was encouraged by the state of feeling that prevailed in his court and even among great French thinkers, who made it a point of honor to treat the New World as of no consequence. Their amusing but silly utterances on the question are too well known to need repeating here. It must also be recognized that only by means of peace, and in peace, can any power flatter itself on being able to keep its sway over distant colonies. England herself has experienced this. She took advantage of our difficulties at home and abroad to appropriate our colonies, but she had to give them up again a few years later to the United States, under pressure of the clever policy of Vergennes and a European coalition. Louisiana has changed hands six times in the course of a century, passing from France to Spain and England and finally to the United States, with its immense territory now divided into fourteen states. This last transition was inevitable. It might and ought to have been an additional link between France and the New World, instead of being, as it was, a humiliation of the worst kind. This humiliation was especially painful to me at St. Louis as a diplomatist, a Frenchman and a man; and it is as painful for the Americans as ourselves. No one need feel at all proud of such a transaction.

The Selling of Louisiana

Louis XV betrayed New France; Napoleon I sold it. I know of no other piece of barter so sordid and repulsive as this. History has shown us only one side of the picture: Talleyrand's diplomacy unscrupulously parceling out what he had to offer, sealing the fate of nations and executing them at a distance with a stroke of the pen, just as Napoleon gave orders to execute the Duke of Enghien and put Toussaint l'Ouverture out of the way. But we must see the other side of the picture and know what followed these executions. In this respect the Americans are impartial historians, and we owe a debt of gratitude to some of them, such as Parkman, who have done justice to our work and to our countrymen — a justice that we ourselves refused to grant them. Even the English have adopted Dupleix, whom we condemned. I have heard Cecil Rhodes speak of Dupleix almost as if he were a god, and ask me indignantly how France could have been so ungrateful towards one of her greatest sons.

The Funeral of the Flag

The Americans have given us a moving account of the manner in which the sale of Louisiana was carried out. The French in Louisiana were amazed enough to find themselves handed over to Spain in 1768, but they can hardly have believed the evidence of their senses when they discovered that their cherished land had been sold to the United States for sixteen million dollars as the outcome of secret treaties or, rather, underhand maneuvers that no one cared to admit. They were quite ready to agree that France, in danger as she was of a renewal of age-long conflicts with her neighbors, could not keep Louisiana; but sell it, when a free gift of the country would have been

both noble and politic! Louisiana should have been treated as a daughter to be given in marriage and not as a slave to be bartered. It was worse still to sell Louisiana to the United States after the war of independence and its noble alliance of two nations in the struggle for liberty. Revolutionary France selling Louisiana to the country that issued the Declaration of Independence: the France of Lafayette, Grasse and Rochambeau! It was like diplomacy throwing down a challenge to human dignity. The price itself showed ignorance and disdain. Sixteen million dollars for a continent that produces thousands of millions every year! At New Orleans, on Dec. 20, 1803, after the Spanish authorities had lowered their standard to make way for the French flag, the latter's turn came to be hauled down. The ceremony was carried out with great pomp, in obedience to strict orders from Napoleon and the government of the United States. For the last time the people cheered the tricolor as it fluttered down. They saw the banner, spangled with America's stars of youth, rise to the masthead. Then they formed in procession and silently wended their way, as if to a funeral, following their dead flag to the governor's house. It was the burial of New France. France's pioneers were mocked and hindered in their lifetime, and now that they were dead the government of the day was making money out of what they had accomplished.

"*Sic vos non vobis*" ("Thus you labor but not for yourselves"), say the skeptics, sneeringly; but the actions of a government cannot affect men's fame. The reward is in doing the work to which a man has set his hand, and not in success. The world to-day does our pioneers the justice they could not obtain in their lifetime, and France gains by it. So much for the past, and now for the St. Louis of to-day.

2. The Population. The Climate of the United States

What would Laclède and the young Chouteaus — who built the first streets in St. Louis in 1764, beginning with Market Street — say if they could see the city now, with nearly twenty miles of river frontage and not far from a million inhabitants: the fourth city in the United States and the capital of one of the richest states in North America? What would Mme. Chouteau say? She would have her villa, which would no doubt be a very handsome one, overlooking the park, in the residential quarter; for American cities are almost invariably laid out in accordance with the accepted Roman, English and colonial idea of not living where one works, of attending to one's affairs during the day in the business district, in contact with workmen and natives, and spending the rest of one's time in as attractive and airy a residence as possible. The whole population of St. Louis, including the working class, emigrates in this way toward the setting sun. St. Louis has its West End, like London and Paris.

What I am never tired of admiring, though I see it everywhere amid the prodigious expansion of American cities, is the contempt for obstacles. Every one looks on the bright side of the country and its future. Very little heed is paid to criticisms, and everything gets straightened out in the long run. The essential point is that, as a geographical fact, nothing can prevent St. Louis from being a great center for all agricultural and other produce of the north, south, east and west, and one of the great markets for tobacco, cotton, wool, cattle, hides, canned provisions, wood, cereals and barley. The early French settlers have died out, and German brewers and manufacturers, in much greater numbers, have taken their place. These, in turn, will become Americans, inasmuch as St. Louis is also a center of population in which all the varying elements

that go to make up the American nationality are fused together.

More than one of my readers will no doubt take exception to such optimism, and exclaim: "The Americans are not perfect; they have their faults." I know they have, seeing that they have inherited ours and those of all the other emigrants from whom they are descended. I realize for one thing, like every one else, all that the Americans have to learn in the sphere of international relations, in which they are newcomers. There are detestable Americans, just as there are detestable Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Italians and Russians. I will even go so far as to admit that any new country necessarily must contain more adventurers than are to be found in old countries; but there is also less egoism and less routine, and there is an average intelligence born of the experience and initiative which are constantly in use and tend to make every one realize what is meant by the public interest. I will also admit that the Americans I met nearly all belonged to the very best class; but this is the class to study, because it does not confine itself to accepting things as they are, but is a live, active force in guiding and educating the people and forming the rest of the country after its own image. Nothing is more futile than to confine one's investigations to the inferior and unassimilated types in a community while the higher types are trying to make the others follow in their wake. If we want to understand not only what the United States have been, and are, but what they will be, we must make ourselves acquainted with the *élite* of the nation.

Much might also be said on the question of climate. Just as the Americans put up with a continual influx of all sorts of people so long as the latter fall into line with the national education, so they are delighted with their climate, which strikes me as open to question; but then I am a Frenchman and, consequently, spoiled in this respect.

All Kinds of Climate

All kinds of climate, as well as all kinds of agriculture, are to be found at St. Louis — heat and cold, not forgetting the national draught, my personal enemy. The Americans live in a perpetual draught. The country is always more or less windy, and I am inclined to think that the outcome of this passion for draught is to be found in the multitude of strange diseases on which the surgeons have fastened. An incalculable number of my American friends have had their forehead or ears or nose cut open, so as to be relieved of what I take to be the results of draught. On the other hand, I sympathize with the Americans in their war against mosquitoes and flies, which they regard as propagators of epidemics. In this semi-tropical country, there are quantities of insects, unknown to us, that make life a burden. Bites from certain kinds of mosquitoes are positively venomous. In spite of this danger, the Americans sleep outdoors, while we, though lucky enough to know nothing about it, save in very exceptional cases, shut our windows tightly. In self-defense, however, they have to put wire netting over their window frames, like so many larders. These veils between them and the sky considerably darken the rooms, but the reply to remarks on this point is: "It is simply a brief period in the national history. Americans will destroy flies and mosquitoes just as they have stamped out yellow fever."

Floods and Earthquakes

It will not be so easy, however, to deal with the floods, and especially the earthquakes. I had no time to discuss this question at San Francisco. I did not want to hurt my friends' feelings. Inhabitants of San Francisco do not care to be reminded that their city was destroyed by an earthquake, or to be asked why there are still some vacant

lots in the best parts of the city. If the question comes up, they tell you that the fire did a great deal more damage than the earthquake; that is to say, the fire combined with lack of water and defective organization, which will not happen again. The real truth is that terrible natural catastrophes, such as earthquakes, floods, cyclones, tornadoes and tidal waves, happen in the United States, but the inhabitants make light of them. Instead of putting up with being ruined, like the people of Messina, for instance, at first, and resigning themselves to living next door to the cemetery in which their former homes are buried, they immediately set to work again, and take advantage of the accident to build better than before. Great progress resulted from the tidal wave that submerged Galveston. Chicago did the same kind of thing a long time ago, in 1855, which did not prevent a general reconstruction of the city after the great fire in 1871. I am almost led to ask whether we have our proper share of catastrophes in France! Two hours after the earthquake at San Francisco, the business men and leading citizens were meeting to improvise temporary markets and shelters, distribute clothing and provisions, and take up the thread of life where it had been dropped. Automobiles, then in their infancy, were used with wonderful effect in saving the sick and wounded and taking away business papers and valuable articles which would otherwise have been burned. The services of the automobile must be given credit. The San Francisco earthquake was described to me, with other witnesses to back him up, by a savant well known in the United States, Dr. David Starr Jordan, now chancellor of Leland Stanford University. In the face of the recent ruin of many buildings of his own university, which spoke for themselves, he told me that earthquakes in California occur at least once every fifty years. The earth undulates like the

ocean. "They were real waves on which we suddenly found ourselves," he said. "The stairs danced, the doors were furiously shaken like a rat by a bull dog."

Peace Necessary

The inhabitants of St. Louis have had their share of natural disasters, and for this reason, with many others, they do not care to have voluntary catastrophes as well. Both in the city and the West End I was met with unmistakable proofs of regard for my country and my cause. One Saturday I was invited to luncheon at the City Club, where business men, bankers, manufacturers, engineers, architects and many others meet for the hasty dispatch of a few simple dishes before leaving the city, where work always stops on Saturday afternoon until Monday morning. Several spoke feelingly to me of their French origin. One of them was a grandson of the first doctor who ever settled in the valley, Antoine Sangrain, a friend of Franklin and relative of Guillotin, the celebrated member of the Constituent Assembly. The first doctor in the valley! This is a title that conveys a great deal about the old city of St. Louis.

Another explains to me that all this valley, this continent, has been metamorphosed in the twinkling of an eye, independently of the energy of our pioneers. He brings me into touch with the miraculous consequences of the application of steam and then electricity in a new country where not a single enterprise of the past circumscribes the establishments to be created; the freedom of conceiving everything with the material possibility of realizing everything; the most perfected methods, the latest model of all the manufactures of the world as a point of departure, and all this at the service of the experience and boldness of a population picked from the most adventurous people of Europe. All

the speeches I heard from business men at the City Club were so many denunciations of routine and of risky policies that would endanger the results attained. President Robert Brookings, whose guest I was, expressed himself very clearly to the effect that the material and financial interests of all the Powers are now inextricably intermingled; that, when one is threatened, some other is necessarily affected; that what was once separated is now united; that these conditions prevail in the world of labor as well as in the financial and scientific worlds; that the political world will have to look out for trouble if it ignores this truth; and that this is a new factor which every government must take into account.

These sentiments were echoed by the St. Louis newspapers. I was impressed by the Saturday special numbers, which contain volumes of reading matter and an extraordinary profusion of really fine illustrations. The Americans read, or skim through, a great many newspapers, magazines and reviews. They even read books. I envy them. A book may have great influence on Americans, especially if it concerns the building up of their country and may consequently affect their future.

Souvenirs of France

I often hear Tocqueville, Turgot and Rousseau mentioned in the universities, as well as modern writers and present-day Sorbonne professors who are personally known and appreciated. We have seen American writers, beginning with Barrett Wendell, George Grafton Wilson and Henry van Dyke, come to Paris to give the public the benefit of their profound knowledge of Franco-American relations in the past, and propagate their generous enthusiasm, like apostles, on their return home. I may mention another eloquent lecturer, Dr. John H. Finley, president

of New York City College, who came to Brouage, in France, to buy a few stones from Champlain's house so that they could be framed into the wall of his own, like relics; and I was much touched to see him preparing for an expedition to Canada, whence he was to go down the Mississippi in a canoe, following the same route as La Salle. In France I have seen an American, Mr. Ledoux, a New York mining engineer. One of his ancestors was among the Frenchmen who left Maine in the seventeenth century to colonize Canada and that other Maine, in America, which the English made into "Main-land," and who, perhaps, also helped to found that wonderful town Du Lude (Anglicized as Duluth on Lake Superior). Mr. Ledoux was on a regular pilgrimage to the land of his ancestors, and he found himself very much at home there. I need not add that St. Louis possesses a Lafayette Park, a Laclède Avenue, a Giverville Avenue, a Gratiot Street, a La Salle Street, a Papin Street and a Chouteau Avenue.

St. Louis Exhibition. French and American Idealism

All these souvenirs might have been made the occasion for some really impressive ceremony at the St. Louis Exhibition, when the Americans celebrated the centenary of the sale of Louisiana to the United States. It was a great chance for a frank and free exchange of sentiments; but we are so worried and absorbed by our anxieties in Europe that the opportunity was missed. We did not manage to discover, or the Americans to show, what remained of the past in their country. We saw nothing but outside appearances. Good Frenchmen who could not speak a word of English lost all expansiveness when they met good Americans who could not speak a word of French; and when these same Frenchmen returned home, I heard them complain, and talk about

nothing except what they had neither seen nor heard. There are sentiments which must be shared if they are to be understood, and must be encouraged if they are to expand. I recognize that we are easily deceived by appearances, and that our mutual ignorance has no difficulty in getting the better of us. French idealism meets American idealism and passes by without seeing it or recognizing its own child; and the Americans, in turn, cannot readily recognize the connection of the present with the ancestors from whom they claim descent. This is the explanation of many misunderstandings between two nations, whose future cannot be realized, and may even be affected, if their past be ignored.

3. *The French Spirit. The French Language.*
The Country as it is

Notwithstanding the succession of mistakes and weaknesses that seems to have extinguished even the remembrance of France for centuries, something is left of her throughout the valley of the Mississippi — something of the French spirit. This something, no doubt, is not apparent to the traveler who has good reasons for not believing in the existence, and still less the survival, of the spirit. This is the traveler who is not to be taken in, who does not mean to regard the United States as anything but a country of dollars and hog merchants, who generally encounters only people of his own kind and judges all others by them. It is nevertheless easy to understand that there are two screens between the unenlightened foreign visitor and the real conditions of the country through which he passes. He cannot look inside the houses, which are usually closed to him, and he encounters reserve on the part of the occupants of those houses when he happens to enter them. How many travelers there are whose knowledge of the country

they visit is confined to misanthropic museum attendants and the interested politeness of hotel waiters, or the rough manners of railway servants or, in the case of a business man, the bad turns done him by a bad customer! How many travelers, too, take advantage of being unknown to behave just as they please, as if no one were looking at them, on the ground that they know nothing about their surroundings; and how many excite ridicule or enmity and leave behind them a revengeful feeling, for which those who come after them are at a loss to account! I remember the mortification expressed by an English statesman, a friend of France, when he encountered his compatriots in Paris, calmly showing themselves in the streets and theaters in clothes that would do very well for mountain climbing, and wearing caps that would suit either sex. When they saw these caravans, the Parisians exclaimed: "Look at those English!" and not one of them noticed Lord Salisbury or Lord Granville or John Burns, who were dressed like ordinary people.

The President Mr. Brookings

I might have passed by President Brookings quite often without discovering that he was one of the numerous representatives of American idealism, but I was fortunate enough to be his guest. He is a bachelor, and I can refer to his home without bringing his family into the case and making things awkward for him. He will excuse me if I take advantage of these exceptional circumstances to use him as an argument. I should provide a very poor return for the kindness he lavished on me if I did not try to make my gratitude extend beyond him — to his country.

Mr. Brookings is a young man of sixty. Tall, slender, erect, aristocratic, healthy and rich, he has everything that can ruin a man — charm and wealth; but he has also a

redeeming quality — a heart in the right place. Not knowing him personally, I had planned to spend only one day with him and then go on to Winnipeg; but as the Canadian elections were at hand, and the prime minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was already being violently attacked, I was afraid that my addresses, as they bore on questions of the hour, and especially on naval expenses, might involve me involuntarily in the campaign against him, and I decided to change my plans. I accordingly gave up Winnipeg and lingered in St. Louis, the paradise of American hospitality.

Mr. Brookings, who is honorary president of Washington University, is a retired merchant, or what we in France would call a "*rentier*," a word untranslatable in English and especially in American. He is one of those practical idealists, good shepherds and superior guides of whom I have found numerous examples in every American city, so that he is not to be looked upon as an exception. His form of effort, a very fine one, consists wholly of serving his country the United States, his city and his university in St. Louis. He is before everything a good citizen, and several races are blended in him. He is English in virtue of his name and his experience of important business affairs, but he has Spanish or Southern blood in his veins, the profile of a great Arab chieftain, and the keenness of a French pioneer. Just think of the screen that would have hidden this American from us if we had not made our way into his home! Like many of his countrymen, President Brookings knows and likes France, reads French and knows our best authors by heart, and yet he will not speak French, through a timidity and mistaken diffidence that is very common in Anglo-Saxon countries, especially among the men; the women are less timid. It is an insular and childish defect, which is still more noticeable in England, where there is no excuse for it, than in America. I will dwell for a moment

on this question, which is of considerable importance to the progress of international relations.

With a few fortunate exceptions, the English have made it a point of honor to speak no language but their own. They cultivate this inferiority as if it were a proof of the highest social refinement and patriotic superiority. Let foreigners speak English if they need to do so! We have come across affectations of aristocratic ignorance in France, but in our country they smack of the upstart. What makes it still worse for the English is that they are naturally silent and reserved. When they have something to say, they do not venture to say it even in English, and still less in French. They never ask their way, especially in their own country. When I was a diplomatist in England, one of my friends came to dine with us in the country one summer evening and stayed rather late. I walked part of the way to the railway station with him, and did not say good night until I had fully explained which way he was to go. As the night was dark and the hour for the last train to London near, I added that at the first turn of the road he would find a policeman who would direct him.

"No, I know well enough," said my friend. "I will have no need to ask."

And as I expressed a doubt he added :

"I never ask my way."

"You would rather get lost?" I asked, smiling.

"Yes," he said.

Thousands of Englishmen are thus. It is bad form to learn foreign languages abroad. They have established this principle in traveling, more than any other people, of never changing their customs. They travel for amusement, for rest rather than instruction. They always surround themselves with their own insularity, and this is true even in their own colonies where they do not take the trouble to know the population whose affairs they are

attempting to administer. Their colonial home remains English like their language. Distance, climate, nothing changes it. Just as other European peoples, Slavs, Scandinavians and Germans, gratify themselves by speaking foreign languages, so the English take their gratification by remaining ignorant of them. They do not know all that they lose, for instance, in the struggles of international competition; and that they lay themselves open to disappointments in economic and intellectual affairs and politics. But so it is. I insist upon the point here because the ignorance of one is a danger for all others, and because the English need friends to tell them the truth, especially when their error is contagious. I will cite one more striking example from a thousand others.

When I was a young diplomatist, one of my colleagues on the Montenegrin delimitation commission was a clever English officer of the Royal Engineers. He was an exceptionally gifted linguist and had a young son, whom he brought up at Constantinople, and who spoke French as perfectly as his father. In due course the boy was sent to school in England, where he had a very bad time indeed, his schoolmates having discovered that he not only spoke French well, but spoke it with a French accent! This was voted ridiculous, and there was nothing for it but for him to make himself like the rest and unlearn French, or, at any rate, speak it like a good Englishman. This "backward progress" took him two years.

Many Americans have inherited this voluntary inferiority from the English. Most of those I see—not in Paris, where, as every one knows, there is a colony of ultra-refined American men and women, but in the country, at my home, where they make a halt in the course of their rapid expeditions—carry America with them wherever they go. They travel with other Americans, talk to them only and know no others. They rush through the country in their auto-

mobiles, very much as they might in a boat or a balloon, without receiving any but the vaguest impressions or seeing anything but catalogued curiosities and fleeting visions like those of a picture theater run at full speed. This is a great pity, especially in France. To go through a country so full of native intelligence and experience as ours, without talking to its inhabitants, is about as enlightening as it would be for a deaf and dumb man, and even a blind man, to travel. Keen as they are to pick up new ideas and education, Americans do not know how much they miss by these mute expeditions of theirs. They only see what is obvious. When they go through a forest, they know how many acres it covers, but their eyes are closed to its mysteries. They fail to perceive the violets and the lilies of the valley at the foot of the oak tree. They know not the inner charm of things, and pass by the sources of art and thought; and they return home in the belief that they have traveled. All they have done is to go from place to place and see ruins, museums and scenes, but not countries.

Happy Change. A French Lesson

This state of things is luckily changing very rapidly. A great many young Americans, artists and students, now live in Paris, and elsewhere in France, and in Germany and Italy. Nevertheless I have persistently striven, especially at the universities, against what is still left of the tendency to adhere to English habits and ideas all over the world. I resorted to all sorts of devices to make my meaning clear, because a lecturer is like an actor who must hold his audience at any cost. I have even had to act my lectures, so as to compel attention. I generally spoke before an audience of intelligent and wide-awake young men and girls, who were nevertheless artlessly convinced that English was sufficient for all purposes in America. Sometimes, indeed,

I was conscious that there was a feeling of skeptical indifference towards me as a foreigner; and the long rows of hundreds and thousands of listeners became, to my mind, so many spectators, forming a wall in which I had to make a breach. I then made a deliberate attack. I began with a *coup de théâtre*, by speaking in French! I merely made a few commonplace remarks, but kept on for some seconds. Amused surprise, uneasiness and finally dismay showed themselves in turn on every face. There was a general stir, and all my hearers were asking one another: "Can you understand him? What is he talking about?"

Having produced the desired effect, I stopped short, appeared very much surprised, and inquired in English:

"Don't you understand French?"

A few very timid replies of "yes" were drowned in an outburst of laughter and "noes." Thereupon I pretended to be in great perplexity, walked up and down the platform, declared that I had prepared my address in French, and asked whether they really expected me to cross the ocean and the American continent to come and struggle with a foreign language while such clever young people as they might just as well have learned French?

This exordium, or rather this comedy prologue, accompanied by gestures and attitudes that can readily be imagined, was invariably successful. Faced by a well-defined and unexpected situation, every one settled down, all ears and eyes, to look and listen. My audience and I had become friends. I took advantage of this to point out that, if I had been as they were, we should have known nothing of each other's thoughts and desires or what we were worth. Moreover, our best sentiments, if wrongly interpreted and taken in bad part, might create misunderstanding and trouble instead of friendship between us and our countries. My remarks were addressed to young people nearly all of whom were on the point of choosing a career

and deciding upon their future. I accompanied them, metaphorically, at the outset of their journey and pointed out their inferiority to the young Germans and Frenchmen, who, in this age of manifold means of communication, would reap the benefit of being able to act as intermediaries in a new form of civilization. How can you be diplomatists, for instance, I asked, or consuls, or simply business agents, or artists, or lawyers, or politicians or writers if you know nothing of foreign nations, especially when they are all more or less joining hands and combining forces with a view to future coöperation?

The Hague Conferences

I then gave my audience some of my personal experiences at the two Hague congresses, taking care, of course, not to omit the most amusing ones. I remarked, in substance, that in 1899 only twenty-six powers were represented, among them being Americans, French, Germans, Russians, Chinese, Japanese, Turks, Siamese, Greeks, etc. It might have been supposed that this first meeting would simply be a second edition of the Tower of Babel. It was nothing of the kind, because all the representatives of these various nations were able to exchange ideas and work together, thanks to their knowledge of at least one foreign language, French. Mr. Seth Low spoke French, so did Mr. Frederick W. Holls, and Mr. Andrew D. White knew it very well. What, I asked my hearers, would you have done in such an assembly? Do you want to shut yourselves out from the world by not knowing what your competitors know? At the second congress, in 1907, which lasted twice as long as the first, the demonstration was even more striking. Twice the number of powers were represented, but out of about three hundred delegates there was practically not a single one who did not understand

French. The American delegates, General Porter, David Jayne Hill and James Brown Scott, spoke French; and several of them, after a few days' preliminary modesty, made excellent, and sometimes very fine, speeches in French — speeches that enabled them to win splendid victories for their country and for international justice. Most of the principal foreign delegates spoke French like Frenchmen — Baron Marschall the first German delegate, the first and all the Russian delegates, the first and all the Italian delegates, the Dutch, Spaniards, Portuguese, Scandinavians, South Americans, and the first Chinese, Japanese and Siamese representatives. I shall never forget how surprised I was when one of my Turkish colleagues at the Hague casually remarked: "The only books I read are French."

The first American delegate, my friend Joseph H. Choate, took refuge behind his eighty years of success and was the only representative who declined to change his style. He persisted in delivering his most eloquent addresses in English, but one reason, among others, was that I did him the bad turn of translating as he went along, and as we were always of the same way of thinking, my translation was most enthusiastic! Allowing for such exceptional cases, all Americans who want to serve their country and to rank as men whose names will be remembered should make themselves understood, and not confine themselves to speaking, or holding their tongues, in English.

I wound up by saying: "Next time I shall address you in French, and I hope you will all promise to be able to understand me." Every one was delighted at the prospect and vowed that it should become a reality. I hope that, if this meets the eyes of any of my hearers, it will remind them of their pledge. What I said was most certainly in their own interest, as well as in the interests of peace.

4. *American Devotedness. The Paradise of American Hospitality*

Let me now close this long but necessary parenthesis. I have said that at St. Louis I found the paradise of hospitality, and the word fully expresses my meaning. President Brookings's house is both a home and a museum, and one might almost call it a nest. A splendid portrait by Largillière welcomes the visitor on entering. Inside is an abode of silence, calm and solitude, opposite the great Park (Forest Park) and in the midst of flower gardens and green lawns. As I write, all is peaceful. The room is flooded with April sunshine. Outside I see shrubs in their pretty spring dress, and I watch the blackbirds walking elegantly over the turf, and the redbreasts and the blue jays. The blackbirds in the United States are an especial delight to me. They look as if they were varnished, lacquered or coated with jet. No harm is done to them, and they are liked. The consequence is that they are tame, like the squirrels that jump down from the trees upon the lawns and beg almonds from the children.

We took an automobile trip over the asphalt roads and went on and on, visiting other hospitable homes in the country, and seeing more and more families, children, flowers and birds. Outside the busy ant hill known as the City, St. Louis is nothing but a long series of parks extending far beyond the range of vision. In one of these parks I saw young men playing polo, and elsewhere there was tennis. At St. Louis I made my first acquaintance with the national game of baseball. I dined with some Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who do not speak French, but who nevertheless went not only to France but to my little home, simply for the pleasure of gathering lilac there in my absence. I dined at the Round Table Club, where the best of St. Louis society met in honor of France.

Human Good Will

I have said that Americans love France for herself, but this does not express the feeling adequately. What they like in her is her humanity or human sentiment, whichever we may choose to call it. This is something that never changes, and has to be known or guessed. Personally, I cannot but bear witness to the immense amount of good will towards humanity, fermenting in the American mind. I say this in spite of all vague assertions to the contrary. The feeling is proportionate to the amount of material and practical energy developed by all Americans. They are a maligned race. They work to make money for themselves, but they also unite, first of all, to render service to the community. I am surprised that their attachment to the past has not led them to revive the beaver communities (destroyed by commercial greed) and adopt them as an emblem. Like the beaver, the ant and the bee, they give one another mutual support in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation. But this is not all. They soon found out that it was not sufficient to help one another, and that they must also help their city, their country and humanity, from which their country is inseparable. Every one realizes that he is but "an atom in a moment of the world's existence," but he also feels, intuitively, that, during this moment, each atom is a bond between men and nations, between the past, the present and the future, a connecting link in space and time. Life is really, to the Americans, one continuous flow, as Bergson said, just as the Mississippi is the same river without ever being the same water.

Against Skepticism

While fully realizing the insignificant but definite part they have to play in the work of the universe, they are also

conscious of their duty, and their tendency as a whole is to fulfill it. They do not want to remain mere spectators of a general effort, but to share in it. They do not want to dissociate themselves from the salvation of their country any more than from the world's progress. They have no use for skepticism. They all, in fact, want to "reduce the insecurity of the universe to its minimum," as William James finely and luminously expresses it. They are all in favor of creating what they call a general demand for security and they agree, instinctively, and therefore all the more thoroughly, that education is the most practical means of realizing this ideal state.

President Brookings devotes himself, not to mention his hospital, partly to his beloved city and partly to his beloved university. To him they are inseparable, and form one objective and one cult in his heart, business man as he is. He is assisted by all his friends in St. Louis, and especially by the president of the university, Chancellor D. F. Houston,¹ a benefactor in the fullest sense of the term. Like many others whom I should have liked to mention more fully, at New Orleans, in Texas, on the Pacific coast and in Colorado, his one object in life is the high one of national improvement.

St. Louis Expansion

My address at Washington University was delivered in the large chapel and was listened to like a service. Civic and moral education is the need and the duty that brings all the heterogeneous population of the United States together into one body. This university is a very fine one. It was built in the style of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, on a height, away from but as near as possible to the city. Its location had to be quiet and in pure air; at

¹ Now the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington. (March, 1915.)

the same time it had to be easy of access, always a visible presence and within reach of the inhabitants. It extends westward beyond the new city and beyond Forest Park, a few miles from the last houses in what corresponds to the Bois de Boulogne. A fine straight avenue, with wide sidewalks set off by turf and plants, connects it with these residences, which will gradually extend nearer to it. This is the plan of St. Louis in the future. The university in a few years will be its climax, just as it now is the city's crown.

In order that this future may not be too far distant, President Brookings plots in all sorts of ways with his accomplice, Dr. Houston. The tramcars, of course, simply fly along and supply the necessary means of communication, but shortening distance is not enough: it must be abolished altogether by hastening the extension of St. Louis. If need be, the signal for emigration will be given. The museum, home and nest created by President Brookings as a place to end his days, and around which many other modern residences were erected like the outposts of the new city, needed to be still further westward so as to act as a magnetic pole and draw another ring of houses around it. President Brookings has decided to give it up, and will sell it. He has already bought another plot much farther out, beyond the university. The foundations are dug, the walls are going up and my future room will soon be ready. And when President Brookings and I are but remembrances to add to the others, his house will have become, through his wish, the residence of the future president of the university and the starting point for yet another extension. Thus is a great country built up by the devotion of all to one common purpose.

CHAPTER X

THE TWIN CITIES. MADISON. BASEBALL

1. ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS. The Seine and the Mississippi. American jokes. — 2. THE RAILROAD CRISIS. Mr. James J. Hill. Outburst of prosperity. No terminal facilities. The panic. The water traffic. The ladies of St. Paul and Minneapolis. French influence. — 3. MADISON. The lakes. The legislature and the university of the state of Wisconsin. "Our future is on the water." The constitution of the state of Wisconsin. Political economy, social science and peace organization. Again the militia. — 4. BASEBALL. The umpire. Early risers. The international clubs. The "Marseillaise." Seeds of liberty.

1. *St. Paul and Minneapolis. The River. The Seine. The Mississippi*

IT is a long way from St. Louis to St. Paul: a day and a half by fast train. The railroad follows the Mississippi. The sight of a river has always exerted a remarkably seductive influence on me. To my way of thinking, two rivers are as different from each other and as expressive as two faces or the eyes of two people. Each has its own color, suggesting that of thought, and, at the same time, reflects the constantly changing light of the sky. The river silently tells me what it has seen in the course of its long history, and speaks to me of the countries through which its course has led it. To swim in a deep and limpid river, and dive under its surface, temporarily abolishes all idea of resistance and discord and makes the swimmer at one with the irresistible force of the water — a force that nothing can tire and whose elusive persistence overcomes all obstacles.

I do not propose to compare the Mississippi to anything or to describe it as finer or less fine. Just below St. Louis it is certainly not so picturesque and grand as the Columbia River, which I see again as in a dream, or as the Hudson. It sometimes reminds me of the Loire when it spreads out on the soft soil of its ample bed and carries its sandy burden past long, wooded islands. It has no resemblance to the Seine, and it would have made De Maupas-sant sad. Foreigners do not realize that the Seine has its message for Parisians every day and every moment. It gives them its gayety, wit, grace and philosophy; it acts on us without our knowledge, just as a child's frank eyes cheer us when we are depressed.

Many a time I have come out of the heat and turmoil of the Chamber of Deputies with a feeling akin to despair of human efforts, and have blushed for my weakness when I saw the Seine, calm and unconcerned, flowing on, accomplishing its purpose despite all obstacles, as it has done from time immemorial, while the Louvre, the Palace of Justice and Notre Dame keep solemn watch and ward. Many a time have I regained confidence merely through seeing the play of the Seine's hurrying wavelets between its well-kept banks, bordered with plane trees and poplars whose leaves quivered and saluted like so many flags.

People can abuse France and Paris as much as they please; the Seine is their answer, and it is only doing justice to the Seine to say that it has never been prettier than during the last few years, though "we are passing through such bad times!" as they always say.

Such were the thoughts and dreams to which I gave myself up as I sat alone in the train.

The Mississippi I saw at St. Louis is not the same as the Mississippi I found at St. Paul. It flows between high banks and is quite wide, though not far from its source. After leaving the well-watered plains, it dashes over falls

fifty or sixty feet in height and wends its majestic way along the bottom of an immense ravine crowned with fine old trees. Great bridges, which seen from afar look like mere planks, connect its still wooded shores.

St. Paul is the capital of the state of Minnesota, and it is here that the great marble and white granite capitol was recently built as a house of parliament and headquarters of the three powers that control the state. Here also the celebrated Archbishop Ireland built his cathedral and seminaries, and established his residence and the center of his organization. Under the ægis of St. Paul, the patron saint of travelers and apostles, James J. Hill, "our second Franklin," as the Americans say, also fixed the headquarters for his gigantic operations as a builder of railroads in the Northwest. At St. Paul also he brought together his collection of pictures of the French school. St. Paul has 200,000 inhabitants, but, all the same, its name is never used separately but always in conjunction with Minneapolis. You have to say "St. Paul and Minneapolis" in one breath. The two cities meet without mingling. They are not rivals, but twins. The Americans, who are always quite ready to make jokes at their own expense, have all sorts of funny stories about this. Here is one that shows the comical side of their municipal chauvinism. A patriotic Minneapolitan is said to have proposed that the New Testament should not be read in the city schools because there are so many references in it to St. Paul and none to Minneapolis!

American Jokes

American jokes spare nobody. Audiences enjoy them immensely and receive them with loud and prolonged laughter. No speech is a success without a few caustic allusions delivered with the utmost seriousness. Here is another sample. It was in April, 1911, at the time when

all the newspapers were talking about war with Mexico. It was inevitable, they said, though in reality no sensible person wanted it. The eminent orator who gave me a public welcome had recently returned, like myself, from the Texan frontier. He had read, in the newspapers, like everybody else, that the two armies facing each other at El Paso were on the point of opening fire, and that it was only a question of hours. He had decided to wait, he said, so as to see the fighting. Nothing happened on the first day, or the second or the third; and on inquiring as to the cause of the delay, he found it was because the cinematograph operator had not arrived!

Joking apart, there is just as much energy and future about Minneapolis as St. Paul. These two young cities have become, like others, the center of one of the most active agricultural and manufacturing districts in the world — a district which was nothing more than a geographical expression fifty years ago. Then there were barely half a million inhabitants in the whole of the American Northwest, and now there are fifteen millions. All the history of this country is covered by the short span of one life!

Minneapolis is the seat of the state university. Its population, which is still larger than that of St. Paul, is constantly increasing as the result of its business activity (the two cities together have nearly 500,000 inhabitants) and includes a great many Scandinavians and Germans. The point at which the Mississippi becomes the great central artery of the United States is not far above Minneapolis. This is the commencement of steam navigation, or what is left of it, and that portion of the river that is turned to account. The St. Antoine Falls, so named by Father Hennepin, supplies nearly 100,000 horse power to the world-renowned flourmills and sawmills here. Minneapolis and St. Paul are also the heart of the Great North-

ern railroad system which extends as far as the Pacific and (through other associated roads) to the Gulf of Mexico.

2. *The Railroad Crisis*

My comprehension of the manner in which the American railroads have not merely transformed but literally created the country came to me at St. Paul and Minneapolis. As Amos Tuck states in his autobiography, throughout the first half of the nineteenth century every farm was, more or less, and even in the East, like an island cut off from communication with the cities. There were no roads, and vehicles were unknown, except a cumbersome, ramshackle coach or two. People went about on foot or horseback, and all the spinning, knitting, weaving, washing, dyeing and sewing was done at home by the farmer's wife, just as in olden times. All this underwent a sudden change, to which neither people nor circumstances offered any resistance. No traditions were affected, no habits had to be changed and no privilege was threatened. There was no need, as there was in France, for clear-sighted poets to champion railroads against skeptical statesmen. If M. Thiers had been an American, he would have been on the side of the railroads, like Lamartine. No difficulties were placed in their way by large towns, whereas in our country Tours, Orleans, Alençon and many other towns obliged the railroads to depart from what should have been their natural course, and professed themselves quite satisfied to go on using our fine roads, with their inns and their celebrated diligences. Thus it was that railroads sprang up simultaneously all over the United States, and with them stations, factories, people and towns, around which crops also began to be raised. The crops, however, were brought into existence as quickly as everything else and also began to move in course of time. They became a medium of

exchange for the West and South against machinery and implements ordered from the East. There was a constant stream of passengers and goods in both directions. Towns grew up and prospered on the track of this double current, which they also helped to strengthen. Every new settlement extended at an extraordinary rate; and, as there is a drawback to everything, such an outburst of prosperity itself became an evil, just as a full river swells into a flood. It is a natural condition of things, for which sufficient allowance does not seem to have been made, even in Europe. It nevertheless largely accounts for the railroad crisis, or rather the scare, experienced six years ago in the United States, and whose effects are still felt. The Americans allowed themselves to be caught napping just as we were, and even more so. They did not in the least realize the danger; and this general state of ignorance made the trouble much worse. In a more pronounced way, it was like our own business crisis, which was also due to an excess of prosperity and overproduction and, under the influence of panic, was represented as a national disaster. The panic was obviously accentuated in America by the illegal doings of several companies, the good had to suffer for the bad, and those who had been too ready to give credit had their confidence terribly shaken; but it is none the less astounding that people should have quarreled so fiercely over the question, on both sides of the Atlantic, as to overlook the natural cause of the trouble — the force of circumstances — and try to fix it on individuals.

No Terminal Facilities

It must be generally admitted that the railroads cannot exist without what the Americans call "terminal facilities" in large towns for handling passenger and goods traffic. This implies very large depots, miles of track and sidings,

and the necessary rolling stock, coal and staff, independently of the extension and proper working of the line. It is clear that these terminal facilities ought to increase in proportion to the growth of traffic. But not even the most extravagantly optimistic engineer, or any one, in fact, could have foreseen fifty years ago that the space left for the depots would be too small. This is exactly where houses have accumulated most. The cities have grown up round the depots and appropriated the land now required for terminal facilities; but, being built over, it is either not for sale at all or is altogether too dear. The result is that the railroads found themselves irretrievably cramped and confined just as they were entering upon the period of growth. The towns stifled them. The new Pennsylvania Railroad depot, and especially the Grand Central, which has forced its way up in the heart of New York, like a tree that splits walls and rocks, are remarkable instances of this; and we are only at the beginning.

The general activity of the country has been stimulated by the unexpected amount of traffic and is steadily increasing with the population. The tide of commerce is rising around every railroad depot. All the commercial, agricultural and manufacturing interests are clamoring for more rolling stock and engines, which will have to be ordered without delay. The result is a state of things that is familiar to every one in France. Particularly at Minneapolis, there have been many complaints on this score from millers, their grain and flour being among the bulkiest goods the railroads have to handle. Consignments that ought to have been sent from Chicago to St. Paul in a few hours have been known to take twenty-six days. I have been told of instances of delay extending to several weeks and even to several months. It is a case of plethora, aggravated by the impatience of the business interests, that have created this state of things and are its first victims.

Precautions, after all, ought to be taken by these interests, especially as they are chiefly concerned; but they go on sending goods by fits and starts, in greater quantities than the railroads can carry, and they will not, and sometimes cannot, regulate their orders.

The Panic

The panic, of course, reacted on the whole world. The heavily laden trains in America were followed by thousands of empty ones, and thousands and thousands of orders were canceled. A still greater number were discontinued. There was a general disturbance of credit and a run on the banks. Ruin and bankruptcy came thick and fast. And yet, strangely enough — but it is none the less a fact — out of ruin came salvation. It was partly owing to the general stoppage of business that the railroads were able to clear off arrears and resume normal working. Such a remedy, however, is worse than the disease. The resumption of traffic on a large scale cannot fail to bring a recurrence of the same trouble, so long as there is no due proportion between the increase in facilities and in the number of travelers and quantity of freight conveyed. As matters now stand, the railroad haulage has increased during the last few years to the extent of only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, while the general output of the United States has risen 15 per cent, from which I conclude that 12 per cent of the freight is waiting for rolling stock.

There is still another aspect of the question to be considered. As we have seen, the American railroads connect the Atlantic with the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico with Canada; but another system of navigation besides that of sea and river has grown up on the Great Lakes, which have attracted the railroads and provided them with additional traffic feeders. St. Paul and Minneapolis have their port, Duluth, which is inseparably identified with

their future. Placed at the end of Lake Superior, Duluth has become one of the most important ports in the world. The total tonnage exceeds that of the port of London. To Duluth come those enormous modern cargo boats — to which I shall refer later on — to fill up, at the quay side, with the ores required for the blast furnaces at Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and many other places. Here are stored vast quantities of grain that eventually loads itself into specially constructed steamers and then unloads itself into mills or immense elevators. People in Europe do not realize the tremendous amount of traffic there is on the Great Lakes, and still less do they know its mainsprings: on the one hand, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, and, on the other, Fort William (the Canadian rival of Duluth), Sault Ste. Marie, Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo; but nevertheless it will be understood, after what I have already said as to the sudden growth of other and more distant cities, that the railroads were taken by surprise, as every one was. It is also clear that here, as elsewhere, this outburst of prosperity has been accompanied by serious abuses. Trouble at any part of a system on which there is general circulation affects the whole. The danger of trusts obtaining a greater supremacy than can be endured by the public also has to be borne in mind, but all this is no reason for making matters worse by misleading public opinion and representing the question as purely a political one. In trying to straighten out a very complicated situation, politics has only made confusion worse confounded and has resulted in a repetition of the old plan of throwing the blame upon the middleman. "No middlemen," as a motto applied to the transport business, is a bad joke, especially in a new country that owes everything to private initiative, and where, for a very long time to come, it will be impossible even to imagine direct working (of the railroads) by the state. On the con-

trary, a new country has to look for middlemen — which in this case means the railroad companies and, consequently, capital and stockholders; and, inasmuch as stockholders are a necessity, seeing that even coöperative enterprises cannot do without them, it is absurd to scare them and try to enlist their help at the same time. In the place of practical and necessary remedies, politics has fostered an accusing spirit and an atmosphere of mistrust which have become general through no just cause, instead of the intelligent supervision that everybody wanted. The country now has all sorts of petty annoyances and burdens to bear, in place of what it ought to have had — confidence restored by impartial organization and prompt attention to the necessity of supplying new depots, rolling stock, staff and improvements, all of which implies labor and capital — a great deal of capital. I have already referred to the fact that wages are much higher in America than with us, on account of the cost of living and the scarcity of labor. An engine driver earns six, seven, eight or as much as ten dollars a day, reckoning his bonuses for fuel saving; and he has at least ten days off every month, on full pay. Supposing that the American railroads decided, and obtained permission, to make the extensions necessary in respect of terminal facilities, tracks, bridges, level crossings, etc., and carry out all the other improvements they now lack, they would need 200,000 navvies and an incalculable number of track-layers, carpenters and other workmen. Where are they to be found, and what would be the cost? Two million tons of rails, or two thirds of the total output of the American steel works, would have to be ordered every year.

Water Traffic

While the railroads are overcrowded, water traffic promises to develop considerably. The boat is an auxiliary

of the railroad freight car. A single modern barge will carry as much freight as five or six big trains, and this is the only reason why freight is cheaper by water than by rail; but if the barge is not to be stopped halfway, it must have a certain depth of water and a properly defined channel, or rather a canal. The construction of a canal alongside the Mississippi, for instance, is not merely a question of money but also of politics, and would imply the adoption, by the United States, of quite a Freycinet scheme; that is to say, six thousand million dollars. And this scheme has virtually failed in France, as regards the canals.

Where is all this money to be found? Has an ironical Fate decreed that French capital is to go comfortably out to America in the wake of our heroic pioneers, while foreign initiative from all parts of the world rushes in to develop the inexhaustible resources of France?

In any case, the Americans will not solve their great transportation problem unless they grapple resolutely with it and avoid half measures. They must make up their minds to work on a big scale and adopt big measures. It would be neither good policy nor good government, but rather incoherence, to try to go on with the present system, which consists of clamoring for progress and at the same time making it impossible; of sowing the seeds of discord instead of coöperation among those without whose assistance the joint enterprise cannot be accomplished; of setting railroads, farmers, business men, railroad hands and the public by the ears; and promising the country lower tariffs while all the time it is a certainty that these tariffs will have to be raised in proportion to business prosperity.

I have laid stress on this question of transportation because the difficulties the New World is encountering show how a good circulation is as necessary to a country as to a man in good health.

The Ladies of St. Paul and Minneapolis

My lectures have consisted simply of facts and arguments on behalf of a program of national interests which are common to all nations, and I had to deliver an extra one, in French, for the St. Paul and Minneapolis ladies. The subject was Paris. Here, as well as at St. Louis, the Frenchman has vanished but the French spirit remains. All the ladies' dresses and hats, which I admired greatly, came from the Rue de la Paix, by which I mean that several dressmakers and modistes go to Paris regularly every year to lay in a new stock of styles, which they reproduce with alterations in details according to their customers' tastes. Even this does not satisfy every one. There are a great many American women who prefer to make the journey to Paris, so as to choose from the originals.

Mr. Hill's picture gallery is one of the finest in the world. At St. Louis I was reminded of France by Largillière's paintings, and at St. Paul by Corot, Delacroix, Troyon, Rousseau, Millet and Decaen; I heard Archbishop Ireland speak eloquently in French, and there were further souvenirs in the names of such places as Lac-qui-parle. Marinette, Eau-claire, Petit-rocher, Fond-du-lac, Sainte-Croix, Saint-Cloud, Prairie-du-Chien, Faribault and Nicolet, as well as many others to which an aroma of poetry still clings—Défiance, Cœur d'Hélène, Bonneville, Avalanche, Raquette, La Tourelle, Grosse Pointe, Mille Iles, Parachute, St. Catherine and St. Augustine.

French Influence

At St. Paul, New Orleans and St. Louis, too, even those who do not speak French are proud of their descent from the French pioneers, as Mr. Hill so well expresses it in his "Highways of Progress." "It was not by accident," he writes, "that such cruel and rapacious gold seekers as

Cortez and Pizarro took part in the invasion of the south of our continent, while the pioneers of our Northwest were Hennepin, Marquette and La Salle. The least of their ambitions was to conquer an empire for their king, and their greatest was to win the hearts and minds of the Indian tribes. The result was that their serenity and mental elevation set a seal on the beginnings of our great central valley. After the explorers and missionaries came colonists of the same type — men of strong principles and splendid physique, whose virtues have colored the lives of their descendants.”

3. *Madison. The Lakes, the Legislature and the University of the State of Wisconsin*

When our descendants fly over Wisconsin and Minnesota in their aëroplanes during the starry nights of the future, they will observe that the whole district is studded with thousands of lakes. I can understand why so many Scandinavians have come to this part of America: it reminds them of home. Madison, a very pretty place, is the capital of Wisconsin, though it is only about one twentieth of the size of Milwaukee. It is pleasantly situated on two hills surrounded by water, like islands, and may be divided into unequal portions, consisting of the city, — which is not very large, — the legislature and the university. Its monuments, capitol, observatory, libraries, laboratories and museums stand in friendly juxtaposition, amid trees and shrubs, to small houses occupied by teachers and their students, to playgrounds and university clubs. The whole forms an amphitheater above the lakes that extend in a long expanse — now blue, now gray, now silvery, now golden, according to the state of the sky — spread out along the parks and up to the very threshold of the schools, and summon the young people to them.

“Our Future is on the Water”

I believe in the influence of water on human education. Water and mountains create energy, self-control and purity. The emperor of Germany, to whose credit must be put a share of human weakness, shows that he appreciates this influence by selecting the coast of Norway for his annual period of retirement. From this coast came the bold Normans who ascended our European rivers and were the first to venture to cross the Atlantic. The emperor's remark, “Our future is on the water,” would have been true enough, had not this wise utterance been translated into official language and become twisted into meaning “Let us buy the greatest possible number of battleships.” At Madison, as well as on the neighboring Canadian lakes, all the navigation is of the most peaceful kind and is one of the most popular sports with both young men and girl students. Here, as in all the Western universities, the system of coeducation of the sexes gives excellent results. It is the highest form of self-discipline. All these young people swim, row, skate and generally exercise themselves on the water. Every lake is made into a field of investigation or a race course. Variegated sails dart hither and thither, even when the lakes are frozen. I remember crossing another lake, in Canada, ten years ago with my eldest son, Arnaud, on a sailing sled. It was like a foretaste of aviation. In summer whole flotillas of canoes can be seen going out boldly into the middle of the lake, ascending the smallest tributaries, or lying snugly hid, each one in its own special harbor in the shadow of the banks. Children, youths and girls all paddle their frail varnished canoes. Later on, the remembrance of these juvenile expeditions brings them back to the banks of the much-loved lake. White cottages and elegant villas are already being built, the reflection of their

pretty outlines mingling with those of the trees on the surface of the water. Where the Indians once had their tents are now college men's camps, which may in time grow into houses and cities.

I was the guest of the university at Madison, as I should have been at Minneapolis, if I had not been expected by friends at St. Paul. I had a room at the University Club, where I enjoyed the cordial way in which the teachers of all ages and the pupils lived together. It is a life of the simplest description, which suits Americans quite as well as, if not better than, living on a more elaborate scale.

In the absence of the president I was presented by one of the professors, the very distinguished Dr. Paul Reinsch, to the state legislature, where I was invited to speak, and where the marked predominance of the German element was very far from preventing a most hearty reception being given to me, a Frenchman.

The Constitution of the State of Wisconsin

The constitution of the state of Wisconsin is no doubt based, like the constitutions of most of the Eastern states, on the old charters granted by England to her colonies. I do not propose to do more than touch upon this subject which, though dealt with in masterly style by James Bryce, is nevertheless an extremely complicated one, as every one of the forty-nine states in the Union has its own constitution. I will merely remark that here, as elsewhere, the legislature deals chiefly with the present, while the university represents the past and the future, and this is why I paid much more attention to the one than to the other. And this is why the Americans spend so much money on education and attach less importance to politics. Without going from one extreme to another, I may say that that part of the constitution of Wisconsin which deals

with parliamentary organization is inspired by a rather unfriendly feeling toward the representatives of the people. As every one knows, each state in the Union is represented by two assemblies, the senate and house of representatives. The senators and congressmen are elected directly, by the same electors, for two years. Any one is eligible who has lived in the state a year and has a district vote. Each assembly makes its own rules, and validates the election of its members. The sittings are not always public, each assembly being entitled to hold secret sessions, of which no official report is published. The legislature cannot authorize lotteries or divorces (other states used to go so far as to exclude men who did not believe in God, or in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, from official employment). Each member has to take oath that he will do his duty to the best of his ability. The legislature cannot authorize a citizen to change his name. It cannot permit the deviation of a road, order the establishment of a ferry or intercept communications. On the other hand, it alone can organize the state militia, and decide as to its strength, who shall serve in it and what rules and discipline shall be observed. The members of the legislature are paid \$500 for each ordinary session. If they decide to hold an extraordinary session, their salaries are not increased. Their traveling expenses from their constituencies to Madison are paid. The constitution stipulates that no stationery is to be supplied to them at the public expense.

The lieutenant governor, who, like the members of the legislature, is elected, is president of the senate. He has a right of veto, but must give way to the will of the two houses if there is a two-thirds majority of the members present.

The senate consists of thirty-three members; the house of representatives has one hundred. I observed that, out

of the thirty-three senators, fifteen were lawyers. The others were farmers and business men. There were two chemists and only one doctor.

The senate appoints six great permanent committees exclusive of the special committees on finance, justice, corporations, education and hygiene, the internal administration of the state (agriculture, forests, bridges, roads, game and fisheries, military affairs and federal relations) and legislative procedure.

The staff necessary for the working of the legislature is constituted very much as in the French parliament. The chief clerk corresponds to our *Secrétaire Général de la Présidence*, and the sergeant at arms, and his "force" of little ushers or messenger boys, corresponds to our *Secrétaire Général de la Questure*.

The names of the representatives of the Press (most of them from Milwaukee) appear at the head of the year-book of the legislature.

The two bodies which meet at Madison, like those in other states, at the time of my visit elected two senators to represent them for six years in the senate at Washington. Eleven members sit for two years only in the Federal Congress and are elected directly by the people, like the state representative and like all the high functionaries, from the lieutenant governor to the chief justice and the superintendent of schools.

Great decorum was observed during the sitting at which I was present and had the honor to speak. The legislature and, generally speaking, the state of Wisconsin being amongst the most liberal and progressive of the United States, they are often given as a model, and that is why I thought I had to stop a little to observe them with particular attention.

As usual, I made a careful inspection of the libraries and collections in which Americans have an exceptional talent

for bringing together the elements of national education in the form of well-arranged statistics and documentary evidence. This brings me back to the University of Wisconsin.

Madison has one of the great state universities; that is to say, unlike those that owe their foundation or development to private benefactors, it was created by the state. It was opened in 1850 and is kept up by a tax on real and personal property and by subsidies from the legislature. Its annual income is about a million dollars.

After the legislative sitting, I attended a professors' luncheon, at which there was a free interchange of ideas. It can easily be imagined how anxious I was to obtain impressions from such meetings, to which the best intellects in the country have always brought me their observations. While parliament represents the parochial spirit with all its rivalry and its tendency to exact advantages, as well as protection carried to extremes, jingoism and bidding for votes, the university, on the contrary, is a crucible for fusing together all the dissimilar elements which, constituting the population of the state, need to become nationalized before anything else, to federate, by means of mutual concessions, with other states, and, in a word, to look beyond private interests. It is quite natural that the student should hold aloof from the transitory and necessary excitement of politics; the future is what matters to him.

The great mistake made by critics who sit in judgment on the United States of to-day is that they do not see the preparation of the orderly conditions of the future behind the disorder inherent in every new system. This preparation is the essential point, Europe is very largely interested in favoring it; for an improved civilization will be the outcome of the present efforts, and every one will profit by it.

Political Economy, Social Science and Peace Organization

I was struck by the important place taken at Madison, as in all the other universities, by the teaching of political economy and social science. My addresses were nothing more than a natural complement to this teaching. To discuss the production and circulation of wealth would not be very practical unless some attempt were made to organize permanent relations between producing and trading nations. The two things are part of the same whole. Peace organization is the final chapter of political economy. All the theories of economists are reduced to nothing by war. Madison deserves its good reputation; it is faithful to the principles of the President whose name it is proud to bear, and to the policy of "reciprocal good will" in conformity with his 1811 Message to Congress. Professor Reinsch helped Mr. Elihu Root to constitute the Pan-American Union as a prelude to something better. That means a great deal.

After the speeches that followed the luncheon, I went to the great Gymnasium hall, which had been made ready for my lecture with a care that promised well for its success. Everything had been prepared well in advance, and placards had even been hung from the trees in the city. The hall was full, and the audience was a-quiver with the enthusiasm of youth. There is no accustoming one's self to the feeling of emotion, which returns in ever varying forms, on these occasions. Here the audience was responsive, attentive and curious. There were constant outbursts of strident, modulated shouts of approval, contributed by every one in obedience to an invisible signal. I could not understand a word of them. This kind of greeting is called a "sky-rocket," and I wonder whether it is a survival of an Indian custom. Be that as it may, I applauded instead of speaking. I understood the intention, if not the words, and

that the ice was broken. It was a fine opportunity, I thought, to talk of justice to an audience of young men and girls who had probably been taught to respect the Germanic cult of brute force; but I soon found I was talking to friends, and I was frantically applauded when I said that it is no longer possible nowadays to enslave a man, much less a nation, and that, sooner or later, the liberty which is supposed to be dead and buried revives. Never have I realized more strongly than at Madison the honor of being called upon to instruct the rising generation, and all the responsibility incumbent upon the instructor.

In America music is not always so savage as the college students' rhythmical yells. It is, on the contrary, in general favor, especially here and in the cities populated by Scandinavians and Germans. We will speak of it later. The universities have their band and especially their choral societies. The young men all sing more or less — or rather, let me say, nearly all — and so do the girls. Singing is not only an art with them but a form of gymnastics that straightens the back, widens the shoulders, deepens the chest, and gives the voice more power and the expression more openness, just as dancing, which is extremely popular in the United States, gives the movements more grace and assurance.

Again the Militia

After my lecture, and before getting into an automobile, to take a trip round the lake, I saw the militia drill — another form of imparting discipline and flexibility. All these young men, in their smart blue uniforms, gave me the impression of a people that would rise like one man to defend their country if the word were given. Let any aggressor beware of this much-criticized militia. At 5 o'clock next morning the same young men (I did not see the girls) aroused me by their shouts, as cheerful as swallows'

notes. I looked out and saw that, in spite of the rain that was falling, they were playing the national game of baseball.

4. *Baseball.*

The whole of North America is intensely interested, and with good reason, in baseball, a game I should like to introduce into France. It is played all over the United States by two teams of nine men each, with an unlimited number of substitutes, the various positions in the field being allotted strictly in accordance with capacity and long experience. The players' object, after the ball is in play, is to get first to the bases at the four angles of a diamond marked out in a very large inclosure. On each side the principal positions are held by specialists; on one, the pitcher and the catcher, and, on the other, the batter. From the center of the diamond, the pitcher hurls the ball at his comrade the catcher, who stands just behind the corner of the diamond, or home plate, padded from head to foot and wears a special kind of glove and a strong mask. His business is to catch the ball, very much as a circus athlete stops a cannon ball. Between the pitcher and the catcher is the batter, who stands firmly, waits for the ball and does his best to hit it as far as possible with a masterly stroke of his bat. If he succeeds, as he often does, he takes advantage of the few moments in which the ball is flying through space to run to the first base, and then the second and third if he has time; but one of his far-distant opponents catches the ball and throws it to one of the men at the base, who can thus forestall the batter, and it remains to be seen whether the batter will be the first to reach the base. A whole city-full of people — sometimes as many as 40,000 spectators — in great cities like Pittsburgh or Chicago, turns out to see one of these matches, cheer the players and give way to enthusiasm or exaspera-

tion. The runner, in his efforts to beat the speed of the ball, generally throws himself at full length on the ground and just touches the base with his finger or foot, or misses it by an inch; and then there is a terrific outburst of excitement, shouting, stamping and gesticulating among the spectators who cannot always tell whether the runner is successful or not. In the big matches, when two famous teams are playing, and when one city is pitted against another, Brooklyn against St. Louis, for instance; when two champion clubs, two baseball "giants" or "phenomenons" stand face to face in front of their anxious supporters, the crowd cannot contain itself. But, behind the catcher, a young man, quite different from the rest, stands motionless. He wears a long coat, a breastplate and a mask. He watches the game, and when the disputing over a run is at its height and the crowd threatens to invade the ground, he intervenes. A sign from him stops the shouting and restores quiet. He decides who has won and who has lost.

Who is this mysterious personage and extraordinary authority? He is the umpire. He is selected from among the college students, or, on great occasions, among the most celebrated professionals and best judges of the game. He is brought all the way from Boston or Chicago, and he is paid like a man who has a reputation to keep up. I have more than once used him as an example, to the great delight of my hearers. I have demonstrated that if it is possible to stop the rush of the baseball players (who must not dispute the umpire, even if he is wrong) and restrain crowds electrified by the excitement of the game, it is much less difficult to stop two equally civilized nations whose governments are preparing to mobilize them. It is a question of education in governmental responsibility — a question of mutual interest properly understood, and also of discipline. After I had demonstrated this proposition

all over the United States, an objection was raised, to the effect that the umpire is sometimes rather badly treated by the crowd. "Kill the umpire!" was heard not very long ago. In America, no doubt, as in other countries, a man who has lost his case does not deny himself the pleasure of saying what he thinks about the judge, but it is none the less true that the whole organization of baseball, which is no less popular than the barbarous bull-fighting in Spain and is infinitely more general, is based on absolute and undisputed obedience to the umpire. The same is true of many other games, notably football. It is an excellent form of physical and moral training.

Early Risers

In this connection I may remark that the Americans are early risers — another point they have in common with the French. A nation that rises early is not a frivolous but an industrious one, and ought to succeed. One day at The Hague I heard one of my colleagues, who was of course one of my compatriots, criticizing the youth of his country. One of the foreigners present, the first Japanese delegate, differed from him. "I went through part of my course of study," he said, "in the Latin quarter, with many other foreigners, and I noticed that the French were always up first." France is the object of all sorts of purely superficial criticisms. Because Paris, or rather a part of Paris, the boulevards, is a meeting place of foreigners and provincials, who come here to spend their money or go through their apprenticeship to "life," people imagine that this kind of life is that of the French nation. The dyspeptic reveler who returns home, plucked bare, inveighs against the modern Babylon. He has seen all the cabarets, low music halls and forbidden places, drunk the cup of morbid curiosity to the dregs, and religiously gone through the

round of pleasure; and then he finds fault, not with himself or with other foreign revelers, but with France.

The International Clubs

After the dinner and lecture at the club I was urged to finish the evening at another club, the International. It was not the first I had visited in the United States. Nothing brings out more clearly the spirit of tolerance and fraternity prevailing in American universities than these associations, which enable young Americans of different states not only to meet one another, but to come into contact with foreign students and to know and like them. The president of the club at Madison was a very cultured Chinese, C. C. Wang, and its members, in addition to Americans, included Russians, Poles, Swiss, Belgians, Italians, Japanese, even Englishmen, Indians, Malagasys and Filipinos — sixty different nationalities or races.

The "Marseillaise"

These young men greeted me with the "Marseillaise." They pressed my hands as if I had been Jean Jacques Rousseau! Whatever evil may be said against France in their hearing, they will pay no attention. France is, to them, not a country but an idea, a program and a word of command. France means revolution, and they know well enough that society will never have anything good to say about revolutions.

Seeds of Liberty

At the same time I could not help giving some friendly advice to these young men. I tremble for their future, because I can see the seed of liberty, which they cultivate in these American universities, germinating in them; and it is probable that when they return home, this seed will

bear fruit in the shape of insurrection, sedition and everything that brings men to the gallows. They merely smiled at my warnings. "Look out," I said, "when you return home, and don't repeat all that you hear here." One of them cleverly replied: "We will retain the impression and not the words."

And now for Milwaukee, Wisconsin's German city, where at least three fourths of the inhabitants are Germans. I have been preparing for this visit for a long time. I shall now be able to take a good look at what was the triumph but is now, in my opinion, the decline of German influence.¹

¹ I have not considered it right to change a single word in the following chapter. The war has brought its confirmation and justified the warning that I wrote. I confine myself to a simple summary, as conclusion for the chapter of the incontrovertible proofs that have been established: First, that a great majority of the German people did not wish for war; second, that Germany has been led to her ruin by German militarism. (March, 1915.)

CHAPTER XI

MILWAUKEE. THE GROWTH AND DECLINE OF GERMAN INFLUENCE

1. THE CITY AND THE SURROUNDINGS. The well-deserved success of the Germans. France's disasters, but no decadence. The great revenge. German militarism against German idealism. The Americans and the Alsace-Lorraine question. Tired of "Might makes Right." German imperialism, a threat and a disappointment. — 2. THE CATASTROPHE. The balance sheet of war. The culmination of German militarism.

1. *The City and the Surroundings*

THE hospitality of Milwaukee was no less anticipatory than that of the other cities. Representatives of the Press came halfway to meet me and subject me in the train to the delights of being interviewed. One of them, the editor of the leading German paper, did his work so well — how he managed it I fail to understand — that I had been in Milwaukee only two hours when I saw my "statements" standing out as the "splash" in large type on the front page of his paper. My remarks were reproduced with scrupulous accuracy, although the subject was a delicate one: the good influence that might be exerted by broad-minded Germans in America over Germans in Europe.

A deputation from my reception committee met me at the depot, and drove with me to the City Club, where I had promised to speak on municipal organization in France. After my first address, I made a motor trip along the lake-side, or rather I should have made it had we not been

stopped by the fog that hid sky, water, rocks and trees from view. All we could do was to reach the girls' college (Downer College), where, as it happened, the boys from a neighboring school had come to give a concert. In place of coeducation, quite a different system prevails here. The girls are perfectly free, and they look after their own discipline, without assistance from their teachers, but, except as regards visits and occasional concerts, the rule is that no man, not even as a teacher, shall enter the college. This is a very strict rule, forming part of a system which the excellent principal, Miss Ellen Sabin, summed up for my benefit as follows: "No men, no wine, no cards." The result was a lay convent. In the evening I once more delivered my address in a large church, known as the "Plymouth Church"; and I am still filled with admiration for the tolerance with which my audience, consisting largely of Germans, received my remarks and even my criticisms; and how warmly they approved my expression of the desire for a mutually acceptable reconciliation, based on mutual concessions, between France and Germany, in the interest of the world at large.

To go from Madison to Milwaukee is like returning to town from the country. Milwaukee is a large port that has become a great city, thanks to the traffic on Lake Michigan and the other Great Lakes, forming as they do an inland sea into which the Milwaukee River flows. It acts as a canal, like the Meuse at Rotterdam, and the great volume of water from this river and its tributaries finds its way into the heart of the business districts. The entrance to the port and the canals is protected by massive breakwaters, and the largest vessels can moor at the railroad wharves, close to the stores and factories. The German breweries at Milwaukee supply a large part of the United States, without reckoning the flour, grain and pork sent out from this city. Any one might spend hours

in following the movements of these monster ships in Milwaukee. Swing bridges of the most modern kind lift up or open to let them pass. Roadways, over which electric tramways run, stand bolt upright or move on a pivot over an archway to make room for them; and when the boats have gone through, the great channel is bridged again, and traffic over it is resumed. This combination — which is also carried out with the same success in Germany — of water, road and rail traffic partly accounts for the splendid development of Milwaukee. Trading vessels are not the only ones to go backwards and forwards through the city. When the fog clears away, one can see all sorts of pleasure boats and attractive excursion steamers with three or four decks. These are utilized on holidays by all the young people in the city and their parents, not to mention a band, to go to various places on the banks of the lake and forget the twenty-story houses, the noise and the strenuous work of factory or office.

The surroundings of Milwaukee, especially the precipitous shores of the lake, are very picturesque. On a fine day they suggest the Riviera or Biarritz, and in summer they provide sandy beaches and sea bathing. There is a general tendency among Americans to avoid the original mistake — due to the lack of rapid transport at that time — of crowding houses and factories too closely together without leaving room even for a tree, as in New York. Milwaukee is surrounded by parks with running water and many-colored vegetation. Generally speaking, open spaces, playgrounds and places for promenades, excursions and camping, such as Yellowstone Park, have become one of the principal subjects of interest and one of the main factors in the health and national activity of the United States. Henceforward, the people will live not on top of but beside one another.

Gymnastic, rifle and musical clubs, similar to those in Germany, flourish here, like German trade; for it is clear that every German in the United States is a client and a business representative of his mother country. He calls for and places German goods. He creates needs similar to his own; he provides his countrymen with information as to American habits (I know many German cities of to-day which remind me of the finest American towns), and he explains to them the best means of obtaining a hold on the American market. It might be hastily concluded, from this, that Milwaukee is a German city, although founded by a Frenchman, Solomon Juneau, whose name we have already met with on the Pacific. Milwaukee, in 1835, was merely a depot for hides. It now has a population of nearly 400,000, of whom 300,000 are Germans, the rest being Americans, Scandinavians, etc.; but the question is to know what a German city of French origin in the United States is becoming. It may be with towns as with plants. French seed brings forth different fruits in foreign soil and has to be renewed. In any case, I propose to discuss this question impartially. France, Germany and the United States have reached a sufficiently high degree of civilization to be told the truth.

The Well-deserved Success of the Germans

The Germans have succeeded because they deserved to succeed. Toughened by their centuries of resistance to the hostility of men and of circumstances, and confident in their future they produce plenty of fine children, who inherit their good constitutions. Whilst the population of France, decimated by fruitless wars and exhausted by its incessant effort to fill up the gaps and by being kept in a continual state of tension, fails to increase, Germany's is growing every year to the extent of several French departments, and it

is quite in the natural order of things that Germans should take the places formerly held by peasants from Normandy and Anjou. These German emigrants, who were plain, unpretentious workers, appeared on the scene at a time when the United States needed farmers. They rendered immense services in the agricultural districts, and afterwards they populated the cities to which they brought their methods, their traditions and their habits of organization and association. While I was in New York, I saw a gathering of German societies in America, of which there were no less than 5000. They are numerous at Milwaukee and are deserving of praise. The results obtained by the musical clubs, for instance, are admirable. In educational matters in general, and particularly the application of social science principles from infancy onwards, they have obtained general recognition for their kindergarten work and their organization of games, hygiene, etc., in schools. As regards secondary and higher education, the facts are self-evident. Let us take as an example the universities founded in the United States in the course of the last century. Where were they to look for guidance? Madame de Staël had made Germany known to them, and it is clear that the great universities of the Germanic Confederation were, together with Oxford and Cambridge, models all ready for a group of young federated and democratic states, rootedly hostile to the imperial system of concentration. We must not forget, also, that these young states have not yet shown themselves either able or willing to agree to the constitution, at Washington, of a great national university superior to all the others. They took care not to go to Paris for a system of which they were more afraid than of any other, especially as they had only to choose among Göttingen, Königsberg, Jena, Leipzig, Heidelberg, Tübingen, Bonn and many other independent universities. The foreign policy of the Second

Empire, beginning with our unfortunate expedition to Mexico, was hardly calculated to reconcile Americans to us, not to mention our then general disdain for foreign questions, our ignorance of foreign languages, and our somewhat natural dislike of leaving our country. The result was that, though they had received from France so many seeds which had brought forth fruit abundantly, the Americans nevertheless sought elsewhere for emigrants and ideas.

France's Disasters, but no Decadence

The fact is that as our disasters coincided with Germany's victories, the Americans more or less believed, like many others, in France's decadence; but they are getting over this mistake, and now we find France giving them the very best kind of higher education and beginning to take her great revenge. Misfortune develops nations, as it does the best kind of men, while success is a shoal on which they are apt to run aground. In spite of appearances, every one is now compelled to admit that France is not a frivolous nation, and that, on the contrary, she must be extraordinarily industrious and idealistic to have once more and so completely recovered from her disasters in the space of forty years. In spite of incessant attacks, which we ourselves began, we have seen the French Republic take over and pay the debts bequeathed to it, — the ransom of the Empire, — reorganize its finances and its army, complete its railways, regenerate its educational system, introduce new methods of cultivation and build up a new colonial empire for itself in Africa and Asia. In spite of all this, and notwithstanding the increase in various forms of rivalry that spring up on all sides and lead to inevitable complications, we have been wise enough to regain, little by little, what we had lost in the world's estimation, conclude alliances, make friendships and gain general esteem.

Our savants, such as Berthelot, Pasteur and Curie, have rendered world-wide service. We have shown that we possess artists and men of action. Our explorers have proved themselves as great as their predecessors. Our aviators and sailors have defied death in the air and under the waters, and our spirit of inventiveness has evinced itself in every field of activity. The combined effect of all these triumphs of individual effort by Frenchmen has eventually proved greater than those of brute force, and since then, the Germans have begun to feel the effects of a moral malady that they cannot understand. It can, nevertheless, be explained. They are paying the price of their victories, as all conquerors do, and the greater their pride the higher will be the price.

Let us examine the facts :

The Great Revenge

People are tired of German pride, and it has been a disappointment to the world at large. The triumph of mere force has a brutalizing effect. It succeeded in imposing on superficial minds, and even on the universities, for a time, but it has finally created a feeling of aversion, because it ends in a contradiction, and consequently paralysis, of the progress of science. This is true everywhere, and even in Germany, where the highest thinkers have come more or less under the ban of suspicion, — I might almost say a moral boycott, — to the great disadvantage of the country's intellectual, moral and material progress. The immense development of German commerce during the last few years is a proof of admirable vitality, but it is all the more regrettable to see this vitality directed towards violence, instead of being beneficent, as it should be. There is a general grudge against Germany for turning her back on her vocation.

German Militarism against German Idealism

German militarism is in a fair way to stifle German idealism, and this is a spectacle that causes a feeling of revolt among many men with independent habits of thought. It has been, until now, more or less, a merely internal revolt, no doubt, but it is not confined to mental processes. The mayor of Milwaukee, at the time of my visit, was a socialist, and so was the senator for Milwaukee — a striking coincidence in so German a community. Here is another example. Germany, while eager for expansion, does not admit that Alsace and Lorraine are justified in complaining that their inhabitants, a fine class of people, were dealt with like a flock of sheep, just after the United States had gone through civil war for the sake of negro emancipation. Germany compels Alsations to repudiate even their family ties and to break with their most sacred affections for the sake of calling themselves German. She makes them write their names in German and speak German. She treats Danes and Poles in the same way. She does not realize that, by so doing, she alienates not so much France (let us leave my country outside the argument), Alsace, Poland and Denmark, but also the spirit of the times, including the liberal spirit in Germany. However indulgent public opinion may be, it is being everywhere operated upon by ferments which escape the well-known clear-sightedness of governments, but are all the more to be feared. The final result is that all Germany's strength is turned against herself and morally excludes her from a world in which she is looking for her position.

Let me repeat that, in saying this, I am not speaking merely as a Frenchman, but in the general interest, assuming that I can cease to take to heart the grievances of Alsace and Lorraine after acting with my friends on behalf of the Bulgarians, Serbians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and

Arabs. As time goes on, the Alsace-Lorraine question becomes more and more acute for Germany. We see it every day. It does not arise between France and Germany, inasmuch as it was settled by treaty; it stands between Germany and Alsace, between Germany and all partisans of individual liberty throughout the world. It is something more than the Dreyfus case, and, like it, cannot be disposed of by the mere assertion that it has no existence.

The Americans and the Alsace-Lorraine Question

It was possible for Americans to ignore the Alsace-Lorraine question so long as it concerned only France and Germany. They were careful not to take sides. They were neutral, as they had an evident right to be. They supposed that this was the way to obtain peace in course of time; but they will now be obliged, like every other nation, to say what they think about it. They are already giving judgment inwardly. They have done so by the mere operation of their system of liberty, and in this way they are affording constant encouragement to some, and fresh cause for irritation to others, in Germany.

One single conviction is sufficient to enlighten millions of independent minds. No one can estimate the effect of a protest that acts like a continual conspiracy. It is the drop of water that gradually wears away the dike and demolishes it. I met a Dane who had been an exile from his country since the war in 1864, and naturalized himself as an American rather than become a German. He has not confined himself to regretting his country, but for nearly fifty years he has carried on a constant and vigorous campaign, by speeches and writings, and has met with considerable success in spreading his hatred for Germany. This is what no government foresees as a consequence of a treaty.

One day, while I was traveling between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and was reading my mail, a little old man came up to me and asked me, in French, if he might see my French newspapers. He told me that he, like this Dane, had left his country, Alsace, rather than become a German, but he was of a less combative nature, though he was delighted to see how the Prussification of Alsace had failed. He told me about the pilgrimages he made regularly to his home in Phalsbourg. "When I was a boy," he said, "France let us speak German, French or Alsatian just as we pleased, and we did not use French much; but now that German is obligatory, do you know what happens? The children learn German at school, the shop-signs are in German, and the streets are German, by order, but every one speaks French indoors."

Tired of "Might makes Right"

A great many people are actively anti-German or sympathize with anti-German ideas in other spheres, even, and especially, among those who admire German culture. The German idealism with which they are saturated has made them all the more severe in their condemnation of Germany's reversion to brute force. They are visibly taking the French side, and they are being sent to us by the Germans themselves.

"We are tired of it," said one of them to me, at Harvard. "Tired of what?"

"Tired of 'might makes right.'"

Another, at Baltimore, — an octogenarian Hellenist, who enjoys the veneration of generations inspired by his views, — cannot console himself for what he calls the degradation of Germany. He feels that the ideals of his youth have been profaned. Germany was the cradle of his learning and intellect. "I cannot recognize the

country," he told me. "I have ceased going there. I cannot even understand their language now. They have invented new words to suit their new state of mind and to express vulgar ideas. They have no interest in anything but lucrative careers, profits and money making. They have lost their ideal, and they don't care. The greatest chastisement is the abasement of the national character."

Let the German government beware, and cease to complain of the world's ill will. The government is alone responsible for the adverse judgments which are becoming universal and are delivered quite as often in Germany as in the United States, and perhaps more often. Many Germans suffer like the old American professor at Baltimore and feel humiliated by the prevailing discredit attaching to everything they have learned to respect. This does not apply merely to "intellectuals." The people are instinctively on their side. The German government can no longer stifle these protests or let loose the dogs of war for a mere yes or no. Its opposition to the work of the Hague arbitration tribunal, and the voluntary isolation to which it holds fast in token of open resistance to progress, accepted even by the Russian government, have singled it out for universal mistrust. No government can bar the way with impunity to the aspirations of all nations, including the German nation. I remember how delighted the German porter at my hotel at The Hague was whenever the representatives of his country were defeated at the Congress. He positively beamed, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed: "We'll see!" It made me feel quite awkward. At Essen, in the heart of the big gun and armor-plate district, the Krupp works are at the mercy of the 30,000 workmen and are quite unprotected by troops. The reason is, according to the directors, that if they were rash enough to ask for soldiers, the latter would be either socialized or stoned inside of a week.

German Imperialism: A Threat and a Disappointment

None the less, the German government still thinks itself compelled to pose as a conqueror, without realizing that this attitude is generally objectionable. It is both a threat and a disappointment. The more Germanophile Americans were, the more hostile they are becoming to German militarism. To militarize a great country, and especially one that has produced such men as Kant, Goethe and Beethoven, is bad enough, and is a crime that civilization can hardly endure; but to militarize the world is too much. Just as independent minds revolted against French imperialism under the First and Second Empires, and against English imperialism, during the Transvaal war, so they are uneasy over German imperialism.

This uneasiness has brought about a formidable combination of the latent and scattered forces of opinion. Impatience is beginning to manifest itself, and also a very dangerous kind of general excitement. Rather than live under a sword of Damocles held suspended by the will of a single man, a great many respectable people are saying: "Let us have it over!" Let me take France as an example. She has become peaceful as well as Republican. She has no feeling of hatred for the Germans, and would ask for nothing better than to come to an understanding with them, by means of mutual concessions, if they knew how to set about it and gain her friendship by making themselves liked instead of feared; but no; the Germans growl at every opportunity, like big guns about which one cannot make sure whether they are merely practicing or firing in earnest. They reproach us with the complaints from Alsace, and they give us to understand that, next time, they will take Burgundy and Cherbourg together with Rotterdam, Antwerp and the rest. The result is that there is not a single Frenchman of my acquaintance who

is not ready to give his last cent and his last son to repel a German invasion. These are not mere words. When we see Frenchmen, one after the other, readily giving their lives for the mere joy of contributing to human progress, we can form some idea of the heroism the same men would display to save France and liberty at the same time. It is exactly the same in the United States, and also among the youth of the Slavonic race.

The Germans are on the wrong tack. They are alienating everybody, not through anti-Germanism, but through mistrust of their system, and to avoid sudden conflict with them, just as one would avoid a lout who tried to make people dance whether they wanted to do so or not. Nothing could be more logical. In 1870, a great many Americans were glad of what was called the victory of the German schoolmaster. To-day the schoolmaster himself is in danger. He is the spirit of the times, and every one will defend him.

To this the pessimists retort that all the platonic protests in the world will not keep Germany's strength from proving victorious. This is more than doubtful. I once told the élite of Germany not to shout "To Paris!" as we shouted "To Berlin!" That kind of thing does not bring good luck. If the worst comes to the worst, the Germans would have great difficulty in making themselves the master. It will take a great deal of time, money and blood; and war will probably be followed by revolution. What interest can the German imperial dynasty have in letting that revolution loose and paving the way for a confederation which would be not merely Germanic but general? Surely it would be better to dispense with a war and a revolution, and reap the honors and profits of the inevitable dénouement to which, in this age of association, we are marching onward.

To sum up: the whole of modern democracy, including that of Germany, is against German militarism. There

is no more doubt about it.¹ The United States, who were glad of German colonization and rightly ask for it still, do not wish to have it degenerate into domination, and it is for this reason that they are reverting to the French language, ideas and spirit — that is to say, the human spirit. It is a natural movement, carrying with it the Germans themselves, beginning with the emperor who speaks better French than millions of Frenchmen. The French spirit does not imply numbers or mass or force; it is the ferment sought for by present-day civilization, and no form of violence can get the better of it. If the Germans desire to resume the place they once occupied in the confidence of the “intellectuals” whose sentiments were so wonderfully expressed by Renan, all they have to do is to become themselves again, and raise themselves above the vulgar herd by their intellect, knowledge and genius. All this certainly cannot be done in a day, but they should not forget that time, on which they rely, is working against them. It increases their population, but it will diminish their influence and complicate their policy until it becomes a chaos, to the detriment of themselves and of the world at large.

¹The war has not in the least altered my opinion on this point. The scandalous doings at Zabern — to mention only one instance — had already caused a conflict between insolent German militarism and nearly the whole body of German opinion. But the pan-Germans, warned by this notoriously evident defeat, adopted more successful tactics. They took care not to consult public opinion; they led it away on a false scent and hoodwinked it by a long series of maneuvers so that, when once it had embarked on its course, it could not draw back. They confronted it with a *fait accompli*, and compelled it to declare itself, not for or against them but for or against the Fatherland. This is only too clear; but the complete aberration of German opinion after the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia does not affect what it was before that event. We know what it was, not only by our own observations but by those of the French Ambassador in Berlin, who has given official evidence that war was desired in Germany by a minority, while the great majority, the mass of the people, did not want it. This testimony is so clear that I feel bound to cite the substance of it at the end of this chapter by extracts from the last French Yellow Book. (March, 1915.)

2. *The Catastrophe*¹

These warnings and a great many others, repeated with the energy of despair, have been in vain. The war which everybody was unanimous in dreading, and which might have been averted, has broken out. The very progress made by the principles of association, conciliation, justice and peace induced the partisans of war to hasten the dénouement. They now have the war they wanted. Europe is covered with ruins and watered with blood from east to west. The war has destroyed treasures intrusted to the guardianship of civilization, as well as private property and the most valuable and harmless lives. It has transformed the seas into cemeteries and strewn them with death traps as far away as the Pacific. It has even made the sky a battlefield. It has paralyzed the world's activity, and, what is still worse, it has killed belief in treaties, and it has thrown the nations back into barbarism. Those who were guilty of this indescribable crime are now liable to be called to account by their victim, humanity. Who are these criminals?

Diplomatic documents answer this question so far as Germany is concerned. We know from the French Yellow Book, already mentioned, that the great mass of the German people was for peace; but the French Ambassador does not confine himself to this statement. In his note of July 30, preceding his dispatch of Nov. 22, 1913, he specified the component parts of this mass. To begin with, there were the Emperor and his government, who, in many other passages of the first chapter of the Yellow Book are shown as facing the furious attacks of the pan-Germans and signing an agreement with France on Nov. 4, 1911, concerning Morocco and the Congo. Here we have

¹ The remainder of this chapter was written after the outbreak of war. (March, 1915.)

nothing less than a phenomenal event to be noted. This treaty, which represented a great effort on both sides towards better relations, was represented by the jingo newspapers on both sides — and these papers are by far the richest and most influential — as a deep national humiliation for both France and Germany.

All the dispatches in the first chapter of the Yellow Book are of historical value. Never has it been better demonstrated officially how the advocates of competition in armaments have succeeded in deceiving public opinion on both sides of the frontier, and how an unmistakably pacific achievement has been misrepresented on both sides as something shameful and dangerous. I do not think there has ever been a more scandalous instance of complete and deliberate perversion of the truth. The Franco-German agreement on Nov. 4, 1911, has been systematically used as a starting point for an inevitable war; and henceforth, as M. Jules Cambon wrote on Nov. 22, 1913, in sending his government a clear warning from the King of the Belgians, the Emperor William changed completely and “ceased to be a partisan of peace.”

As the Emperor and his government thus underwent a complete change, we can understand why the peaceful and disciplined mass of the nation, already poisoned by the doctrines of Trietschke and Bernhardi, which were included in the educational system, followed the process of evolution as one man. In any case, we can say that the peace-loving mass of the German people had hitherto been made up as follows :

- (1) The great bulk of the workmen, artisans and peasants.
- (2) That part of the nobility which had no direct concern with the army and was engaged in industrial enterprises, this section being sufficiently enlightened to realize the disastrous consequences of a great war, even if their country were victorious.

(3) A large number of manufacturers, business men and financiers of average standing.

(4) The Poles, Alsatians, Lorrainers and inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein: peoples conquered but not assimilated.

(5) The governments and governing classes of the great southern states.

These five classes of peace-loving Germans, headed by the Emperor and his principal ministers, really formed almost the whole of peaceful Germany. Who, after this, will still venture to assert that there was no power for peace in Germany and that there was nothing for it but to let the war party have its way?

This war party is described, like the peace party, in the dispatch already alluded to. It is shown to be numerically the weaker but to have become the stronger in virtue of its boldness and its organization. The dispatch divided it up as follows:

(1) Landed proprietors who wanted war as a means of averting socialist taxes and delaying the democratizing of Germany.

(2) The upper middle class, also antidemocratic, who believed war would create a diversion of the social tendency of the times.

(3) The manufacturers of cannon and armor plates, big business men who wanted wider markets, and bankers who speculated on the anticipated war indemnity and regarded war as a good stroke of business.

(4) The Bismarckites, officials of all kinds, and the party of retired officers and officials.

(5) The universities (with the exception of a few distinguished men) and the advocates of German culture and German superiority.

(6) The rancorous partisans of war, notably embittered diplomatists thirsting for revenge.

Such were, in short, the two German forces. They were far from being equal. On the one side were vast numbers but without insight or organization; on the other, a clever conspiracy inspired by interested motives.

Those disinterested men who did not hesitate to warn the German majority and to raise the alarm in other countries can now stand proudly before the tribunal of public opinion against the maleficent beings who have given the world to fire and sword simply to satisfy their pride and their material interests.

The United States, which live by the light of the old world's experiences, will be able to discern on which side is duty and on which side is crime.

The Balance Sheet of War

The Culmination of German Militarism

The United States are already in a position to draw up the balance sheet of the war, even though the latter be unfinished, and to see with their own eyes the disasters to which militarism leads. It is to be hoped that this terrible experience will put them on their guard; for militarism, or imperialism, otherwise the spirit of domination, is a danger to all great nations, in all times and in all parts of the world. France, like many others, has had to pay dearly for the lesson, and even Great Britain herself is not without reproach. The Germans have at least rendered the world this service: the excessive amount of harm they have done has accentuated the danger. They have proved the case most thoroughly. Even assuming that they escape a disaster, they have already lost all hope of victory. They cannot derive the amount of profit from war that they might have expected from peace, as we shall presently see.

The German war party has accomplished its purpose. What has it done? The victories that elated it and swelled it with pride awakened a new need within it: something more than a need, a patriotic and religious duty, incumbent upon every good German, not to stop halfway, to aim ever and ever higher, and to lift "Germany above all" for the good of the world in general. It has stimulated and exalted public opinion for the purpose of leading it astray when the time came, and the government with it. It has long prepared public opinion for the cost of keeping up an army and navy commensurate with its ambition. It made this ambition take the preponderant place as a supreme law overriding all other human laws, even those of honor and of the simplest honesty. "No laws and no limitations; the greatest and vilest crimes, if committed in the service of Germany, become virtues." Such is a summary of the war party's doctrine. On these lines it planned war like a crime, with the determination to conquer at any cost. One shudders to think of the general decline that would have followed its victory had it been successful! It has not; but we must not shut our eyes to the fact that no state will ever be able to try the experiment again with so many chances in its favor. No state will ever have the training, discipline and power of dissimulation and organization necessary for such a stroke! And yet, with all its chances, it will fail, and had to fail. Its plot will soon become revealed in its true light as gigantic and, at the same time, stupid. This will discourage those who might like to imitate it. Even those among them who disregard the moral aspect of the operation must admit that it has been not only a bad action but bad business, which is not saying enough.

In less than a year, the German military party will have squandered, for no result, and without reckoning the millions of human lives and the thousands of millions of dollars

for which it is responsible, the inheritance of several centuries of reserve force accumulated by German labor and patriotism. It has bound the Emperor, the Empire and even the intellectuals to its chariot wheels; it has become the expression of the Empire's will; it has staked Germany's fortune on a single card, and lost it. What a fortune, and what a future were Germany's! She had become hardened by her struggle against difficulties, which had tempered and trained her. She had become a triumphantly expansive force. All she had to do was to let her population go on multiplying and spreading abroad, so as to distance her less enterprising rivals and colonize without running any risks or assuming any responsibilities. Germany was colonizing other nations' colonies and even her neighbors' territories. So long as she was peaceful, time was on her side, strengthening the results already achieved and opening up countless new fields of activity and unhoped-for sources of wealth. This was a really respectable triumph, because Germany's progress stimulated her rivals' initiative and ingenuity and would have contributed eventually to universal progress. But this peaceful triumph would not do for the military party or for the German Empire! An empire cannot endure rivals; it must either be first or nowhere; it must either be above everything or not exist at all; and, rather than sacrifice its pride, the Empire has sacrificed Germany. It was an incalculable sacrifice, but we can nevertheless form a rough estimate of what it means.

Before 1870, the struggle between the French and German Empires was at least intelligible; but when the French Empire was vanquished, Germany's first duty was to take advantage of the lesson and not to make the mistakes which had proved its adversary's ruin. By atoning for the wrongs it has committed, it could easily have brought about a reconciliation with the French Republic. The

German military party, however, was a still unsatisfied conqueror. Since 1875 it has alarmed and disturbed Europe in all sorts of ways which there is a too great tendency to forget. It has driven the French Republic into the arms of autocratic Russia. Moreover, its excessive demands and its oppressive policy in the non-German provinces of the Empire, and its hostility to the general demand for emancipation, have stirred up antagonism and resistance and created a general state of distrust and dissatisfaction.

As a consequence, the mere force of circumstances and the mere contrast between its régime and that of the German Empire have made France a natural center of attraction for all nations whose anxiety was aroused by the prospect of German supremacy. Great Britain drew nearer to France, and the Entente Cordiale became the complement of the Russian alliance and an effective equivalent of the Triple Alliance. German militarism has reconciled, against itself, several hereditary enemies, France and Russia, France and England, England and Russia, Russia and Japan. Instead of viewing this association for public safety as a warning, the German Government could see nothing in it but a threat and a pretext for an unlimited increase in its means of action and its armaments. It made ceaseless preparations, not for justifiable resistance but, as events have proved, for striking a blow and waging a war of extermination, while France, Russia and England were obviously taken unawares. It has taken them six months to make up for lost time. If Germany had confined herself to defensive preparations, she would have been impregnable, as the events of the war have shown. The rapid progress of the principles of justice and international conciliation, which are constantly developing, would have rendered any Franco-German war unnecessary and impossible.

Without venturing to prophesy, do we not know enough already to see what will be the end of the German imperial scheme? We see Russia, bled in vain but still impenetrable, still stronger, richer and more populous, taking her revenge for the treaty of Berlin, preponderant, whatever may happen, at Constantinople, mistress of the Dardanelles and installed on the Mediterranean, to the exclusion of Germany.

We see Italy separated from Germany; we see Greece, Serbia, even Bulgaria and Roumania compelled sooner or later to side against the Turks, or, in other words, against Austria and against Germany.

We see, at the same time, Austria sentenced, if not extinguished, and Germany really hemmed in and forced eventually into a duel which ought to have been avoided at any cost — a most unequal duel with Russia, a duel of two races and not merely of two armies. We see Russia, whose prodigious resources are not realized by Americans, pressing with the whole weight of her population and her infinite wealth on Germany. We see all the traditional hatred of the two races revived. We see Russia utilizing all that her young protégées in the Balkans have suffered from Turco-Germanic oppression to propagate the Slav idea among them, from the Adriatic to Belgrade and from Sofia to Prague: the Slav idea, which means hatred of Islam combined with that of German domination, justified by the horrors of the present war.

We see Russia, essentially a colonizing power, Russia, who colonizes as a drop of oil spreads through in filtrations, now in possession of access to the open sea and using her ingenuity to make the produce of her agriculture and her growing industries take the place of German goods in all the world's markets. We see Germany's laborious undertakings all over the world, in Africa, Asia and the Pacific, brought into question. We see England, the United

States, Scandinavia, Holland, Italy, Japan and all new countries discounting the stoppage of German activity and hurrying to take its place, at any rate for a time, while Germany staggers under the crushing burden of her debt and tries to cope with internal difficulties which she has more reason than any other power to fear after the war is over.

These economic, social and political difficulties will be great. We will not exaggerate them, for there can be no compressing the vitality of a nation, and no one can seriously suppose that Germany, even if crushed, will give up all hope of reviving. Whatever happens, she will not fail to find, among her present customers even, support which will enable her to exist, to produce, sell and buy. Her vitality will be a necessity from her enemies' point of view, if only to make sure of the payment of the war indemnities. Nobody will be simple enough to use Germany's own theory of the necessary destruction of the enemy against Germany herself. There is, nevertheless, one chastisement which she cannot escape, and to which I have not yet referred. It is this:

Germany will remain solid with the military party she has so blindly followed. She has not merely sacrificed the flower of the youth of our time, destroyed the treasures of civilization, museums, libraries, churches and cathedrals, and exceeded the horrors perpetrated by the Duke of Alba, her pretext being the necessity of terrorizing the people she wanted to conquer. She has done still worse than all this. She has broken her pledges and violated the most sacred rights. She has killed confidence. Her word will no longer be believed and her signature will not be accepted. No one will negotiate with her without having the most substantial guarantees, such as are required from bankrupts.

Any other nation fallen from so high an estate would at least inspire pity; but no reasonable man can ask us to

believe in Germany so long as she has not renounced the system that has done her so much harm. She alone can liberate herself and bring about her own salvation. So long as she voluntarily submits to the yoke placed on her neck by the military party, so long will she be generally detested. When she complains, every one will say: "It serves you right; you have only gotten what you deserve." Her only resource will be to begin her history all over again, with its struggles and perpetual system of terrorizing. She will watch for an opportunity, until dissensions show themselves again in Europe, for taking her revenge, which will be always possible but always ephemeral. She will keep alive the dread of another war which will be still more horrible than any of its predecessors. This threat will be her invariable resource, her policy and her monstrous specialty, and it will render her accursed, able to do nothing but harm without being in a position to profit by it, powerless and yet feared and all the more hated. And yet how easy it would have been for Germany, with her great qualities and without her pride, to make herself loved!

CHAPTER XII

THE STATES OF ILLINOIS AND OHIO

1. CHICAGO. Latest developments. The lake traffic. The drainage canal. The town. The American luncheon. The Panama Canal. American Sunday. The Orchestra Hall. — 2. ART, MUSIC, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY. — 3. THE AMERICAN BARBER. — 4. THE UNIVERSITIES OF CHICAGO AND ILLINOIS. Chicago. Urbana. The religion of the future. The Chinese revolution boycotted by European diplomacy. — 5. WOMEN AND THE DRINK QUESTION. — 6. CINCINNATI. The wealthy man who does good. The fine river. Toledo, Indiana, Columbus, Cleveland, Dayton. Organization of peace and aviation. — 7. END OF THE FIRST PART OF MY CAMPAIGN.

1. *Chicago. Latest Developments*

IN 1902 I gave some account of the astonishment created in my mind by my first visit to Chicago,¹ but nevertheless I have still a great deal to say about this immense city, where, this time, I found myself in familiar surroundings and among tried friends, with the result that my information was much better and more extensive.

Chicago is only a few hours' journey from Milwaukee, which I left in the morning. I had scarcely finished reading the papers before the train began to slacken speed and run through a straggling collection of houses, indicating that the mighty city was at hand. Chicago has become one of the greatest railroad centers of the world. It is a terminus of thirty-four lines. There is no going through

¹ A series of private letters published in 1902 by the French local newspaper, *Le Journal Fléchois*.

Chicago; one has to stop there. These thirty-four lines represent a distance of 92,398 miles, or 42 per cent of the total railroad mileage of the United States. Every day 1594 trains enter or leave Chicago, without counting the suburban traffic. The total length of all the railroads — including subways, overhead and ordinary lines — within the city is incredible, and then there are the automobiles, of which there seem to be more here than anywhere else. Chicago, which was a humble village of 60 inhabitants in 1823, had a population of 4470 in 1840, 1,698,000 in 1900, and 2,185,000 in 1910. The city keeps up 1077 churches, 65 public libraries, 6 colleges and universities, 267 public schools and nearly 70 parks and open spaces, large and small, including 14 model playgrounds and 3 lakeside beaches. Its newspapers and periodicals number 725, and its licensed saloons reach the modest total of only 7152 — very few in comparison with Paris, London and Berlin. Paris, for instance, has 31,560, or 44,257, if we include the suburbs.

Travelers always visit the celebrated works of the International Harvester Company, a “combine” of two rival firms, McCormick and Deering, whose agricultural machinery is to be found on farms all over the world. One cannot, moreover, ignore the organ and piano factories or those of the Pullman cars which I am using to an excessive extent.

The increase of transport facilities of all kinds, and especially the cold-storage cars used all over the United States, has largely contributed to the prodigious development of the salted and canned meat industries at Chicago. The capital invested in them has increased from \$8,400,000 in 1880 to over \$70,000,000. Some idea of this may be obtained by visiting the horrible stockyards, to which the railroads brought 14,050,000 head of cattle in 1909, to fall under the slaughter-man’s knife or club. (But all

this is well known.) The importance of the grain and flour trades is also very evident. Lumber is no longer brought to Chicago to be floated downstream to the interior; the supply is dwindling away. On the other hand, an industry of which a great deal will be heard has been founded. The Steel Corporation did not hesitate to construct the largest blastfurnaces in the world near Chicago at a cost of \$65,000,000. This is the latest development of modern progress. It keeps pace with that of the lake traffic which I am never tired of admiring, but which nevertheless has not yet reached perfection. Chicago's steel, like its machinery, canned foods and Pullman cars, could be conveyed direct, in case of need, to any part of the world without transshipment. The steamers are loaded at the wharf side in the river or canal of Chicago at the foot of the docks, descend through the Lakes and then reach the ocean through the St. Lawrence River. The trip is long but satisfactory; but it has been given up in favor of the new order, for various reasons. The boats, having arrived at their destination in the Black Sea, for example, find no freight to take back; they easily find it for New York but not for the Lakes. Furthermore the insurance companies favor New York, so that their tariffs for lake navigation are prohibitive. The force of affairs is, however, such that the number and tonnage of boats at Chicago does not stop increasing; in 1909 there were 12,385 arrivals and sailings, representing 15,521,257 tons. Great maritime ports may envy these figures. That of Liverpool does not exceed 12,000,000, that of Havre does not reach 7,000,000. There are no less than 17 navigation companies on the Great Lakes, representing all together a tonnage of 7,290,745.

One of the most extraordinary and fortunate enterprises for Chicago is the opening of an artificial canal, the drainage canal, which reverses the order of nature, or

reestablishes it, according as one goes back in the history of the American continent. It is known to-day that the waters of the Great Lakes flow toward the Atlantic through the Niagara River. Chicago has therefore been obliged to follow the gentle slope of the ground so as to drain all its waste water, and particularly the sewerage, into the lake; but as the lake constituted the city water supply — a first-rate water corresponding very nearly to that of the Lake of Geneva and pumped up from a depth of seven or eight hundred feet for city use — the people of Chicago soon discovered that they were poisoning their own water supply, especially when the waste water was driven towards the center of the lake by a westerly wind. What was to be done? In so level a country, the slightest declivity of the ground would be of value, and the civil engineers and geologists hit upon the idea of utilizing a river bed dating from the ice age. This river bed sloped away from the lake instead of towards it, and communicated with a tributary of the Mississippi. A channel was dug with a slope that would easily carry off the contents of the sewers when the latter had been diverted from the lake. The sewerage is largely diluted with running water, purified by the open air and finally discharged into the Illinois. Joliet, one of the first riverside cities to “benefit” by this unexpected tributary, is thus provided with two doubtful privileges: it gets all Chicago’s dirty water and is the location of the state prison. Joliet no doubt filters its water after the latest and most approved systems. In any event, Chicago has made our pioneers’ paradoxical idea come true: the Great Lakes now have two outlets in different directions, one towards the Atlantic and the other towards the Gulf of Mexico.

Americans are justly proud of these great undertakings, which I discussed with sundry pleasant fellow travelers pending our arrival in Chicago. I have already remarked

that, like mere European trains, those in America are liable to be late. I was again met at the depot by my faithful friend, Cyrus McCormick, whose guest I was in 1902. We were delighted to see each other again, and we were inquiring warmly about our families and friends when we were surrounded by a ring of reporters and photographers. I could neither see nor hear them, on account of the fog and noise. I had to open my eyes to their widest and strain my voice severely so as to supply them all with their "copy" and pictures, or even caricatures. Finally, we drove off to the Blackstone Hotel, to which my friends had come on purpose to have me with them, their own house being closed.

The Town

Chicago has not greatly changed. I am more and more possessed with admiration for this mighty city which, after being flooded in 1855, raised the level of its soil eight feet, and after being reduced to ashes in 1871, was entirely rebuilt. The light, however, is very unfavorable. It is noon, but the lake is invisible, just as it was at Milwaukee, though it makes its presence felt, especially by the answering howls from the whistles of the steamers, which we could easily imagine to be on the point of running into us. We make our way between two impetuous streams of traffic, — automobiles, wagons and motorcycles, — rushing and flowing and hooting and howling amidst the motor buses and tramways and under the elevated railroad. The combined effect is too much for me. Some of the crossings suggest visions of hell, the impression being strengthened by the flashes and strident squeaks from the trolley cars. And yet there are human beings who, instead of being mere visitors like myself, live here! This is one of the finest parts of the city, where all the best

and largest stores are. In all these ground-floor premises, twice or even ten times buried like cellars under the bulk of twenty stories or more, and under the elevated railroad viaducts that occupy the middle of the roadway, business men and workers of both sexes live, customers come to make their purchases, cashiers calculate, stenographers and typewriters transcribe hurriedly dictated letters and men and women think, plan and remember. I pity them. How can any human beings endure the sudden shocks of sound and the aggressive noisiness of all these vehicles fretting and fuming and flashing, stopping and starting again and coming and going in every direction and without a moment's interval, while, only a hundred yards away, the railroad runs in a cutting along the Michigan Boulevard and the trains fill the air with smoke and steam and the clanging of bells, even more maddening than the steamboat sirens? And how can I describe the scene when the swing bridges are opened to let the steamers through and the double tide of street traffic is stopped for a few minutes, after which it flows again with renewed intensity? What one sees here is a constant distribution of produce to all parts of the world. I wonder how business men and their employees can endure conditions so hostile to intellectual work, reflection and imagination — all incalculably valuable producing factors. The more perfect a machine is, and the human machine is like all others in this respect, the more quietly it works. Much noise, little work has long been an accepted axiom with us. The Americans have proved its falsity, but they do not yet know the value of silence.

My room at the hotel was quite a haven of rest from all the noise, but nevertheless I had to leave it very soon to attend a big luncheon that was waiting for me, and what a luncheon!

The American Luncheon

The American luncheon, which is both quiet and sumptuous, is a national institution. Most of the great modern enterprises in the United States are decided upon or prepared for at one of these luncheons, or at a dinner of the same kind. Twenty or thirty of the leading citizens come together to meet the newcomer, question him and pass judgment on him. Every one eats and drinks without paying much attention to the menu, magnificent though it often is, or to the luxurious and refined character of the table-setting, flowers and attendance, all this being taken as in the ordinary course. The occasion is an important one, and, as every one knows, will lead to various decisions and acts affecting the future of the commerce and industry of the city and nation. It is an occasion that is worth preparing for. It is like one of the banquets of the ancients, in the most beautiful surroundings obtainable, held with a view to American action. After luncheon, people take their coffee, smoke at the table and talk to their neighbors. In this way the ice is broken. Then come the speeches, and whoever is not in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, or is not destined to agree with the rest, shows his own incompatibility, consciously or unconsciously. He drops out, of his own accord, without being asked to go. The password is given; the city and nation are made acquainted with the views of the guests, and if these views are favorable, the most exclusive houses are thrown open to the visitor, whereby his task is materially lightened.

Such was my impression of the luncheon given me by the Union League Club in 1902 and also of the present one, with this difference that, instead of coming for the first time, I returned. Some of my most distinguished friends were waiting for me. Some had traveled a very long way to meet me, notably William Jennings Bryan,

whom I had missed in Texas and at Lincoln, and who had been good enough to write me, nearly two months before, that he intended to come to Chicago on purpose to see me. Cyrus McCormick, our host, was the first speaker. He spoke feelingly of my first visit, and then Mr. Bryan delivered one of his wittiest and most eloquent speeches. My reply was quite a hymn of gratitude. Skeptics may make fun of the use of such a phrase, but I wanted to say something that was only too true. Every business man in Europe, in 1902, laughed at the idea of international justice and arbitration, and politicians and the Press, of course, did likewise. Chicago was the first place in which I found a nucleus of broad-minded and positive men who realized that it is the mission of the two republics, France and the United States, to enlighten the world and lead it in the new path. It was soon after this visit that President Roosevelt — the first to forestall the expressions of confidence to which it gave rise — instituted himself a champion of the Hague institution, and his example was followed by many other Americans.

The manifestations of clear-sightedness and innovating independence of the American people are traditional in Chicago. It was there that Ferdinand de Lesseps found support to undertake his canal at Panama. The memory of the two lectures which he gave before the Chamber of Commerce and the engineers of the whole country at Chicago remains vivid. Although his lectures, delivered in French, had to be translated as he spoke, they were nevertheless received enthusiastically, and this enthusiasm contributed toward determining the general sympathies of American opinion. Malevolence and envy have exploited our weakness, here as elsewhere. In the enterprise of De Lesseps, as in the magnificent French foundation of Louisiana and Canada, some have sought to see gross failings, the results of French instability. Such base mis-

representation, however, does not prevent truth and justice from prevailing ultimately, and it was at Chicago again that I heard De Lesseps's reputation restored to its proper level in these words: "It does not matter whether the Panama Canal is given De Lesseps's name or not; neither need we inquire who will reap the greatest amount of profit from it; the fact remains that France conceived the idea and compelled the world to carry it out."

In the evening, a great banquet was held in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. It was another of those cordial and splendid gatherings at which the speeches and conversation stimulate one's enthusiasm and revive the flow of activities.

American Sunday

The following day being Sunday, a day of rest even in Chicago, I took the opportunity of bringing my correspondence and notes up to date. The latter were merely hasty jottings instead of the rapid drawings or water-colors I was so fond of making when I was young, but which I am afraid will never be accomplished now, except in my dreams. I had no time. Fortunately for me, the friends who acted as guardian angels throughout my wanderings saved me all trouble and anxiety about all the arrangements for my journey. My railway tickets were taken and quarters found for me, and no inroads were made upon the little time I had to myself. Otherwise, in spite of the devoted labor of the secretary who has accompanied me for years on my journeys from Paris, I should never be able to send the necessary letters of thanks to people I have seen, announce my arrival to those I am to see and make proper arrangements for the details of my various visits, which are quite as interdependent as the links of a chain. Neither can I shut my door altogether to newspaper men or to *bona fide* visitors who

come in search of the truth and may prove useful in spreading it.

Thus passes the morning, too quickly to my mind, in comparative solitude, and so also passes the day. I go out alone, on foot. A calm has come over the city, and the sky has cleared. I walk beside the lake, cross bridges and canals and reach the park; in short, I wander idly about, enjoying the return of peace and light. I walk along streets, some narrow and some wide, void of the midday throng. I see the names of La Salle and other French pioneers respectfully and lovingly commemorated. Yesterday — I had nearly forgotten this touching incident — a bridge was opened in front of me to let a steamer through. It was the *Père Marquette*, and I gazed on it, full of veneration for the memory of the man whose name our ingratitude in France has forgotten. I went to call on Mrs. Potter Palmer (who proved to be away) to revive my recollection of the reception she gave me ten years ago at her house — a museum, or rather a temple she has dedicated to the glory of Millet, Corot and the whole French school, especially Claude Monet.

The Orchestra Hall

I came back tired but with my mental tension relaxed, ready for the ceremony or service or festival — the name is of little consequence — at which I was to speak in the evening. I need not say that the people of Chicago have a concert and lecture hall worthy of them, — the Orchestral Hall, an immense building with comfortable seating accommodation for an audience of three or four thousand. I spent some time listening to the organ and the voices of the choir and of the entire audience, blended in a chant that was both secular and religious. It was an appeal for inspiration and for universal harmony; it rose above the

cares of the world and suggested preparation for an insight into higher things. I was still in rapt attention when my turn came to speak. My address was largely inspired by the attitude of my hearers themselves. I was conscious of mutual confidence, and felt that in conveying my own thoughts I was expressing theirs. It seemed to me, not for the first time, that my audience felt exactly the same as all the other audiences I have addressed, and from whom I have derived instruction, in my own country and in all other countries.

There is a belief that men are unlike one another because they happen to live in different countries, or on opposite banks of the same river or sea or ocean. It is a great mistake.

All the audiences I have addressed for the past twenty years might be regarded as parts of one great whole — an audience of human beings who rejoice over the same hopes, abhor the same evils, cherish the same ideals and welcome the same signs of progress.

I have looked at them all with an unprejudiced eye — men, women and children seemingly so different, from the north, south, east and west; in France, England and Germany, Russia, Hungary and the East, Scandinavia, Texas, California and Chicago — and I can say this to their governments: “You don’t know how near they are to an understanding or how greatly they want it. They will have it some day without your assistance if you fail to understand them, and they will have it in spite of you or against your opposition.”

I expressed all this, and my hearers and I, for a moment, felt that we were at one in a sentiment of human brotherhood.

It was a memorable and a happy evening. What a fortunate community, to be still young enough to want such refreshing gatherings, where all can close up their

ranks against the chances and changes of life, just as sheep on mountain pastures cling together to meet the storm!

As to these weekly meetings, which are organized by the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, their object is to uphold what is called in America the Christian spirit, which is entirely different from the clerical spirit, and the spirit of comradeship among the business men, workmen, clerks and the rest of Chicago's working population which springs from so many different foreign origins, and in which any man without companionship is lost. These meetings supply a need that always has been and always will be felt; they are one of the conditions of civilization; they take the place, in many cases, of instruction, or add to it. In such surroundings I should have liked to listen to a classical concert. The enthusiasm shown by the American audience would have enabled me to estimate the progress made towards a higher educational standard.

2. *Art, Music, Literature, Science, Philosophy*

The Americans do not have music in their blood as, for instance, the Russians do, but they have a taste for it, they respect it and they realize its social value. European skeptics make fun of the instinctive enthusiasm of Americans, who not only buy up ancient and modern works of art all over the world, but make collections of the artists themselves, not to mention celebrities of all kinds. There is not a single famous actor, actress, tenor, baritone, soprano, professor, literary man, painter, architect, sculptor, writer, poet, savant, engineer, orator, doctor, surgeon, aviator or runner who has not been asked to make himself or herself known to the American public. Some people see nothing but "snobisme," or slavish imitation, in all this. In any case, it is a very intelligent form of "snobisme," and I would rather call it competition of a high and

useful kind. What would be said if the Americans professed to be able to do everything for themselves and thought their local celebrities good enough for them? They have avoided such a mistake. They have gone to the world's school, and yet people laugh at them! Such criticism, which luckily has no effect, will not interfere with the normal course of international development. It is natural that works of art should be subject, like everything else, to the ordinary laws of supply and demand and should emigrate to those countries in which they are most appreciated, and it is natural that artists should go the same way. So much the worse for the public that cannot give them a home in their own country and wants to keep them without paying for them! The immigration of masterpieces and intellectual producers in America is the logical outcome of American activity. By importing the best pictures, the finest works of art and the foremost artists in the world, the Americans lay the foundations of their higher education. From private museums and collections this education spreads to the masses by means of the magazines, picture postal cards and other kinds of reproduction, and the same process goes on, to an even greater extent, with the immigration of music and musicians. The Americans need music. It provides them with an interpreter and a connecting link at the same time. It establishes an invisible bond between all who listen to it, and gives them something that acts as a complement to ordinary language and expresses what they cannot convey in words. This new, ideal, international language raises people's minds above the petty squabbles of everyday life and recruits them, so to speak, as members of a tacitly recognized association for good and for peace. There comes a day when grace visits even the scoffers, and they find themselves influenced by hitherto unfamiliar ideas and sentiments and led into a new path. In this

way a revulsion of feeling is fairly rapidly brought about in all civilized countries. It is a revulsion that will deepen the chasm already existing between the generations of yesterday and those of to-morrow — between the peoples of the past who lived in isolation and rivalry, knowing nothing of one another, and the peoples of the future, who will be constantly in contact and coöperation.

Musical education in France began to make headway among the public, as did other forms of progress, some forty years ago, shortly after our disastrous war; and we, like other countries, have exported music and musicians. The Americans have become eager clients of ours. This does not mean that their tastes are exclusive. Most of them began by having German masters. They have organized symphony orchestras all over the country, not only in the East and at Chicago, but at St. Louis, St. Paul, Kansas and Denver. Cincinnati was trying, in 1911, to establish popular concerts. Chicago has its musical society, the Mendelssohn Club, and its college of music. St. Paul has its Schubert Club, whose classical concerts are given at the First Baptist Church. I have already referred to the magnificent organ built at Salt Lake for the Mormons, and at the Tabernacle I could have heard a choir of 175 picked singers, similar to the Chicago male choir. At Milwaukee not only lectures but concerts take place in the church or the Pabst Theater. There are two well-known musical societies, the Oratorio and the Women's Musical Club, at Columbus. The Apollo Club gives concerts, which I should have liked to attend, at Denver. The celebrated Boston opera troupe has a season at Los Angeles. Debussy's "Prodigal Son" was being played at Minneapolis when I was there. French opera is now given all over America. San Francisco has had "La Navarraise," "Hérodiade," "Thaïs," "Samson and Delilah," "Carmen" and "Lakmé." At other places, "The

Bell-Ringer of Notre Dame" and older operas, such as "Mignon" or even "La Juive," are given, and it is quite usual to see the names of Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Delibes and Bizet on the theater posters.

It would be a mistake to believe that only the upper classes appreciate music. On the contrary, it is penetrating everywhere and making up for lost time. The people love it. In proof of this, let me cite an instance taken, not from New York or Boston, but from the Far West. At San Francisco, as in the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world, Christmas is the great popular festival of the year — a great human outburst of hope and joy. How did the people of San Francisco celebrate it at the end of the year 1911, and how do they propose to celebrate it, weather permitting, in future years? By a really popular concert, held in a public square. A hundred thousand listeners were packed together, under the half light of a mild evening, in the open space formed by the intersection of four main streets. Most of the people were standing; the others were at the lighted windows of the buildings and skyscrapers overlooking the square. They were like swarms of bees in the cells of an enormous hive, or simply like spectators in the galleries of a fifteen-story theater. The performers were on an immense platform facing Market Street. They consisted of an orchestra, a French grand opera troupe, and various choirs, such as those of the Opera, Columbia Park, Mountain Ash, the Cathedral Mission, etc. Fortunately it was a beautifully fine evening. The moon was at the full, and the stars also joined in the festival. The concert began at seven o'clock and was carried out amid complete and reverential silence. It was as if a whole people had assembled to pay homage to the majesty of the night! Not a word or an exclamation could be heard while any one of the selections was being given, but when the music ceased, there was loud and prolonged ap-

plause. They heard the chorus from "Cavalleria Rusticana," the Hallelujah Chorus by Handel, "Hosannah," the valse from "Romeo and Juliet" by Gounod, "Noël" and Gounod's "Bells." When Kubelik came forward with his violin, the deafening applause stopped as if by magic. Like the orchestra, the whole assembly was swayed by his bow.

Play Again!

A little boy, perched on the top of Lotta's fountain, was heard to exclaim: "Play again!" He had never heard anything like it before. That night must have been a revelation to thousands of miserable creatures.

The finest effect of all was at the end, when the crowd, following the lead of the singers and orchestra, took up the "Adeste Fideles" with one voice. Without knowing it, they gave simultaneous expression to sentiments which are supposed to be different but in reality are identical — respect for art and Nature, faith in humanity, love and good will.

Why do we never see such spectacles in Europe even on fine summer days or evenings? Why is such a festival so American? Because it is an impossibility unless some of the more favored members of the community are willing to take it in hand and organize it. In other countries, people of this class have become skeptics. The Americans are not *blasés*; their ambition and curiosity have no limits. Are they not trying to find out whether the primitive sounds of Indian and negro music cannot be preserved for the benefit of posterity by means of the phonograph? I have known lectures to be given, with very fine dissolving views, for the purpose of making the American of to-day acquainted with the North American Indian. One of these days the Indians of the West and South, the Iroquois, Hurons, Sioux, Comanches and Apaches will have their

turn. With the views are given Indian war songs and the well-known war whoops. These are a suitable accompaniment to the tortures and scalp dances, which strike me as typical of war and its unfruitfulness. War, as is its wont, has destroyed everything among the Indians, even down to their love songs and lullabies. Musicians, lecturers, learned men and folklore experts are combining to make these lectures as attractive as possible. Efforts are being made to ascertain what traces are left of the old French songs sung by our pioneers and the hymns that our missionaries tried to teach the savages, just as traces of African or Spanish influences can be found in negro melodies and dances. To put the matter in a nutshell, there is the awakening of music, as of everything else, in the United States.

*A Few Words on American Literature, Science and
Philosophy*

Perhaps I ought to stop now for a moment and say at least a few words of American literature, science and philosophy. It would be easy to summarize what has been written and said about it. There is indeed a great and admirable effort to transfer from Europe to the United States the center of the world erudition; but I deliberately refuse to extend my task. I am not willing to assume superficially the work which has been done and will be done excellently by so many others. I leave this immense subject to the respected European writers who have given or give their lives to it. A few words would be worse than nothing. The American writer is interested in anything that is life,—scientific, social, economic, material and moral progress, actual politics or history; he uses the latest refinements or discoveries to ascertain facts and illustrate his observations; he tries, at any price, to reach the atten-

tion of his readers, all more or less very busy, but still disposed to learn and to read and to propagate good books. Excellent books of education are daily published in all the great centers of the United States. Books are respected as guides. American printing and binding can too easily compete with our actual French ways. I read almost every day, in the newspapers, magazines or reviews, excellent articles, which are not generally elaborated with so much care as ours, but are deep, interesting and genuine. But I must pursue my journey.

3. *The American Barber*

I was invited by the French residents at Chicago to attend the annual banquet of their Friendly Society at the La Salle Hotel. It was held just after my lecture, but, though I was very tired, I did not fail to go. It unfortunately reminded me that Frenchmen, despite their great individual merit, often make themselves quite as conspicuous by their quarrels as by the good they are capable of accomplishing.

Next morning I paid a visit to the Alliance Française. It pleased me so much that I followed it up, in the afternoon, by another lecture, in French this time, for the benefit of Chicago's French-speaking ladies, whose minds, imaginations, tastes and even eyes are turned towards France as to a magnetic pole. I must refrain, however, from description, so as to leave myself space to refer to a very interesting experience which I had previously had in the palatial barber shop in the basement of the Blackstone Hotel. It was magnificent in white marble, gilding and electric light, and had modern art decoration of the most refined description. This kind of shop is in reality a palace where silent operators, in white overalls like a surgeon's, take possession of the customers deposited at their door

by the elevator. I have always shaved myself, and I have been inclined to consider the man who puts himself under another's razor as not amounting to much; but I do not cut my own hair, and I used my deficiency in this respect as a means of getting into touch with the American Figaro. The barber in the United States has widened the scope of his business to a remarkable extent, and he performs the same services all over the country, whatever may be his nationality or his color, the only difference being in his outfit. In some places he has quite a parlor, and in others he operates almost in public. I attracted attention at San Antonio, in Texas, by the persistence with which I stared for at least half an hour at the wide-open fronts of two or three barber shops.

The patients take up Roman or Oriental attitudes and lie perfectly inert, like so many corpses in the hands of a bathing attendant; but, first of all, they have to hoist themselves on to long chairs with all sorts of mechanical devices, much more complicated than those of a dentist's chair. They lie stretched out with their eyes shut, looking like dead men, and the barber reigns supreme over them. The shaving is only a beginning. Every muscle of the head gets its share of massage, and then electricity is brought into play. Forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth and chin all respond to the frenzied appeals of a roller, manipulated by the operator very much as a gardener waters his flowers with a jet. Then the head has to be rubbed and dried and bandaged, and next the hands and nails are manicured by very smart-looking girls. All this is done in full view of passers-by and is very amusing for strangers. I should probably be at San Antonio now if the looks the operators gave me had not made me ashamed of my curiosity.

Every barber at Chicago is a gentleman, and every manicurist is a young lady. The one at the Blackstone

Hotel was quite remarkable. While I was lying almost at full length and being operated upon, I kept one eye open so as to watch her. She was fair, refined and distinguished in appearance. She looked like the typical typewriter girl who ends by making a rich marriage. She was quite absorbed in her duties. She sat beside a chair on which a young man of about thirty was reclining. Between her two white palms she held a hand he had abandoned to her ministrations. She opened and closed it, manipulated it and might almost be said to have made a plaything of it, but, as a matter of fact, she was not doing it for amusement, and was working on the hand just as if she were modeling in wax. And what was the young man doing or saying while this angelic being leaned over him with his hand in hers? He was calmly holding his newspaper in the other hand and reading steadily.

Here is something we shall never see in France, I thought. In America it is perfectly natural, and it explains a great many things. Sensuality is reduced to its minimum in the United States. It is put on one side, and at first no one has time to think about it; later on, its danger in a new country is realized. The joint education of the sexes has thus become possible. Girls can do anything, and they finally exteriorize themselves and satisfy part of their natural instincts by devoting themselves to various forms of work, social activity or physical exercise, and by degrees the calls of Nature become less frequent and less imperative. I do not know whether this can be described as happiness or as virtue, but it is a fact, and this fact plays a very important part in the life of the United States.

4. *The Universities of Chicago and Illinois. Chicago*

Much to my regret, the necessity of condensing prevents me from describing the luncheon given by Dr. Judson,

president of the university, at which I met the pick of the professors, or the conversations that followed it and lasted until the time came for my address. The University of Chicago, endowed by Mr. Rockefeller with truly royal liberality, is undergoing a process of continual and unlimited extension. It is located a long way from the city and has the advantage of pure air and of verdure, which has been preserved as far as possible and scientifically added to. Every one of the university buildings has been provided by private generosity. "Money given away here" might be the motto of every American city. Most of these buildings are copies — not always faithfully or correctly made — of old university buildings in England, and are more or less distantly related to Magdalen College, the refectory of Christ Church, Oxford, and the chapel of King's College, Cambridge. All the laboratories, as well as the dormitories for girl and young men students, are built around a big "campus" and help to make up quite a city, with boulevards turfed and planted and beflowered on the latest principles, and with fine open promenades on which stand the palatial buildings lavished on education by a grateful municipality. This university covers the whole range of education, from the kindergarten, the primary school and the high school up to the graduates' college, that is to say, from the tenderest age up to the doctor's degree. The students are by no means drawn exclusively from Chicago, but also from distant places in the north and south of the United States, from Texas and Canada. The university is one of those points of fusion that meet the general need for intercourse and common action which I have observed everywhere. This is not one of those aristocratic universities, like Harvard or Princeton, where son follows father, so to speak. It is a democratic university, not dependent on the state. It is a place for mutual rather than traditional education. There are

a great many poor girl students, who manage to pay their fees by earning their living. It is preëminently a field for the joint education of the sexes. I cannot say it is a triumph for this system, for I have heard some of the professors object to it as being better suited to education than to instruction. The French professors, for instance, who were formed by such masters as Gaston Paris and Lançon, complain that they cannot teach the two sexes satisfactorily, at the same time. "Rabelais" or "Don Quixote" interests some, but not all, and a tragedy by Corneille, such as "Horace," appeals more to the girls than to the young men.

Urbana

I left the University of Chicago, meditating on the progress accomplished since the first lecture I delivered there, at the request of the late President Harper in 1902. Next day, I completed my visit by starting off by the 9.40 train to spend the day at the state university in the little town of Urbana.

Toward one o'clock in the afternoon I reached the station that serves the twin cities of Champaign and Urbana. As usual, I was met at the station by the organizers of my lectures, and very little time was available during the day for a motor drive, but it nevertheless enabled me to enjoy another change of climate. I have encountered almost every kind during my three months' traveling in various latitudes. When I left New York and Washington, the trees were bare. They were green at New Orleans and in blossom in San Francisco, asleep under the northern snows of Colorado, undecided at Kansas City, opening out at St. Louis, and still somnolent at St. Paul and Chicago, but here at Urbana is spring again — cold, but dressed in tender green. It is not only a change of climate, but of atmosphere. I have passed suddenly

from the ample and intense vitality of a great manufacturing city, Chicago, to the quiet, the simple life. Americans are quite accustomed to these contrasts and, in fact, live by them. Urbana is to Chicago what Boulder is to Denver and what Berkeley is to San Francisco. There is a general uprising of new and very varied centers of activity, each supplying something that the others lack.

As was the case at Madison, I was entertained at luncheon at the University Club by the professors, and I was immediately convinced of the cordial spirit in which the day's arrangements had been made. My lecture was given in the afternoon at the Auditorium, and I found the great hall packed with attentive girls and young men. The students' band opened the proceedings with the "Marseillaise" and closed them with the "Star-spangled Banner." At first, as usual, my audience showed nothing more than polite curiosity, as if they had come quite as much to see the foreign lecturer as to hear him. Their expressions, however, soon began to show an awakening of interest, and I could see that what I said was being followed. They were with me as the course of my address changed from left to right and from right to left, went up or down or stopped. Their expression altered from uncertainty to a clear understanding, developing into bright intelligence. I was strongly reminded of a remark made by Phillips Brooks after he had given the young people of Boston one of those homely addresses which exercised their influence quite as much after his death as during his lifetime: "This is something that will spoil you and turn you away from every other duty."

After my address I felt the need of fresh air and exercise to work off my excitement. Several young professors accompanied me, and thanked me for what I had said. They abstained from commonplace remarks, and summed up what they considered to be the results of the meeting.

They laid special stress on the value of experimental teaching to them in these complex and little-known questions, not only from the practical point of view, but as a source of inspiration. They all saw the value of a good foreign policy in the shape of a permanent policy of conciliation. One of them remarked: "You have crystallized opinion and are helping to create a definite demand, which has hitherto been merely subconscious, for international justice. It is a good action." After a long walk, I was left with only one companion, who remarked in the most natural way: "You are nearer to God than a great many ministers are."

The Religion of the Future

This remark explains what religion is, or ought to be, in the eyes of a great many Americans. Any man who renders service to his kind in word or deed is virtually a minister, not of any church, but of the Christian religion. This American religion, to which I propose to revert, is incomprehensible in Europe. It may be said to have had no existence in the past. It concerns itself with the present and especially with the future — the future of humanity. It is practical, like all forms of American action. It exalts everything that strengthens courage, confidence, self-sacrifice and initiative. It has its saints, who have no connection with those in the calendar and are simply men who were useful to their fellows. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Lafayette, Pasteur, Victor Hugo, Beethoven, Columbus and Livingstone are saints.

The Cosmopolitan Club

At Urbana, as elsewhere, I was of course invited to pay a visit to the Cosmopolitan Club, where young students from every country under the sun, from America, Europe,

Africa and Asia, meet under the same roof and form a symbol of the possible union of humanity. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the American universities constitute, in a still greater degree than those of other free countries, nothing less than centers of revolution, in regard to countries under absolute monarchies. I have already mentioned the growing objection of the American mentality to the German system of managing people by military methods, but these objections are very mild in comparison with the ideas spread by Russian and Polish students throughout the country, against absolutism. One need only look through the pages of the *Cosmopolitan*, the handsome illustrated volumes in which the work of the congresses or conventions of the International Association of "Cosmopolitan Clubs" is recorded, or the review called the *Cosmopolitan Student*, published by the association at Madison under the motto: "Above all nations, humanity." Every speech made by a Slav student may be summed up in these words: "The student is the victim — the Government is the Executioner." The 1909 volume contains the text of a speech on the part played by the Russian student in the struggle for liberty. This part consists in getting killed, and is thus defined by Mrs. Anna Walling: "The Russian student's traditional duty is, as it has always been, to go to prison, to Siberia, or to penal servitude for the good of the people, and the traditional duty of the universities still is to keep up the supply of revolutionary conspirators." "This is why Siberia now contains more educated inhabitants than any other part of the empire, whereas it used to be the most illiterate." Here again there is no distinction between the sexes. The list of exiles to Siberia, referred to in the speech in question, contains the names of women as well as men. It is another connecting link between Russian and American university students; between the American woman and the Russian woman.

The Chinese Revolution

No government can do anything against this movement, which is neither vague nor reckless, but is, on the contrary, well thought out. The leading article in the *Cosmopolitan Student* for March, 1910, is written by the president of the association, a Chinese student, C. C. Wang. It suggests a small but definite plan of action. "Let us begin," he says, "by strengthening our various chapters or clubs, and then let us get into touch with similar organizations in Europe and extend our international influence, but the first thing is to strengthen our chapters, *and this depends on the action of a small number of energetic men.*" It does not require much intelligence to see a connection between this movement in the United States and the Chinese revolution, and the rest.

Europe does not worry about China, and yet that country will be a real source of danger if we persist in our mistaken ideas; the remedy is to see things as they are. This is a belief I have constantly asserted, and my journey through the United States has strengthened it. At Urbana, for instance, I saw young Chinese who aroused in my mind feelings which many Europeans do not believe they could entertain at all and which surprised even myself — feelings of strong liking, confidence and admiration. Many of these young Chinese are models of intelligence, good behavior, tact and decision. Healthy living, on American lines, has developed their bodies, broadened their chests and given them an expression of self-confidence unmingled with hardness. They come of a stock familiar for many generations with a high standard of moral education which in itself is sufficient to command respect and facilitates social intercourse, union and friendship between them and other foreigners of the same moral worth as themselves. The American religion is quite wide and

tolerant enough to admit these Chinese, and consequently they derive great benefit from their studies, their literary and scientific education and their manner of life in the United States. All this provides them with a complete initiation, the consequences of which ought to give us much ground for reflection. A new variety of the human race, with great qualities and incalculable numbers, is beginning to bestir itself after a prolonged sleep, and its future is beyond estimate.

I tried in vain, more than twenty years ago, to arouse my own country to what I called the coming peril, the awakening of new countries, and their advantages, in the war of competition against rival military powers. My warnings were treated as nothing but imaginary fears, whereas the real purport of my advice was: "Stop fighting among yourselves and join in attending to your common interests and your duties in regard to these new countries. Stop sowing injustice, oppression and hatred in China, or you will reap revolt and chastisement." I had my trouble for nothing, but the emancipation of China has begun. Hundreds of young Chinese are being educated and brought up as American citizens throughout the territory of the United States, and others in France, England and even Germany. They return home and mold generations of teachers. They meet with numerous obstacles, but these merely inflame their eagerness to serve their country. They want railroads, regular and rapid means of communication with the rest of the world, and the proper organization of the army and navy. They want modern administration and instruction, beginning with an alphabet. Opposition to their reform ideas makes them revolutionaries. Dr. Sun Wun, known as Sun Yat-sen, who was the temporary president of the new Chinese Republic, was one of these American students. He and his writings were laid under a ban, but it was impossible to exclude his mental influence, which is shared by thousands of other Chinese of the best

class. One of his disciples, Vi-Kynin W. Koo, has been summoned from Columbia University, where for eight years he was one of the most distinguished students, to Peking, to fill the post of secretary to President Yuan Shih-k'ai. What has taken place in China is practically what happened in Turkey. The fermentation of an inevitable revolution began on foreign soil and then spread to its own country. It is in the normal course of things that revolution should begin by rioting, but it is none the less revolution, hatched by Europe and America. It is true that this revolution has been and is more and more despised and boycotted, like all liberal efforts of our time, like the Turkish revolution, by the European diplomacy; it is a shame to see that the great powers, unable to unite for the service of a new, coming nation, which could become at least for them a good customer, can agree only in their common hostility against its emancipation. They cannot believe in its future, not seeing that this future is inseparable from theirs; they laugh, even in France, at an Eastern nation frankly anxious to take inspiration from the principles of our French revolution; they think only of persuading the young statesmen of that nation to buy as many of the biggest and costliest dreadnoughts as possible. Our grandchildren will be more than disgusted with the obstacles deliberately opposed by the so-called civilized powers to the development of civilization. Still, all these voluntary obstacles of ignorance and routine will not stop the course of progress. It may be that the European governments can understand their duty to China no more than their interest, but public opinion will not remain blind forever.

The Boycotting of Revolution by European Diplomacy

We ought, all of us, to lose no time in establishing mutually acceptable relations with the Far East. Do not let

us wait until this policy of mutual respect is forced upon us and we have to accept it as a humiliating answer to our own policy of former times. Do not let us force China to become a military power as we tried to do with so many other newcomers, — Brazil, Argentine, Canada, etc. She is peaceable but not spiritless. Her young men, including those in our military schools, are much more convinced of the usefulness of learning to build roads, canals, railroads and schools than forts when they return home, but they are also learning how a free man gives his life to maintain his country's freedom. The days when the Western powers could quarrel beforehand about the partition of China have gone by. The question now is, how to go on living with China on mutually satisfactory terms of continuous peace. The young Chinese I am constantly meeting are so many living arguments in support of my conviction. They are already first-rate citizens, and they are not exceptional cases. Following the example of those who have gone before them, they will constitute themselves the leaders, hitherto wanting, of a mass of over four hundred million inhabitants. They are strong, industrious, sober and scrupulously honest, and when they become the educational factors in a reorganized, enlightened, well-equipped and free country, they will carry weight in the world's councils and markets, to say nothing of battle fields.

In adding that young Indians, Filipinos and Malagasys are going through the same process of emancipatory education in the United States, I certainly do not mean to imply that, notwithstanding the desperate struggle of European diplomacy, we are drawing near to a universal republic, but it is clear that new ways are gaining ground and that new scruples will force themselves upon governments. They will have to limit their ambition and regulate their action. Every one of them will have to submit to a system of voluntary discipline. This discipline has

come into being together with the exercise of liberty and is taking shape in the United States. I see proof of this in the triumph of athletic sports, the progress of independent education and especially in the joint education of the sexes, of which Urbana provides an instance even more astonishing than all the others.

5. *Women and the Drink Question*

I wound up my day by a university dinner, to which the leading professors of the state and its environs had been invited. It was much more like a communion of ideas than a banquet. The toasts were settled beforehand, each being allotted to a speaker and printed on the menu. Before the speeches began, I could not refrain from expressing my surprise at seeing that, as was the case at the luncheon, nothing but ice water was drunk. This remark, which I had frequently made elsewhere, greatly amused the guests, and I was told that I was in a "dry territory," which meant that all distilled and fermented drinks are forbidden at Urbana.

"Forbidden?" I asked. "How? By consent or by law?"

"By law."

This required explanation. It was that the sale or offer of wine, beer or spirits is illegal in Urbana and Champaign, and not a drop of them is to be had. The restriction is absolute, and whoever is convicted of an infringement is severely punished.

"How did you manage," I inquired, "to pass this restriction into law and make it operative?"

Like many other laws, this one was the outcome of a public demand. One always gets what one really wants; the difficulty is to want it. Do you suppose it was easy to prevent people from spitting in the streets and cars and befowling the city? Do you imagine that a mere municipal

regulation would be sufficient to uproot bad habits once acquired? Certainly not. The persons principally interested had to set to work. And who are they?

They are the women, the first to suffer from lack of education and laxity of conduct, and particularly from the drink habit. Drunkenness on the part of husband, father, brother or son reduces the women to mere slaves or accomplices. Here they declined to put up with such degradation of themselves, their homes and their country, and they protested. They had first to contend with the public authorities' force of inertia. In the United States, as in other countries, drink is a great source of revenue for governments and for a great many individuals. Politicians cannot venture to offend both the authorities and the voters. The best among them confine themselves to feeble complaints, which do nothing to prevent the country from being poisoned or to check drunkenness, crime and racial degeneration, spread broadcast by the very same constituted authority that looks after national education.

Here again, righteous wrath and energy have succeeded in upsetting the established order of things. The mothers took united action — there are mothers' associations in the United States — and gradually assembled an army of women around them. The soldiers of this army lost no time in futile complaints. They stirred up the children and the young, who are always ready to support bold initiative. The army took the field, gave no quarter, won over the Church, the intellectuals and the great bulk of public opinion, and eventually became so powerful as to be able to defy the public authorities, the politicians and their supporters, and to compel the legislature at Springfield to take a referendum on the question. It led to the victory the result of which I have just recorded.

This victory is only a prelude. As soon as women realize that violence in all its forms, including those due to the

intoxication of drink and of war, is the real danger to themselves and to civilization, they will abandon their attitude of reserve, and humanity will be indebted to them for yet another benefit. Is it conceivable that mothers should have so long neglected to take an active interest in the cause of peace? Can it be that they have no use for their courage except to endure the calamities which it lies with them to prevent? Joan of Arc gave her life to drive the invader out of France, and American women will not confine themselves to the war on liquor. Their civic influence will increase in proportion to their consciousness of their own strength.

6. *Cincinnati. The Wealthy Man who does Good*

The name of this city is pronounced Cinsenata! Why do the Americans say Cinsenata instead of Cincinnati, and Mezoura instead of Missouri? It is a mystery to me, and to them also. One man who adopted a different pronunciation wrathfully informed me that the others could not even pronounce their names. Well, whatever the place be called, I arrived there very early in the morning, before time in fact, after leaving Urbana at midnight. It is a very disagreeable experience to be turned out of a railway car after having at last managed to go to sleep, to stand and shiver on a deserted platform and see the daylight, as undecided as one's self, begin to show itself in opposition to the fading electric lamps in the gloomy atmosphere of a big, monotonous, commonplace railroad station. It was not a pleasant first impression, and the worst of it was that I could not see the friends who were to have met me, and I had no idea where to look for them. I knew them only by name and was quite ignorant of their addresses. How was I to find them without risk of going wrong? I could see no one through the clouds of dust except the

shadowy forms of a few sweepers. The station was not only cold but empty. With all the sensitiveness of a Frenchman, I immediately fell a victim to depression, and my mind began to run upon the American whose guest I was to be — Mr. Schmidlapp, an important Cincinnati manufacturer and one of the most severely tried men in the world. He lost his wife and son in a terrible railroad disaster, and his young daughter was afterwards killed in an automobile accident. I was very reluctant to intrude myself in such a house of mourning, but he had insisted upon my coming.

While I stood on the platform, not knowing what to do, two gentlemen passed close to me. They were as bright and full of conversation as if the day had been well advanced instead of only just begun. We looked at one another inquiringly. "M. d'Estournelles?" they asked. "Mr. Schmidlapp and Mr. Robertson?" was my query. They were my two hosts. They had been waiting for my train to come in on schedule time, while I was waiting for them.

Mr. Schmidlapp has retired from business but has not lost interest in it. He has already disposed of all his money, keeping only enough to provide himself with an annuity. So far from giving way to grief, he devotes the whole of his still remarkable activity and resources to doing all the good he can. He does not allow his own sorrow to affect others and discourage them, but, on the contrary, tries to fortify them by his example. He acts on the philosopher's pregnant remark: "Life continues." Instead of beginning to pity him, I find myself envying his moral courage. Though there is sometimes a far-away look in his eyes, his laugh is hearty and hospitable. An open automobile is waiting for us and we get into it, while Mr. Schmidlapp's friend, Mr. Robertson, the president of the Manufacturers' Club, which is combining with the two commercial and business clubs to organize my recep-

tion, shakes hands with us and goes off to see that the arrangements are in good shape. Here again we have two thoroughly representative Americans. Though both very wealthy, here they are, up before daybreak, sacrificing their ease and even their private feelings, so as to do their best to make a success of a meeting in which their city is interested.

The automobile took us uphill at a rate that threw us into each other's arms whenever we turned a corner. It seemed to me foolhardy, and I was expecting an accident every minute, but, as a matter of fact, our wild career did not even interrupt our conversation, and as in a dream our ascent ended on the terrace of a most magnificent natural amphitheater at the luxuriant summit of the hills which border the basin of the Ohio. Why name it? It is better than the Ohio, the "beautiful river"; it is *the* river, the blood of the earth's veins! It circles, stretches out, winds its long, broad sheet of water into a majestic curve, and moves like a caress, enveloping and enveloped, in the valley, which is both its creation and its cradle, through the herbage that it fertilizes, past the cities to which it has given birth, past the hills, some fertile, some wooded, some populated, where church towers and factory chimneys point in brotherly union to the sky. It is another vision of the past and the future. I have before me the road of central penetration, the first direct route followed by our French Canadian pioneers to Louisiana. But this route still exists; history has not been able to change nature. The "beautiful river" remains a symbol of union between the East and West, an arm stretched out to help men know and love one another. I cannot take my eyes from this panorama where, under the morning sun of May, blossom the ever-buoyant hopes of man and the fecundity of nature. The great curve which forms this river calls up in my mind other curves not less eloquent, those by which Carrière was all his life inspired when he painted the graceful ges-

tures of the mother holding her child, or the ideal circle, the spiral without end, into which one of Bach's concertos carries and elevates us.

The wealthy Cincinnati men who built their houses on the heights overlooking the Ohio provided themselves with a daily panorama of hope and life. They appreciate and understand their privilege, but they do not confine themselves to mere enjoyment of it. They do their best to pay for it and to make due amends for its possession. I have already said that there are a great many wealthy Americans who do good; and this is quite usual. They are neither credulous nor sentimental. They cultivate goodness, not as a virtue but as a form of wisdom and strength. I often hear Americans say: "We are punished by our sins and not for them." This goodness makes for patience, even temper and kindliness.

On entering Mr. Schmidlapp's princely villa, situated amid lawns and shrubbery and overlooking the valley, I encountered his grandchildren, who were already up and in possession of the premises. They had made the great hall and parlor into a motor track, an electric railway station and a bicycle race track. As every one knows, children reign supreme in the United States. Another very modern grandfather once said at dinner, when the mistress of the house asked him if he would take the wing or the leg of a chicken: "I don't know. I have never eaten the wing; when I was young, we left it to our parents, and now we keep it for the children."

If I were not afraid of offending so delicate a sentiment, I would say that, in America, doing good is less of a virtue than a resolve. A genuinely successful business man would spoil his career if he ended it like an egoist. He cultivates a recognition of his own good fortune and a readiness to help others, not as a duty but as a personal satisfaction; it is his way of living in graceful retirement. Many of the

rich have gone still further, and are competing with one another to see who will do the best work in the cause of charity. Discussing the various institutions founded by Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Schmidlapp frankly told me that this example had opened his eyes and that he was trying to imitate it. He does not confine himself to giving money; he does his best, for instance, to find out the most practical system of old-age pensions, and he works it successfully for the benefit of the large staff for whom he is still morally responsible. He is, of course, a great advocate of individual enterprise and a strong opponent of state monopolies. One of his friends, Theodore Marburg, whose guest I was at Baltimore, is also, together with the whole of his large family, fully persuaded that he owes a debt to society for his own prosperity, and he spends his life trying to pay this debt. Another, Edward Tuck, divides his life and his fortune between the United States and France, and calls devotion "the highest form of egotism." Yet another, Loubat, persists in founding professorships in Paris, and organizes excavations in Mexico and at Delos. Rockefeller made a present of Pasteur's house to the town of Dôle. Hyde was the originator of the system of "exchange professorships." Andrew Carnegie provided the Peace Palace and instituted rewards for civic heroism. Vanderbilt created centers for the supply of milk to the poor. Pierpont Morgan enriched our museums, and many other instances might be cited.

We must beware of forgetting that good actions of this kind are accomplished by Europeans also. I could mention them by thousands, and Americans are, after all, only expatriated Europeans. In most American cities I found institutions such as Tulane, Etienne Girard, etc., all of French origin. Michelet gracefully described the Dutch as being miserly so that they could be generous, *avares pour être généreux*, and the phrase can be applied equally

well to many an industrious, economical and sober Frenchman. I observe, however, that nearly all these donors, whether French, English or of any other nationality, are men who have traveled. It seems as if generosity follows in the path of activity and slackens in proportion as we become sedentary. The man who has retired from his profession or lives on his means is generally ready to pull the ladder up after him when he has climbed as high as he expects to go, and he even forgets how to return thanks. Philanthropists in the Old World have to try to counteract an atmosphere of egotism and routine, whereas, in the United States, the prevailing energy acts as a stimulant for them.

Generosity is simply a higher form of youthfulness and activity. When Mr. Schmidlapp returns home from down town, he gives his mind to rearing chickens, cows and calves, not to mention vegetables and orchids. He also carries out social experiments. In this connection, I am indebted to him for a new fact, which is not without its value. By a lucky coincidence, the Civil War veterans — living reminders of the Cincinnati who gave the city its name — held their banquet the same day as mine; and they invited a distinguished officer, Col. Robert M. Thompson, who was also one of Mr. Schmidlapp's guests, to speak. In conversation with him, I discovered that, in spite of the assertions of a Cincinnati paper, the colonel was a consistent advocate of an American-Japanese *entente cordiale*. Far from keeping to the mere pleading of his cause, Colonel Thompson devotes part of his money to paying the expenses of several promising young Japanese at American universities. I have since lunched with this alleged jingo at his home in Washington. His daughter sings German and French songs delightfully, his grandchildren speak French with their mother, and his servants and most trusted assistants are Japanese or English.

After a visit to the college, I went to the club, where I met some of the leading citizens of Cincinnati and the governor of the state, whose presence sharpened my feelings of regret and remorse — for I speak of what I have seen and not of what I have missed. To go straight from Urbana to Cincinnati looks a simple proposition, especially as the traveling was done by night; but the truth is that I went through three states — parts of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio — and skipped several places that I ought to have visited but had to leave out owing to lack of time. The trouble with night travel is that one begins to think there is nothing in the world but cities, and to ignore the country. I should have spent at least a few hours at Indianapolis, a great city of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, from which I had received many urgent and moving appeals, especially from Spiceland Academy. In Ohio itself, a state justly proud of the active part it plays in the federation and of its great cities, there was Columbus, the capital, to begin with — another railroad center, a city of over one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants and an important market for the iron, steel, coal and milling industries, not to mention Toledo, a river and lake port, Dayton, the home of the Wright brothers, and Cleveland. I have undertaken to return to the United States so as to visit several cities I was obliged to miss, such as Athens (Georgia) and notably Cleveland, which is extending freely, without forts and without fear, opposite Canada, on the shore of Lake Erie. Cleveland already has 400,000 inhabitants. Its development dates from the construction of the Ohio Canal; its future is barely beginning.

Cincinnati, Cleveland's elder sister, has not quite so large a population. Cincinnati, the Queen of the West fifty years ago, is already an old city and will soon complete a century of legal existence! Its nearness to the two states of Kentucky and Indiana makes it really the geographical

capital of three states, but St. Louis has outstripped it, and Chicago has deprived it of the pork monopoly that first made it celebrated in the business world. It nevertheless retains its activity and its reputation, quite worthy of a state that has set the others such great examples and whose charitable institutions and asylums for the blind, for the deaf and dumb and for backward children are in themselves an indication of the progress it has accomplished. Cincinnati still has its unequaled position and its past. Lafayette once came to Cincinnati with his son, in 1825, on a pilgrimage that is not yet forgotten. A very old lady, whom the French hero kissed when she was a little girl is still living, and well remembers the event. At more than one of my lectures, and even as far away as Denver, I met octogenarian ladies who knew Lafayette.

The banquet in the evening was one of the finest and most instructive of all those given me in the United States. It was planned long beforehand, and the menu was emblematical, not only of Franco-American union, but of arbitration and aviation. It was attended by all the most prominent manufacturers and business men in Cincinnati and the neighboring cities. Not one of them even imagined that patriotism could be out of harmony with the organization of peace. They recognize the obstacles to the establishment of an honorable and generally accepted peace basis in Europe, but these obstacles are, in their view, just so many reasons for trying to overcome them. War, to their minds, will end by being practically impossible, not through the influence of justice and morals only but because, as a question of fact, it will do infinitely more harm than good, and because the whole world will suffer from this harm for generations, and perhaps even for centuries. I should greatly like to see these business men combining with Norman Angell to give Berlin, London, St. Petersburg and Rome the benefit of their statement of the case — a state-

ment which is beginning to be no novelty in Paris, where ideas have certainly made more progress than elsewhere. "We want peace," they say, "because it is the basis of our entire national superstructure. Peace endangered is quite enough to cause ruin, but when there is an actual breach of the peace, and war is declared between two great powers, we have a state of things that amounts to voluntarily inflicting a scourge on the world, or committing suicide for no conceivable reason. The war between the United States and Spain was, after all, only a colonial struggle, like that between Russia and Japan and between England and the Boers, as well as the operations in Tunis, Tongking and Morocco. I am glad to think that no small state will ever be prevented from taking up arms for its independence; but can any one seriously imagine a war between England and Germany, France and Germany or England and Russia? It would mean a stoppage of life all over the world; our markets abroad would be closed, our communications by sea interrupted and our national industry suddenly paralyzed; and, together with all this, we should have incalculable misery, disorder, disturbances and internal and external conflagrations breaking out simultaneously in various parts of the globe, both on land and sea. It would be a foretaste of the end of the world. We have only to look at the ruin caused in Paris and London by a mere local panic like the one that occurred in Wall Street. What would it be if the panic became general and caused an exodus from the fields, factories, seaports, warehouses, stores, schools and public offices?"¹ What every one wants is organization to maintain peace as the crown and condition of progress; and I did not fail to support this view. The most convinc-

¹This is what we wanted to prevent, and this is what has happened. The "inevitable war" party in Europe did not encounter the resistance fortunately offered to it hitherto by public opinion in the United States. (March, 1915.)

ing argument of all I kept for the end. I have worked in France for aviation just as I have for arbitration, but I was soon caught up and left behind. I could hardly help indulging in such reminiscences this evening, as Orville Wright was sitting near me. He was invited at my request, and he was good enough to come from Dayton to meet me.

Peace and Aviation

With him I went over the ground covered within three years. Congress, which is always more generous than European parliaments, had just caused a beautiful commemorative medal to be struck and presented to the brothers Wright in testimony of the admiration and gratitude of the American nation. But, only three years ago, the Americans, open as they are to new ideas, undoubtedly failed to realize what their enterprising countrymen were trying to do. They had so little belief in the Wrights that Wilbur, the elder, had to come to France, and, as my good luck would have it, he carried out his first trials in my own part of the country, at Auvours Camp, near Le Mans. The early weeks produced only a few seconds of flight, which then extended into minutes. By degrees he flew higher and higher and longer and longer until he was able to remain a whole hour among the clouds, three hundred feet high, and finally he took a passenger. I saw all this, just as I saw Farman, Santos-Dumont, Delagrangé, Archdeacon, Lambert, Blériot, Latham, Paulhan, Ferber and many more, but what also attracted my attention was the public. Thousands and thousands of peasants left their work, hurried from every point of the compass, and waited patiently and uncomplainingly (those light-headed and frivolous Frenchmen!) for days and days, until the capricious bird at length made up its mind to fly. At that moment a sort of transfiguration showed itself on even the hardest

faces. It was the realization of a hope by a people that has suffered much but has never given way to despair. There was an even finer and grander sight next year on the plains of Champagne, at Bétheny, where millions of Frenchmen, a nation in themselves, came to cheer the already triumphant science of aviation. It is generally admitted that those days at Bétheny formed a series of the finest possible festivals imaginable. They were festivals of patriotism and the human race. There was nothing administrative or official about them. The immense crowd kept itself in order instinctively. The spectators needed no word of command except from the voice of a common conscience enjoining respect for courage, unassuming pluck and inventiveness. I might go further and say they were praying in a truly religious spirit for a better and happier future. From ground watered by the blood of centuries of battles there went up, on wings, to heaven, a symbol of the ultimate progress for which humanity has clamored untiringly since Prometheus's time.

"I am glad I lived to see this," was the general remark made by our old peasants throughout the length and breadth of France. Though they said no more, the rest could be read in their tear-dimmed eyes. The meaning of what they had seen came to them, not clearly, but out of the depths of their souls. It was a belief that a great revulsion, the one great revulsion, was in preparation — the triumph of reason over brute force and of genius over violence.

Who believed in such a triumph ten years ago? Who took it seriously? It was a mere joke.

Exactly the same thing has happened with international justice, another dream which was put down as an impossibility in fact.¹

¹We cannot too often repeat that the 1914-1915 war confirms the dangers we have pointed out, and all our views.

France at least has the satisfaction and the advantage of knowing that

Next afternoon, after visiting the gardens, farm, poultry yard and stables, and casting a final glance on the lovely panorama of the Ohio, I finally embarked on the train that was to land us next morning at Washington, where I was to see President Taft and bring him news of his family and numerous friends at Cincinnati.

Another attention paid me (what shall I become if people spoil me so?) was that Mr. Schmidlapp came with me, and Colonel Thompson, who was also returning to Washington, reserved a train for us, or at any rate two cars in the train, forming a traveling hotel, in which each of us had his room communicating with the parlor and, through the parlor, with the dining-room.

7. End of the First Part of My Campaign

Thus ends the first part of my long campaign through the length and breadth of the United States. I return to Washington, my task accomplished. Nothing now remains for me but to revisit the East, which I know already, look up my friends and arrange my notes and the ideas I have garnered in exchange for those I have sown.

she did not declare this war. She has had to endure it. She is carrying it on without counting its cost, regarding it as a sacred duty to fight, against military despotism, in the interest of other nations as well as her own. Two forces are in conflict: the past, represented by violence, and the future, represented by justice. The latter will triumph, and then it will be incumbent upon modern civilization to provide the organization for which we have asked and for which we have paved the way: the further organization of all forms of progress, which has hitherto been wanting: the organization of peace. (March, 1915.)

PART II
PROBLEMS

CHAPTER XIII

THE SPRINGTIME OF A NATION

1. **BACK TO WASHINGTON.** A non-central Federal center. Fate of a world decided by one city and one man. Awakening. Outburst of spring. Residential quarter. Children. Society women. Springtime of a nation. — 2. **PLAN OF THE FEDERAL CITY;** how it was carried out. Major L'Enfant. The Capitol taking the place of the Pantheon. The spirit of Franklin. Public spirit. — 3. **CITY PLANNING.** Blessings of air and sunshine. Religion of beauty. Walks. Children's crusades against dirt. Women again. 4. **WASHINGTON'S PARK.** Trees, birds: the eagle and the blue-bird. — 5. **THE ART OF GARDENING.** Gardening is internationalized and democratized. Cheap horticulture. More pleasure for less trouble and less cost. Bouquets of leaves. Turfed walks. Creation of natural taste. — 6. **MOUNT VERNON AND THE WHITE HOUSE.** The American middle class and the traditions of the simple life. Pilgrimages to Mount Vernon. A city of gratitude. Visits to the White House in 1902, 1907, 1911 and 1912. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. My appeal to President Roosevelt in 1902. The Hague tribunal saved by the United States. Consequences of this action. Mr. Taft and arbitration treaties. Is their failure to be deplored? The White House as battle field. Capital or court of a democracy? The eagle or the star?

1. *Back to Washington*

HERE I am, back again in the East after my long journey from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, from Texas to the Pacific Ocean and the neighborhood of British Columbia, from the Rocky Mountains to the prairie, the Mississippi and the Great Lakes: back to Washington once more, but with entirely new ideas. Hitherto I had always come from Europe, and everything looked American to me.

This time I came the other way, leaving America behind me, and I wondered whether everything would strike me as European.

A Non-central Federal Center

This is the Federal capital's chief danger. By no exercise of human wisdom or ambition could it have been foreseen, very little more than a century ago, that the capital would become so un-central as to be more than 2500 miles from San Francisco. What course will it take? Toward the past, toward the Old World on the opposite side of the ocean, or toward the New World of which it is only nominally the center? It is a serious question and brings us back to another: which of the two worlds will influence the other? Will the new allow itself to be contaminated by the faults of the old, or will it react? All the young states I have visited and all the cities in process of formation have made me share their faith in the future; but this future is not entirely in their hands. They have nothing to fear from within, and still less from without, provided they remain united, and this they all realize; but this very union is centered here in Washington, and this is where it can be strengthened or affected, no matter how pronounced the general feeling may be, by a mistake on the part of the central government. However jealous the forty-eight separate states of the Union may be of their independence, every one of them needs a Federal government to keep them in line, to turn their ambition into one natural channel, to restrain them when they are impatient, and, in brief, to assume the responsibility of managing the great public services, common to all. So strong is still the feeling of mistrust among the states that they have not agreed to let Washington's dream be a reality and allow the capital to become both the political and

intellectual center of the country by making it the site of a great national university. There is no Federal university at Washington, but it cannot do without a general administrative office for agriculture, for commerce, customs, transport and public health, an office for foreign affairs and a ministry of national defense. In other words, the future of the whole country, prosperity, peace and war are in the hands of the Federal administration. One cannot but tremble for the United States when it is remembered that the whole of this administration is intrusted, for four years, to one man! If we carry analysis to its conclusion, we find that the fate of a world is decided by one city and one man.

Let us Europeans harbor no delusions in this matter; the risk, though remote, is no less for us than it is for the Americans. Their destiny is as closely bound up with ours as if the Atlantic Ocean had no existence whatever.

Every one knows the precautions taken by the founders of the capital to prevent it from being suspected of belonging to any one state more than the others. The District of Columbia was created and neutralized, with the consent of the adjoining states of Virginia and Maryland, for the express purpose of placing the capital in it. The district has no representatives, and its inhabitants have no vote. Consequently, the elected representatives of the states are all equally at home in it. The city itself, after some unsuccessful experiments, is now administered by Congress. This is a great advantage as regards municipal government — an advantage that more than one capital might envy; but the fact remains that the general action of Congress is carried on in an atmosphere in which the steadily increasing skeptical and bureaucratic element will end by being out of harmony with the single-minded enthusiasm of the country.

Awakening

Such were my reflections as we reached Washington on the morning of Friday, May 5, a bright, joyous morning that put my gloomy thoughts to rout. It was a sudden and surprising outburst of spring — a combination of grace, light and expansion of living beings and things under a clear blue sky and amid a warmth that was already perceptible.

Residential Quarter

Having a few hours of solitude before me, I took advantage of them to wander around the residential district, where every house, in conformity with a general scheme of striking effectiveness, nestles amid shrubbery, flowers and lawns. Each one has its own style, generally resembling that of an English cottage, and is built of dark brickwork against which stands out the tender green of the young plane trees and the Carolina poplars planted in lines on each side of the street. There is no attempt at symmetry in the architecture of the buildings, except that they are all made to harmonize in proportion to the size of the trees. There is nothing gigantic here; it is an orderly combination of variety and due restraint. Everything points to good manners, voluntary discipline, a general participation in upkeep, a spontaneous desire for decorative effect and the appearance of a town in whose adornment its inhabitants delight. Fortunately the ground is naturally undulating, and leveling has not been carried to excess. The gradients are as much as the promenader could desire. The streets are, in fact, promenades or wooded avenues striking out from circles and squares like the crossroads in a forest. Some one must have dreamed of a great city with streets like parks and gardens. This dream has become a reality at Washington, one of the most beautiful cities in

the world. The statues and monuments, after which the various ovals, "circles," squares, "grounds" and gardens are named, are not all admirable, but this matters little. To my mind, they are merely details in the landscape, to which they add the charm of *naïveté*. Perhaps form delights my eye less than the sunshine and light of early May; but Washington is, to my mind, the capital of spring, surpassed by Paris alone. Everything in it breathes the joy of life and the art of living.

Children

Washington has a very animated look. The street, just as if it were a path through the woods, belongs to the children,—it is the same throughout America,—the squirrels and the birds. All these youngsters disport themselves freely in it—how they manage it I do not know—without damaging the flower beds. Stretching away into the distance there is a succession of boys and girls, all bareheaded and without any grown-ups to look after them, hurrying along with vigorous strokes of their slender legs on their roller skates. They carry their copy-books under their arms, and swerve and dart capriciously like so many swallows. The asphalt has been watered with an antiseptic solution and looks as if it had been laid on purpose for them. Carriages and automobiles keep clear of them, or perhaps it would be more exact to say that they dare everything and are training themselves to run risks. There are a great many maimed people in the United States, but, after all, they are in the minority, and the sport consists of keeping in the majority, which has developed its arms, legs, lungs and level-headedness.

I see no more of the children, who are no doubt at school, but now come the babies, some toddling about in bright-colored cloaks in front of stylish-looking nurses, and others

in perambulators provided with an extraordinary number of springs and varnished up to such a pitch of polish as to put porcelain into the shade. In a double perambulator — just as great a rarity in Washington as in Paris, where good society is not prolific — are a pair of peaceful twins dressed with exquisite taste.

At 10 o'clock, after the babies have been out for some time, the American society woman appears — "*incessu patuit dea*" — the greatest ornament and the highest expression of luxury in the United States. I see her move on, sure of herself, well aware of her power to please and glad of it. She walks with her light and queenly step, just as she will make her entrance this evening into some reception room, where I shall no doubt meet her and hear her discuss Paris, in French, with her friends and rivals as beautifully dressed and fascinating as herself, all together in a group like a bouquet of living flowers. Every one wears a crown of light hair, as luminous as a halo. Her complexion is always fresh and without a trace of fatigue. She is glad to be alive. She is a blossom in a chalice of silky fabrics. Carelessly fastened round her neck is a pearl necklace falling on her corsage like a ribbon.

O American women, elective queens, an aristocracy in a democracy, what sums of money your husbands, your fathers and the whole of your country must make to go on supplying you with dress! It is some consolation to think that a large part of the money will be spent in Paris! But, rather than think, let us keep our eyes open. Flowers, women, children, avenues of new verdure brightened by new houses, all combine in my memory to form a symbol: a new springtime, the springtime of a nation. That being so, why should I disquiet myself? Was there ever a spring without a summer? Vitality will overcome the dangers that experience suggests to my mind. Washington will triumph over all difficulties as she has

triumphed over them already, and as she does again this spring morning. The poet's words resound in my ears:

“Et les fruits passeront les promesses des fleurs.”
(And the fruit shall surpass the promise of the flower.)

2. *The Federal City Plan*

Washington owes its beauty to its design and its vigilant public spirit rather than to its climate, which is by no means perfect, or to its position, which is rather ordinary. It is built after a plan often spoiled in the carrying out, but admirably conceived. General Washington and Jefferson had been obliged to select its location through political and not through æsthetic reasons. They had to place it near the point of junction between the Northern and Southern states, the West at that time being merely a possibility of the future. A great city was not wanted. Philadelphia had to be given up on account of rioting, and the seat of what had become a nomadic government was changed no less than eight times in twenty years. Safety was absolutely necessary. After all, Versailles, St. Petersburg and The Hague, not to mention others, were political capitals. The architect thus had to create everything, but he had no hindrance to encounter from Nature, and still less from the past.

Charles L'Enfant

Unfortunately for him, and fortunately for the United States, this architect was more of an artist than a courtier, and was guided more by conscience than by interest, with the result that his work ended better than himself. He was called Pierre Charles L'Enfant, and was a Frenchman, an engineer officer and the son, I believe, of a painter. Like every one else in Europe at the time, his ideas were inspired by the vast proportions and long-drawn-

out perspectives that characterized French architecture in the reign of Louis XIV, and he was more or less imbued by the conceptions of our landscape architects, such as Le Nôtre, Mansard and Gabriel. He came to America with Lafayette, according to some, while others say he was on board one of the ships in Beaumarchais's fleet. He won Washington's esteem by his fortifications and constructions, which brought him into prominence and procured him the post of chief engineer, with the rank of major. When the time came, he claimed the honor of drawing up the plan for the future capital of America. Jefferson himself brought back ideas for cities, and even plans, from France. L'Enfant's proposal was especially well received because it was conceived on a very large and already American scale and combined with French art. It was meant for the capital of a federation such as had never yet existed and had no rival; for the capital of a state "not with a few million but with hundreds of millions of inhabitants."

An attentive examination of his plan, which is preserved in the archives of Congress at Washington, shows strikingly how very idealistic was its conception and how distinctly revolutionary was its tendency. L'Enfant had imagined what was really a new city for a new epoch, and he was as much inspired by the faith of a believer as by the prophetic genius of an artist. Washington is a capital in which all the public buildings are subordinated to the houses of Congress, these taking the place of a Pantheon. It is the capital of a nation that has liberated itself, and it has been thus defined by Rufus Choate: "We built a Capitol and not a temple; we consult the Constitution and not oracles." What a magnificent insight into the future of their work had these men who planned the largest capital in the world for a weak little republic — so weak, in fact, that its continued existence was by no means sure! I feel as if I must

have known Major L'Enfant — he was well named. The number of his kind in France is legion. Who will write the history of the enterprises started by Frenchmen in other countries?

Difficulties commenced for L'Enfant from the beginning. Jefferson praised the plan which had made headway in most of the old cities of the United States, the brutally simple system of uniform blocks, with the city cut up like a checkerboard by streets crossing at right angles without any space left for the imagination to take flight. L'Enfant resisted and proposed an amendment which changed everything. For the right angle he substituted the acute angle, or at least he introduced into his plan so far as possible the pure symbolic conception of the starry heaven, the city firmament whose application is seen in the circles of Versailles and St. Cloud, whence avenues radiate in all directions. General Washington accepted this plan, and L'Enfant set to work in the spring of 1791, with what intense interest may be imagined. To have an absolutely free surface, as unobstructed as the sky, on which to build, must have been a remarkable experience for a European architect, constantly held up by vested rights such as those of the landlord, the neighbors, the military authorities, history and routine. L'Enfant could take all the land he wanted. The Capitol, built on a hill a hundred feet above the Potomac and the Anacostia, and overlooking the junction of the two rivers, was the central feature of his plan, as the city was to be the center of the Union; but since his day the city has extended westward, like the country. The Capitol was a star of the first magnitude in the constellation conceived by L'Enfant. The magnificent Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware avenues started from the Capitol. The other "stars," which in course of time have become the most attractive, for a long time existed only on paper. The Government Building,

the White House, also surrounded by parks, and placed, so to speak, under the presidency of the Capitol, was not far away. It formed the center of the second great star, from which Connecticut Avenue, Vermont Avenue, Sixteenth Street, etc., radiated; and this star was connected with the first, so that there was an equally open perspective from either, by Pennsylvania Avenue, just as it is now with the Public Health Museum, the Library in Mount Vernon Square, and five other "stars" — Dupont, Washington, Scott, Thomas and Iowa. The two great government buildings were to have been connected, on the Potomac side, by two magnificent promenades or rectangular parks with majestic vistas of lawns. One was to have been carried westward from the Capitol and the other southward from the White House, so as to meet at right angles and surround the monument erected by a grateful nation to George Washington. These two avenues would have formed the two sides of a triangle having Pennsylvania Avenue as its hypotenuse, but they were never carried out. Pennsylvania Avenue was massacred by unpatriotic property owners, but it was a considerable achievement to save the two promenades — the Executive Grounds and the Mall. Additions were even made to them by reclaiming ground from the river and forming what is now the Propagating Gardens. An architect might find a likeness between this plan and that of western Paris from the Tuileries to the Bois de Boulogne, with the Barrière de l'Etoile — the Arc de Triomphe — on the top; while the White House might be imagined as standing in a Place de la Concorde adorned with flower beds and bordered with gardens.

The plan was soon finished and approved. The three commissioners, Thomas Johnson, David Stuart and Daniel Carroll, who were appointed to receive it, merely asked that it should be engraved, so that prints could be supplied to members of Congress before the end of the year 1791 and

arrangements made without delay for parceling out and selling the lots. L'Enfant refused to agree to this, on the ground that the best lots would be bought up by speculators and that it would become impossible or ridiculous to carry out his plan. The committee insisted and L'Enfant resisted; they quarreled, and he was finally obliged to resign (March 1, 1792). It is probable that he made himself unbearable, like every man who places his work above the necessities of his time and tries to protect it against contemporary impatience. In any case, he spent the closing years of his life in disgrace. There is something about this that requires clearing up; for while Americans have their faults, they are not ungrateful, and the fact remains that L'Enfant complained bitterly. The American architect, Glen Brown, in his very fine history of the Capitol, states that the streets, the parks and the sites of the Capitol and the White House are to-day just as they were shown on L'Enfant's plan. In his list of disbursements he includes the following item, which seems to suggest that L'Enfant was very poorly, grudgingly and tardily paid: "Relief for L'Enfant: paid to Peter Charles L'Enfant the sum of 666 dollars $\frac{2}{3}$, in settlement for his services in drawing up the plan of Washington, plus legal interest from March 1, 1792, making in all 1,394 dollars 20 cents." He dates this entry May 1, 1810, from which it would appear that L'Enfant had to wait eighteen years for payment. "He died June 14, 1825," writes Louis Gillet, the architect, "at the house of some kind souls who had given him shelter. When his room was entered, the plan of Washington was found still clasped in his icy hand. Neither cross nor tombstone marks his last resting place."

His plan was taken up by his fellow worker, Andrew Ellicott. After such a beginning, it would not have been surprising if little had been left of the original plan, but nevertheless the Americans adhered to it as a whole. The

Capitol, burned by the English in 1814, was rebuilt and enlarged on the same site. It is worthy of its importance. It is sufficiently well fitted up to contain the offices of some remarkable public services; and its symbolical satellite, rather too close but justly celebrated, is the Library of Congress. Many other buildings have been erected since then, and though General Washington's national university is not among them, there are at least institutions such as we do not possess in Europe, for want of money, one of them being the Weather Bureau, which in itself is a speaking synopsis of the services that the Federal city can render, not only to the United States, but to the world. It is an innovation of incalculable value to navigators, agriculturists, etc. The spirit of Franklin shows itself in the creation of the Weather Bureau. It is even better than the lightning conductor; it provides a means of keeping in constant touch with atmospheric changes and preventing accidents and catastrophes. I have known the French navy to make free use of and express the highest appreciation of the information sent out freely every day by this bureau. I could say as much for the Census Bureau, the Public Health Bureau, and the Pan-American palace, etc. All these public services, all more or less unforeseen, have found their proper places in due course in the plan of the Capitol.

The city of Washington has, in short, thanks to the foresight, amounting to genius, of its founders, saved the cost of the mistakes for which other capitals are trying, at great expense, to atone. It has passed through periods of profanation, but it has preserved its personality. Paris has incurred the same dangers and is still incurring them. This is less evident because Paris was planned in a way that cannot be compared to any other city; but how those plans are disregarded! While we find cities all over the world, not only in America but in Germany, Belgium and

England, coming back to the principle of large open spaces favored by our fathers, we do not, it is true, go so far as to narrow the Champs Elysées, but we allow the effect of the Arc de Triomphe to be spoiled by hotels, theaters and advertisements. Our finest houses have no gardens, and scarcely even courtyards. They are like tombs hidden behind imposing frontages.

Public Spirit

All this is very discouraging for the admirers and disciples of Paris. If we go on in this way, Paris will end by losing its reputation, not as a fine city, but as an agreeable one. It will put itself on the list of cities that are visited but no longer lived in. There are plenty of people in France who realize this, but only a few here and there who raise their voices against it. The government manages us in France. In America public spirit manages the government, as we have seen and shall see again. Bad government is a punishment.

3. *City Planning*

Washington has become a triumphant example of what, in the New World, is commonly called city planning, or the art of constructing cities.

City planning is advancing concurrently with progress in domestic architecture and in everything else. Every one realizes that he cannot interest himself in his own house without also taking interest in his street and city. Everything changes with disconcerting speed. Electric tramways are irresistible factors in bringing about transformations. They are continually suggesting new needs. They carry ideas about, even more than passengers. They drag the workman from drink, and they save both citizens and cities. Progress ceases to give satisfaction, and perfection is aimed at. People are no longer content with proper sanitary

arrangements in their houses, baths and a plentiful supply of water, gas and electricity. All these things belong to the past. Now the cry is for fresh air, and people get it; for the country, and they get that also, as far as it can be replaced by trees, lawns and flowers.

Blessings of Air and Sunshine

The modern complement, which will soon be in universal demand, of the house and city consists of the blessings of air and light. "Give us pure air and pure food, both for our minds and bodies," will be what voters, women as well as men, will require from city and national representatives throughout the country. There can be no mistaking the fact that demands, which used to originate more or less from a sense of justice or charity, are now the outcome of a direct interest. The benefit and the necessity of relaxation have been discovered, and rest, leisure, cheerfulness, health and beauty appear in their true light as valuable producing factors. The religion of beauty is taking its place in American habits of thought. People who are indifferent to Ruskin's ideas, or skeptical about them, are plentiful in America, but he has no opponents. It is generally admitted that "beauty pays, and that beauty in a city creates prosperity and social harmony." "The commercial value of beauty has been misunderstood," and now we find modern cities emulating one another in plans for improvement and extensions, open spaces, playgrounds and promenades. I can hardly believe my eyes. As a Frenchman, the son and grandson of hard-working Frenchmen, I can remember the time when the word "promenade" used to imply a suspicion of laziness and loss of time. Promenading was looked at askance. "Je n'ai pas le temps de me promener" (I have no time to take walks) and "qu'il aille se promener" (I wish

he would go and take a walk!) are proverbial expressions of impatience. The walk we were made to take every Thursday, when I was at college, was looked upon as an infliction. M. Challemeil-Lacour, who was the French ambassador in London when I was on the staff of the embassy thirty years ago, and whose style of speech always impressed me, remarked one day when I had been out with some English friends: "When I was your age, I had never been for a walk." I did not laugh at this thrust, knowing as I did that it was the expression of a past worthy of infinite respect — the intense effort made by France, after every crisis, to make up by hard work for the mistakes of its governments.

It has taken forty-three years of peace to bring us back to normal conditions of life. After securing their independence the Americans, unlike the peoples of central Europe, had no experience of real invasions or of the hard times which follow them. Their three wars of modern times were not wars at all, compared with ours. They have been able to give themselves up unreservedly to the joy of planning their cities so as to live comfortably in them, and of building up an attractive young country calculated to inspire its inhabitants with attachment for it. Let them realize, and not forget, that their success in this task is due to peace. Through this cause, also, sports and outdoor games have developed, among them as among the English, the taste and need for outdoor life, to the great advantage of their moral and physical welfare.

These various causes, and particularly the advance in public spirit, help to explain the progress of municipal life, which is the basis of national progress in the United States. It also supplies an explanation of many private organizations which exercise a tutelary control over the public departments. These organizations may strike us as very daring and paradoxical, but they have nevertheless proved their usefulness.

The most beautiful cities in the world, including Paris, lose their charm if they are not kept clean. The construction of a city is one thing; its cleanliness is another. Americans start frankly with the proposition that cleanliness is not to be expected from grown-up people in general, and they have hit upon the idea of utilizing the spirit of emulation among children, by putting them in the forefront of a crusade against dirt. In 1899 the number of children's leagues of this kind was 47, and in two years this number was doubled.

Religion of Beauty

The movement naturally follows its course from the street to instruction and education. Illustrated books are published and distributed in the schools. Special newspapers, lectures with dissolving views, showing excursions to beautiful places, even as far away as Paris, are organized, with an accompaniment of songs, banners, badges and everything that can arouse enthusiasm among children. A sanitary commission and a vigilance committee teach children not to soil the streets and to keep the houses and apartments clean. Apostles of material and moral cleanliness devote their lives to the cause, which is being propagated in France by the works of Charles Gide and G. Benoît-Lévy. The movement has already borne fruit; independently of juvenile crime, which has decreased since children's courts were instituted, we see municipal councils start what is called a "cleaning day." Americans, who used to spit freely, have dropped the habit. When they travel in Europe, they avoid badly kept towns and evil-smelling hotels, and this is one of the reasons why many of them prefer Switzerland and Germany to France and Italy. Let us take warning. It is not enough to shout "*vive la France*"; we must also keep our homeland swept and garnished. The American children I have seen at work

submit to discipline and pull together admirably. The grown-ups, who did not manage to set them a good example, have none the less made up their minds to follow in their footsteps, and the result is that we see all sorts of irresistibly convincing demonstrations — mass meetings of 40,000 children, boys and girls, marching through the streets and displaying such placards as “We want clean streets” and “We want a well-kept city.” At school, the pupils enter into pledges, some of which I should like to quote in full. One is: “I promise never to destroy a tree, a shrub or a bird.”¹

As will readily be supposed, American women are by no means hostile to this education of childhood. Here again, and with especial clearness, they realize that their own future is involved, inasmuch as the education of fathers, husbands and brothers brings domestic happiness with it. They themselves need organization, and, as we have seen, they do not fail in this respect. In addition to all the leagues for municipal improvement which I have mentioned —

¹ See the interesting illustrated works by G. Benoit-Lévy on city-planning questions, such as “La Ville Modèle,” “Garden City,” “Banlieues-Jardins et Villages-Jardins,” “Cités-Jardins d’Amérique,” “Le Roman des Cités-Jardins,” “L’Enfant des Cités-Jardins,” “La Ville et son Image” and “La Formation de la Race.” Paris, 167 Rue Montmartre: Cités-Jardins de France publications. See also “La Science du Bonheur,” by Jean Finot, and Montenac’s works on “L’Esthétique Urbaine et Villageoise,” “La Série Verte,” “Sur la Pelouse,” “L’Eau,” “L’Arbre” and “Ouvrons les Yeux.” Among works in English, see “To-Morrow,” by E. Howard, “The City-Garden Bible” and “Town Planning in Practice,” by R. Unwin (a masterly illustrated book) and the works of Mrs. C. W. Earle, that generous pioneer to whom I feel a constant gratitude that I shall never be able to acknowledge sufficiently. In the United States see also various excellent illustrated reviews, such as *The American City, Good Health, Park and Cemetery* and *The Municipal Journal*, not forgetting the standard illustrated works by Charles Mulford Robinson. Those fine illustrated books by an English pioneer, W. Robinson — “The English Flower Garden,” “The Garden Beautiful,” “The Vegetable Garden,” “The Wild Garden” and “God’s Acre Beautiful, or the Cemetery of the Future.”

See also the recently published books (splendidly illustrated with color photographs) by Willy Langen, head of the Berlin Botanical Garden, and Otto Stahn, “The Formation of Gardens,” etc.

and I ought to have included the American Civic Association, the Emerson Union for Ideal Culture, and such benefactors as Pierpont Morgan, Harriman and many others who have enriched their country with parks, forests and open spaces — there are more than 700 associations of women for city beautifying all over the country. If the municipal government objects, they get another elected instead. They proceed in the same way for food inspection and education. They provide for kindergartens and see that workshops and public places are decorated with flowers. They handle the broom themselves, as do the children, and tell them to show their parents how to use this implement. They remind the tradesmen that a well-kept town means money in its inhabitants' pockets.

It is, therefore, not surprising to find traces of this healthy national movement in the Federal capital; but, having discovered the causes, I must admit that I am filled with wonder at the sight of the effects, and by the discovery that every one who admires these effects is free to profit by them.

I should never finish if I went on enumerating all the signs of the really impressive American effort to make Washington what L'Enfant intended it to be, and what it deserves to be. I must nevertheless say a word about the park I visited, the pilgrimage to Mount Vernon (which ought to be made by every French traveler in the States after Lafayette), the art of landscape gardening for the people, and finally the White House, so rich in personal recollections for me and in hope for the world's peace.

4. *Washington's Park*

Rock Creek Park is a bit of Nature preserved for man. It is one of those large expanses of virgin ground that the Americans used to devastate mercilessly but are now treating with respect and beginning to preserve. "What I see,"

wrote Tocqueville on May 20, 1831, in his notes on his journey to New York, "rouses no enthusiasm in me, because more is due to the nature of things than to human effort." Rock Creek Park, however, redeems the national reputation. A very wide and well-kept road winds its way, up hill and down dale, past wooded cliffs and majestic rocks. A mountain torrent, the Rock Creek, is allowed to cross and recross the road, and automobiles and horses must ford its pellucid waters. There could be no better appeal to the childish imagination than cycling, or rather walking, through this wild solitude near the gates of a great city, and no better rest cure for the brain worker. It is a great resource for town dwellers, who are thus able to go back — in the most comfortable way, too — to the simple life; it is a splendid cure for nervous complaints, and a fine stimulus to life and action.

Trees and Birds

It is very sweet, too, for the traveler from abroad to find himself in the company of the trees he knows, in the familiar surroundings of things that do not change, of human things that are more or less alike in all countries, just as the sky is the same everywhere. There is an endless variety of maple trees here, ranging from the sycamore maple to the kind that provides a sirupy substitute for honey. Here is a giant ash with buds just opening; here are various kinds of oaks, all solemn and slow to respond to spring, just as they are in our own country; here are the elm, the ash and the lithe, wiry acacia growing on the edge of the ditches, the witch elm that looks like the beech, the white birch quivering in the morning breeze, the aspen, the silver willow and the big walnut tree growing near his brother the chestnut tree, just as he does in France. At their feet are the same arborescent ferns; among the moss are the same forest flowers — the

primrose, the periwinkle, the violet, the narcissus, the lily of the valley, the wild hyacinth, the asphodel, and, right on the edge of the wood, the anemone, the buttercup, the dandelion and the daisy. In front of a velvety curtain of fir trees I see larches, blue cedars and black Canadian pines. On the slope of a hillock, still covered with the dead leaves of autumn, wave the blossoming branches of leafless trees and shrubs: the laburnum, the Judas tree, a few lilac trees, pear trees, wild apple trees, cherry trees and peach trees in company with the barberry and all sorts of hawthorns. Along the roads, where they were no doubt purposely placed, a few magnolias, forsythias with their brilliant yellows, vivacious azaleas, wild laurels, mahonias and rose trees spring up here and there as if through some caprice of Nature, not to mention the syringa with its white bouquets and the spirea with its snowballs. Among the rocks, the glistening holly points its spikes at the sun. The curtains of ivy and even the dark foliage of the box tree seem to reflect light. Further on is a forester's house, almost hidden under glycina, honeysuckle, jasmine already in flower, vines with their red, trumpet-shaped blossoms and Japanese wisteria. But the queen of these American woods is the leafless flower of the dogwood — white, mauve or pink — whose petals, spread out like wings, suggest so many swarms of butterflies. The cornel tree, which I am told is the French dogwood, does not hold pride of place with us; but here every wood and park has its dogwood. This shrub, covered with flowers that look as if they were flying, simply enchants the eye.

These delightful abodes of solitude are inhabited by swarms of tame or only half-wild creatures. Buffaloes, deer and squirrels live at peace with peacocks, pigeons, swans and a multitude of song birds. In France we exterminate our birds, and our "Tartarins" practice their shooting on little warblers. The same kind of thing, and

even worse, was done here for a long time, but a reaction has set in against such barbarity. Leagues for the protection of birds have been started; private initiative (as in the case of Mrs. Sage at Marsh Island, for instance) has helped to effect reform; parks have been set aside by Congress, states and towns; and birds, like trees and flowers, have regained their title to existence. They certainly take full advantage of it. The American landscape gains inestimably by the qualities of motion, life, color and music imparted to it by birds, without counting their usefulness in an almost tropical country, where insects are man's enemies. The blackbird seems to be especially popular here. His feathers are surprisingly fine. He is always smart. In the St. Louis district he shines as if he were varnished, and his wardrobe is of the richest kind. The white variety is not to be found, but I have seen some blackbirds with blue heads, others with yellow heads, with white and red shoulders, and with red wings. They astonish one by shooting like arrows of light through the woods, accompanying their flight by outbursts of song, with even greater variety than the morning hues of the forest. This early serenade is taken up by an innumerable orchestra and is the prelude to a concert of vocal flourishes, trills and runs, to which a note of irony is added by the voice of the magpie, the oriole and the mocking bird. The big redbreast or robin answers the chaffinch — golden brown, lapis-lazuli blue or scarlet. The Kentucky cardinal flits by, resplendent in dazzling color. The humming bird with red or vermilion back is often seen, and so are the ruby-tinted tanager and the bluebird.

The Bluebird and the Eagle

Here the bluebird is not a mere creature of the imagination. It is to be found all over the United States, and

might be used as a symbol by some society with an ideal. I have always been sorry that the United States chose the eagle as their symbol. They had the stars that spangle their banner, and they had the oak. The case called for something new. The Gauls, who were warlike enough for any one, selected the lark, and the Roman eagle was cast down by the barbarians. The eagle is dying out, and ought to die out, like the brigand in civilized nature. It is nothing but an anachronism in the armorial bearings of a democracy. I admit that it is a reminder of the defeat inflicted on the British lion, but it is none the less much more emblematical of oppression than independence and is an out-of-date symbol. As Michelet said: "The eagle is dethroned," and he ought to be still more so in the United States than elsewhere. The cultivation of delight in existence, of which I see signs everywhere in the United States, is incompatible with the lust for destruction. I am grateful to American public spirit, because it saved the bluebird for us.

5. *The Art of Gardening. Internationalized and Democratized*

I was stopped by some friendly gardens on my way back from the park. Progress in the art of gardening is a fairly correct gauge of the progress in civilization, and this form of progress has been as rapid as any other in the United States. Gardening is preëminently one of the arts of peace. In France it has suffered from the storms that have assailed us in the course of our history, and the women of the last generation had to plant flowers oftener in cemeteries than in gardens; but the art is undergoing a general revival, and every one wants to grow flowers. In the United States the same causes produce the same effects, and horti-

culture has become democratic. Herein is a great change. We still see the gardens that were laid out for kings and princes and for the patrons of art who imitated and outstripped them. Seeing things as they do, on a large scale, Americans could not help reverting to the France of Louis XIV's period. Never have the parks at Fontainebleau, Vaux, Compiègne, St. Cloud and Chantilly, and many others, been so much in favor as now in America. The new generations are fervent admirers of "the gardens of intelligence," the "poet's garden" and the "secret garden"; but they are not satisfied with admiring; they want a new kind of garden — a garden for themselves and for everybody. The garden that Voltaire advised *Candide* to cultivate at the end of the eighteenth century (it has since been called the "rectory garden," and even the humblest among us long for one) has become a reality in the United States — a reality enriched, if not enlarged, by infinite inheritance from the past and the discoveries of indefatigable florists in every country, especially Japan. It has become the opposite of the costly garden, walled in on all sides and arousing no feeling except that of inequality in the passer-by, and implying that all is for one, and nothing for the rest. Here it is a pleasure to the public eye. It decorates streets, roads and the landscape in general. Instead of envy, it suggests emulation and the desire to build up a home, a family and a country. The garden is a pleasant smile, an encouragement to the living, and a color symphony that is just as good for the education of people as a musical symphony. The art of gardening in the United States has become not only democratic but international. Traces of English, German (*Kindergarten*), French and other forms of progress are to be found in the gardens of the United States. Here the garden has become a need, because it forms part of a system of architecture in process of creation.

Cheap Horticulture

A friend of mine summed up the situation thus: "A few less wreaths for the dead and a few more flowers for the living." But gardening must be made cheap if it is to be put within reach of the masses. The modern formula is: "More pleasure for less trouble and less cost." The garden must be simplified. "We want a home and not a museum." This end has been attained by reducing the use of annuals, such as the geranium, and replacing them by vigorous herbaceous plants properly grouped together. In this way the English have produced masterpieces of simplicity to go with a brick wall or border a walk. The Americans are in no way behindhand. They either divide their garden into three parts, so that each one is in flower at a different season, or arrange their plants so that fresh flowers automatically take the place of those that are over. In this way their spring gardens last, according to latitude and climate, from the beginning of May to the end of June, and then change into summer and autumn gardens. Every one turns out to see the various blossoms when they are at their best. There is lilac Sunday, rhododendron and azalea Sunday, and a Sunday for roses, dahlias and chrysanthemums. These displays of flowers, however, are a superfluous luxury, according to those who cultivate them. The most important part of the garden consists of the grass and leaves, and not of the flowers. The object of the flower is to please and amuse the eye, while verdure rests it. Let us therefore, they say, observe a due sense of proportion. Every well-designed American garden comprises a turfed center, a grass walk and clumps of shrubs and trees with some kind of building in the background. Fruit trees are freely used for these clumps of verdure, notably the cherry tree or double-flowered malus — quite a burning bush, a floral expression of enthusiasm, giving

mankind beauty instead of fruit. Non-flowering shrubs are also appreciated, and their variety of foliage, hitherto left too much to the decoration of large parks, produces astonishing results. They are more like bouquets of leaves than shrubs, and they are bouquets that change color with the seasons. Some Japanese maples are green in the spring and red in autumn or inversely. Others are coppery, bronzed or silvered, or show all sorts of tints. Much ingenuity and foresight are exhibited in imparting variety to all these settings. It is quite a science to design an avenue. In Europe we say "a landscape is a state of mind," but here the answer would be that a cheerful landscape can change the color of our thoughts, and gardens are a means to this end. I experience a sensation of calm serenity, as if I were reconciled to life, when I see before me a stretch of closely mown, green turf bordered by plants bedded up in lines, one above the other. Many-colored irises are in front, with the long-stalked tulips, and the narcissi here and there lifting their starry white heads. Leaning over them are the branches of lilac bending under their weight of blossom, or the tree-like peony, or the poetical hawthorn. Standing still higher than these medium-sized shrubs are the Judas tree, the laburnum and the tamarind.

We must beware of fostering our European delusion that all our artists have to do is to produce if they want buyers in the United States. A change is going on. Natural taste is in process of formation in America, while its purity is endangered among us by official patronage and by disregard of order and cleanliness. A nation that seeks for beauty, and always finds a place for it in Nature, in cities and in houses, will soon stop living on borrowed capital. It will produce its own artists. It has already had a Whistler, a Sargent; I know some others, and one of these days they will begin to export!

6. *Mount Vernon and the White House*

I have lingered over the gardens of Washington, in addition to having already dealt with many other American cities, although I ought to say something about Baltimore and Pittsburgh parks, the country around New York, Boston, Lake Mohonk, Newport, New Hampshire, and the state of Vermont. The reason is that Washington sums up all the rest. What I might have taken elsewhere for an exceptional and privileged condition is common to the whole country, and is in itself an explanation of that country. Every one of these millions of gardens constitutes the framework, as it were, of a home and a family. Society in America is quite a new institution made up of emigrants unknown to one another, and these elements have become fused together by a common desire for comfort. A middle class has been created in the United States. Side by side with very rich houses, which help to educate the public taste, an immense number of small American families, starting from nothing, have established themselves and, having taken root, are already acting as a stimulus to the working class. American society, in spite of the boundless luxury of its aristocracy, thus remains democratic, and its organization is based on the principle of adhering to the traditions that have served it so well, — those of its founders.

Simple Life

These traditions have been kept alive at Mount Vernon, which I will refrain from describing after so many others have undertaken the task. Mount Vernon is more than a home; it is the cradle of all American homes. It is a glorification of the struggle for independence, and a permanent exhibition of the American sense of duty, as well as a tribute to the simple, family life. When going through

its rooms, kept up with pious care by an association of American women, the thought of General Washington is inseparable from that of his wife, Martha Washington. They are buried in the same tomb. Trees have been planted in the garden in memory of the friends who gathered round this home. Lafayette's magnolia still stands on a lawn, in the society of birds and flowers. Millions of Americans come here every year. It is their way of making a pilgrimage, and they return home full of the spirit that has made them what they are. This spirit is still to be found at the White House. It has been transmitted from Washington and Jefferson to other great Presidents, such as Madison, Monroe, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland and McKinley, and it would be a public scandal if their successors failed to live up to them. The President, elected by the whole people to succeed such men, is expected to be worthy of the country and its past. But the country is simple, just as its past has been. There is a great and inevitable difference between entering the palace of the President of the French Republic at the Elysée and paying a visit to the White House — the difference between a Napoleonic palace and a house, or between a public building and a home. The White House is Mount Vernon on a larger scale.

A City of Gratitude

The city of Washington has remained, and will long remain, it is to be hoped, a city of gratitude. Everything contributes to this impression. Lafayette Square, with its two fine monuments to Lafayette and Rochambeau, facing the White House and keeping it company, is the most touching tribute a nation could render to its liberators. Many American children used to believe that Lafayette and Washington were twins, because they heard the two names so constantly associated. This enthusiastic grati-

tude has something juvenile about it, like the impulsiveness of a happy child.

My Visits to the White House

I have always been cordially received at the White House, both as a visitor and as a friend, in 1902, 1907, 1911 and 1912. There I have met two very different Presidents, who have since become bitter opponents, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. They are alike in one respect, however, — simplicity and attachment to family life. Here I may remark, in parenthesis, that even in France I have never seen more united families than in America. I hope Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft will forgive me if I say that, in spite of their political battles, their reception of me impressed me with their great kindness and readiness to help. I might go still further and say that, if President Roosevelt had not killed so many lions, bears, elephants and rhinoceroses, he would be equaled only by Rudyard Kipling in his love for animals, and especially for birds, whose ways and song he knows very well. As every one will readily understand, I had to be strictly neutral in the open warfare that raged between the two candidates during my last journey. This did not prevent me from regretting that the war was waged with so much energy, but an American in whom I have confidence reassured me by telling me that, once the election over, no further sign of it would be seen; that the temporary disturbance in the country would prove to be a good thing, because it occupied public attention and compelled every citizen, man, woman and child, to take an interest in such an essential function of the national existence. We certainly, I replied, take it much more quietly in France, where the perfect machinery of our Congress enables us to select the President of our Republic in a few hours.

President Roosevelt and the Hague Court

It is also a fact that the President of the United States can do a great deal of harm or a great deal of good during his four years of office, and this is why my first visit was made to the White House in 1902. I came, with the consent of my American colleagues and friends, Andrew D. White, Seth Low, Frederick W. Holls and Nicholas Murray Butler, to make an appeal to the President's power of initiative against the force of inertia exerted by European governments. The manner in which this unusual step was received is so good an instance of the services the United States can render the world, that I should not be justified in passing over it now. I can remember almost every word of the address I delivered in support of my cause. "Europe," I said to President Roosevelt (in the presence of that distinguished ambassador, Jules Cambon, who took no exception to my remarks), "is watching you closely. Liberal opinion in Europe has no leader, now that Gambetta and Gladstone are dead. You will be either a cause for great expectations or a great source of danger, according to whether you act on the side of justice or of brute force." Here the President broke in by warmly asserting his attachment to peace. "You can affirm that attachment," I continued, "by an act which will earn you and your country the gratitude of the whole world. You can show Europe the path of peace and lead her on it."

I then explained what I had been explaining in vain for the past three years in Europe — the work of the first Peace Congress at The Hague. It accomplished more than any one could have hoped, but was regarded as abortive by a skeptical diplomatic world. I laid stress on the practical usefulness of the agreement for the peaceful settlement of international conflicts and on the services that might be rendered by the new arbitration court if only it were utilized ;

but no one was willing to use it, and no one would believe in it or give it a trial.

"Have this boycotting stopped," I urged; "let your side of the Atlantic set an example of the confidence we do not possess in Europe. Cross the ocean to appeal to a court that is practically next door to us. Like all governments, your State Department keeps among its archives the papers relating to a dozen or so of international disputes that have been pending for years. Such permanent differences embitter the relations of the countries concerned, paralyze all attempts at conciliation and maintain a state of antagonism without any real cause. Take one of these questions, it does not matter which, submit it openly to arbitration, and you will save the Hague tribunal."

I should have been more than ungrateful if I had not paid due tribute to President Roosevelt for the frankness and promptitude with which he acceded to my request. "Go and see the secretary of state, Mr. John Hay," he said, "and use my name. He will do whatever can be done." I did not fail to take this advice,¹ and we went to see Mr. Hay at once. I found him animated by a soul that needed no awakening and had long been devoted to the service of just causes. A month afterward, April 7, 1902, M. Jules Cambon wrote officially to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris that the government of the United States and its neighbor Mexico had decided to submit the question of the "pious funds" of the Californias to the Hague tribunal. The hint was understood, and I took it upon myself to see that due importance was attached to it in Europe. The establishment of the arbitration group in the French parliament dates from this period. European governments were able to ignore the new jurisdiction so long as no one took any notice of it, but when it attracted litigants from

¹ See the twelfth installment of "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography," by Theodore Roosevelt, *Outlook*, Dec. 27, 1913, p. 921.

the New World, and when America herself intrusted her cause to a court sitting in Europe, the situation was completely altered. Moreover, other support, also of a very influential nature, — I am proud of having helped to obtain it, with the assistance of my colleague and friend, General Porter, — was forthcoming for the Hague tribunal. When the various governments decided to recognize it, but could not make up their minds to build a courthouse for it or even to buy one, Andrew Carnegie undertook to provide it with a palace. Europe did not hesitate to accept this magnificent present, learn the lesson it implied and follow the example. Since that time, the Hague Convention, though unable to prevent all wars (which nobody expected), has nevertheless succeeded in bringing about the amicable settlement of serious conflicts such as the Doggerbank and Casablanca questions, not to mention others, which would have been quite enough to start a general war and furnish a source of perpetual conflict for the future. It may also be that the surprise caused by the ease with which these matters were adjusted gave the countries concerned an impetus towards still more difficult understandings. If this is the case, M. Jules Cambon, our ambassador in Berlin, had no cause to regret, when he signed the Franco-German Convention of Nov. 4, 1911, referred to above (stipulating that any difficulties which might arise between the two governments in regard to the interpretation of the convention should be submitted to the Hague tribunal), the assistance he gave to the movement started in Washington ten years earlier.

Mr. Taft and Arbitration Treaties

Mr. Taft, supported by Elihu Root, quite the type of the practical American idealist statesman, has shown himself just as much in favor of the policy of arbitration as his

predecessor was. Mr. Taft even went too far, when Secretary of State Knox was the successor of Elihu Root, when he signed general treaties of compulsory and unrestricted arbitration with France and Great Britain. If he did not go too far, he went too fast at any rate. He responded to the general sentiment of the United States, but he outstripped Congress. He understood his country better than its parliament. The fact is that parliaments act in close sympathy with the influences to which they owe their election and not out of regard for aspirations after some future state of things. Parliaments even counteract such aspirations until the latter are brought to their notice by the electors. Admitting that Mr. Taft had succeeded in more or less taking Congress by surprise and inducing it to pass his treaties, could he answer for their not being repudiated if arbitration went against the United States and the finding had to be carried into effect? It was better to fail than to run the risk of such a setback, which would have been nothing less than scandalous.

The White House as Battle Field

The White House will always be the battle ground of forces that are difficult to bring into harmony, such as public sentiment, which is often complex, and the atmosphere of society and officialism. Public sentiment prevailed in the instance I have just quoted, but will this always be the case? I believe it will, on condition that this sentiment does not deteriorate for want of definite guidance. "How long will your Republic last?" M. Guizot once asked the poet Lowell. The latter replied: "As long as the ideas of the men who founded it."

The White House will have hard work to defend itself. It is steeped in an atmosphere of officials, in addition to a great number of retired military and naval officers. The

diplomatic corps has its influence on the social circles, not all of which are imbued with the traditions of Mount Vernon. I have seen some very bad cosmopolitan habits try to graft themselves on to the independent ways of America.

Capital or Court of a Democracy?

All this kind of thing affects the moral atmosphere of a city. Just as the American society woman and her brilliant surroundings already constitute the aristocracy of the country, so the Federal city, made up as it is, may easily become a small court instead of a great capital: the court of a democracy! In this event, how much will be left of the spirit of Mount Vernon? What hope will remain for European thought? What will become of the germs of independence sown by the founders of the United States?

Chateaubriand defined General Washington's immense achievement in his celebrated comparison with the life work of Napoleon I. "Look at the forests in which Washington's sword flashed, and what do you find there? Graves? No; a world. Washington left the United States as a trophy on his battle field."

The world referred to by Chateaubriand now exceeds, in extent, population and wealth, anything that its founders could possibly have expected it to attain in so brief a period, and its fate will virtually be decided in this city. I have never better realized what was the mission of the New World and the duty of America. The material progress achieved has surpassed all expectations, but unless moral progress keeps it close company, the whole fabric will be in danger. Americans fully appreciate this, and, consequently, they are bringing their efforts to bear on all sides of the question at the same time — on political and economic programs, education and religion. American idealists do not say

so, but their duty, I believe, is to regenerate the Old World by giving it the program of government which at present it does not possess — the program, not of a party, but of an epoch, the program which ambitious calculations can modify only in detail, which corresponds to the permanent interests of a country and therefore ought to be known to every one and carried out automatically with the coöperation of every one. In reality, this program would be the same everywhere as regards its main principles; and a great service would be rendered to the cause of peace by simplifying these principles to such an extent that they would become generally evident. The same process might be followed with religion. Europe is trying hard to preserve religions that are falling into disuse, like everything else. Would not the United States accomplish the highest kind of social function between the Far East and Europe by seeking after a religion of conciliation — a new religion that would shut no one out from participation in its higher humanity?

Is it asking too much of the United States to expect such services from it? No. Let us adapt them to its size and age. The New World owes a debt to us Europeans who, for five centuries, have peopled it with our children and enriched it with our heroism. In return for these, it ought to give us an ideal and an object; its duty is to be a revival and not a copy of Europe. If the government of the United States tried to evade payment of this debt and the accomplishment of this filial, national and world-wide duty, it would be partly responsible for a colossal disappointment and would be utterly untrue to itself. No; it can no longer arrest its progress, neither can it turn back. It will not allow the signatures and pledges of the heroes whose testamentary executors it is, to be dishonored. It will not extinguish the blazing torch placed in its hand.

The Eagle or the Star?

The foregoing causes for uneasiness presented themselves to my mind on the very first day of my acquaintance with Washington society, and again ten years later, even in the charming surroundings of its gardens. All this prosperity and luxury are a good sign, as I have said, and an evidence of progress, but there is also the danger of a state of existence surrounded with comforts — the temptation to fall in with a system that is more selfish than generous and is based on the principle of every one for himself and the government for all. It is therefore probable that the government will be more and more left to itself and will consequently have to keep abreast of the constantly increasing difficulty of its task. As I draw farther and farther away from Washington, I see the symbolical eagle stand out more and more clearly on the sky of the United States, and it often seems to me that the Americans have two entirely different destinies before them, each represented by one of their chosen emblems. The one, precondemned and intolerable to the modern world, is domination, represented by the eagle; the other, eternal and beneficent, is guidance, embodied by the star.

The American people have instinctively chosen the nobler and the safer part, but will not the government often be tempted to be unfaithful to it?

CHAPTER XIV

THE IDEALISTIC MOVEMENT

EVERYTHING FOR THE FUTURE: EDUCATION. Nation-building. — 1. FREEDOM OF INSTRUCTION: GENERALIZATION IMPOSSIBLE. Educational establishments. Margaret Morrison School. Domestic economy. The dietitian. German teachers of French. One of the results of our wars. "E pluribus unum." The leaders of public spirit. Trustees. Lafayette College. Columbia University. Harvard. Yale. Princeton. Coeducation. Vassar College. Girls' Normal College in New York. Meeting of school children. The protection of youth. The Sorbonne and the Boulevard St. Michel. The Church as a school. Toleration at the universities. Freedom for educators. — 2. LAKE MOHONK: THE BROTHERS SMILEY. The lake cure. Debating great ideas. Supporting great causes. — 3. THE EDUCATION OF POLITICAL PARTIES. Political classifications. Misleading names. The dissatisfied. The center between the two wings. Progressives and Socialists. Comparative weakness of Socialism. — 4. THE INDIANS: AMERICAN IMPATIENCE. History of colonization. French and English. Spaniards and Puritans. Prairie Cæsars. — 5. THE NEGROES: THE INEVITABLE DAY OF RECKONING. The slave trade. The war of secession. Negroes liberated but not made citizens. Mingling of races. Unassimilated population. The negro in a white democracy. Injustice to be confirmed or atoned for. Americans have faith. — 6. RELIGION: Is it dying out or becoming modernized? Competition in well-doing. Religion of good. Christian Scientists. Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. People who imagine themselves sick. Mind cures. The Scientists' newspaper. Their Mother Church in Boston. Union of Religions: the spirit of the French revolution. The pioneer of pioneers. Sentiment and reason. Indifference to dogma. The Unitarians. Man's duties. Rival gods. Morality common to all. Back to the real Christian spirit. Phillips Brooks. The religion of the future. American women and secularization in France. — 7. CIVIC AND PHILANTHROPIC WORKS:

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT SEATTLE. Pastor Matthews. Andrew Carnegie. Dunfermline. Edwin Ginn. Scientific management. American Museums. A model farm. — 8. CHILDREN: TEACHING THEM HOW TO PLAY: THEIR NEED FOR LIFE, SPACE, CHEERFULNESS, LIGHT, NATURE AND ESPECIALLY QUIET. Playground Associations. Tadpoles. Imitation war. Bonfires. Excursions. John Brashear. Doing the honors of the sky. Libraries. John Bigelow. The pageant. The light of truth. The Christian command.

Public Spirit

THE difference between a government with retrograde tendencies and a constantly progressive country would be all the greater in view of the fact that the whole of the United States is impelled by a great idealistic movement. The more it is felt to be necessary, and the more obstacles it encounters, the more pronounced it becomes. We are not concerned with knowing whether the population of the United States contains bad elements as well as good ones, or whether a traveler from Europe, more or less lost in such a new sphere, hits upon the worst part of it, like an American on the Paris boulevards, or whether, from the top to the bottom of the social ladder, he meets men and women who are irresponsible or hypocritical or cynical, or even monsters, for these are to be found in the United States just as in other countries. What we want to know is whether the United States possesses a public spirit that strives to master these monsters and prevent them from doing harm.

As a matter of fact, this public spirit exists in a very high degree. It is progressing, it is becoming organized, and its influence is being exerted in all directions. Whether we call it the instinct of self-preservation, patriotism or idealism — the term is of little consequence — it constitutes a very great moral force, at the service of the United States, first of all, and of civilization afterward. It exists in every

state and every town, and, more or less, in every household, rich or poor. I will even include the richest, in which the *rentier*, as we call him in France, is unknown, the idle and selfish find no sympathy, and every one, carried on by his own momentum and constitutionally unable to rest, must go on, whether he likes it or not, working and working, serving and dedicating himself to some cause. Perhaps our French pioneers bequeathed something of this sacred fire, so different from the impassibility or indolence of other nations.

Now that I am back again in the Eastern states, which are more or less generally known, I shall no longer write in reference to my actual route. I have already gone over it backwards and forwards, and skipped from point to point. Now that I am reaching the closing stage of my journey, and of my book, I prefer to dwell, not on cities but on observations and the ideas they have suggested to me. These ideas, weighed in the course of my various visits, have automatically developed into definite conclusions, if I may say so without appearing pretentious.

Education. Nation Building

The essential work of American public spirit can be expressed in one word — education. The ideal of the American man and the American woman is to instruct, enlighten and guide the young, and through them the nation, towards good, by all possible means and regardless of cost. Everything is for the young and for the future. This is a spontaneous impulse still more general in the newer states than in the older. This impulse itself is the most eloquent example, because it is disinterested and because it is a proof of faith in the future of the country. How can young people and children fail, under such conditions, to aim high and to look straight ahead, and what confidence must

be theirs, seeing that they are too few for the national needs, that they can choose any career and that their sense of personal responsibility develops in proportion to the services they are sure to render, knowing, as they do, that their coming is expected and that they are relied upon! The ambition to be useful, and to do one's duty twice, instead of once, among a people that has undertaken to fill a world, is rather different from the European youth's notion that his chief business is to find a comfortable place for himself.

This determination to be useful I have constantly observed among the young all over America, and, through its very nature, it is carried to excess. Every young American considers himself indispensable and tells himself that he will help to make his country a very great one, the greatest of all, the finest, and so on. We know the American fondness for superlatives. It corresponds to a child's enthusiasm. It is unbearable when it develops and degenerates into jingo vanity. This is the other side of the shield, but it is also a reason for not letting the rising generation grow up in ignorance of the world abroad. This is why Americans are ceasing to be absorbed in their immense labor of nation building and are looking abroad and summoning so many foreigners whom they accept as masters and who tell them of Europe, the past, art and nature, give them models and points of comparison and open out wide horizons to their view. This is why they allow the fullest liberty to the growth and multiplication of universities and colleges, schools, institutes, scholarships, foundations, lectureships, debating societies, addresses, congresses, exhibitions, laboratories, missions foreign and domestic, voyages, inquiries, statistics, libraries, churches, museums, playgrounds and concerts — in short the innumerable educational institutions, to give an exact idea of which we should need an encyclopedia.

1. Freedom of Education. Generalization Impossible

The organization — or, to put it more correctly, the inevitable disorder — of education in the United States is puzzling to a Frenchman. An Englishman might see his way through it, but a Frenchman would be lost. It is like a half-built house, or a virgin forest of freely and spontaneously improvised institutions that have cropped up from time to time, without any general plan, to meet requirements as the various states came into being. But we must beware of assuming that, because there is a lack of order in the whole, the same condition prevails in the parts. Every one of these numerous free institutions operates under the superintendence and the constant and devoted control of the persons chiefly interested — fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, former pupils, subscribers and good citizens. We need look no further for the explanation. This state of things is certainly not perfection, but it is genesis; it is life. Individual initiative makes up for what is lacking in general management and experience. Initiative is further strengthened by emulation among states, cities and universities. I begin to wonder whether the great Federal university imagined by Washington (and marked on L'Enfant's plan, no doubt in anticipation of its creation) with its influence over all the states, would not have ended by doing more harm than good and killing the germs of independence, originality and vigor in its satellites. I understand why the Americans will not have it. Their freedom of education, and all freedom of education, is possible only in a country in which there is no power able to profit by appropriating it. It is impossible in France. It is possible in England, where the Protestant and Catholic churches counterbalance each other. It is possible in a decentralized country. Oxford and Cambridge have done without the influence of London, and Heidel-

berg, Göttingen and Bonn did not wait for Berlin. It has already been asked whether future idealism, and consequently progress, in Germany will not suffer from Prussian predominance.

In the United States we have to begin by forgetting that there is a state, and accustoming ourselves to the idea of federation, which is vague and abstract to the majority of Europeans. Only the credulous and ignorant can generalize here. Let us try to imagine an American discussing Europe without stopping to distinguish between Naples and London, Paris and Moscow, Christiania and Constantinople. Every part of the United States is, not a province, but a country differing from the others in its climate, soil, produce, population and customs. The sudden introduction of railroads, telegraphs, newspapers and foreign immigration has already brought in a mass of assimilating innovations of more or less doubtful value. Is it desirable that education itself, which has hardly begun, should be modeled all over the continent on patterns imported from the East and from Europe?

Educational Establishments

American educational establishments are more or less roughly divided into four general classes, not in accordance with the pupils' sex or the nature and extent of their studies, but with their age. The first object is to bring the number of illiterates down to nothing. This is done with greater success than in France, although the work has to be carried out over the enormous extent of a continent which is comparatively very thinly populated. From six to fourteen the children are at grammar school. Then comes the high school, where the pupil remains from fourteen to seventeen, and next the college, where the course usually covers four years, and finally the university, which is not

always easy to distinguish from the college and where young men and girls follow a higher course and specialize, if need be, in science, letters, art, theology, law, medicine, pharmaceutical chemistry, dentistry, veterinary surgery, etc. I do not attempt to enumerate the thousands of technical and professional schools and colleges generously provided with laboratories, museums, libraries and model workshops with the latest appliances; neither do I include the special schools for agriculture, engineering, mechanics, architecture, etc. The Military School at West Point and the Naval School at Annapolis are well known, and there are, in the South, special schools (Tuskegee, for instance) for negroes. In all parts of the country there are excellent institutions for abnormal children. No large town is without its normal schools for girls and boys, because finding a sufficient supply of teachers is one of the great difficulties in a new country. The professor and the teacher, both man and woman, are still, in many states, regular missionaries. They can also be very badly off, underpaid and thought very little of; but if we want to judge the United States without prejudice, we must admit that all this education,⁸ spread very unequally over such a surface, and often into deserts, with a wretchedly small staff to begin with and more or less precarious means, has, in a very short space of time, produced results that promise well for the future and are already worthy of admiration.

The Americans have looked everywhere for ideas. They have imitated the German kindergartens very successfully, with the addition of the largest possible number of playgrounds, swimming baths, parks, open spaces and entertainments for all classes of children. It all depends on the degree of initiative possessed by each state and city. The most advanced of them expend a great deal of care and imagination, which are even better than money, on this department of education. One institution they admire

very much in France, the infant school (*école maternelle*), does not appear to thrive as well in their country as it does in ours; the French mother cannot be exported.

Margaret Morrison School

On the other hand, I visited a very original technical school at Pittsburgh. It forms part of an admirable group of institutions — quite an educational town, founded by Andrew Carnegie, and containing, not only a colossal institute like a museum, a library and a school of fine arts rolled into one, but four technical schools, three for boys and one for girls. This last, the Margaret Morrison school, dedicated by Andrew Carnegie to the memory of his mother, is intended to give women practical preparation for their mission in life; and this mission is not a purely material one. The following inscription thus defines it:

“ To create and inspire the home,
To decrease suffering and increase happiness,
To assist humanity in its struggle to rise,
To ennoble and adorn labor, however humble,
This is the great object of woman.”

The pupils of this school are not taught merely the elements of a profession and what is necessary to enable them to fill a post, such as stenography, typewriting, book-keeping, secretarial work, business correspondence, arithmetic, modern languages, freehand and technical drawing, embroidery, sewing, dressmaking, everyday law, singing, gymnastics, washing, practical chemistry and hygiene; moral principles, the education of children, and deportment are taught as well, and special importance is attached to the art of keeping the home in good order. The Americans have reduced our principles to laws. They teach people how to choose a habitation, however small; to know which way it should face, how the rooms can be used to the best

advantage, and how it should be furnished, kept clean and made healthy; in short, how to manage a household.

Domestic Economy

Every pupil learns what every good housewife ought to know, and I have observed that domestic economy, which is peculiarly a French science, is beginning to become generally known in the United States, where the old-time housewife, to whom our forefathers owed their good cooking, good cheer, good digestion and good humor, is in process of slow formation. The girls of the Margaret Morrison School have a whole set of rooms on which to practice. Each of them lives in it for a week in turn and plays the part of mistress of the house. Another acts as housemaid and a third as cook. The lady receives her friends, orders the meals, superintends the buying of the provisions, settles the accounts and has to keep her daily expenditure strictly within a fixed amount. She gives her friends little dinners; the housemaid announces callers, serves at table, helps the cook wash the dishes, and so on until the end of the week, when the parts change hands, the lady going into the kitchen, the cook into the parlor, and then into the linen room and laundry, and so on. The most astonishing thing is that the girls all play their parts without laughing over them. Would this be possible in France? They all meet in the big room for gymnastics, singing and music, and in the laundry and workrooms, through which they all pass, taking turns in accordance with a very simple system which is sufficient to show what each one's capacities are.

The Dietitian

Here is another detail that occurs to me. Many Americans, being overworked, and many of the women being very

nervous, they cannot always thrive on ordinary plain cooking and must have special diet prescribed by the doctor: so many ounces of fat, so much lean meat, so much nitrogen, and so on, all carefully weighed out in the kitchen or pantry. A cook who confines her ambition to preparing good food cannot rise to these chemical analyses. In those houses in which the doctor reigns supreme she has to call in the assistance of a specialist, in virtue of the laws that regulate the division of labor. This personage, whose rank is difficult to define and who is called the "dietitian," regulates what is to be eaten, drunk and avoided, draws up the bills of fare and sees that the doctor's orders are obeyed. This practice is sufficiently general in the United States for a school of future housewives to undertake the education of a certain number of young "dietitians" and make room for them in its chemical laboratory. These laboratories attract a great many students. Some are intended for the study of the everyday applications of chemistry to household questions, the investigation of various kinds of food, their composition and their nutritive properties. The others are designed for finding out the best kinds of nourishment for a new-born baby, a child, an adult, an invalid or a healthy subject, or for detecting adulteration.

The need creates the function. Manufacturers or farmers, who produce, for instance, oil, cotton, copper or fruit, find difficulty in procuring enough help in their factories or farms. Needing specially trained workers, and being tired of looking for them elsewhere, they make up their minds to produce what they want on the spot. It is quite a simple matter. They request the nearest university to supply the required course of instruction. They procure, if necessary, the proper teachers, and provide occupation and a future for their pupils. Other employers, who want to develop international connections, inquire for young men and women who can speak German, Spanish or French

and know something about foreign usages. The outcome is another series of foundations, lectures and results, according to the needs of the case.

One of the Results of our Wars. German Teachers of French

Thus it is that Germans, who are superabundant in their own country, and are ready to go abroad, have flocked to American universities in hundreds of thousands; and yet French travelers complain of American partiality and preference for things German! It is much easier to cry out than to think. In France we are only just beginning to pay for our military glory. The first result of the wars in the days of Louis XV and Napoleon I was that we had to give up our pioneers' conquests to our foreign rivals. The wellspring of French influence and propagation reduced its outflow proportionately. Our population, which remained stationary while that of our neighbors doubled, has now become barely sufficient for the increasing needs of our public departments and our internal affairs. Nevertheless it supplied an unexpectedly large contingent for our new colonial possessions in Africa and Asia, but we cannot get enough school teachers, even for ourselves! And yet we complain because Americans turn to the Germans, and we are surprised to find Tunis peopled by Italians and Morocco by Spaniards! The truth is that we cannot find even a children's nurse who will consent to go abroad. We have to bring them from Switzerland and Germany for our own families. The truth is that French teachers are wanted in all parts of the United States, so long as they fulfill requirements. In vain has Johns Hopkins applied for our *agrégés* (holders of the highest French university degree) and Vassar College for pupils who have gone through the course at Sèvres. Question the few first-rate

French teachers who do honor to our country in the United States, such as A. Fortier, Cohn, Bracq, Guérard, etc., and you will find that they are lost in a crowd of foreigners — Germans, Swiss and Belgians — who teach French in a spirit which is neither French nor American. It is because Americans will not do without French and have to take what they can get. Look at the cosmopolitan university clubs to which I have more than once referred, and you will find Chinese, Japanese, Russians, Germans, Scandinavians, Italians and Indians, but not a single Frenchman. The Americans are certainly not to blame for this. It was proposed to open two foreign houses, one German and the other French, within the precincts of Columbia University; and while the very large German colony easily found the money, the French colony, select but small, could not make the same effort. It had to be left to a generous American, A. Barton Hepburn, and then the cost of fitting up the house had to be met partly by another American, our friend, Robert Bacon, partly by the Carnegie endowment for international peace. The result is that if France did not exert such an exceptionally attractive force, and if our pioneers' shades did not rise up out of the ground and speak to the imagination, America's attention would be attracted and retained by every country on the globe except ours. It was in libraries founded by Americans in the Far East that the Chinese found the books they needed for drawing up the main principles of their Republican constitution. A country cannot make war with impunity for centuries. It eats into its capital; it draws on the generations to come, on the "human harvest" of the future, to use the words of President David Starr Jordan; it becomes either depopulated or materialized. This is the view of a great many Americans. Far from feeling attracted towards victorious Germany, which I long believed to be the case, the Americans would like to return to us, because they appreciate the

persistence and disinterestedness of our idealistic efforts and because our conceptions are related to theirs. In proportion as the Germans repudiate the idealism which was once their glory, they diminish the value and the reputation of their output; and their work depreciates because it has abandoned goodness for utilitarianism. "Made in Germany" stands for inferior, second-rate goods. This fall in the reputation of the trade-mark of a country is an incalculable loss to it. When Germany mocks at the pure aspirations of her past, she is threatened by a great danger — that of an intellectual and moral decline in proportion to her material advance.¹

The Americans fully realize all this, but as in other cases, they have no time to pick and choose. It is better, they say, to have French taught by Germans than not to have it taught at all.

"E Pluribus Unum"

The spirit of the American universities could not be so alive and so keen for true progress if it did not draw on the infinitely varied wellsprings of the whole country. "E pluribus unum" is one of the mottoes on Washington's house at Mount Vernon. But who can guarantee that all these springs are properly tapped, clean and pure? This is the main question, from the European point of view; it does not arise at all in the United States, where public opinion is on the watch.

This is what I want my readers clearly to understand. I did not realize it myself until after a very long time.

¹The war, declared by Germany, in her pride, will be followed by a material decline coming on the heels of a moral and intellectual decline. German pride has rotted the fruit of German efforts. (March, 1915.)

The Leaders of Public Spirit

Let us take the case of the most independent self-governing universities. Here again it is impossible to classify strictly. There are state universities, kept up by the whole body of taxpayers, as we have seen at Seattle, Madison and Berkeley. There are others that were established by the state but enlarged by private donations, as Tulane. Others are supported by a city, like New York City College; and finally others, the most important and prosperous of all, such as Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, etc., were founded by private individuals and live exclusively on their own resources and private donations. The universities of this last class form the principal nurseries of American enterprise, and it is therefore a matter of national importance to make sure that they are intellectually and morally well managed. Who, then, are the gifted inspectors responsible for their superintendence? Public spirit, or, to be more exact, the nominees of public spirit.

Trustees

Who are these nominees? The trustees; that is to say, a certain number of public-spirited men, selected as well as possible to keep the institution alive. These trustees do not meet like a European committee appointed to elucidate a question, settle it or bury it. They act as a permanent council. They look into the accounts, see how the management has done its work in the past and give it the authority it needs for future development. The president of a university has the fullest liberty of action so long as he is approved by the trustees. Everything therefore depends on how the trustees do their work; but what is essentially American is that the trustees do more than take their duties seriously; they put their heart into the work.

Many of them are former students of the university and are as attached to it as to their own mother. They take great pride in their "alma mater." Many of them are donors or friends of donors, and, while the latter contribute their money, it is tacitly understood that the others give their time and trouble. Their work, for which they receive no pay, must absorb a great deal of time and effort, but all pay the tribute cheerfully. We find many cases of son succeeding father in these honorary responsibilities, as at Columbia, where President Seth Low (who did so much good and continues to do so assiduously in combination with his successor) simply continued his father's self-sacrificing labors for the public. I was present on June 5, 1911, at the great festival at Columbia known as "Commencement Day." It corresponds to our prize distributions in France and is the occasion on which the names of those students who have passed their final examinations and are entitled to practice their profession—medicine, for instance—are announced. Nothing is more imposing than the sight of the veteran educational volunteers who head the procession of men and girl students and pupils through the gardens, which are already too small for the steadily developing university. Every one who is entitled to march in this procession makes a point of being present every year, and some travel great distances so as not to miss it. The men who lead the way on this occasion are those who govern Columbia University, constitute its public spirit and are conscious of responsibility towards the pupils, the students, their parents and the country in general.

*Lafayette College. Columbia University. Harvard.
Princeton*

I was invited to deliver an address at Lafayette College, a few hours' journey from New York — an address that

appealed specially to the management of this excellent establishment, in consequence of its name and its French predilections. A highly respected trustee came to my hotel in New York to fetch me, with some of his friends. He took me to the train, showed me to my seat, came with me and brought me back. Why? Because he had given the college part of his life and part of his heart, and he felt he must be present. This self-sacrificing attitude on the part of a man who was elderly, rich and no doubt had plenty of other things to do, helped to throw a good deal of light on the situation.

The permanent outlines of public spirit in the United States are a reality, and the effects are felt in all departments of life. In most states, except in a few of the more backward, the teacher, who can make or mar, is not always well paid, but generally honored, particularly in the higher branches of education. Although there is so great a demand for engineers, architects, business men, lawyers, farmers, merchants, manufacturers, bankers and so on, any one who has a vocation for teaching is sure of encouragement. Whoever imparts knowledge performs a public service for which the public is grateful. One reason why I was well received in the United States was that my mission was educational. University presidents fill an important place in the public life of the United States. Andrew D. White, my American colleague at the first Hague Congress, and formerly ambassador at Berlin, was chosen on account of his university distinction. The name of Lowell, poet and ambassador, is intimately connected with that of Harvard University, of which his nephew is now president. My colleagues, David Jayne Hill and Seth Low, were both eminent university men and writers. President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, and President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, are in the front rank of the men whose views carry weight in moral and political ques-

tions. Robert Bacon gave up his Paris embassy to place his services, like a good son of his alma mater, at the disposal of Harvard.

The period of political disturbances through which the United States passed in 1912 — a period in which, contrary to custom, there were four candidates for President instead of two — ended in an immense majority voting for Mr. Woodrow Wilson, although he was in no way superior to his competitors in reputation or eloquence. He was president of Princeton University.

We thus find that, so far from being handicapped by their complete decentralization and infinite variety, the universities have gained by it. Their organization has as little as possible of the formal and official about it, and is run almost on family lines. There is a lasting feeling of comradeship between the successive generations of students, at least as regards those of the same sex, as the principle of coeducation, so general in the West, is steadily losing ground in the East, where the grade of study is higher.

Coeducation

This is a great pity. Youths and girls are humanized by semi-fraternal intercourse and are thus prepared to know each other better in later life. Freedom for a girl obliges her to exercise more self-restraint, and also accustoms a young man to greater respect for her and for himself. Young people should not be isolated and made shy. The young American men whom I saw among the girls in the West struck me as purer and more attractive than anywhere else, and also as morally stronger, inasmuch as they undertake the most difficult part of education, that of their own self-will. They are accustomed to fight the first battle with themselves — the battle that decides all the others. They have to choose between debauchery, which is im-

possible in these surroundings, and chastity. Coeducation of the sexes is a school of uprightness and energy. It makes young men more sociable, less awkward and better fitted to make their way in life.

Wellesley College

It seemed to me that the Boston girls still enjoyed great liberty. I saw them flitting around in all directions, like birds, in the charming parks and landscapes near the city. I saw many others boating on the lakes and the river, which reminded me of the Thames. There were swarms of them at Wellesley, that fine college. Under the shade of the trees and on the undulating lawns of the park I saw them, in their light-colored robes, give an extract from the "Odyssey" translated into English. One of them played Ulysses and another was Nausicaa with her maidens. It was charming, but had a tinge of melancholy, more English than American.

Vassar College

I also spoke at Vassar College, another place of education for girls, near the Hudson. There were no young men. Here I came, under the influence, perhaps, of a lovely day at the end of May and also of an admirable superintendent, not to mention our compatriot, M. Bracq, but it seemed to me that this independent college, founded by a Frenchman named Vasseur, was a tangible reward for American initiative and confidence. There were hundreds of girls, going and coming as they pleased, talking and playing games in the park, in which they seemed perfectly at home. They were nearly all tall and slender. They were bare-headed, they looked one straight in the face and health radiated from their clear complexions. They were dressed according to each one's own taste, but all were in very light colors.

It was a wonderful glimpse into the future. It made me forget the present and ask myself if this could possibly be America in the year 1911? It was more like a vision of ancient Greece — an island of the Ægean Sea inhabited by nymphs, among whom I felt myself a being from another epoch, another country and even another world. Once more I had to note that sports and outdoor life have created, or rather revived, a form of classic physical beauty, elegance of personal appearance and movement and general distinction, in the United States just as in England. The girls and young men I have seen in these American colleges are certainly much nearer the Greek type than modern Greeks are. This does not prevent the New York boulevard spirit from making fun of them. On the walls and boardings are posters of a comic opera, "The Vassar Girls," the subject of which can be easily imagined. The boulevard spirit, however, is not that of the American public; of this I have seen plenty of proof in New York itself.

Girl's Normal College in New York

On another occasion I was asked by that distinguished Frenchman, H. Bary, to give an address to the girls in the New York Normal College. There were more than a thousand of them. The only subject I treated was their influence on the future. I have never seen anything more encouraging than this audience, with the high enthusiasm and spirit of cheerful and determined self-sacrifice that shone from their young faces. I was supposed to be instructing them, but no one can tell how much I learned from these lectures.

Meeting of School Children

A still stronger impression, an unforgettable one, was left on my mind by a meeting held in 1907, while I was on my

way through New York. The opportunity was taken to bring all the school children of the city together and initiate them in what has to be done to disseminate ideas of justice and peace. Nothing could have been more eloquent than this meeting, in the preparation of which the educational authorities took the greatest interest. There were four or five thousand boys and girls seated in their fresh, clean dresses and well-brushed clothes. It was evident that when their turn came to be citizens they would organize things with the same order and discipline as in their games. They were genuine "kids" before they came in and when they went out, but they were like little citizens throughout the meeting. They felt a sense of responsibility, and, as a matter of fact, they were responsible. Any disturbance among these thousands of children, left to sit in the long rows of chairs extending from the stage right up to the balcony, might have degenerated into a panic; but an army of veterans could not have maneuvered in more orderly style. It was a voluntary submission to discipline as a preparation for every other form of discipline in the future.

*The Protection of Youth. The Sorbonne and the Boulevard
St. Michel*

The Americans realize that the mere instruction of the young is not enough, and for this reason they have been reproached for sacrificing instruction too much. Young people must be brought up and protected against themselves when they enter upon life and against the appeals of the outside world. An eminent French educationalist, who went over Columbia University with me, observed: "What a number of precautions they take to keep their students in the university! Look at those two immense swimming baths, one for the girls and the other for the boys, where they can train into champions! Look at the gymnasium

and playgrounds — not quite large enough here but immense at other universities — and look outside, in the streets! There are no bars, no drinking places and no temptations.” He was right, and I could not help drawing a comparison between these motherly precautions, not only encouraged but insisted upon by American public spirit, with the manner in which our students, at the Sorbonne, for instance, are left entirely to their own devices. Nothing but study in all its beauty, and also its austerity, is there to keep them indoors. They have no park, not a single tree or playground, or place for rest; but outside, at the very door, is the Boulevard St. Michel with light love constantly making claims on their attention and inflicting the temptation of St. Anthony upon them. It is clear that those who can withstand this temptation at the age of twenty develop into men of the finest kind, but what becomes of the others, among whom are some of the best, the most generous and the most highly gifted?

Americans do not consider they have done all there is to be done when they have established classes, lectures, museums and universities. Their object is to produce not merely a few learned men, but generations of citizens and real men. To this end, they begin by doing all they can to keep their young men out of the temptation to excesses that make them old before their time and end by producing nothing but invalids, skeptics and brutes, which are the same thing.

Yale University. President Taft

In any case, this system of supervised liberty succeeds, not with every American I admit, but with Americans as a whole. Their education develops not only gracefulness of movement and honest pride, but frankness and openness as well, even among youths at the awkward hobbledehoy age. I have often been struck by the obligingness of the pupils.

Here is another instance of it. My visit to Yale University, where ex-President Taft is a brilliant professor, was not on my list of engagements, and no arrangements had been made for it by my friends. The result was that, when I arrived, I found nothing more at the railroad station than guides who, though very polite, were both discouraged and discouraging. According to them, there was no one to see, nothing to do, nothing to say, nothing to listen to and so on. I was especially disappointed because I had induced the aviator Blériot and one of our French friends to come with me. My idea was to give the students a pleasant surprise by presenting him to them, but all I could find out at first was that nobody took any interest in us and that there was nothing to be done but to lunch and go back again. Not being easily turned from my purpose, I grumbled at first, and then, having thought the matter over, I hailed two young students who were walking across the campus. I explained the situation, and told them that the misunderstanding was likely to make me lose my time and prevent their comrades from seeing Blériot. "That would be a great pity," they replied; "wait a little." They went off to see the dean, and while we lunched at a hospitable house, they spread the news among their comrades, who began to assemble in crowds. In a very few minutes there was an open-air mass meeting of them, and we were able to address them in light-hearted style, shake hands with them and tell one another how pleased we were to meet. The initiative and kindness of those young men had saved the day for us.

The Church as a School

The most surprising thing is that these instances of initiative are never discouraged. Some of them are inadvisable, of course, but the exception proves the rule.

The extreme liberty of America cannot exist without an amount of tolerance incredible to many Europeans. The Vassar College girls belong to different religions. Some are connected with various Protestant sects, others are Christian Scientists, Catholics or Israelites, and some are almost freethinkers; but the college has only one place of worship, a fine church where they all meet at the same time to meditate, sing hymns and repeat the same prayer. It is one more application of the motto "E pluribus unum," and we shall find another presently. The same principle prevails at Columbia University. I stopped in front of the chapel one day and asked President Nicholas Murray Butler to tell me who conducted the service and addressed the girls and young men. "Any one who can teach them anything good; you, if you like," he replied. "But," I continued, "what if the person who undertakes such a responsibility discharges it badly?" "We give credit for good intentions and we rely on public spirit, which governs here just as it does elsewhere."

Toleration

The church is a school. Everything, in fact, is utilized for scholastic purposes. Henry Barge, in his fine book on religion in the United States, very justly observes: "The churches are no longer sanctuaries. The pulpit is becoming a platform. The teaching of moral and religious science is assuming something of a religious character, while religion tends to become secular. The church is in process of evolution in the direction of the people's university. The church is at the service of human intelligence, instead of man being at the service of God" (see page 208). I have heard applause in churches and hymns in theaters. President Charles W. Eliot, who superintended Harvard University so brilliantly for so long a time, was also the

apostle of a religious conception which does away with formal observances—a conception certainly not shared by all the parents of the thousands of young men intrusted to his guidance, but his educational influence was far from being diminished thereby.

Freedom for Educators

This tolerance is no less extraordinary in politics. President Wheeler, who, as we have seen, is president of the California State University, was a strong opponent of President Taft, or, in other words, a strong supporter of President Taft's rival, Colonel Roosevelt. In the same state was the president of Stanford University, a Democrat and militant pacifist. As for New York, the president of Columbia University played an important part in the Republican convention at Chicago; and as for the president of Princeton, he could not be anything but an ardent Wilsonian.

This liberty accorded to educators is used even in foreign politics. The strongest and most cordial encouragement I received was at the universities; at St. Louis and New Orleans; in Texas, Minnesota and Wisconsin; at Kansas City and Colorado just as in the states of New York, Massachusetts and New England in general. On all sides, especially at the universities, I experienced something better than hospitality; I found friends who encouraged me and have since worked continuously with me. It was President Butler who in 1902 urged me to see President Roosevelt, as I have already described, and ask for his support of the Hague tribunal. He has since placed himself at the head of a movement, which harmonizes very well with his university duties, for the development of internal prosperity through good international relations—a formula now in common use. The American "International Conciliation" branch, founded by him in the

United States, is of greater importance than all the others combined, as it has nearly a hundred thousand supporters belonging to the best class throughout the country, and it is in touch with similar associations in Germany, Great Britain, Japan and other countries. He was chosen by Andrew Carnegie, at the same time as Elihu Root was selected, to be one of the guiding spirits in his colossal peace institution. For several years in succession he presided over the much-discussed International Arbitration Conferences at Lake Mohonk, and every one of his opening speeches was a political pronouncement that might certainly have been contrary to the opinions of more than one family among his pupils. The latter have none the less steadily increased in number, as have the donations made to his university. He and many other educationalists who work with him have contributed greatly towards the evolution of American public spirit in the well-defined direction of arbitration and conciliation.

I will now say something about the great forum at Lake Mohonk — a curious institution which is, I believe, unique in the world. Side by side with the university, the church and foundations of all kinds, it is a form of untrammelled education in the United States.

2. *Lake Mohonk. The Brothers Smiley*

Lake Mohonk was founded by two Providence school teachers — twins, the Smiley brothers, both confirmed idealists. Not content with having spent their lives, up to a mature age, in the education of youth, they undertook to instruct opinion, public spirit, the Press and political parties. They were inspired by the idea of endowing the United States with a forum exclusively for the advocacy of great ideas and great causes. They began by making their fortunes and killing two birds with one stone. First

of all, they found a firm basis in the shape of an attractive location where their idea could take root and extend into the infinite. They did not build on clouds, but on a rock, on the bank of a deep lake of pure water, amid solitary cliffs, far enough from populous centers to be safe from undesirable visitors and yet near enough to form a meeting place for those earnest American men and women who, like themselves, had an ideal. Would that I had time to describe this delightful place, still a virgin solitude, where all is light, silence and liberty! And yet it is only halfway between New York and the state capitol, Albany, but the journey is complicated. It is made from New York, either by railroad to Poughkeepsie or by one of the splendid steamers that ply on the Hudson and float majestically like swans on the bosom of the river, past rocks and woods. Opposite Poughkeepsie is a trolley car that takes you into the mountains as far as New Paltz, where you change into a comfortable carriage and are conveyed to Lake Mohonk. This is the approach to the Catskill Mountains. In this deep-seated retreat, left undisturbed by human industry, the Smileys made their way to the heart of forest and lake and traced out an immense and impenetrable domain, which they acquired partly out of their savings and partly by raising loans. They built excellent roads all leading to the central point, and there, halfway up and hanging over the transparent turquoise waters of the lake, they built — what? A Swiss hotel.

The Lake Cure

“What a piece of vandalism!” I hear someone exclaim. Not at all. It was foresight amounting to genius. The two teachers realized that their countrymen could not always live in a state of hustle and overwork, and that they would need quiet and rest. In this way began what has now be-

come a fashion, like going to the Italian lakes — the “cure” among the lakes that form the greatest natural beauty of the northwest part of the United States, and especially to the north, between the White Mountains and the Green Mountains and as far as the Canadian frontier. No motor cars are allowed in Lake Mohonk Park. There is no dust, no smell of gasoline and no noise. A vigilant gatekeeper, at the far-off entrance, keeps out intruders. Alcohol is not allowed inside. Sobriety is the rule in the house, but the food is very good and well served. A post and telegraph office, a supply of daily newspapers, a very large concert and lecture hall, a library, reading and writing rooms are on the premises, and outside the front door are breaks and carriages of all kinds to take you into the mountains or to the golf course, and tennis courts nearer at hand. At the lakeside there are plenty of boats for rowing, and swimming. This sanatorium for healthy people — quite a northern oasis — became such a success that the hotel soon had to be enlarged to four times its size in every direction, — height, breadth and length, — and it can now accommodate five or six hundred travelers. The Smileys had made their fortune. They took advantage of it, not to enjoy themselves but to realize their ideal.

Debating Great Ideas

Twice a year their secretary draws up a list of persons interested in some great cause, and twice a year these persons are invited to meet in the solitudes of Lake Mohonk, a week before the hotel opens at the end of May, or after it closes in September. All Americans and foreigners who are known to have rendered service to international arbitration, and whom the best journalists of the country are anxious to meet, are thus invited, five or six months in advance, to come and spend four or five days with Messrs.

Smiley. On the appointed date, carriages are waiting for them at the little mountain railroad station, New Paltz, whence a fast drive of a little more than an hour takes them to the hotel; and then begins a delightful period of retirement from the world — a conspiracy of earnest people who need to know one another, to combine and to give mutual instruction and encouragement. All their energies, instead of being wasted on isolated attempts, constitute a force, with the public authorities, the Press and public opinion on its side instead of against it. One of the brothers Smiley died, leaving the other, to take part in the labors of the conference and, together with his family, to extend a benevolent welcome to their guests. He has recently died, leaving an excellent will, by which he bequeathed not only his fortune but his program to his descendants.

Supporting Great Causes

When we remember that this platform is available every year to workers who are engaged in various forms of effort but are all enlisted in the service of the same ideal, and are fighting, not without courage and great disinterestedness, in the United States, against egoism in all its forms, and for negro education, protection of Indians, and, in fact, all just causes, it must be admitted that a pilgrimage to Lake Mohonk is very tempting. I made this pilgrimage and came back filled with emotion and gratitude. I would like to be able to accept the invitation to go to Lake Mohonk with my family every year. Once more I return to my work richer in hope and more convinced than ever in the ultimate triumph of our so-called illusions. This is a triumph that never will be, and ought not to be, complete, because we need to wage continual conflicts and overcome obstacles to bring us nearer to the summit, which we shall never reach because it rises with us.

The gathering at Lake Mohonk is not a pacifist one. It was in no way identical, for instance, with the peace congress that met a few weeks earlier at Baltimore. I have said nothing about this assembly, because these congresses are all alike, and it is quite exceptional for me to attend any of them. Every one must play his own part, and I am led by experience, good or bad, in the course of my career, and by my parliamentary responsibility, to encourage all worthy forms of initiative as far as possible, but to take part only in those that strike me not merely as desirable, but as likely to produce results in the near future. I say this less as a philanthropist than as a statesman, in the interest of my own country and every country. Lake Mohonk is a concentration point where practical men, business men, bankers and statesmen meet philanthropists. What harm is there in this? On the contrary, is it not desirable that incompatibility should not be established between morality and politics? and that a patriot should be allowed to be a pacifist just as a pacifist gives his life for a principle? None of the misunderstandings with which we are acquainted in Europe exist on the peace question at Lake Mohonk. The great majority of the country has made up its mind to have peace, and, under these circumstances, how are people to be expected not to discuss means for organizing it? How is the national foreign policy, which affects every citizen's pocket, to be withheld from public debate? How can people fail to be interested in the demands of national defense, the colonies, military and naval expenditure, superdreadnoughts treaties with foreign countries, the Panama Canal, and so on? All these subjects are of the highest interest to the educators of the country, and Americans, who have very little conception of the historical and geographical difficulties that beset us in Europe, can understand neither our scruples nor our perplexities in this order of ideas. At Lake Mohonk

and elsewhere I have heard debates on a theory now generally accepted which originated at Pittsburgh — that outdoor sports are the moral equivalent of war from the educational point of view, and that such sports develop the warlike virtues which are themselves the natural complement of well-organized peace. Americans are far from wanting to degenerate. They mean to fortify themselves and make themselves invincible by peace. They are a long way from relapsing into the inferior enjoyments of a temporary security or the pleasures of Capua; but they realize that war is no longer a sport, or is becoming too abnormal and expensive a sport to be modern. They are convinced that young men, accustomed from their earliest childhood to the voluntary discipline, endurance, self-possession, agility and prompt decision required by outdoor sports, will be well prepared to defend their country in case of need. All they would have to learn would be to use a rifle and adopt military discipline. In this way Americans not only avoid neutralizing part of the national wealth and strength, but help to develop them, so that the country can utilize the full extent of its resources whenever necessary.

The Lake Mohonk lectures on arbitration and against the constantly increasing claims of armed peace constitute the clearest and most positive teaching to be found in the United States.

3. *The Education of Political Parties. Political Classifications*

It is the same with the Lake Mohonk addresses against drink and with the examples of tolerance in favor of the Jews and of the oppressed of all kinds. It can doubtless be said of every one of these problems that its settlement is chimerical, but there is not one that we are entitled to neglect. The Lake Mohonk idealists are therefore justified

in discussing these matters, and their great merit is to provide the various political parties with material for their platforms out of the debates, which are correctly reported or summarized in all the papers. Lake Mohonk is a reservoir of ideas, and those that have stood the test of debate, and have filtered through, circulate throughout the country and are to be found in the programs of all parties.

Contributing to the education of the various political parties, improving their organizations and especially their methods, renewing their ideals and putting emulation in the place of indifference to great questions, seems to me to constitute a very great service, all the more essential as the country is more disturbed. Ten years ago, the peaceful settlement of international conflicts was not included in any definite program. The organization of arbitration is now an electoral platform, quite as much for the Progressives and Republicans as for the Democrats. Mr. W. J. Bryan came to Lake Mohonk in support of this organization as the leader, at that time, of the Democratic party. Mr. Roosevelt justly claims the honor of having shown the way to others. Mr. Taft has gone still further. As for the Socialists, their protests cover the whole question.

A process of intense electoral ferment is going on in the United States. The two great historical parties, Democratic and Republican, no longer suffice. The dissatisfied, the credulous and the impatient are camping out to the right and left of the old parties, each of which has its part to play, one being the brake and the other the whip. This evolution is about the same in all parliamentary countries. Economic and social questions have upset the positions of the parties, which were more or less weakened by holding office, as well as by the ambition and failings of individuals, and were more or less divided against themselves by serious conflicts of interest between different districts. There is now a greater distance between rival members of one party

than there is between the principles advocated by two opposing parties. Certain essential principles, such as free trade in England, are common to two sections of two opposing parties and are supported jointly by these sections against the rest of their parties. The titles of these parties thus no longer correspond to reality, and the result is a state of confusion which is wearying public opinion, just as deceit on the part of a child annoys its elders. Personally I decline to accept the classification of American parties without examination, just as I ask Americans not to judge us Europeans by labels varying in meaning according to latitude and circumstances. A Radical in the south of France is often more conservative than a moderate Republican in the north. Some of our Radical-Socialists are militarists and megalomaniacs, and it is the same with some of the new English Radicals and with more than one American Democrat. It is therefore natural that the electorate, not knowing how the land lies, should want something new, and that their feeling of disappointment should encourage overbidding for their support; but this state of disquiet does not at present imply anything undesirable for the future of the United States, and is, on the contrary, a good sign, inasmuch as it stimulates energy.

Misleading Names

The fact is that all the old parties — Whigs and Tories, Liberals and Conservatives — are compelled to come closer, not to absorb one another, but to unite so as to make the greatest or smallest possible number of concessions to popular claims; but the maximum is never anything more than a beginning. They represent the unpopular *status quo* and, for the time being, defend it, whether they like it or not. They constitute a natural center of resistance much more than of action — a center of modera-

tion and opportunism with whose slow progress impatient humanity must put up. It is, in short, a center — a word that sums up the whole situation. This center nevertheless obtained ten out of fifteen million votes immediately after a fierce electoral struggle in the United States, and it might further reckon on the future support of a large number of the dissident Republicans who followed President Roosevelt in all good faith. These ten millions consist of 6,500,000 Democrats and 3,500,000 Republicans. The two unequal portions of this center, being always in a state of uncertain equilibrium, in the United States as elsewhere, will have to come to an understanding and make their respective supporters agree to unpleasant sacrifices and give up many positions and personal advantages. On this condition they may look forward to a useful career and the accomplishment of a set of ideal reforms, beginning with the complete abolition of the too-celebrated bosses, or corruption committees, already condemned by legislation under the pressure of public opinion. After this, and above all, come the development of education in all its forms and in all directions, the study of new problems at home and abroad, and the improvement of economic and social conditions throughout the country, in and through a properly understood, well-organized and assured peace. Only by this policy will the center exist. It will triumph if it places the interest of the country before the claims of its coteries, and wise and well-considered reforms before routine and election promises. Otherwise, if it hesitates and fails to muster up sufficient courage to take firm ground between quagmire and precipice, and if it tries to flatter both sides, its action will be no better than make-believe or caricature and merely justify the existence of the extremist parties.

Neither of these parties deserves to be treated as of little account, because their support comes from the same class — the discontented, many of whom are perfectly sincere.

The Dissatisfied Rich and Poor

There are two very distinct sections among the discontented: the rich and the poor. There is a great gulf fixed between them, but some accidental circumstance might easily make them combine in some sudden and mistaken course. The center constructs, not very well, but still it constructs; the two extremes want to construct also, but for the time being, destruction is the only point on which they agree. This union of adventurousness and anarchy has always borne the same fruit: revolution.

The wealthy discontented are the same everywhere, and it matters little how they are styled — jingoes, *plébiscitaires*, pronunciamientists, partisans of personal power, of a military dictatorship and finally of war. We may call them Pan-Germans, Imperialists, Panslavists, Panhellenists, Boulangists, Déroulèdistes or Rooseveltites, but as a matter of fact they are all alike. In the United States they have reckoned up their forces for the first time — after making due allowance, as I have said, for those who were temporarily led away — and they attained a total of four millions out of fifteen millions of voters. This is an impressive figure, but should not be taken too seriously, because, in spite of its demagogue appearance and of the elements of violence which are poisoning it, the new party, known as the Progressive, is nevertheless, as a whole, deserving of respect as an indication of the idealistic and moral yearnings of the United States. It has been described as exploiting idealism and indiscriminately promising to satisfy all the generous desires of the country.

The Center between the two Wings

As for Socialism, it is a party of destruction and of promises, and this is its weakness rather than its strength.

It implies war on opportunism and war on capitalism, but it is war all the same. Can this be a new religion? If so, it would have the support of the men and women — and they are innumerable in this country — who aspire after better things; but in reality it is simply another form of hatred, and this is what Americans do not want. It is not a remedy but a danger for a young nation in search of unity. Complaints would be listened to, but hatred is feared. Women seem to me to be better organized than Socialists in the United States, and they have succeeded better. Why? Because they have abstained from negative or indefinite grievances, and brought their efforts to bear on certain definite points, such as the drink traffic, education, the protection of children, hygiene, etc.

Comparative Weakness of Socialism

The Socialists realize their numerical inferiority. Their candidate, Mr. Debs, did not obtain more than a million votes in all. This was more than at the previous election, but there again we must look at the facts behind the figures. I dined with the principal Socialist leaders in New York, at their club, which profits, like every other institution, by unlimited toleration from the universities and, consequently, from public spirit, and is situated in one of the Columbia University buildings. The Socialists have to admit that the frontiers of their party are not easy to define. They are not supported even by the labor unions, who mistrust politicians. The result is that a great many workers escape from their influence. (I do not mean to say that all the poor are on one side and all the rich on the other. I know some wealthy Socialists, and my own attempts at classification are no more perfect than those of the parties themselves.) The fact is that the Socialists are a rather indeterminate party. They are not even supported by

the intellectuals who, as a whole, want to carry on their work in peace. Moreover, they (the Socialists) cannot help admitting that, in this new country, where new forms of progress spring out of the earth every day, a great deal had been accomplished before they were heard of and without their assistance. What reason is there, then, for experimenting with their form of government? Their program is necessarily still more indefinite than the boundaries of their political domain. They encounter prejudice and they meet with insurmountable obstacles. They, and they especially, meet the difficulty by adopting idealistic reforms, wherein they, like other parties, can exert a salutary and moral influence — which accounts for a great deal of the support they have obtained. “We are idealists first and foremost,” one of their leaders told me. “What we want our country to have is a peaceful future that will add to the national wealth and make it of service to the whole community instead of to the privileged few. We want a better system of education, although we admit that a great deal has been done to educate the people all over the United States. Our program consists of developing the national wealth and morality, two words that are one to our minds. We are so idealistic that our friends in Australia, New Zealand and the Cape come to us for inspiration rather than to Europe.”

What difference is there between these aspirations and the most unselfish ideals in all countries?

One obstacle to the practical application of Socialism in the United States is the existence, side by side, of too many different languages, races and religions. It is difficult for Socialism to effect a combination of so many heterogeneous elements that are already divided among themselves. They are so many Towers of Babel which can be more or less effectively held together only by the national ambition to be a great people. It is difficult, for instance, for Social-

istic propaganda to bring about a definite *rapprochement* between the negro workman and the white workman. An antagonism carried to the point of incompatibility exists between them, and is so pronounced that many employers provide against possible strikes by keeping gangs of negroes ready to take the place of the whites and break up the movement. How, moreover, can any effective influence be exerted, over immense distances, on a crowd of foreign workmen — Germans, Poles, Italians, Greeks and so on — who do not speak the language of the country, cannot get on with one another, and hold to their old traditions of antagonism? We know how fiercely the union workmen in California opposed competition from yellow labor. If Socialism is consistent, it will hold out its hand to the Chinese, Japanese, negro and other competitors of the American workman; and if it rejects them and treats them as outcasts, what becomes of its doctrine? We have also to take into account the glaring mistakes whereby Socialism damages its credit. But the real weakness of Socialism, to my mind, lies in the activity of public spirit, which never leaves the Socialists a clear field and gives them no opening. Another is the wisdom of the two great parties, Republican and Democrat, which, though they spend a great deal too much money on preparations for a war that nobody wants, are nevertheless pacific. If, unfortunately, an outburst of jingoism occurred and the government became militarized, the Socialist vote would double, as we have seen in Germany. There are still many other obstacles: the ardent spirit of industry that animates the whole country, the lack of idlers, the women, to whom I have already referred, the children, even the wealthy who are anxious to do useful work, and the numerous philanthropic institutions, which are becoming the rule and not the exception. The people know well, for instance, how greatly they benefit by all these educational founda-

tions, and this consideration alone is enough to prevent them from pronouncing wholesale condemnation of an organization that has produced such results and is opening up the future for them.

Socialism has less hold on the United States than elsewhere because it cannot have a program, because the population is small, scattered, varied, divided and not yet acclimatized, and especially because it has to cope with too many philanthropists.

4. *The Indians*

Of much more seriousness than the future of Socialism in the United States is the negro question and, morally, the Indian question. The Socialists would be in a considerable quandary if they had to solve these two problems in accordance with their own principles. Here, as elsewhere, the purest idealism must reckon with facts, and the far from cheerful saying, "Reason is not all-powerful, and has to endure what it cannot prevent," finds its application. It is much to the credit of the brothers Smiley that they included these two questions in their program. To be quite exact, they began with the Indians even before they founded their hotel. The first of these Indian conferences dates back to 1883, and they have since been continued every year and have brought together the best of America's generals, savants, clergy and publicists. As their undoubted efficacy became known, they extended their sphere of action. They were consistently opposed to the doctrine of domination and especially to that of exterminating the natives. In its place they urged that there should be education and coöperation in the Hawaiian islands, Porto Rico and the Philippines just as much as in the interior of the United States. This spontaneous activity has produced incalculable benefit, which came too late, but was

eminently practical, if we consider the irreparable mistakes they enabled governments to avoid and the germs of hatred and revenge whose propagation they prevented.

American Impatience

The merit of the work was in proportion to the prejudice that had to be overcome. I find that the best and most open-minded friends of mine are still skeptical on one question alone — the future of the Indian, and the negroes. They have no belief in the “good Indian.” They abide by one of those Voltairean expressions into which a mistaken conception, generally accepted over a long period of years, is cleverly condensed; they agree with General Sherman that “the good Indian was a dead Indian.” There is certainly no lack of vices laid to the Indians’ charge — idleness, drunkenness, debauchery and so on. For over twenty years I have heard this kind of thing. Subsequently, at Lake Mohonk and elsewhere, a very different tone greeted my ears. The only views I will quote are those of statesmen.

History of Colonization. French and English

Mr. Elihu Root, for instance, speaking at the Champlain tricentenary celebration in 1909, attributed the final triumph of the English principally to the fact that they had the assistance of the Iroquois, — that is to say, the largest and most powerful tribe, — while France, in spite of her heroes, took the side of the Hurons.

He goes, in fact, too far when he considers that of only secondary importance were the repeated failures of Louis XV’s government to support the French cause and the jealousy and dissensions that led to and accentuated these failures and paralyzed our pioneers. We were beaten, not by the

Hurons' weakness, but by that of our governments. There is no need to look elsewhere for the explanation. In any case, Elihu Root recognizes the immense value of the services the Indians rendered to civilization, and he confirms what we know from correspondence of the period, not to mention Fenimore Cooper and Francis Parkman. All testimony goes to show that while the Indians had their faults, their greatest offense was that of clinging to an obsolete style of existence. Have they been allowed to live in any other way? They have been gradually eliminated, together with their hunting grounds, their prairies, their forests and their game, but their numbers have been reduced first and foremost by internecine warfare. Another reason for their dying out is that the United States government not only opposed them, — as it was more or less compelled to do in retaliation or through the inevitable consequences of accomplished facts, — but never made real and acceptable peace with them. It compelled these nomads to remain in reserved territories, it gave them neither time nor means to settle down and moved them on from time to time, like flocks of sheep, farther and farther from their homes. Instead of estimating their possible services in the future by the power of resistance they had shown in the past, and instead of utilizing this force, the government preferred to destroy it. It was all very well to defeat and conquer them, but was it necessary to condemn them to extermination as well? Why? Because governments are weak enough to give way to jingo pressure, and because, no doubt, a handful of adventurers who wanted to rob the Indian had only to accuse him of being a national enemy; and because it was more difficult to combat American impatience than to destroy the Indians: to stop and make the effort necessary to conciliate them. The Americans, who have accomplished many more difficult feats than this, have

none the less failed to help the Indians change their existence so as to conform to the change in their country. The Indians were left to live in a state of idleness, badly clothed, badly fed and housed, with no hope and no purpose, drink-sodden and sick, with dwindling numbers, marrying only among themselves and doomed to degenerate and die out. They were regarded merely as an obstacle, an object of fear for some and of curiosity and exhibition for others. The same problem still exists in all European colonies, and deserves reflection. If we had followed our baser instincts in Tunis only thirty years ago, we should have tried to reduce the natives to the condition of Red Indians.¹ It is easier to exterminate or degrade a people than to educate it, but when it has to be replaced, we begin to see that there might have been worse, and we regret its loss. There is no proof that, with the exercise of a little patience and credit, a source of strength and beauty could not have been extracted from the Indians. The mistakes that excluded French influence from the development of the New World and placed its future under the influence of the English language and the exclusive control of the European immigrant have perhaps caused civilization to lose the benefit of an experiment which deserved to be made and which, for the first time, might have been made under extremely favorable conditions — a trial of Du-pleix's system of government with the assistance of the natives, the latter having a share in the government of their country. The native in this case was neither the negro, nor the Chinese, nor the Arab, nor the fanatic more or less inimical to the white race; it was the white race itself, or at least — as science is uncertain on this point — one of the finest possible types. It was no doubt addicted to idolatry and hostile to contradictory conversions by our

¹ See "La Politique Française en Tunisie," by the same author. Plon, Paris, 1891.

Protestant and Catholic missionaries, but it was none the less genuine metal which only needed the alloy of a higher civilization to become refined and perhaps finer than any other. Most of the reproaches we make against the Indian might be urged against ourselves. Every explorer has expatiated on his faithfulness, which they had proved, inasmuch as they intrusted themselves, for years, to the Indians; but explorers were followed by traders and conquerors by speculators. How were the Indians treated in return for their fidelity, and what was left undone to demoralize them? The fault, which is only a question of degrees, was general. The French, and especially the English, must share the responsibility with the Genoese, the Spaniards and the Portuguese, who were the first offenders, acting, as they did, like the Turks and barbarians whose practices were a monstrous inheritance from antiquity and its spirit of domination, slavery and mutilation. We know how physically and morally fine were the innocent peoples who threw the Antilles open to Christopher Columbus and the whole of the New World to the European navigators, as far distant as the peaceful islands of the ocean called Pacific, and we know how savagely and cruelly all these races were destroyed by fire and sword, by sickness, by the torture of hard labor and work in the gold mines; how, in return for their kindness, we let destruction loose upon them, slaughtering men and animals alike, burning the forests and depopulating the land as far as the ocean and the polar regions, and exhausting all the sources of vitality. Is there no appeal against this law? Will the history of European colonization be forever made up of three periods, more or less prolonged but invariable — heroic efforts first of all, then the weaker race mercilessly exploited by the stronger and finally a third period, chastisement?

I have often thought of the grief and shame our pioneers

would feel if they could come to life again and see how their promises have been kept, and if they could see how the traces they left have been swept away. Even Dutch and French names have been wiped out to a great extent and replaced by English, under the influence of the hostile feeling prevailing at the time. Francis Parkman has pointed out, in a spirit of justice, how greatly English and French colonization differed. The Englishman looks upon the Indians as intruders, and ignores them until the time comes when he can get rid of them. It would never occur to him to fraternize with them, and he disposes of them quite calmly. The Frenchman regarded the Indians as men, as auxiliaries and as friends whom he loved and would readily admit into his family. The English have never understood or liked the Indians, and, most unfortunately, the Americans have long followed their example. I am told that this misfortune was unavoidable; without trying to find excuses for official harshness or bad faith, could the English be compelled to like anybody?

Spaniards and Puritans

It is true that the Spaniards managed to populate Peru with half-breeds born of their unions with native women. This is a matter of temperament, and it may be doubted whether these mixed races constitute any advantage to civilization. But there is another and a serious question to consider. The position of the Spaniards in the south was quite different from that of the English in the north. The Spaniards were attracted to Peru solely by a golden bait. They went there without their wives and families, they were not overburdened with scruples, and they attached no importance to temporary unions. The English Puritans, on the other hand, left their country to escape persecution. They were in pursuit of an ideal. They gave up every-

thing for the sake of their beliefs, which they affirmed and strengthened by leaving their native land in a body for perpetual exile. They embarked upon the foundation of another world, which they hoped would be better than the old one. They were accompanied by their families, and they took with them all their stern moral integrity, their pride of race and Anglo-Saxon hauteur. There would have been an end to their lineage, and it would have been impossible to gratify their ambition, had they mingled with the natives. Instead of attracting their own countrymen to follow their example, both they and their principles would have been more or less submerged. In any case, English Puritanism has certainly intensified many virtues inherited by the United States, but it could not populate the whole of America. It helped, concurrently with the elimination of the French element, to arrest the intermingling of Europeans and natives; and though this intermingling has sometimes given indifferent or bad results, it has also produced good ones. Facts are facts, and the beauty of a race is the result of qualities established ages ago. Champlain's contemporaries agree in describing the Hurons as fine specimens of humanity. Even to-day we see Indians as handsome as types of antiquity, with profiles like those of an emperor on a Roman coin.

Prairie Cæsars

These prairie Cæsars deserved something better than to be treated with contempt and sentenced without being tried. Their rich blood would have regenerated Europe's. Fortunately (let us whisper it), a good many of the condemned managed to soften the hearts of their conquerors, if we may judge by the number of North Americans in whose veins there is unmistakably Indian blood. Nature will out, and it is not by mere chance or imagination that we see, in the

eyes of so many young American athletes, the reflection of a past dating back to long before the Puritans reached the New World, and a vague longing for restoration to an ancient status. A reaction, in fact, has begun in favor of the Indians, just as we have seen in the case of the forests. Nothing is lost, an optimist tells me; and the Indians have never been much more numerous than they are now. A great deal was heard of them because they were constantly fighting, but they lived in widely scattered groups, each in constant danger of being wiped out by another. They now total about 400,000 in the territories left to them, until further notice, by the United States. It may be that their numbers were no greater a couple of centuries ago. It may also be that they will cease to be warriors and will become farmers, thus taking their share in the peaceful and laborious life of the nation. They are now encouraged in this direction, thanks to the manner in which private initiative has reacted against the previously prevailing sentiment. They are now generally looked upon as a healthier and richer factor of population than certain emigrants who have been driven by starvation or persecution from the poorest countries of the East to seek their fortune in the United States.

Before long, the smallness of their numbers will be regretted. When History surveys our epoch from afar and passes judgment upon it, what will she say about the ravages that followed the first intercourse between Europe and the New World? What will she say about the two-fold folly that led us to empty America of its natural population and replace it by negroes forcibly brought from another world? What will she say when she records what these negroes have become in the United States?

Did not Jefferson say: "I tremble for my country when I remember that there is a justice of God!"

The negroes were about four million strong in the United States half a century ago, when they ceased to be slaves.

They now number ten millions, or more than a tenth of the total population of the country. They are steadily increasing and multiplying. Their mortality is high, but their birth rate exceeds their death rate. How is such a question to be settled?

The day of reckoning is sure to come sooner or later. The United States are bearing the chastisement for one of Europe's worst crimes. In our time there can be no enslaving a nation, and still less a race, with impunity. Sooner or later, right has its revenge. As an example of this, we have the Balkan states. If Poland and Alsace are pointed out as contrary instances, my reply is: "Wait and see."

5. *Inevitable Reckoning*

I can easily see the danger and complexity of the negro problem, but I fail to perceive how it is to be solved. The Americans have already moved heaven and earth in this cause. They abolished slavery by waging the war of secession, at the risk of their own existence, and, after such an effort, we need not despair of them. But what will follow?

Slave Trade

From the first, the distribution of the colored folk imported into America was unequal. The negro races are still more varied than those into which the whites are divided. There are abysmal differences in the degrees of civilization or barbarism between them. The most docile, intelligent and industrious, the best blood in western Africa, the descendants of pastoral and agricultural peoples, are in Cuba and the Antilles, where, being well treated by the Spaniards, they are making progress. The inhuman policy of Napoleon I in San Domingo has nevertheless paralyzed this progress, to the great disadvantage of the

negroes, of France and of civilization. The others — those who were imported into Louisiana and thence into the United States to oppose the Indians — belonged to warlike cannibal tribes. Spurred on by the slave dealers who waited on the coast, caravans — a practice that has only lately been stopped — made the journey, often a long one, to the coast, where their prisoners began a new form of captivity. The “ebony wood” was thrown into the holds of the sailing vessels — worthy successors of the Mediterranean galleys and commanded by criminals of the worst type. The world can never have any conception of the atrocities committed on these voyages. What remained alive of the human cattle, on reaching the New World, was taken to market, cleaned and sold by auction.

War of Secession

I saw the stone on which slaves were put up for sale at New Orleans. They were then packed off in gangs, watched by ferocious dogs, to some part or other of the country. Those on French plantations were generally well treated and became family retainers — the “good niggers” of abolitionist literature — until, paradoxically enough, the war of secession liberated them without any preparatory measures and cast them adrift. Other negroes were set to work in factories or put to building and road making. They were given no instruction, they had nothing to which they could look forward, and the result was that they formed a class naturally inferior to the free workmen of Europe. The contempt entertained for them by the English and Americans — a characteristic to which I have already referred — was far from making it easier to educate them. Separated from the white population as they were by the suspicion attaching to their awe-inspiring hereditary instincts, their color, their ignorance, their temperament and their customs,

they had literally no resource except to become brutalized. They were doubly in bondage — the former slaves of masters who were themselves degraded, and slaves of their animal instincts inflamed by drink and orgies. It is easy to understand why the European colony had an ungovernable prejudice against them, amounting to a horror of black men, and why the whites absolutely refused to come into contact with them and made up their minds to use them like animals and nothing more. It is obviously difficult to react against the consequences of such a system, which was fatal to masters as well as slaves. It led to antipathy between the two races — an antipathy that was not merely physical, but was the outcome of reasoning.

Liberated, but not Citizens

In the South, the liberated negroes are not yet allowed to sit next to a white man. More than once I sat down inadvertently in the negro compartment of a tramcar and was motioned into the other by the conductor. The negroes have separate waiting-rooms and dining-rooms at the railroad stations in the South. The colored folk are free, but they are not citizens. There is some explanation for the summary executions, which strike us as monstrous, of negroes by whites. Lynch law is a survival of Indian warfare. The bestial nature of the crimes committed by drunken negroes excites not only indignation but alarm, owing to the poor organization of justice in so large and thinly populated a country. The whites, knowing themselves to be in a minority, lose their heads, and, not being able to rely on the operation of the law, they protect themselves against violence by violence of their own. The misfortune is that, unlike the Indian, the negro cannot look forward to ultimate salvation through intermingling with the white race. Independently of the instinctive prejudice

to which I have referred, we have to consider the danger to civilization which would result from too free intermarriage. People are asking themselves whether this intermingling ought not to be moderated as much as possible, and this at a time when scientific discoveries will certainly help to make it more frequent. The effect of cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, like that of Suez, and building railroads all over Africa and Asia, must be to bring the races of mankind closer and closer together and commingle them. Emulation, and not an indiscriminate blending of the various races on the globe, is what is needed in the general interest of humanity. In the United States moreover, the mixture of black and white blood is considered as giving very bad results. It is asserted that half-breeds, mulattos and quadroons lose the good qualities of the negro and take the bad qualities of the white, and this conviction is so strongly held that it involves social complications impossible to settle. There is no room for a child born of a white husband and a black wife. He is an outsider wherever he goes. He may look at life with childish anticipation and the broad grin of the darky, but life shuts the door in his face. No white child will play with him. When I denounced this treatment as cruelty, the reply was: "We must beware of allowing the negro child to live with children whose later existence he cannot share. How can a little black boy be a playmate of a little white girl whom he can never marry, except at the risk of bringing other unfortunates, outcasts and pariahs into the world? The child of a mixed marriage has often been defined as a white soul confined in a black body."

While the solution of the problem is being sought for, the problem is becoming more and more serious. The negroes are increasing and multiplying, but they are still foreigners amid the population of America, and, worst of all, they form the only foreign element that cannot be

assimilated. Another difficulty is that the black population is very unequally distributed over the forty-eight states of the Union. In some it is almost nil, while in others it forms the majority. In some parts of the state of Alabama, it attains the proportion of seven to one. Here we have a people liberated but not adopted, that will decide the fate of a state and of several states, inasmuch as negro suffrage is being taken into account, and finally, when the crisis comes, that of the entire federation.

The Negro in a White Democracy

Yes, the day of reckoning always comes! but there are times when we seem to be paying very dear for the sins of our ancestors. The United States are now paying dearly for the crimes committed by our "ebony-wood" dealers when they invented the devilish scheme of dragging the inhabitants of one continent away to another. At present they do not know what to do with the swarms of descendants of these blacks. They tried a different plan, that of establishing another country for the blacks — the Republic of Liberia, in West Africa; but the negroes, having become acclimatized in America, declined to return to the other side of the ocean. Their reply was: "You will have to keep us. Here we are, and here we stay," and they have remained in the United States. What will be their ultimate position in that nation? I was long inclined to despair of their future and of any solution of the problem, but my conviction was shaken, to my own great relief, by the confidence displayed by men whose high ideals remind me of those of the great European Liberals of former times. To begin with, I found myself obliged to reckon with the tremendous efforts made since the war of secession to educate the negroes and raise them above their former level. And yet, what is the use of instructing them and giving them a

share in the general coeducation of the country if they are not to have the same right to existence in that country? To instruct them so as to let them intermingle with the American race is impossible, and to exclude them from the life of the nation is just as impossible. What is to be done? Do you propose to bring up a brotherhood of ten millions in enmity to eighty million Americans?

The Americans, however, do not despair; they never do. They say the worst time is over — the time that came immediately after emancipation. No provision was made for the future of the freed, and it was deplorable. What was to be done with a generation that had no predecessor, that was suddenly awakened to freedom without having ever exercised it, that was left to itself after having known no will but the masters', that was free to earn its living by work, although work, to their minds, had nothing honorable about it and was slavery itself? Idleness, wretchedness and degradation were inevitable under such conditions, and the consequence was that soon after their emancipation, we were confronted with the worst specimens of the negro that had ever existed. They were the sons of slaves! Now, however, this generation is dying out, and the instinct of self-preservation has reasserted itself. Philanthropists have come forward, as in other countries, to facilitate the transition, and this transition is education. A remarkable establishment, Tuskegee Institute, has been founded in Alabama by a mulatto, Dr. Booker T. Washington, an excellent and celebrated man. This school has already rendered, and continues to render, services the value of which is steadily becoming more and more evident. It gives material and moral instruction to great numbers of colored people of both sexes, and they, in turn, spread their knowledge throughout the South, hitherto very poorly provided even with white teachers. They have already raised the negro level beyond all expectations

in the course of a very few years. Negroes have developed a taste for education and have shown themselves worthy of it. They have their own doctors, lawyers, bankers, insurance companies and so on, managed by negroes. Mulattoes and negroes make excellent servants in hotels and private houses; and I have already mentioned the politeness, exactness, honesty and other qualities—quite a specialty and almost a monopoly—shown by negroes on all the railroad trains. Dr. Booker Washington is himself an example of the high culture of which a negro is capable and of the eminent services he can render the country. But the more one investigates the question, the more one discovers other points which I am not justified in omitting. I will confine myself to the testimony of the men who are best qualified to speak.

Sir William van Horne, a Canadian justly celebrated for his important railroad and other enterprises in Canada and Cuba, summed up his opinion by telling me that the Americans had made the same mistake as the English, and had failed to realize that men, be they white, black or yellow, can be made to do anything if they are well treated. Sir William added: "I have employed negroes in Cuba and given them my utmost confidence. I have intrusted them with large sums of money, important messages and valuable documents to convey from one end of the island to the other, through the dangers of forests and solitudes. Not one of them has ever betrayed my confidence." This contemporary testimony confirms that of the noblest European explorers of Africa and Asia. Brazza never employed any weapon but kindness. Major Marchand, and there are many others like him, crossed Africa from west to east with a mere handful of men. Nachtigal the German lived alone in the Lake Chad district. Auguste Pavie did the same, and for a much longer time, in the Upper Mekong, which was morally subjugated by his uprightness.

Confidence and kindness were justified in the person of Livingstone. During the thirty years he spent among the negroes, they protected him and loved him, so much so that they respected even his remains, which now speak to the world on their behalf from his grave in Westminster Abbey.

General Leonard Wood, when governor general of Cuba, utilized his qualities of heart still more than his intelligence to atone for and correct the mistake made by his countrymen. He extended negro education and founded hundreds and thousands of schools, increasing their number in a very short time from 100 to 5500. The result was immediate.

It is a fact, as I have said, that the Cuban negroes are superior to those of the United States, but the Spaniards treated them well, while the Americans have sentenced them without appeal. Negroes have a strong sense of dignity. Lower them, and you degrade them. In Cuba they are remarkably faithful. Teach them, and they will teach one another.

In the state of Virginia there is a negro school, the Hampton Institute, and I shall never forget how completely my notions were upset when the white superintendent, Mr. Hollis Burke Frissell, explained the question as he understood it. Until that time I had never realized, as I do now, what a great piece of injustice, or rather what a great crime, had been committed. Mr. Frissell spoke with the simplicity of a philanthropist, but in the same strain as the moral pioneers who, before his time, helped to regenerate the world. He showed me the frightful condition in which the negroes, whom we reproach with not being like ourselves, have been left since the very beginning, from the Roman, Babylonian and Mussulman epochs of slavery. He declines to exclude them from the great onward march of humanity or to doubt that they can contribute to the gen-

eral progress. He described the grandeur — which is not only possible but certain, in his opinion — of the new worlds that are awakening and will know nothing of excommunication, blood-stained tyranny and systematic degradation. He sketched the future of the disinherited races that will participate in the development of the United States, Canada, the two Americas, Asia and finally Africa. They have been its victims and they will be its saviors, if we treat them well; he repeats “like children, they must be taught to walk.”

Numerous disciples of Booker Washington are being raised up in the present generation of negroes and are preparing to instruct the others. Let them but find imitators in our European colonies, and the problem of their organization will be all the more simplified. The negroes' future will be easier in Africa than in America, because they will be in their natural surroundings, provided we give them natural development conditions that will bear comparison with our own. Hitherto they have been crushed not merely by barbarity and slavery, but by the unhealthy climate in which they are compelled to live, by their state of insecurity, by sickness, by poverty, and by war — always the same cause — with no other outlook. How could they have developed? Their progress has been the reverse of ours. For centuries they have been going back while the whites advanced. The weakest had no refuge but marshes and inaccessible forests. They have come down to the lowest rung in the ladder of humanity, while the whites climbed upwards. Give them peace, justice and education, and you will see a transformation in them. Do not judge them by what you see of them in cities where they are degraded by a system that treats them as machines or animals. Give them a chance to cultivate such aptitude as they possess, and, owing first of all to education and then to agriculture, you will see them catch up to you

and help you. What you sow, that shall you also reap. To free the slave and redeem him is a good beginning, but to atone for the crime is the whole duty, and the redemption.

At any rate, while people refuse to recognize that negroes possess good qualities, some use has been made of those qualities. I will close this summary of the arguments I have heard on their behalf by an incident dating back to the youth of an American ambassador in Paris. He told me that during the war of secession a young Boston officer, Col. Robert Gould Shaw, whose admirable monument, in Boston, by the sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens is well known, undertook to form a black regiment, the fifty-fourth Massachusetts, but found himself opposed by Northern sentiment, which was ready to emancipate slaves but not to fight on the same side with them. He persisted in his project, so as to prove their bravery, and he succeeded to such an extent that they were half of them killed, with himself at their head, in a bayonet charge under the walls and in the trenches around Fort Wagner. They claimed the post of honor and they had it. We have no right to forget these men when we talk of American idealism. Though we may do justice to what they have suffered and achieved in the past, this does not regulate their future, and they are still left face to face with the sad reality that, between them and white America, divorce is just as impossible as cohabitation. The problem is not merely moral, social and economic; it is political. How can two races, whom Nature and history have done everything to separate, live on the same soil and under the same laws, together yet isolated, and both constantly engaged in the same national work, if they are neither to love nor to hate each other? What will be the negro's place in a white democracy?

Injustice to be Confirmed or Atoned For

Those skeptics who reproach us with our belief in a better humanity may triumph over the admission that, no matter what results may ever be attained, the mass of suffering and injustice will always exceed human powers. We see sons and grandsons, nephews and grand-nephews suffer in atonement for the sins of their ancestors. Is a curse to rest on a whole people, full of energy and promise, because of the long martyrdom inflicted for all time on the black race? There is no question so ominous for the future of the United States as the negro question. Very little is said about it, — most people would like to forget it, — but it complicates all the other problems. With every step they make the Americans will come in contact with it and now the burden of solving it, a mighty and impossible feat, is placed on their shoulders. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. They cannot escape it; every day that passes brings the obligation to choose whether they will add to injustice or make amends for it. No one dreams of the former course, which would mean making the situation still worse. As for the second, no one can see how it is to be done.

Americans have Faith

I remember the violent dislike of the Americans at Seattle to what they called the unbearable burden of the old questions bequeathed by old Europe. They had come in search of a clear field where there would be nothing to interfere with their youthful enterprises. They were in a hurry to escape from these questions and establish their new scheme of existence. They had made their way from the East as far as possible westward until they reached the Pacific and the extremity of the New World. It was all in vain, and

they are now discovering that turning your back on it does not dispose of a question. It pursues you. The only course is to retrace one's steps, face the difficulty and join with the rest of the country, from all points of the circumference as far as the center, in trying to solve the problem; to search in every direction, to use all one's ingenuity to make a comprehensive survey from the summit of an ideal eminence that grows higher every day; and by the exercise of reason, determination and good will, the Americans will find what they seek, because they want to live, because they have faith.

6. *Religion and Church Works. Is it Dying Out or Modernized?*

Americans are believers. This does not mean that they are generally devout and pious, and still less does it imply renunciation. It is the kind of youthful, enthusiastic belief that disposes of the worst difficulties, like a great and hearty effort made after a sound sleep. It implies moral and physical energy stimulated by obstacles and finding causes for action in even the contradictions of Nature. It is spring born of winter; it is belief in the destiny of humanity as an integral part of creation.

Is this belief of a religious nature? Mistakes on this point are quite possible. Americans discuss religious questions very little, especially with a Frenchman. They have a horror of arguments about religion and especially of sarcasms of the kind dear to the disciples of Voltaire. Religion is one of those reserved territories which a foreigner might suppose to be neglected, but on which Americans do not like intruders to stray with religious passions from another country or another age. Religion, whether practiced or not, is, to the American mind, doubly entitled to respect, both on account of its moral tendency and its

past. Whatever may have been its failings, it is bound up with the history of the United States, in which country it has been, and still is, an element of civilization. This is sufficient to insure its not being discussed lightly. The church was the first source and means of human association; it was born of the need that men feel more than ever — and Americans perhaps still more than the rest — of coming together on days of rejoicing and days of sorrow, to unite for good and against evil, to sing, to weep — to hope in spite of everything and to give one another mutual support. It is easy to say that religion is dying out in the United States, but I am not at all sure of this. I take no account of external appearances, such as the number and the wealth of certain churches (at any rate those in large cities), respect for all forms of belief and religious observances that impress a Frenchman, such as the grace said at the beginning of a meal, and such frequent expressions as “thank God,” “please God,” “God bless you” and so on; and I observe that, as a matter of fact, the attendance at church is becoming smaller and smaller. Few men go there, the proportion being one man to ten women and children. In church, the priest can no longer talk about the devil or hell or an avenging Providence, neither can he discuss Paradise and future rewards, or put forward dogmas, or say mass in Latin, or hypnotize himself by the beliefs of a past which had nothing to do with the country. All this kind of thing is archaic and out of date, to say the least. We are far removed from the time when the constitution of Massachusetts provided (Article 2) that “no traveler, carter or other person shall go about on Sunday, under penalty of fine”; and, in Article 4, that “any one who, being in good health and without good and sufficient reason, fails to take part in public worship for three months, shall be fined ten shillings” (1827–1828). It is true that these laws, which were very

much like those of the other states, were seldom enforced; though Tocqueville wrote in 1835: "Sunday observance is what strikes the stranger more than anything else." "After Saturday evening," he adds, "there is a general state of lethargy."

Nowadays, we find the president of Harvard University mentioning, as a proof of great progress, that in 1886 it was at last decided that students should not be required to attend service. I cannot, however, deduce from these changes that religion is dying out; they impress me, on the contrary, as healthy signs, because the church is becoming modernized. The old rule, "*immobilis in mobile*," cannot be followed in America, where immobility spells death. To keep alive, the churches, together with the entire population of the United States, are looking for new fields of activity, and are finding them. Their diversity, which some interpret as weakness, is their strength, and it is one of the national forces. A single religion would soon be in conflict with the public authorities, as is the case in France, Italy and Spain. The government of souls would try to encroach on the government of men, and these would rise in revolt. There are many religions that cannot be combative. The Americans have neither time nor men to waste in fruitless disputes. They want churches that will combine to help them, and that combination is effected. The churches submit to the law of competition and profit by it. They are rivals in a spirit of good intentions and not of hate. They share in the great national work, and are associates instead of enemies. What they each lose individually by this community of action they gain in vitality and popularity. Each grows in proportion to its own self-effacement.

Religion, which looks as if it were dying out, is thus undergoing a process of evolution, like everything else. It could not be otherwise. The American religion is a combination of colonial religions; that is to say, a mosaic

of religions which have been transplanted or improvised, in the whirl of city life or the solitude of agricultural estates, for the use of immigrants from every quarter of the globe. As these immigrants gave up everything to leave their own countries, who can pretend to be able to bring them back to a copy of the church that was once theirs? They are all more or less merged in the whole, and how are they to be separated? It might perhaps be done in a great city, but not elsewhere. The immigrants are not very particular, and they are content with the house or church that shelters them. They return to life and, at the same time, to primitive religion. Later on, when these centers of population develop into cities and states, they are brought into closer union by their mutual weakness; they enter the federation of the United States, and their churches are obliged to follow their example. This is true even of the Catholics. They remember their origin. It is even considered at Rome that they remember it only too well, and that is why, it is said, Mgr. Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, has never been made a cardinal. They readily accept *rapprochements* in which their great number and the unity with which they act can insure their preëminence. We must not forget that, though they come closer, they do not lose their individuality — and here this is true of all these intermingled religions — and they do not even mix together among themselves. You can hear an Irish Catholic exclaim with cheerful contempt, when he sees a crowd of Sicilians or Maltese Catholics: "And those are the fellows that make Popes!" But these differences do not prevent a general agreement in the life of America.

Competition in Well-doing

The understanding among the churches is more or less closely following, whether they like it or not, the federation

of the United States. We cannot yet say that the federation stage has been reached, but there is association, both frequent and occasional, and competition to see which will do the most good and make itself the most useful to the public. Every church holds that the better world is here, in the new and not the old hemisphere, and still less in a future life! Religion was made for man and not man for religion. Man is turning his back on the past. He is all for the present and the future. Religion must march with him if it is to be anything more than a remembrance. It is throwing aside its impedimenta, and gradually giving up its dogmas, credos and uncompromising attitude. When the Congress of Religions met at Chicago, a general formula of belief that would arouse the least possible objection had to be found, and it can be summed up in one word "usefulness." The church makes itself useful, first and foremost, and, as the great and general need is education, it constitutes itself a school. It has its Sunday schools, where it shows children how to sing, to teach, to know and love one another; it brings parents together at childrens' gatherings; it organizes, on its own premises, the family festivals for which the heart longs in exile; and the child, being the future of the country, becomes the real object of its cult. The church, however, does not monopolize the child and does not contend with city or college for him. This would involve stopping, seeking to dominate, and losing the way. The church has something better to do. It takes hold of the most urgent work, such as charitable and social improvement, organizations and moral teaching. It is most interesting and encouraging to observe the successful way in which the church assumes a great many and varied forms, and transforms itself into a club, a society and even a theater if need be. Any effort towards better things is religion.

Religion of Good

How could a religion, made up of so many religions that coöperate in the great melting together of races, languages and dogmas, fail to be welcome in a new country? The force of circumstances has brought the infinite variety of churches, like the universities, into accord. Conflict among them would be chaos, but tolerance is salvation. It is true that tolerance in this sphere may open the door to a great many eccentricities and abuses, but we must take into account the principle of never discouraging initiative and of letting the good sense of the public and the general law of competition weed out the bad from the good. We must also bear in mind that it is necessary to make the transitions gradual. Religions are not born promiscuously, they correspond to moral and material needs, and, so long as these needs continue, the religions maintain their title to existence. We have seen an instance of this with the Mormons, where polygamy remains, as a matter of fact, justified, by custom if not by law, through the necessity of obtaining help in the cultivation of waste lands. In other parts of the country, various forms of doctrine have tried their luck. Some have succeeded, like the Freemasons, and others have failed after undergoing a test which, in the United States, is final but free and generally fruitful. Communism is one instance, and others are supplied by Owenism, the Icarian colonies and the Fourierists.

I have found rich and flourishing churches all over the United States and even in Europe, especially in England, which belong to a new sect, the Christian Science religion, founded by Mrs. Eddy. It has its cathedral at Boston, where a large part of the population belongs to it; and it has its own Bible, carried by a great many passengers, especially the ladies, on board Atlantic liners. It is per-

haps the only religion that excites serious criticism, — not so much among other churches as in the country at large, — because, in one sense, it evades the common law. It does not confine itself to competing with the other churches in patriotic ardor; it competes with science, physicians and surgeons. The enormous progress made by this special sect alarms a great many Americans, while others, on the contrary, are delighted with it. I will discuss it impartially as a really impressive sign of the present state of the American mind, before attempting to define what seems to me to be the religious spirit — the religion of the future in the United States.

Christian Scientists. Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy

The Christian Scientists are propagating their ideas all over the United States with a vigor that produces a very singular mixture of enthusiastic belief and genuine opposition. As we know, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, who died in Boston two years ago, made an incalculable and steadily increasing number of proselytes during her lifetime. Her prestige was incredible but can be understood on looking at her portrait, which shows noble and regular features and an expression of majestic gentleness combined with intensity. All that is wanting in her portraits is a halo. Her religion was conceived not merely as moral guidance, but as a physical cure and a form of regular treatment — the religion of health, of the mind and the body. This is carried to such a point that many Christian Scientists have been prosecuted for illegally giving medical advice. A great many people assert that they have been almost miraculously cured of their ills simply by observing the principles of Christian Science. This science in reality consists of strength of mind, evenness of temperament, confidence and even cheerfulness purposely used against

discouragement and depression — preëminently an Anglo-American complaint. Suppose you are nervous, spiritless and melancholy; do not send for a doctor but for a disciple of Mrs. Eddy. He or she will come and talk to you, stimulate your moral energy, and persuade you that all your troubles are in your imagination and loss of control over yourself, and that you will soon be cured. Such is the problem, and it is easy to imagine what the universities think of it and the abuses to which the application of Christian Science can give rise.

In company with an American senator, I attended a Christian Science meeting in 1907, under the presidency of Hayne Davis, an apostle of the new religion, and we spoke in one of their principal churches. It was one of the bright and sumptuous places of worship they have in every city in the United States, and generally several in each city. The scene was something like a drawing-room on the day of a garden party. The women were beautifully dressed and smiling, and all knew one another, like members of a large club. The church was profusely decorated with plants and flowers, and every one joined in the singing led by the choir and organ. Every one stopped to talk on leaving the church after the service. The men, who seemed very quiet, spoke even more gently than the women. It was like what one sees outside one of our fashionable churches after an Easter confirmation service. Satisfaction and joy shone in every face.

This determination to beautify life and to ignore or annihilate its difficulties by combination, serenity and steady effort is extended by Christian Scientists from individual existences to those of families and of the whole nation. I have heard more than one American express uneasiness as to what may result from this excessive sacrificing of the individual to a fixed principle and wrenching him from the influence of physical, family and social

trouble. "Christian Scientists," I am told, "are one of those associations of mystics of which history records many instances. It is an alarming form of fanaticism, because their contempt for material bonds extends from the body to all obligations, including marriage and family ties. It calls souls out of their carnal abodes and husbands and wives from their homes."

The Christian Scientists are none the less ardent patriots. They approve of building dreadnoughts and strengthening the American fleet; but at the same time they are constantly engaged in contributing to increase public wealth (thereby helping the cause of peace) in all parts of the country, as well as to preserve the country's natural beauties and develop its resources. But for the dreadnoughts and the medical question, every one could approve of their principles. They take great pains to stimulate economic emulation all over the country. They encourage not only individuals but cities and states to believe in themselves, their future and their ultimate success. They have undertaken to develop public confidence.

Mind Cures

We need not be surprised if such an undertaking appeals to a great many sincere people in a country in which every one wants to use his powers to the best advantage. I remember hearing Buffalo Bill, in the middle of his camp, explain his extraordinary youthfulness and vigor by a few words which he repeated with evident satisfaction. "It is in the mind," he said; "it is in the mind."

Strangely enough, after having felt merely amused by this remarkable display of confidence, I began to feel less sure of myself and to think that, after all, there must be something useful in Christian Science for their churches to increase to such an extent in the United States and

abroad. This is how, I confess, my skepticism was shaken. One day I was admiring a very fine church in one of the handsomest cities of California. With me was an American — an excellent business man, very intelligent and not at all credulous. When I expressed my surprise, he told me that this fine church was not the only one the Christian Scientists had built in the city. There was another, he said, not far away, even finer and with quite as large a congregation. There was nothing ironical about his remarks, and when I asked for further information, he continued in the same tone, with perhaps a shade of depression in his voice :

“There can be no doubt that those churches are useful. If the Christian Scientists try to persuade me, when I have broken my leg, that the fracture is purely imaginary, or that a contagious disease among my children should be treated with contempt, they are ridiculous and ought to be prosecuted as quacks of the most dangerous kind; but one must not judge a system by the abuses that arise from it. A great many women in this country are imaginary invalids, and only imagination can cure them.”

This gave me food for thought, and I was at once reminded of what Molière wrote. Perhaps Christian Science is a form of reaction against the ineffectiveness of medical treatment in an immense, new country with a scattered population, or against the practice of carrying out surgical operations on the slightest provocation. The history of Mrs. Eddy herself throws light on the matter. There was nothing in her early life to suggest that she would one day be a sort of apostle. A mother, she became a widow and married again, but was always an invalid. She was then living in the state of Maine, and failing to obtain relief from medicines, she consulted Dr. Phineas Quimby, who was a pupil of Charles Poyen and, consequently, a disciple of our Nancy school in France. After having

suffered for many years from a disease of the spinal column supposed to be incurable, she was restored to health in 1862 by Dr. Quimby's magnetism or mesmerism. This was her road to Damascus. It was the starting point of the religion whose Bible she wrote and disseminated so thoroughly.

As for the Nancy school, it has extended in Europe and has its mind-cure clinic in Paris, where Dr. Bérillon carries on the work of Liébault and Bernheim, who were considered by the faculty itself as savants of high standing. They were, in fact, savants. In this lies all the difference, and it is very great. A great many sensible people in France make fun of the abuses and weaknesses of the medical profession and its Latin and Greek terminology, and we still hear it said that "all that the doctors have done to cure a cold is to call it a coryza." The doctors themselves admit that the mind-cure system is very useful. It is now accepted as a scientific principle and forms a part of curative science. It is not so in the United States, at any rate at present, for it is quite possible that the Christian Scientist healers will take to passing their medical examinations, and then their position will be unassailable. This point, however, has not been reached. At present there is nothing religious about the mind cure in France, where it is a branch of scientific progress. In the United States it belongs to quackery and mysticism, also under the head of progress, which is quite intelligible.

When the Americans originally established themselves in the country, they were compelled, nine times out of ten, to do without doctors, but they none the less think a great deal about their health. It is quite a common thing here for people to have themselves operated upon for appendicitis before starting on a journey, simply as a precaution. During one of my last visits to the United States, shortly before the king of England's coronation, there was a great

deal in the newspapers about an American great lady, the young wife of an English lord, who had had herself operated upon in advance, so as to make sure of not missing the celebrations in London.

We should observe the importance attached in the United States to the prevention of disease by diet, fresh air, change and prohibition, that is to say, forbidding the use of any stimulant. We must not forget that, in some houses, the daily bill of fare is drawn up by a specialist who has made a special study of the nutritive values of foods and who is called "dietitian."

The Christian Science Monitor

With physicians either too scarce or inefficient, and surgeons too enthusiastic, the Christian Scientists prosper greatly throughout the country, although they are often attacked and prosecuted individually. They carry on their operations all over the forty-eight states, and their center is at Boston, where Mrs. Eddy founded her church, or rather her cathedral, which is constantly being enlarged. Nothing escapes them. They have adepts who follow everything that goes on and is worth notice, and who act as correspondents of their organ, the *Christian Science Monitor*. This paper is published at Boston, in a splendid building close to the cathedral. It is not only a good but an exceptionally well-edited journal. Its articles on local and general topics are very well done. The propagation of Christian Science ideas is only lightly touched upon, while there is a large amount of news so edited as to be interesting and useful to every city, state and organization. This newspaper was mentioned to me as one of the best in the United States by university friends of mine, who were not Christian Scientists themselves, and I have often found myself in a position to confirm their opinion. The *Monitor* does not

confine itself to the states of the union, but publishes an international edition, and has voluntary correspondents all over the world. I visited its offices, about the finest I have ever seen. One of the directors explained the policy — a correct one — of the paper as laid down in its entirety by Mrs. Eddy: “ ‘Nothing sensational, no horrors and no tragedies; do exactly the opposite of other newspapers; try to make your readers peaceful and happy instead of crazy.’ As an instance, while all the other papers described the terrible scenes that occurred during the wreck of the *Titanic*, we gave prominence to every instance of courage, self-denial, heroism and religious faith — in short, everything that might be elevating and enlightening to our readers. ‘Tell them about the good that is done’ is our motto. The result is that what our *Monitor* loses in local news it gains in extent and depth. It finds its way everywhere, even to the East Indies, and the reader does not care whether the number he has before him is old or new, because the paper, not being sensational, is always interesting. It is, moreover, without prejudice; we never discuss religion and do not insert any doubtful advertisements. We give one page to every great country, such as England, France or South America; another page to subjects, not of the day, but of the present time, of economic and social interest; and an illustrated page to sport, fashions, etc. We let the reader follow whatever political ideas he prefers. We are neither for nor against Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson. We give speeches, facts and figures as correctly as possible, so as always to gain the reader’s confidence rather than appeal to his emotions. The result is that we offend no one and interest every one. Our paper is really a daily illustrated magazine — an independent family journal designed to propagate physical and moral hygiene. We send correspondents to centers where the truth is being withheld or

concealed by political or financial influence, notably Persia and Turkey, and we always end by reaping our reward. The public is grateful for what we do, and supports us. As you can see by our outward indications of progress, this is a very good business proposition. We make money by exploiting good instead of evil, and our circulation is increasing all the time, in spite of all gloomy predictions."

The Cathedral

As for the cathedral, which I visited, it is quite a little world in itself. It contains a church and a hall for concerts and lectures, with excellently arranged massive mahogany seats, giving plenty of room for an audience of five thousand to sit comfortably. On every hand are signs of order, discipline and good organization. Above a very large platform rises a huge organ, and several inscriptions from Mrs. Eddy's Bible are carved on the stone wall. One, the most characteristic, is: "Never breathe an immoral atmosphere except to purify it" (p. 452, line 14).

It is a great surprise to find such a cathedral with such a newspaper next door, in the heart of American idealism, intellectualism and progress, in the same city as the venerated Harvard University and so many historic churches (many of which are less wealthy), especially as Boston is making progress, extending in all directions, adding new features appropriate to a great city, and improving those already existing, enlarging its harbor and even reclaiming land from the sea, like the Dutch polders, as if there were no more territory available in the New World. But why cite Boston alone? Have I not observed the same eclecticism and the same toleration in all the universities, and seen the Christian Science paper read even in medical schools? I expressed my astonishment to one of my best friends, formerly president of a very large university, a

strong Presbyterian and not by any means a Christian Scientist, the weight and authority of whose opinions entitle him to the utmost respect. He made no reply, but nodded his head, and his wife, who fully shares in his beliefs and work, merely remarked: "They do good. One of our relations was so ill that there were never enough of us to look after her. She was cured by the Christian Scientists, and now she looks after all the others."

Union of Religions

I have dwelt at some length on the success achieved by a religion which, in the opinion of many Americans, is not a religion at all. They believe that, sooner or later, it will come into conflict with education and science in the United States and Europe, and will place public sentiment and the American government in a quandary. My object is to show the extent to which tolerance is carried towards churches as well as universities; but it is obvious that we must not judge the American churches as a whole by exceptions or accidental circumstances, and we will limit ourselves to their general tendency towards transformation.

The objection may be made that a religion designed for service, for curing bodily ailments and helping to colonize is not a religion at all, but a combination of philanthropic and temperance societies, a registry office and a school of social morals — in short, a utilitarian enterprise and not a religion. The meaning of words need not take up our time; we are in a new country, where people have not always had the time, the means or the desire to form church-going communities. We must not forget that, not only is there a great scarcity of school teachers all over the country, but it is still harder, especially in the South, to find priests and ministers. Mgr. Ireland sends to Europe for his

clergy, and the seminary he founded at St. Paul is exceptional. These new conditions, added to the difficulty of communications over great distances, and scarcity of resources, compel the churches to rejuvenate religion. Otherwise religion will die out altogether; and, to rejuvenate it, all possible measures are tried. Churches advertise, like theaters, in the newspapers. They utilize everything that can attract the public decently. These are rough-and-ready methods. America is not the only country to use them. The Salvation Army scandalized Europe by its bands and its noisy way of getting at the working classes, among whom it does a great deal of good, and this, after all, is the main point and the object aimed at. Even in New York, teachers come forward voluntarily to make up the inadequacy of the churches, and their action is generally approved. In 1907, I was asked by Dr. Adler to speak, one Sunday morning, to the Ethical Culture Society which he founded and which has developed so brilliantly. I was taken to a very large hall that might have been either a theater or a place of worship. I felt as if I were in a church, because there was just the same religious fervor, and the same appeals were made to the spirit of self-sacrifice in all its forms. It is not at all easy to define the boundary between secular morality and religion in the United States.

Does this mean that the churches are giving up religion so as to be able to keep their supporters? Not at all. They all more or less derive their inspiration from the same scruple, and this scruple is a religious one. They see that Americans take nothing for granted, and they feel that they cannot escape the common lot if they adhere too closely to the past. They avoid repudiation, but they say as little as possible about beliefs "of human invention" that are too open to discussion, although these beliefs once led to considerable shedding of ink and blood. They know

that the faithful are more than indifferent to these mysteries, which would end, if forced upon them, by making them into unbelievers, and the churches are accordingly modernizing religion. They do it more or less cautiously, but it has become a rule to be ignored only under penalty of breaking up the congregation. "The mystery of the Holy Trinity," said Bishop Phillips Brooks, "simply appears insignificant in comparison with the enormous amount of moral and social work to be done by the American churches. Let every one enjoy his liberty and his own beliefs; the essential thing is what the church can do for its neighbors and the country." We may go still further and say that the religious scruple to which I have referred is not merely prudent and negative. It is wise and modest; it implies fear of giving an unsatisfactory definition to the indefinable. Is it not as futile to define God as to deny His existence? This aversion to incursions into the unknowable is a conscious reversion to humility and a step to all the concessions that are possible on the part of the churches. How can we try to define God, to imagine Him and to bring Him within the narrow limits of our conceptions? Why make distinctions between God and His works? We have not yet discovered all the earth. What do we know about the universe and creation? And yet we claim to be able to define the Creator! We have wasted our energies for centuries in absurd and tragic disputes over our pretentious attempts to define the Creator.

The Spirit of the French Revolution

The spirit of the French Revolution and the conceptions of Jean Jacques Rousseau are more alive in the United States than in France. The Americans know nothing about them but have been brought up on them. They do not talk about a "supreme Being," neither do they say,

“Let us enlarge God” — a formula to which they would object as too narrow; but they refuse to belittle Him. What we take for indifference on their part is a new ambition which should form a climax to all their other ambitions — that of completing their political by their religious independence, of liberating themselves from the past in the sphere of religion as in all other spheres of thought, and of liberating God. They are broadening their consciences. They extend their tolerance to religious, moral and social questions, and the first settle themselves automatically when the two others are disposed of. The revolutionary formula “Neither God nor master” has no meaning in America, because the church does not exercise any domination. That admirable man Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, like many others, is more or less consciously a disciple of Fourier, exclaimed at Lake Mohonk: “We have burst our bonds and freed ourselves politically and religiously. Henceforth man will solve the great problems of his life with his own conscience and with no one between him and his Creator. The desire of our country was to be the cradle of the freest, the most universal and the most personal of religions, and it is. We have no state religion. Every one of us looks at the sky above him, believing that in it exists an infinite Being, his Father and his Friend, with whom he is in direct intercourse.

“But this Father and Friend, though invisible and unknowable, manifests Himself in His works. Channing, referring to the beauties of Nature in his youth, says: ‘I have tasted the greatest joy on earth — that of communion with the works of God’; and it was in the name of this universal independent American religion that he claimed for his country the honor of directing all the humanitarian movements of our time. What are we? the children and grandchildren of the Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Scandinavians, who populated our

continent? We are brothers, and we should unite with one voice against the evil that threatens us all.”

The Pioneer of Pioneers

We thus see that Americans, far from giving up religion, consider it a source of new ideas and place it in the highest possible position. They are freeing it from its egotistical aims. To an American Christian — who is not very far removed from an Israelite in this respect, — the main thing is not to prepare for a future state but to make good use of the present. We can conceive all the churches, including even the synagogues, agreeing in respect for Christ. The Jews themselves say He was one of themselves, and Americans regard Christ as the highest ideal for the future social state to the coming of which they are endeavoring to contribute. Christ refused to define Himself, and confined Himself to setting the example and inculcating just those virtues of which Americans feel the need: forgetfulness of self, the love of one's fellow men, and the cult of true justice. Christ it is who shows us the road to higher things through the sacrifice of ourselves. He is the greatest of all examples and the pioneer of pioneers.

Sentiment and Reason

In this state of mind — natural with men who left their homes to escape from our Byzantine controversies and to seek for the “kingdom which is not of this world” beyond the limits of Europe — the churches can no more be hostile to one another than they can be idle. They reconcile sentiment and reason.

Indifference to Dogma

As soon as they voluntarily give up all supernatural authority and adopt the well-known formula “Indifference

to dogma is our only dogma," as soon as they cease to discuss their points of difference and allow their teaching and their actions to have the same meaning, how can we fail to see the beginning, not of fusion into one mass, I repeat, but of union for them all. It is a more or less slow process of evolution, but nothing can interfere with it except a stoppage in the progress of the United States. If things continue in their present course, and if Americans pursue their development in unity and peace, they will ultimately set Europe a twofold example of political and religious federation. Channing expected France to give birth to the religion of the future, but we have no clear field for it, and it will be gradually evolved in the United States for our descendants.

This is a task that is quite worthy to excite the enthusiasm of so young a nation, and it will set the climax to that nation's economic and political mission if it succeeds in escaping the madness born of ambition, if it does not lose the consciousness of its destiny, if it chooses its representatives wisely, and if it compels its government to open up new paths and turn aside from the ruts into which we have fallen.

Unitarians

The number of men who are paving the way for this religion of the future by their example and precept is incalculable. They belong to a lineage that goes back to the early Puritans and Methodists and was humanized by the breath of Unitarianism. This high-minded sect appears to have died out. Why? Because it has accomplished its purpose, which was to penetrate the others and bring them together — a fine, disinterested achievement of which scarcely any trace is left. To act, create and fight for one's principles is a joy, a delight and a glory; but to reconcile others and their ambitions is a thankless task and therefore the grandest of all tasks. It is commonly

said that the Unitarians never made any progress except among other churches. I can quite believe it, seeing that they came out of their own. The pilot puts out in his frail bark, in spite of darkness, storm and reefs close at hand, to bring the great mail steamer into port, but he gets no credit for it. We simply accept the fact that the vessel has arrived safely. It is the same with the Unitarians. History will do them justice. I can but express my admiration for their disinterested work of peacemaking and general organization, so largely imbued with French influence. This work will be misunderstood and hampered, but will none the less be accomplished. I have seen an equally chimerical enterprise succeed — at the Hague Congress in 1899 and 1907.

Rival Gods

For the first time perhaps, official representatives of all the states in the world met, in pursuance of a purely ideal purpose, to begin the task of drawing up a declaration of the duties of man, his rights having been already laid down. There were Europeans, Americans, Asiatics and delegates of every race and religion, each having its own Church, its churches and its Deity. No harmony was possible among the advocates of these rival deities, except through self-effacement in one great and common undertaking, or through coöperation. But this coöperation was complicated by mistrust and unconfessed designs, as well as by temporal and not very moral ideas. Nevertheless, the conception that it was possible to render humanity a great service began to predominate over considerations of a less elevated kind. The mere ambition to render this service caused all these representatives of more or less hostile races and religions to set to work and, after weeks and months of heated debates, to produce a joint creation, a nucleus of international justice. When the right time

comes, it will not be any more difficult to bring representatives of all beliefs into agreement over the nucleus of a system of morality common to every religion in the world. This form of progress will simply be the outcome of all the others realized in our time. It will be to the honor of Americans to have contributed to it.

I am under no delusion when I say, as the result of years of observation, that Americans have a growing tendency to devote themselves, in a broader and broader spirit of altruism, to public movements that will serve as a link to bind more and more closely together all men, all nations and all churches.

The uses of religion interest them more than religion itself and are, in their eyes, nothing but a reversion to the true Christian spirit. Is this an unconscious reversion? If so, it will be all the more active. No thoughtful man or woman can live in America without feeling pity for the schisms prevailing in the Old World and the conclusion is obvious.

Phillips Brooks

At Boston I paid a visit to the house of Phillips Brooks, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Massachusetts, who died at Boston Jan. 23, 1893. His admirers and disciples, in their desire to do due honor to his memory, built, not a church, but a house, the "Phillips Brooks House," a club or center for the maintenance of mutual assistance and faith, where the Harvard University students meet together with any one willing to work with them. What is this work? It consists of keeping Phillips Brooks's ideals alive and spreading their beneficent contagion, of training people in the service of good causes, especially the most thankless. A system of relief for children and the poor is in process of elaboration in this little house. Here also arrangements are made to look after the thousands

of emigrants who land at Boston on their way to various parts of the country. They must be prevented from falling into bad hands and from being exploited and wrongly advised. It is a piece of great good fortune for them to have so many unexpected friends, guides and correspondents. Phillips Brooks set the example of these services during his lifetime. He advocated them, and he addressed himself to young minds, to which he opened out endless horizons of good works. To this simplified form of religion he devoted, with all the force of his great nature, the latter part of his life.

Like Phillips Brooks, there are many in Europe who deserve our admiration. Innumerable are our religious and secular saints, but they have been hampered. The Catholic religion, especially in France, has priests who are superior to those of other countries, but the church will not allow them to be modern. She paralyzes them — which is a very different thing; and she condemned Lamennais. Had Father Hyacinthe Loyson lived in the United States, he would have died glorious. Phillips Brooks was the ideal of the good shepherd and the good American citizen. When he was to speak, the whole city came to hear him, and he could appeal to the whole city. He inspired so much respect among the various denominations that they were all represented at his funeral, and on that day, all the church bells tolled in unison. When a committee was formed in Boston, a few years after his death, to build the house I afterwards visited, contributions came in from all sides. Episcopalians, Unitarians, Orthodox-believers, Congregationalists, Methodists, Swedenborgians and Catholics were at one in trying to perpetuate his influence and his spirit and to prepare for the religion of the future.

The Religion of the Future

Channing believed that to France would fall the task of founding the religion of the future. In his time it was already said that religion was dying out in France, but he took account of the still existing moral and religious sentiment that finds its expression in work and philanthropy. He also judged France by the good she had accomplished. He relied on her because she had so often proved herself worthy and so often stood on the brink of the precipice, risking her liberty, her blood, her future and even her life for her ideal of justice and liberty. He recognized her as entitled to seniority in the great family of civilizing nations, and he recognized all the virtues of maligned France, because she remained true to her name, as Ruskin said; because she is frank, because her inward religion, her really national religion, is the spirit of fraternity. But he did not take into account the hold established by age-long systems of domination on this spirit of brotherhood, neither did he reckon what it had to suffer or the disappointments it encountered; and finally, what he took to be moral bankruptcy was a revolt of the French religious spirit, not so much against religion itself as against its abuses. A great many Americans make the same mistake, and the Catholics in particular have exaggerated it so far as to be unjust. The Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, Mgr. Gibbons, usually a liberal-minded man, publicly condemned this revolt of French vitality at the time of the debate on our laws relating to the religious congregations and the separation of church and state. He gave the signal to his priests to pronounce an anathema, which was taken up by fifteen million Catholics, against Republican France. It was unjust, to begin with, it was mistaken and it was imprudent; for, although this happened only a few years ago, the truth is already becoming evident.

The responsibility of the persecutions with which France was reproached, although she was merely defending herself, is beginning to fall on the Holy See. The Republic is all the greater for the attacks she had to face in order to save her principles, which are exactly the same as those practiced by the United States. We do not need to look very far ahead before asking ourselves whether attacks on the spiritual independence of the French Republic do not constitute a threat against the future of the American Republic. The truth is coming to light through reflection, through observation of the progress achieved by a free France in political, intellectual, moral and material questions, and finally through the discovery that the slanderous charges made against her were grossly exaggerated. I lay stress on this point, because it is important to dispose of the baseless stories circulated with the object of setting American public opinion against efforts to secure freedom of thought in France.

American Women and Secularization in France

Most American travelers land in Europe with a mental attitude that can easily be imagined; they come to rest, and to see something new. By this they mean what is most unlike the United States, and the "something new" is old Europe. I know more than one fashionable American woman whose idea of France is made up of the Church of the Sacred Heart, the Convent of the Birds and the Rue de la Paix. There are quite as many others who go to London for the sole purpose of being received at Court, and to meet some of the beautiful duchesses, marchionesses and countesses who set the styles for many of their countrywomen and join with our equally beautiful Parisiennes in deploring the contrariness of the age. At that painful period when the struggle was at its height, —

still more painful to us French than to Americans, — when the convents had to be closed, when the monks, white, brown and black, had to leave their monasteries, and especially when the nuns in their white caps departed, signs of sorrow that were natural and worthy of respect were given. As for the American women, many of them took up arms for the “persecuted religion” against the government. It was quite conceivable that they should do so. In common with many other members of the French Parliament, I could have wished that the laws we voted, conscientiously believing them to be necessary in the interests of France and of civilization, could be put into operation without hardship. I suffered a thousand times more myself than all the American women who blamed us for enforcing the law, as we were bound to do. I can understand their sentiment, but if we are to be guided by such considerations, where are we to draw the line? Are we to let France relapse into the Middle Ages so as to make it more picturesque?

To these now obsolete causes of the unpopularity of secular France among a certain section of American society, we may add the bad impression created by those of our own newspapers that exist for the edification of the same society and are the only French newspapers read outside France. It seems quite consistent to these journals to excite the suspicions of good Frenchmen in France against the foreigner and, abroad, to hold France up to contempt in foreign eyes. All this is now ancient history, and things are standing out in their proper light. Americans are discovering that they were indignant too soon. They see our failings and errors, often through a magnifying glass, but they are astounded to observe that, after all, France is perfectly quiet, that the churches are celebrating public worship as usual, that their bells are rung freely at the hours of service, that seminaries are being organized, that

priests are appointed without interference, that bishops are holding meetings and making triumphal entries into their cathedral cities, that there are even public processions duly authorized by the municipal councils, that hold up the automobiles at the street crossings!

Americans can thus see that they have been hoaxed, and they will not be taken in a second time. As regards essential principles, they are on our side and are compelled to be there by the mere force of circumstances. There is not a single one of them who would put up with any undue interference on the part of the Vatican with the work of the American government, and they are still more united than the French in refusing to admit the possibility, in the twentieth century, of an attempt on the part of a religion to deny the right of self-government. This will be yet another service France has rendered them by one of the experiments she carries out at her own cost; but, at the same time, they will be enabled to realize that it is not for France to found the religion of the future. One might as well try to build a church on ground cumbered with obstacles, fortifications and ruins and already occupied by a national church that took root centuries ago and has successfully opposed reform — the “suppressed Reform” from which France is suffering, as an English friend of mine used to say. I will go further and say that France’s business is to supply unity of purpose, inspiration and guidance, but not to predominate. She is a connecting link, geographically, politically and morally. She ought not to be a church. She, too, holds her position in the world in virtue of services rendered, and she endangers that position whenever she attempts to predominate.

The religion of the future will find its place on the free soil of the United States, where its churches, possessing neither roots in the past nor ambitious designs for the future, are giving up the idea of opposing one another and

are already associated in friendly rivalry with philanthropists and an infinite variety of enterprises due to public and private benefactors.

I have already remarked that the development of Socialism in America is hampered by the national activity in philanthropic works; and it may find another obstacle in joint action of the churches. There is a general competition in spontaneous undertakings of this kind. Some are colossal and some are minute, but ingenuity, money and energy are devoted to all of them. I am quite aware that the Catholic church in France does not need these examples from abroad; the *patronages* (clubs for youths), the free schools (*i.e.* those not controlled by the educational authority), the bowling, athletic, shooting, music and travel clubs that are being started even in our smallest villages are like a great many offshoots of the American churches. But here again we see the difference between the two countries. In America, such institutions, thanks to their great variety of origin, excite no uneasiness; in France, most of them are Catholic, and are consequently opposed to the Republican régime. What makes it worse is that as the Republicans are much poorer and admittedly much more economical, the great bulk of private charity is hostile to the government. Add to this a large part of the Press, and American Catholics will perhaps judge us more impartially.

7. *Civic and Philanthropic Works*

I would now like to give a sketch of the civic and philanthropic works that constitute the seed and the fruit of American idealism, but they are too numerous. I can mention only a few, much regretting that I am compelled to omit many that fully deserve our attention. I hope that some writer with more time than I have will publish an

anthology, or roll of honor, containing a list of these works. It is a monument that ought to be erected, not by American vanity but by American belief, for the general edification and emulation.

The Presbyterian Church at Seattle

I will first refer to a religious enterprise that impressed me particularly — the First Presbyterian Church at Seattle, which I have already mentioned in my chapter on that city. I must admit that this church is in an exceptionally favorable position. It is very rich, and has a truly magnificent place of worship. What is more important still, its minister and guiding spirit, Rev. A. Matthews, is a man of exceptional moral weight and eloquence. In 1911, it had thirteen missions at work in a district which was still, to all intents and purposes, virgin soil. Some of them were carried on in mere huts, but all took their share in the active work of the mother church. The latter is not to be compared with the many others that are not nearly so well off and are only too often afflicted, according to the degree of latitude and the prosperity of the state, with ministers who are more than half incapable and congregations who are not even lukewarm.

The Seattle Presbyterian Church is a government in itself and has its own program. It began by dividing the city, where everything is improvised with wonderful speed, into 25 districts, each subdivided into quarters, all mapped out so as to divide the responsibility properly. In this way, nothing escapes the church, and its work is carried on all over the city instead of here and there. I may remark, parenthetically, that the greater share in this model organization is, as usual, intrusted to women, who have, moreover, well earned their right to a voice in the government of the young state, more than four thousand of the

women members of the church being voters. Each of the 25 districts has its committee, consisting of a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer and members, all women, whose names are published in the local directories. To these we may add occasional librarians and instructors, also women. All these committees of men, women, girls and young men work quite independently and are represented on the general committees, which allot the work according to requirements and the resources that each is appointed to develop. It is no light task. In addition to public worship and religious instruction, and Bible classes carried on by voluntary schools and special clubs, there are the committees of management, civic works and organizations for poor relief and general education. "I cannot do everything myself," says the minister to his flock; "we cannot cope with all those who trust in us to help them, and you must give me all the support you can, — physical, mental, moral, financial, social and domestic, religious and spiritual." With more or less assistance — for his is obviously the mind that inspires all the others — he has constituted his departments of church work as follows: One committee attends to the proper organizing of national celebrations, another to the newspapers and a third to church decorations. A committee of married women carries out the delicate duty of assisting and advising young women who are in want. There is a general music committee that looks after the choirs and organ, engages singers, gets up oratorios, cantatas and recitals from time to time, runs the Sunday concerts and sees that the programs are suitable. There is also a special music committee that holds a brilliant concert every Thursday evening. Sometimes a charge is made for seats, so as to raise a little money. Another committee looks after Sunday school music. One committee superintends the work of all the others and selects new members. Another examines the accounts, and

another is responsible for the collections and checking the amounts received. Thanks to the first-named vigilant general staff, the church, well managed internally, rich, largely attended and respected, is able to exercise outward influence through other committees whose names sufficiently indicate their duties. There is a literature committee, to select suitable reading for the members; another for helping the Japanese, who are very numerous at Seattle; another for orphans; another for kindergartens; another for prisons and prisoners, including those just discharged, who have to be provided with work; another to distribute relief and find out those who need it; another for fraternity; another for introducing new members; another for temperance; another for the sailors on board the ships in the harbor; another for the hospitals; another committee with a special endowment for work among seamen; another to look after the sick and send them doctors, nurses, medicines and delicacies; a helping-hand committee to give moral support to weak characters; another to keep the hotels in touch with the church; another for the rest of the churches; a gymnastic committee for men and boys; a physical culture committee for women; a committee to look after children on Sundays while their parents are attending service; an art and literature committee; a recreation committee, for playgrounds and excursions; a committee for the stores, and more especially for the lumbermen, who, in so immense a country, are very lonely; a friendship committee to restore harmony in the workshop, household and city; a committee for domestic science; a committee for sewing schools; another to look after children whose parents are obliged to go out to work during the day; a committee to investigate the various public, semi-public, philanthropic or benevolent societies that need support and money; an anti-tuberculosis committee; and a health culture committee. There are many more, but

I have mentioned enough to show how the Americans organize their church works — by dint of order, method and division of labor, but also by intelligent and devoted management.

Pastor Matthews

“Devoted” is too feeble a word to meet the case; we should rather say the high-minded enthusiasm or sacred fire that takes hold of a man or woman and kindles the same fire in others. Money, talents, health, physical and moral energy, natural gifts, ceaseless activity, sacrifice of himself and his family — all these things does Minister Matthews use for his purpose with a lavish hand, just as stokers, when American competition was in its infancy, were so determined to “get there first” at any cost that they threw anything that would burn into the furnace. When I spoke beside this extraordinary man, whom I have never seen since, I felt myself reduced to a sort of fuel, and I burned with all my heart in front of the audience, which was burning too. While he was introducing me to his flock and giving a brief and simple explanation of the purpose of my journey, I watched him, and saw his whole life outlined in his speech and gestures. He was still young, but consumed by his own burning zeal, and his long, thin frame was little more than a thread. His organ-toned voice, however, was left, and so were his eyes — deep-set and fascinating, full of cheerful confidence and contempt for obstacles. Though he did not suspect it, they answered for the success of not merely his own work but the future of a country in which such works are legion.

Andrew Carnegie

Such works are to be found in every department of life. I have already mentioned what Andrew Carnegie has done for peace, and have pointed out that the mere giving of

money is only an accessory of the effort to make the undertaking produce really useful results and extend its influence far and wide through every avenue of thought and into every country.

Would that I had time to say something about the fine Scottish estate he bought at Dunfermline, his native place, and made into a royal park, set aside for future generations! It is more than a park, and should rather be described as a paradise. Andrew Carnegie, however, does not stand unrivaled. There are a great many men in the United States who vie with one another in devoting the best of themselves to the work of peace. Among them are university presidents, heads of important banks, magazines and newspapers (notably Mr. Melville Stone, the head of the largest telegraphic news agency in the world, the Associated Press), business men and manufacturers.

Edwin Ginn

My dear friend, Edwin Ginn, the well-known Boston publisher, devoted the closing years of his life to assisting those willing workers who are worn out by the struggle against indifference and prejudice. He, too, has given millions to found the Peace School conducted by his worthy fellow worker, Edwin Mead. He used to live for this work as much as for his own children. He considered it as one of them, and he had his reward. His offices were in themselves a source of satisfaction to their founder. All who worked with him were more or less like partners on confidential terms with him. It was a pleasure to mix with his typewriters and bookkeepers. The general feeling was one of cheerfulness and confidence. This influential business establishment had the serene atmosphere of a chapel.¹

¹ Now that Edwin Ginn has passed away, I am sure that nothing is changed in the atmosphere of his office. He is still there; his mind, his in-

I have already remarked that in this country of strenuous life, gentleness and humanity constantly crop up like a flower unexpectedly discovered on the wayside; but I have not yet said that while this flower brings joy to its cultivators, it also brings wealth and progress to the people who profit by it; for it is to be noted that those cities in which idealism flourishes are the most prosperous. Boston is a striking instance. Nowhere in the United States have Americans higher and more generous ideals or a more intellectual and spiritual life. But nevertheless Boston's material prosperity is advancing steadily. In addition to the growing importance of its university and its port, it has become a first-class agricultural center. Its idealists all raise and sell apples and various other fruits, breed live stock and produce any quantity of butter, cream and preserves. Boston is one of the largest fruit markets in the world — a new center for vegetable food. Our French railroad companies are advising our farmers to copy the regular and methodical system that has enabled American and Canadian exporters to sell \$10,000,000 worth of apples, in London for instance, in 1907. This is only a beginning, and in the meantime France, which supplied all the New World with Normandy apple trees, and whose fruit ought to fetch the highest prices with proper organization, sold only about \$108,000 worth. This shows how idealism, scrupulous attention in every detail and apparent disinterestedness can bring about economic victories. The secret is not hard to guess. Americans are always learning. They take the trouble to start in and learn, quite simply as I have said, the best way to gather apples; after which they take care to grade the fruit properly. They select only the best for sale, wrap each one separately in tissue paper and then pack and forward them, so that the buyer's inspiration have remained amongst his collaborators. They still continue to work with him; his spirit will act after him like a living force.

knows what he is getting, even before he opens the case. He relies on the seller's conscientiousness, and trusts him. "The French farmer still has to be educated on this point," writes our Orleans Railway Co., whereas at Boston this education is finished. I mention this detail to show that idealism and practical business sense go hand in hand in the New World, and that moral improvement multiplies material progress a hundredfold, instead of being a loss of time, as some believe it to be.

Scientific Management

Manufactures are quite as prosperous throughout this part of New England, thanks to the operation of those liberal principles best adapted to the interests both of employers and employed. There is a regular school for teaching the scientific management of factories; that is to say, how to obtain not only the best results from workmen, but the greatest amount of satisfaction. This is yet another department in which business men have taken the public interest to heart and combined their experience and their money so as to leave their country an inheritance of prosperity. I trust that I shall not be taken to mean more than I say, for I do not propose to fall into the mistake of praising whatever I see abroad and undervaluing France; but the more I admire my own country, the more exasperated I am to see that it is losing ground through its own fault. I am quite aware that the United States have no monopoly of benevolent enterprises. Praiseworthy efforts have been made and great results attained by French manufacturers. Without counting what has been done by men still living, Paris is covered with institutions bearing such respected names as Cochin, Lariboisière, Boucicault, etc., but these undertakings might be more numerous; they are the rule in the United States.

American Museums

It is a matter of self-reproach with me to have left out American museums. I could say a great deal on this subject, but it would be like trying to describe a world. As a sample, we may take the New York Metropolitan Museum, which is constantly being enlarged but is always too small, and into which flows a stream of donations, amounting on the average to a thousand every month. It receives, not merely donations, but advice and constant service freely given, so that it shall not be an accumulation of collections, like the Louvre, but a lesson in beauty, art and taste by which the people can profit. It is perhaps already too late to say that French art is faced by a great danger. Official lack of backbone is lowering our taste — a fact which we are beginning to realize. The Americans have taken the cream of our masterpieces and are finding inspiration in them, and we had better not reckon too much on their buying our second-rate productions. It will be with art as with manufactures. Americans began by buying our motors regardless of cost. They now make standardized cars in vast quantities and flood Europe with them.

High as is the art standard of the museums, it is small in comparison with their immense educational value. The result is that they are visited by thousands of people every day and, unlike what occurs elsewhere, the majority of these visitors consists, not of foreigners, but of Americans. Most of the museums were due to the generosity of private individuals, and they are so organized that a museum of decorative art, for instance, raises the general level, because it shows some visitors their true vocation and creates a demand in others for something better than that to which they have hitherto been accustomed. These museums are founded and managed so as to instruct the people and the country and not to serve as storehouses for pictures.

A Model Farm

It is the same with the model farms, orchards and chicken farms, where I have seen one man attend to 20,000 chickens in incubators. There is general competition to see who can most simplify and improve agricultural methods, not only for personal profit or amusement but for the general good. There is one man, Mr. Seth Low, formerly president of Columbia University, mayor of New York and member of the Hague Conference, who was afterwards invested with a sort of moral function in which he excels, as arbitrator in conflicts between capital and labor. It seemed to me that he was entitled to take a rest; but a man of action never rests, and still less in the United States than elsewhere. I went to see him at his country house. I found him with his wife — they form one of the model couples I have described — running a model farm, Great Brook Farm. I have seen considerable progress accomplished every year by the French people and the government itself in my country. I have also seen remarkable developments in England and in other European countries, and I thought the United States could hardly beat us in this matter, except perhaps as regards the size of their undertakings, but I was mistaken. Brook Farm proved to be another instance of scrupulous care, method and search after perfection in every detail. My visit to the dairy at evening feeding time was very instructive. As on our best farms, little cars on rails brought the impatient cows their supply of sweet-smelling fodder. Then came a second course, consisting of some kind of cake mixed with handfuls of salt. Two youths fed a herd of about forty cows in a quarter of an hour. Diagrams hung up in the cow houses showed at a glance how much milk each animal produced per day. There were appliances for manipulating the cream and also, if I am not mistaken, machines for making ice to keep the

cream fresh. There were also pigsties, ingeniously contrived so that each family could wallow or trot about in the enjoyment of plenty of light, air and freedom. Everything else was on similar lines. The farm hands were all smart-looking fellows. One of them was a student in an agricultural college, and was reading up for his examinations. They all lived in a club on the farm — a very clean little two-story house with a bedroom for each man, a bathroom and a very pretty dining-room, where there was a white cloth on the table.

I am quite aware that Brook Farm is a very costly experiment and an exceptional case; but it is a sample of the prevailing spirit of healthy American emulation which I have encountered everywhere. I must, however, finish with these instances of public and private initiative by mentioning the one that strikes me as the finest, the most general and the most national — assistance for children.

8. *Children*

Here again there is no misconception, no charity, no almsgiving and no sentiment. It is the general interest pointing out the duty of every individual. Froebel's fine saying is an article of faith with the kindergarten association: "The destiny of nations is in the hands of women and mothers rather than in those of rulers." Children are national capital whose value is generally recognized, and it is well understood that this capital cannot become productive unless it makes a good beginning.

It is, therefore, through a sense of civic duty and patriotism, and with the purpose of giving their country order and good health, that American men and women take an interest in child-rescue work. They hold exhibitions, so as to propagate ideas that may tend to the welfare of children, in New York, Kansas City and Chicago, with profusely distributed

illustrated catalogues and magazines. They know quite well that, without proper care and shelter, the most promising children are those in the greatest danger and may develop into criminals. Society makes enemies of them through not knowing how to keep them on its own side. Instead of utilizing them as a force, society lets them become a source of weakness, in the shape of vagabonds, hooligans and outcasts, because it began by making them poor and miserable. It knows very well that the condition of children cannot be improved by sermons, and still less by punishment. Its chief object is to give them the amount of space and freedom, both materially and morally, that are necessities of life for all of us.

As regards the moral side, Americans have not forgotten their own varied origin, and they know how much they owe to the complete freedom of action enjoyed by their ancestors. Their independence and their country itself were born of this freedom; but now that the New World is populated and more or less Europeanized, such independent action is limited and cramped. What will it become? It will ferment and do as much harm as it formerly did good. "It is a sad fact," say the Americans, "that the qualities that led to the growth of our race and enabled it to reach its present position are precisely those that are most fatal to children. We must therefore open a credit account for them, and let them have scope to expand and spontaneously utilize their energy for the general good. To this end, let us learn the art of governing children — governing but not spoiling them."

Teach them to Play

"We must, of course, love them, but our first duty is to prepare them for their part in life and teach them not only the value of labor but that of leisure, and show them how to play. This is a new sort of education, we may be told,

that will come of itself. Not at all; it calls for a great deal of care in the gradual substitution of discipline and social contentment for the worst impulses."

Their Need for Life, Space, Nature, Quiet

From the material point of view, the child needs a great deal of space, air, light, Nature, trees, grass, flowers, birds and in fact everything that has life. He has an especial need of quiet, so that he may expand instead of becoming timid. He must be removed from the agitation of modern life. These needs have become an obsession even with those families who insist on their children sleeping with open windows (giving on to a garden whenever possible) and whose members all accustom themselves to sleeping in tents in the mountains and seeking the solitude of Nature. I came to realize this at Syracuse, on discovering a baby only a few months old (belonging to a friend of ours) left to itself like Moses in a cradle. It was quite alone in its little carriage at the further end of the park. When I expressed my astonishment, I was told: "It is by the doctor's order. Quiet does the baby a great deal of good; his mother excites him." This is Nature reasserting itself, and here we see the influence of Rousseau. But how are we to give fresh air and quiet to the wretched creatures that are born, so to speak, in the street, live in it, and sleep in it? And what a street! One of the most discouraging problems of civilization lies in the great contrast between the extreme prosperity of the moneyed classes and the extreme wretchedness and degradation of the poor. It was to bring these two extremes nearer that those excellent institutions known as the Playground Associations came into being. They have already produced infinitely happy results, and promise still more for the future. Their founders were perfectly right. They are working for the generations to come, and

they justly maintain that the future of civilization is bound up with the success of their gigantic enterprise. It certainly is gigantic.

Playground Associations

The Playground Association has branches in every city that respects itself. They all depend on private subscriptions and are managed exclusively by voluntary helpers. The association has its own organ, a very interesting monthly magazine, *The Playground*. The head office is in New York, at 1 Madison Avenue, but I saw the enterprise at work chiefly in the interior of the country, where it is supported, with a zeal that is nothing short of passionate, by private individuals, municipalities and the nation in general. It puts the question bluntly and forcibly: Recreation is as necessary as work; where can the child play? The reply is: Not even in the street. It is a prison that stops his growth and surrounds him with dangers. You must find him the space he needs.

Tadpoles

The old story of tadpoles — which I have not verified but simply relate — is appropriate here. You take several tadpoles of the same age and size, and put them in glass bottles of different sizes. Those in the largest bottle become the biggest and strongest, and those in the smallest bottle become the smallest and weakest frogs.

It is the same with children. If they are weak and sickly, they will eventually fill the hospitals and prisons, and prove very expensive to you, instead of bringing you in a return for what you have spent on them. In vain you provide them with children's courts, *conseils de tutelle*, etc., all very well in their way but insufficient. You are trying to make up for what you ought to have prevented.

The result of this movement is that in every city the association has laid out or set aside gardens, unoccupied lots, sand heaps, ponds in which children disport themselves in summer, gymnasiums, baths (in which boys and girls swim alternately, under the eye of the swimming instructor), kitchen-gardens, where they try their hands at raising vegetables and flowers, tents in which they take refuge when the weather is bad, workshops where the boys learn carpentering, for instance, and the girls are taught to make artificial flowers, and where they even play parlor games and billiards. They have also large halls, where they learn to dance or wrestle, or listen to music, and concerts are organized for them. Before they reach the concert period, they are read to, but what they get is an improvement on mere reading, which is apt to be tiresome. A lively girl — cheerfulness, encouragement and confidence are always made the dominant notes in education — stands in front of all the little folks, the girls sitting on one side and the boys on the other, and tells them stories. Such delightful stories! How eagerly the children listen, and how they love to escape from themselves into the realms of imagination! They are also provided with reading matter — books and newspapers that will not soil their minds too soon. They are also taught to sew.

Excursions. Bonfires.

The happiest time is when they are turned out into a field to play at Indians and light fires. Americans, who have burned many a forest, are shamed to see punishment inflicted for this instinct, bequeathed as it is to their children, and they vaccinate them against it by letting them light camp fires. In the same way, football, and especially throwing balls, turns the combative instinct into the channels of sport.

Excursions and holiday schools are also provided for children, and every effort is made to exercise their activity and give it the largest possible amount of nourishment instead of cramping it. Their natural curiosity is anticipated.

John Brashear

One of those Americans whom I can never forget is the venerable Dr. John A. Brashear, the descendant of a French family (Brazier). He is head of the Pittsburgh Observatory, and he it was who wrote this fine and spiritual epitaph to be carved on the tomb to which his wife had preceded him: "We have so often looked at the stars together that we are not afraid of the night." He is old in years but as active and lively as a young man. He is devoted to children. Every week he throws open his observatory to them, and, with the cordiality and simplicity of the true savant, does the honors of the sky for them.

John Bigelow

Another grand old American, whose kindness was precious to me, John Bigelow, a thick-and-thin free trader, formerly United States minister in Paris, died a nonagenarian. I saw him again in New York not long before his death. He had some reporters with him, and was dictating strong and eloquent pleas for the protection of women and children, on the occasion of the opening of the fine New York City library, where there are special reading rooms for children only.

The Pageant

At Pittsburgh, guided by a mother who was my good genius, I saw something that moved me more than I can describe. It was the pageant given to the children by the Playground Association in the month of May. All the

school children in the city, both boys and girls, were conveyed, by railroad, street car, omnibus, motor car, carts, bicycles, and in fact every conceivable means, to the immense open-air arena where on ordinary occasions there is a baseball crowd of 40,000 people. This time the spectators were children, all in their appointed places, thanks to marvelous organization. I shuddered to think of the responsibility of their teachers, but nothing happened. One precaution, which looked rather like a threat, was taken — it was announced on placards that the police would take charge of any child that strayed from the others when going home; and I did not see a single accident. The lame and maimed, some with wooden legs and others with crutches, were in front, on the benches or in their invalid chairs.

What sort of entertainment could these thousands of children have come to see? A play — a gigantic one and the actors were children like themselves. The play was a pretty story. It had a moral, not for them, but for their parents, because, in the United States, the failings of the child are the fault of the parents. The play is beginning, and there is dead silence. All the little ones are looking eagerly at the far-off entrance to the stadium, where we soon see a handsome shepherd come in, playing his rustic pipe, with an accompaniment by the orchestra. This shepherd (no other than one of the Pittsburgh young women school-teachers) is at once seen to be the hero of the play. The city represented by the scene is swarming with rats, and there is no way of getting rid of them. In vain the councilors deliberate; they are utterly at a loss, and their helplessness is amusingly accentuated by the rats, which frolic about in all directions and brave them with impunity. The rats, of course, are played by small boys, each simply but effectively costumed in a close-fitting suit of gray ending with a tail and provided with two sharp-pointed

ears, below which the boy's delighted face is visible. How they frolicked on all fours, ran after one another and knocked one another over! There were more of them than I could count, and with every jump they gave, the great galleries seemed to jump too, the whole crowd of children shouting, gesticulating and cheering. There never was such fun!

The town councilors, however, finally make up their minds to do something. They send for the piper, who knows how to charm the rats, and strike a bargain with him to attract the vermin to the river, where they will all be drowned. The piper plays his most fascinating tune and all the rats follow him. Every one knows the old legend that was the subject of Browning's poem, and how ungrateful the councilors were. Having got rid of the rats, they fail to keep their promise, refuse to pay the price agreed upon and begin to haggle. Whereupon, to punish them, the piper goes off playing again, and this time all the children in the wicked town follow him. Here begins the American moral, the second part of the pageant.

The migrant children are far from complaining. They are quite happy, in fact much happier than they were at home, because they have found a playground. We see them running about, dancing, and singing in company with flowers, butterflies, frogs, birds and other creatures, represented by other children in costume. Then the piper confines his revenge to summoning the parents to see how their children are enjoying themselves. The climax comes with the arrival of the parents, and their discovery of the pure joys of Nature, of which they were ignorant; and a new life begins for children, parents and the whole country. They all go back to the city together with the piper, singing "Liberty, peace and purity," in chorus.

The galleries then empty to the strains of the "Playground March," and the contents of the whole reservoir of youth

stream out of the numerous wide portals towards the place where the vehicles are waiting to take every one home.

I congratulated and thanked those who organized this children's meeting. He would be very blind who could fail to see the greatness of the service they render and the incalculable effect of these new works, which have extended so rapidly all over the United States, where they are regenerating the children, and, through them, the parents. The good they do is not limited to a single country. It is contagious, and goes far afield. This contagion is general in England and particularly in Germany and Scandinavia. In France, it is already noticeable. It coincided with the progress of liberty and peace, with legislation for the protection of labor, with the triumph of our roads and the revival of athletic sports, cycling, motoring and aviation. It is an unsuspected revolution which will react upon people's minds, bodies and habits. It will discipline us and supply us with the public spirit now lacking. Playground associations are already trying to begin operations and make their voices heard in Paris, where the fortifications are to be done away with and replaced by a ring of public parks. Football has become acclimatized wonderfully quickly, and baseball will soon follow. It is less easy to found city-garden associations and those whose objects are children's gardens, eugenics, open spaces, sanitation and the transformation of cities; but though progress is slow, it undoubtedly exists. New questions are arising every day and forcing themselves on the attention of the public authorities and parliament. The struggle for improving the status of women and children and supporting those who need protection has ceased to be mere talk. The movements against tuberculosis, drink, immorality and the white slave traffic were for a long time merely platonic, but are now popular and will soon be national, just as mutual aid associations,

old-age pensions and assistance and preventive hygiene, in preference to the old-fashioned charitable remedies, are flourishing. Cheap transport for workmen between cities and suburbs, the elimination of unsanitary houses, the building of workmen's dwellings, the constitution of family trusts, and many similar ideas are taking root.

The Light of Truth

These signs of progress cannot be confined to one country. They will expand, like light and truth, far beyond frontiers. They will soon spread out and tend to settle down in the most civilized countries, whose example the others will follow. The mere force of circumstances will impel all these national associations to exchange ideas. They will need one another, and will combine, just as the Olympic committees, for instance, have done. This does not yet constitute unity and fraternity, but it is at any rate emulation, and often it amounts to comradeship and friendship. Each of these associations has its country, but they all have the same ideal. Beginning by bringing the young together, they will have men of full age on their side as time goes on, and finally the old. Unintentionally, perhaps, but with an efficacy which will be all the more irresistible, they will pave the way for a new era in international relations. They will not allow governments to declare war lightly.

The Christian Command

These are great changes that foreshadow others, still greater. A religion is coming into the world. It is growing up with childhood and through childhood, respecting every human being's rights and working for those least able to help themselves. It is for liberty, justice and duty. This religion will let some of the others live and some die. It

will be so profoundly human that it will not even need a name. It will imply a common faith in what is good. It will be the religion that will separate us less than any other, and also the one that will most faithfully apply the truly Christ-like saying: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

CHAPTER XV

COMPETITION

1. PITTSBURGH: Production. The circulation of things, men and ideas. Fort Duquesne. Fort Pitt. Pittsburgh. Gas, coal and wheat one above the other. Blast furnaces. The apotheosis of initiative. Conveyance by land and water. — 2. AMERICANS AGAINST AMERICANS: Pittsburgh's competitors. Chicago. Railroads and canals. The Erie Canal. Duluth. Roads. La Salle Creek. Disciplining Niagara. Education by gentleness. Collective labor. Another moving house. Unloading ore automatically at Buffalo. — 3. COMPETITION FROM CANADA: The two banks of the Niagara. Revenge after prolonged disdain. A clear field. Four months of hot weather. The population of Canada. Agriculture. Motoculture. Père Monnier. Three transcontinental railroads. Navigation on rivers, canals and lakes. Hudson Bay. Our slowness. The port of Brest. The armed peace system. A century of peace between England and America. Contagious dreadnought fever. — 4. UNIVERSAL COMPETITION: The West Indies. South America. The African continent. From the Nile to the Zambesi. From Morocco to the Cape. Asia. Turkey. American ignorance of Russia. A Canada in Europe and Asia. Competition from old countries. Great and small powers. Scandinavia. Americans between two fires.

1. *Production*

THE general idealistic movement, indications of which I found wherever I went, and the philanthropic competition in which universities, churches, states, cities, individuals and public and private associations are engaged, involve not only a great deal of enthusiasm but the expenditure of a great deal of money. Idealism is like an investment that swallows up a large amount of capital without any pros-

pect of immediate results. It pays, and pays splendidly, but only in proportion to the outlay of capital and effort, and these the Americans supply with a lavish hand. They realize that a new country is like a child from whom nothing can be reasonably expected unless he has been nourished, strengthened and taught; the more you spend on him, the more he will be able to do in the future, but in the future only. The Americans are trying to make this future as little distant as possible. They began in a state of feverish impatience. They have now reached the stage in which they are profiting by their experience and making methodical arrangements to meet their needs. They are already living on a large scale and are preparing to make it even larger. The main point is to increase their productive capacity, because the consumer's demands are steadily increasing, and while the output is growing at the rate of 40 per cent, the consumption has risen 60 per cent. As we have seen, every one is engaged more or less successfully in getting everything possible out of the earth, and under it, without exhausting its resources. Produce varies according to latitude, but is abundant everywhere. In one region there are corn, wheat, barley and potatoes; in another, cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco; in another, northern varieties of fruit, farm and dairy produce, animal food in all sorts of forms, canned meat, leather, hides, etc.; in another, ores—iron, copper, lead, coal, petroleum and precious metals; in another, cotton goods and the products of a young and growing industry keenly on the lookout for novelties—from cars, locomotives, motors and pianos to agricultural machinery, typewriters, calculating machines and the implement with which no other can compare for varied utility—the machine tool, which reduces the work of years to hours and takes the place of thousands of horses, millions of arms and hands and delicate fingers, as well as of workers of both sexes in the factories and fields.

Finally I must mention steel rails, already forming an immense network larger than the whole extent of railroads in Europe. Production, in fact, is only the first step. The produce has to be sold, put into circulation and brought to market. This is the great secondary effort that must be made. A good circulation of things, human beings and ideas — the three are inseparable — is to a country what the circulation of the blood is to the body. I believe Americans understand this better than we French do. The social, intellectual and economic life of the United States is made up of unlimited fresh air.

The Circulation of Things, Men and Ideas

It was at Pittsburgh that I best understood this double need of production and circulation, although it is perhaps less urgent here than in some of the other new cities I have described. The reason is that it has existed long enough at Pittsburgh to have raised all the questions inseparable from the development of a great industrial city. It was at Pittsburgh, as every one knows, that one of the most serious and sanguinary strikes in the United States occurred. It is there that the disputes between employers and workmen are perhaps the hardest to settle, though they can no longer be called the most acute; it is there that the antagonism between white and black labor seemed to me to be the strongest; it is there that Socialism takes advantage of the spread of instruction to carry on active propaganda, and it is also there that philanthropy and public spirit put forth their greatest efforts.

Fort Duquesne. Fort Pitt. Pittsburgh

During my tour in 1907, I stayed longer at Pittsburgh than anywhere. I again spent some time there in 1911,

at the end of my long journey, being detained by the charms of family hospitality and by the necessity of putting my notes and observations into order. And then Pittsburgh is such a fine city! Though its history goes back a century and a half, this great city is only at the beginning of its development. We can see this by the way in which its new houses are spreading over the hills towards the great open spaces of Shenley Park; by its immense educational establishments, erected by a generous municipality on sites not yet invaded by the home-builder; by its numerous and imposing public institutions of a kind usually found only in cities with centuries of maturity; by its great business activity and its citizens' manner of life; by the number of young men and girls who attend its magnificent institute and technical schools; and by the plenitude of its offspring, as shown by its universities, schools and playground. It is all ferment, fire and fumes; it is the vanguard of the vanguard. Was it not intended by its origin and its geographical position to play this important part? Its location, like that of St. Louis and many other cities, was selected by our pioneers, and, of course, as usual, other nations reaped the harvest. The first settlement on this site was Fort Duquesne, whose name was changed by the English and became Fort Pitt, whence came the present name, Pittsburgh. There could not be a better place than such a steep promontory — a spur of rock and iron, a bowl fashioned by two rivers that combine to form the great highways of the Ohio. Between these three rivers, on whose bosom it seems to sail, Pittsburgh lifts its head proudly and follows the great stream that leads from the Atlantic and the Allegheny Mountains to the Gulf of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama.

Watercourses, however, are not enough for Pittsburgh. It needs a newer kind of river — steel rivers, faster and more numerous than those provided by Nature; and these

new rivers spring from its own entrails. The subsoil of Pennsylvania is full of riches, especially coal, oil and natural gas. Below the wheat fields are coal fields, and still further down are the petroleum reservoirs. Coal crops out almost under one's feet. It is found when new streets are being laid out or when the foundations of houses are being excavated.

It was thus that Pittsburgh became a great manufacturing center, with ironworks producing vast quantities of pig iron to be afterwards transformed into steel of every conceivable kind. Thousands of miles of long rails issue from the rolling mills and extend, like great arms stretched parallel, all over the continent, pick up the ore for the ever hungry mills and bring it to Pittsburgh. The ore is found principally to the northwest, at the end of Lake Superior — "Fond du Lac" — around Duluth (Dulude), another privileged center, where iron ore is so prodigiously abundant that it can be taken up by machinery almost on the surface of the ground. The machine has a long arm, which can be moved in any direction by one man; and at the end of the arm there is a strange kind of gigantic hand that combines the uses of pick, shovel and spoon in one, that digs into the ore, seizes it, carries it off and piles it up in the basin-shaped cars of an immense train to which fresh cars are constantly added. When the train can hold no more, it goes and empties itself automatically from the top of the wharf into the holds of the boats plying on the Great Lakes. I do not suppose that the combined use of trains and boats has ever been better understood than at Duluth, where each loads the other. There are many photographs I would like to publish in support of my impressions, but not one would be more striking than that of these immense ore docks, showing the boats moored alongside of a great timber framework three stories high. On top of this structure is a long gallery over which the

trains run, pouring a constant stream of ore into the boats, like water from a tank. These boats make their way through Lake Huron to Lake Erie and discharge their contents into other trains at Cleveland, whence the ore is taken to Pittsburgh. Here again we find a combination of river and railroad transit; for Pittsburgh is a great riverside port — too often flooded, like most of the towns in the Mississippi valley.

Blast Furnaces

At Pittsburgh there is a great emptying of trains and boats full of ore, coal, limestone and everything else required by the ironworks, which divide them up, turn on the flames of natural gas, put the metal through blast furnaces, cast, hammer and forge it, lighting up the midnight sky with a lurid glow as different as possible from the starry, unsullied heavens that shone over Fort Duquesne. Our pioneers' dreams have literally ended in smoke; but, beyond the dreams and behind the smoke, realities are coming into being. And they are realities indeed: an outrush of burning energy, a burst of tremendous vitality from the ground fertilized by the genius of mankind, a constant movement in all directions, north and south, east and west, power and speed in every form — the apotheosis, in fact, of the river. The smoke, lit up by the glare from the furnaces, is, as it were, the river's breath, rising like incense to the sky. It is the apotheosis of initiative.

The Apotheosis of Initiative

An exclamation of admiration for what man has accomplished rises to the lips of the traveler who views this spectacle — a cry of admiration, mingled with confidence in the future of a nation which, although so young, has already contrived to carry its organization to such a point.

Pittsburgh has built furnaces and grappled with problems, and both the one and the other help to accentuate the extreme need for education and for organization — social, municipal, collective or private — without which all these forces would produce nothing but disorder and anarchy. “We have utilized earth, air, water and fire, but now comes the essential point: utilizing men and children.” This is the duty of to-morrow. One of my fellow members of the French parliament, who was present, like myself, in 1907, at this display of Pittsburgh’s active spirit of emulation, exclaimed: “I should not be sorry for our sons if they had to live here.” Thousands of others in the United States have echoed this sentiment, which conveys a great deal.

But it is time to return to the main question. It is difficult to decide which of these great streams of water, coal, iron or steel should be selected for examination, but I must try to profit by the great object lesson I have before my eyes, and make my country profit by it too.

Transport by Land and Water

We have seen that the processes of thought, action, work and production are only a beginning — the mere preparation of the undertaking. What is wanted now is to bring about exchanges, put produce in circulation, obtain customers and establish business relations. We have a superabundance of natural resources, and what we need is, emphatically, means of transport. The greatest effort of our time is in this direction. Every country feels the need of a moral, intellectual and economic tie, and there is a corresponding need for another and material link in the shape of new forms of transport. Man is no longer willing to admit that there shall be any unknown territories that cannot be crossed, or seas that cannot be sailed. He cuts through

mountains and isthmuses, and girdles continents and oceans with innumerable trains and steamers. Owing to the miracles of science and the progress of education, the development of every country and its political, administrative and commercial organization has become a question of transports. The Eastern question would have been settled long ago, at very little expense and to the great advantage of all concerned, had the European powers, instead of being divided against themselves, agreed to establish means of communication all over European Turkey. They would have given life and activity to vital forces that have been marking time for centuries, simply on account of their constant antagonism. The powers would have done honor to themselves by creating a Balkanic Confederation stronger than the one they blindly compelled to rise in revolt and force itself upon the world.¹ Let us hope that the lesson will not be thrown away. It is still possible to bring about great and desirable changes by means of concerted action for the development of the African continent. This is a work that may lead the European powers to sink their differences.

As I have often stated, in the French parliament and abroad, the furtherance of peace is intimately bound up with the increase of transport facilities. With great interest I saw how the problem presented itself at Pittsburgh, and how it was being solved. Thousands of tons of steel are being cast every day. The railroad system has already cost \$16,000,000,000, without reckoning the value of the land. It is only half finished, seeing that the western and southern parts of the United States are still more or less undeveloped. Over 50,000 locomotives, the heaviest of which weigh 250 tons, and

¹ This argument has been developed in my introduction to the report of the commission of inquiry constituted by the Carnegie Endowment on the Balkan Wars. Washington: 2 Jackson Place.

over 2,000,000 freight cars (much larger than ours, seeing that a single car can carry as much as 50 tons, making 2500 tons for a train of 50 cars) are running on this system, and yet there are not enough. That this is only a beginning is shown by the number of steel cargo boats that are being built at Pittsburgh for the rivers, canals and inland bays, by the fact that the Minneapolis mills sometimes have to wait weeks for their grain, and by Mr. Hill's statement at St. Paul that, while the railroads are extending at the rate of 27 per cent, the traffic is growing to the extent of 148 per cent. We might thus conclude that the development of Pittsburgh is unlimited and that this city has quite a monopoly of the steel supply, together with all the privileges that make success certain. Pittsburgh stands unrivaled. This was my conviction in 1907.

2. *Americans versus Americans*

In 1911, I made a careful inspection of the north of the United States and the states of Minnesota and Wisconsin. I met men who knew the facts. I stopped at the principal ports on the Great Lakes. I spoke at meetings of chambers of commerce. When I returned to France, a savant asked me, with a tinge of irony, what I could possibly have found to talk about. What I did was to discuss questions that interested my hearers, and in this way I was enabled to understand the situation better. I can hardly think my system was a bad one, seeing that my time was too short to respond to the urgent invitations I received from all the great manufacturing associations. I noticed, to begin with, that Chicago is entering into competition with Pittsburgh. As we know, Chicago has its sport on the lake, and it has built its own steel works, to which the ore is brought in boats from Duluth, thus eliminating railroad haulage.

Pittsburgh's Competitors. Chicago

“That doesn't matter to us,” reply the Pittsburgh steel magnates. “Chicago has to send for its coal, which we have practically on the spot. The result is the same.” “Not at all,” say the Chicago men; “it costs us less to bring our coal than you have to pay for the freight of your ore, and you have to pay freight for coal too, the only difference being that ours travels farther than yours — a very small matter, as the loading and unloading cost more than the haulage, over a short distance. We have therefore a very considerable advantage over you in not being obliged to convey our ore by rail, and this advantage is bound to give us the upper hand in the long run.”

Here we see the beginning of a national competition and a great struggle, to the general advantage. The greater the output of the steel for which the world of to-day has so many uses, the cheaper and the more abundant it will be.

Railroads and Canals

To complete the adjustment of my mental focus, I went from Chicago to Buffalo, from Lake Michigan to Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. There I had a vision of the future — not merely that of the United States but of the world. I saw the progress of transportation realized in three stages, each of which was a completion of the other. First of all came the railways that miraculously linked the states together and populated them. Next came the network of electric cars around the cities (the line that gets its power from Niagara Falls and follows both the Canadian and American sides of the river is a marvel). The cars themselves have to compete, in the cities, with underground or overhead lines, and motor omnibuses. Finally comes inland navigation, which fell behind in the United States,

just as it did in Europe. Here we see the leveling effect of progress. The railways are congested, and have come to regard inland navigation as an auxiliary rather than a rival. Out of 50,000 miles of navigable rivers in the United States, 25,000 miles are still unutilized, and out of about 5000 miles of canals, half are more or less in use, without counting 3000 miles of straits and bays, so that, in all, there is transport over about 60,000 miles of water, in addition to 250,000 miles of railway. About half the canals were abandoned in 1840 and, more recently, between 1880 and 1906, before the great crisis and during the railroad fever. They are too narrow for modern tonnage, and their equipment is out of date.

Canals in the United States unfortunately came into existence only a short time before railway construction began, whereas in France, and in Europe generally, they had long formed part of the national systems of communication. The United States have missed, or have endangered their possession of, an advantage to which Nature intended them to be entitled. Few countries are so well provided as theirs with a system of navigable waterways so favorable to the conveyance of heavy goods by slow freight. The Mississippi, flowing from the Canadian frontier to the Gulf of Mexico, over a distance of 5750 miles (the Danube is only 1875 and the Loire barely 650 miles long), ought to be the great central artery with its 44 tributaries, notably the Missouri, the Red River, the Arkansas and the Ohio. The Pacific coast is not so well supplied, but nevertheless has the Sacramento and the majestic Columbia. The tributaries to the Atlantic are numerous, commencing with the Hudson. River navigation, however, is irregular, risky and impossible at various times of the year; it is subject to risings, which are sometimes disastrous, to drought and to ice. For these reasons, the Americans originally went in largely for canals, which became the fashion, in an

economic and financial sense. Canal sections were built here and there, to meet the requirements of states and private industries. It was all done too quickly and without supervision or any general plan. Michel Chevalier and Vétillard have shown in their valuable works what this disorganized undertaking was. The amount of money expended upon it has been estimated at nearly \$600,000,000.

Erie Canal

The first canal was, and still is, a success. It starts from Lake Erie, follows the south side of Lake Ontario, and connects the rich region of the Great Lakes with the navigable waterway of the Hudson and the port of New York. The need of this canal was felt as far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the rivalry between French and English was at its height, and when the Hudson was trying to compete with the St. Lawrence as the principal outlet for Western produce; but it was planned on too small a scale and had to be begun afresh. The real canal was provided for by a law passed April 17, 1817, and was opened in 1825. It set an example which was followed by the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey and others. It was a distinct factor, writes Pierre Bastian, in the prodigious development of the port of New York, as it reduced the journey between the Atlantic and Buffalo from six weeks to ten days and the cost of freight from 100 to 12 dollars a ton (Pierre Bastian). Cleveland owes its existence to the Ohio Canal, which was finished in 1836. Philadelphia was connected with New York; Baltimore and Washington undertook to cross the Allegheny chain and reach the Mississippi valley; and I have seen Pennsylvania's great and capricious rivers escorted by railways, carrying a great deal of traffic, on both banks, and paralleled by canals, most of which were disused.

All this great effort of genius corresponded to the resources and future of the United States. Though the canals were an established fact before the railroad came in, they were in territory which was then of very little value and were built very cheaply, comparatively speaking, in spite of the scarcity of labor. Public opinion called for great public works. A long period of warfare had just closed in 1815, and the time had come to make up for the losses of the past by peaceful enterprises. Fulton's experiments on the Hudson and the possibilities of the steamboat did not justify any expectation that upstream navigation could be regularly carried on, but the canals seemed to meet all requirements. They nevertheless ended in failures and financial crises strongly resembling modern slumps. In reality they succumbed under the burden of early disappointments and to unexpected and formidable competition. The problem of steam traction on rails was solved by George Stephenson in 1829; and in 1830, when canal building was in its early days, the Americans already had 23 miles of railroad. In 1850, they had 10,000 miles; in 1870, 53,000; in 1890, 105,000; and so on. How could a canal, which costs a great deal to build and is a slow means of transport, compete with such a simple and expeditious contrivance as a railroad? Rivalry would be even more out of the question for river traffic, with all its irregularity and uncertainty. The railways, of course, took advantage of the failure of the canals and bought up, at absurdly low prices, certain sections of canal, which they either abandoned or filled up to make roadbeds for their own lines. They systematically boycotted the canals and waged a war of extermination against them. The result is that it is now almost impossible to create a general system of canals, though it could have been easily created at the beginning. This is yet another instance of the manner in which Americans have gone from one extreme to another

in neglecting their waterways and even their oversea communications. For many years, maritime transport was in the hands of England, followed by France and Germany, before a single American company appeared on the scene.¹ The worst of it now is that the American government has begun by another opposite extreme. Instead of being fostered and developed by the construction of steamers, American's international trade is being stifled at its very birth by the outlay on dreadnoughts.

To confine ourselves to inland navigation, an attempt at a revival was made after the war of secession, during the great outburst of enterprise which occurred at that time. It began with the Chicago Canal, which connects the Great Lakes with the Mississippi watershed. The belief that railroads and canals must necessarily be hostile has been disproved by experience. It has been found that the number of travelers increases in proportion with the means of transport available. It is the same with freight. Internal navigation comes to the assistance of the railways, takes the goods they do not care to handle and leaves the light and perishable articles to them. This is another instance of order and understanding produced by division of labor.

Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in the neighborhood of Niagara, where electricity is distributed over a very wide area and adds to the intense activity of production and circulation. Buffalo is a terminal station for the lake, canal, railway and electric car traffic, and since I first visited it in 1902, has become a transport capital. It is the starting point of the Erie Canal. The Buffalo people, far from neglecting this canal, do it full justice. They also regard it as a necessary regulator for the tariffs of the New York Central and all the other companies and

¹ It is only fair to say that this has not always been the case. Before the present navigation laws, there was a large mercantile marine; American "Clipper" ships were numerous and celebrated for speed.

systems which are accused of favoring Pittsburgh to the detriment of Buffalo. In conjunction with the chambers of commerce throughout the state of New York, they are providing all the funds needed for the upkeep and development of the canal. One hundred and one million dollars has been voted for modernizing it, making it available for thousand-ton barges, and widening it throughout its course, which has been changed in various places, from the Great Lakes as far as the Hudson and New York on the one hand, and, on the other, as far as Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence and the ocean, so that it is now known as the "Thousand-ton Barge Canal."

The work was begun in 1905 and is making very good progress. Throughout the states there is a general tendency to concerted action with a view to "saving the forests and storing up the floods." This is a national movement undertaken, greatly to his credit, at the instigation of ex-President Roosevelt, so as to discipline the magnificent resources of his country and utilize them for navigation, power production, irrigation, etc., and we have seen that this plan meets with general approval. We must hope that it will be carried out without delay, so as to add to the national wealth and ward off terrible scourges. It will be the American equivalent of what is known in France as the Freycinet plan.

Duluth

Internal navigation, however, is not confined to rivers and canals. It expands considerably on the lakes during the summer. Buffalo is a long way from Duluth, and navigation is stopped during the winter. It is retarded by having to go through two long straits, and the journey takes four days in summer, but nevertheless the saving, as compared with the railroad, is enormous, and works out at a dollar a ton of pig-iron in favor of Buffalo. This has led

to new competition with Pittsburgh in the form of ironworks that are fed directly from the quays; and Buffalo itself has numerous competitors, such as Cleveland, Toledo on Lake Erie, etc. Duluth is also entering the field, as was only to be expected, and is no longer content merely to extract and export its ores. "In conformity with the new principle of bringing the coal to the ore and not the ore to the coal, the Union Steel Corporation has put up very large steel works at Duluth, on the bank of the St. Louis River, and is making, principally, rails for sale in the West to the numerous young communities growing up in that vaguely defined empire, over which Duluth hopes to exercise economic sway."¹

We have thus lakes, railways, tramways — and rivers and canals will soon be added to the list — competing with one another to serve the cities, ports and centers of production and export. For the sake of clearness, I have dealt only with steel and coal, but it must not be forgotten that all this part of the north of the United States, which was known only for its timber fifty years ago, is now also producing what are perhaps still larger quantities of grain, cattle, meat and manufactured articles. What a wonderful machine is man, who decides and regulates all this competition and frantic activity, and what a number of machines and contrivances this competition has called into being to add to his productive power! How many improvements upon improvements in the postal, telegraphic and automatic telephone services are at his disposal, pending the practical application of wireless telegraphy! The Buffalo business man is something like the water power of Niagara condensed into a wire. All you have to do is to put the wire into contact with the object in view, and you obtain all you need in light, heat, motion, power, speech and every kind of facility for management.

¹ A. Demangeon, in the "Annales de Géographie," March 15, 1913.

Roads

Not only canals but roads, which were still more neglected, are in process of revival. A great deal of money is being set aside for them by the state of New York and the Federal government itself. Both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts I have seen the beginning of a great system of national highroads. Between the great lines of water and steel, roads are being spread out like the meshes of a net or the meshes of a spider's web whose main ribs are already fixed. These road systems are still in embryo, but they are none the less available, not merely for bicycles but for motor cars, which will complete the work of organization, competition and speed. An order can now be given in an hour at all four extremities of the country. It is impossible to think, without a feeling akin to awe, of what the world will eventually become. How childish to try to go on governing it in accordance with the traditions of by-gone times, and what a rude awakening is in store for the countries that cannot manage to adapt themselves to these changes!

La Salle Creek

I took advantage of the numerous improvements effected in travel arrangements, and also of the kindness lavished upon me by my Buffalo friends, to accompany them on a pilgrimage into the past, to a place a little way above Niagara Falls. We went to La Salle Creek, the tiny little port whither La Salle's men carried all the materials for building his first ship, the first vessel that ever sailed the waters of the Great Lakes, the unlucky *Griffon*, a masterpiece of perseverance and tenacity, sunk either by storms or treachery — no one knows which. In 1902 the Americans caused the following inscription to be let into

the face of the rock : “ Hereabouts, in May 1679, Robert Cavelier de la Salle built the *Griffon*, of sixty tons burthen, the first vessel to sail the upper lakes.” Their object was to mark the spot where our heroic countryman and his companions themselves built, rigged and launched the vessel which ought to have been so useful to them, but would have been recorded as merely another heartbreaking disappointment in a life of conflict had it not enjoyed the glory of being the forerunner of modern navigation on the Great Lakes. Another monument has been erected, not far away, to the memory of Father Hennepin, and there is a third, at St. Ignatius Point, on Lake Michigan, to Father Marquette.

I took off my hat to these souvenirs, or humble seeds, and surveyed the immense harvest they have produced. What would these poor pioneers think of the continent they were so proud to explore on foot or in canoes, at the rate of a few miles a day or a week, at the cost of incalculable exertions and risks, with no reward but ingratitude and death, if they could pay a visit to a business man in the country once inhabited by the long-departed buffalo, and note how, from one end of it to another, he can make his voice heard and his wishes felt in a few minutes and set many other wants in motion? It seems impossible that such a conflict of independent personalities, all working toward their own ends, can produce anything but chaos in the country our pioneers longed to civilize; but, as a matter of fact, coördination exists, public spirit predominates over individual energy, and out of intense American competition comes American prosperity, which is becoming more and more assured every day.

Disciplining Niagara

Order born of disciplined forces makes itself evident on all sides. It impressed me more at Buffalo than anywhere

else, because here the power has a special and symbolical meaning; it is Niagara. The disciplining of Niagara is the climax of a long series of disinterested efforts that eventually overcame all obstacles. It is the ultimate triumph of our pioneers and also of the snow, which, like themselves, was not understood, and now, again, like them is estimated at its true worth — snow converted into heat, the snow that was their example and sets an example like theirs by penetrating in all directions and melting away, only to return in the form of unlimited advantages. It is a fact that only one of the innumerable resources afforded by the Great Lakes is utilized for navigation, which simply touches their fringe and leaves them intact. Millions of little springs hurry from mountain and plain to offer their services and combine to form inland seas. They do not confine themselves to carrying vessels, but help in all sorts of ways, and this is where the snows of Canada come in. Those splendid sheets of water known as Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie are quiet enough in ordinary weather, but nevertheless follow an invisible current, apparently purposeless, until their waters reach the point at which they flow in a narrower channel and dash down the falls of Niagara. Although they are a concrete example of untamable strength, these falls have let themselves be tamed, or harnessed as the Americans express it. They push and haul at man's command, instead of destroying. They separate themselves into as many thousands of horses and arms as they were originally springs, and bring their assistance, in the form of light and power, to every inhabitant's house. Man has learned to understand them and to enlist them on his side by calling upon them to cooperate in his labors. They are an association of willing helpers taken into partnership by man.

My companions, out of regard for the feelings aroused in my mind, returned to Buffalo without me, and I went

alone to spend the night at the hotel overlooking the falls. It was quite at the beginning of the season. The hotel was almost empty, and the night was cold and clear — one of those nights that bring out our consciences as well as the stars. I sat for hours at my open window, gazing at Niagara the harmless. “What,” I said to myself, “cannot man, who has disciplined this outburst of violence, discipline himself? Is he who has mastered Nature’s forces, and turned them to good account, to be the principal agent of destruction in the world? Did he combine all these forces merely to annihilate his own masterpieces, blight his own future and cause rivers of blood and tears to flow?” No; such an outcome of civilization would be not only monstrous but paradoxical. The civilizing of every nation on earth is unlikely to be accomplished during the next generation, but the most civilized will no longer want war and will fight it as they have fought all the plagues of humanity one after another.

Education by Gentleness

What so many travelers admire at Niagara is not very different, except as regards size, from what can be seen in the Alps, Scandinavia, Africa and elsewhere, but its proportions are impressive and enable a better estimate of human progress to be made. I have seen plenty of these American power stations, wherein good order, silence and solitude prevail, but one that produces 150,000 horse power and can go up to 200,000 if necessary, such as can be seen at Niagara, and is run, or rather superintended, by one man, with an assistant to take his place in case of accident, is nevertheless something calculated to make one think. What a lesson for a whole people lies in the regiments of machines that stand in long lines in the factories and houses and along the quays and are driven by

the silent turbine — an army of unfailing forces posted everywhere and led by staffs of workmen! Yes, this is education in gentleness and reason itself! A non-commissioned officer at drill, a man who commands other men or is merely riding a horse, is more or less prone to anger. The best of our young men are only too much inclined, when they are going through the military riding school, or are at the maneuvers, to use whip and spur and oaths. How often do we hear the word of command to “let him have it” that drives the rider’s heel into his horse’s side! And then we have the carter, who is often compelled to exact too much from his horse, toiling uphill with too heavy a load, and there is also the cabman!

Collective Labor

With the machine tool and the automobile, all this angry feeling vanishes. A mere gesture, a sign, a sharp movement or even a look acts on the machine. When we can cause a catastrophe merely by turning a handle, we get out of the way of losing our self-control. What is the use of being angry with a machine that merely obeys you? It is different, of course, with a horse or a child or a woman; it is always his or her fault! But, with a machine, gentleness becomes a power — the greatest power, in fact. In this sense, the machine really trains the man. All the time and energy he used to waste on fruitless struggles he now utilizes for self-control. He is learning to despise futile fury. A new harmony regulates the sway of man over his will and, consequently, the relations between men themselves. Discipline has come down from the heights of science into the workshop and, with the help of a handful of willing workers, is achieving miracles of collective effort that were accomplished in olden times only by slavery. In sports just as much as in work and, if need be,

in national defense, American action is voluntary and combined. It is a rhythmical movement that may be likened to the respiration of a nation.

This is an incalculably important piece of progress. When I returned to Buffalo, I found confirmation of it in what might be described, in this chapter on transportation facilities, as a slow race.

Another Moving House

My readers will remember how surprised I was when I saw houses moved at Seattle. I was driving in an automobile on one of the broad boulevards at Buffalo when one of my cicerones pointed out the bishop's house to me. I immediately asked to have the automobile stopped. The house was being moved, and what a house it was! Those at Seattle were merely frame buildings, but this was one of the handsome villas that American architects are now building for their wealthiest clients. I can still see it. A photograph of the house lies before me, with that of Mr. Gustave T. Britt, the contractor who carried out these extraordinary operations and whom I called the Napoleon of transportation! The house occupied by the Catholic bishop of Buffalo is a large and handsome three-story brick and granite building. The ground floor, under which is a high basement, is built of granite and has very large windows. There is a portico, with marble columns, and a terrace on top, over the front steps. A wing projects on one side, and, on the other, there is a gable. There is also an outside veranda with an open balustrade and six small columns supporting another terrace. The roof is high-pitched and has pointed turrets of the pepper-box shape, above which rises a large and handsome brick chimney stack. The house does not look as if it had much stability, in spite of its size.

Nothing inside the building was removed. The gas and water mains were simply cut. Not a single piece of furniture, picture, statue or vase was taken away for safety, and for obvious reasons; for, if the balance had been disturbed by ever so little, the chimney stack, and not the clock, would have been the first to fall; but the whole process was so well combined, and the army of volunteer workers showed such intelligence and discipline that it was possible to move the whole house. This is how it was done, so far as I can convey the information kindly given me by Mr. Gustave T. Britt.

You put temporary foundations, consisting of long horizontal beams, in the place of the permanent brick and granite foundations. You prepare a perfectly flat bed, and you insert transverse wooden rollers between the bed and the temporary foundations. All you have to do after this is to apply pressure to the end of the temporary foundations, which start off, with the house on top of them, and make their way, over the bed prepared for them, to the selected site.

The pressure, as I will proceed to explain, is applied by means of screws, and here we have an illustration of the rhythm of concerted action which the slightest disorder or lack of attention would suffice to upset. All the screws are turned in unison by gangs of workmen, who are responsible for them, under the direction of a signaler. A whistle, blown once or several times, usually gives the signal. Each turn of the screws moves the house one eighth of an inch. When the building has reached its new site, the temporary foundations are removed in sections and permanent substructures are put in their place. Everything inside remains in its usual position, and the occupants might have stayed there too.

Why was the house moved? Simply because it was too near the church, which was too far to one side, and it was

decided that, when the house was out of the way, the church should be moved too. By this time the work has probably been done and forgotten.

We cannot look within ourselves, and only a foreigner, like myself, stops to notice these things and learn from them. The bishop's house, moving in obedience to the workmen, who are themselves directed by signals but none the less understand their work and do it without a word, is symbolical of a whole country, including the working class, in process of organization.

The Americans do not know it, but, without being militarized, they are drilled and a hundred times readier than they were a hundred years ago to take up arms and conquer if attacked. They have been so well educated by discipline, sobriety and muscular development that they are superior to any armies they might try to form on the spur of the moment. Those who advise them to give up the advantage of this exceptional education and become contaminated by the example of our European armies have failed to realize the real strength of the United States — the education of liberty.

The system of acting on the masses by method and good organization has become so general that I have found it in operation more or less all over the United States. Another remarkable feat was accomplished at Syracuse. An extra story had to be put on to a house, but, instead of taking off the roof, it was found simpler to raise it to the required height and to insert the new story into the space thus obtained. The screw pressure was exerted upward instead of horizontally, and, as the roof rose, the intervening wall space was simply filled in with wooden blocks, which were afterwards replaced by the required materials. Archimedes is evidently more appreciated in the New World than in the old.

I cannot adequately express my gratitude to the Ameri-

cans to whom I am indebted for these observations: to Mr. Francis Almy and especially to Mr. John G. Eppendorff as regards Buffalo. They were kind enough to be present with me, in spite of the broiling sunshine, at one more process that I wanted to see with my own eyes — the automatic unloading of the Duluth ore boats on reaching their destination. This is the final link in the chain of competition, forged by the new steel manufacturing centers, with Pittsburgh, and this is where I finally realized how freight charges can be cut down and how one competitor can reduce his expenses in comparison with the others. It is like a race for a prize which will go to whomever can carry the greatest weight with the least expenditure of effort.

Unloading Ore automatically at Buffalo

While the ore from Duluth for the Pittsburgh steel works has to be unloaded into railroad cars at Cleveland, the Buffalo works, as I have said, are on the wharves alongside which the same boats are moored. A single one of these magnificent boats, 600 feet long, can contain 12,000 tons of ore, poured into it as I have described. Four immense bridges, shaped like viaducts, travel on a rail track laid parallel to the quays. Each of these bridges forms a connection between the boat and the top of the blast furnace. Under the flooring of the bridge, a steel hand, — not an arm this time, — suspended by wires, moves backwards and forwards. When this hand, or “clam” comes over the boat, it goes down, plunges into the heap of ore, seizes as much as it can hold, picks it up and deposits it either in great heaps or mountains on the other side of the quay or in compartments, with movable bottoms, which empty themselves in turn, by means of a chain of small cars and a system of very simple elevators, into the blast furnaces, the latter having been previously supplied with layers of coke

and lime. The stock of ore is always considerably in excess of current requirements, so as to have enough to keep the furnaces going in winter, when boat traffic is stopped. The bridge and the hand are worked by one man, and there is no one else to be seen on the quay or in the boat. The place looks deserted and dead; in reality, it is full of the concentrated life of a crowd of workmen. The saving in labor, shovels, pickaxes, wheelbarrows, time and money has been figured out, and it is found that the cost of unloading a ton is reduced from 5 cents to less than half a cent. We must not forget that Buffalo is not the only port in the United States to compete with Pittsburgh, and that, as far away as Seattle, we have seen how manufacturers are organizing the output and transport of steel and iron, to say nothing of other commodities. I might bestow equal praise, if not more, on Toledo, Detroit and especially Cleveland, which city by no means confines itself to transshipping ore but has ten blast furnaces of its own — some at Cleveland itself, on the Cuyahoga River, and others at Youngstown. They are all of the very best kind, especially the one at the port of Lorraine, and are mostly in the hands of competing owners. We must also remember that a city like Cleveland has three thousand factories, including very large petroleum refineries, and the works that supply other ports, such as Buffalo, Cleveland and Duluth, with their gigantic traveling bridges for unloading ore. Land has appreciated so much in these places that a friend of mine, who had bought an 187-acre lot for a mere song, has just sold it for nine hundred thousand dollars to a blast-furnace company, which paid this price for it because it had a water frontage. Another factor in the situation is that there are plenty of banks ready to advance money to manufacturers, that a Land Bank is in process of formation to encourage business enterprises, and that these enterprises are being carried out in every direction, in Texas and

Colorado just as freely as in New England. In view of all these facts, one is tempted to say that the Americans, in virtue of the magnificent resources of their soil, of their great industriousness and particularly their methodical habits, of their modern and perfected appliances, and of the merciless competition among their numerous producing centers — among different factories in the same city, among the cities themselves and the states of the Union — have attained the maximum of human effort and can defy all human competition. It seems as if they have placed themselves in the forefront of the race for development of transportation which is inseparable from the other race — output; it seems as if their victory must be as certain as it is well deserved. It seems . . . ?

3. *Canadian Competition*

The victory seems certain, but the transport race is not merely a national one. It is stimulated in the United States, as well as elsewhere, by foreign competition. I was able to see this distinctly at Buffalo, which is a frontier city. All I had to do was to leave United States territory and go over to the left, or Canadian, bank of the Niagara. What remains for the United States to do, if they are to keep ahead, is at once evident here. All the rival enterprises we have admired are confronted by another rival; and the eternal principle that one form of progress shall be outstripped by another is exemplified. The Americans are our masters in business activity, but there is no proof that their pupils, who are adopting their methods in the hope of doing still better, and are profiting by their experience, will not take part in the race with a still more juvenile self-confidence, with constantly improved mechanical appliances of every kind, and with new men, new resources and new chances.

The Two Banks of the Niagara

A comparison between the two sides of the Niagara suggests that there is already cause for uneasiness, from the Americans' point of view. On their side — which, to be just, is less favored by Nature than the other, the largest waterfall being on the Canadian bank — there are traces of the disorder caused by a determination to work everything out to the fullest extent. There is a simply barbarous collection of factories and rough, temporary structures for utilizing various forms of power. It looks like an enlarged reproduction of one of those parasitic Turkish towns that profane the majesty of the holy places. Around the wonderful curve of blue waters falling headlong into whirlpools and mist, there was once a belt of vegetation, rocks, cascades and clear waters, but it has been ravaged and polluted. Public-spirited men, such as those who accompanied me, are now trying to atone for the mischief and to plead the cause of art, of Nature, and a better conception of what befits the interest and the honor of their country. Vegetation's right to existence has been revived in favor of a park on the American side, above the falls, and a very intelligent curator, who learned something from our horticulturists at Orleans and Angers, is doing his best to make good the damage. This is a sign of progress which is greatly to the credit of public spirit; but, below the falls, the barbarians triumph with impunity. They have managed to ruin the shore, and even the reputation of the Niagara River.

Everything on the Canadian side is not perfect. The authorities were ill-advised when they permitted the construction of some Tyrolean pavilions, and posts with wires which are certainly out of place here, right in line with the view of the falls; but we must not expect too much (Paris is guilty of spoiling the sunset with that wretched building,

the Trocadero, which is worthy of what it was intended to commemorate), and let us admit that the Canadians have treated Niagara with comparative respect. They have a fine park, and their electric stations are not only the most powerful but the least aggressive. They represent real strength — the kind that passes unnoticed. In this they are manifestly superior. When the Americans profaned their side of Niagara, they made a mistake that belongs to the history of the United States and was an unconscious challenge to true civilization.

Niagara, however, is only one of the points at which Canadian activity shows itself. Let us proceed further, in our study of the progress of the young Dominion, with our eyes and ears open.

Revenge after Prolonged Disdain

Canada enjoys a singular privilege: man has neglected it. Both the strength and weakness of the United States are due to the fact that men, in their haste to be rich, turned their backs on Canada and hurried southward to land that was easier to work; and the United States were both enriched and bled to the last drop. For more than a century, Canada has suffered from the discredit we cast on it, both purposely and through ignorance, so as to justify our abandonment of it. Voltaire's description of Canada as a few square miles of snow satisfied us for a great many years. Even the snow was not enough, and we buried Canada under an avalanche of contempt. In this way Canada was twice protected. It was her salvation, and will eventually make her fortune. Thanks to this disgrace, Canada has husbanded the natural resources squandered by the United States. She is not called upon to make up for her neighbors' faults, and, in fact, she has profited by their mistakes.

A Clear Field

Canada has become an immense reserve and a field for the most modern experiments. It is like having a free hand and the advantage of seeing a previous attempt made next door under your own eyes and of the first lesson of the past in a New World, in addition to having the assistance of the latest scientific discoveries. The determination of the western part of the United States to escape from the domination of the East shows itself to an even greater extent in the North and throughout Canada, especially in the central and western provinces. It must not be forgotten in our consideration of this subject, that the total area of the Dominion of Canada is larger than that of the United States and comprises more than half of North America.

Four Months of Warmth

I am quite aware that the greater part of Canadian territory is covered with ice and snow during a considerable portion of the year, and that there are such things as very long winters and early frosts; but four months of warmth and long days are sufficient to bring the crops to maturity. The rivers may be frozen over, but their currents still keep the dynamos going, and the immense forests keep up their supply of timber for building, wood pulp for paper making, and furs. Moreover, there are few snowfalls in the North, and the railways and mines are not interfered with. The snow helps to preserve all sorts of produce, especially the supplies of game and fish for the London market, and it also provides roadways. Judging by what the Canadians say, their snow must be regarded as one of their most valuable assets.

The Population

The smallness of the population and the consequent lack of capital form the real weakness of the country at present, but this is simply a repetition of the history of the United States, and, in this respect also, Canada will profit by her neighbor's experience. Canada wants quality as much as quantity in her population. She tries to choose her immigrants, like the United States, and accepts only those who are physically and morally the healthiest, youngest and best fitted to succeed. She rigorously rejects, as is well known, every one who appears "undesirable." Her immigration, like that of the United States, originated in the most energetic class of Europeans, and they have taken root. The French pioneers' blood was not shed in vain. It will stand comparison with the English Puritan blood combined with that of the "cavaliers" in the south of the United States. Such men as Laurier, Louis Jetté, Cartier, Marchand and Gouin are in themselves a source of national wealth. The Canadian population is not lacking in numbers after all. It looks very small in comparison with that of the United States, but it is increasing steadily. The population of the United States will soon attain one hundred millions. It has risen at the rate of more than a million a year since the War of Secession. This growth is especially pronounced in the direction of the Pacific. The center of population is moving steadily westward. While the population in five or six of the Eastern states remains almost stationary, or has not risen more than 20 or 30 per cent in ten years (from 1900 to 1910), it has grown more than 50 per cent in all the states on the Pacific coast and on the northwest frontier, that is to say, close to Canada, which profits thereby. Every year the current of immigration overflows the border, and nearly half the agricultural population of the

central Canadian provinces is made up of the surplus from western American farms. In the same way, as we have seen, a large proportion of the inhabitants of British Columbia come from Seattle and the states of Washington and Oregon. One objection raised is that these American colonists will annex Canada, as those from Texas will annex Mexico. There is no way of annexing a world, and the United States will resist the temptation (which has proved fatal to so many empires) of experimenting with excessive expansion before they have completed their own growth. American colonists in Canada become Canadians because they find themselves well off in their new country. They believe in the saying "*ubi bene, ibi patria*" and their real roots, still quite young and fresh, are in Europe rather than in the United States.

In any case, the population of Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has doubled in thirty years. In 1911 the total stood at 7,204,838, or about two millions more than in 1901—four times as many people as in Norway, but only a twelfth of the number in the United States. The most important point in connection with the increase of the population in Canada is, not the total, but the manner of its distribution among the provinces. The proportion in favor of the Middle West and West is even greater than in the United States. British Columbia has doubled its total, rising from 178,657 in 1901 to 392,480 in 1911. In very much the same way, the number of inhabitants in Manitoba has advanced from 255,000 to 455,000. Saskatchewan has grown fourfold, from 91,000 to 492,000, and Alberta fivefold, from 73,000 to 374,000. There are declines, on the other hand, in a few provinces, but they are insignificant. The population of Ontario has increased by several hundred thousand inhabitants, from 2,182,000 to 2,573,000, and the province of Quebec has also risen from 1,648,000 to 2,008,000.

Even if we consider only the total population of Canada, it promises well if we compare it with the beginnings of the United States, whose population increased to about the same extent during the first thirty years, from 1790 to 1820; that is to say, about two millions every ten years. We must also multiply the present number of colonists by the very great number and power of the machinery in use, and this explains why there was no boastfulness in what Sir Wilfrid Laurier said after casting a glance behind and another next door: "The twentieth century will be the Canadian century."

Another certain sign of general progress and activity is provided by the growth of new cities. Winnipeg's population has risen from 42,340 in 1901 to 128,157. Edmonton had 12,823 inhabitants in 1901, and has now nearly five times this number, 57,045; and Saskatoon has increased from 7157 to 51,145. This is a garden city planned on purely modern lines. Comparatively old cities have also prospered greatly. Vancouver has gained to the extent of 100,000 in less than thirty years, Toronto 317,538 and Montreal 355,480. These last figures are instructive. It was, I found, a city that has been like a vast building yard for the past ten years. It is being remade, and is the dynamometer of Canadian prosperity and the key to all the lines of communication between East and West. It is the real capital of the three eastern provinces, with Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec, with its magnificent rivers, cut out on a truly American scale, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa and the innumerable Hudson Bay affluents. The country of the future, however, begins at Winnipeg, and, beyond Manitoba, in the two provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and also northward, 150 miles from Edmonton, where there is good wheat land; and then we have that magnificent country, British Columbia, whose climate is softened by the Pacific currents.

Agriculture

Among these immense provinces, several of which are as large as France or Germany, we again find emulation in the output of agricultural, natural and manufactured produce. They have rivers and forests, the germ of all the rest. The forests are of enormous size, and their timber, floated down during about four months of the year, provides constant work for the woodcutter, who is of French stock and descended from our bold French foresters — a valuable element in Canadian colonization. The factories also keep going throughout the year, thanks to another and irrepressible form of energy, water. The fisheries constitute an immense resource, ranging from whales down to salmon, sturgeon and trout. The value of the fish sold reaches five million dollars a year, but is nevertheless inferior to that of the game and far behind that of the furs and skins. Many sportsmen, and also colonists, are attracted by the good shooting obtainable. Several national parks, notably the one at Banff, have been reserved. We are only beginning to form some idea of the richness of the mineral deposits, ranging from the gold in Alaska, silver, nickel, cobalt, petroleum and coal to the iron at Fort William, Duluth's rival as a lake port. But all this wealth is of little account in comparison with that of agriculture. Despite the rigor of its climate, Canada, thanks to patience and observation, has been made to produce practically everything. The Ontario orchards vie with those of Columbia in vegetables, fruits, apples, peaches, plums and cherries, ripened by four months of sunshine and short nights. Canning factories are already at work. The grapes even produce a sweet wine appreciated by the Canadians. North of British Columbia and Alberta, between the Great Slave Lake and the Peace River, the superintendent of forests, Mr. Elihu Stewart, is advocating a

methodical exploration of the country. In the valley of the Mackenzie River, that gigantic tributary of the frozen Arctic Ocean, this official, on July 15, saw potato plants in flower, ripe peas, tomatoes, onions, rhubarb, beetroot and cabbages; strawberries, blackberries and currants had been already gathered. Some Indians who came from the frontier of Alaska had lost two of their dogs through the heat. Modern methods of locomotion make it possible to inhabit and develop these districts of thermic extremes, which were formerly almost inaccessible. From fifteen to eighteen hours of sunshine every day for three or four months spells wealth. Without going so far afield, we have only to look at the Manitoba farms — some of them model ones — which are becoming famous for their variety of produce, in which not only cereals but maize, hops and tobacco find a place; for their pastures, on which horses, cattle, hogs and sheep are raised; for all kinds of poultry and dairy produce, from milking by machinery (a process of doubtful value) to incubating eggs and making butter and cheese. Even bees have been acclimatized. The honey was frozen at first, but means have been found to shelter them from the cold and let them increase and multiply. They are not only productive, but they fertilize the country and are thus doubly advantageous. Westward, and still farther westward, are the ranches, the herds of cattle and, above all, the prairie, Canada's real storehouse of abundance. It is a vast and uninterrupted expanse of wheat land, in itself quite a France or a Hungary for this cereal. The crop ripens in a hundred days and the barley and oats require even less. There is unlimited space, without restrictions, as well as light and continuous heat, followed by a long winter's rest, during which the land renews itself beneath the snow, and the farmer can vanish too and travel elsewhere. Cultivation begins with the month of March, and is very soon done.

Motoculture

The American teams of thirty horses are out of date. Steam and gasoline have beaten them. As I have said, every farmer has his own automobile. There are already 5000 motor plows in the three central provinces, and, in a few years, they will be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. In this endless plain they have ample scope. Each motor hauls ten, twelve or twenty plows, and moves at a rate of three miles an hour. Even if this were an exaggeration and the real speed be only a mile and a quarter, a machine hauling twenty plows will cut 25 miles of furrows in an hour, 250 miles in ten hours, and 2500 miles in a week. These figures still haunted me when I returned to France. In my own district, where there is rich agricultural land, I have a farm of 75 acres on which the farmer, a good worker, wears out his arms, his horses and his plows.

Père Monnier

Stopping by the roadside, I see a strange form in a small field on the further side of the brook. Two arms are working a hooked implement that digs into the earth, turns it over, comes up and goes down again, and so on for hours and hours, just as it has done for generations and centuries. These two arms belong to two shoulders bent down to the ground, and the shoulders belong to an old French peasant with a bent back, plowing his furrow just as he did when he was young and as all the old peasants still do. "Is that you, père Monnier?" I ask, and he replies with a cheerful, "Yes, it is," without standing up — a feat which he is no longer able to perform. There are a great many others who cannot stand upright — a great many old tillers of the soil who, with their heads close to their knees, go on uncomplainingly with their few yards of furrows, while

the Canadian machine cuts its twenty-five miles in an hour.

If the farmer does not own one of these machines, he hires it; and when the plowing is finished, it does the harrowing, sowing and rolling, reaps, binds and thrashes the wheat and hauls it to the nearest railway station, unless the farmer is afraid of the men who make corners and has bought or hired a movable shed, with tin compartments, in which he stores his grain. He gets rid of it, however, in most cases. The process is very simple. The station is provided with storehouses, elevators and sheds. He obtains a receipt certifying to the quality of his wheat. This document is as good as money; the banks will discount it, and he can use it in payment for the goods he orders from the East. When the machine has nothing else to do, it pumps up water, saws wood and crushes grain and potatoes. It is just as necessary for the Canadian farmer to be a good mechanic as it is for ours to know how to look after horses. The more isolated the farm, the more the farmer tries to learn, and he is helped to do so. In addition to the Dominion and provincial governments and the municipalities, which do a great deal, the railway companies, whose best customer he is, develop his education and, consequently, his productive capacity. They have specially fitted cars in which competent lecturers pay visits to the country stations and give practical addresses and advice at fixed dates upon all sorts of agricultural questions.

Thanks to these forms of progress, the output of Canadian wheat has risen from 5,400,000 hectoliters in 1876 to 362,500,000 in 1909. The exports, which totaled only 2,340,956 bushels in 1885, came to 49,741,350 bushels in 1910. The comparative smallness of this figure is due to inadequate means of transport. Otherwise the total would be much larger.

Three Transcontinental Railways

Here we come to another wonder. The Canadians have been quite mad over their railways. One would have thought that a single transcontinental line was a good deal in competition with the American lines, but the Canadians now have three, and even this is not enough. I am told that half the wheat crop was left on the land last year because there was no means of taking it to market. Sir William van Horne, who, like Lord Mount Stephen, was one of the earliest advocates of transcontinental lines across Canada, and is an ex-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a man of action and initiative who has taken up all sorts of successful enterprises, told me, in his gallery of French and other European masterpieces at Montreal, what he considered ought to be the function of railroads in Canada. "The railways are hampered only by the superabundance of traffic," he said. "We are in the same position as the United States. What Mr. James J. Hill told you about the lack of terminal facilities is as true here as it is there. We plan for twenty years, and the accommodation is exhausted in five. We have to remove our freight yards outside the cities, but this is a small matter in comparison with the essential and urgent questions of lines. In this respect we shall never be able to move fast or far enough. The railroad is the best pioneer. Our western farms are isolated from one another, instead of being near railway stations. In the agricultural districts we ought to have so many lines that no farm would be more than ten miles from the nearest. There should be parallel lines every ten or twenty miles, each connected with the next. This is what will be done and is being done, and this is what we need for the conveyance of future crops; otherwise, we shall go on being overcrowded, there will be a slackening of production and dissatisfaction will show itself. Our trans-

continental lines extend into the United States, beyond St. Paul, but they are insufficient. They are merely a connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and end at the great new cities, created by us, where our fleets of vessels, both slow and fast, are stationed. Speed is less important than cheapness for a great many articles. Our mail steamers, cargo boats and four-masted sailing ships form an extension of our railways. We are the high-road to China. Henceforth the flow of our exports will make its way east and west along our railways, following a current that sets both ways. This current, strong as it is, needs others to help it."

Interior Navigation

"Far from apprehending competition from them, we want them. We need help from our rivers, great stretches of which are available during long days of summer, quite long enough for the quantities of heavy goods, timber, ores and cereals they are likely to be called upon to transport. We need the lakes, too, and cannot exist without them. The tonnage of the shipping that goes through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is three times as great as that of the Suez Canal, and the tonnage of the vessels plying on the Great Lakes is six times as large. Ore alone represents 41 million tons. We shall never have too many Canadian or American routes. We do not consider the American ports as rivals. Fort William competes with Duluth, but both are needed for the development of our transports. Navigation on the lakes themselves will have to be shortened."

In addition to the information given me by Sir William van Horne and his successor, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, my friend Dandurand, formerly president of the Canadian senate, has supplied me with facts that give some idea

of what the future of canals in Canada is likely to be. The Welland Canal, which is considerably shorter than the American canal, will attract vessels plying between Lakes Erie and Ontario. Ten years ago, in 1901, the tonnage passing through Canadian canals was 5,665,259; in 1910 it was 42,990,608. A great scheme for still further shortening the route is under consideration. If it were carried out, ships coming from Sault Ste. Marie would travel by way of Georgian Bay, the French River and Ottawa to Montreal and the ocean. This route would bring Fort William within 4123 miles of Liverpool, or 806 miles less than by way of New York!

Hudson Bay

And this is not all. When I was at Quebec, the Prime Minister of the province, Sir Lomer Gouin, told me the story of his conversion as regards Hudson Bay railroads. I had hitherto supposed that the Hudson Bay district contained nothing but Eskimos, reindeers, Polar bears and ice (and I believe he had the same idea), but he now regards it as a great reservoir of natural resources, to be developed in accordance with the fixed principle of limiting cultivation and transportation to four or five months of the year and leaving eight months for manufactures.

The old provinces all want to extend their frontiers. They complain that their interests were not considered, and they demand a hinterland extending as far as the Bay, and they all, more or less, want railways. Both the Liberal and Conservative parties have pledged themselves to the construction of a railroad starting from Saskatchewan and Manitoba and ending at Fort Churchill or Fort Nelson. The line has already been carried as far as Le Pas. This does not prevent ambitious Edmonton from having a scheme of its own, and Quebec is thinking about St. James' Bay

and Rupert Bay, which can be easily reached by the great Nottaway River. It is only a matter of 275 miles — five or six hours' journey — to connect with the transcontinental line. There are two objects in view, the one serving as a complement to the other. Firstly are transports, which will relieve the country of its plethora of produce and enable it to be exported cheaply, from July 15 to Sept. 15, in spite of the flocs and icebergs, of which Canadians seem to think very little; and secondly are the natural riches of the soil and water, which need no further description. The immense promontory of Ungava, hitherto marked on the maps like an unexplored desert, is in itself an inexhaustible reservoir of wealth. To arguments based on the intense cold and a latitude between fifty and sixty degrees, geographers reply that latitude is not everything, and that there are very rich and productive countries in Europe, such as Holland, England and Scotland, between the fortieth and fiftieth degrees, while beyond the sixtieth we have Norway, Sweden and northern Russia. Moreover, only the coast of Hudson Bay is frozen in winter, and the bay is open to navigation seven or eight months of the year. Before long we shall see Hudson Bay competing with the Great Lakes, whereon navigation is also stopped in winter but is prodigiously active in summer.

Unlike what would happen in Europe, all this will be done very quickly, the development of transport in North America being stimulated to the highest pitch by the ambition to establish a steady stream of traffic over a globe-circling line of communication before the opening of the Panama Canal.

While all these statesmen and business men, on both sides of the frontier, were giving me their accounts of the colossal rival enterprises they have planned and will carry out, I thought of the delays that France, in spite of her national characteristic of alertness, has to endure. I

do not refer to the delay that must necessarily occur while a scheme is being planned and thought out in advance, two processes which constitute one of the advantages of her long experience. Neither do I mean the delay inseparable from certain forms of progress, which would be endangered by too great haste. On the contrary, I believe in slowness and distrust the intoxication born of speed. I observe that sailing ships and windmills are reviving and that, although we have automobiles, we cannot do without horses. The ox, the mule, the donkey, the dog, the goat, the reindeer, the camel and the elephant will continue to discharge their humble duty as means of transport between the center of production and the road, port or station. They will still be the little streams that make the great rivers. No; I was thinking how slow we are in coming to a decision and how incapable we seem to be of carrying out public works which are not less urgent than those accomplished in America and are much less costly, much easier and are indispensable to complete what the Americans have begun. Through not doing our share of the work in time, we break the line of communication and cause it to turn elsewhere.

Our Slowness. The Port of Brest

The port of Brest is an instance. Nature, which has always lavished her gifts on France, gave her, at Brest, a splendid, deep harbor opening right on to the ocean highway and constituting a natural entrance which, if properly fitted up, would attract all the American and Asiatic traffic to Paris and central Europe. It would save twelve hours' sea voyage and considerably decrease the risk of collision in the Channel. Even our great battleships come in and out of Brest harbor, but mail steamers do not use it. Lighthouses, submarine bells, railroad tracks, wharves and so on are wanting, and so is the decision to do what has been

an urgent need for years. What are we waiting for? Do we intend to let the time slip by until commerce is tired of the delay and turns away from the natural route that we are too inert to open up? It is hard to believe that we were the people who cut through the Isthmus of Suez and conceived and began the Panama Canal. We are afflicted with a kind of loss of commercial will power.

The Armed Peace System

The fact is — and it must be reiterated, because it explains a great many things — that France is living in a state of armed peace.¹ All the trouble comes from the Franco-German war, or rather from one of its consequences. France would have put up with a defeat for which her rejected imperial government was more responsible than herself. She could have forgiven Germany for Sedan just as she forgave England for Waterloo; but the root of the evil lies in a violation of justice, and is both a misfortune and a sign of progress. Assuming that France could turn a deaf ear to the complaints of Alsace and Lorraine, they would eventually obtain a hearing from the conscience of the world at large. Time cannot alter the fact that a violation of justice was committed. Germany will not give up her conquest, Bismarck himself was averse to it, but it has cost her too much bloodshed. On the other hand, the spirit of our times cannot sanction this conquest. "In our day," wrote Benjamin Constant in 1803, "every one would have been on the side of Carthage." The evil has been made irreparable, not by victory but by conquest. The Germans were not satisfied with being victorious. They have been "blindly triumphant over their successes," as Franklin said, and, in so doing, they threaten every one. The conflict is between Germany

¹ Will armed peace last after the present war?

and France, but it is also between Germany and modern civilization. The problem has undergone a transformation concurrently with the progress of ideas. It has become a question of principle, and more a matter of morality than of politics. It is therefore, in a sense, less acute, but it is more serious and more impossible than ever to avoid. The spirit of conquest cannot be reconciled with the spirit of our time unless at least it can plead, as an excuse, that it has rendered a service to civilization or was consented to by the conquered people. It breeds nothing but the revolt and uncertainty from which every one is suffering. Under such circumstances as these, how can France or Germany, or the countries whose interests are bound up with theirs, be free to embark upon the immense and far-reaching undertakings in which the United States are intensely interested? They are all crushed by the burden of debt from the wars of the past and expenditure on the wars of the future. Half their resources is wasted on fruitless antagonism.

A Century of Peace

Canada and the United States have benefited by a precisely opposite state of things, up to the present. Their economic conflicts, their race to spend the most money on railways and lakes, on appliances and their healthy and fruitful rivalry, are the result of a hundred years of unbroken and unarmed peace. In our European ignorance of things American, let us not assert that this peace was easy to establish and maintain! Canada was the last colony left to the English in North America after the War of Independence and the War in 1812, during which they burned the capitol at Washington. Canada might have been England's road to revenge. It might have been a constant temptation for the Americans, and a cause of continual quarrels for both. There are very few inter-

national situations in Europe more delicate than Canada's has remained for a century. It was far away from the defeated motherland, and bordered on the victorious United States. The truth of this is shown by the fact that the English took advantage of the decline of Napoleon's power to resume the offensive in 1812, until, after having been again defeated and on the point of being driven into the sea at the battle of New Orleans, they signed the Treaty of Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814. It was ratified Feb. 17, 1815, and completed by an agreement dated April 28, 1817.

It was indeed an agreement! The two irreconcilable brothers decided to disarm, and they disarmed! They have had plenty of opportunities to revoke their pledges. First there was the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine, which was an indirect appeal to insurrection in the still unemancipated European colonies in the New World. Then came the encouragement given by the Holy Alliance, Metternich's appeals and the action taken by Emperor Alexander I against the "Jacobin American republics." England might have thought it to her interest to take advantage of this action, instead of discouraging it and eventually making it abortive, owing to the powerful influence exercised by her prime minister, Canning. England might also have profited by the War of Secession, the Alabama question and many others, but she had a clearer conception of her interest, which was identical with that of the Lancashire cotton spinners, and she did not give way to the temptation. This was greatly to her credit, and she not only acted wisely but set a great example. For one hundred years the two belligerents have observed the peace on which they agreed. It has been a complete, unreserved and absolute peace. The inland seas, for which they once contended and on which they fought naval battles commemorated in the Capitol Museum at Washington, have become an arena for their economic conflicts

without having ever again been plowed by the keel to a single man-of-war and without a single fort or gun to protect a frontier three thousand miles long. A few redcoats and a few guns are kept at Quebec, as a matter of form, to show that Canada is loyal to the mother country. At Plattsburg, on the United States frontier, I also saw the American army, as I did at El Paso, on the Mexican frontier. The army, or rather the northern police force, amounted, if I am not mistaken, to 800 men, and it was quite a financial luxury, every soldier being paid as much as an officer. As a matter of fact, England and the United States are two great countries that have become reconciled to one another without armies.

It is unnecessary to say that the beauty of this arrangement is not realized by all Americans, but those who do not perceive it are a miserable exception. The views of true Americans are interpreted by Senator Elihu Root, the great United States lawyer, formerly secretary of state and secretary of war, who submitted the following resolution to Congress at Washington (November, 1912) in connection with the preparations for celebrating the centenary of this peace:

“That on Feb. 17, 1915, one hundred years after the ratification of the treaty of peace, the British and United States Legislatures do suspend their labors for five minutes, exactly at the same time, so that the whole of the English-speaking world may devote these five minutes to meditation over the benefits of a century of peace; and that a scientific committee be appointed to decide at what hour the above-mentioned period of five minutes should begin in the two assemblies.”¹

¹ This festival did not take place. The war we in Europe hoped to avoid has spread over nearly the whole of Europe and Japan; and there will be no adequate mention of this magnificent proof that peace can be maintained for a century between two great powers.

Thanks to this century of peace, the United States and Canada have been able to save countless millions of money and devote them to their respective creative and constructive enterprises. Canada has profited still more than the United States, for, although the latter have faithfully observed the treaty of 1815 in regard to Canada, they have nevertheless spent money recklessly, as I propose to show later on, on their army, their navy and their pensions. To all these advantages, Canada has been able to add that of the smallest military burden, which has been practically nil up to the present. No more than her mines and her forest has she squandered her young men and her money. The natural result is that living is easier in Canada than in the United States, and that there is immigration into the new country from the one that is the more heavily taxed.

Contagious Dreadnought Fever

I am quite aware that the Canadians themselves are in danger of giving way to temptation and ordering dreadnoughts (like every other nation, including the South Americans and even the Turks) either from British ship-builders or, if need be, from an industry of their own, which they would have to build up and of which they might not be able to rid themselves. They will, however, think twice before they commit themselves; and if they succumb, which can still be doubted, they will confine themselves to a demonstration of loyalty towards Great Britain and to a more or less handsome monetary contribution, which is openly described, even in London, as throwing money into the sea. Further than this they will not go. Clever and far-reaching as are the propaganda adopted by the manu-

In an article entitled "The Peace of Ghent and the War of 1914-1915" published in the American "Review of Reviews" of January 15, 1915, I expressed my sense of disappointment at the failure to take any notice of the great anniversary on December 24, 1914. (March, 1915.)

facturers of war material, and by the Hearst international news service and publications, they cannot be completely hidden, in new countries, under a mask of patriotism, but stand revealed for what they are — the demands of a new and insatiable industry that lives on the others and profits by protection carried to the furthest possible limit of excess. I cannot conceive the Manitoba farmers, and still less those in Saskatchewan and Alberta, who left the United States so as to escape from too heavy burdens: I cannot conceive the cosmopolitan crowd of immigrants from all sorts of countries, Irishmen, Scotsmen, French, Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians and even colonies of Russian Dukhobors, dipping into their already scanty hoard, which they need for their plows and their schools, to pay for what are already called "tin fleets," out of date even before they are finished. Neither can I conceive them as supplying these fleets with crews, of which England herself, and France still more, is beginning to run short. To obtain the required number of sailors and engineers, skilled men, who are already scarce, will have to be engaged at high wages. The result will be to deprive factories and farms of workers and increase wages in general, simply to form superfluous crews that will compete with indispensable colonists. The expenditure will be regarded as not only very heavy, but unjustifiable. There are to be three dreadnoughts to begin with. This will be nothing at all in comparison with the American fleets, but it nevertheless involves a preliminary outlay of forty million dollars, to be provided by a people of scarcely eight million souls. This means five dollars per head of the population and, as the very poor do not pay taxes, a heavy burden will be laid on the manufacturing and business interests; but this is only a beginning. These three battleships must be kept in commission, supplied with coal, provisions, etc., repaired and replaced when obsolete. Docks must be built for them,

and the subsidiary expense, which governments never mention but which are enormous, must be faced. Naval staffs will be needed and, consequently, a naval school, involving a naval caste and a naval spirit. And to what purpose? To make a show of resistance to the United States in case of emergency? Germany, according to the semi-official utterances, is the real enemy. Why not say Japan (in which case, when the three battleships for the Atlantic are finished, another three will be wanted for the Pacific)? Admitting, for the sake of argument, that these weak reasons are sufficient, and that the future Canadian navy will simply be a loyal contribution towards the naval expenses of the mother country, the fact remains that this contribution will have to be paid, and that it may be considered too much for a colony of only recent growth. We must remember that, in the eighteenth century, the Americans rose in revolt rather than pay the taxes demanded by Great Britain. It is therefore probable, on all these grounds, that Canada will keep her expenditure on naval armaments within reasonable limits, and that the young British colony will thereby obtain one more advantage in its struggle with the United States. It is also possible that the latter will have to moderate their outlay, so as not to risk their already threatened supremacy. Canadian commerce, I am told, represents 90 per cent in value per head of the population, as against 30 per cent in the United States. The struggle is becoming a serious one.

Whatever may be the outcome of this emulation between the two great neighboring countries in North America, one would think that this time, at any rate, we have found something that no other nation can pretend to rival. Such a conclusion would be mistaken, because it would be based on appearances. The rest of the world has its turn when the profits of progress are distributed.

4. *Universal Competition*

The United States are thus threatened with competition from the whole world, and this is what they ought to bear in mind. Canada is not the only privileged country. There are many others, either very powerful or very active, that must be taken into account. I forbear to cite China, whose resources and immense population I have been accused of using for scare purposes, although they ought to furnish reasons for a new European policy of agreement and coöperation. I will also say nothing about Japan, which has been militarized by Europe, is in danger of losing its good qualities for our bad ones and whose higher evolution has thereby, I fear, been stopped. The Far East is not the whole world, but an unknown region that may be left out of consideration for the moment. Other countries supply us with quite as much material as we need.

The West Indies

The United States see and know nothing of any country but the United States. This is their strength and also their weakness. History and geography have many surprises in store for them. Competition is everywhere. Without going beyond the New World, let us take the case of Cuba. As we have seen, it needed only one good and able man, General Wood, to raise the educational standard of the people tenfold and show that the promise of this terrestrial paradise may come to full realization—a paradise possessing not only great fertility and an exceptional climate but a population characterized by intelligence, gracefulness and courage. Private initiative, such as was exercised by Sir William van Horne, was all that was required to multiply tenfold the value of Cuba's forests with their rare kinds of timber, its mines and its

produce in general. But Cuba is only one island out of a very great number in the privileged region of the Antilles.

South America

What are we to say of South America and its great river, the Amazon, still in its commercial infancy, the Plata, Brazil, Chile, Peru and the Argentine Republic? What of the African continent, which was the world's granary and treasure house in ancient times? Why should not Egypt and the old Roman provinces, now known as Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia, and once more open to colonizing, begin again to export their prodigious harvests after centuries of rest?

The African Continent

Has the Nile ceased to fertilize its banks and its delta? Has it not great competitors of its own, the Congo, the Niger and the Zambesi, which have hardly been explored at all? What will Africa be like in another thirty years when it has plenty of machinery and navigable routes and can be crossed by railroad from Morocco to the Cape of Good Hope and from the Indian Ocean on the East to the Atlantic on the West?

Australia. Asia

Do Australia, New Zealand, and the British, French and Dutch East Indies contain no natural resources? Are Asia Minor, Persia, Mesopotamia, Iran, the valley of the Indus, Asiatic Turkey and what was European Turkey and the cradle of our civilization, to remain nothing more than a vast cemetery? Does Nature put on mourning for man's crimes? No; she appeals against their barbarity; she will revive, and is already reviving.

American Ignorance of Russia

All this will take a very long time, say the skeptics. These numerous sources of competition will certainly not come into full operation at the same time, but will grow in proportion to the requirements of consumers. This may be; but, on the other hand, it did not take the United States very long, although they had limited means of action and were only on the threshold of modern discoveries, to effect a revolution in European industrial conditions by their competition. However, let us consider merely the situation as it is to-day and the competition that is likely to arise to-morrow. Is Russia's to be counted as nothing? The Americans either ignore the Russians or treat them as a negligible quantity, judging them by their form of government instead of their resources their superabundance of population and their genius. A young nation themselves, they do not give credit to Russia for youth. When Mr. Roosevelt went on his tour to the European capitals, he visited Budapest, as it was quite right to do, but he left Russia out. As I am constantly telling Americans, the Slavs and Russians must be reckoned with. You may well envy the extent and still undeveloped wealth of their territory, of their mineral deposits, of their petroleum wells and of their still intact forests, and the navigable nature of their great rivers, connected by canals, from the Baltic and the White Sea to the Black Sea, from the Dwina to the Dnieper and the Volga. You must also reckon with their population, of which you transplanted Europeans have no idea, because it is a race that really springs from the soil and is full of life and passion. Look at Russia's artists, thinkers and writers, and listen to her musicians. Observe what her explorers have done. What, in fact, have they not done? Tempered and hardened like steel by the cold, they have dared everything. The Arctic Ocean is their frontier and

very nearly became the crown of their empire. Alaska once belonged to them, and their government was bold enough to want to appropriate the American coast of the Pacific and close it to the Americans by joining up with the Spanish possessions. All this occurred less than a hundred years ago. They gave way, but the scheme that was abandoned in America is being carried out in Asia. It would have been a magnificent accomplishment of human initiative had it not been clumsily spoiled by governmental weakness, war and revolution. Had Russia imitated the United States and Canada, and built railways and canals with only half the vast sums she wasted on her war with Japan, she would already be a formidable competitor in the world's markets; but her reserves are so great, and the needs of her constantly increasing population are so small, that she will soon have made up for her mistakes. Russia is still Russia. She has vanquished cold. The mere fact that her capital is in the alleged uninhabitable latitude of 60 degrees — ten degrees farther north than Winnipeg and Vancouver — is enough to show her contempt for obstacles which people have so long agreed to treat as insurmountable. What shall we say of Archangel, 750 miles farther north — a frozen port that provides England with a constant supply of butter, poultry, fish, fruit and grain, in direct competition with Canadian produce?

Another Canada in Europe and Asia

These enterprises, which seemed mad enough as regards Europe, were only the beginning, and now we have another Canada, in Europe and Asia, preparing to take part in the race with the United States. We find Siberia, wretchedly supplied as it is with a single track trunk line (no better than a coach in comparison with the American transconti-

mental lines) becoming populated, with magical and paradoxical rapidity, by a superior class of political exiles, opening itself to cultivation, waking up and taking part in the world's general life. Siberia has mighty and famous rivers, such as the Obi, the Yenisei and the Amur, which, like those in Canada, need nothing but men and capital to turn them to account. Siberia will have the men, and has them now, because the Russians, unlike the Americans, have hitherto proved themselves not only prolific but patient colonizers. They make themselves liked by the natives, whom they do not kill off or drive before them but associate with their work and treat in a brotherly spirit. In this way, Siberia is becoming a second Russian Empire still larger than the first. It is so young, alive and enterprising that the Russian prime minister, the ill-fated Mr. Stolypin, remarked to me at Petrograd in 1909: "We shall soon be annexed by Siberia."

This vision of the future presented itself to me at Moscow, the commercial capital of two continents, or worlds. We were at the railroad depot, waiting for the train to take us back to France. One might have thought Moscow large and important enough to be the terminus and starting point of the Russian railways for central Europe and France; but the train we were waiting for, and which runs regularly and punctually in spite of the snow, came from Asia — from Krasnoïarsk, Irkutsk and Vladivostock. Moscow was merely a station on the line! Thus is the earth girdled; there is neither beginning nor end, but constant moving onward, continuation and resumption. Let the United States beware! No one admires American activity more than myself, but I have seen a great many other active people besides the Americans throw themselves into the fight for the world's markets during the past twenty years.

Competition from Old Countries

Even the old countries have been spurred into emulation and are learning from American innovations to take the good and leave the rest. I will go so far as to say that the progress achieved by the older European countries, and especially the great military powers, is all the more alarming for the United States because it has been accomplished in spite of great difficulties and under the weight of burdens which I need not detail. The Americans do not in the least realize the advantage they possess, as producers, in having all their young men available as workers, while those in France and Germany, for instance, have to spend two or three years in barracks. What would it be if the United States had to compete with Europe on equal terms?

England is distended and bursting under the weight she has to carry, but nevertheless keeps going by her own momentum, and lives like a prodigal. Austria and Italy, those two supposed allies, are exhausting their resources on armaments that are really intended for use against each other, and yet they prosper, especially Italy, which, in spite of the worst kind of folly, uses her genius and industry to develop her agriculture and manufactures. Even Spain, badly off as she is, overrun with abuses and unable to shake off the domination of her monks, is managing to make her efforts towards an economic revival felt. Thanks to their knowledge, talent, ingenuity, art, taste and intelligence, France and Germany continue to sell: Germany her chemicals and cheap manufactured goods, and France her expensive articles. Never has the spirit of initiative shown itself more daring in France than during the past forty years, no matter where it was exerted — in the world at large, by exploration and colonizing; in the mother country, through the automobile and motors for agriculture; on sea and in the air, through submarine and aërial navigation.

Great and Small Powers

Let us turn from the great powers and consider the others, such as Hungary, Bulgaria, Bohemia, Poland, Switzerland, Roumania, Finland, Belgium, Holland and especially Norway.

Scandinavia

This last country struck me as the flower of snow-covered lands. Christiania is on the sixtieth parallel, as far north as Petrograd, and is in the south of Norway, which has been kept pure as snow, like Canada, by snow. Norway has very few inhabitants: a little over two millions; the whole country thus having less than a single capital, Paris, considerably less than New York, and only half the population of London. Nevertheless, Norway has embarked upon several exemplary enterprises in connection with education, moral reformation, hygiene, benevolence, solidarity and also transports. The railroad from Christiania to Bergen is a great feat, both materially and financially. One wonders how so small a passenger and freight traffic can pay for such a costly undertaking. Moreover, these are lines that do not follow the great current from east to west, or *vice versa*, but lead straight to the north, as if they wanted to lose themselves. These lines, in conjunction with the rivers, canals and fiords, will create cold-climate industries, and tap power-producing waterfalls and supplies of timber and ore, just as in Canada. To quote a still more striking fact, the railway between Stockholm and Narvik, on which the Lapland express runs, is the most northerly on the globe, and reaches the 68th degree. All these lines relied on the great amount of emulation and public spirit possessed by the country, as well as on the same spirit of human energy that carried the dauntless Scandinavians and Northmen in their frail

open barks to the western coasts of Europe and as far as America, long before Columbus's time. The same spirit has led such men as Nansen and Amundsen to the poles and Ibsen and Björnson to the summit of independent thought.

Nowhere has man seemed greater to me than in Norway, where he is so weak, so isolated, and, at the same time, so independent. The Americans have the blood of all these heroes in their veins, and they are proud of it. They are a mixture from all the most active countries on the globe, but let them beware of the still powerful and rival sources in old Europe. By Norwegians I mean the Scandinavian nations, which to my mind are inseparable and are now allies, in virtue of a fraternal treaty of neutrality. The United States owe much to the Swedish spirit of initiative and Swedish purity. The American champions, and especially the French, know how Sweden triumphed at the Olympic games and how overwhelmingly successful her riflemen and her athletes were; and we all know the high standing of her schools and colleges. Many universities all over the world are modeled on those in Scandinavia. The atlas, issued by the Finnish Geographical Society, which lies before me, is a masterpiece in its way — a model that any one might be glad to copy and that would be a credit to France. I had much to say of Denmark at the time when I was endeavoring to stimulate our agricultural industries. This little country sets a valuable example, not only to the Old World, but to the New. Conquered, mutilated and ruined, not so much by German power as by the natural evolution of cultivation, it was obliged to give up its wheat fields, which were no longer worth tilling. It could see overwhelming competition coming from American and Russian wheat. Instead of sitting down to weep over its disasters and give way to discouragement, Denmark set to work to take its revenge and suc-

ceed through its own energy, good organization, method and especially the practice of free coöperation. We now see Denmark with its wheat fields transformed into pasture lands and its cows producing quantities of thoroughly inspected pure butter, which competes with French butter in Paris and holds its own even more successfully against the Canadian article in London. Little Denmark has become the conqueror in an economic conflict — a real war, on the result of which depends a people's prosperity or ruin. Nowadays the prize is neither for the strongest nor the heaviest, and still less for the most brutal, but for the most active, the best educated, the most ingenious — the most capable, in fact, and the best fitted to succeed. Not only will the nations go on stimulating one another, but they are learning, mutually correcting their mistakes, outstripping and fighting one another or associating their efforts. In short, they are all in a state of constant rivalry. The produce of the whole earth is thus put into circulation, offered to competition, and pushed for sale by improved newspaper and other advertising methods, as well as by the cinematograph and its appeals to the popular imagination. This produce is bound to improve as time goes on; and the worst producers will find themselves left out in the cold. Extending from field to field, city to city and nation to nation, this general emulation will develop steadily, and at the same time, it will raise the standard of comfort and make the consumer harder to please, so that real merit and quality will reap their reward.

The progress now made in means of transportation already tends towards this end. What will it be when the barrier once formed by the Isthmus of Panama, which stood across the world's pathway like the Isthmus of Suez, has become a direct route between two oceans and two civilizations, the East and the West? The girdle of communication round about the globe will then be fastened,

only two years hence. Then will the great currents, already so numerous and rapid, combine to accelerate and regulate their speed and provide it at the lowest possible rates. Then will come the reward, not only for American boldness, but also for the disinterested and conscientious producer. Then will the struggle among all the workers of the earth really begin — a productive struggle which will call for the fullest possible employment of implements, resources and mental qualities. This conflict will mark the beginning of a new era, in which war, or the conquest of man, will no longer pay and will be discredited, not only as a bad action, but as bad business, a “great illusion” and a great humbug. In that era the conquest of nature will be man’s principal ambition.

Americans, who have lived at peace, though in commercial rivalry, with their Canadian neighbors, for a hundred years, fully understand all this. Do they intend to reject the lesson of all this experience, repudiate their past, place themselves on the same footing as the heavily handicapped military nations, and begin a fruitless squandering of the men, money, time and resources they need to meet competition? This is the whole question.

Between Two Fires

Fifteen years ago, when I began to publish the investigations of which the present work is only one of the conclusions, I endeavored to warn the divided Great Powers of Europe against the coming danger¹ constituted by American competition with all the advantages it possessed against overworked Europe. Do Americans propose to give up their privilege, cease to be that danger and go over to the

¹ *Le péril prochain; l'Europe et ses rivaux.* Revue des Deux Mondes, April 1, 1896. *Concurrence et chômage, nos rivaux, nos charges, notre routine.* Revue des Deux Mondes, July 15, 1897.

other side, the one that runs the risk? They must take one course or the other; they must choose between the new policy, which has hitherto served them so well and made them a great people and a great source of hope, and the worn-out policies of Europe and the ruts on the pathway of armed peace.

What will they do? Aggravate the evil in Europe by taking part in it, or save us by their example? Will they see where their real interest lies and do their duty, or will they miss their destiny? This is the problem that placed itself before me as I saw the United States more and more closely. The solution will bring the world either salvation or anarchy.

CHAPTER XVI

AMERICA'S DUTY

1. PENSIONS: the army and navy: 440 million dollars spent in pensions. The professional army. The militia. The navy. The United States protected by two oceans. A race to ruin. "Ships that are too big." Progress in submarines, mines and torpedoes. Expenditure. Dissatisfaction. Ports for all. The true American navy. The Naval School at Annapolis. The danger of an American navy and the policy of intervention. The lessons of the great war of 1914-1915. — 2. THE COLONIES: IMPERIALISM AND ITS VICIOUS CIRCLE. The Pacific Ocean an American lake or the Pacific islands neutralized. The Philippines. Machinery wanted. — 3. PANAMA: THE PANAMA CANAL REPUDIATED BY THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. Charles de Lesseps in prison. Resurrection. The forthcoming opening. A tribute to President Roosevelt and American energy. Fortifications. Enfeeblement through militarism. Possession or destruction of the canal. Preferential tolls. Treaty violation. Arbitration suggested and rejected. The actual war: Neutrality not indifference. — 4. CUSTOMS TARIFFS. Pessimism: Putting tariffs into operation worse than tariffs themselves. Inadequate justice. Administrative habits contrary to national idealism. Parliamentary control a farce. Elected representatives as slaves. "Pork-barrel" legislation. Organization of the Grand Army of the Republic. "Patriotic" military and naval leagues. Electoral reform. Newspapers. Customs legislation. Public spirit will reform the administration. Reply to pessimists. New currents of foreign immigration in the United States. — 5. CONCLUSION: DISTANCE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR GOVERNMENT. Americans are faithful to the Mount Vernon traditions, but the government has moved away from them. Birth of imperialism. The 1912 elections. The rights

of man and the right of peoples. The renovation of Europe. Interest and duty of the United States.

WHILE so many rivals are coming forward in the Old World, and the New, what are you, the young democracy of the United States, doing to organize your forces for the struggle? Is it true that you have adopted some of our worst abuses and have even gone farther than ourselves in this respect? Is it true that I can no longer quote instances of your wisdom without being derided as a dreamer of dreams? Is it true that the noble ambition to reach a higher civilization is of less interest to your leaders than the race for naval and military supremacy? Let us see what the facts are.

1. *Pensions. The Army and Navy*

Your naval and military expenditure, including pensions, does not fall far short of half your Federal revenue. It absorbs more than two out of every five dollars. To men alleged to have fought in the wars that, according to your own admission, might have been averted, and to the supposed relatives of these men, you have paid, in fifty years, up to June 30, 1911, \$4,230,000,000, more than enough to provide your country, your agriculture, your education and public works departments with the best services in the world. Through the operation of well-understood phenomena, this burden, which ought to have melted away in course of time, is increasing. In 1911 it exceeded \$157,000,000. What would it be if the United States had known real war and mutual invasion as we know them in Europe? Let us, however, treat these sums as a prodigal son's expenditure or as debts of honor to be settled without investigation and let us see what you are now spending on your army.

The Professional Army

The American army is intended for various uses. It has its staffs, and its officers, trained at West Point. In the event of the country being attacked, the army would constitute the basis and framework of the national defense. In time of peace, its officers act as engineers, like those of our own engineer regiments, but, in reality, they are civil engineers and have done excellent work in the United States, Cuba, Panama and the colonies. The army is also a police force which the law empowers the President to use, up to its maximum strength of 100,000 men. This force is necessary, as we can see only too well on the Mexican frontier, to maintain order and protect the lives and property of American citizens. It was in little more than an embryo condition before the war with Spain. It had to be increased, or rather created, by the Act of February 2, 1901, to meet the needs of colonial expeditions. I append a table showing, in round figures, the strength of the active military forces of the United States on June 30, 1912. It shows an increase of 12,000 men as compared with 1911, in which year the total was 74,000.

	REGIMENTS	COMPANIES, SQUADRONS, BATTERIES	STRENGTH
Artillery	5	60	6,000
Cavalry	15	188	15,000
Infantry	31	372	33,000
Signaling Corps	1	4	1,000
Engineers	1	12	2,000
Coast Artillery		170	19,000
Philippine Scouts	1	12	5,000
Staff, Transport, Commissariat, etc.			5,000
			86,000

The foregoing does not include 4000 men of the hospital corps, which is not considered in America as belonging to the effective strength of the army.

These forces are scattered, or rather lost, all over the immense territory of the United States. A large proportion of the regiments are, or will be, in the Philippines, Guam, the Hawaiian islands, Panama, Porto Pico, Guantanamo, Alaska and China. The result is that the active army at home, where there are a hundred million inhabitants, amounts to about 40,000 men, divided into 49 garrisons of 700 men each, or concentrated on the Mexican frontier. In other words, the United States have no permanent army and they cannot have one, because there is no way of recruiting it. Besides, they have no need of it and do not care for it; they want something quite different. The idleness of camp and especially of barrack life is repugnant to the American temperament. In the first part (p. 7) of his last annual report, dated Dec. 2, 1912, the secretary for war, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, while doing full justice to the real services rendered by the army when it works, manages public undertakings and contributes to civilian progress — colonizing, sanitation and education, deplors the ravages caused by drink and venereal diseases in its ranks. These ravages are so great as to constitute a challenge to the entire effort of the United States towards sanitation. They exceed those of every other country and those due to all other forms of disease combined. The war estimates none the less come to about \$115,000,000 a year,¹ — an enormous sum for so small a number of soldiers. The amount is all the more enormous when it is remembered that the real outlay, which is sure to increase because it is beyond discussion, is

¹ The exact amount is somewhat difficult to determine. The total military expenditure for 1913-14 is estimated in Mr. Stimson's report at \$172,000,000, but \$57,000,000 must be deducted for outlay by the engineer corps on civilian public works.

only partly included in the Federal estimates and has to be met out of the resources of the various states of the Union.

The Militia

The fact is that the real strength of the United States will lie, not in a professional army and its reserves in process of formation, but in the organization, which is still very far from complete, of the militia. Each state has to create its own, and each will try to produce the strongest and best trained. The strength of the militia now organized and put through training camps amounts to about 120,000 young men, who remain under the control of the state governors, but, in time of war, would be incorporated in the regular army, it being expressly stipulated, however, that they shall not be called upon to serve beyond the frontiers of the United States. The Constitution leaves no doubt on this point. These militia already form a striking contrast to the regular army as described by the secretary. Here we shall undoubtedly have future results of the American spirit of emulation and also that of cooperation, which has already shown what it can do. Each local unit is designed to meet two ends. It fulfills its own special duty and is also prepared to contribute its company, battery or squadron very much as it has its football or baseball team. These auxiliary forces, which are well officered, well armed and well trained, will soon become the country's real force — a national one, with a moral as well as a material value. It is the outcome of sensible foresight and will be a decidedly more serious proposition than a small number of mercenaries who propagate infectious diseases, as above mentioned, or a multitude of plucky but untrained volunteers. The United States were neither so rich nor so well organized a hundred years ago when they repulsed the English.

Let us therefore treat the pension scandal as wastefulness which will disappear as the standard of public morals improves, and the war estimates as being principally an outlay on police. These things are youthful extravagances and are still badly regulated, but the loss can be made good. Let any among the European states who has not sinned cast the first stone at the United States. The expenditure is already regarded as heavy, and an attempt is being made to limit it. Of this we find proof in the moderation of the United States government towards the anarchy which was making Mexico a prey to fire and sword. Mr. Taft's administration was sorely tempted, two years ago, to intervene in Mexico, but it resisted the temptation and displayed truly exemplary patience. Public opinion was far from complaining, but, on the contrary, encouraged the government in its attitude, and congratulated it. A very large amount of American capital being invested in Mexico, it can readily be imagined that the government was strongly urged to take action; but Mr. Taft declined to make the Texas police force into an occupying corps, or to use the United States' small army, which is intended to protect the country, for purposes of invasion. He must have remembered the invasion of Spain, which might be described as a preliminary experiment made by Napoleon I for the edification of Americans. He also, no doubt, thought of Napoleon III's failure in Mexico.

In any case, the United States have not committed any irretrievable mistake in regard to their military forces. The paid army will not increase; and there are several very good judges among our officers who see in the future organization of the American militia — when supplemented by railways, roads, proper communications and due protection for coasts and harbors — a masterpiece of national defense by a free people. The United States army, like all the active forces of the country, is in course of formation. It

is to be hoped that American opinion will not fall into the error of ceasing to interest itself in the question. The general staff, whose respected leader is General Wood, has just issued a complete scheme for the organization of the regular, reserve, militia and volunteer forces. This scheme applies, on the one hand, to the mother country, and, on the other, to the colonies and oversea possessions. It recommends the constitution of a partly governmental and partly Congressional council, to direct the national defenses and (to mention only the advantages of the proposal) to harmonize the usually rather conflicting tendencies of the army and navy department. Will Congress agree to hand over its responsibility to a technical committee? This is doubtful, seeing that specialists are always consulted in the United States but seldom have a voice in management, in virtue of the familiar saying: "Beware of the expert!"

The Navy

It can be clearly asserted that the danger for the United States does not lie in the army or in excessive expenditure, but rather in being carried away by the consequences of an organization which, copied from that of the divided states of old Europe, is in no way called for in the New World. The danger is in trying to outstrip other countries in naval power. I do not propose to repeat what I have so often said on this point; but it is clear that unless there is some reasonable explanation of the incredible departure from good sense to which the military powers of the Old World have given way in building so many battleships (too big for their ports and also for their crews, which are becoming more and more difficult to obtain, while at the same time these vessels are defenseless against submarine explosions and are exposed to attack from aerial craft) it is still harder to understand why the United States should have caught the fever.

Protected by Two Oceans

The United States have two oceans to protect them against any attack and against all possibility of the landing of a hostile force, which is impracticable, even in Europe. De Tocqueville wrote long ago — and geography has not changed since his day — as follows: “The great good fortune of the United States is not that they have discovered a Federal constitution which allows them to carry on great wars, but that they are so situated as to have no reason to apprehend wars for themselves. . . . The new world is so well placed that man has still no enemy but himself in it.” The United States are still better protected by their political federation than by their geographical position, and they have thus a duplicate and impregnable stronghold that no enemy from afar can affront. This is what George Washington pointed out so forcibly in his noble Farewell Address to his countrymen on Sept. 19, 1796, before he carried out his purpose of retiring from power. For the benefit of future generations he set forth what means would have to be taken to safeguard his work — the establishment of American independence. These means were, to his mind, all summed up in one — the maintenance of the union among the states and its protection against all adversaries and especially against the adversary from within, who might try to undermine it, without openly attacking it, by constitutional but destructive changes. It must be defended, he held, as the palladium of national safety and prosperity. After pointing out the advantages of this union, he added: “And, what is of inestimable value, union will spare you those quarrels and wars that prevail among neighboring and unfederated countries. You will thus escape the necessity of the constantly increasing military organizations which, under all systems of government, are hostile to liberty, and particularly to republican liberty.”

A Race to Ruin

Public opinion instinctively realizes that the United States enjoys both geographical and political security, and is far from urging the government from endangering this privileged position by dangerous precautions. For this reason the most genuine attempt made, while it was yet time, to arrive at an international understanding for limiting naval expenditure, came from the Washington cabinet. The Democrats, now in office, will no doubt return vigorously to the charge, with the help of leading Republicans¹; but, in the meantime, the first attempt having failed, the Americans have now developed a keen interest in what they originally considered bad, and have embarked on the new course with all their usual ardor. They did not confine themselves to copying the English dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts, but set their hearts on something still bigger. Ten years ago we were told that the maximum tonnage of a battleship would be 14,500. They have doubled this figure, and are now resigning themselves to giving their two newest ships a displacement of 28,500 tons; but, for battleships of the future, they are planning to go up to 35,000- and 40,000-ton vessels, to cost twenty million dollars or more

¹ Secretary of the Navy Daniels, in his Annual Report for 1913, said: "I venture to recommend that the war and navy officials and other representatives of all the nations be invited to hold a conference to discuss whether they cannot agree upon a plan for lessening the cost of preparation for war. It is recognized that the desired end of competitive building, carried on under whip and spur, could not be effective without agreement between great nations. It ought not to be difficult to secure an agreement by which navies will be adequate without being overgrown and without imposing overheavy taxation upon the industry of a nation. I trust the tentative suggestion for a naval holiday by the strongest of the powers will be debated and the matter seriously considered by an international conference looking to reduction of the ambitious and costly plans for navy increase. I trust that this country will take the initiative and that steps will be taken by a conference of all the powers to discuss reduction of the heavy cost of the Army and Navy."

apiece. In vain do the most eminent naval constructors, headed by M. Bertin, the "father" of the Japanese fleet, raise their voices against the folly of building ships that are too large, pointing out that "a few inches too much draught may prevent these ships from gaining shelter or entering a passage or dock for repairs near the seat of action"; proving that the most experienced commanders can neither maneuver them nor even save them in case of serious danger (for instance, that fine English battleship, the *Victoria*, sunk with all hands by her neighbor, the *Camperdown*, during squadron maneuvers in the Mediterranean), and without mentioning the too frequent catastrophes which, in time of peace and in the space of a few seconds, destroyed the *Maine*, the *Iéna*, the *Liberté* and many more; and proving that absolutely nothing gives them any protection against torpedoes and submarine mines, the use of which in warfare has been greatly developed.

Submarines, Mines and Torpedoes

Of this there is an instance in the Russo-Japanese war itself, although at that time these developments still belonged to the future. The *Petropavlovsk*, with Admiral Makaroff on board, was sunk in harbor at Port Arthur, and I need only mention the *Pobienda* which was badly damaged, the *Yashima* and the *Hatsuse*. One could draw up a long list of armored vessels destroyed or disabled by explosions in time of war and of peace. In vain does Commander Murray Sueter write: "If a single torpedo or a single mine explodes only in proximity to a vessel, however heavily armored, that vessel will be disabled, . . . of what use, in this event, can its guns and thick armor plating be? The only effect of the extra weight will be to make the ship go down sooner." In vain is the knowledge that battleships in time of war will be reduced to playing the part of targets, and often rendered

blind and helpless by darkness, fog and bad weather, now that "the range of the torpedo is equaling or exceeding that of effective artillery fire." In vain does M. Bertin conclude his warnings by this picture: "A squadron of twelve battleships in single file provides the torpedo with a target four miles long, in which the chances of making a hit or a miss are about equal."

"Ships that are too big"

The Americans are carried away by a mistaken spirit of emulation and are making it a point of honor to build these moving four-mile targets, manned by ten thousand young fellows and costing two hundred million dollars. They are spending money freely on these targets. Their annual naval estimates exceed one hundred and fifty million dollars, the exact figure for 1913-1914 being \$154,801,377. They remain deaf even to the appeals made by their own admirals, who are alarmed by the insecurity of these battleships in peace as well as in war, and are still more alarmed by the responsibility of commanding such vessels — an undertaking that is beyond human powers and even beyond possibility. Their late eminent adviser, Admiral Mahan, constantly uttered his warning cry: "Where is this to stop?" Even the Germans, realizing that a naval victory would do them no good and that the danger with which they are threatened is on their inland frontier, have at one time decided to limit their shipbuilding programs and concentrate their efforts on the army, as I have in vain implored the French government and parliament to do. The United States have started off headlong and take no heed of these symptoms. They are still building and still spending money; but this expenditure and financial loss count for little, I repeat, in the grounds of apprehension I entertain for the future. What is really alarming is that they

are being blindly carried away to take risks or possibly to meet disaster by this demoralizing race for supremacy.

Expenditure. Dissatisfaction

It certainly is demoralizing. Far from painting the picture in too dark colors, I am toning down the sentiments of revolt and the charges that were spontaneously made, in my hearing, as I came into more and more direct contact with the people. I am not referring to the claims made by interested parties or to the oft-repeated assertions that the government was starving education to keep its dreadnoughts afloat, or to the contrasts drawn between its refusal to provide funds for roads, canals, forests, flood prevention, education, hygiene, etc., and its readiness to spend thousands of millions on an apparently powerful navy. I will merely cite one fact that occurs to me.

Ports for All

It was in New York on May 22, 1911. Mr. Meyer, the secretary of the navy, and myself were guests of that influential body, the Economic Club, at its great annual dinner, attended by more than six hundred people. This dinner was a prelude to several speeches, including the secretary's and my own. I was greatly surprised to hear him reëcho the criticisms I have everywhere heard directed against what M. Raymond Poincaré once called leaks in the navy department — an expression which has unfortunately remained merely platonic. In his speech, which was fully reported next morning in all the newspapers, Mr. Meyer said, in substance: "I have pointed out that quite a number of our ports and arsenals are useless, but in vain. I have asked for the abolition of the navy yards at New

Orleans, Pensacola, Port Royal, New London, San Juan, Culebra, Cavite and others that are a drain upon our resources without being of any use for defensive purposes; but these yards are still in existence." All this is perfectly well known in the United States, where four large ports — two on each ocean — would be sufficient to shelter all the American fleets: Narragansett and Norfolk on the Atlantic, Bremerton and Hunter Point on the Pacific. "Local interests take no account of these facts, and fight to have their own yard or help their friends to have one. A navy is being built so as to have yards! They are even being built in the colonies. The one at Cavite, in the Philippines, cost over ten million dollars and is useless, there being no bottom for anchorage." I did not fail to mention all these expressions of dissatisfaction in my speech, and never was I more heartily applauded. I asked whether the people of the Middle West would feel inclined to go on paying so heavily, only to be told afterwards that it was all for nothing, and to find it admitted that the money had been used either for building naval ports for cities that did not need them, or on the other hand, for pensions for widows or relatives of widows whose husbands were never either soldiers or sailors.

America's Great Navy

The moral effect will have more effect than the monetary outlay on the opinion of Americans. They will be more or less ready to pay the bill, one hundred and fifty-four million dollars a year and more! They will make up their minds to see many of the best class of their young men absorbed by the navy — 46,000, just as they have to do without the 86,000 who enlist in the army, this making a total of 132,000 men whose services are lost to the country. They will look less philosophically, and with a certain amount of

uneasiness, on the creation, in the American democracy, of a new class — a naval and military caste, having its center of action in Washington and not at all inclined to let itself be deprived of its privileged position. They will say, and they are already saying: "To what will all this lead?" There can be no mistake on this point. It is no question of "flabbiness" or humanitarian objections, or even of the dislike of those interested in commerce and agriculture to sacrificing their future for the sake of preparing for an objectless war. It is, on the other hand, an essentially patriotic and positive movement. Americans want a navy, just as they want an army, but it must be of the kind suitable to their requirements, and not a servile copy of European navies. They want submarines, mines and torpedoes to protect their coasts and, for deep water, ships that can go anywhere, instead of floating dungeons. They want a navy that serves a definite purpose, acquires and imparts knowledge, explores, polices the seas and acts as the advance guard of scientific and commercial progress. They want small and fast vessels to show the flag in all the world's ports, but they make a distinction between these small vessels, which are signs of life and health, and showy squadrons of big ships that are costly and dangerous to send even on short cruises. They now have three fleets, the Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic, without counting those that will be formed for the benefit of Central America. What need is there to send fleets on these voyages? A visit paid by one or two American warships to a foreign country is a friendly and polite act; a demonstration made by a squadron is a kind of pretension, if not a more or less disguised threat. The one is the open, outstretched hand; the other is the closed fist. An American admiral, if left by any chance to his own devices, might be sorely tempted to act.

Annapolis

However good may be the class of men now in the American navy, and however excellent may be the magnificent naval school at Annapolis,¹ the national temperament must be taken into account. That great admiral, John Paul Jones, soon after the War of Independence, when the maintenance of peace was his first duty, did not hesitate to sail into the Mediterranean, go as far as Tripoli and give the signal for an attack on the barbarian corsairs who were more or less supported by the English against the French.

The Navy and the Policy of Intervention

This is not a romance, but a little-known chapter in the early history of the United States. That brave commander, Admiral Dewey, talked very haughtily to the captain of a German battleship on a certain occasion in the Spanish-American war; and what would have happened had the German officer replied in the same strain? People are apt to forget that the tone of the American Press, only twelve or fifteen years ago, was very violent. It was aggressive towards every one, and especially France, which was accused of favoring Spain and allowing American citizens to be insulted in the center of Paris! To command an American squadron abroad, during a period of national excitement, would be a very trying experience for an

¹ This naval college is magnificent, not only in regard to the monetary but to the personal effort involved in its maintenance. There are few enterprises that do Americans more honor, and give better proof of their determination in the face of the most adverse circumstances than the manner in which they have organized their youthful navy. Thanks to this effort, which is even more of the moral than the material order, the American officers have succeeded in making a complete change in their crews which, instead of being made up of any kind of men who offered themselves at the ports used by the ships, are now carefully selected in the inland states. Twenty years ago, these crews were formed "anyhow" and included 90 per cent of foreigners. This proportion is now entirely reversed and

American admiral, especially as he would most probably be unable to speak any foreign language, and be thrown upon his own resources, so that, however anxious he might be to do the right thing, he might act under misconceptions, which would be greatly increased by his ignorance of foreign customs and ideas. If he should begin to take an exalted view of his task and to give way to excitement, the honor of the flag and the national prestige would become involved. This danger is not imaginary. It exists in the case of a European admiral, whose training, based on centuries of experience, has impressed upon him the necessity of respecting other people's feelings; but it will be greater for an American sea dog, who may be an excellent admiral without knowing much about social and diplomatic usages. I constantly hear Americans complain very strongly — to my mind, too strongly, this being a youthful defect — of their countrymen's bad manners. It is one thing to talk about the bad manners of a young man who walks on ladies' dresses, for instance; but "bad manners" on the part of a battleship are a much more serious matter. To begin with, they are a business calamity, as was shown when Italian men-of-war fired blank shots at two of our mail steamers, the *Carthage* and the *Manouba*. We have not forgotten the search made on board these vessels, their

shows from 95 to 97 per cent of Americans, the rest being made up, not of ordinary foreigners, who are no longer accepted at all, but of those who have already served and have signed again. Everything possible is done to make life pleasant and healthy for the men during their four years' service, to protect them from the contagious diseases with which the army is afflicted, and to stimulate rivalry between man and man and between ship and ship, not only in their training at sea and ashore, but in the sports organized for them. Their officers are accustomed to rely more on personal authority than on rank for the maintenance of discipline. They take the utmost care to keep their men physically and morally healthy, and they are the first to profit by the education they are intrusted to impart. The progress made by the American navy deserves to be made known by some exhaustive work, which would confirm all that I have myself ascertained in regard to the resources of the United States.

temporary confiscation, the irritation caused in France and the sensational parliamentary debates. Had M. Poincaré's government shown less self-control, Italy would have had to fight not only Turkey, but one or more European powers as well. England gave a still more remarkable proof of moderation at the time of the Doggerbank affair. The blood that had been spilled cried out for vengeance; the whole English nation was up in arms; the British fleet was in good training, ready to act and sure of success. Only wisdom held it back. Can we feel quite sure that, under similar circumstances, American public opinion would have withstood the temptation? We know how completely it yielded in 1898!

Americans have nothing to fear from their army, which is too widely scattered to be under the influence of any "savior of his country," but one cannot say as much of their navy, excellent as it is. Its fine qualities only increase the danger, because it is designed for naval engagements, because it is useless for purposes of defense and is meant for attack: to carry war into the enemy's country and not to repel it. The American navy is the inevitable outcome of the mistakes apprehended by Washington and of a policy which has gradually lost sight of its origin and has become a policy of intervention, diametrically opposed not only to the interests but to the traditions of the United States. A powerful American navy cannot remain in idleness. Continual waiting for a war that always has to be avoided will end by making it lose all patience. It will not endure an unnatural state of existence which is more objectionable than anything to the American temperament. It cannot be placed on the same footing as the navy of an older country. What happens to the navies of younger countries at critical times? Have we forgotten how some of the Russian warships, after Tsushima and Mukden, cruised about the Black Sea spreading terror far and wide, and the

Brazilian battleships that fired their first shots against the forts at Rio de Janeiro? All this is not the result of mere chance, but of paralyzing activity that is eager to expend itself. I cannot be expected to admire the United States and believe in their future and, at the same time, to shut my eyes to what may be fatal mistakes on the part of their government. I cannot see how American dreadnoughts can serve the cause of progress, but I see only too well how much harm they can do, and the complications and disasters they can bring about, with the help of the yellow Press, against the will of the American people.

The Lesson of the Present War

March, 1915. — It is impossible to avoid deriving new arguments from the present war. Admiral Sir Percy Scott's campaign in England against large navies no longer meets with any opposition worthy of the name.

What has taken place during the first eight months of the war has a signification deserving of careful attention. Big battleships have been of no use, either to England, France or Germany, and still less to Russia. Not a single great naval battle that could demonstrate the usefulness of big navies has been fought. Only one superdreadnought has done anything — the British ship *Queen Elizabeth*, which bombarded the Dardanelles forts at long range, while the smaller battleships shelled them from a shorter distance. Will this operation prove sufficient to reestablish the theory that great navies are necessary? I hardly think so. The jingo Press of all the leading nations has not failed to exaggerate and misrepresent what the big ships have done. The fact is that only the fast cruisers and submarines — small naval units, in fact — have proved their usefulness. Very fast German cruisers, such as the *Emden*, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, were able to defy the

British and French squadrons. The *Emden* did not fall a prey to any big battleship. These vessels, with few exceptions, remained in the neighborhood of England. As for the German battleships, they can hardly be said to have left port. When the Germans attempted to do something definite in the North Sea, the result of the engagement and the sinking of the *Blücher* were due to the daring of the British sailors and the number of their scouts rather than to the size of their ships and the range of their guns. As a matter of fact, the British and German battleship fleets have simply counterbalanced each other and have therefore added nothing to the strength of their respective countries.

If Germany, instead of spending so many thousands of millions on dreadnoughts, had set some of this money aside for submarines and had possessed 400 of the latter (so as to have 100 always available) instead of 40, she would have had a complete mastery of the North Sea and the Channel.

In the Mediterranean, the French fleet has been used to paralyze the Austrian, and here again the one simply counterbalanced the other.

If Austria had had more submarines, the French super-dreadnoughts would have been useless. Even one Austrian submarine was sufficient to place our latest and most powerful battleship, the *Jean Bart*, the flagship, out of action.

It must not be inferred from these remarks that I regard the French navy as having proved useless. On the contrary, it has not only neutralized the Austrian fleet but, in conjunction with the British and Japanese navies, it has helped to convoy our transports in the Mediterranean, on the west coast of Africa and in the Far East. In this way it certainly rendered valuable services, which were, however, due to the joint action of the allied navies and their fast and medium cruisers, and not to the size of their big ships.

If Germany and Austria, instead of wasting such vast sums on big battleships, had built more *Emdens*, *Goebens* and *Breslaus*, our transports would have been constantly in danger. The German navy did not save Kiao-chao, and the Russian navy was vanquished at Tsushima, showing that great navies are powerless to defend distant colonies.

The operations in the Dardanelles, in my opinion, will do nothing to restore the reputation of battleships. No one ever suggested that a superdreadnought was worth nothing. The point is to know whether they are worth what they cost. The Dardanelles and the Bosphorus have never been fortified like the coasts of a great civilized power. They are semi-barbarian coasts, despite the efforts put forward during the last few years by all the great metal industries to induce the Ottoman government to defend the straits with big modern guns and steel cupolas. There can be no comparison between the resistance of the Dardanelles forts and those of a well-organized state. The situation would have been quite different if Turkey had been sufficiently intelligent to provide herself with submarines and complete modern defenses. They would have been impregnable had Turkey taken proper steps to protect them instead of buying out-of-date battleships from Germany and new ones from Brazil; and Russia would not have been free to send her fleet to bombard the entrance to the Bosphorus.

The greater the number of unexpected proofs supplied by events, the more reason there is for the United States to draw the conclusion that a great navy can only be a cause of weakness and a danger for them.

2. *The Colonies. Imperialism and its Vicious Circle*

To these objections the admirals and generals reply that they have colonies to protect. Quite so; and here

we are in the middle of the vicious circle of an embryo imperialism. The need for a great navy to defend their new possessions began to be invoked by Americans from the time when they repudiated their own Monroe Doctrine and went outside their own continent to carry into other countries the policy of intervention they had shut out of their own. Having driven the Spaniards out of America, they established a footing for themselves in Asia, and, from the perpetration of this first mistake, date their assertions of the need for a more powerful navy to defend their new possessions. This pretext has now become valueless.

Pacific Ocean an American Lake?

No great power, not even England, can have enough fleets to go to the rescue of her colonies, dominate maritime commerce and secure the empire of every sea. I have often explained my views on this subject. Not by their fleets, but by peace can the United States or France keep their colonies. General Wood proved this in Cuba, although he nourished strange delusions as to the usefulness of battleships. The real conquest he made was that of the natives' confidence. He gained sway over minds and not bodies. This is the only form of conquest that does not bring reprisals in its train. Moreover, who would venture to attack Cuba, with or without the port of Guantanamo, after the risky experiment made by the United States against Spain, which was scarcely able to defend itself? What could any one do, in the military sense, with that island, which is magnificent but impenetrable for the Americans themselves and still more so for any more distant invader? Why not defend Porto Rico, too? Is there any fear for the safety of the Hawaiian islands? They are already invaded by Japanese immigrants. This apple of discord cannot be removed by force, which would rather

make it a source of danger. The naval and military station in Oahu, Pearl Harbor, now held by 4000 American troops as a beginning, is a shelter for battleships and, in reality, the temptation for a great and unnecessary naval action.

It is a pretext for neglecting the defense of the United States coast and leaving it to the fleet. Islands are a difficult question, in the Pacific as well as in the Ægean Sea. The Pacific is dotted all over with archipelagos, belonging to the Americans, Japanese, English, Germans, Dutch, French and Spaniards, which might be protected against the risk of attack. All these islands, from the Galapagos to New Guinea, from the Aleutians to the Carolines and Mariannes, ought to be made the subject of a general agreement, in which the United States should take the initiative, so as to provide against their being fortified or militarized. Wisdom lies in this and not in the senseless scheme of making the Pacific into another Mediterranean — “an American lake!”

The Philippines. Machinery Wanted

The Philippines are supplying the real pretext for developing the American navy until Panama provides another. The effect was bound to follow the cause. The Americans took the Philippines, thousands of miles away from the Isthmus of Panama, because they had a few battleships, and now they are adding to their fleets so as to defend the Philippines. They have spread out into Asia although their own territories, from Florida to Alaska, are already too large and too thinly populated. They have made themselves vulnerable although they had the almost unique privilege of invulnerability. They are making up for their mistake by the merits of their organization in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, and by contributing to civil-

ization. Their officers and naval and military engineers have done remarkable work in the Philippines during the last ten years. There is progress in hygiene, native education, public works, agriculture and the moral and material uplifting of a country given over for centuries to unlimited oppression. Nothing has been neglected, and the country and its inhabitants are certainly gainers by the American protectorate. Theodore Marburg's theory as to the higher duty of interference on behalf of backward nations is plausible enough, so long as it is not carried to excess and if we know how to manage it so that the intervention really benefits every one and not one state exclusively. In any case, the *fait accompli* ought not to carry Americans further on this course. It is clear that they cannot abandon the Philippines, after having assumed so heavy a burden with a light heart, without creating new and innumerable moral, political, economic and military responsibilities; but the better I see the danger of this unlimited colonization, the more I hope, in the interest of the world at large, that the American government will manage to establish some system honorable to itself and acceptable to all, whereby the Philippines will be enabled to continue their development with the benefit of neutrality. The necessary kind of machine remains to be found, but Americans have put many others together. If all the questions involved are thoroughly considered, and if officials worthy of such a mission are selected, neutrality can be organized in the Philippines so that order and progress will go on automatically to the honor of the United States and without making any direct call on their army and navy. For a young nation that cannot squander its strength, this is a vital question, and every day that elapses before it is settled is a source of danger. Americans recognize this, for other food for thought has been given them, and their attention is now absorbed by the Isthmus of Panama.

Bravo! They are finishing what France began; they are taking up and completing, as in other instances, the work that was undertaken by her energetic pioneers and thrust aside by her incorrigibly feeble governments.

3. *Panama. French Repudiation*

What Louis XV and Napoleon I did in the New World was to abandon and sell Canada and Louisiana. Napoleon III, on the other hand, tried to make Mexico submit to force of arms. The republic, though meaning well, did what was perhaps worse still. Under the pretext of punishing certain guilty parties, who certainly deserved it, she withdrew, repudiated the Panama Canal, condemned its promoters and, in so doing, condemned herself. The most difficult part of the undertaking was done, the route was selected, the plans were drawn up and the worst part of the work was in progress. There was nothing more to do than to carry it on. Thousands of ardent lives had been sacrificed, and the canal may be said to be bordered by the graves of our men.

Charles de Lesseps in Prison

The man of genius, who "separated continents but united nations," who enriched the whole world by cutting through the Isthmus of Suez, and who alone, after this first success, was able to conceive the Panama Canal, ended his life a broken man. He would have spent his last days in prison but for his heroic son, who went there in his place, after having taken the whole burden of injustice on his own shoulders. He died stabbed in the back, the victim of mistakes which it would be difficult to avoid in a colossal enterprise. It was thought better to treat these mistakes as a crime than to help him make

up for them. Not the slightest trace of any guilty intention on his part was discovered in the sordid charges that were made against him and utilized with ferocious joy by the republic's enemies. Loubet, Burdeau and other members of the government, who tried to defend him, were vilified and betrayed. A minister of justice, who was nothing more than a smooth-tongued and personally vain demagogue, saw an opportunity for personal aggrandizement in this shipwreck of a national enterprise. He took upon himself to act as public accuser and to let loose every kind of coward against the man whom people had become tired of calling the "Great Frenchman." Ferdinand de Lesseps has joined those great servants and benefactors of humanity who were so often our national victims. The men who were afraid of compromising themselves by supporting him were indeed successful. History will not even record their names, but will classify them all under one label — panic.

Resurrection

Fortunately, the work has outlived the man; all honor to those who saved it. A few years hence, when the receipts from Panama Canal tolls are greater than those of the Suez Canal, when ships go straight from Brest to Shanghai, when the whole world's output is stimulated by the constant going and coming of the earth's merchant fleets, our children will learn what their fathers' weakness cost them. They will also be told about the great and perennial excuse — the antagonism between France and Germany. When Ferdinand de Lesseps, in the interest of the Panama Canal, resumed the series of public lectures which had enabled him to carry out his former enterprise, he did not forget Germany. He was well received at Cologne, and he went to Berlin. Had coöperation between France and Germany been possible at that time, it would have carried all Europe

with it and combined with America to the advantage of an undertaking of universal value. How simple it would have been! Such an idea never occurs to us now, and yet it was a strongly patriotic Alsatian, Auguste Lalance, who wrote: "If M. de Lesseps had found the financial support for which he hoped in Berlin, the Panama Canal would have been finished by French and German capital and engineers, in conjunction with those of other countries, and there would be no talk of American forts to be used to prevent ships from entering it."

Had Ferdinand de Lesseps and his engineers been able to complete their work, America would have profited by it, as well as the rest of the world. France would have had no exclusive advantage from it, any more than she has had anything from Egypt, which, in a similar spirit of timidity, she gave up to England in 1882. Here we have another instance of what harm is done to the world when France fails in her duty.

The harm might have been greater. The panic in France was so severe that the Panama Canal ran the risk of being disqualified in the future and even in the past, and judged unworthy not merely of being finished but of ever having been begun. Sentence would then have been pronounced against not only the work itself but against its French conception; that is to say, against French genius. There was some ground for this mistaken view when the still-born scheme for the Nicaragua Canal was brought forward, but it failed, thanks to our energetic compatriot, M. Bunau-Varilla, to whom it may be said that the Panama Canal owes its resurrection.¹

¹ "Panama: La création, la destruction, la resurrection." By Philippe Bunau-Varilla, formerly of the Public Works Department (France), chief engineer of the Panama Canal and minister plenipotentiary of the Republic of Panama at Washington in 1903 and 1904. 1 vol. 8vo. Plon, Paris, 1913.

President Roosevelt. American Energy

This much being said, we must add, to the credit of the Americans, that President Roosevelt's administration took up the abandoned work and was followed by Mr. Taft in carrying it on to a successful conclusion with exceptional vigor and courage. Next year, if no unforeseen circumstances occur, vessels, whether of war or peace, will make their way, for the first time, from one ocean to the other. In this case also, Americans have been helped by their national youth, by the progress of mechanics and hygiene, by their untiring discipline, their spirit of organization and their men, foremost of whom must be named the chief engineer of the canal, Colonel Goethals. They have deserved well of humanity. The Panama Canal will be a triumph of French initiative and American organization. History, after being momentarily led astray, will not be diverted from this conclusion. The Americans utilized our first excavations and our machinery, which is still in good condition, and our plans, but they have of course modernized and modified their own plan of action year by year. Their locks are immense, and all their gigantic machinery, designed to raise the largest vessels like mere scows, is on the same scale. Perhaps they have even done things too hugely. The assistance of French engineers, with all their experience and conscientiousness, would not have been an unnecessary precaution against the great risks, both natural and accidental, that will threaten the canal, in the guise of landslips and earthquakes, until it settles down into its final and expected form, that of a strait. The Americans have done wonders in the organization of the auxiliary services, especially those connected with hygiene, which have given excellent results. They have made the most unsanitary districts healthy; the terrible Chagres fever has died out. We are a long way

from the time when it was said that every railroad sleeper marked a Chinese coolie's grave. The Americans have built sewers, made cleanliness obligatory everywhere and sobriety wherever possible. They have reduced the number of saloons and exercised strict control over the sale of liquor. Acting on Laveran's discovery of the malarial fever microbe and on the facts ascertained by a Cuban doctor, Carlos Finley, who was strongly backed by General Wood and Major Gorgas, they have made war on the "stegomyia," or mosquito that conveys the germ of yellow fever. They have drained the ponds and stagnant waters and burned the bushes in which this death-dealing insect bred. They have provided workmen's houses, clubs, camps, hospitals and hotels, and have taken such definite and properly observed precautions that the death rate is now lower than in many very healthy parts of the United States. They have tapped springs, obtained supplies of good drinking water, and built schools for the children of their workmen, who, being no longer afraid to come, are bringing up their families on the spot. At little expense they have organized a special police force, composed of whites and colored men. They pay good wages. They selected the teaching staff for their schools with due regard to all susceptibilities, and have white, Spanish and negro teachers, both men and women. A working population of 6000 whites and 19,000 colored people is thus enabled to live, on the whole, very peaceably, and to work under good conditions of health. The enterprise which we despaired of seeing completed has succeeded, thanks to scrupulous attention to an infinitude of details, carefulness and tenacity, and by the Americans' disregard of the criticisms or calumnies which have been, and will be, showered on them. Finally, from the financial point of view, they have come to realize all that the enterprise means in the future; they had faith, and they have kept it.

Fortifications

But the more I appreciate, in this instance as in others, American merits, the less I understand why a great navy is indispensable for the protection of the canal. They have already, to my mind, made a mistake in fortifying it.

And yet the example of the Suez Canal was eloquent enough.

Monarchical Europe as it was in 1869, France, Russia, Austria, England, Italy, Germany, Spain, Turkey, Greece, etc., managed to agree that there should be no fortifications around the Suez Canal, although it is where wars famous in history have been waged; where Asiatic, European and African civilizations once came into conflict, and where, at the end of the Mediterranean lake, the center of anticipated future hostilities will be located. All these nations, in a state of age-long rivalry which was still acute, were able to agree on the necessity of respecting the canal; and this arrangement has satisfied the world's trade so thoroughly as to withstand the severest tests since 1869. Nothing has endangered the canal's neutrality — neither the Franco-German war, nor the British occupation of Egypt and the Soudan, nor the Russo-Turkish war, nor the Græco-Turkish war, nor the Turkish-Italian war nor the war in the Balkans.¹ This neutrality has emerged intact from all the conflicts which looked as if they must render it impossible. It seems to be intangible, because it is in the general interest. And we are to suppose that the republic of the United States, which has had no experience of the chronic rivalry between neighboring states in old Europe, which has had no obstacle to surmount except an almost defenseless Colombia and negotiations with the weak states

¹ Nor the war in 1914-1915, despite the violation of every rule of international justice by Germany and her allies. (March, 1915.)

of Central America, which had all the maritime powers in the world on its side, will fail to profit by such an example and will decide to retrograde! It has fortified the Panama Canal! Against whom? Against revolution, anarchy or the possible coalition of a few South American republics? To give due protection to the docks, machinery and freedom of navigation? A well-organized police force, supported by all the forces in the world, would have been more than enough. Against Japan? How, let me ask for the hundredth time, could Japan strike at such a distance, especially as an attack on Panama would be like an attack on the world at large?

Enfeeblement through Militarism

The fortification of the Panama Canal is unjustifiable in equity and principle, and useless in fact. It is another sign of the growth of American imperialism. It is the outcome of the bad influences brought to bear on official circles in Washington; it is a military act without a motive. It is a seizure of what ought to be common property and an outrage on the world's confidence. It was also, I repeat, a clumsy and unnecessary act. The arguments put forward by the American administration to justify itself can be turned against it. The war minister sums them up in his above-mentioned report (p. 12) with surprising frankness: "We must open the canal to American fleets and close it against our enemies." It should be noted that the forts themselves will have to be defended by 25,000 troops. These must be supported by a fleet, which, in turn, will need a base in the shape of the works it is proposed to carry out at Guantanamo, not to mention the Pacific. What a very promising prospect! Something might be said for this endless expenditure if it contained any certainty of safety, but the reality is quite different, as is

shown by the advocates of fortification themselves in their agitation for armaments. Major General G. W. Davis, in the "American Journal of International Law" (October, 1909), said that if the canal were monopolized by the United States, it would cease to be protected by the general interest; it would become a reserved passage, in reality a weapon in the hands of the United States and an obstacle and a menace for all other countries. Under these circumstances, it would be to the interest of the other countries to destroy the canal. The main object of the war would be, for the one side, to retain possession of the canal and, for the other, to close it; and this alone would be enough in itself to give rise to a war of which no one would have thought previously.

The United States will concentrate their efforts on closing the canal under their guard, and it will have to be closed very thoroughly, because its destruction will be the object and the essential feature of the war and the incentive to the most daring and heroic enterprises by the handful of determined patriots who will be tempted to follow the example of Captain Hobson.¹ How can there be any certainty that some vessel, flying a neutral flag, has not been bought by a belligerent and does not carry enough explosives in its cargo to blow up a lock? If such an attempt succeeded, the vital communication on which

¹ Captain Richmond P. Hobson is the justly celebrated American hero who bottled up the Spanish fleet in Havana harbor by sinking the *Merrimac*, of which he was given the command, at the entrance to the channel. A brilliant student of the Annapolis Naval College, and afterwards an officer in the engineering branch of the navy, he is now Democratic congressman for the state of Alabama. In Congress he advocates the greater navy cause with all the warmth of a Christian Scientist. The hero has become an apostle. He has devoted his life to denouncing the Japanese peril and asking for dreadnoughts. His are the ideas I have controverted in Chapter VI, "The Inevitable War," and I had him especially in mind when I remarked that there are Democrats who want an increased naval outlay, and Republicans, like Burton, who oppose it.

the United States relied would be cut off, their operations would be suspended, their plans upset and their public opinion demoralized.

What a splendid result this would be! Let us, however, consider the situation only in time of peace. The Americans might have confined themselves to carrying out a useful and magnificent work in Panama and the Philippines. They went beyond the scope of their mission. In Panama they assumed responsibilities that are without limit and are full of danger for all. They have assumed responsibility for a route on which every accident of management will inevitably be exaggerated through the mere fact of their predominance and will become a political matter. How injurious this will be to civilization and the higher interest of the United States! What a piece of bravado and what a seeking after unpopularity! Imagine the ships of all nations, after using the Suez Canal freely for forty years, going through the Panama Canal under the guns of American forts! What an unpleasant difference, and what an effect will be created on the public mind! It is by pretensions of this kind, and by the use of Might in defiance of Right, that Germany has done herself so much harm in the world's estimation, and now we have the American democracy falling into the imperial error even before it possesses the army and navy necessary to support such an attitude.

The precautions alleged to be in the interest of American trade can only do it harm. The Panama Canal ought to be an instance of progress as compared with the Suez Canal. Instead of being in the hands of a single power or, in other words, in the hands of a single government, which may mean some day, perhaps, a single clique, it ought to be under the protection of the whole world.

An unfortified Panama Canal would have been even more neutral than the Suez Canal. It would have been

less exposed to attack and, consequently better defended by the general interest.¹

Preferential Tolls

We must resign ourselves to this belittling of a great work and put up with these fortifications, which are more humiliating for those who force them on the world than for those who accept the situation; but let us follow up the consequences of America's mistake. Under pretense of protecting a neutrality which had nothing to fear from any one, the United States will have to burden themselves with garrisons, with fleets that will attract other fleets, and so on. But this is not all. There is a big bill to be paid; and, to provide the immense sums that all these precautions will cost the United States, it has been found necessary to make further inroads upon universal rights,² and, under color of giving advantages to a few non-existent shipping companies, to prepare to make all foreign vessels pay preferential tolls, which would be prohibitive for some and would be to the sole advantage of the United States. This amounts to a boycott of international commerce in the canal. Tolls and big guns! What a welcome for the world's shipping in this supposedly universal waterway! If it be asked whether there was anything in the treaty obligations or statements of the United States government to justify such a boycott, the answer is "No." In his manifesto, which is quite a political testament, John Hay says: "The canal must be open to every nation in the world *on the same terms.*" His successor, Elihu Root, has frequently and still more emphatically confirmed these

¹ The objection may be made that the general interest no longer exists; but, as will be seen further on, if we are henceforward to reason in accordance with the experience of the present war and on the hypothesis that in future there will be neither treaties nor contracts nor justice, it will be a mere waste of time to provide for what may happen, or even to think, and all we have to do is to make a deliberate return to a state of savagery.

² Since repealed.

words, which are merely a reminder of the express stipulations contained in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty: "The canal shall be free and open to merchant ships and warships of all nationalities, subject to compliance with the regulations. Absolute equality shall be observed in the tolls levied on all these vessels, and no distinction shall be made which may be unfavorable to any nationality or its nationals, either as regards traffic regulations or tolls levied in any other way."

Treaty Violation

The repudiation of such engagements, which are still quite recent, and the violation of such definite treaty obligations, constitute a very unpleasant symptom. The proposed violation has aroused a chorus of protest from every government and country in the world and, fortunately, has been loudly and, at last, successfully, reëchoed in the United States. It was first made by England, the signatory of the violated treaty and the nation chiefly affected by the intended boycott. English shipping, if it were compelled to pay preferential tolls, would lose all the advantage of the canal and be obliged to go on using the Suez Canal, so that the Americans would find themselves unintentionally helping their competitor. The Panama Bill would have done more harm to British merchants than to their German competitors, because it would close the whole of the American Pacific coast to their imports. The Canadians, whose transcontinental railroad traffic is already threatened, would be still harder hit. A vessel bound from Halifax to San Francisco would pay very heavy tolls, which may be estimated at a minimum, on an average, of a dollar a ton of cargo. A cargo boat carrying 20,000 tons of coal or wheat would pay twenty thousand dollars each voyage, from which tolls American vessels following the same course but starting from Boston or New York would be exempted.

Worse still, a vessel bound from the Gulf of Mexico, from Vera Cruz or Tampico, to Acapulco or any other port in western Mexico would have to pay tolls, as would a boat plying from Colombia and back, and so on. The Panama Canal would seem as if it were intended solely to favor American shipping to the detriment of that of the entire earth. It has been calculated that it would be to the advantage of Canadian vessels bound for California or Chili to take the Suez Canal route.

American opposition to this scheme has been voiced by what is best in the country's political and intellectual life. "The national honor is at stake. Are we, or are we not, to break our plighted word, endanger our credit, and even our reputation and incur the odium of the entire world? Are we to adopt the saying: 'I promised, but I will not keep my promise'? The loss of general confidence is a serious question for a country. It amounts to commercial suicide. Have Americans calculated what it costs to appear in the world's markets with a doubtful reputation? Has it occurred to them that in this way they will lose their best customers and best outlets? Abandoning one's reputation and trademark in international life is like killing the goose with the golden eggs." This is a summary of the arguments put forward, and they have finally borne fruit.

Arbitration Suggested and Rejected

At first, Mr. Taft's administration, although it had asked England and France to agree to treaties for obligatory and unlimited arbitration, did not hesitate to contradict itself, and even to violate a treaty previously signed on June 5, 1908, by going so far as to refuse to submit the question to arbitration! President Roosevelt himself expressly blamed this refusal, and wrote (Jan. 7, 1913): "We ought to leave it to the Hague Tribunal." Here is what

was said, in the same spirit, by Elihu Root in Congress at Washington on January 21, 1913: "After having tried to make others accept arbitration, we should be guilty of revolting hypocrisy if we refused to agree to it ourselves. How could we respect ourselves or expect others to respect us? Are we to let it be supposed that our country, our Congress and our President have been fooling the world and simply talking to the gallery, for the sake of applause? It is a fine thing to belong to a great country, but size alone does not make greatness."

Since it became the absolute master of the future channel of communication between two hemispheres, the government of the United States has thus, in the space of a few years, been led on to violate one obligation after another, from taking possession of a territorial zone (in itself an act open to criticism) to fortifying the canal; from building forts to levying preferential tolls, and from preferential tolls to a refusal of arbitration.

4. *Customs Tariffs. Pessimism. Conclusion. Inadequate Justice*

Is this all, and can we close the list of American mistakes at this point? No; man is infinitely prone to error, no matter on what side of the ocean he lives; but I have not yet dealt with the tariffs. They have made themselves so familiar that it is hardly necessary for me to discuss them. They are one of the sources of revenue out of which the extravagant Federal outlay is met. Unfortunately these tariffs, in addition to being exorbitantly high, protect a few privileged industries, which generally work together, to the detriment of the great mass of consumers and producers. On the ground that sheep-breeding, which is none the less dwindling away steadily, must be protected, Americans are prevented from manufacturing and wearing

woolen materials; cotton enjoys an overwhelming monopoly, and so on. Several industries are killed for the benefit of a single one. Living is made expensive. Initiative is put to sleep in some cases and paralyzed in others. There was some reason for the establishment of these tariffs in a new country desirous of building up its own industries, but protection finally degenerates into oppression. The tariffs themselves are only a part of the trouble. What is particularly objectionable is the manner in which they are put into operation. There are unjust and arbitrary proceedings on the part of the customs officials that do still more harm to the friendship than to the commercial relations between two countries; there is a system of inquisition, lawlessness, insecurity, unpunished and encouraged imitation, constant infringements on trademarks — a system under which the trusts are sure to crush all competition, and silence all complaints, and abuses of every kind prevail. There must, however, be an end to everything, and the time is coming when the Americans themselves will perceive that these abuses do more harm to themselves than to their customers. They are becoming sellers and are exporting their manufactures; and they are beginning to find out that while they have been able to do as they pleased in their own home markets, thanks to the absence of competition, they cannot act in the same way in foreign markets. They are coming into business relations with the world. This is progress, and it will compel them to adopt other forms of progress.

It might be better if the victims of United States protective tariffs could make their complaints heard, but foreigners encounter too many difficulties and incur too much expense and risk. As for the Americans, we know how President Roosevelt encouraged judicial independence by bringing forward his famous "Recall," intended to enable the people itself to quash judgments and, better

still, to dismiss judges whose findings might happen to annoy the majority for the time being. What kind of principles are these, and by what a great gulf are they divided from the generous idealistic movement, which is showing its signs of life, as we have seen, all over the country!

"Pork Barrel" Legislation

After this we can hardly be surprised at the farcical nature of parliamentary control and the subserviency of the people's elected representatives to cleverly organized cliques. A congressman elected for two years, or even a senator elected for six, would have to be simply heroic to hold out against the systematic pillaging of the Federal funds when he sees that the government itself, while constantly talking about economy, either puts up with this pillaging or encourages it; when an influential member of Congress felt justified in stating that three hundred million dollars a year could be saved if the administration of the United States were conducted on business lines; when every state, district and city goes in for "pork barrel" legislation,¹ and demands a slice of the cake in the form of public works that are not needed and buildings that have only an electoral utility; when, finally, we see, operating with impressive regularity, all over the country, that extraordinary body whose effects I have described, the

¹ By "pork barrel" legislation is meant the voting of Federal funds for personal and political motives and not for the public good. It means "Every one for himself." To get what he wants, a member undertakes to vote for what the others want. It is equivalent to the principle expressed by "Scratch my back and I will scratch yours," and is well known in other parliaments besides the American.

This system has led to an immeasurable increase in "pork barrel" legislation and to an increase in expenditure to the extent of 243 per cent, while the increase of the population has reached only 118 per cent.

The appropriations for the two financial years 1877 and 1878 were still only \$596,000,000, while those for 1911-1912 came to \$2,055,000,000 or more than a thousand million dollars a year.

Grand Army of the Republic, — an organization in which an inner circle, under the cloak of patriotism, aims at nothing but an increase in the notorious military pension list and can plead that it is only a copy of similar scandals in Europe, such as the leagues, also styled “patriotic,” that act as connecting links between the Press, the government departments and the military purveyors of the German government itself! It has been calculated that, under this system, there has been no increase, but rather a decrease, in the amount of imported foreign produce per capita during the past century, while the cost of government, which ought to become proportionately smaller as the number of inhabitants increases, as should be the case with every large private concern, is now, on the contrary, three times as large per head of population. The rule is thus reversed. My experience as a Frenchman unfortunately leads me to note these facts with little surprise. In my country the blame is laid at the door of members of Parliament, and an electoral reform scheme, which is supposed to be a panacea but would in reality only make things worse, has been proposed. The newspapers are also accused, but they merely reflect the views of their readers, the private interests back of them, and the government that utilizes them. Where a change is needed is in morals generally, and this is beginning to be understood.

Public Spirit Will Reform the Administration

In this sense, it is possible to say that there is something new in the United States. It is not the national government but the national spirit — the public spirit which, as we have seen, is becoming educated. The rest will follow.

In the meantime, the pessimists find it the simplest plan to despair of the future. Their latest argument is

not without interest; they have made up their minds that the United States are already degenerating, and in this way:

New Immigration

The population of the United States has undergone a change during the past twenty-five, or even ten, years. The northern parts of Europe either keep their own inhabitants or send them out to the colonies or new countries, so that the source of emigration from Europe to America now is verging towards what the English contemptuously call "the East-end of Europe." The Irish element, for instance, supplies less than it did. If we consult only the statistics of the city of New York, which has an enormous number of foreign-born inhabitants (almost as numerous as Americans) and to which there is a constant influx of Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Israelites, Slavs, Levantines and natives of European and Asiatic Turkey, we find that the total of German "foreign-born" has declined from 324,224 in 1900 to 278,137 in 1910. On the other hand, the Italians have increased from 145,433 to 340,770; the "foreign-born" put down under the head of "Austrians" have grown from 90,477 to 190,246, and the Russians from 180,432 to 484,193.¹ Are we to conclude from this that the American strain will be affected by such an infusion of Southern and Oriental, as well as negro and Asiatic, blood, and that traditions of servitude will be implanted in the land of liberty? It is evident that emigrants of the first generation, however rigorously methods of selection may be applied to them, bring

¹ There are more Israelites (Russian, German, Levantine and others) in New York than there are inhabitants in a great capital. New York has several Hebrew theaters and Hebrew newspapers. Public notices, in the parks for instance, such as "Keep off the grass" are printed in four languages, one of which is Hebrew. As many as ten languages are used in the post offices for the convenience of the public. These figures give some idea of the difficulty of governing a great American city.

constitutional defects with them; and strange things have been said about the original population of Australia! Men, however, like plants, undergo alteration under the influence of new soil, climate and ideals. To the land of their choice they bring not only their inherited tendencies but a determination to begin a new life, and this general aspiration towards a better future is, in its influence on the race, more important than voluntarily severed associations with the past. The second generation differs profoundly from the first, which itself becomes considerably modified, and the effects of marriage with other elements in the population must also be considered.

We can understand that the United States are a source of uneasiness, when judged from the outside by foreigners who are disagreeably impressed by their faults but do not know their good qualities and do not make the allowances to which youth is entitled; but this impression disappears the more one lives in contact with them, speaks their language and sees them as they are. This, at least, is what I have tried to show.

5. *Conclusion*

The conclusion I have reached is very definite. My readers will have guessed what it is. It presented itself to my mind before I had completed my observations, and had returned to Washington after my travels through the interior and along the Pacific coast. It was when I discovered that the Federal capital, though very beautiful, was so far apart from the rest of the country and so close to Europe, and when I measured the distance that separates the United States from their government! I have allowed the facts to speak for themselves, and I will conclude what I have to say neither in a doubting nor in a vaguely hopeful spirit.

Distance between the United States and their Government

There is a marked difference between governmental weaknesses and the aspirations of the country.

Wherever I look, whether it be to the east, the west, the north or the south, the country has but one ambition — to consolidate what the past has achieved, to “develop its internal prosperity by the help of good international relations” and carry on its work in stability, union and the Mount Vernon traditions. Such is the policy of all these Americans, whose fathers quitted Europe so that they might be free.

The government, on the other hand, has departed from this policy. I have not overlooked the difficulties in its path, its efforts or its merits, but, this much being granted, it has marched away from the star instead of towards it, and it has gone contrary to the aspirations of the country; and the various stages on this march have been excessive protection, the war with Spain, colonies and armaments. The American government has taken the wrong line, and, like all governments, instead of admitting its mistake in time, it has obstinately adhered to its course and sunk deeper in the quagmire. While the country has kept its ambition on a level with the idealism attained by its energetic founders, the government has yielded to the temptation to sink below that level, and has erroneously supposed that the lower would be the more popular. It has chosen the wrong kind of ambition. It blushed for the beneficent mission incumbent upon it, just as a young man dislikes to make himself conspicuous by a good action in the company of scoffers. It was afraid of not being like the others, of not being a government as great as the greatest governments. Its pride, a puerile one, has been to imitate the mistakes it ought to have avoided. In other words, it has fallen a victim to imperialism.

Birth of Imperialism

It was a very youthful, seductive and perhaps unconscious imperialism under President Roosevelt — a budding imperialism; but the buds bore fruit under his successor, who could neither approve of its encroachments nor moderate them. It has excited the alarm of the Republican élite, whose strong objections I have underlined, and I was thinking of this élite when I said that they were more in harmony with the Democrats than with their own party; but they have been powerless to stem the tide. The result is none the less clear and is to be found in the 1912 presidential election. The Republicans were split into two bodies, both foredoomed to defeat. One, with very mixed feelings, followed President Roosevelt, and the other gave a half-hearted support to President Taft, while the country gave an overwhelming plurality to the Democrats, the party of protest.

The 1912 election was an outburst of public opinion, which was tired of and in revolt against what had been going on. That this is true was shown at once when the new President asked Congress to revise the tariff and selected William Jennings Bryan, the declared enemy of armaments, as secretary of state. But this revolt of public opinion is anything but revolutionary and is, on the contrary, quite opposed to any such idea. The policy it requires has nothing to do with any demagogic threats. It contains nothing new and nothing that is not normal or reassuring. It amounts to a condemnation of the errors that George Washington tried to avert beforehand by denouncing them as "apostasy." It was the protest of a country that is pulling itself together, refusing to let itself be led astray any longer from its enormous natural sphere of action or to rush blindly into adventurous schemes of foreign conquest. It implies a reversion, at last, to the Mount

Vernon spirit and to the policy of safety without which the United States would be false to their origin, their name and their destiny, and would become an ephemeral caricature of countless ruined empires.

The Rights of Man and the Rights of the People

As I have said, the success of this policy is of the highest interest to Europe. It is important that the great transatlantic republic should so act as to stand out in contrast to the weaknesses of the Old World; that it should set an example of numerous and varied states federated together in liberty; that it should thus affirm the possibility of a form of progress incredible to the Old World; and that it should at last complete our Declaration of the Rights of Man by a Declaration of the Rights of Nations.

The Renovation of Europe

The Americans are not free from all obligations towards Europe. Let them apply their national enthusiasm to international life. As they call upon children to regenerate parents, so let them act as good sons to the countries from which they sprang, and let the renovation of Europe be their work! All their initiative, all their good will and all their religious zeal combined will not be too much to overcome our egoism and routine. Let them be worthy of their ancestors and of ours. Let it be their glory to become guides and not masters.

The American's Duty

Here lies the interest, as well as the duty, of the United States.

FINIS

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE

The following letter was distributed in December, 1913, through the American Association for International Conciliation to the schools and other groups of young people with whom Baron d'Estournelles de Constant had come into contact during his visits to the United States and Canada.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO MY MANY YOUNG
FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES

PARIS, DECEMBER, 1913.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

One of your most devoted guides in America asked me, two years ago, to let you hear a short talk on helpful subjects for morning exercises, anything, he says, to make you happier or better. I kept his fine and generous letter a long time on my table; very often I thought of it, but it is only this morning that I can write a suitable answer. I will write as I can, knowing that you are not too critical, and that you prefer my poor English to my best French. What I care for is not to send you a literary message, but to reach your hearts.

I have traveled a great deal and I am able now to draw from the various experiences of my life a conclusion which may be of use to you, young friends, who have been so kind to me. Supposing that you can avail yourselves of my efforts, and that I can save part of your future troubles and deceptions, that will be the reward of your kindness, and a new illustration of our French proverb: "*Un bienfait n'est jamais perdu.*"

You cannot know, indeed, what a blessing is the sympathy of youth for a man or for a woman of good will who has been depressed by the cold faces, by the indifference and the prejudices of the so-called "reasonable people."

When I feel sad and nearly discouraged, I can recover at once by simply meeting the pure and confident eyes of a child; — even a young dog, suddenly jumping or looking at me with joy, can change my mind and refresh it; it can

give me a new start. And so it is with the shining of the morning light.

Be kind, obliging, my dear friends, not only to your friends — that is too easy, and it is the only way to win their kindness in return — but to every being who may take comfort from your kindness. A mere smile may save a soul from despair. Never be avaricious of your smiling, of your regards, towards people who are in trouble. Some powerful men can bring help by their assistance, their money, their material strength; a young man or a young woman can do still more by giving his or her sympathy. Do not be shy, do not be afraid of being ridiculous; a man who does the good work which the others will not do is often ridiculed at first, but not for long; express your good will as you can, with the right words or with no words, as long as you do not keep it for yourself alone.

Be true and faithful; it is so easy to lie; but remember that we cannot deceive twice the same friend; we have to change him; and, at length, we find no more friends to listen to us; they all know they cannot trust our word. Never speak against your past friend; keep silent and reserved about his fault, which may be yours; otherwise the new friend will find that you can change and he will not feel safe with you.

Never be violent, except to resist a violent aggression, if you see no other honorable issue. That is the great effort for you! Violence is such a temptation for a strong boy and even for a little boy! I should say even for a little girl . . . but the temptation does not last for her; she soon discovers that violence does not pay; and she looks for other ways of maintaining her rights. She actually finds these ways. Violence seems, at first, so innocent, so easy, so natural; a mere application of our forces; sometimes a precious help; a good blow! Is it not a good lesson for a bad boy? Yes, indeed, but a bad example, too!

Violence is not the way to teach Justice and Right. Suppose your teachers would use it to illustrate their explanations to you. . . . There is no limit to violence. Violence has no end. It is never a solution. The violent boy has to be, every day, stronger than his comrade ; but he cannot be as strong as all his comrades together.

I have always found that violence leads to domination and that domination does not last, cannot last ; the end of it is, sooner or later, collapse and humiliation. This is true for a boy, still more for a man, still more for a nation.

Never a nation, even a great Empire, could last by domination ; what they are so proud to call "imperialism" has been and will be always the beginning of the end ; it is now a well-known fever, an archaic illness, a backward policy. When the majority of the people of a great country stop their work and think only of armaments, conquests and ostentation, then it means they are isolating and weakening themselves ; instead of friends, they have nobody in the world to support them ; far from it ; conceited, suspected everywhere, they become a danger for all the other nations. Far from being stronger, they feel dissatisfied and angry. They are no longer so good at work ; their intellectual and moral progress, their industry, their genius and consequently their production, artistic, scientific, economic, go lessening every year, compared with other nations. They cannot even understand the reasons of their inferiority ; they become jealous and sensitive ; they see enemies, spies, danger everywhere ; they may extend their military forces ; but their vitality is shrinking. The slightest misunderstanding with another nation is sufficient to bring a war which is not a remedy, but the end of all. A war, now, is not what it was in the past, when the brave chevalier had to face his enemy. Now he has to fight at such a distance that he does not know and he does not see the other army ; he does not even know why he is at war and what will be the results of

the battle, even if victorious. He knows only that the nation had to pay, for the preparation of that war, billions and billions of dollars which were needed to make the country really strong and prosperous, surrounded by friends and customers, billions which were wanted for making good roads, restoring the forests and the rivers, building railways, ports, universities, hospitals, museums, parks and fine cities. He knows that the nation will have to pay still more after the war, in order to be more and more unsafe and isolated.

You, American young friends, you are a new nation, a new, living hope for the world. I expect a great deal, for the future of the old Europe, from your good will and your good faith. Do not imitate our faults! Do not become too matter of fact, too self-confident; do not dream of extending your country which is already — compared to ours in Europe — as large as a continent; that is my Christmas wish: keep young, keep kind, keep true, confident in your future, faithful to your past. Never forget our common ancestors, our French pioneers, from La Salle to Lafayette and de Lesseps, who so willingly devoted their lives to prepare yours; it is not enough for you to accept their legacy, you have to develop it, that is to say, to increase its value, not its size; you have to make your new world so good that it becomes an example for our old one. Yes! we need your American initiative as you need our experience. No more than a man, can a nation live alone. Your progress will stimulate our progress; your faults would stop our way as well as yours.

And now, good-by, dear friends; no, good morning — never good-by — we never die as long as we leave our work behind us; good morning to you; happy day, happy New Year. . . . The sky has not changed, the cold winter prepares a mild spring; enjoy your life, enjoy your day;

consider your teachers as your friends; listen to them; think of them; speak of them; you will make them happier and better; and you will then feel yourselves in better spirits to play your fascinating baseball, to ride your bicycle or your horse, to drive your motor car (if you can get one), to paddle your canoe; to swim in the deep waters, to walk, to run, to climb, to breathe. . . . Don't forget to learn French, in order to come and see me and to make new friends in the old world; be happy, be gay, be strong, in order to help any one who needs your health and your strength. The more you help other people, the more you will find everywhere assistance and sympathy. The more your country will appear friendly to other nations, the greater and happier she will be.

There is the fruit of all my political experience; that is what I would call the modern wisdom of men, as well as of nations.

D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT.

INDEX

A

Absolutism, opposition to, spread by Russian and Polish students in America, 257.

Adler, Felix, and the Ethical Culture Society, 385.

Advertising of churches, 385.

Africa, reminders of, in southern United States, 23; as a future competitor of United States, 468.

Agriculture, in California, 45-46; California crops, 52; in Oregon, 90; dry farming system, 98-100; about Kansas City, 145-146; a model farm, 406-407; in provinces of Canada, 451-454.

Air, blessings of pure, 292.

Alamo massacre, 29.

Alaska, the future of, 84-85.

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exhibition, Seattle, 82-83.

Alberta, population of, 449.

Almy, Francis, at Buffalo, 442.

Alsace-Lorraine question, the, 216-217; Americans and the, 217-218.

American Civic Association, 296.

Anderson, Hendrik C., architect, 16.

Animals, raising of domestic, in California, 46; in Rock Creek Park, Washington, 298-299; in Canada, 452.

Annapolis, Naval Academy at, 320, 492.

Apple raising, in Washington and Oregon, 91-92; lessons in, to be learned from America, 403.

Arbitration treaties, made by President Taft, 309-310.

Architecture, of New York City, 5-6; in Washington, D. C., 282.

Arizona, size and desert land, 42; woman suffrage in, 72.

Arkansas River, 104.

Armament, increase of naval, in United States, discouraged, 484 ff.

Armed peace system, disadvantages of, to European nations, 460 ff.; America warned against, 476-477.

Army, the American, 12, 25, 35-36, 136; figures and present status of, 480-482; militia viewed as the real, 482-484.

Art, in Mrs. Potter Palmer's house, Chicago, 242; position of Americans concerning, 244-245; process of formation of natural taste in America, 303; in American museums, 405.

Austin University, visit to, 24.

Australia, natural resources and competition of, with United States, 468.

Austria, effect upon, of European War, 230.

Automatic telephone, Portland, Oregon, 94.

Automobiles, in Kansas City, 149-150.

Aviation, peace and, 273-274.

B

Bacon, Robert, 17, 325; resignation of Paris embassy to become Fellow of Harvard, 330.

Baker, James H., president of Boulder University, 109.

Baltimore, visit to, 17.

Banquets, women at, 152-153.

Barbers and barber shops, 250-252.

Bargy, Henry, 332; quoted, 336.

Barrett, John, work as director-general of Pan-American Bureau, 15.

Baseball, American national game, 180; exposition of, 204-206.

Battleships, foolishness of building too big, 487, 495; helplessness against submarines, mines, and torpedoes, 487-488; personnel of crews of Amer-

- ican, 492 n.; lessons concerning, to be learned from European War, 495 ff.
- Beauty, religion of, in America, 292.
- Beet-sugar production in Utah, 99.
- Benoît-Lévy, G., works by, on city-planning questions, 294, 295 n.
- Berkeley University, coeducation at, 55; account of visit to, 55-57.
- Bertin, M., quoted on folly of too big naval ships, 487; on effect of torpedoes in naval warfare, 488.
- Bigelow, John, 44; work for children, 412.
- Birds, in United States, 180; in Rock Creek Park, Washington, 298-299; leagues for protection of, 299.
- Blackbirds, 180, 299.
- Blériot, aviator, at Yale with the author, 335.
- Bluebird, the, seen in Rock Creek Park, Washington, 299; suitable as a symbol for a society with an ideal, 299-300.
- Books, American, 249-250; on city-planning questions, 295 n.
- Boston, the Symphony Orchestra, 246; headquarters of Christian Science religion, 375, 381, 383; Phillips Brooks House, 391-392; prosperity joined with idealism in, 403-404.
- Boulder University, Easter Sunday address and reception at, 108-110.
- Bracq, M., at Vassar College, 331.
- Brashear, John A., epitaph by, 412.
- Brest, port of, lack of modern facilities at, 459-460.
- British Columbia, population of, 449.
- Britt, Gustave T., Napoleon of house-movers, 439, 440.
- Brookings, Robert, 156; as a representative of American idealism, 172-173; personal appearance, 173; home, 180; public interests, 182-183.
- Brooks, Phillips, quoted, 255; on moral and social work of American churches, 386; commemoration of memory of, 391-392.
- Brown, Glen, history of Washington by, quoted, 289.
- Bryan, W. J., home of, at Lincoln, Nebraska, 137-138; meeting with, in Chicago, 239-240; organization of arbitration supported by, 344; significance of appointment as secretary of state, 520.
- Buffalo, N. Y., a transportation center, 431-432; moving of house at, 439-441; automatic unloading of ore at, 442-443.
- Bunau-Varilla, Philippe, resurrection of Panama Canal project by, 503.
- Butler, Nicholas Murray, 17, 307; weight attached to views of, 329; on religious instruction at Columbia University, 336; American International Conciliation branch founded by, 337-338.
- Butter, made in San Francisco, 52.

C

- California, distances in, 43-44; the agricultural problem, 45-46; question of yellow immigration, 47 ff.; number of Japanese in, 49; a garden land, 50-51, 54; orchards, 51; wine, 51-52; dairy products, 52; petroleum, 52-53; tourist traffic, 53; women, 54; coeducation at universities, 55-57; campaign for votes for women, 59-72; earthquakes, 167-168; Christian Science churches, 379.
- Cambon, Jules, as ambassador at Washington, 18; at interview with President Roosevelt, 307; assistance of, in interesting United States in Hague tribunal, 307, 308, 309.
- Canada, competition of, with United States, 444 ff; advantages possessed by, 446-447; a field for modern experiments, 447; size and characteristics of population, 448-450; progress of cities, 450; agriculture in, 451-454; tracing the reasons for prosperity and progress of, 461 ff.; Siberia compared to, 470-471.
- Canals, transportation on, 427 ff.; as auxiliaries to railroads, 428; the Erie, Ohio, and other, 429; outstripped by railroads, 430; in Canada, 457.
- Carnegie, Andrew, peace palace erected at Hague by, 309; work as a public benefactor, 401-402.
- Cathedral Spires, in Garden of the Gods, 106.

- Catholics, position of, in America, relative to the Church, 373; revolt of French religious spirit misunderstood by, 393; philanthropic and social activities of, in France, 397.
- Celery from Utah, 99.
- Chamber of Commerce, Denver, 115-117.
- Chassaignac, M., 21.
- Châteaubriand, comparison of Washington's work and Napoleon's, 311.
- Chicago, latest developments in, 233 ff.; bustle and noise, 237-238; Union League Club luncheon, 239-241; American clear-sightedness and independence manifested in, 240; Sunday in, 241; Mrs. Potter Palmer's residence, 242; meeting at the Orchestral Hall, 242-244; the Sunday Evening Club, 244; musical pursuits, 246; barber shops, 250-252; competition of, with Pittsburgh in manufacturing, 426-427.
- Chicago, University of, 252-254.
- Children, supremacy of, in United States, 267; in Washington, D. C., 283-284; leagues of, against dirt in cities, 294; institutions for abnormal, 320; meeting of school children in New York, 332-333; philanthropic work for, 407 ff.; teaching to play, 408-409; need for space, air, nature, quiet, 409; Playground Associations for, 409-416.
- China, students from, abroad, 49-50; revolutionary ideas in, 258 ff.; admiration and confidence felt for students from, in America, 258; relations which Western countries should establish with, 260-261.
- Chinese, problem of immigration into United States, 47 ff.
- Choate, Joseph H., at Hague Congress, 179.
- Choate, Rufus, on plan of Washington, 286.
- Chouteau family, exploits in Louisiana, 160-161.
- Christian Science, churches of, in United States and abroad, 375, 378-379; discussion of, 376 ff.; description of a meeting, 377; account of origin, 379-380; cathedral of, in Boston, 383; question of final outcome, 384.
- Christian Science Monitor*, excellence as a newspaper, 381-383.
- Christmas, open-air-concert celebration, at San Francisco, 347-348.
- Church in America. *See* Religion.
- Churches, in Seattle, 81, 398-401; educational mission of, 81, 336-337.
- Cincinnati, visit to, 264 ff.; prosperity and importance as a business center, 270-271; addresses at banquet, 271-272.
- Cities, disadvantages of American, 5; gigantic character, 75; separation of business and residential sections, as illustrated by St. Louis, 164; lack of terminal facilities for railroads, 189-190, 455; modern art of planning, 290, 291-292; progress made in life in, 292-293; cleanliness necessary to charm, 294; the crusade against dirt in, 294-296; population and progress of Canadian, 450.
- City planning, Washington an example of, 291.
- Cleveland, Ohio, present size and brilliant future, 270; a competitor of Pittsburgh in steel manufacture, 443.
- Cliff Drive, Kansas City, 151-152.
- Climate, of California, 52; varieties of, in America, 165-166, 254; of Canada, 447.
- Clubs, international, in America, 207, 256-257; German, in Milwaukee, 212; musical, 212, 213, 246; spread of revolutionary ideas aided by international, 256-257.
- Coeducation, in Western universities, 55; at University of Wisconsin, 197; why possible in United States, 252; at University of Chicago, 253-254; some disadvantages of, 254; general in the West but losing ground in the East, 330; advantages to students, 330-331.
- College, the American, 319-320.
- Colorado, woman suffrage in, 72; scenery, 103-106; the Indians and their fate, 106-108; Boulder University and Easter Sunday, 108-110; Denver banquet, 111-115; Chamber of Commerce, Denver, 115-117; newspaper attacks on public men, 117-119;

- magnificence of capitol, 119; visit to legislature, 119-123; visit to Chief Justice, 123-124.
- Colorado River, 103-104.
- Colorado Springs, description of, 105.
- Columbia River, beauty of, 94.
- Columbia River valley, 93-94.
- Columbia University, Commencement Day at, 328; religious toleration at, 336.
- Columbus, Ohio, musical societies at, 246; importance as a commercial center, 270.
- Competition, United States threatened with universal, 467 ff.
- Consuls, French, 19.
- Convents, closing of, in France, 395.
- Cooking, Californian, 52.
- Coolie immigration, 47 ff.
- Cornel trees, Rock Creek Park, 298.
- Cornet-playing by a woman, 114-115.
- Cosmopolitan Student, The*, 257; article in, quoted, 258.
- Cotton, exported from Seattle, 86; monopoly enjoyed by, in United States, 514.
- Craighead, Dr., president of Tulane University, 22.
- Crest, Paul, architect of Pan-American building, Washington, 15.
- Cuba, qualities of negroes in, 365-366; future competition of, with United States, 467-468.
- D
- Dairy products, California, 52.
- Daniels, Josephus, report by, quoted, 486 n.
- Dardanelles, conclusions from operations in, in European War, 497.
- Davis, G. W., article by, cited, 508.
- Davis, Payne, apostle of Christian Science, 377.
- Davis, W. M., scientific excursion of, 99-100.
- Deforestation in America, 88-89.
- De Lesseps, Charles, heroism of conduct, 501-502.
- De Lesseps, Ferdinand, memories of, in Chicago, 240-241; wrongs inflicted upon, 501-502.
- Demangeon, A., quoted, 433.
- Denmark, valiant part taken by, in economic conflict, 474-475.
- Denver, visit to, 110-124; musical activities, 246.
- Diaz, Porfirio, 26; results of dictatorship of, 27-28, 36, 37, 38.
- Dietitian, office of, in American families, 322-323, 381.
- Dining cars, excellence of food, 135-136.
- Diplomacy, French, 18-20.
- Diplomatic corps, Washington, influence on social circles, 311.
- Distances, American and European ideas of, 42-44.
- District of Columbia, political position and government of, 281.
- Doggerbank affair, 129, 494.
- Downer College, 210.
- Drainage Canal, Chicago, 235-236.
- Dreadnought fever, contagiousness of, 464-466.
- Drink question, women and the, 262-264.
- Dry farming, system of, 98-100.
- Duluth, origins, 170; importance as a port, 191-192; combined use of trains and boats at, 422-423; a competitor of Pittsburgh in steel manufacture, 433.
- E
- Eagle, question of suitability as a symbol for United States, 300, 313.
- Earle, Mrs. C. W., works on city-planning questions by, 295 n.
- Early rising in America and in France, 206.
- Earthquakes in California, 50-51, 167-168.
- Easter Sunday at Boulder University, 108-110.
- Eddy, Mary Baker, founder of Christian Science religion, 375, 376, 379-380; policy of *Christian Science Monitor* laid down by, 382.
- Education, attention paid to, in Kansas City, 147; comparative importance of politics and, in America, 198, 201; as an ideal in America, 316-317; usefulness an object of, 317; freedom of, 318-319; classes of establishments for, 319-320.

Educators, political freedom of American, 337-338.
 Elections in United States, 306.
 Electric-lighting system, Seattle, 76.
 Electric tramways, transformations in modern life due to, 391-392.
 Eliot, Charles W., weight attached to views of, 329; conception of religion, 336-337.
 El Paso, Texas, 26.
 Emerson Union for Ideal Culture, 296.
 England, suffragettes in, 66; travelers from, in Paris, 172.
 English, attitude toward learning foreign languages, 174-175.
 Epitaph by Dr. Brashe r, 412.
 Eppendorff, John G., 442.
 Erie Canal, 429.
 European War, patriotic devotion and public spirit of women during, 66 n.; Germany and the, 208 n., placing the responsibility for, 223 ff.; results to be foreseen, 226-232; lessons concerning naval armaments to be learned from, 495 ff.
 Exchange teachers and students, 17-18.
 Explorers, early French, in Louisiana, 157-161; monuments to, 434-435.

F

Factories, scientific management of, 404.
 Faith of Americans, 370.
 Family life, in France, 63-66; in America, 306.
 Farm, a model, 406-407.
 Farms. *See* Agriculture.
 Fashions, Parisian, in America, 20-21, 195.
 Finley, Carlos, discoverer of malarial-fever microbe, 505.
 Finley, John H., interest in Franco-American relations in the past, 169-170.
 Flag, following the, when in good hands, 112-114.
 Floods, American attitude toward, 166-167.
 Flowers. *See* Gardening.
 Food on dining cars, 135-136.
 Football, as physical and moral training, 206.
 Foreign languages, stimulating Americans to learn, 176-179.

Forsee, George H., 154.
 Fort Duquesne, 421, 423.
 Fortier, A., 21.
 France, bonds between America and, 8-9, 169-170; Americans' love for, 9; resentment of spirit of initiative in, 18, 93; diplomacy of, 18-20; lack of news from, in American papers, 20; reminders of, in New Orleans, 21-22; called "la belle France," 23; interests of, in Mexico, 28; colonial expansion, and dangers, 35; Chinese students in, 50; young Americans in, 57-59; status of women, 62-66; openings for workers and professional people, in America, 88; scientific agriculture in, 89; comparison of farming methods in America and in, 90-93; as the sower of seed in the form of humane ideas, 139; an American traveler's views of, 139-143; horses imported to America from, 146-147; American students of architecture in, 151; memories of, aroused by arrival at St. Louis, 155-156; idealism of, and that of America, 171; spirit of, remaining in the Mississippi Valley, 171-172; difference between railroad building in, and in America, 188; early rising in, 206; universities of, avoided by America as examples, 213; disasters suffered by, but not decadence, 214-215; famous savants, artists, and men of action, 215; attitude produced in, by German militarism, 216-217, 220-222; influence of, on art and music in America, 244, 246; position in European War, 274 n.; extermination of birds in, 298-299; gratitude shown to, in Washington, 305; effect of wars of, in keeping teachers at home, 324; significance of names of political parties in, 345; reason for English triumph over, in the New World, 352-353; discussion of revolt of French religious spirit in, 393; painful period of secularization of religion in, 394-396; apple raising in, as compared with America, 403; works of art from, in America, 405; need of transportation facilities in, 424-425; monuments to explorers

- from, 434-435; agricultural methods in, compared with those in Canada, 453-454; contrasted with United States and Canada in manner of carrying out public works, 458-460; drawbacks to, of living in a state of armed peace, 460-461.
- French, colony of, in San Francisco, 45.
- French language, stimulating Americans to learn the, 176-179; spoken by foreign representatives at Hague congresses, 178-179; lack of French teachers of, in America, 324-325; taught by Germans, Swiss, and Belgians, 325-326.
- French Revolution, spirit of, in United States, 386-388.
- Frissel, Hollis Burke, on the negro problem, 366-367.
- Fruit raising, in California, 51; in America, 403-404; in Ontario, 451.
- ### G
- Galveston, Texas, prosperity of, 24; progress after flood, 167.
- Gardening, advance in art of, in United States, 300-301; simplification of, 302.
- Garden of the Gods, the, 106.
- Germany, interests of, in Mexico, 28; attitude of people toward European War, 208 n.; well-deserved success of, 212-215; price paid by, for victories, 215; brutalizing effect of triumph of mere force, 215; idealism of, stifled by militarism, 216; the Alsace-Lorraine question, 216-217; disgust of the whole world with militarism of, 218-219; results to, of European War, 230-232; teachers from, in American universities, 324.
- Gibbons, Cardinal, revolt of French religious spirit condemned by, 393.
- Gide, Charles, works on municipal cleanliness by, 294.
- Gillet, Louis, quoted concerning L'Enfant, 289.
- Ginn, Edwin, philanthropic work of, 402.
- Girard, Etienne, statue of, in Philadelphia, 9.
- Goethals, Colonel, work at Panama, 504.
- Gold mining, Western, 95-97; in Alaska, 451.
- Good will, American, 181.
- Gouin, Sir Lomer, prime minister of province of Quebec, 457.
- Grand Army of the Republic, object of, to increase pension list, 515-516.
- Grand Central Terminal, New York, 6, 190.
- Great Britain, army of, 25; interests in Mexico, 28; as a competitor of United States, 472.
- Great Lakes, freight traffic on, 191-194, 235.
- Great Northern Railroad, 85.
- Greek type found in American college students, 332.
- Griffon monument, La Salle Creek, 434-435.
- ### H
- Hague tribunal, work of, 40-41; part taken by United States, 138-139; American linguists at meetings, 178-179; President Roosevelt's attitude toward, 307-308; feelings of representatives at first meetings, 300.
- Hale, Edward Everett, on American attitude toward religion, 387-388.
- Hampton Institute, school for negroes, 366.
- Harbors, inadequacy of modern, 4.
- Harriman, E. H., as a public benefactor, 296.
- Havre, inadequacy of harbor, 4.
- Hay, John, and the Hague tribunal, 308; on throwing open Panama Canal to every nation on the same terms, 510.
- Hay-Pauncefote treaty, quoted, 511.
- Hearst publications, the, 31-32, 465.
- Hebrard, Ernest M., architect, 16.
- Hennepin, Father, monument to, 435.
- Hepburn, Barton, 325.
- Highroads, lack of sufficient number, in America, 94; system of national, 434.
- Hill, David Jayne, 179, 329.
- Hill, James J., 85, 186; picture gallery of, 195; "Highways of Progress" by, quoted, 195-196; cited on comparative growth of railroads and traffic, 426.
- Hill, Samuel, 94.

Hobson, Richmond P., advocate of a greater navy, 508.
 Holls, Frederick W., 178, 307.
 Homes, in France, 63-66; American, 306.
 Horses, importation of French, 146-147.
 Horticulture, progress in, in United States, 300-303.
 Hospitality, American, 180-181.
 House, E. M., 24.
 Houses, modern moving methods, 76-78, 439-441.
 Houston, D. F., chancellor of St. Louis University, 182, 183.
 Houston, Texas, 24.
 Howard, E., works by, on city-planning questions, 295 n.
 Hudson Bay district, proposed railroads in, 457-458.
 Huerta, General, government of, 37-38.
 Hutchinson, Mr., gold miner, 95-96.

I

Idaho, woman suffrage in, 72.
 Idealism, French and English, 170-171; a representative type of American, 172-173; contest between militarism and, in Germany, 216; as an impelling force in United States, 315 ff.; in education in America, 316-317; conjunction of prosperity and, 403; of United States as a whole contrasted with imperialism of its government, 519.
 Immigration, conditions and statistics of, 517-518.
 Impatience, the typical American, shown in treatment of Indians, 353.
 Imperialism, German, 220-222; vicious circle of reasoning based on, 497-498; growth of, in United States, shown by fortifying of Panama Canal, 507; development in United States, 519-521; a backward policy, a sign of the beginning of the end, 525.
 Indians, thoughts suggested by fate of, 106-108; primitive music of, 248-249; Lake Mohonk conferences concerning, 351; consideration of problem of, 352-358; blood of, found in present-day North Americans, 357-358; reaction in favor of, 358; numbers in United States, 358.

Initiative, hostility of French government to, 18, 93; spirit of, in education in America, 318; developed in American college students, 334-335; apotheosis of, at Pittsburgh, 423-424; spirit of, shown in France in past forty years, 472.
 Inland navigation, in United States, 427-433; in Canada, 456-457.
 Insects, American, 166.
 International Arbitration Conferences at Lake Mohonk, 338.
 International clubs in United States, 207, 256-257.
 International Conciliation Society, 13; branch in America, 337-338.
 International Harvester Company works, Chicago, 234.
 International News Service, 31.
 International relations, American need of increased knowledge in, 165.
 Ireland, Archbishop, 186; speech by, in French, 195; reason why never made a cardinal, 373; clergy and seminary of, 384-385.
 Irrigation, in California, 52; in Utah, 98-99.
 Italy, as a competitor for the world's markets, 472.

J

James, William, quotation from, 182.
 Japan, attitude of, toward emigration of workers, 47-48; students from, in United States, 48, 126-127; possibility of war with United States, 54, 74, 125-133; *entente cordiale* advocated by Colonel Thompson, 269.
 Japanese, as servants in California, 45; problem of immigration into United States, 47 ff.; numbers of, in California, Washington, and whole United States, 49.
 Jokes, American, 186-187.
 Joliet, Illinois, disadvantages of, 236.
 Jones family, St. Louis, 180.
 Jordan, David Starr, 55; description of San Francisco earthquake, 167-168.
 Judges, recall of, 514-515.
 Judson, Harry Pratt, president of University of Chicago, 252-253.
 Juneau, Solomon, 212.

Jusserand, M., as ambassador at Washington, 18, 19.

K

Kansas, woman suffrage in, 69, 72.
 Kansas City, another "hub of the universe," 144; prosperity, 144-145; an agricultural center, 145-146; French horses at, 146-147; banks, schools, and labor conditions, 147-148; school-teachers, 148; newspapers, 149; automobile dangers, 149-150; park and boulevards, 150-152; Missouri River at, 152; Knife and Fork Club, 153-154.
 Kindergartens in America, 320.
 Knox, secretary of state under President Taft, 310.
 Kubelik, playing of, at open-air Christmas concert in San Francisco, 248.

L

Labor, scarcity of, in United States, 12, 22, 44, 193; wages paid, 44-45, 148, 193.
 Lafayette, statues of, 9, 18, 305; memories of, in American cities, 271.
 Lafayette College, 328-329.
 Lake Mohonk, International Arbitration Conferences at, 338; account of Smiley brothers' work at, 338-345.
 La Salle, Cavalier de, memories of, 156, 157-158, 159, 434, 435.
 La Salle Creek, trip to, 434-435.
 Ledoux, Mr., mining engineer, 170.
 Legislative system, of Colorado, 120; of Wisconsin, 198-201.
 L'Enfant, Pierre Charles, career of, 285-289.
 Liberia, Republic of, failure as a solution of the negro problem, 363.
 Liberty, dangers accompanying planting of seeds of, in foreign students in United States, 207-208.
 Lincoln, Nebraska, visit to, 136-144.
 Literature, American, 249-250.
 Live stock, raising of, in California, 46; in Washington and Oregon, 90-91.
 Los Angeles, distances in, 43.
 Louisiana, early French explorers in, 157-161; secured to France by La Salle, 158; selling of, 162.

Low, Seth, 178, 307, 328, 329; model farm owned by, 406-407.
 Lowell, A. Lawrence, president of Harvard University, 329.
 Loyson, Father Hyacinthe, 392.
 Luncheon, the American, 239.
 Lynch law in America, 361.

M

McCormick, Cyrus, 237.
 Machinery, farming by, in Oregon, 90; in Canada, 453-454.
 "Madame Sherry" company, 87-88.
 Madero, murder of, 37.
 Madison, Wisconsin, description, 196; lake and university at, 196-198.
 Mahan, Alfred T., warning against increase in naval armament, 488.
 Manicurist, American type of, 251-252.
 Manitoba, population of, 449.
 Manufactures, prosperity in New England, 404.
 Marburg, Theodore, 268.
 Margaret Morrison School, Pittsburgh, 321-322.
 Marquette, Père, 157; remembered in Chicago, 242; monument to, at St. Ignatius Point, 435.
 Massachusetts, Sunday laws in early, 371.
 Matthews, Mark Allison, minister of Presbyterian Church, Seattle, 398-401.
 Mediterranean coast, the French, 23.
 Metropolitan Museum, New York, 405.
 Mexico, the revolution in, 11 ff.; attitude of United States toward, 11-12; a collective intervention advised, 13; dangers to United States of war with, 14; soldiers of, 26; results of Diaz's dictatorship, 27-28; propaganda of the Hearst publications, 30-32; President Taft's firmness, 32-33, 483; American party in, 33-35; President Wilson's policy, 36, 38-39; murder of President Madero, 37; government of Huerta, 37-38; moral intervention necessary, 39-40.
 Meyer, George von L., quoted, 489-490.
 Mezes, President, Austin University, 24.
 Michigan, woman suffrage in, 72.

Middle class in United States, 304; constructive function of, 347.

Middlemen, necessity of, 192-193.

"Might makes right" doctrine, Germany's, 215-222; at Panama, 509.

Militarism, German idealism stifled by, 216; disgust of world in general with, 218-219; whole of modern democracy is against, 221-222; the outcome of, 226-232.

Militia, company of, at Lincoln, Nebraska, 136; at University of Wisconsin, 203; real national force in, when properly organized and developed, 482.

Milwaukee, visit to, 209 ff.; Lake commerce at, 210-211; picturesque surroundings, 211; growth and population, 212; German activities in, 212; Socialism among Germans, 216; musical interests, 246.

Mind cures, 378-389.

Minneapolis, visit to, 186, 187 ff.

Mississippi River, at St. Louis, 157; between St. Paul and St. Louis, 184-186.

Missouri River, failure of, at Kansas City, 152.

Model farm, Seth Low's, 406-407.

Monet, Claude, 105; pictures by, in Mrs. Potter Palmer's collection, 242.

Montana, woman suffrage in, 72.

Morgan, Pierpont, as a public benefactor, 268, 296.

Mormons, agricultural methods of, 98-100; polygamy among, 100-102; reason for persistence of religion of, 375.

Mount Vernon, significance of, to Americans, 304-305.

Municipal improvement, leagues for, 294-296.

Museums, American, 405.

Music, in America, 203, 246; success of German clubs, 212, 213; at Orchestral Hall meeting, Chicago, 242, 244; position of Americans concerning, 244 ff.; why Americans need, 245; love of the people for, 247; open-air concert at Christmas, in San Francisco, 247-248; attempts to preserve primitive Indian and negro music, 248-249; activities in, at First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, 399.

N

Naval warfare, changes in, due to submarines, mines, and torpedoes, 487-488.

Navy, of United States, 484 ff.; folly of too big ships, 487, 488; and the policy of intervention, 492-494; lessons of European War, 495 ff.; the Philippines and Panama Canal as pretexts for developing American, 499-501.

Negroes, primitive music of, 248-249; schools for education of, 320; problem presented by, in United States, 358 ff.; under slavery, 359-361; present condition in the South, 361-363; question of place of, in a white democracy, 363-368; possibility of development, 365-367; the most ominous question for future of United States, 369.

New France, memories of, 155 ff.; the end of, 163.

New Orleans, reminders of France in, 20-21.

Newspapers, American, 10; the Hearst publications, 31-32, 465; attitude on Pacific coast, toward yellow immigration, 48-49; attacks by, on public officials in Colorado, 118; of Kansas City, 149; Sunday, 169; in Chicago, 234; *Christian Science Monitor*, 381-383; agitating policy of certain French, 395.

New York City, bad planning of, 5-6; effect of skyscrapers, 7-8; an out-of-date creation, 8; meeting of school children in, 323-333; Metropolitan Museum, 405; foreign-born inhabitants, 517.

New York harbor, inadequacy, 4.

New York State, status of woman suffrage in, 72.

Niagara Falls, electric-railway transportation at, 427; disciplining of, 435-436; thoughts suggested by, 437.

Niagara River, profanation of banks of, 445-446.

Normal School, New York, lecture at, 332.

Normal schools in America, 320.

Northern Pacific Railroad, 85.
 Norway, resources and energy, 473-474.

O

Ocean, empire of, an idle dream, 133.
 Oceans as a protection to United States, 485.
 "Odyssey," acted by Wellesley College students, 331.
 Ohio Canal, 429.
 Ohio River at Cincinnati, 266.
 Ontario, population of, 449.
 Orchards, of California, 51; of Canada, 451.
 Orchestral Hall, Chicago, meeting in, 242-243.
 Orchestras, American, 88, 246.
 Ore boats, automatic unloading of, 422-423, 442-443.
 Oregon, woman suffrage in, 72; wheat harvesting, 90; apple raising, 91-92.
 Organization, regulated by the need of security, 97.
 Organizing ability of Americans, 92.
 Outdoor sports, the moral equivalent of war from educational point of view, 343.

P

Pacific Ocean as "an American lake," 499.
 Pageant for children at Pittsburgh, 412-415.
 Palmer, Mrs. Potter, 242.
 Panama Canal, part taken by French in bringing about, 240-241; America finishing what France began at, 501; De Lesseps' work, 501-502; resurrection of, by Bunau-Varilla, 503; completion of, by American energy, 504-505; mistake of fortifying, 506-510; question of tolls, 510-513.
 Pan-American Bureau, Washington, 14-16; desirability of, in Europe, 16-17.
 Pan-American Conciliation Institute, 17.
 Pan-American Union, 202.
 Panic, railroad, in United States, 189, 191.
 Paris, fashions from, in America, 21, 195; English travelers in, 172; influence of Seine River, 185; points

of resemblance between plan of, and that of Washington, 287, 288; original plan of city, and present-day mistakes, 290-291; playground associations in, 415; the Trocadero as a blot, 445-446.

Paris, Treaty of, 161.

Parks, at St. Louis, 180; about Milwaukee, 211.

Park system, Kansas City, 150-152.

Pasadena, villas and gardens at, 54.

Peace, doctrines of, 137; American desire for, as expressed at St. Louis, 169-170; speeches in favor of, at Cincinnati banquet, 272; and aviation, 273-274; teachings of, at Lake Mohonk, 343; attitude of Christian Scientists, 378; relation of transport facilities and, 425; benefits of, as shown in United States and Canada, 461; advantages resulting to America from, 476-477.

Peace organization and political economy, 202.

Peace palace built at Hague by Andrew Carnegie, 309.

Pennsylvania Station, New York City, 6, 190.

Pensions in United States, 479; main reason for existence of Grand Army of the Republic, 515-516.

Petroleum in California, 52-53.

Philadelphia, impressions of, 8-9.

Philanthropic work in America, 397 ff.

Philanthropists in America and Europe, 267-269.

Philippine Islands, a pretext for developing the American navy, 499; progress under American régime, 500.

Phillips Brooks House, Boston, 391-392.

Photographers, newspaper, 10.

Pictures by French artists in American galleries, 195.

"Pied Piper," pageant of the, 412-415.

Pinchot, Gifford, apostle of afforestation, 89.

Pious Funds, submission of question to Hague tribunal, 308.

Pittsburgh, pageant given to children at, 412-415; production and circulation shown at, 420; present and future greatness of, 421; steel manufactures, 422; blast furnaces, 423;

- competitors of, in the manufacture of steel, 426-427, 432-433, 443.
- Playground, The*, magazine, 410.
- Playground Associations, 409-416.
- Policing the ocean, 3-4.
- Political economy, teaching of, and relation to peace organization, 202.
- Political parties, period of unrest in, in United States, 344-345.
- Politics, education and, in United States, 198, 201; treatment in *Christian Science Monitor*, 382-383.
- Polygamy, problem of, in Utah, 99-102; reason for persistence of, 375.
- Poor, the discontented, in America, 347.
- Population of Canada and of United States, 448-450.
- Pork barrel legislation, 515-516.
- Porter, Horace, 179, 309.
- Portland, Oregon, visit to, 93-94.
- Prairie, the, viewed as an ocean, 106; wheat-growing on, in Canada, 452.
- Presbyterian Church, Seattle, account of work, 398-401.
- President of United States, responsibilities of, 281.
- Press, the American. *See* Newspapers.
- Printing, American, 250.
- Production in America, 418-420; supplemented by circulation, 420.
- Progressive Party, the, 345-347.
- Prohibition, women and, 262-264.
- Public opinion, force in United States, 315 ff.; the guardian of American universities, 326-327; influence on religious instruction at colleges, 336.
- Q
- Quebec, population of, 449.
- Quiet, children's need of, 409.
- R
- Railroads, to Seattle, 79, 85; panic connected with, 189, 191; the creators of modern America, 188-189; lack of terminal facilities, 189-190, 455; centering in Chicago, 233-234; supplies for, manufactured at Pittsburgh, 425-426; rate of growth compared with growth of traffic, 426; supplemented by canals, 428; transcontinental, in Canada, 455-456; in Hudson Bay country, 457-458; Russia's need of, 470, 471; in Norway, 473.
- Railroad travel, through the Rocky Mountains, 103-105; advantages of American, 134-136.
- Rainier, Mount, 98.
- Recall, the, 514-515.
- Rectory gardens, 301.
- Reinsch, Paul, 198, 202.
- Religion, the American, 256; the church a school in America, 336-337; attitude of Americans toward, 370 ff.; dislike for arguments about, 370; reasons for respect for, 370-371; decrease in attendance at church, 371; early laws for observance of Sunday, 371-372; process of evolution in, 372-374; Christian Science, 376-384; spirit of toleration in, 384-386; Ethical Culture Society, 385; genius of the French Revolution displayed in, 386-388; Edward Everett Hale quoted, 387-388; viewed by Americans as a source of new ideas and given the highest possible position, 388; indifference to dogma, 388-389; the Unitarians, 389-390; of the future, 393 ff.; secularization in France, 394-396; America the logical place for growth of the future, 396-397; for liberty, justice, and duty, that is growing up with childhood, 416-417.
- Religions, Congress of, at Chicago, 374; union of, in America, 384-386.
- Religious toleration in American colleges, 335-336.
- Reporters, American, 10.
- Revolutionary ideas fostered by foreign students at American universities, 257.
- Rich, class of discontented, in America, 347.
- Rio Grande, source of, 103-104.
- Rivers, American, 94; in the Rocky Mountains, 103-104; individuality of, 184.
- Roads, badness of Western, 138.
- Roaldès, M., 21.
- Robertson, Mr., president of Manufacturers' Club, Cincinnati, 265.

- Rochambeau monument, Washington, 18, 305.
- Rock Creek Park, Washington, description of, 296-297.
- Rocky Mountains, impressions of, 103-105.
- Roosevelt, Theodore, attitude toward feminism, 67; and the Hague tribunal, 240, 307-308; author's visit to, when President, 306; a leader in organization of arbitration, 344; Panama Canal work during administration of, 504; advocacy of the recall by, 514-515; development of imperialism under, 520.
- Roosevelt Dam, 98.
- Root, Elihu, 17, 202; type of American idealist statesman, 309; on the Iroquois' support as the cause of the triumph of English over French in America, 352; on preparations for celebrating the centenary of peace between United States and England, 463; on opening Panama Canal to every nation on the same terms, 510-511; on arbitrating Panama Canal tolls question, 513.
- Round Table Club, St. Louis, 180.
- Russia, effect on, of European War, 230; doctrines spread in America by students from, 257; American ignorance of, 469; resources, and position as a future competitor of United States, 469-471.
- S
- Sabin, Ellen, principal of Downer College, 210.
- Sacramento River, 94; gold mining on banks of, 95-97.
- Sage, Mrs. Russell, work for protection of birds, 299.
- St. Antoine Falls, Minneapolis, 185-186, 187.
- St. Louis, memories awakened by, 155-156; the Mississippi at, 157; historical recollections, 157-163; the creation of, 160; population and prosperity, 164; climate, 166; natural catastrophes, 166, 168; souvenirs of France, 169-170; parks, 180; social life, 180.
- St. Louis Exhibition, 170.
- St. Louis University, 182-183.
- St. Paul, trip to, 184-186; women of, 195; Mr. Hill's art gallery, 195.
- Salt Lake City, visit to, 98-102; prosperity of, 101; musical activities, 246.
- Salvation Army, methods of the, 385.
- San Antonio, Texas, 24; a caravansera city, 25; "the cradle of liberty in Texas," 29; barber-shop fascinations at, 251.
- San Francisco, distances in, 45; laborers' wages in, 45; number of Japanese in, 49; campaign for woman's suffrage, 59-72; opposition to votes for women, 73; recovery after the earthquake, 167; musical interests, 246, 247.
- Sangrain, Antoine, 168.
- Saskatchewan, population of, 449.
- Scandinavian nations, early germination of ideas in, 68; qualities as competitors of United States, 473-475.
- Schmidlapp, Mr., Cincinnati manufacturer and public benefactor, 265-269.
- Schools, as community centers, 81-82; grades of American, 319-320.
- Scientific management in America, 404.
- Scott, James Brown, 17, 179.
- Seattle, favorable attitude in, toward Japanese, 48-49; number of Japanese in, 49; description of visit to, 75 ff.; the moving houses, 76-78; the "Seattle spirit," 78-80; single-tax doctrine, 80-81; churches, 81; Exhibition of 1909, 82-83; as the center of the four corners of the globe, 83; ambition and ideals, 85-86; export trade, 86; symphony orchestra at, 88; account of work of First Presbyterian Church, 398-401.
- Seine River, effect of, on Parisians, 185.
- Shafroth, John F., governor of Colorado, 116-117, 119.
- Shaw, Robert Gould, negro regiment of, 368.
- Siberia, the future of, 470-471.
- Singing by young people in America, 203.
- Single-tax doctrine, Seattle, 80-81.
- Skyscrapers, demoralizing effect of, 7-8; in Chicago, 238.

Slavery, horrors of, in United States, 359-361.

Slocumb, President, 105.

Smiley brothers, work of, at Lake Mohonk, 338-345.

"Snobisme" of Americans, remarks on, 244-245.

Socialism, among Germans in Milwaukee, 216; a party of destruction and of promises, 347-348; comparative weakness in United States, 348-349; obstacles to practical application of, 349-351; why especially weak in United States, 351, 397.

Social science, relation to peace organization, 202.

Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, Denver, 111.

Sorbonne, professors, 169; conditions at the, contrasted with those at American universities, 334.

South America, future competition of, with United States, 468.

Spain, interests of, in Mexico, 28; efforts of, toward economic revival, 472.

Spalding, Bishop, 99.

Spanish War, possible disaster to United States in, 114.

Stanford University, coeducation at, 55.

Steel, manufacture of, at Pittsburgh, 423-424; competitors of Pittsburgh in manufacture of, 426-427, 432-433, 443.

Stewart, Elihu, superintendent of Canadian forests, 451-452.

Stimson, Henry L., report of, as secretary of war, cited, 481.

Stock raising, in California, 46; in Washington and Oregon, 90-91.

Stone, Melville, 402.

Submarines, changes in naval warfare due to, 487.

Sueter, Murray, quoted on mines and torpedoes in naval warfare, 487.

Suffrage for women, campaign for, in California, 59-72.

Suffragettes in England, 66.

Sunday Evening Club, Chicago, 244.

Sunlight, blessings of, in modern city, 292.

Symphony orchestras in America, 88, 246.

T

Taft, William H., firmness in Mexican situation, 32-33, 483; visit to, when President, 306; action on arbitration treaties, 309-310; professor at Yale University, 335; organization of arbitration supported by, 344.

Tariff, protective, evils of in United States, 513-515.

Technical schools in United States, 320, 321-322.

Temperance, display of, at Lincoln banquet, 143-144.

Terminal facilities, lack of, in American cities, 189-190; lack of, for Canadian railroads, 455.

Texas, attitude toward Mexico, 11 ff.; memories of northern Africa aroused by, 23; material progress of, 24; description of country, 23-26; interest of, in Mexican situation, 29.

Thompson, Robert M., 269.

Titanic disaster, 4, 382.

Tocqueville, Alexis de, on Sunday observance in America, 372; on geographical position of United States as a natural protection, 485.

Toleration, why necessary among religions in America, 375.

Tourist traffic in California, 53.

Tower, Charlemagne, biography of Lafayette by, 9.

Transportation, problem in United States, 188-194; facilities for, in France and in America, 424 ff.; relation to peace, 425; railroads and canals, 427-433; highways, 434; in Canada, 455-457. *See also* Railroads.

Travelers, disadvantages of unenlightened, 171-172; English, in Paris, 172; American, in France, 175-176.

Traveling scholarships, 17-18.

Treaties, arbitration, action of President Taft regarding, 310.

Trees, effect on, of skyscrapers, 7; in Philadelphia, 8; in California, 51; about Seattle, 76; in Rock Creek Park, Washington, 297-298.

Trustees of American universities, office and responsibilities, 327-328.

Tuck, Amos, cited, 188.

Tuck, Edward, benefactions of, 268.
 Tulane University, visit to, 22-23.
 Tuskegee Institute, 320, 364.

U

Union Steel Corporation, works of, at Duluth, 433.

Unitarians, accomplishment of purpose of, 389-390.

United States, attitude toward revolutionary Mexico, 11 ff.; dangers to, of war with Mexico, 14; problems presented by Mexican situation, 27-40; long distances in, 42-44; total number of Japanese in, 49; possibilities of war with Japan, 54, 74, 125-133; students of, traveling abroad, 57-59; states which have granted votes to women, 72; support of Hague institution, 138-139, 306-309; and the Alsace-Lorraine question, 217-218; supremacy of children in, 267; benefactions of successful business men in, 267-269; non-central location of capital, 280; unsuitability of eagle as a symbol for, 300; progress in art of gardening, 300-301; formation of natural taste in art, 303; question of relation of federal capital to the nation, 311; mission of, to regenerate the Old World by giving it the program of government, 311-312; political parties, 344-347; Socialism in, 347-351; the Indian question, 351-357; the negro question, 358-370; religion in, 370-376; sources of future competition, 467 ff.; expenditure for pensions, 479; figures as to army, 480-481; the militia, 482; the navy, 484-495; geographical and political position the best defense, 485; and the Philippine Islands, 499-500; Panama Canal questions, 501-513; evils of protective tariff, 513-515; pork barrel legislation, 515-516; new immigration, 517-518; difference between governmental weaknesses and the aspirations of the country, 519; idealism of the people contrasted with growing imperialism

of the government, 519-521; obligations and duties to the rest of the world, 521.

Universities, coeducation in Western, 55; models taken by America for her, 213; different classes of, 327; responsibility for, vested in trustees, 327-328; honor and respect accorded men identified with, 328-330; protection of youth at, 333-334; conditions at, compared with those at the Sorbonne, 334; political freedom of heads of, 337-338.

University, parliament and, contrasted, 201; absence of a national, at Washington, 213, 281; question as to harm or ill to be done by a Federal, 318.

Urbana, Illinois, visit to state university at, 254 ff.; the Cosmopolitan Club, and thoughts suggested by visit to, 256-262; prohibition in, 262-264.

Usefulness, an ideal in America, 317.

Utah, woman suffrage in, 72; irrigation in, 98-99; polygamy in, 100-102, 375.

V

Van Dyke, Henry, 169.

Van Horne, Sir William, on the negro problem, 365; on the function of railroads in Canada, 455-456.

Vassar College, impressions of, 331-332; religious toleration at, 336.

Violence, a temptation to be shunned, 524-525.

"Votes for women," campaign for, in California, 59-72; arguments for, found in behavior of women in European War, 66 n.

W

Wages, high rate of, in California, 44-45; in Chicago and in Kansas City, 148; of engine drivers, 193.

Walking, old and new views of, 292-293.

Walling, Anna, quoted, 257.

Wang, C. C., president of International Club, University of Wisconsin, 207; article in *Cosmopolitan Student* by, 258.

War of 1914-15. *See* European War.

- Washington, Booker T., work at Tuskegee Institute, 364-365; disciples of, as teachers among negroes, 367.
- Washington, George, tomb of, at Mount Vernon, 305; Farewell Address quoted concerning natural defenses of United States, 485.
- Washington, D. C., Pan-American Bureau at, 14-17; distances in, 43; danger to, from non-central location in nation, 280; the political but not the intellectual center of the United States, 280-281; government of, 281; description of residential quarter, 282-283; children, babies, and women, 283-285; plan of, and L'Enfant's work, 285-291; a triumphant example of city-planning, 291 ff.; Rock Creek Park, 296-297; trees and birds in park, 297-300; gardens and gardening, 300-303, 304; Mount Vernon and the White House, 304-305; viewed as a city of gratitude, 305-306; to be a small court or a great capital? 311-312.
- Washington, state of, number of Japanese in, 49; woman suffrage in, 72; visit to, 75 ff.; agricultural methods in, 90; livestock raising, 90-91; culture and gathering of apples, 91-92.
- Wastefulness of Americans, 89-90.
- Water, influence on human education, 197.
- Water traffic in United States, 191-194, 427-433.
- Weather Bureau, Washington, 290.
- Weill, Raphael, 44.
- Wellesley College, 331.
- Wendell, Barrett, 169.
- West Point Academy, 320.
- Wheat-harvesting methods in the West, 90.
- Wheat raising in Canada, 452-454.
- Wheeler, Benjamin Ide, 55, 113-114; political freedom of educators illustrated by, 337.
- White, Andrew D., 178, 307; university distinction of, 329.
- White House, Washington, significance to Americans, 305; author's visits to, 306; a battle ground of opposing forces, 310-311.
- Widtsoe, John A., books on dry farming by, 99.
- Wilson, George Grafton, 169.
- Wilson, President, policy toward Mexico, 36, 38-39; university connections, 330.
- Wine, California, 51-52.
- Wisconsin, constitution and legislative department, 198-201.
- Wisconsin, University of, 196, 197-198, 201, 202-204, 207-208.
- Woman, the American, 54, 55 ff., 111-112; influence regarding the drink question, 262-264; specimens of, seen in Washington, 284-285.
- Woman suffrage, 59 ff.; states where granted, 72.
- Women, at Western universities, 55-57; young American, traveling abroad, 59; status of French, 62-66; members of Colorado legislature, 122-123; disadvantages of, at banquets, 152-153; of St. Paul and Minneapolis, 195; associations of, for city beautifying, 295-296; feelings of American, concerning secularization in France, 394-395.
- "Women and the Cause of Peace," lecture on, 60.
- "Women's Journal and Suffrage News," 73 n.
- Wood, Leonard, work for negroes in Cuba, 366, 467; chief of general staff, 484; peaceful conquest of Cuba by, 498.
- Wright brothers, 270; early flights in France, 273-274.
- Wyoming, woman suffrage in, 72.

Y

- Yale University, initiative and kindliness of students at, 334-335.
- Yellow fever germ, war waged on, by Americans, 505.
- Yellow peril, the, 47-50, 54, 125-133, 508 n.
- Yellowstone Park, 211.
- Young Americans abroad, 57-59.

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