The *Different* West

As seen by a Transplanted Easterner

Arthur E. Bostwick

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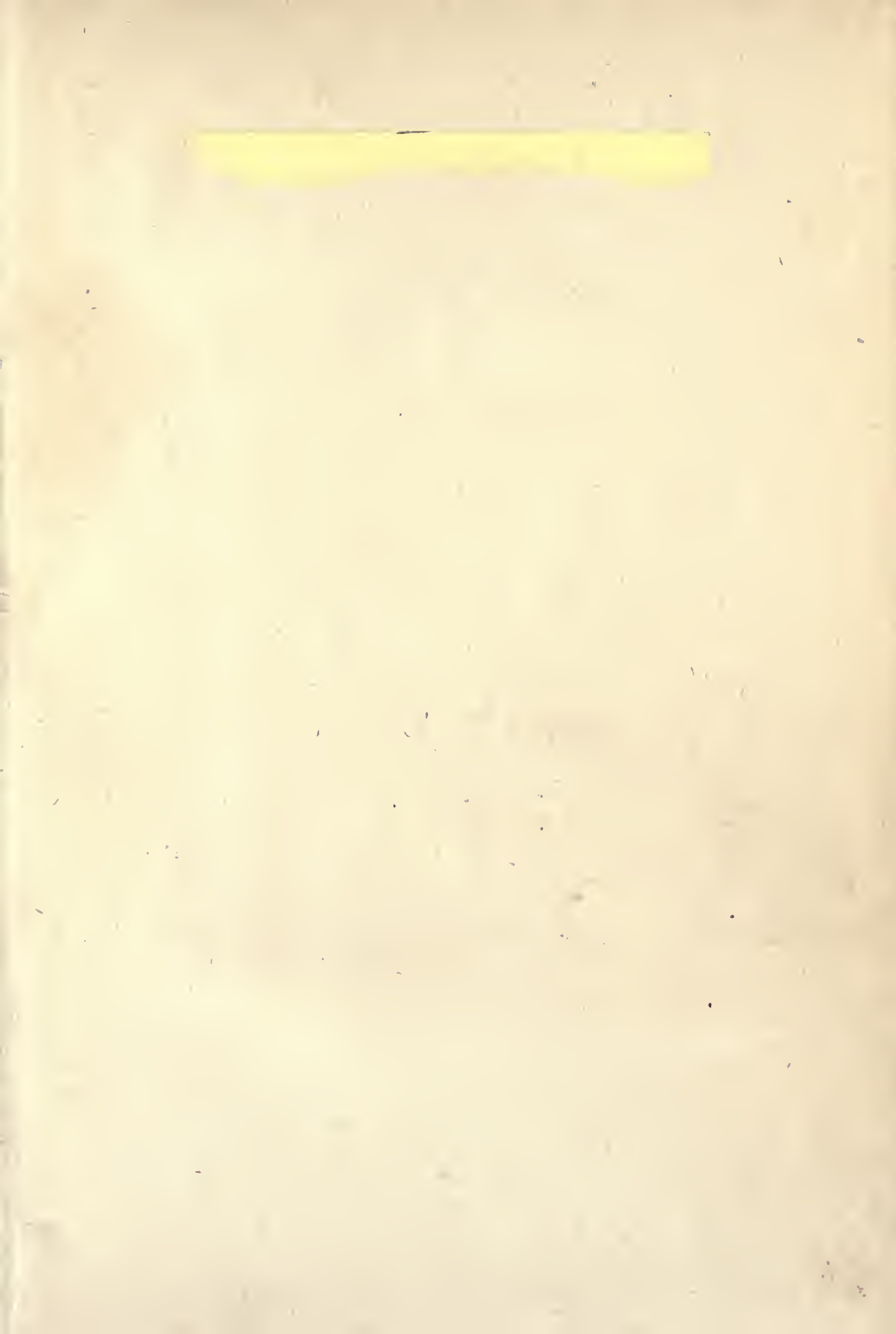

THE DIFFERENT WEST

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As Seen by a Transplanted Easterner

By ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

"O, East is East and West is West."
—*Kipling*

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PREFACE

SOME readers will find fault with this book because it neither gives statistics nor quotes authorities. It is well to say, therefore, at the outset, that it is written for those who dislike both, and who like to read straight on without having their attention distracted by footnotes or figures. The author assumes full responsibility for what he says, and if he has inadvertently missed the truth upon occasion, doubtless it matters little.

A. E. B.

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THE DIFFERENT WEST

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CHAPTER I

SOME PRELIMINARIES

MUCH ridicule has been heaped on the heads of travelers who, after a very brief sojourn in a strange place, essay to describe what they have seen and to comment on it. Obviously, knowledge gained in a few days cannot be thorough, but first impressions are of value, and they quickly die away; so that it is possible that the visitor of a day may have something to tell us that might quite escape the resident of ten years. It is not the rapid glance that constitutes superficiality; it is the mistaken idea that this glance may be made the basis of a thorough discussion. A lightning flash may reveal details of a landscape that are unnoticeable in a careful scrutiny by noonday light; but one does not go to the view by lightning for topographical or geological data.

This book assumes to give scarcely more than first impressions, except in the discussion of matters that are as patent in the East as in the West.

And it is obvious that if we are to catalogue and

discuss the particulars in which the West differs from the East, our observer must be one who is familiar with the East. The foreigner, if he is an Englishman, notes first the aspects in which America, as a whole, differs from England; all states look alike to him. The typical American of the British novel, as has been amusingly noted in a recent magazine article,* combines the dialects and the mannerisms of Maine and Texas, of North Carolina and Arizona. If the foreign observer is a German, he is struck by any Anglo-Saxon peculiarity, including those that we share with our transatlantic cousins. To these a Frenchman or Italian is apt to add various Teutonic or non-Latin items. All of which is simply the elementary arithmetical truth that if you desire to find the difference between two quantities you must subtract one from the other; taking both from a third will be of no avail. And when one is a variable that rapidly approaches the other, as time passes, then the sooner the subtracting is done, the more nearly will the difference appear in its original amount. When the two objects to be compared—in this case the easterner and the westerner—are very nearly equal to start with, the approach due to contact is very swift. Differences that appall, amuse, or vex at the outset, are overlooked in a few

* The Yankee in British Fiction, by Frank M. Bicknell. *The Outlook,* Nov. 19, 1910.

months, and one soon forgets that they ever existed. The newcomer in Illinois or Missouri soon finds himself almost remembering that persimmons grew on the New Hampshire farm, and forgets that chestnuts ever existed outside of literature.

A Russian experimental psychologist, in a recent interesting series of investigations concerning the apprehension of numerical relations by animals, seems to have proved conclusively that dogs can count up to four. At least this is true if by "counting" we mean distinguishing that number of objects or events from other smaller numbers. The experimenter, Zeliony by name, says that the impression made on the mind by any one of a series of events is colored by all those that have gone before: hence we are able to distinguish the fourth of a series, for instance, which has three predecessors, from the third, which has only two.

In like manner, the impressions of a newcomer vary slightly with every day of his stay, even if they are the same objectively. The effect produced by looking down the same street is different on the second day from the first, and still more different on the third. This difference is not wholly due to addition of impressions; if it were so, the effect should grow stronger with time, whereas the reverse is generally true; perception becomes dulled with habit, details once noticed are blurred or smoothed

over, and familiarity relegates the whole impression more or less to the subconsciousness. Recognition of detail thus grows up to a certain point and then fades. This point of maximum recognition is the one at which one should sit down to record his impressions.

The case is different with the recognition of relationships, which requires thought. This usually improves with time. One's impressions of life in a foreign city might be more vivid and interesting in the first few weeks than at a later period; one's understanding of what it all meant might not be good within the year, and might constantly improve thereafter.

The accounts written by foreign travelers of their first glimpse of New York from the bay, of the docks, of the drive through the streets to the hotel, of the reporter's first visit, and so on, are not only interesting, but extremely valuable; but when these visitors begin to generalize on short acquaintance, as they so often regrettably do, what they have to say is not so well worth while.

When the writer of this volume has included in it more than first impressions he has tried not to go beyond the kind of generalizations that are made earliest and that are not far removed from the impressions themselves.

The recorder of somewhat superficial impressions

runs the risk, of course, of mistaking a local peculiarity for one that is common to a wider region; this he can avoid only by observing and comparing peculiarities in divers points of that region.

I once knew a good lady from South Carolina who occasionally visited relatives in Waltham, Mass. She was a keen observer and discoursed freely on what she regarded as New England peculiarities. Some were such in truth, but most would have puzzled the majority of New Englanders to recognize, being customs or idioms peculiar to Massachusetts, or to Waltham, or even, perhaps, to the family in which she visited. So our British cousin who has spent some time in New York returns to report the customs and peculiarities of that city as those of the United States in general.

In order to avoid such a mistake, or at least to render its commission unlikely, it is not necessary that the traveler should visit every town, hamlet, and farm in the region of which he is to write. A somewhat wide sampling is all that is necessary. If we open a dozen cans, chosen at random from a pile of several thousand, and find tomatoes in all, we are justified in concluding—not perhaps that there are absolutely no peaches or pears in the lot, but at any rate that the tomato is abundant in the pile. So if one finds here and there throughout a region the same custom, the same trick of speech, he con-

cludes that it is characteristic of the region. Our friend from Waltham, Mass., would not have confused the peculiarities of that town with those of New England had she made observations also in Burlington, Vt., Concord, N. H., and Waterbury, Conn.

The time has now come for us to ask "What is the West? Where, precisely, are its boundaries?" A Chicago paper recently printed a clever cartoon giving a bird's-eye view of the United States, and showing a strip on the Atlantic coast surrounded by a high wall and labeled "The East," while the rest of the country bore the legend "Only the West." As a graphic delineation of eastern opinion this is hardly an exaggeration, and the reason is not far to seek. Our country began with a strip along the Atlantic, and the western edge of this strip was of course "The West." Central New York and Pennsylvania, and western Virginia, were all once on this western edge. The strip has widened until it reaches from ocean to ocean, and it has necessarily done so entirely by westward extension of this edge, the eastern being fixed at the Atlantic coast. Hence every part of the country west of the original boundary has been successively "The West," and this shifting has been so rapid that a new strip has acquired the name before the older ones have had time to lose it. Hence it happens that

a New Englander still occasionally talks of "going west" to Buffalo, N. Y., and a Jerseyite will talk of his "western relatives" in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the expanding strip of American dominion did not pass over absolute wilderness. It overflowed and submerged, more or less completely, the French settlements in the Mississippi Valley, and the Spanish colonies in Texas and California. All these had already their own customs and their own points of view. To the St. Louisan, the Mississippi has always divided the East from the West, while to the San Franciscan the East has been as all-inclusive as the West has been to the Atlantic Coast dweller—hence the story of the two girls, one of whom had been East, to Denver, while the other had gone West, to Pittsburg.

In selecting any one region of the country to describe by the name of "The West," one is thus confronted by an embarrassment of riches. The most reasonable criterion would appear to consist in asking the question "What region most frequently accepts the name as applied to itself?" Now we find that no matter how central New York and Pennsylvania are regarded by Atlantic dwellers, they never themselves acknowledge that they are "western," looking upon the term, indeed, as involving a certain degree of opprobrium. Simi-

larly, a Californian or an Oregonian seldom admits that he lives "in the West." His abode is in "the Pacific States," or "on the Coast"—a superb phrase whose magnificent disrespect to the Atlantic can not be too much admired.

So far as I can find out, the only westerner self-confessed and unashamed, is he who dwells in what easterners call the "Middle West"—the great belt of states fringing the Mississippi on either side, especially about the country's middle latitudes. Here the denizens ask naturally, "How do you like it here in the West?" and speak of "us westerners." They talk, to be sure, of "going west" when they entrain for Denver or Pueblo, but this is purely in a kinematic sense, and means merely that the train is to move toward the setting sun. Few would refer to Colorado, in a static sense, as "The West."

Some dwellers in this region, it is true, object to the words "west" and "western," as applied to them and their states. I was taken to task not long ago by a Chicagoan of eastern origin for so using them. "The Central States," he maintained, should be the true term. Now this phrase, aside from the fact that nobody uses it, is not even descriptive. The "Central States" are those in the neighborhood of Colorado; certainly Indiana and Iowa do not belong to them.

Then an inevitable confusion with the so-called "Middle States" would result. As a matter of fact, names of this sort are traditional and habitual, and rarely descriptive; but the exchange of a familiar name that was once descriptive and has become non-descriptive only through changed conditions, for an unfamiliar one that never was and never will be descriptive, does not commend itself.

The "Middle West," then, is the "West" of this modest treatise — the West, whither its writer has been transplanted and to which, in common with its older inhabitants, he "points with pride." It is a land of whose differences there is something to say; were it not so, these pages would have no reason for being. But those differences, as they really are, are not as the eye of the westerner sees them, nor yet as that of the easterner beholds them. Perhaps the eye of the present writer has not discriminated them aright; it may take nothing less than the fabled Eye of Faith to view them as they are. At any rate, they are here set down as they obtrude themselves upon one person's consciousness. Like Luther, here he stands — on the banks of the Mississippi — he "can not do otherwise."

CHAPTER II

FLYING IMPRESSIONS

WHEN Sylvia Pankhurst, the English suffragette, was in St. Louis, she addressed the members of the City Club, just after luncheon. As she entered the crowded dining room of the club, accompanied by two other ladies, those present naturally rose to their feet and so remained until the women were seated. What kind of treatment Miss Pankhurst had expected, I do not know, but she is said to have been deeply affected by this courteous reception — something, she said, that she had never experienced at home. It is to be hoped that she did not wrongly interpret it as a universal expression of sympathy with her ideas.

In the course of her speech, when she was telling how the London bobbies had driven her suffragette sisters from their posts, she remarked, "but they came back." This bit of appropriate but quite unintentional slang was met with an instant roar of laughter and applause. The expression on the speaker's face was worth going miles to see. She saw she had made some kind of a hit, but she did not see why or how; and she was half inclined to

suspect that the demonstration was intended to be unfriendly. Whether her American friends enlightened her or whether she is still wondering what it was all about, I do not know.

These trivial incidents illustrate very well what the newcomer, especially the foreign newcomer, has to meet in the West — little differences from the treatment to which he is accustomed or from the environment with which he is familiar — differences so small that he is doubtful whether they exist or not, or is even unaware of their existence until the involuntary smiles of those about him lead him to investigate.

The first differences noticed by a newcomer to a given region are those apparent to the senses, especially to the sight; those of topography, vegetation, and climate. In the vast region that we have chosen to denominate "the West," there are no mountains and very few hills; whole states are nearly level except for the cuttings made by the rivers. Where these rivers are of any size the flat country is divided into two levels: "bottom lands," the broad alluvial plains constituting the river's flood-area, over which it meanders almost at will, and the prairies at the level of the top of the bluffs. The transition from one level to the other, especially where the bluffs are soft and earthy and easily furrowed into ravines, is often beautiful and gives the

impression of a hilly region. This may be near the river itself or it may be fifteen miles distant.

The easterner's idea of the Middle West as a flat country is apt to receive a jolt when he visits, for instance, Alton, Ill., a Mississippi River town that is as precipitous as Providence, R. I. The relation of river-bluffs to both prairie and bottom lands is often misapprehended, even by those who frequently pass over all three in railway journeys.

Another misapprehension is that prairies are always flat. Bottom lands are necessarily so; the plains west of the Missouri are apparently so, although really they rise steadily in level to the foot of the Rockies where they are "mile-high." But prairies may be, and often are, lovely rolling country, intersected by beautiful ravines. What makes them striking to an easterner's eye is the absence of rock. Such rolling country, brilliant green with young wheat, as far as the eye can reach, reminds one of a lawn, especially at a little distance, and an easterner can scarcely help having the impression that it has been cleared of stones and graded, at huge expense, whereas the configuration is perfectly natural.

But even a flat region is far from uninteresting. It gives one the impression of largeness and airiness that seems inseparable from the West. "You ought to see the country where we live," said a west-

ern farmer's daughter, "Why, it's perfectly beautiful; it's just as flat as the top of a table." This girl would probably always regard hilly country as alien; interesting, perhaps, but not homelike. To thousands of our fellow citizens the rocky hills of New England are simply an infertile wilderness — difficult, monotonous, and disagreeable.

A man loves the kind of country where he was born and bred: that is right; only he must not assume that those born and bred elsewhere should and do love his kind of country instead of their own. Both have their beauties, as even the discriminating stranger must acknowledge. The "American bottoms"— the flood plain of the Mississippi on the Illinois side in the neighborhood of St. Louis, form an absolutely flat region of hundreds of square miles. There are few more impressive sights than this great plain, as viewed from the giant Indian mound near the banks of the Cahokia Creek, green with the new wheat, and dotted here and there with the smaller, but still great, tumuli of a vanished race. The indifference of the residents of the neighborhood to this region of wonders is astonishing. Fortunately it is as hard to destroy a tumulus as it is to erect one, and the material — the common soft earth of the region — excites no one's cupidity; otherwise the mounds would have been leveled to the ground long ago.

This softness of the earth, and its lack of stones, is also responsible for another feature that is noted at once by the eastern eye — the muddiness of the rivers. Clear water flows over rock from which all soil has long since been washed away; water running through an alluvial plain, shifting its course and washing away its soft, earthy banks, must needs be muddy. "What's that?" said a slum child on her first view of the Mississippi's brown, rolling flood, during a charitable "fresh-airing." "What do you think it is?" was the answering query from one of the fair patronesses. "I don't know for sure," rejoined the child, hesitatingly; "but it looks like coffee." It surely does; but it has beauty of its own for the eyes that are not disappointed because it is not something else.

Some people ought to find fault with the sky because it is not green like the trees. I have heard of a California woman who said she would object to the pearly gates of heaven if they were not made of the abalone shell of her native Pacific. And I have listened to loud complaints uttered because the Mississippi a thousand miles above its mouth is not as wide as the Hudson at New York!

The great eastern rivers, so far as they are great, are not real rivers at all, but drowned valleys — estuaries, arms of the sea, with salt or brackish water, slight current and tidal flow. The great western

rivers are as far from the ocean, and as independent of it, as the brooks; they are in fact huge brooks and resemble in no respect the navigable reaches of the Hudson, the Connecticut, or the Delaware.

These differences have a wide influence on conditions of life. Those relating to the navigability of the rivers will be touched upon elsewhere, but those that affect the appearance of the streams as they flow past cities belong here. The easterner thinks of a navigable river as fringed with wharves as it passes a city—projections at right-angles to its banks. But in swift-flowing streams—brooks on a huge scale—varying in level perhaps forty feet from high to low water, such wharves are impracticable. On rivers like the Mississippi the sloping bank is simply paved to form a "levee" and the water comes up as far as it will, the boats with it. Steamboats have long gangways slung from their bows, which can be let down either at levees or on any convenient spot along the banks where paved spaces do not exist, or wharf-boats are moored at the edge of the water and are hauled up and let out as it advances and recedes.

A recent novel in which the hero starts on his career from St. Louis gives a stirring picture of the water-front there as the eastern author imagined it; the long wharves and the great steamers between them, hauling out into the stream as they

start, just as they do in the North River at New York, or the Delaware at Philadelphia. If the author had ever seen one of the big western rivers, or had even read of the conditions that obtain along their banks, he would not have penned so absurd a passage.

Next to topographical features the easterner is struck by differences of vegetation, and here we must exclude those due purely to differences of latitude. The dweller in the Northwest who visits the Southwest is struck, of course, by variations due to his southward travel—with these we have nothing to do. The most striking differences to the traveler along one parallel of latitude are probably those due to changed agricultural conditions, chiefly the huge size of the fields and the enormous areas devoted to one crop.

In Illinois one may travel for hours without seeing anything but corn and that in apparently limitless areas. As one goes farther west, the wheat intrudes, takes the middle of the stage and then yields partly to alfalfa or other crops, but there is the same extent, the same impressive monotony, all of which is foreign to the East. In the case of natural vegetation there is hardly the same degree of noticeable difference, except to the botanist. Trees of the poplar family, such as the sycamore and cottonwood, are more numerous; others, the maple

and the elm for instance, grow fewer. Strange wild fruits such as the persimmon are abundant; spring-flowering shrubs such as the red-bud give an unfamiliar look to the woods in that season, yet taken by and large, vegetative nature does not obtrude her differences on the easterner, except perhaps in the parts of the bottom-lands given over to floods and abandoned for cultivation. Here there is a jungle of willows, wild vines, and the like, that gives a peculiarly savage and unfamiliar look.

Variation of climate, like that of vegetation, which depends on it so closely, is of course less noticed when traveling east and west than from north to south or the reverse. The chief things that make that of the Middle West different from that of the East are the absence of mountains, the inland situation, and the fact that, as our weather moves from west to east, the West gets its storms and its hot and cold waves earlier.

Absence of a great body of water near by, with its capacity for absorbing and storing heat, makes the climate on the same parallel colder in winter and hotter in summer. On a hot August day there is no chance that the wind by switching to the east will bring the cool sea air over the parched country; the familiar newspaper headline, "No Relief in Sight," has a more sinister meaning. At the same time the remoteness of great bodies of water lessens the

humidity—that great terror of the eastern summer and winter weather alike. Fifty below zero in Minnesota may be merely stimulating, where twenty above in New York may seem unbearably cold. So also in the latter city the "scare" headlines in the papers begin to bloom at eighty-five degrees, where ninety-five degrees in dryer St. Louis scarcely brings them out.

The absence of mountains means greater regularity in atmospheric disturbances—a tendency to follow the laws of meteorology without interruption. Here we may have a great cyclonic movement, around a center of low-pressure, a thousand miles in diameter, entirely over flat country. One of the things that happens according to regulation in such a vast cyclonic disturbance is the development of thunderstorms, tempests, and whirlwinds, in its southeast quadrant; and all these are more frequent in the West than in more broken country. Tornadoes do occur in New England and the Middle States, but no one thinks of taking out tornado insurance there, or of building "cyclone-cellars" for refuge, as is done regularly in many parts of the West. The sign "Tornado Insurance" on a business building is one of the things that gives the eastern visitor a mental jolt and reminds him that he has entered a region that is different meteorologically as well as topographically. What has been

said of the absence of bodies of water does not apply of course to the Great Lake region, where the effect of the lakes on the climate is similar, on a smaller scale, to that of the ocean; but this effect is purely local.

The nearness of the West to the source of the weather is an influence that acts in the same direction as its uniformity of surface. We do not know exactly how or why the great atmospheric whirls that we call cyclones and anti-cyclones begin, but we know that they start in the Far West and travel thence eastward across the continent. Our weather prediction is largely the art of watching them, tracking them, and estimating when they will reach a given spot. When the disgusted citizen swears at the weather bureau it is apt to be because the erratic whirl with its attendant "weather" fooled the forecaster by slowing up, or turning aside, or perhaps by melting away altogether. The nearer one is to the starting point the less chance all these accidents have to happen; hence the weather is somewhat more uniform in the West than in the East. Also the storms are more severe; the hot and cold waves are felt in their full force.

Most of the differences mentioned in what precedes do not depend on the hand of man; what is said of the crops constitutes the only exception. There are other differences, however, noticeable to

the casual traveler as he glances from the car window, that are artificial rather than natural. Farmhouses seem smaller and more infrequent. This is partly due to the vastness of the setting, which makes a normal house with its usual outbuildings seem insignificant; partly to the fact that the use of machinery in farm-operation has rendered a large resident staff unnecessary. It is only at harvest that an army of men must be employed, and these are hired temporarily, often from outside the boundaries of the state. The country is familiar with the annual newspaper item to the effect that so-many thousand men will be required to harvest the wheat or corn crops in Kansas or Nebraska. These are all "emergency help."

As the train passes through cities and towns the traveler notices that their immediate environs are not so well kept as in eastern cities. The outskirts of most American cities are discreditable: Boston is a shining exception. Possibly this condition is inseparable from continuous and rapid growth; and as this is taking place more rapidly in the West than in the East, it might be expected that conditions there would be even more unsatisfactory. Even the more remote suburbs, accessible by rail or long-distance trolley beyond the rim of immediate outskirts, are not in general so noteworthy as in the East. Chicago has some of great beauty on the

lake shore, but in general such suburban towns as those about Philadelphia or in the New Jersey and "Sound" environs of New York, are lacking. The suburb habit is not so fully developed. San Francisco is much more like New York in this respect than any town in the West as we are using the term. In general the type of residence district that the easterner associates with a more or less distant suburb is to be found within the city limits in western cities. In many of them, too, the private "Place," a short-parked street constituting a *rus in urbe,* is much in vogue and highly developed.

Some of the most striking differences apparent to the traveler he will notice best from the rear observation platform of his train. In the first place he will find that he is running on a single track, although he may be on one of the fast "flyers" with *de luxe* equipment. But the place of the second track will often be taken by a single-track interurban trolley road, whose rails parallel for miles those on which he is running. The roadbed is as good as that of the steam road on which he travels, sometimes even better. The cars are large and fine, and race successfully with the flyer, sometimes getting ahead of it.

The development of these interurban electric roads has no parallel in the East. Their patrons use them for comparatively long trips and they even

run sleepers whose conveniences are in some respects greater than those of the standard Pullmans. The interurban electric terminal in Indianapolis is a noteworthy building and one even more striking is to be erected in St. Louis, where the Illinois Traction Co., one of the largest of the interurban electric roads, has built an expensive bridge over the Mississippi for its exclusive use.

Some of these items, briefly mentioned here, will be dwelt upon more at length in subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER III

THE EAST'S MISUNDERSTANDING OF THE WEST

ONE of the most interesting of Mr. Bryce's chapters is that on "The Temper of the West." In it, however, he commits the capital error of making his West too inclusive, his dividing line between it and the East being apparently the Alleghany Mountains. What he has to say of the West relates therefore sometimes to the Mississippi Valley, sometimes to the Rocky Mountain region, sometimes to the Pacific Coast. At the present day, generalization that will apply to all three is especially difficult. The "temper" of the Pacific slope is not at all that of the Illinois and Indiana prairies. The underlying note of the chapter is the effect on the westerner of his recent entrance into a vast productive, but undeveloped region. This has doubtless had its effect on the pioneer wave whose progress westward from the Atlantic we have already noted. But that wave has long passed over the part of the country to which we have given the name of "West" in these pages. The temper of our "West" may be influenced by pioneer conditions, but hardly by such conditions in the present.

I should say that the "temper of the West" is preëminently one of restlessness under restraint—of efforts at independence in politics, of disregard of social and traditional curbs, of dislike of anybody or anything that tries to lead from outside or to impose restrictions of any kind.

According to some writers we are developing in the United States a new national and racial character. This is a favorite subject with foreign observers. They pick out whatever they can find that is weird or bizarre in our literature, our manners or our methods, and wonder whether it is not an indication that we are just about to turn out a new racial product. It used to be gravely asserted that if we were let alone we would be so affected by environment that we should gradually but permanently take on the racial characteristics of the Indian. The American himself bothers little about his own peculiarities, least of all to inquire whether they are racial or accidental, but if a new product is really turned out by what Zangwill aptly calls the Melting Pot, we might expect it to appear first in the West and to look forward to the "temper" of that region as the transformed temper of the whole American people.

This new national and racial character, according to G. W. Steevens, is "an irresistible impulse to impress all its sentiments externally by the crudest

and most obvious medium." Elsewhere he says we are "superficial," and complains of our "want of thoroughness." All this is based on a misapprehension — the same one that blinds the eastern eye on occasion when it gazes westward. The westerner, and in a lesser degree every American, has the gift of concentration, and he has the defects of this great quality. He sees one thing at a time — the thing that he is trying to do. Just now he is bent on material progress, so he neglects the finer arts of civilization. Our critics mistake this concentration of our efforts on one thing as a manifestation of some change in our character, as if a boy who successively devoted his eager attention to making a hen-coop, playing ball, and studying his lessons, should be regarded, by a solemn observer, as changing his character from that of a designer and constructor to that of a devotee of recreation and again to that of a student. The westerner especially bends his energies to what is before him, and he recks little of what may be beyond his horizon.

"It is pathetic and exasperating," wrote Richard Harding Davis, in his *West from a Car Window,* when Oklahoma City was only three years old, "to see men who would excel in a great metropolis . . . wasting their energies in a desert of wooden houses in the middle of an ocean of prairie, where their point of view is bounded by the railroad

tank and a barb-wire fence." This is a characteristic eastern view. That Oklahoma City would grow in twenty years' time into the large, handsome, well-ordered, and altogether creditable place that it is today, Mr. Davis probably did not dream; had he done so, he might have thought that the work of assisting in so marvelous a development was great and important enough even for "men who would excel in a great metropolis." But the difference between the eastern and western attitude is that the westerner sees clearly the possibility of such growth where it exists, and regards the attempt to realize it as something worthy of his best endeavor. He may fail; but the gambling spirit is strong enough in his veins to regard this only as an additional incentive. He might "excel in a great metropolis"; it is doubtless his intention to do so; but he prefers that the metropolis should be one of his own building — a *tour de force,* one day open prairie bounded by tank and fence, the next a well-paved, solidly built commercial and residential city.

"No one ever lost," said a great American financier, "who bet on the United States." The westerner realizes this more vividly than his eastern brother, and he is especially ready to bet on the West. His faith may be childlike, but his winnings, so far, have been anything but juvenile.

If asked to state briefly the salient peculiarities of

the West as distinguished from the East, the man-in-the-street of New York or Boston would probably reply, after some cogitation, that it is "wild" and "woolly." Now these somewhat vague adjectives were doubtless chosen at the outset for alliterative reasons—just as the East is "effete" largely because both words chance to begin with E. But there is nothing that makes an adjective so sticky as alliteration—those initial letters seem to have hooks like burrs—one can not get rid of them. Their logical applicability is quite beside the mark.

Shorn of alliterative "aptness," the alleged wildness and woolliness of the West seem to refer merely to the fact that it was more recently settled than the East; that the wave of colonization moved westward, not eastward. But time is a great equalizer. A boy of five and one of fifteen are hardly in the same century, whereas the selfsame individuals at fifty and sixty are contemporaries. So the West in its pioneer days was in a different age from the East—already well settled and civilized, whereas a time must inevitably come when the wave of settlement and civilization will stand as high on the register on one side of the Alleghanies as on the other. Has this time arrived? This much, I think, may surely be said: the differences between West and East are no longer due to the fact that the latter is the elder. The most obvious difference between

our boys of five and fifteen is due to the ten years' seniority of the latter; when they are sixty and seventy they may still differ in marked degree, but the seniority, while it remains absolutely the same, has become relatively unimportant.

A vast deal of nonsense has been and is still talked about "new countries." One would think that our emigrant ancestors at once retrograded to monkeys when they touched American soil and that we had been painfully trying to get back our ancestral British manhood ever since; also that our more recent sires took another backward step in the evolutionary pathway when they removed to Milwaukee or St. Louis. When the Latin poet said that you couldn't change a man's spirit by taking him across seas, he spoke eternal truth; and a thousand miles or so of hill and prairie are similarly powerless to set back the hands on the dial of his development. The "civilization" of New York is just as old as that of London, and that of Chicago is as ancient as either. They are different—but the difference is not one of seniority; the time is past for that.

The West, in fact, has taken on quite as "old" an aspect as the East. It seems absurd to use such a word of New York, where the whole city above Canal Street has sprung up almost within the memory of those now living, where whole districts are leveled to the ground and rebuilt in a brief tale of

years, and where vast regions in the Bronx, covered one day with pastures and truck gardens, are transformed as by magic in a few months into solidly built blocks with paved streets, parks, and all the concomitants of settled city life. It would be easy to pick out tumble-down districts in Chicago, Milwaukee, or St. Louis far older in atmosphere than these. As for smaller places, the difference lies, perhaps, in the greater decrepitude or lack of self-respect of certain western towns and villages. It is possible for a New England town to remain small for a century without losing its dignity or its legitimate pride. This may occur also in the West; but in the large majority of cases it would seem as if failure to expand carried with it the loss, or perhaps the failure to acquire, these qualities. These places are withered before they are ripe; senility overtakes them before they have enjoyed a well-considered and respectable middle-age. They are slatternly, dirty, and slack — and no one cares; why should anyone care, since the place hasn't grown since 1873? All this the East misunderstands, in much the same way as Europe misunderstands us all — East and West together. To the European eye we are all crude, unkempt, and slovenly — totally occupied in dollar-chasing. Nor is this the only particular in which the East-and-West relation is similar to the English-American.

The ability of eastern people, for instance, properly to estimate those from the West suffers from very much the same cause that makes it hard for the English to "place" Americans. In England certain things very nearly always go together. For instance, certain grades of education, social position, and good-manners. From an Englishman's manners it is reasonably easy to infer at once his position and education, and from his education his social position generally follows. It used to be so also with political position and is still so to some extent. Membership in the House of Commons, for instance, once always implied social influence and the degree and kind of education and breeding that went with it. These things are not so with us, and in the West still less than the East. The English traveler in the United States meets a man of good education and is scandalized, perhaps, to see him eating with his knife. He meets a Member of Congress and is surprised to hear him murder the King's English. His inferences are at once, though wrongly, detrimental to this country. Placing his acquaintance in the English class in which his higher grade accomplishment or position would indicate that he belonged, the traveler concludes that at least some members of that class in America are far below the English standard. It would, of course, be equally logical to "place" the man by his low-grade

accomplishment and then conclude that members of that class were superior to the corresponding persons in England. For instance, instead of classing the illiterate congressman with the English politically dominant class, it would be possible to grade him with the English uneducated class and then point out that while in England members of that class do not usually show enough ability to elevate them to elective office, they frequently do so in the United States.

The fallacy in both ways of looking at the facts lies, of course, in the assumption that the same things characterize the same classes here as in England. Nowhere in the United States may we infer a person's social or political standing from his education, or any of the three from his manners, but it is possible to go farther in this direction in the East than in the West. The easterner knows what are the limitations of the method in his own section, but within those limitations he attempts to employ it in the West precisely as he would at home, and fails in the same way the Englishman does.

On the other hand, the westerner may make the converse mistake in the East, just as the American does in England. Unaccustomed to any fixed connection between political status, social position, manners, and education, he fails to infer one from the

other, and causes the same astonishment as if he had failed to conclude from the appearance of a man's head above a wall that a man's body was beneath. Human heads do not grow in England on the bodies of oxen or elephants — but they do in America, especially in western America.

Another cause of misunderstanding between East and West is the inevitably strained relation that always exists between a colonizing and a colonized country, or part of a country. The colonizers become cool a little before the colonists do. The kitten is still looking upon the mother-cat with trust and affection at the epochal moment when the latter, recognizing that the time for dependence is over, turns a cold shoulder to her offspring and returns its overtures with a vicious sputter or a cuff on the ear. This doubtless seems rather hard to the kitten. "Perhaps you were right to dissemble your love," she might quote, "but why did you kick me downstairs?" It is, however, the way of the world. We loved our British mother dearly when she began the series of cuffs and sputterings that ultimately drove us from her door. Even when she was fighting us with tooth and claw and we, to the best of our infant ability, were biting and scratching back, we could not bear to think that it might all result in a separation. We have never forgotten that we are mother and daughter, but the attitude engen-

dered by the cuffings and scratchings has never wholly passed away — the superciliousness on the one side — aptly characterized by Lowell as "a certain condescension" — due to a motherly contempt for kittenish behavior, remaining long after it has been outgrown; and a certain amount of suspicion and dislike, curiously mingled with respect and admiration, on the other side.

Now as a general rule two regions on an east and west line in the United States bear to each other the relation of colonizing and colonized regions, and the feeling between them shows a trace of that relation. There has been no separation and there have been no scratches and bites — except perhaps in the public press. Despite all this, however, it is easy for the westerner to detect in the East the same attitude of condescension that Lowell noted in foreigners, and his own attitude is correspondingly marked by what may be called a reluctant respect tinged with distrust. The condescension, slight as it may be, involuntary and unnoticed as it may be on one part, is infallibly detected and resented on the other, all the more as the conditions and relations that engendered it have long been outgrown.

In particular, while the East is fully cognizant of the West's progress and while her increasing regard and appreciation grows with this progress, what the electricians call "hysteresis" is only too plainly

visible — a lagging behind of the appreciation as compared with the progress. This lag may be roughly estimated at about twenty-five years: the average easterner who has not seen for himself — and some who have seen, but not with the eye of understanding — thinks of Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City as they were about 1885, or even earlier. He does not know for instance that St. Louis has practically abandoned her old residence district and built up a new one of great beauty, differing *in toto* from the old; he thinks that steamboats still run up the Missouri River; he knows nothing of the great playground system of Chicago, with its wonderful "field-houses" putting New York and Boston to shame; he is incredulous when he hears of the admirable park and boulevard system of Kansas City; to his mind the great and growing western state universities still stand as they did when Michigan was the only one worth speaking of. Washington Avenue, St. Louis, has such a pavement as Fifth Avenue never had and possibly never will have; but he thinks of it as deep in mud. It was, once; but that day is long past.

Charles F. Lummis, himself transplanted, but almost too thoroughly acclimatized, says that the trouble with easterners is that they "come to the West with their brains in a tin can — and they forget to bring the can-opener." Going back to our elec-

trical metaphor, this simply means that the hysteresis in the eastern brain, as it contemplates things western, is regrettably persistent. It may seem curious, or even inexplicable, that this "lag" so evident in the easterner is absent, or exists to a very slight degree, in the westerner as he contemplates the East. Sometimes contemplation runs even ahead of actuality, as it did in the case of a San Franciscan acquaintance of mine who thought he was riding through the New York subway when the surface-cars took him through the old Fourth Avenue tunnel, years before the subway was running. There is really nothing remarkable about this. The line of relationships between two places nearly always has polarity as well as direction; its two aspects are different. The New Yorker will tell you that it is very much farther from New York to Brooklyn than it is from Brooklyn to New York. So it is with East and West. The westerner is only twenty-four hours from Broadway; the Bostonian or Philadelphian is generally a whole lifetime away from Chicago or Kansas City. The westerner keeps in touch with the East through business trips, and social visits, and vacation sojourns; his newspapers tell him, in a somewhat distorted way, what is going on there; his understanding and appreciation of what is going on in New York or Washington is quicker and juster than the easterner's of what is

happening in Cincinnati or St. Louis. In other words, "lag" is slight; there is little or no hysteresis. It is not altogether absent—but that is for another chapter.

CHAPTER IV

THE WEST'S MISUNDERSTANDING OF THE EAST

"I TRUST you won't get like the New Yorkers," says Honora's aunt to her in Winston Churchill's last (and best) book. Honora is leaving St. Louis for the East.

"Do you remember how stiff they were, Tom? . . . And they say now that they hold their heads higher than ever."

"That," said Uncle Tom, gravely, "is a local disease, and comes from staring at the high buildings."

This represents pretty accurately the average snap-judgment of westerners. To the question "What is the chief characteristic of the East?" nine out of ten would be apt to reply: "The people there are stiff." Pressed for details, the speaker might amplify his position somewhat thus: "They are cold, unresponsive, unneighborly. It is difficult to get acquainted with them. They have no depth of emotion. They seem to be considering personal advantage all the time." And more of the same sort. This is a misconception, as every easterner will agree. It arises from a false inference from

conduct to motive. Judged by what the westerner is accustomed to in his own section, the easterner certainly lays himself open to misconception of this kind, but in this instance, as in others, appearances are deceitful. Let us take another case: The English books tell us much of the curious Yankee — the man who insists on inquiring at length about your intimate affairs. I have been about the country as much as most persons and I have lived many years in Yankeedom, which is the land of my forefathers; but I have never happened to meet this gentleman. Far be it from me to assert that he does not exist. He may once have been a type, but his apparent curiosity, I will venture to say, was not curiosity at all — only compliance with what he regarded as a custom of courtesy. Europeans are annoyed by what they regard as the impertinent questions of the Chinese when members of that race inquire "Are you married?" "Why don't you get married?" "How many children have you?" "Why don't you have more?" and so on. The Celestial is simply being polite, according to his customs; he does n't really care about these things any more than did the old Irishwoman who asked "And how is your health, Mrs. Mullaney? Not that I care a snap; but only to make conversation!"

It used to be considered polite to show the utmost interest in the affairs of the person addressed; now,

that interest must be limited to his health and that of his relatives. Intimate friends may go farther; but only in Oriental circles is it proper to inquire why he does not marry. On the other hand, it is a deadly insult to ask a Mussulman about his wives. Truly, the customs of courtesy are strange things. They differ more in Europe and Asia than they do in Massachusetts and Missouri; yet even in two of these United States there are subtle variations that may be the causes of serious misapprehension. If of two men who sit down with you in the smoking-room of a Pullman, one enters at once into conversation while the other sits silent, it is unjust to conclude either that the one is loquacious or that the other is morose; each is simply doing what he has been taught to consider the polite thing under the circumstances. The talkative man may really feel like keeping quiet; the silent one may be bursting with speech. Each may thus be sacrificing his inclinations on the altar of politeness. When two such men meet, each sets the other down as a cad, owing to ignorance of causes.

This is why a certain kind of easterner and a certain kind of westerner, who may or may not be typical, make a mistake when they conclude, respectively, that the easterner is a cold, silent fish, without feeling, and that the westerner is a man who presses himself upon his neighbor with unnecessary

insistence. Their conceptions of human intercourse are different—that is all. The westerner is the more human and the less artificial; he may congratulate himself on that; but the easterner, underneath his mantle of aloofness, assumed purely as a matter of custom, may, in reality and by nature, have quite as much cordial feeling as the other.

There is a condition of things where two human beings, meeting for the first time, at once find themselves not only on a footing of acquaintance, but of mutual confidence and intimacy. For instance, these two individuals may be alone and in a position of danger; they may be travelers in the frozen North or the wilds of Africa; they may stand together on the roof of a burning house or on a floating ice-floe. In such situations the ordinary standards of intercourse and customs of courtesy are thrown to the winds. Many a novelist has utilized this fact, as we all know. The reason for it is that the contrast with the harsh conditions of nature emphasizes the common humanity of the two strangers and minimizes all the differences between them that might have made coöperation, or even mere acquaintance, impossible under normal conditions. In a less degree this same force draws together two civilized men among savages, two Europeans in Asia, or even two Americans in England. Now the westerner is not so far removed in time from a state of society

where relations such as these obtained generally as is the easterner. The ancestors of both were in a case when they were glad, in their primitive wilderness, to give a hearty welcome to a casual comer and make friends with him shortly, but the necessity for this ceased a century ago in the East, while it persisted in the West perhaps fifty years longer. And while it persisted it set the standard, even for those personally unaffected by it. Hence it has been considered the proper thing much longer in the West than in the East to speak to the casual stranger, with whom one is thrown on a journey or by any other chance, and to make of him a temporary friend. In the East this custom has largely passed, and two men who meet thus estimate each other's permanent possibilities of comradeship before they do more than pass the time of day.

A westerner once stated the case thus: In the West we assume that a man is well bred and companionable until he proves himself the contrary; if he does so disappoint us, we drop him, of course. But in the East a stranger is assumed to be objectionable until he shows himself to be otherwise, and until he comes forward with his proofs he is a pariah. To a people that prides itself, even overmuch, on holding a man innocent till his guilt is proved, this way of putting it will appeal strongly; yet both attitudes are quite logical. The eastern

attitude, however, is adapted to a well inhabited country whose citizens brush up against each other constantly; it is not fitted for a sparsely settled region where it would be difficult to establish one's antecedents and relationships. I once ran up against an unknown cousin on a railroad train in Kansas; but that was an unlikely chance, whereas in a New England community one has to tread warily to avoid stepping on the toes of all sorts of blood relations.

Now the West is indeed no longer sparsely settled; the conditions there today are not widely different from those in the East; yet just because the customs engendered by other conditions have not had so much time to adjust themselves, the westerner is friendly and the easterner comparatively wary, and the former will naturally regard the latter as hostile and forbidding unless he knows something of social causes.

A westerner, in whose judgment I have confidence, surprised me the other day by some remarks about the East. Had I remained simply one of his eastern friends, doubtless I should not have heard them; but transplantation brings many experiences, and the pleasure of hearing an impartial estimate of one's former neighbors is one of them

The East, said my friend, was full of lazy and incompetent persons; one saw them on every hand in passing through New England or the Middle

States. It could not be otherwise, he went on; all the wideawake, able citizens had abandoned those effete regions and had moved to the West, where alone one may now travel about without having one's vision offended with slatternliness, incompetency, and laziness. I could not help a sly glance to see whether he was not joking — but he was as solemn as a judge, and his tone rasped a little with that asperity that I have often heard in western judgments of the East. So I merely agreed with him to avoid argument and wondered at the lamentable blindness of sectional feeling. It must be that at the end our population, stirred by the incessant whipping of our railway trains, will be lashed out of such parochialism. Then perhaps Americans will not believe that every Englishman drops his *h*'s; Englishmen will not be sure that the Penn-treaty Indians still live in Philadelphia. Then, too, citizens of distant sections of the United States will not credit all sorts of absurd things about each other.

My friend's argument was, it is true, quite valid; but not as between the East and the West as we have defined it. As before noted, these sections are approaching each other in relative age. It stands good only in the comparison of an older community with one in its earlier generations, perhaps I should have said in its original or first generation — a Wyo-

ming cowboy district of the seventies, perhaps. Such a district has no timid citizens, no lazy ones, no incompetents—that is, when the particular kind of competence valid in those regions is meant. But as soon as there is marriage and the begetting of children the law of atavism asserts itself; some of the children inherit their father's traits, but others go back to those of their grandsires—those incompetent and lazy persons left behind in the East. And in the West this atavistic process has now gone on for many generations. Added to the mixing action of our easy transportation systems it has brought about a ratio of incompetency to competency, of laziness to industry, and of cowardice to courage, that is not very far different from that obtaining on the Atlantic coast. We have here one of the few instances of the "hysteresis" defined in the last chapter, operating in the West—the lag of thought that throws back conditions, in mental appreciation, to what they were a decade, a lustrum, or even a century ago.

Another source of western misconception of the East is the tendency to take the East at its own valuation. This is perhaps most noticeable only among those who have not visited the East, but it extends further than this. The East, of course, thinks that the history of the United States is that of the Atlantic coast. The parochial doings of

petty magistrates are of vast concern there, but what was happening in other parts of the continent at the same time does not matter; those regions are worth noticing only when they become part of the Union. This is particularly the case in New England. There are many good citizens of Massachusetts who think that nine-tenths of all the important things that ever happened to our country occurred in that state. As for Boston, Dr. Holmes's remark about the Hub of the Universe, which has passed into our literature as a pleasantry, is no joke to many, but sober earnest.

It is curious to see these views accepted calmly, without surprise or resentment, by westerners, in somewhat the same spirit as the traditional account of the Noachian flood is accepted by many. In particular, the primacy of Boston seems to be unquestioned. It is assumed that all New Englanders have the same reverence for that town that is felt by her own citizens; that they are familiar with the city and accept its claims as meekly as the English do those of London. To some extent, it is assumed that any easterner will entertain like feelings.

As a matter of fact, all easterners, except possibly the Bostonians themselves, are familiar with the resentment felt everywhere with the Boston attitude and claims. There are other cities in the East and there are even a few in New England. Capitals

like Hartford and Providence, towns like Portland, New Haven, and Burlington—all have something to say on the subject. Just as there is no one city related to the United States as London to England or Paris to France, so there is no one town bearing this relationship to the whole of New England.

Big things show best at a distance, and there is lack of knowledge throughout the West of the characteristics of small eastern towns. Places like Springfield, Mass., Scranton, Pa., or Rochester, N. Y., have ten times the individuality of a huge metropolis like New York. The individuality is less marked in western towns of this size; hence the western inability to place such communities properly in the scheme of things eastern.

CHAPTER V

THE WEST'S POLITICAL UNREST

THE widening movement of the strip of states, which has carried its western edge continually farther westward, has not been unchecked. It has paused more than once at natural obstacles until the colonizing motor-force could gather strength to surmount them or burst through them. So the tide stopped for a time at the Alleghanies, again at the Mississippi, again at the Rockies, and in the "Great American Desert." There have been times, then, when the regions on either side of these particular boundaries have with more than usual appropriateness been known as "East" and "West." It was during the first of these pauses that the typical "western" spirit of uneasiness, unrest, and dissatisfaction first found expression in open violence, in what is called "the Whisky Insurrection." Here the "East" put down the "West" by force of arms—a feat that it has never since been called upon to perform, though it is difficult to say what might have happened if the greater differences between North and South had not thrown all others into the shade during just those years when the

East-West boundary was shifting westward. Even since the close of that contest it has been predicted, now and again, that East and West would one day also come to blows. In a book of *Impressions of America*, published in London in 1868, Mr. George Rose, an English observer, speaks confidently of "the coming struggle" between these two sections, and uses these words:

> Whenever these two incarnations of self — the western and eastern men — shall come into collision, then will human nature be seen in its basest colors: then will avarice, envy, and hatred, ranked on both sides, meet in a deadly conflict, the horrors of which will be unmitigated by either fear of God or human respect.

We may smile at this, but it is unique rather in its wording than in its underlying idea.

To return to the Whisky Insurrection, this first and most explosive of eastern and western differences has left its impress on that particular part of the country where it occurred. Whatever differences there may be between East and West, they exist almost as strongly between eastern and western Pennsylvania as between New York and Indiana. Philadelphia and Pittsburgh are hardly in the same country and the local feeling between the two sections has more than once given expression to a sentiment that the State should be divided. Possibly only our American love for bigness still keeps

the great State of Pennsylvania a unit. The antagonism that was at the bottom of the Whisky Insurrection, however, moved westward with the moving east-and-west line of division. At bottom it was the feeling that the stronger East was not fair to the West; that it was doing things in the way that was best for itself rather than for the country as a whole; that it was opinionated, intolerant, and altogether irritating. As the West grew stronger, the shifting line added more and more territory to what came to be considered as "The East." This territory assumed "eastern" ways and eastern modes of thought, and the eastern preponderance was thus maintained. It was the old story of the Socialist who modifies his opinions as he becomes a large property-holder, of the pedestrian whose point of view changes when he buys an automobile, of the British Whig politician who becomes a Tory when he is raised to the peerage. And in addition to this political preponderance of mere voting strength there came to be added a financial preponderance that was even more irritating.

The way in which the West regards the East has thus apparently a somewhat complex source — social, political, and economic — but at bottom these are all very much the same.

Politically the restlessness of the West has always manifested itself in eagerness to enter into move-

ments for reform, sometimes with rather ill-considered haste, in refusal to follow leaders of social prominence, in the hasty setting up and pulling down of popular idols. Movements from below upward, instead of from above downward, have been apt to sway it. Its leading men, willy-nilly, have gone with the masses oftener than they have persuaded the masses to follow them. It cannot be said, perhaps, that reform movements have been more effective in the West than in the East. There have been rotten municipal governments, senatorial election-scandals, wholesale bribery, in both sections. It is rather the way in which reform movements are conceived and carried on that marks the difference between them.

For instance, the abolition movement in Boston was at the outset a movement of socially prominent persons. The mob was against it. When it was triumphant it was because its leaders had brought the mob around. The "Liberal Republican" movement that resulted in the nomination of Horace Greeley was similarly from above downward; it did not get far enough downward, in fact, to win the votes. So with the innumerable campaigns against Tammany, which have been largely led by "silk-stockings." So with the policies identified in New York with the administration of Governor Hughes. This state of things has always given color to the

assertion by machine-men, stand-patters, Tammany-ites, etc., that their opponents were self-righteous Pharisees—"holier-than-thou" men, undemocratic, and opposed to popular government. Just after one of the earlier periodical overturns of Tammany in New York, a professor in Columbia University remarked that he found suddenly that he began to have the pleasure of knowing a large number of city office-holders. There had been, in fact, a social revolution. Tammany had been overturned from above downward, which is the one very good reason why it never stays upset. *Tamen usque recurret,* which may be read as a pun or not, just as you choose.

Curiously enough, one of the places where it is easiest and most instructive to compare eastern with western spirit and methods is at the great eastern universities, which for reasons that need not be discussed here, are those that draw their students most generally from all parts of the country. For this reason, it may be said in passing, a man may well decide to send his son to Harvard or Yale or Princeton, rather than to a local eastern college like Amherst or Williams, or to one of the great western state universities, like Wisconsin or Illinois. The opportunity that one gets at a continental as opposed to a local institution, to live and exchange opinions daily with north, south, east, and west,

may well outweigh considerations based on curriculum, size, situation, or administration. It is greatly to be regretted that since the Civil War southerners do not flock to these universities as they used to do. So far as I know there is no institution, unless it may be Johns Hopkins, where one may meet large numbers of persons from both North and South. For the East and the West, however, what has been said holds good. I well remember that my first class reunion at Yale was held in the stress of the Mugwump secession from Blaine to Cleveland in 1884, and the impression is still strong of the different attitudes toward it of my classmates from the East and from the West. The class was Republican by a large majority — so large that when we formed campaign marching clubs in the Garfield-Hancock contest of senior year, the Democrats had just enough men for officers — there were none left for the rank and file. Almost without exception, among my own friends, the western Republicans were Blaine men, and the easterners were Mugwumps. And neither could at all understand the attitude of the others. It was in the eastern and western air. Possibly this may seem quite contradictory of what has been just said. Not at all. We represented the top, not the bottom. "Mugwumpery," which has grown powerful under varying names, is today stronger in the West than in

the East. My western friends, some of them high in the councils of their parties, have been dragged into it by forces from below, so far as they have not been able to resist these by "standing pat." The easterners have not generally been able to carry the masses with them into insurgency. Where this has been done, as in New Hampshire, it has been distinctly by successful leading from above, not by a mass-movement from below.

Now compare, if you please, with the eastern movements to which we have briefly alluded, western ones like the sudden rise of the Populists, the recent successes of the Socialist party in various cities, the influence of Bryan, the reform of the tariff, the commission form of government, the so-called "Insurgent" movement, with its corollary the Progressive party—the idolizing of Roosevelt. To a much greater extent than the corresponding eastern movements, these had their origin in popular sentiment, which had well leavened the masses and made them ready to accept leadership when it appeared. This sort of thing, of course, puts a premium on hypocrisy among political leaders; men like La Follette in Wisconsin and Cummins in Iowa have been accused of it: but if these accusations be true they are only additional evidence of the way in which the western movements arise.

Occasionally the West tries the eastern plan of

organizing reform from the top, and the failure of such attempts is sufficient proof that they are exotic. Two conspicuous recent instances are the defeat of Professor Merriam for the mayoralty of Chicago and the rejection at the polls of a new charter for the city of St. Louis. Both the candidacy of Professor Merriam and the new charter were, actually or reputedly, it makes little difference which, aristocratic in their origin and tendencies. The success of both would have made for civic righteousness and advancement; failure in each case was a disaster, and it may be set down to the credit of those who have apparently forgotten that in the West, nothing, no matter how good, can be forced on the people from above.

The fate of various elaborate city plans may be similarly explained. It seems to have been assumed in various quarters that an imitation of certain externals in other cities will bring about a corresponding change in fundamentals. For instance, there is little spectacular street and café night-life in St. Louis — a fact much to its credit. Its citizens have attractive homes and prefer to spend their evenings therein. But business men often lament this state of things because it makes deficient the entertainment of traveling salesmen and buyers. An imitation of New York's "Tenderloin" is evidently required. The brilliant street-lighting being

the most obvious feature of that celebrated district, it has been assumed that if sufficient light were provided, all the rest would follow, oblivious of the fact that the light in New York is a product of the Tenderloin life, not its cause. Considerable sums have thus been spent not only in St. Louis, but in other cities, on brilliant street-lighting, much to the improvement of the streets, of course, but absolutely without the creation of a "Tenderloin."

So with "city planning." The real "city beautiful" is usually an outgrowth of conditions, and the creation of certain architectural features will not serve to create also these conditions. The magnificent civic improvements planned by architects for the great western cities are not only largely impractical on account of expense, but they do not correspond to any need felt by the great body of the citizens. The practical way, and the one that accords with western ideas and methods, is to bring about a change of public opinion in regard to one detail after another that is making the city ugly, and so transform it gradually, instead of trying to replace a section of it with a section of Paris, leaving the rest untouched.

It is a pleasure to turn to a set of institutions that have been initiated and carried forward in a way more consonant with western ideas. These are the city clubs, organizations, generally of younger men,

whose object is thoroughly to ventilate all questions relating to civic matters, without taking sides in any of them. These bodies are catholic in their membership and are beginning at the bottom in quite the proper way. Much may be expected from these and similar efforts.

It has been intimated above that the West is more democratic than the East. Democracy must have leaders, but it makes a great deal of difference whether those leaders be chosen or self-imposed. Geographical conditions doubtless have something to do with these differences. Democracy can not flourish well under fear of foreign invasion, and this fear, whether consciously or not, is an inherited habit of mind on every sea-coast. Plainsmen, and dwellers in the river-bottoms, like mountaineers, "are always freemen." It will not do, of course, to push this idea too far, but it may be noted that just after the civil war, when militarism reigned supreme, in the Mississippi Valley as on the Coast, the popular movements that have always characterized the West practically ceased to arise. Everybody seemed to be "standing pat," and the military insurgency of the South, by its effect on those who helped to put it down, seemed to have had a blighting effect, for the time being, on western political insurgency.

It has been made clear, I trust, that the western

democracy does not reject leaders; on the contrary, it idolizes them and follows them blindly. But they are its own leaders, and they stand for its own principles — the simple secret of their influence. The two patent examples in recent times are William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. Belonging to nominally opposed political parties, each has represented the popular and radical wing of his party and has stood especially for those ideas that are rife in the West. Bryan has openly accused Roosevelt of stealing his policies. It would be nearer the truth to say that both have borrowed those policies from western public opinion. Roosevelt usurped Bryan's place in the western heart because he was successful. Democracy adores success and looks for a leader that can succeed; it will depose one after another till it finds him. Whether Roosevelt's failure to secure a third term in the presidential chair will hurt his western popularity, remains to be seen. Possibly not; for his successes in the late campaign were in the West; his failures in the East. The essential "westernness" of Roosevelt has often been remarked. For years his personality has been the one political subject that would stir up a social gathering in the East. We may refuse to be moved by the tariff, or imperialism, or the prospects of a war with Japan; but if somebody says "Roosevelt," everyone is in arms at once — the East generally on

one side, and the West on the other. Anti-Roosevelt westerners usually turn out to have railroad or corporation connections. I have traveled day after day in a suburban train to and from New York when everyone in my car was discussing Roosevelt— and the first syllable of that word might well be omitted. The curses in this case were loud as well as deep: the one or two Roosevelt advocates in the car were fairly scared into silence. Yet at this time the general popularity of Roosevelt throughout the country was unexampled, and it was particularly the West that was its seat. We hear much of the compelling effect of his magnetic personality, but that never seemed to count for much among the Wall Street crowd; and if Roosevelt had been another Ballinger, it would have gone for nothing among his present admirers of the Middle West, although it has undoubtedly added to the general effect.

No; Roosevelt's present position (for he still holds it as a western leader), like Bryan's former position, is due to the fact that he is an exponent of policies that fall in with the peculiar political unrest of which we have been speaking.

I shall doubtless be reminded here that Bryan's influence rose on the crest of the free-silver wave, and that Roosevelt has always been a consistent opponent of free silver. Precisely; and the substi-

tution of Roosevelt's influence for Bryan's coincides with the abandonment of the free-silver idea in the West. Political unrest focused itself for a brief time on this point and then dropped it when it was unsuccessful. In this abandonment of the West's once dominant idea, Theodore Roosevelt played absolutely no part at all.

In attempting to sum up the West's political unrest, I am reminded of Professor Franklin Giddings' answer to the editor of a Socialist paper who asked him if he were of the faith. Professor Giddings said (I quote from memory): "If belief in what Socialists are trying to do, as opposed to the ways in which they are trying to do it, makes one a Socialist, then I am a Socialist." This, I take it, is the fundamental attitude of the West, whether fully acknowledged or not, and the leaven is working eastward, also. The assets of Socialism are two — its grievance, which is a universal one, and its offer of a definite cure. This cure is of the nature of a panacea, the age-long stand-by of the quack. The scientific physician knows that there is no such thing; he realizes that every malady must be studied and treated by itself. The suffering patient knows this too, perhaps — theoretically; yet if he is on his last legs and the quack comes along with his cure-all, the patient is very apt to give it a trial. So, when we are on our last legs, we may

turn in despair to the Socialistic cure-all — probably not otherwise. Meanwhile, Socialists of varying schools are proposing all sorts of policies and expedients that they conceive to be consonant with, or to be steps toward, their general plan. Some of these are obviously good, some doubtful, some foolish, and some mischievous. The American people, especially in the West, are approving and adopting many of these, and those who do not like it are shouting "Socialism!" This cry is not frightening westerners at all, and I do not believe that it will ultimately frighten anyone, east or west. Latin nations are apt to give their adherence to general principles and then blindly accept whatever policy may seem to correspond with them. Anglo-Saxons have never done this; they examine each policy on its merits and adopt it if they like it, without regard to whether or not it may be considered socialistic, capitalistic, idealistic, materialistic, or atavistic. The attitude of "show me," assumed traditionally by Missourians, is really characteristic of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

The grievance that the Socialistic cure-all is designed to correct is, as I conceive it, the fact that the rewards of effort are unjustly distributed. When we come to define equitable distribution, then we all part company; but most of us agree that the present arrangement is inequitable. Some would assert that

any possible arrangement is inequitable, while others would say that an equitable distribution is within the bounds of possibility. The Socialists go further: they say that they can define equitable distribution (though they do not all do it in the same way) and that they have discovered a sure means of bringing it about. The western attitude is something like this: those who hold it recognize the injustice of the present state of things and sympathize with efforts to make it better; but they regard it as a group of phenomena each of which must be dealt with separately and experimentally. Anything that seems likely to work in the direction of partial and local alleviation is willingly tried. Hence we have commission forms of government, the eccentricities of the Oklahoma constitution, bank-deposit guarantees, hotel inspection, the initiative, referendum, and recall, woman suffrage in several states, drastic railway regulation, and many other such expedients.

In *The Land of the Dollar,* a book which, belying its somewhat flippant title, is one of the most appreciative short estimates of our country, the author, the late G. W. Steevens, writing during the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896, speaks as follows:

> For the first time, the East and West find, or believe they find, their interests sharply and diametrically op-

posed. And I own it does not appear to me the best of augury for the ultimate unity of this country that each side appears more set on beating down the opponent than on trying to conciliate his interests with his own. I have not noticed, for instance, that the Republicans have put out any alternative policy to relieve western agriculture, nor that the Democrats have devised any expedient, in the event of their success, to break the fall of eastern business.

The election was won by the Republicans. What would have happened if the other side had been victorious, we need not discuss. But western agriculture is not only "relieved" but is extraordinarily prosperous and as satisfied as any restless American industry can be. Some will say that this is because "Providence looks out for children, drunken men, and the United States;" but another adage tells us "God helps those who help themselves," and I prefer to think that we fall into the latter category rather than into the "shorn-lamb" class to whom the wind is tempered. Napoleon is said to have asked first about every man to whom his attention was called, "Is he lucky?" He was quite right. A man's "luck" is usually the excuse given by his incompetent friends for some special ability and its satisfactory results. The western farmer has doubtless been fortunate, but I can not help thinking that he himself has had something to do with it. And it is quite possible that after the contest the victors

themselves turned their attention to that conciliation of interests, of whose absence during the campaign Mr. Steevens complains. This is quite in accord with the customs of all good fighters. When the fight is on, they fight; the time for conciliation does not arrive until the issue has been decided.

This chapter began with an allusion to some early western political unrest that bore fruit in armed protest. "The voice of the West," said Woodrow Wilson on a western trip in 1911, "is a voice of protest." In the Kansas-Missouri border warfare just preceding the civil war, the irrepressible conflict between North and South broke out in a characteristic western way. The influence of such lawlessness as this is hard to eradicate. It showed itself in the career of the James brothers and of others in more recent times. In certain regions of the West as nowhere in the East, there are persons with the true brigand spirit of Italy and Corsica. The train robber, to them, is one of their own people, misguided perhaps, but to be sympathized with, concealed, and even admired. This spirit is disappearing, but it still exists. "They value good government," says our kindly critic, Mr. Bryce, "but they are tolerant of lawlessness that does not directly attack their own interest."

Most western lawlessness is a survival, and it survives not so much from tolerance of the kind

mentioned by Mr. Bryce as because the western states do not possess the machinery for its suppression. That machinery is not created because, after all, the lawlessness is sporadic and it does not seem worth while to mount a siege-gun to kill a grasshopper. This may not be the right way to look at the matter. A little abnormal lawbreaking, especially if it tends toward brigandage, will give a black eye to a community that is normally quiet and peaceful. A train robbery here, a mountain feud there, will create the impression of utter disregard for order, whereas there may be more actual crime in proportion to population in a week of New York than in a year of such a region. Take, if you please, train robbery — a crime more frequent in the West than in the East, partly because of the facilities, for both commission and escape, offered by more sparsely settled country and partly as an inheritance from former frontier or border lawlessness. To do away with highway robbery of any kind, of which train robbery is but a species, a local police or constabulary is totally insufficient. An organization covering a wide extent of territory — a state or national police like the Cuban Rurales, the Texas Rangers, or the Pennsylvania Constabulary is needed. But shall such an organization be created to stop an occasional train robbery? The western states have evidently de-

cided that it would be a waste of money to do so. Texas had her border conditions to care for: Pennsylvania her mining territory; a state police has paid them where it might not pay Iowa or Missouri or Kansas. This may be bad argument, but it is the argument that makes conditions what they are, whether it has been definitely formulated or not. Fortunately, whenever a train robber interferes with the mails, the Federal secret service at once takes the matter up and, not being hampered by local conditions, generally runs the culprits to earth. And if it comes to capture, the robber prefers Federal custody, for in some western states death is the penalty for his crime, whereas Federal law prescribes only imprisonment. It is a curious commentary on the feebleness of local authority, in the face of this type of offense, that the train robber has vastly more fear of the Federal detective, with imprisonment as his only weapon, than of the local police, capture by whom means the gallows.

Lawlessness such as this, however, is rather a relic of past political unrest than an indication of the present variety, which has nothing in common with it. The politics of the West will continue strenuous so long as its temper is unchanged, but we shall have no more whisky insurrections, no more border warfare, and, it is to be hoped, no more bandit "brothers" of the James and Younger type.

CHAPTER VI

THE WEST'S ECONOMIC UNREST

THAT the speculative element can never be eliminated from commercial transactions goes without saying. It is present even in so elementary a case as the purchase of food for one's own use, without thought of selling: for whether one spends much or little for a given amount depends on the state of the market. The prudent man will lay in an extra stock of non-perishable goods when prices are low — that is, when they are as low as he thinks they are likely to go. Whether he is right or not depends partly on his judgment, partly on chance. There will be many who are not prudent enough to do this, or who do not trust their own judgments sufficiently to attempt it. It would seem eminently proper that others who are prudent and who do trust their own judgment should be able, by buying and reselling to the ignorant or timid ones, to make the profits that these either do not know how to make, or are afraid to make, for themselves. From such operations as these we may advance by almost imperceptible steps to the worst forms of wild-cat speculation, which few would hesitate to call gam-

bling, pure and simple. The line must be drawn somewhere, and the place for drawing it must be selected more or less arbitrarily.

This selection involves the personal equation. The Wall Street man, who lives in an atmosphere of speculation, will not draw it in the same place as the Missouri farmer, in whose commercial transactions chance plays a relatively unimportant part. A creditor and a debtor would not be likely to agree on the place to draw it; still less the members of a creditor class and a debtor class. Now, until very recently the western farmer was always a borrower. His property was mortgaged and he was continually paying interest to eastern capitalists. It seemed to him, rightly or wrongly, that conditions were so manipulated and rates of interest so adjusted, in eastern financial circles, as to keep him always a debtor and to make him pay high for the privilege. Matters have changed now: the Kansas and Nebraska farmers have paid off their mortgages, have money in the bank, and own automobiles; but hard feelings engendered by conditions do not always disappear with the alteration of those conditions.

Some of us still lay up against our English cousins the fact that they objected, with force of arms, to our independence, despite the fact that we have now possessed and enjoyed it for nearly a century and a

half. It is possible that the western farmers' feeling against "Wall Street" will last as long as this, and if conditions should ever become unfavorable again, that feeling will be intensified. At present it is also kept alive by the tariff. Despite efforts to persuade the farmer to be a high-tariff man, increased protective duties on imports have been generally due to the efforts of manufacturers. The East has been more thoroughly and consistently protectionist than the West, and the western farmer has been a low-tariff man on economic grounds, whatever his political affiliations.

Of course, the "Wall Street" that is detested and feared in the West is the whole body of eastern financial and industrial influence—the influence of the money-lender, the high-tariff manufacturer, the manipulator of markets, the maker and controller of trusts. All of these occupations, it is true, are now indulged in by westerners also. More shoes are made in St. Louis than in Boston; the "corners" of the Chicago exchanges rival those of New York; the trust extends its wings over the West as well as the East. But as in the case of other grievances, the feeling lasts longer than the conditions that give rise to it, and the western feeling against "Wall Street" is very real and very important. Grievances of this kind, real or fancied, become, after

long nursing, the causes of great political or economic upheavals that are precipitated by some apparently trivial incident. It was not the greasing of the cartridges that made India flame out into mutiny, or the passage of the Stamp Act that severed our bonds with the Mother Country, or the election of Lincoln that brought about secession. These events were due to long-continued tension that was bound to find relief in one way if it did not in another. Possibly the tension in the West may never result in any great upheaval, but it has had important political results in the past and may conceivably have others in the future, before it is relieved. Some of these results are Populism, the Free Silver movement, "Insurgency," and others dwelt upon with more detail in the last chapter. Be this as it may, it is certain that the East greatly underrates this tension, largely because of its inability to understand it.

One cause of this inability is the fact that in the East there are fewer points for a movement to crystallize upon than in the West. Chemists know that a solution may remain supersaturated for an indefinite time, until a tiny crystal is dropped in, when solidification, proceeding from that crystal as a nucleus, begins at once. The East may be supersaturated with feeling—jealousy, or fear, or indig-

nation, but there are no nuclei to start that feeling into activity. These nuclei are furnished, in the West, by the tendency to try experiments.

G. W. Steevens says:

> Kansas has been the drunken helot of American politics. "Here 's a law; let 's enact it," has been its continual watchword. . . . In the last few years [prior to 1896] it has given its allegiance to four new political parties. These were the Farmers' Alliance, the National Alliance, the People's Party, and the Silver Party. None of them did any good.

All this puts in somewhat exaggerated and striking phraseology the restless, experimental temper that is doubtless characteristic of Kansas, but no more of her than of her neighbor states. This tendency, which is peculiarly an American trait, appears in the adoption of woman suffrage in a few western States, the success of prohibition in others, such "freak" constitutions as that of Oklahoma, and more recently in the Socialist victory in Milwaukee. No one in the West believes that a majority of the Milwaukeeans suddenly became at this time disciples of Lassalle or Karl Marx. They had tried both the old parties, with unsatisfactory results, and began experimenting on the third—that is all. This entry of Socialism into the domain of practical politics is looked upon in the West as rather a good thing than otherwise. The abolitionism of Lincoln was a different thing from that of

Garrison; the prohibition spirit of Georgia is not that of Neal Dow. Nor is the socialism of Victor Berger that of the preachers of a somewhat abstract social revolution.

The westerners, as has already been said, like abstract principles; they enjoy tackling separate problems in their own way, and will go far and act rashly in experimenting on solutions; but they object to set programs. This temper results, like all experimentation, in failures and even in disasters; but it also results in the acquisition of knowledge that can be obtained in no other way — in ascertaining, for instance, those localities where prohibition will work, the cities that can be governed on the commission plan, the possibilities of such schemes as the bank-deposit guarantee of Oklahoma, the mild character of an avowedly Socialistic municipal government.

Now, under these circumstances, when the mind of a community is under tension, successful experiments of this kind serve as lines of least resistance, along which relief may be afforded; or, to use our recent simile, as nuclei upon which crystallization may relieve supersaturation. One of the most interesting points to consider in this connection is the composition of the western judiciary and the attitude of the western people toward it. The judiciary is much nearer the people in the West than in the East. Its character is not, on the whole, as high,

but it is regarded with more friendliness, if with not so much awe. It is uniformly elective, and there has been much rotation in office, so that almost every passable lawyer in the community has sat on the bench at one time or another, and judges are as numerous as colonels in Kentucky. This has its disadvantages, but in certain conditions it is an advantage. It is as fortunate a thing for a judge to have the community on his side as it is for a governor or a mayor. This viewpoint will not appeal to those who regard a judge as a stern repressor of a wicked and untoward generation rather than as the living voice of the community's sublimated common sense.

This idea seems to be that the law is a definite thing and that the task of finding out what it is is like a mathematical problem. Obviously, if this is correct, the personal or political bias of the judge, his birth, breeding, education, affiliations, and modes of thought have absolutely nothing to do with his decisions. He ascertains what the law is and makes declaration thereof — that is all. The trouble is that the personal equation so obviously does enter into it all that he who runs may read. Two mathematicians may, in solving an intricate problem, arrive at different results, but it is always possible to find out which is right and to demonstrate it to the other in such a way as to force his acknowledgment. No

such thing has ever been possible in law. Doubtless the law is definite within certain limits, but those limits allow for plenty of "lost motion," and this is where personal, political, or sectional bias comes unconsciously into play. Theodore Roosevelt has always seen this, and his keen perception of it has led to his so-called "attacks on the judiciary." The Arizonans saw it when in their new constitution they extended the principle of the recall to their judges. It is hopeless to expect that the judiciary of a whole section can remain free from influences that pervade it, and I believe that western judicial decisions reflect in many cases the restless temper, the tension, the supersaturation that has been described. The most radical decisions under the Sherman law, the pure food law, railway legislation, etc., have been in the West. This does not mean that the West is dissatisfied with the judiciary or with the place it has come to occupy in our system of government. It reserves the right to criticize or condemn a judicial act as it does an executive or a legislative act. It may make up its mind that a given judge is incompetent and should be replaced. It may even be in favor of applying the "recall" to the judiciary—a perfectly logical position in cases where the judiciary is elective—but it has no intention to belittle the functions or dignity of a judge.

In an address before a western club, an eastern radical recently made an attack on the judiciary—on the whole position that it has come to occupy in our system—that, under the guise of logic and fair-mindedness, was little short of revolutionary. To judge by the way in which it was received, the West does not sympathize with this sort of thing. The matter may be worth a few words, as it illustrates the difference between the individualistic, almost anarchistic, radicalism of the East and the collectivist, social, or civic radicalism of the West. The speaker's attack on the courts was in the guise of a protest against undue veneration of the United States Supreme Court, but was in fact an assertion that no one but the disputants in a suit should pay any attention to the decision of a court in that suit. The Supreme Court has no prerogatives not possessed by other courts, except that it is higher than they. They must all decide questions in accordance with the law, and in so doing it frequently becomes necessary for them to decide what the law means or whether the law-making body, when its jurisdiction is limited as is that of Congress, went beyond its powers in some instance, making its acts of no effect.

Now, after such a decision it is, of course, theoretically possible for another suit, involving precisely the same questions to be brought, and another and another, each of which would be

decided in the same way. It is much easier and less expensive, however, to recognize this fact and shape our conduct according to the first decision, just as it is wiser for a goat who butts his head against a wall to stop right there and not repeat the act indefinitely. Such acceptance of the situation is a civic act. It is better for the community, though it may not suit the individual, who may prefer to have his own turn at the game of litigation. This latter method is quite familiar in the criminal law. Jones steals money and goes to jail; and, Smith, Brown, and Robinson, in turn, do precisely the same thing and are served in precisely the same way. This is surely anti-civic, and to extend the custom to civil procedure would seem to a layman no less so.

But this is not the worst of it. The speaker would have had the Executive of the United States, after the Supreme Court, in the course of litigation, had decided that Congress went beyond its powers in passing an income-tax law, and that therefore such law was void, continue to collect the tax, letting individuals continue, as they desired, to bring the matter into litigation, but disregarding every decision as applicable only to the case in hand. This is so thorough a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole contention that it is probably unnecessary to pursue it further. So extended reference to it is excusable

only because it may serve to show what I believe is a fundamental difference between the radicalism of the East and that of the West. The former is that of individuals and is hence individualistic; the latter is that of coherent bodies of men or of communities, and hence is social.

Of course, this kind of an attack on the judiciary is a totally different thing from that attributed to Mr. Roosevelt. The prerogative of criticizing judges, or mayors, or selectmen, is freely exercised by all, from ex-presidents down to the solons of the corner grocery, and will probably be exercised by all so long as "Freedom from her mountain height" continues to watch over our liberties.

Much economic unrest at present is very intimately bound up with the transportation problem. The general feeling that the railroads are not dealing fairly with the public is shared with the rest of the country, but somewhat intensified by local conditions and by the general attitude of protest so common in the West. It has come to the surface especially in efforts at rate regulation, which the railroads resent as ill-considered, and which are perhaps not well-considered, or indeed considered at all, being merely somewhat blind attempts to "get back" at the roads. The roads are at last beginning to realize that they are unpopular, though they profess not to understand why. I heard a railroad

official say recently that a great strike of railroad employees is inevitable. The demands and behavior of the men are becoming unbearable, he said. The railroads meekly yield to the one and suffer the other because they know that in any contest the public would be against them. "The strike will come whenever we are ready to make a stand," said he. "And when we get the public to looking at matters from our standpoint, just see how quickly we shall bring it on!" An unconscious tribute to public opinion and a recognition of how that opinion regards the roads. As a relief from their exactions, some are looking forward with hopefulness to the resumption of river transportation. The only way, however, in which the railroads have killed river transportation is by furnishing something better, as noted in another chapter. Hope for still better conditions is justifiable, but longing for the old river days is foolish. Those who wish to ship goods by boat may still do so; the charges are less than by rail, but the insurance brings them up in excess of the railway rates. This simply means that shippers are not content to send their goods in the kind of boats and under the conditions of loading, transportation, landing, and temporary storage on shore that obtained in the old days. Betterment of these conditions will result in lowering the insurance rates and making the cost of river transportation really

lower than that by railway. With all this the railroad has had little to do except to create a higher standard of speed and safety for freight. So far as the rate question is concerned, the shippers' side of it is given very forcibly in Norris's novel, *The Octopus*. All that the railroad can say, on the other side, is that it wants only a fair return on its capital. What this return ought to be, however, is something that no two persons will figure out in the same way, since no two can agree on what it ought to be based. The public demand for a physical valuation of these and other public service properties is very loud and insistent in the West; and it is doubtless a proper and inevitable step as a necessary factor in the determination of equitable rates, whether or not these are to be based directly upon it or no.

It should be noted that absentee landlordship plays an important part in western feeling toward western railroads. The roads are now largely controlled by easterners, and the public can scarcely be expected to look upon the property of Gould or Harriman as it might on something owned and operated by its friends and neighbors. When anything is done to hurt the railroads, they cry out against the injustice done to the "widows and orphans" who own them. When those widows and orphans also control them, doubtless we shall see the West exercising more chivalry in its acts toward

the roads; but at present they seem as mythical as their real owners are distant. Of the physical condition of the roads and the way in which they are run, something is said in another chapter.

CHAPTER VII

EDUCATION IN THE WEST

MR. BRYCE, in his just and sympathetic account of the United States, comments on the fact that our educational institutions, of which we speak more modestly and with greater hesitation than about any other feature of our national existence, are the very thing that most commands the admiration of the outsider and inspires him with the greatest confidence in our future.

These institutions, both lower and higher, have changed even since Mr. Bryce wrote his book; they have been developing and, on the whole, improving, even in the East; but in the West the changes have been in some respects rapid and radical.

The increased respect shown for the public school by well-to-do people — what may be called a rise in its social status — has been notable in both sections, but especially in the West. I well remember New England towns of my boyhood where, in spite of much alleged pride in the "district school" system and much talk of its being the bulwark of our liberties, no well-to-do person would have thought for an instant of sending his children to

a public school. Today, in those same towns there are good graded schools to which all elements of the community send pupils — an advance in democracy when it would least be expected. But in the West, instruction through public channels has always been respected. There as elsewhere, private schools will always be preferred by certain persons, but this preference is not widespread. This may be a reflection of the excellence of public school instruction, but in part, also, it is a cause of that excellence, and due to the general temper of the people. In general, the grade of teachers is apt to be better and the character of the buildings higher than in eastern communities of the same grade. Where the community is poor or ignorant, the schools will be bad, of course — East or West.

In the extension of school activity in the direction of facilities for recreation, the West is far ahead of the East. Nothing like the Chicago playgrounds, with their complete and sensible "field-houses," may be seen anywhere else in the world.

It seems to have been assumed in the East that any sort of a public building in a park must be ornate and useless — a combination of a band-stand, used one evening a week, with a pavilion, used by nobody at all, if he can help it. Probably the money spent on such structures in the New York playgrounds would have built field-houses like those in

Chicago — permanent contributions to the health and enjoyment of the neighborhood; agencies for physical and moral improvement that can scarcely be overestimated. Each of these field-houses contains a large assembly-hall, whose use is given freely for private social gatherings; a gymnasium for men and one for women, with skilled attendants; a branch of the public library, and a capacious outdoor swimming pool. The buildings have the beauty that comes from perfect adaptation to use with no attempt at useless ornament. If the West had produced no educational innovation but these field-houses, it would have deserved our admiration.

Public education has been carried higher up in the West than in the East. Universities supported by public taxation are the rule there instead of the exception. Great private foundations there are, but except in the case of the University of Chicago they are not relatively as important as those of the East. And most of these endowed institutions are situated in cities of considerable size and draw their students largely from the adjoining population, to whom the privilege of living at home, with its consequent saving, appeals more than the saving of tuition effected by enrollment in the state university. The difference between a state-supported university and institutions like Yale, Harvard, or Princeton may be summarized by saying that they are similar

to the differences between a public high school and preparatory schools like Andover, Exeter, St. Paul's, and Groton. They depend largely on the fact that the student at Yale or Harvard, like the boy at St. Paul's or Groton, regards himself as the privileged member of an organization having forms, customs, and traditions, and not simply as benefiting by certain courses of instruction provided equally for all by public taxation.

It may be objected that this is not democratic; doubtless it is not. It is a popular fiction that democracy is particularly in favor in the United States. Democrats we are, doubtless, not from abstract love of it or reasoned acceptance of it, but, perforce, from the growth of conditions. Professor William G. Sumner used to say that the peerage was not introduced into this country when it was settled because economic conditions required that everyone should do personal work on the land; and a peer at the plough would be absurd. It is for reasons such as this that we have democratic manners and customs. There is plenty of democracy left at the older universities, and it is probable that the public institutions will become assimilated to them by the gradual acquisition of their own forms and traditions rather than by the loss of such by the institutions that now possess them. Indeed, the acquisition of ritual and ceremony has been

rather noticeable in the United States all along the line in the past twenty years.

At a Yale commencement a score of years ago the only traces of formalism were the procession across the Green to the old Center Church, headed by the sheriff of New Haven County, and the president's use of Latin as he bestowed degrees or called upon the band to play. Now the graduating classes are in cap and gown, and the dignitaries on the stage glow in the rainbow hues of appropriate robes and hoods. The president enters the university hall where the ceremonies take place, preceded by an official bearing a mace of gold, and he wears a heavy gold chain of office about his neck. Doubtless the fact that the university already had certain forms and ceremonies made it easier to adopt these newer symbols and functions, and the briefness of a college generation—only four years—soon incorporated them all into the local undergraduate body of tradition.

This ritualizing influence, which has been felt widely outside of educational institutions, clothing railroad conductors in uniforms and bedecking erstwhile sober churches with altar candles, will in time extend to our public schools and our state universities. Even now there are signs of traditions in both. Public School No. 36, for example, is affectionately spoken of by its graduates as "Dear Old Thirty-

six." Tales of its early days accumulate and grow; its pupils are proud of its achievements in athletics or in scholarship, even as an Eton boy might be. It is slowly coming to have the same kind of traditions as Andover or Lawrenceville, albeit hampered by democracy. And this will come to the state universities also, perhaps with some grateful modifications.

A recent investigator of university conditions, in illustrating the reign of blind tradition at eastern universities, has told how, when he asked for the reason of this or that oddity, he was answered calmly, "We have always done it that way." That, of course, may or may not be absurd, according to circumstances. If an institution has always carried out some trivial ceremonial or custom of courtesy in a particular way, its continuance seems rather a fine thing; but if a vital function of the institution is performed in a wasteful or blundering manner, simply because no one has had sufficient intelligence to do it otherwise — that is a totally different thing. From this kind of tradition the state universities are happily free: there is nothing to prevent altering their machinery in any way that will tend toward greater efficiency.

This is why the easterner finds subjects in a western state university curriculum that tend to make him gasp. A "professor of poultry," such

as Wisconsin has, would stir Yale or Princeton to indignation or ridicule; not because facts about poultry are not worth knowing, or are not easily and satisfactorily taught by an expert, but because such a chair would not be in accordance with the "traditions" of the institutions. Wisconsin, or Kansas or Nebraska, is not bothered with traditions of that sort. Traditions of the trivial and harmless sort, however, they are rapidly picking up. Take the "college yell," for instance. The average student imagines, I suppose, not only that college yells have existed since the dawn of time, but that his particular college has practised and cherished its particular yell from the remotest antiquity. Now, most of us remember when colleges had no "yells." The "three times three" of Harvard, afterward adopted also by Yale, was hardly a distinctive university cry, nor was it intended as such. Most of the earlier "fancy" yells arose as jests. The famous excerpt from the *Frog Chorus* of Aristophanes, now used by Yale, notably had its origin in this way. Now they are all traditional, and the western universities have their traditions with the rest.

A notable instance of a more fundamental difference between eastern and western colleges is the fact that practically all of the latter, and none of the former, are co-educational. The de-

mand that woman should share man's privilege of a university education was heard and answered both in the West and in the East, but the western answer was to admit women to the higher institutions of learning on the same footing with men, while the eastern answer was to create separate colleges for them, either quite apart, as at Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith, or in affiliation with the older universities, as at Radcliffe and Barnard.

This difference in response may be due in part to the fact that economic reasons forbade the creation in the West of separate institutions when the working machinery already existed in others. Still more, however, was it due to the basic fact that in the East, tradition is king, and co-education in the higher learning was there contrary to tradition.

Once more; examine the relations between members of a university faculty and between these and the students, in the East as compared with the West. I have sat in a faculty group in a western state university, in the rooms of one of their number. All were merrily jesting and drinking beer, and with them sat the honored president of the university, similarly employed. Many holders of western chairs, if perchance their eyes fall on this page, will ask, with open eyes, "Well! why not?" There is absolutely no reason "why not;" but if you go to Cambridge, or New Haven, or Princeton to see a

similar gathering, you will wait until the infernal regions are sheathed with a very heavy coating of ice.

I may be wrong: my own acquaintance with eastern faculties is twenty years old. Perhaps they have learned some western customs; I know that they have benefited by an influx of western blood. That in itself was almost unheard of twenty years ago; perhaps some other things have also been added unto them.

Still, however this may be, there is formalism rather than comradeship in the attitude of members of an eastern university faculty toward one another, and especially doth the president stand or sit aloof. And it is much the same as between professor and student. They are much nearer in the West than in the East, and it is better for both. There is more love and not less respect.

Another distinction between eastern and western universities is that the latter are more local, the former more continental. This is natural, since there was a time when the eastern institutions were the only recourse of those who desired a college education. The habit thus formed, and the tendency of the father to send the son to his own college, account for the fact that an Illinois Yale man will often send his sons to Yale instead of to the University of Illinois, and that a Harvard man in Topeka will patronize Harvard rather than the

University of Kansas. There is not the same reason for sending an eastern boy to a western university, founded for purely local state reasons, and it is seldom done; although as these institutions gain prestige and their alumni become more widely scattered, the same causes may operate with them also. Furthermore, the alumni of the eastern colleges, and even the college authorities, carry on a more or less vigorous campaign in the Western States.

Every large place has its association of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton alumni, and even of graduates of such smaller colleges as Amherst, Williams, or Dartmouth. The published accounts of meetings make public the existence and activities of these bodies, and the fact that men of standing in the community are graduates of these institutions. Some such bodies see to it that the advantages of their favorite colleges are presented to the senior classes of preparatory schools, both public and private, by illustrated talks given by graduates. There is no such propaganda on behalf of the western universities. Proximity, a smaller cost of living, and the absence of tuition fees, militate in their favor; but the net result is hardly satisfactory, as the line of demarkation is drawn too much on the basis of the dollar. The well-to-do Princeton man in Indiana, we will say, sends his boy to Princeton as a matter of course; the one with a more moderate income

would prefer to do so, but can afford only the nearer state university. Likewise, the boy who is attracted, perhaps, to Harvard by a glowing presentation of its charms, given before his high-school class, or by reading the Harvard papers supplied by graduates to his school reading-room, or by the profuse Harvard athletic news printed in his local papers, goes only if he can afford it — otherwise not.

This selective action is responsible for a good deal of the recent talk about plutocracy in eastern universities, for it is a natural fact that most of the western students there are wealthy. This state of things has worried the western alumni of eastern colleges more than a little, and they have tried of late to emphasize in their propaganda the fact that student self-support in eastern colleges has now become frequent and easy, and that there is no reason why an industrious boy who wants to go to such a college should be deterred by financial reasons. In Chicago the Yale alumni support a scholarship, and the desirability of extending this practice has been discussed in St. Louis and other cities. However this may be, it seems certain that the eastern universities will remain for some time more continental in their appeal than the western.

Indeed, the state university as a hustling, growing institution is a thing of very recent date. Twenty-five years ago Michigan was the only one heard of

or greatly regarded in the East. The others were poorly supported and had to struggle for recognition and existence. This state of things has been changed: first, by the growing appreciation of higher education by the bulk of the western population, wisely and skilfully fostered by the broad policy of the universities themselves, which are cutting loose from the academic tradition and popularizing their courses by laying stress on practical agriculture, the breeding of domestic animals, and similar subjects; second, by recognition of the fact that a good plant and a good teaching force cost money, driven home by the phenomenal growth of such non-public institutions as the University of Chicago, founded and supported by wealthy patrons; and, lastly, by the dawning consciousness in the mind of the rural legislator that a university president must needs be of somewhat larger caliber than the principal of a country school. The state universities as now conducted on broad lines, with ample state appropriations, by capable administrators, have a great future before them and are coming into their own with a rapidity that is hardly recognized in the East and that is astonishing to westerners with eastern affiliations.

Any account of education in the West, however brief and sketchy, would not be complete without mention of the part played by this region in great

extra-scholastic educational movements such as the formation and affiliation of women's clubs and the growth and extension of public libraries. Both are due to a recognition of the fact that education does not cease with school and college life, and that it is part of our legitimate business to see that it proceeds on proper lines, both in our own cases and in those of our companions and fellow citizens. In the case of the woman's club these efforts are purely those of private coöperation; with the library they have proceeded on a public and civic basis. Both clubs and libraries have increased throughout the country, but the part played by the West in their multiplication, and the hearty recognition given to them there as civic agencies, are noteworthy.

In the West the woman's club is a force that must be reckoned with. Even those of the male sex who regard these organizations with amusement and smile at the courageous way in which they attack and discuss the deep questions of philosophy, science, and political economy, acknowledge that at last the women have an organization that must be respected and taken into account. These organizations have club-houses that compare favorably with those of the men's clubs; they take an active interest in public and civic questions that puts most of the masculine organizations to shame. The man who said that he took a great interest in women because his mother

was one, was making more than a jest. As the mother is, the son is; and who can estimate the influence on our coming generation of a motherhood genuinely interested in good literature, in moral uplift, in civic righteousness?

Step by step with the rise of the woman's club in the West has gone that of the public library. Women's clubs have been responsible in hundreds of cases not only for the inception of the library but also for the impulse that has caused the community to undertake its support. In states having no adequate library law, women's clubs have worked for such a law and secured its passage. On the other hand, the library has worked for and with the woman's club in furthering and carrying on its educational program. The sympathy between the two depends not only on their similar aims, but also on the fact that libraries are so largely operated by women assistants. In many cases the responsible heads of libraries have been women who are also influential in club life. All this has favored coöperation.

The so-called library movement of the past twenty years has been largely an extension of the library's scope, accompanied by entrance of more progressive and capable workers into the library field and a consequent wider recognition of the library's worth to the community, expressed especially in increased

financial support from the public and also in large donations from private sources.

In this extension, western libraries have done pioneer work. Open access first attracted librarians' attention as practised on a large scale in the Cleveland Public Library; work with children was done in Milwaukee, Cleveland, and other western libraries before it was recognized in the East; commission field-work, as now largely operated, originated in western states. Coöperation with schools was carried on, on a large scale, in St. Louis when unheard of in the East. In fact, the atmosphere of free inquiry and experiment, characteristic of the West, has made itself felt in a peculiarly effective way, in this important educational work.

CHAPTER VIII

LITERATURE IN THE WEST

BOSTON and its vicinity used to have almost a monopoly of American literature. The publishing houses were there; the authors were chiefly there — or, if not, they had to go there to sue for recognition. The New York school — Halleck, Morris, Willis, and the rest — if we except Washington Irving — cut but a sorry figure in the literary pantheon of those days. Poe — our greatest literary genius — was embittered by the thought that he stood without the sacred pale.

This monopoly, so far as it still exists, has passed to New York, largely for the same reason that Harvard used not to win football games — close-corporation in genius is never permanent. It may be that for a few years all the good writers in the country may live in Boston, but such a condition will pass — and it has passed. Boston does not welcome the outsider and so he stays outside and plays football, or writes books, in a more congenial atmosphere.

This can not happen to New York because she has always made the outsider at home. In fact,

she has done this to such an extent that she has become a city of outsiders. They have swamped and hidden the "native New Yorkers"—a mythical genus. When one hears of a man who has come into prominence in New York, one asks instinctively, "Where did he come from?" and expects to hear that he was brought up in Maine, or Indiana, or Tennessee; the idea that he may have been born in New York never seems to occur to anybody.

This, of course, is what makes New York "cosmopolitan," but it is a little hard for the rest of the country. It is especially hard on the writers of the rest of the country, for, unless they go into journalism, New York is apt to spoil them. This it does by sybaritic influences, by flattery, in all sorts of underground ways. Social favor is particularly insidious; it spoiled poor N. P. Willis, who might have amounted to something if he had stayed in Boston where he belonged. It has spoiled and is spoiling more good writers today than most people realize. I withhold names because I am afraid of libel suits; but discriminating readers will have no trouble in making out a list of promising writers from New England, the West, and the South who have made a splendid start, have gone to New York and then fizzled out completely. I mean from a literary standpoint, of course; some of them have made money hand over fist.

O, the pity of it! Others have sensibly stayed at home and are doing conscientious work there. Good advice to the ambitious western literary worker who wants to go to New York would be that of Mr. Punch to persons about to marry, namely, "Don't!" Even Bryant would have been a greater poet if he had stayed in New England, although doubtless he would not have been so good a journalist.

If all western writers had resisted this insidious influence there would today have been a western literary school of considerable numbers and influence. Even as it is, the respectable number of those who have stayed at home is responsible for local groups that can not be overlooked. The so-called Indiana writers will occur to the reader at once. That there should be a "literary centre" in this state seems to be regarded by the eastern papers as a huge joke. It is hard to see why. It may well be that a number of good writers are now living near Indianapolis just as a number once lived near Boston. This and other groups are discovering local literary material—that is a hopeful sign. William Allen White tells us of Kansas, Mrs. Watts of Columbus, Ohio, Winston Churchill of St. Louis, and so on. Frank Norris was surely wrong when he asserted that the only places in the United States about which a story may be told are New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. "Imagine," he says, scornfully,

"writing a story about Nashville, Tenn., or Buffalo, N. Y.!" O. Henry, quoting this exclamation, takes up the challenge and proceeds to write about Nashville, Tenn., the best story he ever penned—a tale full of wit, human interest, character, excitement, and pathos—and withal so local that it could have been written about no other city than Nashville. At its close he remarks reflectively: "I wonder what's doing in Buffalo, N. Y.?"

There is doubtless plenty doing in Buffalo; and when an O. Henry arises to tell us, we shall surely know of it. There are stories to tell—nay, there are histories and biographies to write; there is local botany, zoölogy and geology, sociology and archæology, in thousands of western towns, scattered through the valleys of the Mississippi and its tributaries; strewn over the apparently monotonous plains of Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, and Iowa. When we say that a place has no history, we mean simply that no one has yet arisen to appreciate it and write of it; when we say that such and such a history is dull, we mean only that the writer was unable, or did not think it worth his while, to make it interesting.

Wherever a western author may live, however, he usually goes to New York to have his book published. That publishing, as now conducted, is chiefly a commercial enterprise is strikingly illustrated by

its concentration in the commercial metropolis. The casual reader invited to name offhand a publisher not located in New York would be apt to be puzzled. Boston and Philadelphia hold on to a few, nominally at least and as a matter of sentiment. In the West there are some brave attempts, and they seem to be succeeding. The time may come when publishing is no longer purely business and when a good man can carry it on in Oskaloosa, Iowa, or Tuscumbia, Ala., as well as anywhere else. Already great New York firms are finding it convenient to have at least the manufacturing part of the work done outside the city. And if one large firm can profitably move to rural Long Island, it is hard to say why someone else may not presently make a still longer "trek." Possibly this may depend somewhat on specialization; certain it is that most of the publishing firms who have secured what seems to be a permanent foothold in the West are specializing successfully. Chicago is almost the only western city where a large general publishing business is successfully carried on. Elsewhere in the West there is specialization in such subjects as history, bibliography, and a certain type of fiction, not too high in grade but undeniably popular.

Specialization, too, is the note sounded by the few magazines now issued in the West. Besides the inevitable medical and pharmaceutical period-

icals we have such publications as the *Technical World Magazine* and *Popular Mechanics* of Chicago, although these, for the general reader, are distinctly specialized. About the only general magazine in the region, *The World To-day* of Chicago, was recently purchased by W. R. Hearst and removed to New York. There would appear to be a field in the West for the purely local magazine, which is as yet almost untrod. There might be at least one of these in each state, devoted to the description and discussion of local industries, civic improvement, rural conditions, state history and biography, power-development, and so on. The most of this kind of literature that has any value is now issued by railways as part of their campaign of publicity. This is done far more in the West than in the East, and some of it is excellently done — deserving of a more permanent setting.

There is one kind of periodical, however, that deserves treatment by itself — that is the newspaper. Some critics are apparently forgetting that it is a periodical, like all the rest. If a man writes an article of, say, 5000 words for a monthly, they regard it as worthy of note; if he does the same thing for a daily, it is beneath contempt. Some libraries are seriously discussing whether they shall not drop the dailies from their periodical lists, giving up, for instance, the *New York Evening Post*,

the *Boston Transcript,* and the *Springfield Republican,* and clinging to the *Broadway Magazine* and *Munsey.* Yet the daily is closer to the people than any of them, and will be more valuable than any others to the historian of a century hence. Sensible libraries are keeping as many files as they dare and the student of comparative life and customs in different regions can do no better than to go to the daily papers first of all. If there are differences worth discussing between East and West, some of the most important may surely be expected to crop out in these same papers.

The usual criticism of modern American newspapers is that they are controlled by "the interests." So stated, it would appear not to be a legitimate complaint. A journal must be controlled by some man or by some body of men, commercial, political, or scientific. It is hard to see why ownership by the Meat Trust or the Standard Oil Company should be more objectionable than ownership by John Smith, the Christian Science Church, the Prohibition Party, or the National Academy of Science. The trouble is that in former days the owner's name was always known and his control was open, whereas nowadays, except in the case of religious papers, it is generally kept quiet and the control is secret. Where there is ostensible control it is generally not the real one.

A paper purporting to be the organ of the Republican or Democratic Party is really, perhaps, the mouthpiece of the Cordage Trust; the sheet which announces on its title-page its adherence to high protection may be only the personal tool of Thomas Jones; and the journal that is supposed to be owned and edited by John Smith does not betray the fact that this gentleman himself is owned and controlled by the Steel Trust. So it is not ownership of its papers by the Interests that the public has to object to; it is the fact that the ownership is concealed or misrepresented. And an additional grievance is that the concealment and misrepresentation themselves are unknown to many and denied by others. We do not know who is responsible for what we read or from what standpoint it is written. Doubtless the failure to label journals plainly "The Property of the Umbrella Trust," "The Personal Organ of Pierpont Rockefeller," and so on, is due to the popular prejudice against large corporations and those identified with them. The influence of the paper will be greater, it is thought, if the source and nature of that influence is concealed. This is just but not far sighted. Its result, so far, has been to discredit American journalism very largely among thinking people. It is leading to an interesting revival of personal journalism, not in the form of the daily paper but of the weekly, of the type exem-

plified and perhaps originated by Labouchère's *Truth* in London — written largely by one person, irresponsible, trenchant, sometimes a little scandalous, yet wielding great influence simply because its readers believe it to be fearless and independent. Its adherents prefer to read the real opinions of a man with whom they only partially agree, rather than sentiments written to order by an employee of some corporation.

This new personal journalism, as might be expected, flourishes particularly in the West. I do not know of any prominent example in the great eastern cities, but in the West we have *The Public,* of Chicago, edited by Louis F. Post; *The Mirror,* of St. Louis, by William Marion Reedy; *The Bellman,* of Minneapolis; Bryan's *Commoner, La Follette's Weekly,* and many others. These papers are all readable and worth reading. The ordinary daily journalism of the West is much like that of the East, but rather more local. We have, however, nowhere in the country a daily that sees the real continental values — probably because we have not yet a public that sees them. This is what despairing publicists mean when they say that the United States is not a "nation." We have not got away yet from the attitude of the Revolutionary War, when the colonies were practically a loose group of allied foreign countries, when the Baltimore dandies in the Mary-

land regiments sneered at the Vermont backwoodsmen, and the Massachusetts farmers were jealous of the Pennsylvania militia, and everybody went home when he pleased and obeyed orders when he was "good and ready." We should have been fighting for our liberties yet, in the intervals of getting in our crops and of attending to local politics, if the French had not lent us a hand.

If we were even now a homogeneous nation, with country-wide national pride and no local misunderstandings and jealousies, this present volume would be as useless as the far-famed chapter on snakes in Iceland. Our country-wide newspapers, or our attempts to approximate them, are all in the East. If a foreigner wants to get daily American news as opposed to that of Minnesota or Illinois or Nebraska, he takes one of the New York dailies, or the *Boston Transcript,* or the *Springfield Republican.*

Mr. Bryce tells the story of a small western town with four daily papers. On being asked how such a place could keep up four papers, a citizen aptly replied that it took the four papers to keep up the place. The questioner, you see, had confused cause and effect. This function of the public press—of advertising or booming the place where it is published, rests, like all advertising, on a perfectly good psychological basis; but it is sometimes forgotten

that other principles of advertising apply here also. In the first place there must be something to advertise. All the money in the world, spent on publicity, would not sell salt as sugar.

This sort of booming leads to and fosters business rivalry and such rivalry often ends in bitter feelings that are inexplicable to an easterner. Such feeling there used to be between Chicago and St. Louis before the former city grew so large that it was forgotten. Such there was until very recently between Tacoma and Seattle; such there is between the "Twin Cities"—St. Paul and Minneapolis. A Minneapolis man, being asked for his automobile to assist in entertaining some visiting delegation, replied that he would lend it on one condition—it must not enter the city limits of St. Paul. This, which seems to an eastern man almost incomprehensibly childish, was perfectly serious. Without the kindly nagging of the local press, these jealousies would not so often arise or so long be perpetuated.

Another adjunct of city pride, of which the western press is fond, is the so-called "slogan"—a pithy sentence embodying in epigram the advantages and virtues of a place—for indiscriminate use in electric signs, on banners, programs, circulars, and elsewhere. Tacoma once adopted the line "Watch Tacoma Grow"; but when she didn't grow fast enough and was outstripped by her big neighbor

Seattle, she changed it to "You'll Like Tacoma," which has more of the permanent element in its make-up. Chicago proudly but simply says "I Will." St. Louis, after the throes of an extensive newspaper competition, awarded a $500 prize to the fortunate composer of the following sentiment: "Some cities have a slogan; St. Louis has the goods." All of which is taken seriously by many citizens and furnishes undoubted material for newspaper discussion in an off season.

The local character of the western press has advantages that it would be wrong to overlook. A paper that tries to keep up with the news of the whole country has to cut its local news pretty short. The result is that in New York, for instance, much of the purely local matter is taken care of by small papers of the rural-press type — weekly sheets looking out for the interests of Harlem, Washington Heights, old "Greenwich Village," Tremont, a dozen or more localities in such boroughs as Richmond or Queens. Compared with these, the chief daily papers of western towns of 10,000 to 15,000 inhabitants are positively metropolitan. It is easy to get local items into any of them, but they will be read over a very small part of the city. To induce the New York papers to notice a local event or occurrence it must be of importance sufficient to make it rank as news outside of New York — other-

wise the local sheets must take care of it. New Yorkers know little of what is going on in their city. The city editor of the *New York Sun* once asserted that sufficient good stuff was left out of that paper daily to make several other issues — and good ones, too. Presumably a large part of this was local.

Now there is nothing like this in a western city. The papers there print great quantities of local news. Every institution is followed up for items, the Public Library is a daily assignment, like the police court. Local portraits are published with very slight excuse. The reader is saturated with local atmosphere and when he finds that he is getting a little out of touch with the world outside, he begins to read the papers of other cities. This is probably done to a much greater extent in the West than elsewhere, simply for the reason just stated.

CHAPTER IX

SCIENCE IN THE WEST

THE WEST'S science is predominantly practical. All science, to be sure, is practical, but we have not all found it out yet. The man who liked the Theory of Functions "because it never could possibly be put to any use" was misinformed. Every bit of new knowledge, and every further degree of systematization of knowledge already acquired, has some bearing, actual or potential, on our daily life. Civilization has been advanced chiefly by belief in this, or at any rate by magnificent disregard of its opposite.

I do not mean to say that pure science is neglected in the West—her universities furnish proof to the contrary. So do her occasional bodies like the St. Louis Academy of Sciences with an honorable record of many years and with frequent publication of the work of such men as Chauvenet in mathematics, of Trelease in botany, or of Nipher in physics. What I do mean to say is that the lack of popular appreciation of science for itself alone, which is noticeable throughout the United States, is particularly evident in the West. The attitude of the press in

matters like these is always an indication of the popular mind. A meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is reported in the London papers very completely, many of the addresses being given in full and the whole thing being treated seriously, as we treat, for instance, a national political convention. In the New York papers a meeting of the American Association would be lucky to get a column; in the western papers it would have only a few sticks, if it were mentioned at all. And mention of the proceedings is apt to be in a jocose vein. That a sane man should devote time and money to clearing up some obscure point in physical science or natural history, or still more that he should spend his life in the service of some science not clearly hitched to the star of palpable dollars and cents, seems to the average reporter, who represents the average citizen, as essentially ludicrous and childish.

When the *New York Sun* runs short of the efforts of amateur poets or the odd names of obscure citizens, for exploitation in humorous editorials, it can always make a hit by turning over to its "funny man" the latest entomological bulletin from Washington, whose Latin technical names introduced freely and commented upon in the *Sun's* well-known vein of good-humored satire, are in the estimation of its readers screamingly funny.

Hardly a paper in the country includes on its staff a scientific expert — a person through whose hands material involving scientific fact or comment must pass before it is approved for publication. The *Boston Transcript* is almost our only paper whose scientific news is looked upon by scientific men otherwise than with contempt.

What has been said applies, it must be noted, to pure science. As soon as it passes the border line of application to some industry, it is differently regarded. And scientific men are themselves partly to blame for this state of things, in fostering the idea that the best science is science that can not be applied. The best science is doubtless science that does not look for application. But it all can be applied and may one day be applied; and the citizen whose only respect is for the application will doubtless come to respect the science too when he realizes the potentiality of it all.

Certain problems of applied science the West has worked out or is working out for itself satisfactorily. Chief among these, perhaps, is that of water-supply where the only source is the muddy rivers of the region. In St. Louis, for instance, before the World's Fair, the city water, drawn from the Mississippi, was so filled with sediment that its normal color was yellow or brown. Deposition of suspended matter took place in an ordinary tumbler

when it stood for any length of time. Water for laundry purposes was drawn a week in advance and allowed to settle in barrels before it could be used. A commission of experts reported to the city that it was impracticable to use the water of the Mississippi at all and recommended a plan to bring a supply from a great distance at an estimated cost of $31,000,000.

At this juncture it was decided to try another scheme, whose practical details were worked out by a young St. Louis chemist, Mr. John Wixford, a graduate of the city schools and of Washington University. This plan was to get rid of the sediment by forming in the water by chemical action a coagulable precipitate that would stick to it and carry it down quickly. This proved entirely practicable, and St. Louis has since enjoyed water of crystal clearness, free not only from mud but from bacteria, which are also taken care of in the general clearing-up process.

The scheme cost just $10,000 to install and is operated at a very small yearly expense. The chemicals used are cheap and easily obtained—merely lime and copperas, or, chemically speaking, calcium hydrate and sulphate of iron. Introduced into the muddy water these at once react to form sulphate of lime and ferrous hydrate. There are further and more complicated reactions into which we can not

enter here, but in general the lime compounds are dissolved and serve merely to "harden" the water to a slight degree, while the iron compounds stick together in flocculent masses and sink, with the particles of sediment and the bacteria. Anything that may be left is removed by rapid sand filtration. A somewhat similar method had previously been used also in Quincy, Ill., and at other river towns, but its adoption on such a large scale was first effected in St. Louis. Thus a purely western problem has been solved by westerners in a characteristically western way, simple, effective, and thorough.

Another problem, also connected with the rivers, is that of water transportation, already adverted to in a previous chapter. The use of the great western rivers for freight and passenger traffic has now almost ceased, railway transportation having taken its place. As is well known, an earnest effort is being made to revive it, and one feature of that effort is an attempt to commit the national government to an extensive scheme of river improvement. Experts appear to differ regarding the practicability of the various plans proposed. Meanwhile opponents of the scheme are pointing out that the rivers are the same as they were fifty years ago, and are asking why they are not utilized again in their present condition before any attempt is made to render them still more usable. This is a good deal like

objecting to the substitution of electric light for gas on the ground that a revival of candles is among the possibilities. The old use of the rivers persisted while it was the only possibility and despite great inconveniences and disadvantages. When a better means of transportation was devised, the rivers were disused. Now a scientific study of the problem shows that there is a still better plan — a partition of the traffic between the railways and the improved rivers. The adoption of this plan may be slow, but despite foolish opposition on the part of the railroads, it is bound to come. It involves, of course, other improvements besides that of the channels, notably in the construction of boats, and the handling of passengers and freight. An attempt has been made to carry some of these out experimentally even with the rivers in their present condition, and the results are likely to be interesting. They should not, however, delay the progress of the improved waterway scheme as a whole, and doubtless we shall see this other peculiarly western problem solved also by westerners in a western way.

An old Mississippi pilot, after an anxious and tiring night of steering around sandbars and dodging wreckage, turned to a companion in the pilothouse and remarked wearily, "If I had the management of the Universe I should make this river perfectly straight, with a full moon at each end."

It is hardly probable that any such extensive improvement as this will take place, but we may reasonably expect that the river will be kept at a uniform minimum depth and that the banks will be prevented from caving in and filling it up.

It is interesting to see how these technical problems affecting the West cluster about the great rivers. A third in our list is the use of these rivers for waterpower. They are usually of great volume but small fall. The Mississippi, for instance, has been utilized to any great extent only at the falls of St. Anthony, at Minneapolis. Now, however, a great dam, to develop some 200,000 horsepower, is under construction opposite Keokuk, Iowa, at the rapids whose great energy has hitherto been allowed to go absolutely to waste. Of this great power, 60,000 horsepower has already been contracted for in St. Louis alone. Doubtless we shall see in the future a hydro-electric plant at every rapid along the course of the western rivers. Navigation will not be impeded, but actually improved, since canals are even now generally necessary to avoid these rapids and the water backed up by the dams deepens long reaches of the river above.

There will be no interference with scenery, and objections such as have been properly made to hydro-electric development at Niagara and other great falls, will not apply.

Another way in which applied science has come very near to the western people is in agriculture. Probably nowhere in the world has the farmer such a respect for scientific methods — properly so, for they have made his fortune for him. He readily votes taxes for the support of great agricultural schools and experiment stations and he studies their results with interest to see how they may be applied on his own land. As for machinery, he uses it everywhere; in fact, his huge farms could not be operated without it. His operating force of men is reduced to a minimum. He has under cultivation square miles of land with no human habitation in sight. Yet he is not lonely, for he has the telephone to communicate with his neighbor and the automobile to reach him quickly in the flesh.

One more great scientific improvement we may look for on the farm — the introduction of supplementary irrigation. It is a curious fact that this method has chiefly been used hitherto in desert places. The owner of a Connecticut farm who has spent much time beyond the Rockies tells me that there is scarcely a bit of land in the United States that would not be improved by it. In New England, for instance, it would make possible two crops in a summer instead of one, and it would forever remove all fear of drought. A single rainstorm that occurred the other day in Arkansas was worth to

that state, so the newspapers say, several millions of dollars. If this is so, why not invest a little money in a plant to protect the farmer permanently against drought? In fertile Kansas and Nebraska it may ruin all the crops of the year, whereas we hear of nothing of the kind in the California orange country, although that was originally a desert. Where there is no rain, science provides the equivalent; where the rain fails only occasionally, we philosophically take the chances of disaster. We may look, I think, to a future where the farmer will insist on being made independent of the clouds in Kansas as well as in California — in Oklahoma as well as in Oregon.

Droughts are really the only blot on western agriculture; in spite of them Kansas and Nebraska farming lands are held at fabulous prices; with supplementary irrigation they may be expected to rise even higher.

One of the unsolved problems of applied science in most of the Middle-West cities is that of the abundant soft-coal smoke. Those who have studied the subject assure us that soft coal may be burned without excessive smoke, but in practice not only are special devices — patent grates or mechanical stokers — almost necessary for such burning, but even with their aid, black smoke will still appear at the time of stoking, without skilled management.

The substitution of hard for soft coal is not only unlikely but undesirable. Hard coal is expensive in the Middle West on account of distance from the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania; and soft coal is abundant and near. It is the cheapest and most convenient fuel-supply known to man — easily handled and quickly lighted — its smoke is the one objection to it. Smoke-abatement means, therefore, the installation of proper smoke-consuming devices in connection with all large furnaces, with the training of those who are to superintend and handle them; and the general education of the public in the smokeless management of domestic furnaces, stoves, and grates, without such devices. The use of fuel-gas is also an important factor where this is available. Natural gas, however, though a perfect solution of the problem, is apt to be only a temporary one, as shown by the experience of Pittsburg; and manufactured fuel-gas, though more and more widely used for cooking, is still too expensive for general heating purposes. The development of hydro-electric power, as at the great Mississippi dam at Keokuk, Iowa, now building, may also offer a partial solution.

But at present the problem is one of psychology. The things to be done are clearly indicated; it is not so easy to get people to do them. The first thing that the enthusiastic reformer thinks of is coercive

legislation. It can not be said that this has proved successful when unaided. When a man is required by law to do what he believes to be impossible, he simply disobeys, and if he is punished, that only arouses his undying hostility to the law. Where smoke has been sensibly abated it has generally been done by dealing with each case as it arises, demonstrating to the offender that his plant would be smokeless if properly run, or could be made so by the expenditure of a specified sum in a specified way. Offenders on a large scale can be turned into law-abiding citizens in this way; those on a small scale must be dealt with by public opinion.

It must not be forgotten that a large body of citizens in every smoky town is accustomed to the smoke and does not mind it; and believes that its abatement is an impossibility, or that, if possible, it would drive away profitable industries. A manufacturer in a western city, whose son, home for his vacation from an eastern college, objected to the smoky atmosphere, informed the boy that the smoke was profitable and healthful, that he would have to get used to it and like it and that if he found it impossible to do so, he would have to go back to the East.

No collection of notes on the West's problems in applied science would be complete without a word on the differences between the railroads of the East

and the West. Some of these have already been briefly noticed. Possibly the most salient point of difference is that in the East the roadbed excels and in the West the equipment. In the East the permanent way is commonly solid and expensive, with double or even quadruple track on main lines, whereas in the West most of the lines are single and the roadbed poorly kept up, even on important systems. On the other hand, the general average of cars, especially of passenger day coaches, is poorer in the East than in the West, doubtless on account of the greater amount of short distance travel. The western cars are apt to be heavier and better lighted, the newer types of steel cars being met even on many second-grade systems.

In the East a given territory is served by fewer lines than in the West, and the result is often that the service is more satisfactory. There is for instance only one company operating trains between New York and Boston, whereas there are four between Chicago and St. Louis, on no one of which is the service as good as on the eastern line. This is in spite of the militant competition due to the existence of an unnecessary number of lines and may be attributed to the fact that business which would yield a good profit to a single line will barely pay the expenses of half a dozen or so. "Touting" for business is much more active in the West than in

the East, and a man who is planning a thousand-mile trip may expect calls from the representatives of half a dozen roads, who will set forth their advantages and solicit custom. Despite the greater profit of freight business every possible effort is made to stimulate passenger traffic. The literature issued is elaborate and well conceived. In 1911 the St. Louis Public Library collected 400 volumes of such literature, of which only a few were issued by eastern roads, where the ordinary travel is usually as heavy as can well be accommodated, especially in summer.

All this competition is due partly to the facts that consolidation of roads has been more thorough in the East, and that the building of unnecessary competing lines was made difficult there when it was easy in the West; and also in large part to the great ease of running lines over the flat prairie, where, in the early days of railroading, there was scarcely any grading at all, and the rails were often moved about from one part of the prairie to another, with little effort.

Railway competition in the West, however, is solely for passengers and freight; it has no effect on rates or speeds, which are now regulated by agreement between the roads, much to the detriment of the public. State governments are taking a hand in rate-regulation, but they have not tackled the

speed question yet. Eastern express speeds vary from forty to sixty miles per hour; in the West, even where the quality of the roadbed does not limit speed, it is kept down by agreement. All trains between Chicago and St. Louis, for instance, a distance of 280 miles, require eight hours, and this is quite typical. In the West any train that makes an average of over thirty miles an hour is a flyer. Conditions are improved by occasional "speed wars," but soon revert to their former state. This does not apply of course to the fast expresses on the lines between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Coast, which may make, on occasion, speeds as high as eighty miles an hour within the region of which we are now speaking.

So far as western roadbeds are concerned, there is a notable trend now toward decided improvement, as in the double-tracking of the great main lines such as the Union Pacific, and the installation of automatic signals, as on the Missouri Pacific and the Frisco.

The efforts of western roads to "make business" appear also in their attempts, often very successful, to build up industry along their lines. Their organizations include great land and industrial departments, and much of the literature already referred to is issued in connection with these. The eastern lines do little work of this kind, although the

New Haven road has just established an industrial department—the first of its kind in the East.

Another marked difference between eastern and western railroad travel is the fact that so much of the latter takes place at night. In the East there is considerable through travel by daylight, especially in summer, when a large proportion of the passengers are women. In the West, daylight travel is mostly local; if a man plans a trip requiring 8 to 12 hours he almost always goes at night. Possibly one reason for this may be the monotony of the outlook. We Americans, who have such odd streaks of sentiment in our materialism, are very fond of fine scenery. When traveling we will often stop over for a night in order not to miss a day's ride through the mountains. Even east of the Mississippi, trains will be selected and schedules scanned so that the traveler may pass the Alleghanies, or the Mohawk Valley, or some other choice bit of scenic territory by daylight. But across the plains or over the prairies, the spice of variety is absent. One hour and one mile are as good as the next, and the passenger might as well sleep away his time.

CHAPTER X

ART IN THE WEST

THE measure of popular appreciation of art is doubtless not the existence of museums or public collections, or even the degree to which these are visited by citizens, but the good taste displayed in the construction and arrangement of the material things used or met with in daily life — buildings, streets and parks, domestic implements, ornaments, articles of clothing, and so on. Tested thus, modern appreciation of art is far below what it was in ancient Greece; the Germans today have less of it than the French, and the English still less. We have not so much of it in America as any European country has; and there is less of it in the West than in the East. The Anglo-Saxon race has never excelled in this appreciation of the beauty of common things and it is doubtful whether it will ever do so.

In the West the old French sub-stratum, which might have favored it, has been pretty well snowed under. Age, which makes some things beautiful, independently of the maker's will, is acting to some extent in the West as it has done earlier in the East;

but unfortunately the West does not like relics. As a general thing only the old appreciate antiquities, and the West is still young enough to despise them. The Catholic Church, which is old enough to venerate things for their age alone, preserves its landmarks, but about every other relic in the average western town is destroyed ruthlessly when its immediate usefulness has passed.

Ordinary utensils are mostly ugly all over the United States: the West can claim no distinction in this regard. There is not even any good domestic art indigenous to the soil, as there is west of the Rockies where the forms and decoration of pottery, buildings, textiles, etc., made and used by the Indians, are so good. Indian utensils found over the Middle West are always interesting and sometimes artistic, but they are prehistoric and can have no effect on modern life as the art of the Navahos and the Hopis, for instance, incontestably has.

In architecture the West is doing well, and in this respect there seems to be a genuine and growing appreciation of beauty and good taste applied to a utilitarian end. Recent residential sections in western cities are apt to be beautiful, that is, if we look at each residence separately. There is little "team work," but that may come later. The wealthy donor of a memorial chapel in a New York suburb stipulated that she should design and construct the

building in her own way, afterward turning it over to the trustees of the church to which she was giving it. The memorial, while built as an annex to the church, proved to be in a totally different style and altogether incongruous with it. Asked the reason, the good lady replied: "I didn't want it to be like the church. I wanted it to be so different that people would ask as they passed, 'Why! what is that?' and would be told: 'That is the Smith Memorial Chapel!'" By a similar wish — the desire to be conspicuously different — have most of our house-builders been actuated. Better far to live in southern California, where you have to build in the Mission style, whether you want to or not.

A New York wit once remarked that there were in that city only two architectural styles, "the Beaux-Arts and the Bizarre." The West has been happily free from this bondage to a single school, however good; and odd and grotesque though some of her buildings may be, it is hardly possible to place in this class all that have not been designed by a single coterie of architects. It is said that Denver owes the attractiveness of its residence sections to the fact that a group of young Beaux-Arts men happened to be on the spot just at the time when the rising fortunes and the inclinations of the successful miners acted together to produce a building boom. However this may be, the city boasts of many creditable

private houses, and the Paris school is of course welcome to whatever part of the credit it deserves. Doubtless it deserves much throughout the West, but it is probably well that there are others to claim their share of praise.

So far as what is generally called "art" is concerned — the formal production and exhibition of painting and sculpture — the West is doing her share. It is an interesting fact that New York has never been able to capture the leadership in art, in the United States, as she has that of commerce, finance, and literature. Her literary supremary won from Boston not long ago, she will not hold undisputed. That has been discussed in a previous chapter. But the supremacy in art she has never held. Great artists have not lived and painted there. The wonderful subjects to be found in her streets and on her waterways are just beginning to find recognition. She has had no preëminent art school. No one professional association has been able to hold all her artists. The National Academy is national only in name. There is no proper home for current art exhibitions in the great city. Philadelphia — despised Philadelphia — leads the metropolis in art matters, and dozens of other smaller cities stand abreast of her. New York's Metropolitan Museum stands unrivaled, but merely because the gifts of millionaires have put it in funds.

In the West, Chicago and St. Louis both have noteworthy art museums and popular appreciation of them is greater than in most eastern cities. Chicago has the best site for popular work; the St. Louis museum, which is the permanent part of the World's Fair art section, necessarily stands on the site of that fair, in Forest Park, inaccessible to the great mass of the public. It will have to be supplemented by exhibitions down town if the great bulk of the population is to be reached. But even with this handicap the interest shown in it is noteworthy. I think we may say that in the West, even more than in the East, people are well disposed toward art. Like the cautious French student whom Arago asked ironically if he had ever seen the Moon, they "have heard it spoken of." There is a disposition among all to welcome it and wish it well. But the tendency is to think of it as something apart from daily life. It is an Anglo-Saxon tendency which is felt also by religion. We like to keep these things severely in their places—to be able to water the milk (or the stock) on week days and attend Divine Worship on Sundays; to look out of our ugly offices all day, at the ugly buildings across the ugly street and then go home to gaze at the Corots and Daubignys that our millions have enabled us to acquire. But although this feeling is stronger in the West than in the East, there are

also more hopeful signs of a revolt against it in the former region. There is nothing in the East, so far as I know, quite like the Artists' Guild of St. Louis. The Authors' Club in New York resembles it but has for its basis purely literary work. The Salmagundi and similar organizations do not take its place.

The "Arts and Crafts Movement" is strong in the West and has perhaps received somewhat more than the average amount of sympathy and appreciation from the ordinary citizen.

To the production of good painting and sculpture the West is contributing notably, both by furnishing subjects and those who can interpret them. The effect of a great work of representative art—painting, sculpture, drama—depends on two things. A mathematician would say that it is "a function of two variables"—the thing represented and the state of mind of the artist. In the proper balance of these factors lies the success of the work. The painter who tries to paint as much like a photograph as possible, shutting out the personal element altogether, fails; but so also does he who tries to express himself by a representation that succeeds only in obeying the Second Commandment literally in looking like nothing "in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth." The expression of one's self is the important thing, to

be sure, provided one has something worth while to contribute, but the thing through whose representation that expression is to be accomplished is not unimportant. I do not believe that a man can express as much in a picture of an apple on a plate as he can in a landscape, nor that he can express just the same things in a landscape that he can in a group of figures. And yet it is the manner rather than the matter that constitutes art.

There is yet matter in the West, waiting for the western artist to express himself and to express the West — its largeness, its restlessness, its impatience of control. The eastern artist who "goes West" for his subject seldom stops short of the Rockies, or perhaps, like Remington, he goes on to the sagebrush and alkali of Wyoming or Arizona. The West in our present sense is yet to be painted in its largeness and freeness, and its own sons must do the work. Parts of it have been done, and done well. No one has painted the Mississippi River like Sylvester of St. Louis; the Chicago River has its interpreter in Clusman of that city; Meakin paints Ohio, and the "Hoosier group" — Stark, Adams, Forsyth, and Steele — the country about Indianapolis. But the West depicted in all its fullness as the Dutch painters have given us Holland or as Sorolla has painted present day Spain, is, it seems to me, yet in the womb of Time. I do not

know who is to depict it if not some painter or some school of painters from the West itself. And when it is done it will not be done in the French or the German or the Italian style, or in imitation of anything or anybody, but with originality.

The depressing thing about most American art exhibitions is the obvious imitation. The French impressionists hit on a way to depict the delicate play of color on the surfaces of objects — a wonderful method though sacrificing somewhat the impression of solidity and actuality of those objects. At once scores of painters try to do the same thing and succeed only in conveying the impression that trees, rocks, and buildings are themselves pink, yellow or lilac instead of merely reflecting light of those colors. Another artist produces wonderful effects by slapping on pigment with a palette-knife, and a swarm of others immediately adopt the method, without producing the effects. So it goes; and the same is true, of course, in any other art, such as poetry or music. Originality is the only thing that counts, and it is the only thing that cannot be imitated.

Now Americans, least of all those of the West, are by no means imitators in other fields. In mechanics, for instance, we have long led the world in boldness and originality as well as in fertility of invention. There seems to be no reason why we

should not be bold, original, fertile, and successful in art also, as soon as our bold and original spirits see in art something that is worth their while. So long as art is something for ladies to putter at or for badly paid and incompetent workmen to bungle over, this realization will remain far distant. Curiously enough, the first dawn of a new day shines forth not in our painting but in our sculpture, and the sculpture and sculptors of the West, especially when dealing with western subjects, do her great credit. There is something virile about sculpture that holds the western imagination, and it may be that in this form of art the West is to excel and so to find its true expression.

"It takes two to tell the truth," says an old writer, "one to speak and the other to listen." Likewise does it take two to give a work of art its value—one to create and one to appreciate. The greatest art is that of the man who causes you to imagine that you see what he desires you to see. The shadow on the snow in yonder picture has little to do with the artist's brush-marks, as you may see if you step nearer and regard the picture close at hand. The shadow is in your brain, and is partly there because you know you ought to see it. Yet the suggestion is the work of the artist—and that is his art. Such art there cannot be, however, without the party of the second part, the person suggestible to

the artist's efforts. The condition of his mind reacts on the artist; if the suggestion buds and blooms in his imagination, the artist is encouraged; if not, he is likely to take up the photographic style that suggests nothing to the imagination, and represents only a low type of art.

Thus it is encouraging when one sees even failures in an attempt at this kind of painting; its very existence shows the presence of appreciative spectators.

Standing in a crowded western art museum I heard one man say to another, "How many of these people understand what they see?" If he meant to ask how many appreciate the technique of the artists at whose works they gaze, the answer must be, "Very few." But the understanding of technique is not the appreciation of art. It is not at all necessary in order to receive the artist's message; it may, indeed, interfere with such reception. The artist who paints or the poet or musician who writes, solely to interest his fellow artists in the way in which he does it, is not an artist of universal appeal, which means that he is not truly great. The great artist is great among artists and also among those who know nothing of art, provided only their senses and their minds are in proper shape. When an art-gallery is thronged with persons who are evidently enjoying what they see, such

questions as I have quoted are superfluous. It takes little observation to pick out those who have the common sense that is necessary to look at a picture, as it is necessary to most acts in this world of ours. The man, for instance, who has not noticed that the best pictures are so painted that they must be seen from one particular distance, and that only—who regards a canvas from a viewpoint of six inches, and seeing only brush marks and unblended colors, concludes that he does not like art, may be seen in any miscellaneous gallery crowd. He does not yet form part of the intelligent public that the artist must reckon with; yet even he requires but a word to set him right.

A love for good music is one of the things for which the West has to thank its German citizens. Why the Germans should be the leading musical people in the world is a hard problem to solve; they do not look it, whereas the Latin peoples decidedly do. But why, if music is a Teutonic gift, did not our own Teutonic forefathers transmit it to us? The English are probably the most unmusical nation on earth; what hope there is for us Americans we have largely from the leaven of other peoples that has been and is working on us.

Music is like language: the only way to understand it is to listen to it. There is no use in trying to teach a babe to talk by giving him lessons in

grammar and rhetoric. When he knows one language these will help him to acquire another, and likewise a listener that understands the musical language of Beethoven but not that of Debussy may be helped by verbal explanation. But just as the way to resume specie payments was to resume, so "the way to listen to music" is to listen and to listen much and attentively. The presence of other listeners who evidently like what they hear is a potent factor in the increase of musical appreciation in a community, and here is where the Germans have done such good service. The West still suffers, it is true, from the prevailing American contempt of things done on a small scale. Unless a town is big enough to support a Boston symphony orchestra or a Metropolitan Opera, it may as well throw up the sponge, according to this view. Salvation from this belief is to be found in the multiplication of performers, as opposed to mere listeners. If there are in a town a large number of persons who sing or who play on some musical instrument, the existence of musical organizations will come as a matter of course. This is the way that it works in Germany, and when the German leaven has worked so far that it is also the case in small western cities, the West's musical life will have been put on a new foundation.

As for western theatres, they are chiefly houses where traveling companies play for engagements of

a single night to a week or two — sometimes longer. For the larger cities there are certain advantages in this, but the disadvantages outweigh them. The advantages are those common to all systems of peripatetic interchange. The Methodist ministry has been operated on that basis for a long time and those concerned appear to be satisfied with it; but it has never commended itself to other Christian bodies. The churches and the clergy both get variety; there is no monopoly of what is good on either side; no one has time to get into a rut. On the other hand, there is no element of stability or permanence in such an arrangement. Everyone concerned is looking forward to the next move, and there is hardly time to become accustomed to one set of conditions before another takes its place.

It may be said that the peripatetic theatrical system is not common to the West, or to small places, at all. The old-fashioned stock company, as we saw it at Wallack's or Daly's in New York, in the Boston Museum, or at Mrs. John Drew's in Philadelphia, is practically obsolete. There are no "one-night stands" in New York, but the difference is one of quantity rather than of quality. Sooner or later every play and every actor goes "on the road"— even the Metropolitan Opera Company. This is true, and yet the same play may run at the same theatre in New York for a whole season.

Things have time to get settled as they never do in stays of a few nights each in small cities. One would rather see any favorite actor in New York than at a one-night stand. Why? Good acting is a very sensitive plant: it responds quickly to conditions and environment and a "first night," popular though it may be, is never the best night at a playhouse. Obviously, then, in a tour made up chiefly of "first nights" no theatrical company can do itself justice.

Again, under present conditions there is no East or West, no North or South in theatrical matters; the country is one huge circuit, and no section has an opportunity to express itself, despite sectional dramas like *In Mizzoura, The Nigger,* and the like. From this point of view the drama, as a representative art, is surely not in a satisfactory state, but the West now simply shares conditions common to all the United States.

The state of the arts, one and all, in any community depends somewhat on the way in which they are taught or fail to be taught, to the young.

American educational institutions have just begun to awaken to their duties in the matter of art instruction. Fifty years ago no one of them taught literature with any insistence on the fact that it is an art; as for music, painting, and sculpture, they were treated with contempt. This is being slowly reme-

died. In the West, musical instruction in the common schools is being taken up, and taken up in the right way. Universities are introducing courses in music and art. When I was told the other day that a promising musician — a young man — had gone to the University of Nebraska at Lincoln to study counterpoint and composition my first feeling was one of surprise, not unmingled with amusement; my next was a thrill due to the realization that the musical West is coming into her own.

No longer is the artistic progress of the university student to be gauged by the childish lays of the average college glee club and the disheartening drawings in the average college paper. These things are looking up, and nowhere more than in the West. The Anglo-Saxon may never count art as his stronghold; but we may at least hope that he is at last saying good-by to the age of artistic ignorance, childishness, and triviality in which he has so long complacently dwelt.

CHAPTER XI

SOCIETY IN THE WEST

THE whole subject of social standing in the United States has been greatly neglected by writers and students. Making a list of countries in the order of fixity of social status and its relationship with beliefs, occupations, and other social phenomena, we should doubtless find India, with its caste system, at one extreme and the United States at the other. In India, given a man's caste, one may know at once not only his occupation, habits, religious belief, and general attitude of mind, but those of his ancestors and descendants. Passing through the list of countries where it is less and less possible to infer any such connection, we arrive finally at our own, where it is least possible. It would be wrong to conclude, however, that no conclusions of the kind may be drawn here. They follow more easily in the East than they do in the West. In no land probably, for instance, is there a total divorce between social status and occupation. In many countries the latter depends strictly on the former. In the United States the dependence is rather the other way, but not wholly. We may infer that the day-laborer is

not an intimate in the house of the bank-president; that is, we infer his social standing from his occupation; but it is also true that the bank-president's son, however impoverished he might become, would rarely think of resorting to manual labor of this kind for support. In other words, we may infer occupation from social standing to some degree even in this country.

Perhaps this is the place to define what may be meant by a "social scale." It is a very easy matter, as it depends solely upon the possibility of intimate personal association. If you acknowledge that it is impossible that a given man should ever invite you to his house for dinner, and that you would feel greatly honored if he did so, you thereby acknowledge him as your social superior. If he invites you and you still feel flattered by the invitation, the difference between you is less, but he is still above you. If you exchange and accept invitations freely with no feelings of the sort, you are social equals. If you hesitate about accepting his invitation, and think that you are conferring a favor if you do, you regard him as your social inferior; still more so if you would never think either of accepting his invitation or of inviting him yourself.

But, you say, how about the other fellow? Is he willing to accept your and his relative positions in the social scale as you evaluate them? In a land

where the social scale is absolutely fixed, yes. In India there is not the slightest doubt on either side. In England there is not much. In America there is a great deal. A may consider himself B's social superior, when in the estimation of B their positions are reversed. Still, if we take positions far enough apart on the scale, the difference is generally recognized on both sides; that is, if we accept the criterion of dinner invitations. A and B may each look down socially on the other; neither would then think of inviting the other, or of accepting his invitation. If A and B, however, are really far enough apart, the unwillingness of A to invite B is generally accompanied by great willingness of B to accept if invited. So much for my test of social position, of which I make a present to any aspiring sociologist who wishes to experiment further with it.

I leave to this gentleman, whoever he may be, the interesting task of drawing up a list of occupations in various lands in the order of their social value. The order would not be by any means the same in all countries, or in the same country at all times. Commercial occupations have risen in the social scale in England; the professions are still relatively lower there than in the United States. In a small American town, no one stands higher than the local lawyer, physician, and clergyman; in an English village of similar size there is always a landholder —

a squire—to overtop everyone else. Here, differences between West and East are slight and almost vanishing; but it is probably true that in the West commerce stands relatively higher and the professions lower than in the East. The tradition of clerical dominance, which still lingers in parts of New England, for instance, has never existed there. The lawyer is important politically but not necessarily socially. State or national office has not the standing that it has in the East. In many countries the possession of an office raises one at once in the social scale. There is something of this sort at Washington and at one or two state capitals, but not in the West. The word "un-American" has been overworked, but I believe it finds its place here. The bestowal of social standing on a person simply because he holds office is especially objectionable in this country, where offices are commonly elective. Were it generally acknowledged it would make unavailable for office many men of force and ability who are not "clubbable" or whose wives are regarded as "impossible."

To begin at the top, there is absolutely no social parallel between the President of the United States and a foreign monarch. The latter is the social head of his country; in England he is little else. To bestow any such position on the President is absurd, and although there has always been an effort

to do so, its social writs have scarcely run beyond the boundaries of the District of Columbia. The newspaper custom of dubbing the President's wife the "first lady in the land" is not only ridiculous, but harmful. A man once told me that he intended to vote against the presidential candidate of his own party, one of the best equipped men who ever sat in the chair, because his wife was unfitted, for some reason or other, to be "first lady."

Our offices, from the President's down, are business positions, and should be filled for merit, not for social standing. Only in the case of ambassadors to foreign countries should this have weight. In Rome we must do as the Romans do; but on the soil of the United States we are the "Romans" ourselves, and our customs should govern.

As I have said, there is little of this kind of thing in the West. There is also, less than in the East, the feeling that social superiority carries with it the privilege of considering one's self superior in other respects. A very able machinist, we will say, has not those qualities that would make him a welcome guest at your table. That is no reason why, in conversing with him about machinery—a subject in which he is your acknowledged superior—you should condescend to him. And yet you surely would, were you an Englishman, and you probably would if you were an easterner. You might, but

you would not be so likely, if you were a westerner.

A Scotchman, of good middle-class position, after a few days in this country, said to me: "I have never in my life seen so many people who are aggressively 'as good as you are.'" Now, the "aggressiveness," if it were really present, was objectionable; nobody ought to be unpleasantly aggressive, no matter what his social status. But probably it was merely the absence of formal British obsequiousness that struck the good man, and struck him unfavorably, as everything strange does strike our transatlantic cousins. As for being "as good as he was"—bless his heart; so they were, in the places where they came into contact with him. They were all passengers on a trolley car or pedestrians on a sidewalk together. The fact that many of them were his social inferiors had no more to do with it than the fact, equally certain, that some of them were his social superiors. The idea that the social inferior should behave always as if inferior, whether in social contact or some other, is a relic of the days when before the law the social superior was treated differently from the inferior. That day has not entirely passed, but, in theory at least, all are now treated alike. In India, as Mr. Price Collier notes, it is only the British yoke that keeps them equal; to the native it is almost unthinkable that the prince and the beggar should be punished alike for murder.

And to the Englishman it is still unthinkable that an ignorant noble should, without condescension, acknowledge inferiority in any respect to a "humble" though eminent scholar. In the western United States, perhaps, more than elsewhere, social matters are kept within their own sphere. A may be socially inferior to B, his equal as an athlete, and far superior to him in business ability. He is treated in accordance with the particular contact that is taking place between the two.

The relation between religious belief and social standing is another curious and fascinating subject of study for the investigator of differences between the East and the West. Such a connection exists everywhere and is usually recognized, though little is said about it. In parts of the country where there was an established church, like the Congregational in Connecticut or the Episcopal in Virginia, that church has always kept more or less of the social prestige that once belonged to it. In states where there was no established church, colonization was sometimes promoted under particular religious auspices, as under the Catholics in Maryland or the Society of Friends in Pennsylvania — these have retained social eminence. The fact that the Episcopal church was established by law in England gave it prestige in colonial times even in colonies where it was relatively weak. The Middle West

spent its colonial days as a Spanish or French possession, but it was never colonized in the same sense as the states on the Atlantic seaboard, and the religious connections of its masters have not been handed down in the same way. These connections were, of course, predominantly Catholic. The Mississippi Valley is rich in Catholic memories, but those memories are largely of the deeds and lives of missionaries who worked among Indian tribes now vanished. In New Orleans, however, and to a lesser degree in St. Louis, Catholics are strong socially; and in numerous smaller towns where the French tradition lingers, the same is true.

In general, the West is distinguished from the East by lack of any one or of any few religious denominations to which social eminence attaches. Denominations that are powerful through numbers contain, of course, more socially powerful individuals than others. The Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists are thus relatively important there, the first-named hardly more, perhaps, than in the East; the others certainly far more so. This may be explained by the activity of Methodist and Baptist missionaries in the West in days when the Episcopalians, for instance, were content with retaining a local foothold. Some denominations common in the East are known little or not at all in the West, and vice versa. For instance, the Dutch Reformed church,

so familiar in New York and New Jersey, is practically unknown there. Congregationalism is a root transplanted from the East. One the other hand, the Christians, known only by name in the East, are strong in the West, numerically and socially. But, in general, it may be said that members of different religious communities are apt to meet on much more common social ground than in the East. I know many places in New England where a census of any representative social gathering would disclose hardly any others but Congregationalists and Episcopalians — the former in a majority. The presence of a Catholic would be almost an impossibility; that of a Baptist or a Methodist, very unlikely. A census of a similar gathering in the West would probably reveal, besides all the bodies named above, Christians, Swedenborgians, Lutherans, and so on.

It need hardly be said that this difference has nothing whatever to do with religious tolerance or intolerance. You will find the old first families of Baltimore, New Orleans, and St. Louis largely Catholic not at all because public opinion in those cities leans toward the Catholic doctrine. The fact that you might live for years in a Connecticut town without meeting a Methodist socially, while half of your friends might be of that connection after your removal to a western city, does not mean that there is any religious prejudice against Methodists in New

England. These things have their causes, but they are only indirectly connected with religion. In a small New England town forty years ago, the only Catholics were Irish, and the only Irish were day-laborers. Hence, obviously, the social status of the Catholic church in such towns was humble. In the same towns, the Methodists and Baptists had to take the "leavings" of the population, while in the West they were first on the field.

All denominations are more liberal in the West than in the East. By "liberal" I mean tolerant; I do not mean to imply that there is any general tendency toward free-thinking, although possibly there are more individual free-thinkers. But there seems to be more of the atmosphere of universal charity; less feeling that there is, and of necessity should be, a high board fence about one's own particular denominational back-yard. If a practical movement for Christian unity should ever arise, we may well expect it to start in the Middle Western States.

There is, apparently, no leisure class in the West. The ear-marks of such a class are almost entirely absent — the great estates, the peculiar type of club life in the cities, the efforts to invent strange forms of amusement or occupation — social entertainment, philanthropy, art, all gone to seed. Not that conditions do not produce those who might live in leisure

if they so chose. But partly they do not so choose; and those who do choose go elsewhere to live, where the devices for supporting such a life, and for making it more supportable to those who live it, are already well-developed. There is little for a retired millionaire to do in Milwaukee, or Indianapolis, or Cincinnati, or even in St. Louis or Chicago. If he does not go abroad, New York usually claims him. To a certain extent this is to the credit of the western cities, the amusements of these self-expatriated gentry being usually of a kind that their native places may well do without. So far, however, as it means that the West has no attractions for him who wishes to live the life of a quiet, cultivated gentleman, spending his money in the gratification of the best tastes, it is doubtless to be deplored. If the West can so order itself that these latter persons of leisure will remain, while the others will continue to emigrate, all will be well. This is not at all beyond the bounds of possibility, and there are signs that it may one day be realized.

Hospitality and neighborliness are far more noticeable in the West than in the East. Other things being equal, a new arrival may expect more attention there, arising simply from a desire to make him feel at home and to ensure that he receives a favorable impression. This sort of attention is rare in the East and is, unfortunately, becoming

rarer, except in the case of European visitors. It is also rare in the East to receive attention simply because one lives near by. Nowhere, I suppose, is mere proximity of residence a reason for social intimacy, except perhaps in Alaska or Central Africa. But so far as I know, given the requisite social possibilities, nowhere in the East is residence in the same street a reason for social attentions, as it is not infrequently in the West. Is this due to the greater regard paid by westerners to the home and to domestic life? That such regard exists in special degree may be denied by easterners and even doubted by westerners themselves. Yet no one who observes the lack of forms of social life outside the home, in the West as compared with the East, can doubt.

The West is full of clubs, but it has not the kind of club life that one sees in New York or Boston. In the city of St. Louis there is not a single club with large windows opening directly on the street, where members may sit idly and watch what goes on outside. There is, indeed, no street where things worth watching by such gazers are going on. The new University Club in Chicago, a magnificent and well-appointed building, looking its part perfectly (which is more than can be said of the misfit millionaire's palace that serves the same purpose in New York) has such windows, and doubtless they

will ultimately be occupied; but they have been empty whenever I have seen them.

Throughout the West the clubs are organizations of the busy, not of the idle. Lunch clubs abound: places where you eat and at the same time listen to instructive discourses, thus killing a materialistic and an idealistic bird with the same gastronomic stone. Likewise are there dinner clubs galore: one could not belong to them all and keep his dinner average down to one a day.

All this comes, of course, from the exodus of the leisured, which leaves only the busy. Millionaires are plenty—more so than in the East—but they are all the busy kind. Generally there is nothing visible to differentiate them from the citizen of moderate means. Consequently there is less about them in the papers, less vulgar curiosity, less toadying. This is surely natural and normal. The man with ten thousand dollars is in no way differentiated socially from the man with twenty thousand. Why should the man with a million be supposed to have stepped over the line?

There is more local pride in the West than in the East, and at the same time it is less provincial than the eastern varieties. The Bostonian, for instance, has no warmth of affection for Boston, any more than you or I love to live on this earth in preference to Mars or the Moon. There is no

other place: that is all there is to it. And the New Yorker (so far as there are any real ones), the Philadelphian, the Baltimorean, entertain the same kind of feeling in a less intense degree. It would be difficult to discover it in the West, and yet one may find there real love for a native city, of the kind that we give to relatives or dear friends. Frequently it blinds to faults — it could not do that were it not of a peculiar quality.

"I have known citizens of Chicago as proud of Chicago," says Mr. Bryce, "as a Londoner in the days of Elizabeth was proud of London." That is to say, Elizabethan London had still some characteristics that we are pleased to consider "western." It occurs neither to the modern Londoner nor the modern New Yorker to be proud of his city. I remember hearing wild applause once in a college class in astronomy when the professor explained the conditions that made the moon a satellite of the Earth instead of some other planet. The boys "wooded up," as they used to call it, because "we" had succeeded in keeping the moon. A good deal of city pride is on much the same basis, being founded on the city's climate, or situation, or on growth or characteristics that are purely the result of these — not the outcome of any effort whatever on the part of the citizens. One may be glad and happy because he lives on a beautiful river or "a mile high" in

the air; but why should he be proud of it? Pride should be reserved for an efficient and honest government, ideal housing conditions, a low death rate, prosperous churches, good schools, beautiful streets and parks — things created or brought about by the conscious action, industry and good taste of the citizens. Be that as it may, pride of this kind is essentially western, and in some cases it is assumed that if we start out with the pride the conditions that ought to stimulate the pride will follow. This may be a correct assumption. Civic pride has often been the precursor of civic beauty and efficiency. On the other hand, an ignorant pride is often the very thing that stops the wheels of progress — the "good enough for me" sort of feeling.

To sum up, the social scale exists in the United States, but, outside of the purposes for which it exists, it makes little difference. Furthermore, it is both elastic and fluid; individuals and families rapidly pass up and down it. And in the West it matters less than in the East. Within its own sphere it is quite as powerful and important in one region as in the other, but its claims to reach beyond that sphere are not so much insisted upon or so frequently regarded as valid.

The choice of one's social acquaintance is a good deal like shopping. If the shopper is not a good judge of what he wants, it will be best for him to

go to some place of high repute, where he may be perfectly sure of the quality of anything that he may buy. But if he has good judgment he may get better results at far less cost by selecting what he wants wherever he may find it. So, if he is not quite sure of his social judgment, he had better frequent a social clique whose members will be sure to satisfy his needs, while if he knows real gentlefolk when he meets them he will not hesitate to select them for his associates, no matter where or in what surroundings he may discover them.

This is what the westerner does, more frequently than the easterner, and it bears testimony to his greater confidence in his own ability to select satisfactory associates.

CHAPTER XII

SOURCES OF THE WEST'S POPULATION

EVERYONE in the West has relationships with other parts of the country. Each will tell you that his people came from New England, or Pennsylvania, or Virginia; or perhaps from Germany or France. In many cases, personal relations are maintained with the family in the East or the South, perhaps for several generations, and many families have summer homes in the state or region of their fathers. This tends somewhat toward keeping distinct those parts of the population that have different sources, and various accidents have emphasized this tendency, such as the civil war, which was strongly felt as a separating influence between those of northern and of southern origin. Emigration from the East followed parallels of latitude pretty closely, but an extension of Mason and Dixon's line would cut across many of the Western States, and the population below that line has always been predominantly southern.

In southern Illinois and Indiana, this southern origin gave rise during the war to organizations like the Knights of the Golden Circle, and was pro-

ductive of much sympathy with the South. Indeed, the memories of the civil war have not died out in this part of the West as they have in the East. If one were roughly to estimate the share that each element has contributed to western life, it might be said that southern emigration has contributed charm, grace, hospitality, and breeding, and with it a certain turbulence and quickness of temper; while the northern element has brought business ability, interest in civic improvement, with a settling and steadying influence; and the various foreign contingents, each its native qualities in greater or less degree. One may expect to find the citizens of southern ancestry genial, popular, well-bred, and occupying a recognized social position; the man of northern origin, well-to-do, though perhaps not wealthy, and active in all civic movements; the German, prosperous, often to the point of amassing great wealth, politically active, and very conservative, even when this attitude puts him into opposition with obviously needed reforms.

Exceptions will occur to all, and possibly the impossible has been attempted in making so broad a generalization as that sketched above.

Persons of other than English descent, settled in the West, include many of races somewhat unfamiliar in the East, including French, Spanish, and Scandinavians. There are also Indians in somewhat

greater number than in the East. Other races, familiar in the East, such as the Germans, are particularly strong in certain cities, such as Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, and have materially affected those cities, both in outward aspect and in the customs of commerce and society.

The Hebrew is hardly as numerous in the West as in the East: on this account, doubtless, he is more esteemed and treated with greater friendliness. Although a "dispersed" race, the Jews have never been willing emigrants — they have been forced abroad by racial and economic conditions. And they stop at once in the place where such conditions are favorable, settling quickly down as a precipitate settles when the liquid that carries it is no longer agitated. New York is the port of entry, and so New York has the greatest Jewish population that has ever gathered in one city since the days of Abraham.

There have always been two kinds of Jews — those friendly to foreign customs, modes of thoughts and relationships, and those who keep sternly, even fanatically, to themselves. The former, the "Hellenizing" Jews of the ancient world, are represented in modern days by the great and familiar Jewish names — the Disraelis, the Rothschilds, and so on — in the United States by names that will occur to all; men none the less proud of their Hebrew heritage

because they are willing and anxious to work shoulder to shoulder with their comrades of other faiths and races for education, for civic betterment, for righteousness in general. The latter are represented by the severely orthodox Jews of Poland and Russia who have been driven to our shores of recent years. In the West, if we may be rash enough to attempt a generalization, here also the former type of Jew is proportionately stronger than in the East.

The French were, of course, masters of the soil in all the states carved out of the original Louisiana Purchase. They show various degrees of persistency as their original conditions of life have been retained or changed. The difference between a French and an English colony is very much like that between a cultivated plant and a weed. The weed grows in spite of you; you can't stop it. The cultivated plant often shows remarkable results, but these are proportioned to your efforts to adapt conditions to it; leave it alone and it will deteriorate, and if there are weeds about they will choke it off and soon have the field all to themselves.

It is unnecessary to say that in comparing the English colonies to weeds, I have reference only to their power of growth without anyone's fostering care and in the teeth of all sorts of difficulties.

There are two places on the American continent where the French civilization persists—in French

Canada and in Louisiana. Elsewhere it has practically disappeared, either wholly so, or is on its way. Even in Louisiana it is losing its hold. Now, it is precisely in French Canada that the conditions favorable to the French have been somewhat artificially maintained by law. If it had not been so, the French plant would have been choked by the English as it has elsewhere. In Louisiana many of the old conditions have also been retained — the plant has been cultivated, but not so sedulously. From this we may drop through some of the old Missouri towns like St. Genevieve, through St. Louis to Vincennes, Ind., or Cahokia, Ill., where the French occupation is but a name. Perhaps the French survivals in parts of the country where one has to search for them somewhat sedulously are more interesting than the full-fledged civilization, for they throw some light on the processes of amalgamation. Intermarriage is, of course, a potent cause. All through the West one sees French faces with English or German names. But where two or three generations may suffice to make a Teutonic American, they do not suffice to make a Protestant. The Catholic faith has proved the most permanent element of the Latin influence.

The newcomer will be told, to his astonishment, in various parts of the West, that the Richardsons

or the Joneses, or some others with an equally non-Gallic name, are "old French families." These and others, where the names as well as the ancestry are French, used, not so long ago, to send their children to Paris to be educated; now, in many cases, they are unable even to speak or to understand the tongue of their fathers; but they do cling to the ancestral church, and it is to this fact that the sustained influence of that church is due, in communities where all other evidence of Latin origin is fast fading away.

Western place-names are very apt to tell the story of early French occupation. They have been largely retained, seldom translated; but their pronunciation has generally been ruthlessly anglicized, sometimes barbarously so. This sort of process is in the hands of the unlearned part of the community, not of the scholars. If the latter controlled it, the foreign pronunciation would doubtless be retained. As it is, the French street names in St. Louis, for instance, are at the mercy of the street-car conductors, and what they say goes. What is the use of telling a conductor that you want to get out at De Balivière Avenue, when he calls it "De Bolivar" and would not know what you meant? You must use his pronunciation, and it soon becomes the accepted form. So Terre Haute, Ind., becomes "Terry Hut," and

so it goes. The same thing has been done over and over again in the Mother Country, with its "Beechums," its "Chumleys," and all the rest.

How do you suppose the French feel about it, or would feel if they ever bothered to notice anything outside of *La Belle?* We Anglo-Saxons have never had a similar experience. Owing to our bulldog grip on places that we have once laid hold on, we have never seen our local names made into hash by a subsequent owner. How should we feel if one of the Pacific States, we will say, fell into the hands of the Japanese, who proceeded to pronounce all our names in their own fashion?

As an example of the persistence of Latin influence in ways that are unheeded by those who have not studied them, we may take the way in which the street systems of some western cities depend on early French colonial customs. When French colonists laid out a town they provided, well outside of its limits, land for "commons" and for "common fields"—the former a huge open corral for grazing animals, and the latter a tract to be divided into strips and apportioned for cultivation. As the town grew it often became necessary to lay out other tracts of land for "common fields," and not infrequently the town itself overran all these in its further growth. In this case the streets there laid out were conformed to the original boundary lines of

the tracts, so that these tracts still show clearly on the maps, a century after their original functions have been forgotten. Of course, the same thing happens where city growth overtakes and swallows up small towns with street systems of their own; but in the cases described there never were settlements on these tracts, and some remain still largely unbuilt upon, while no effort is made to alter their original lines. These facts have recently been brought out in a pamphlet on *Real Estate Titles in St. Louis,* in which the author, Mr. McCune Gill, shows by means of a map the location of the various commons and common fields within the present limits of that city and the dependence of the present street systems on their situation and orientation.

There is an old newspaper joke about a traveler who looks out of the window from his Pullman berth and, seeing buildings covered with such names as Rauschenpfeffer, Steinenflasch, etc., says: "Oh; I see we have arrived in Milwaukee!" When the Kaiser politely asked the visiting American, "Is this your first visit to Germany?" and he replied, "No, your Majesty, I have been in St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Milwaukee," he made the same jest in a different form — in fact, it is quite Protean. The size of the German immigration to the United States, its coherence, and the solid contributions it

has made to our prosperity, are more or less familiar to all. The Germans have probably kept together a little better in the West than elsewhere. Great German quarters like South St. Louis or the "Over the Rhine" district in Cincinnati are more frequent there — in fact, there is hardly one of these in the East at all except the Second Avenue district in New York, which is now rapidly breaking up. Foreign immigrants, when they enter a strange city in any numbers, are apt to "flock together" at first, but as the strangeness wears off they usually disperse. In the West there seem to have been special reasons for keeping the Germans together. In St. Louis, for instance, the fact that they adhered to the Union in 1861, while the rest of the citizens largely favored secession, must have inclined them to solidarity.

The tendency of nationalities to congregate in large cities has already been noted. To a lesser extent and under favorable conditions this is done also in the country. A case in point is the German colonization of parts of Pennsylvania, giving rise to the Pennsylvania "Dutch" of the present day, with their interesting and remarkable preservation of language, religion, and customs. An equally interesting instance is that of the great Scandinavian farming region in the northern part of the group of States that we have elected here to consider as "The West"— notably in Minnesota and the Dakotas.

These people are unfamiliar to the East. Plays based on their peculiarities, books, and newspaper paragraphs in their dialect, were largely unintelligible to easterners; and they still are so, in large part, although the average New Yorker or Bostonian now knows, at second hand, that the Scandinavian says "Yon" for "John" and "I ban" for "I am." The Scandinavian farmer is one of the very best assets of the West, and his steadying influence is felt all along the line where he has been present to exert it, from law-making down to the cultivation of the soil.

The Scandinavian is a north-Teuton who has been remote from Latin influence, and in this respect he is racially near to our own ancestors—Jutes, Saxons, and Angles. This may be one reason why he becomes so quickly naturalized here, and why he is, on the whole, so well liked. He has a peculiarly pleasing, ingratiating manner, from which all trace of trying to curry favor is absent, and which combines the simple-heartedness of a child with hard-headed common-sense and ability to succeed in practical matters.

The Indian is no more noticeable in the West than he is in the East, except in Oklahoma. So far as the uncivilized or "blanket" Indian is concerned, he can be dropped out of consideration, as bearing no part in the life of the region. The civilized

Indian of Oklahoma, however, has relations with the rest of the population similar to those of any other non-Teutonic race, with the addition that he is conscious of his position as one of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. Many easterners, visiting the larger cities of Oklahoma, look in vain for Indians in blankets and feathers, stalking about the streets. The Indians are usually there, but no more distinguishable from other citizens than are members of any non-Teutonic race. We may reasonably expect an absorption of these Indians into the general population at least as rapidly as that of the Latin races. As for the "blanket Indian," he must go — either by dying out or by joining the ranks of the civilized.

As for the negro, his problem is strung along lines that run north and south, not east and west. Hardly anything that might be said on aspects of this problem applies distinctively to the West as a region. South of an extension of Mason and Dixon's line the colored element in the population is numerous and important; north of it that element may be almost absent. A recent English traveler quotes an Indiana woman as saying, when she saw four negroes walking down the street, that she had never before seen so many colored men together. In some parts of that State it would be surely impossible to make such a remark.

A comparison of the western with the purely southern negro would probably show that the former has imbibed more or less of the independent spirit of the West. This is said to have been the case even in slave states before the abolition of slavery. Comparison of reminiscences between Virginians and Missourians shows that, at least in many cases, the Missouri slaves were not under as strict discipline as the Virginian, and that they were really more independent and harder to manage.

Perhaps, in closing this chapter, we may make a generalization even broader than that attempted, perhaps unsuccessfully, above, with the danger of incurring more severe and equally just criticism. The population in the West does not seem so homogeneous as that in the East. Its components have not, to so great an extent, forgotten their sources; even the frankly foreign elements are more clannish and have not mingled so freely with the rest of the people. This is due partly to the fact that there has not been so much time for mixing, partly to conditions inherent in western life, and doubtless, also, to accidents, pure and simple. The great Middle West has been called "the fusing ground," and fusion is by no means an instantaneous process.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SPEECH AND MANNERS OF THE WEST

DURING my first visit to the regions west of the Mississippi, I attended a reception in an interior Missouri town, where I met many of the townspeople — and charming people they were. "Are you from the East?" said one of them to me. "How odd! Eastern people always have an accent; and you talk as if you had been born and brought up in the Mississippi Valley!" I was not insensible to the compliment; but indeed it was not a compliment to me or to the speaker, but to the mass of educated Americans. We have been too fast and furiously mixed and jostled for the effective formation of real local dialects. Yet differences exist, and they are characteristic — so much so that in the Manual of the Boy Scouts an attempt is made to teach the new-caught "tenderfoot" to distinguish the origin of the casual stranger by his speech. In the *Official Handbook* we learn, among other things, from the somewhat remarkable section on "American Dialects" (p. 139), that Californians always say 'Frisco for San Francisco; that an accent on the first syllable of the second word in New

Orleans indicates a Louisianian; that persons from the Gulf States called Carolina "Cahline;" that Chicagoans say "hef" for half and "kef" for calf, and that the inhabitants of Toronto call it "Tranto." Boy scouts who pin their faith to all this will probably make mistakes; yet it is often possible to detect locality by the combination of several such signs.

The author of one of the latest books on the United States, Annette M. B. Meakin,* writes:

> Long before I ever set foot in the New World, I had met, socially, Americans from every part of the United States, and I remember that I often prided myself on the certainty with which I was able to guess, after a few minutes' conversation, the part of his continent from which an American came. I mention this particularly because I have several times seen it stated by American writers of the twentieth century that all educated Americans speak exactly alike.

It is, indeed, not hard to tell the southerner from the New Englander, yet the South Carolinian does not talk like the Georgian, nor either like the Virginian; and there is an equally noticeable difference between the speech of men from Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Likewise, the Missourian, the Illinoisan, and the Minnesotan do not talk exactly alike, but it ought to be possible to differentiate the speech of the three, taken collectively, from that of the New Englander or the southerner. It is pos-

* *What America Is Doing.* London, 1911.

sible, though not easy; because the New Englander and the southerner have been well settled in their respective domains for centuries, while the westerner, in some cases, has scarcely had time to look about him. Here again we may fall back on our old analogy of the Englishman and the American. Beyond the so-called "American voice," which is largely a matter of pitch and quality, the Englishman notes especially in the American speech a certain hardness, a tendency to multiply secondary accents or to accent every syllable. The American can scarcely do without his secondary accents, while the Englishman rarely bothers with them, even when his word has many syllables. Thus the Englishman can and does pronounce the word "interesting" with only one accent—that on the first syllable; most Americans find it necessary to accent both first and third, some giving the primary stress to one and some to the other. Bisyllabic words like "Freedom" or "instant" he often speaks with so even a stress that to the English ear he appears to give a primary accent to the ultimate syllable. This peculiarity brings with it that of oftener giving vowels their true value, for the tendency is to pronounce all unaccented syllables with the neutral vowel-sound (*uh*). The more accents we give, the less of this there is. Hence, the Englishman seems to us to hurry and slur his syllables, and we appear to him

to talk with undue stress and to bring out vowel-sounds with an offensive plainness that amounts to crudeness.

Now, if the westerners have any trick of speech in common, it is doubtless this tendency to syllabic stress — those who do not use it would call it "undue," while those who do would term it "normal" or "proper." The dwelling upon the sound of "r," which is as noticeable to the Bostonian as the latter's utter neglect of it is west of the Alleghanies, is merely a special case. "Isn't it a pity," said an eastern lady, "that so many western women, otherwise educated and acceptable, pronounce their *r's* in such an impossible manner!" If to recognize this useful letter with too much *empressement* is the hall-mark of "impossibility," what shall we call the stony stare of non-recognition when accorded to it? This is merely a case of the general difference of stress, noted above.

One may follow the dictionaries and talk in either way. These are *extra*-dictionary, or perhaps *supra*-dictionary matters, and belong to the niceties of speech where custom reigns supreme. When the West has been settled as long as the South, its minor peculiarities of speech will be cultivated with pride, as are the southerner's, and no one will dare to comment on them.

In Professor Lounsbury's interesting attempt to

discover whether our early lexicographers had the necessary knowledge of polite speech to entitle them to give evidence of what it was in their time, he concludes that many of them were hardly competent witnesses. In the early "one-man" dictionaries the most that one may conclude from the fact that a given pronunciation is preferred, is that the author was personally familiar with it and that it prevailed in the society that he frequented, whatever that might be. There is no such limitation on his spellings, because these are matters of recorded speech and circulate too widely to be local. There was no way of recording pronunciation accurately before the invention of the phonograph. With its increasing use, the records of voices may travel as far and as wide as those of written speech.

There are, however, no more "one-man" dictionaries. Our present works of reference are compilations and collaborations. Whatever errors they contain are due to haste and to the fact that too many cooks spoil the broth — they are rarely local or provincial. Local and provincial uses are recorded, but they are plainly marked as such. And there has even been an effort to distinguish between the usage of sections; one word may be marked "Western U. S." or even "Illinois" or "Indiana." This has rarely been done with painstaking care, and one would err as greatly in relying upon the

dictionaries for his western "dialect" as if he pinned his faith to the Boy Scout rules mentioned above.

I have alluded in an earlier chapter to the good lady who regarded whatever she heard in Waltham as typical of Massachusetts. In Clifton Johnson's interesting compilation entitled "What They Say in New England," he has included many western and southern sayings and customs that he noticed among transplanted families — purely exotic growths. And it is very difficult to distinguish. On a visit to the Northwest coast in 1910, I heard for the first time the expression "a good buy," meaning a bargain. It seemed to be in general use there. But in 1911 I saw the same phrase in an advertisement in an eastern newspaper. Was the advertiser a man from Seattle or Portland? Or is the expression old slang, used locally and occasionally all over the country, which had merely found congenial soil for multiplication in the Northwest? In an English novel written some time ago a mother reproves her daughter for using the word "fad," which she characterizes as "horrible American slang." Now, at this time the word was totally unknown in America, and, although we have now adopted it, its origin is purely British. The English regard this country as the fountain-head of slang and think that our speech consists of it exclusively — an opinion fostered by the works of Mr. George Ade

and likely to be confirmed by the Arctic explorations of Mr. George Borup.

To revert for a moment to the differences between written and spoken language, our education regards the latter too little. It is the mark of a well-educated community that the two forms keep pretty closely together, without coalescing. No one wants to talk exactly like a book, nor does he care to sprinkle his writing with slang and colloquialisms. Yet it is undesirable that the two should drift so far apart that they really constitute two dialects, as they do in some parts of the world. Now we lay great stress on correct writing in our system of education, and little on correct speaking. The chief idea that some of us have of the latter is that it is an exact copy of correct writing. This results in what has been called "schoolmarm's English;" it induces well-meaning persons to say, "Are you not going?" and "I offered him a slight recompense," and to use hundreds of other similar phrases. Children are not taught, either in school or at home, to talk in correct colloquial English, and it is never even hinted to them that the quality or tone of voice in which they speak means as much, and is as important, as the words they use.

Some persons awaken to this in after-life and try to alter their voices, with the result that they talk

artificially, like actors. This sort of thing must be learned in childhood or not at all.

It is commonly said that the English have better speaking voices than we do. There is not much to choose between the best American and the best English voices; likewise, the bad ones among them compare unfavorably with our worst. The American, says G. W. Steevens, often talks English "with a clarity of pronunciation that puts me again and again to shame." But it is undeniable that a larger proportion of them than of us speak with a pleasant and acceptable intonation. Between the so-called "haw-haw" speech, which is ridiculed in England as much as it is here, and the extreme American nasal tone, it would be hard to choose. We are told that the pessimist, when confronted with two evils, takes both. In like manner, he who is anxious to compare English with American manners is fond of taking both these extremes as typical. For his own purposes he is right, of course; but as a matter of fact the cultivated Englishman and the cultivated American talk a good deal alike.

This education of speech has probably gone further in the East than in the West. It is a matter of home training and, above all, of example, rather than of school discipline. The pleasantest qualities of voice that we have are to be found in Maine and

Virginia — slow and distinct in enunciation, sweet in intonation. In neither state are children taught in the schools how to speak. The persons who talk as I have described are never in a hurry (south of Washington and north of Boston, time has no value) and they would not be accounted typical Americans of the "hustling" variety. Is it possible that a rasping, metallic, high-pitched intonation has some connection with business energy?

If so, we must not soon look for its discontinuance. It has been suggested that it is the result of our dry, harsh climate; but the softness of both the Maine and the Virginia voices would seem to negative this idea.

When our attention is called to a thing and we are convinced that it needs mending, we usually mend it. I look, therefore, to see that increased care in the training of children to speak, and in giving them desirable models to imitate at home, will ultimately overcome whatever racial and climatic influences may be drawing us in the other direction, and will give to all of us the pleasant mode of speech that some of us have already. So much for speech. In regard to manners, the German lady, quoted by Bryce, who thought American women in the West were *"furchtbar frei und furchtbar fromm,"* could not have been more astonished at either of these phases than the average eastern visitor is apt to

be on occasion. For the East has been taking on European customs. Fifty years ago, East and West were alike in practically rejecting any system of chaperonage whatever. It was customary, for instance, for a young woman to go alone to the theater with a young man. Today this is vastly less common in the East than in the West. Whether the West will follow suit can hardly be said as yet; but it is surely amusing to witness the horror of certain good eastern ladies at customs which were those of the East itself in their own girlhood, or, at any rate, in that of their mothers.

Westerners are still able to analyze the meaning of chaperonage in such cases as this, and to apply a little common-sense to it. If a young man and a young woman must always be accompanied by an older person, the functions of the latter must evidently be either to prevent the young woman from acting with impropriety, or to protect her from the young man. The westerners think they know their young people; and I believe that they do. Easterners used to think so too; why have they changed? Not because the young people have altered, but solely, I believe, in response to the dictates of fashion. This is unfortunate, and it is having a bad effect on eastern women. They are vastly less unconscious of their sex than the western woman. In the West, a man and woman, both well bred, will fall into conversa-

tion on a train, just as two men would do; where an eastern woman would not think of doing or suffering such an indignity. In the West, almost alone among American regions, does it now seem possible for a woman to forget that she is a woman and to regard herself merely as a human being.

In his chapter on "The Temper of the West," written seventeen years ago, Bryce tells us of western business men that "they rise early; they work all day; they have few pleasures, few opportunities for relaxation." To the first part of this indictment we may still plead guilty. The western business day does begin early. The young man who has been accustomed to drift into a New York or Boston office at 9 A.M. is surprised, on removing to Chicago or St. Louis, to find that his presence is expected at 7:30. Working-hours, however, are no longer than in the East; the earlier arrival is offset by earlier departure, and the clerk gets time for recreation in the afternoon — a most sensible plan. As for lack of pleasures and of opportunities for relaxation, it is difficult to see where Mr. Bryce obtained his information on this point. Of course, the recreative value of this or that employment depends largely on the personal equation. The man who thinks that all time not spent on a schooner yacht is irrecoverably lost, can evidently not exist comfortably in Indianapolis or Cincinnati. I once wit-

nessed a game of polo in the hills of Northwestern Connecticut. It was the funniest sight I ever saw. The ball reposed in the center of the field, while the players on both sides were trying to get their frantic mounts near enough to it to hit it. This convinced me that to play polo one needs polo ponies. So the man who knows of no recreation but polo will keep away from Litchfield County until the importation of his favorite beasts makes it more attractive. But all this is not to say that no one enjoys himself in Indianapolis, or Cincinnati, or in Litchfield, Conn. The fact is that the westerner, by reason of his free and easy disposition, his readiness to take things as they come, and to amuse himself in any way that offers, is peculiarly easy to entertain, and self-entertainment becomes with him a simple task.

It may be well, in closing this somewhat discursive account of things whose very obviousness may make their perusal amusing to some and impossible to others, to emphasize the fact that the increasing standardization of the elements of our national civilization, noted by more than one observer, never can make for a dead-level of uniformity. Mayor Gaynor of New York, in a recent address, asserted that the school children of that city are acquiring "uniform minds," and as a conse-

quence are growing to have "uniform faces." Prince Henry of Prussia noted that what may be called a "university type" of face prevails among our college students. By the methods of craniometry and physical measurement it has been established that the diverse elements of our population are really growing alike. Yet the more the general features, physical or intellectual, approach each other, the more noticeable minor differences become, and where there are differences that can not be obliterated, such as those of topography and climate, these will continue to be reflected in the regional habits and character.

We may expect, then, that there will always be an East and a West, until that time when, as the poet says:

> Earth and sky meet presently
> At God's great judgment seat.

That both will so bear themselves as to be able on that day to render a good account of their peculiar gifts and of the way in which each has used them, neither the eastern nor the western reader of these pages will, I am sure, have any doubt.

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