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THE
HUMAN SIDE OF GREATNESS

THE HUMAN SIDE OF GREATNESS

by

WILLIAM L. STIDGER



New York and London

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

THE HUMAN SIDE OF GREATNESS

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Dedicated to

THE HYLAND CLAN

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FOREWORD

DURING THE MOST TRYING DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR, ABRAHAM LINCOLN SEEMED TO BE CALM AND POISED AS IF HIS SOUL drank at some inner spring of power. Stanton said to him one day: "Mr. Lincoln, you always seem to be calm and unworried. How do you manage it?" Lincoln replied: "Well, Stanton, when a man feels that he is only a pipe for Omnipotence to sound through he doesn't worry much."

I present in this book the true stories of a group of men and women who, curiously enough, feel that very way about their lives and their work, all of them distinguished personalities who will be known to all who read these chapters. Most of them are what might fairly be called "God-guided lives," not in any narrow sense but in that larger sense of feeling that what they have done, or are doing, comes to them and through them from some power outside of themselves.

This is one characteristic of the truly great soul. Another is that the great soul is simple, sincere, unaffected, humble and sure of himself or herself.

Most of these stories are the stories of my personal friends, men whom I have known for many years; and other stories I have gathered in twenty-five years of magazine interviewing of the great and near-great. All of these stories are told in the first person due to the fact that they were originally written for *True Story*, a magazine which specializes in this unique formula: presenting not only the true stories of the humble of the earth but also the true stories of the great of the earth. It was my chore to get the true stories of outstanding personalities for them and it was

a pleasant and an enriching assignment. That accounts for the intimate first person narratives. I have tried to keep them intact in that style although many of them were published with my by-line "As Told to William L. Stidger."

I am grateful to Mr. William Jourdan Rapp, editor of *True Story*, without whose encouragement this book would never have seen the light of day, for it was his original assignment which gave me the foundation for these chapters.

W. L. S.

THE
HUMAN SIDE OF GREATNESS

HENRY FORD

"I'VE BEEN HELPED BY EVERYBODY"

"I HAVE BEEN HELPED BY EVERYBODY I HAVE MET. THERE ISN'T ANY ONE WHOSE TRAIL HAS CROSSED MINE WHO HASN'T left some impression on my mind. Events have never influenced me as much as personalities have. I can handle events. If I find that I cannot handle them, I just let them go, and they handle themselves."

The speaker was Henry Ford, sitting in his Dearborn office. It was toward the close of a busy day, for his dealers from all over the world had assembled in Dearborn. The sun had set, as it was an early winter evening. Long shadows crept across the little lake in front of the Ford offices. The office was unlighted. It was at that part of the day when a quietness comes over men who sit in an unlighted room. Mr. Ford slumped down in his office chair with his left leg over the arm of the chair in complete relaxation. I have been interviewing Mr. Ford for fifteen years, and I never yet have found him in the mood when he really likes to talk about himself. He always does it reluctantly. And I have never, in all these fifteen years, found him willing to talk about the women who have influenced his life, although several times I have delicately approached that question. He would much rather discuss some public question than indulge in personalities.

But on this particular evening I, quietly as was befitting the mood of that office, dared to ask him the question which, for years, I had wanted to ask him, the question of those major personal influences in his life. I knew that

every man, no matter how wealthy or powerful he might be, had been helped along the way by others, particularly by the women in his life. Much to my surprise, when I broached this query he answered it quietly and unostentatiously.

“Four women have helped me, more than I can say. Yes, more than I shall ever be able to estimate, record or repay. Those four women were my mother, my sister, my mother-in-law and my wife. All of them have been positive influences. Say what you like about mothers-in-law, mine has always been my friend, and most of the men I know will say the same thing about their mothers-in-law.

“My wife believed in me so much that when every one else was doubting my early experiments, I called her ‘the believer.’ The women in the home do not get half the credit that is due them. The man stands out in front. His success in life is talked about. He gets the fame, but the woman who stood by him in the difficult times deserves a lot of the credit for his success.

“My mother did so many things for me that it is hard to define them. You know, she died when I was thirteen years of age.

“People often ask us why we keep our shops immaculately clean. My mother was a great woman for orderliness and cleanliness. I want my shops to be as clean as my mother’s kitchen. It may sound eccentric, but it has come to be a conviction with me. I believe that people are happier and better people in a clean place than they are in a slovenly place. And besides that, it pays. Keep an engine clean, and it’s a better engine. There is a lot in that old saying that cleanliness is next to godliness, but it is next to prosperity also. When you see slovenly disorder, look for a smash.

“My mother once taught me a health lesson which I have never forgotten. When I went to school, we used to carry our lunches. Those boxes of lunch were always made

up of good, clean, wholesome food. And we children were always healthy.

"But one day I came home sick and my mother was worried. She couldn't figure out what was the matter with me. I knew, but I also knew better than to tell her. But the whole secret came out one day when my brother blurted out, 'Mother, Rennie Field has cake in his lunch box. Why can't we have it too?' Mother immediately knew what was the matter with me. I had been trading my good plain bread for Rennie Field's cake every day; that was why I was sick. I remembered that lesson."

"Why?" I asked Mr. Ford. "What did she do to you?" I asked that question because, even in the dim dusk, I could see a sly twinkle in his eyes, and a reminiscent smile come over his face that seemed to give him a chuckle in his heart. I had not seen that look in his eyes many times, and I liked it. It softened his features; that, and the dusk. But he came back at me with something of the spirit of mischief in his answer, as if that were one memory he would keep to himself.

"I won't tell you that," he answered quickly, "but she conveyed to me the wisdom of her ideas about food."

I happened to know that Mr. Ford has ideas about food; that he is a very moderate eater, for I have eaten with him a good many times, and I have always noted that he usually eats the least of anybody at the table.

One day one of his Detroit friends chided him about eating so little, and also about the fact that he keeps such early hours and is seldom seen in Detroit at social functions.

Mr. Ford admitted the charge. "About the only time I go into the city is to see some of my friends buried who have been eating too much."

Today Mr. Ford, just past seventy-seven, is one of the best preserved men in America, moves with a lithe, quick step, never has a cold, is on the job every day, arises at six, and is at his office or walking through the mills as the men

go to work. That is one of the things that he likes to see most of all—men going to work. And usually he is up early enough to see them doing that. He ascribes his general good health to good dietary habits, and here, for the first time, we find that he learned those good habits from his mother.

Mr. Ford's memory of his old home is so deep that he has actually restored that home as it was when he was a boy. He got back as much of the old furniture of that boyhood home in Dearborn as he could find. He even went so far as to have workmen dig up the yard around the kitchen steps in order to recover pieces of broken dishes which he remembered his mother had used and thrown out. These he had duplicated.

"I was about thirteen when mother died and my sister kept house for us. I shall always be grateful to her. She was a real sister to all of us.

"My mother-in-law always believed in me and would pretty well understand my explanation of my ideas, even when I talked about gas engines and machinery. A lot of people thought it was funny to talk of making a car for the common people, a gas car, but my mother-in-law was always an understanding type of person, and she was always on my side. I do not have much sympathy with the old stale jokes about mothers-in-law. I didn't have that kind.

"Mrs. Ford has always stood by. She has counseled me, not only in those early years when I was building the car, working night and day, with little to work with, and little encouragement from others, but she has counseled me and helped me all along the way since those early days. She saw what I saw when I used to explain the gas car to her, and when I told her what I thought that it would do and become.

"She stayed up at night with me when I was working on the car in the little brick Bagley Avenue shop where

I worked out our first automobile. We now have that little brick shop in our Greenfield Village over there.

"Mrs. Ford was one of the first persons to ride in the car in the days when they wanted to arrest us when we drove it through the streets of Detroit because we frightened the horses. I have always gone to her for advice, for help and for encouragement. My name for her is the only right one. She is the 'believer.' What more can I say?

"And my teachers helped me a lot. There was a teacher named Kellogg in grammar school who saw that I was more interested in tinkering with watches than I was interested in books. Kellogg encouraged me to go on tinkering.

"I have often wondered if he did right, and now I think that he did. I understand that in the modern method of teaching the child is given some freedom to express himself, to more or less do the thing that interests him most, with some guidance and discipline along the way. He is given some freedom. If that is true of modern methods of teaching a child, then my teacher was far ahead of his time.

"Another one of my teachers taught me to think, not with a lead pencil, but with my head. A lot of us think with pencils. But he said to me, 'Henry, why don't you learn to do things in your head? Learn to count up numbers mentally.' I had never heard of what they called mental arithmetic up to that day, but that lesson has been of great value to me all through my life. I have learned to think with my head. I do not have to use a pencil to count up figures. The man who has learned to think with his mind has learned something worth while. I have always been grateful to that teacher. His name was Mr. F. R. Ward."

When this manuscript was checked over in the Dearborn offices and finally came under the eyes of Mr. Ford, him-

self, in his own handwriting he wrote in the corrected name of that old-time school teacher.

“All of my teachers in grammar school used to read the Bible each morning as a sort of devotional exercise. Then they had us recite the Lord’s Prayer. Ideas of honor, integrity and fair play were inseparable from that Bible reading each morning. That is why we have a chapel service each morning at Greenfield Village. The children sing the old hymns; they recite a psalm and a prayer; sing songs and give verses and stories from *McGuffey’s Eclectic Readers*. It is a good way to begin the day; I always find it so.”

I am sure Mr. Ford means what he says about attending that children’s chapel as a good way to begin the day, for I have never visited Dearborn when he has not invited me to attend the children’s chapel with him. The service begins at eight-thirty and lasts a simple and affective half hour. The last time I visited Dearborn, the boy who came to the Dearborn Inn to take me to chapel told me that Mr. Ford seldom misses attending the chapel service, that it is a part of his daily routine; even when he has been away for several days, he is known to have had his private car run up on a siding near the chapel and hurry to the services, even before going to his home.

The chapel is called the Mary-Martha Chapel, after Mrs. Ford’s mother and his own. It has a Sir Christopher Wren steeple, a bell made in a Paul Revere foundry, and its bricks and doors came from Mrs. Ford’s girlhood home.

One morning when I attended this chapel with Mr. Ford I noticed that he knew by name every boy and girl who happened to be on the program. When the chapel service was over, he stood down at the front door and greeted them by name as they went out; and they in turn greeted him with a simple, childish unconsciousness that they were speaking to the richest man in the nation. He was just their friend.

"I think there is a large place for reverence in life," continued Mr. Ford, "and certainly it should be recognized in education. Men may differ considerably in their religious ideas, and too much of religion is just talk, but a reverence for life and work and the Great Spirit seems to be indispensable to an intelligent man. Specifically, I believe the Sermon on the Mount is perfectly practicable. Set it down in life, and it will work. It will fit any place. You do not have to lead up to it. Give it a chance, and it will work."

Mr. Ford had not mentioned his father up to this time, so I asked him frankly what influence his father had exercised over his life. I knew his father had been a good, intelligent man, a farmer who was a warden in the Episcopal church. I knew that he had been a good citizen and that he had been fairly well off in this world's goods, not rich, but able to give his family a comfortable home.

I did not know whether he would want to talk about him, but on that quiet evening in the Dearborn office with the dusk about us, he spoke softly and sincerely, answering my questions directly, without elaboration giving me the simple facts as they poured forth from his reminiscent mood.

"My very first memory of my life has to do with my father. It is still vivid to me, although I could hardly have been more than three years of age, as I figure it back. My father came in from the fields and said that he wanted to show me something. My mother took my hand and father carried my younger brother. It was springtime, and the birds were building their nests. After a short walk father suddenly stopped, pointed up and said, 'Henry, there's a song sparrow's nest.' Since that day the song sparrow has been my favorite bird. We have fifty-two varieties of birds on our grounds, but the song sparrow is my favorite."

That memory has influenced Mr. Ford's life more, perhaps, than he himself realizes, for I have heard an execu-

tive of the Ford Company tell of one day when Mr. Ford had a door nailed up for a whole season rather than disturb a robin's nest; of another time when he postponed the May harvest because ground birds were brooding in the fields. I myself have walked with him many times through his estate and Greenfield Village, and he has pointed out to me the various birds by their nests and their songs. He learned that orioles like to hang their nests on swinging fibers, and he has had oriole nests constructed so that they will swing in the winds on piano wires. The orioles regularly come to these nests and occupy them year after year.

"Have you noticed," continued Mr. Ford, "that the birds keep coming along just as if there had been no depression? They live on a different system from ours. Nature could give us a good many tips for our economic system if we would take them. The birds make no mistake about wealth; they know that it is something useful just to live. Mankind, however, doesn't know that; mankind thinks wealth is money. Nature just goes on paying dividends. Birds are great little companions if you come to know them. They will tell you a lot of the secrets of life.

"Once my father took me out into the night and showed me the Northern Lights. I was about eight or nine years of age at that time. I asked him what the Northern Lights were. He said he didn't know, but he thought that they might be caused by the sun shining on the ice at the North Pole. But, at least, I learned from that experience to look up at the sky and stars. And that was something."

Just before one of my visits to Mr. Ford, Professor Piccard and his wife had made their dramatic flight into the stratosphere from the Ford airport. Everywhere I went I heard the story of how Mr. Ford himself had provided several busses, and had gathered up the children of his Dearborn schools and had personally escorted them to the airport about one o'clock in the morning, where he entertained them by telling them stories as they waited into the

dawn for the ascension. I have always known of his reverence for children, so I asked him what influence children had had in his life. He was ready with his answer, for children make up one of his most definite hobbies.

“Children are a great help to any one who will let them into his life. They have helped me a lot. The new generation is going to be made up of great people, I believe. The newest thing on earth, anyway, is the new generation. So, if you want to keep up with the times, learn from the children. They are the latest production of destiny, and the best. They get better all the time. In days of unhappiness and uncertainty, it is a good thing for a man to keep close to the children and to young people. They give you hope and faith and courage. They have faith. They are the dawn; and through them you catch its gleams. I’d rather take the advice of a child than that of nine-tenths of the grownups in the world.”

I have known for a long time of Mr. Thomas A. Edison’s influence in the life of Mr. Ford. I knew that the story of the influences which had shaped his life would not be complete without a first-hand account. But I proceeded a bit shyly for I knew how reluctant Mr. Ford had always been in discussing this matter. He always seems to feel that it is unbecoming of him to boast of his friendship for this great man, that it might look as if he were tying himself to Mr. Edison’s kite. I have grown to recognize this reluctance as a thing deep rooted and sincere in Mr. Ford; and yet I asked him the direct question that evening. Much to my delight he began to talk, quietly and reverently, of his old friend, Mr. Edison, whom he honored as much as Mr. Edison had honored him.

“He was my boyhood hero, and my friend in later years,” he said.

“Although Mr. Edison was called ‘The Wizard’ of the electrical world and everyone was thinking in terms of electric power, he foresaw the future of the gas engine,

and at a crucial time in my life, he encouraged me to go on with my second car. At that time I was in a period of uncertainty. I was discouraged. I had gone dead on it, listless, weary, stale. I needed at that dead end of experience a strong word of encouragement and understanding from some one who knew.

“That the gasoline car was the thing for the future, I had not the slightest doubt. Fortunately, just when I needed a helpful word most of all the times in my life, I happened to go to a convention of Edison engineers, of which I was one.

“At that convention, which was held in New York City, some one turned the conversation into a discussion of my ideas of a gas motorcar! That sort of talk about a gas engine for a motorcar was not expected to draw forth any approval from Mr. Edison who was in the crowd at that table. But when I had finished explaining it to him—and I remember that I drew my plans out for him on a menu card—he banged his fist down on the table and said, ‘Young man, that’s the thing; you have it! Keep at it! Electric cars must keep close to power stations. The storage battery is too heavy. Steam cars won’t do either, for they have to have a boiler and fire. Your car is self-contained, carries its own power plant, no fire, no boiler, no smoke, and no steam. You have the thing! Keep at it!’

“That bang on the table that night was worth worlds to me. No man who really knew what he was talking about had, up to that time, given me any encouragement. I had hoped that I was headed right; sometimes I knew that I was, sometimes I wondered if I was, but here, all at once and out of a clear sky, the greatest inventive genius in the world had said that, for the purpose, my gas motor was better than any electric motor could be. It could go long distances, he said, and there would be stations to supply the cars with hydrocarbon. That was the first time I had ever heard that term used for liquid fuel. Of course, now

we all know what those stations are that Mr. Edison prophesied would come; and we call what he designated as 'hydrocarbon,' 'gas.'

"When I got back from that trip I said to Mrs. Ford, 'You are not going to see very much of me until I am through building this car.'

"So, you see, there is always somebody along the way to help when one needs it most. Life is like that. If we are willing to learn, there will always be teachers. If we are friendly there will always be friends. We all need each other. We need children, we need friends. Capital needs labor. Labor needs capital. A man needs his wife; she needs him. Every nation needs every other nation. We could not build the Ford car without help from all over the earth."

FRANK MURPHY

HE HAS KEPT HIS EYES ON THE STARS

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE FRANK MURPHY OF MICHIGAN SETTLED THREE MAJOR SIT-DOWN STRIKES IN THE AUTOMOBILE industry and averted a national calamity through his intelligent Irish good will, and his insistence that out of those settlements come a sense of security for industry, labor, and the public itself. Before those strikes suddenly shot into the headlines of American newspapers, the public had heard of Frank Murphy as a judge in the courts of Detroit, as mayor of that industrial city during the years of the depression, as Governor General of the Philippine Islands, as the man whom President Roosevelt had called back from the Philippines to run for governor of Michigan to bolster up the Democratic ticket. He has since been appointed Attorney General, and finally a member of the Supreme Court.

One day the editor of a Detroit newspaper, with whom I was working as a Methodist preacher trying to bring about better conditions in that industrial city, called me into his office and said, "I want you to get acquainted with this young Irish lawyer, Frank Murphy, for I believe he is more concerned with human rights and security than any man in this city. He has just come back from France where he served with distinction as a captain in the World War, and he is now acting as prosecutor in the government's case against a group of big-time, after-war profiteers.

He looks like the man we want to run for judge. Look him over as soon as you possibly can."

So I proceeded to look into the life and personality of this man, never dreaming at that time that in a few short years he would be a national figure. I soon discovered that the man of whom that editor spoke was a redheaded, romantic idealist, of medium height, slight of form, but strong and wiry, with eyes as blue as the Lakes of Killarney, and as freckled and tanned as a ball player, as if he had lived out in the healing balm of the sun all his life; a young crusader who, on returning from France, had suddenly been thrust into one of the major graft trials of modern American history.

Public duty first came to him in his twenties when he was appointed an assistant in the United States District Attorney's office to prosecute a gang of grafters which was pillaging the left-over army supplies, stealing millions of dollars from the government. In those hectic days it looked, and was, easy to do this, because we were all so glad that the war was over that a not too careful watch was kept on these unpatriotic profiteers.

Frank Murphy had gone into the war in the spirit of a young crusader, as did most of us. His hero was Woodrow Wilson. Imagine the shock that came to him, after having gone in that spirit and having served his time in the trenches of France, after having lost two years' time in his profession and made great financial sacrifices, when he came home and found this gang of crooks looting the government! Twelve of the most highly paid lawyers in the nation were arrayed against him.

Following a long trial, the final arguments took several days. Frank Murphy, himself, spoke from ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon in what was said to have been one of the most brilliant marshalings of evidence, law and facts ever arrayed against a set of unpatriotic criminals, an argument which ended with an

impassioned plea to send those men to the Federal prison in order to stop forever their depredations on after-war supplies. It had overtones of young idealism and reality such as we find recorded in history by young Henry Clays and Daniel Websters in like periods.

The more experienced lawyers derided this young man and smiled in a superior way at his sincere passion. They forgot that feeling in this nation was still running high; that America had not forgotten it could respond to honest emotion.

They said, "This is just the plea of an excited young patriot who is overcome with his own emotions!"

Or again, "This is only the unbridled enthusiasm of youth, of a mere boy who has just returned from France and he has allowed his zeal to run away with his judgment!" But Frank Murphy won his case and sent the defendants to Federal prisons for long terms, terms long enough to stop forever in that section these unpatriotic grafting thieves.

That was my first introduction to this man Murphy. A few years later a group of us in Detroit were anxious to break up what was called "The Big Four," a gang of judges in that city who, we felt in our hearts, had little sympathy for the poor and especially for labor. So we invited Frank Murphy to run for judge.

After much persuasion he finally agreed to run and it was my pleasure to make the first public address in his favor, announcing his candidacy. This address was made before a crowd of several thousand people in the Light Guard Armory of Detroit. Since I was a Methodist minister and he was a Catholic layman he has never forgotten that gesture of tolerance and friendship. Following his election as judge, I received word one day that Frank Murphy was seriously ill in Harper Hospital and I went down to see him.

I had almost forgotten the events which I have just

mentioned here, but a few months ago I timidly wrote asking him if I might have an interview for the purposes of this story because he had, in the intervening years, become famous.

In a short time I received a friendly letter from him, in which he said, "You do not need to tell me that you will write an article honestly and sympathetically. I cannot forget that it was you, a Protestant minister, who stood up for me in my hour of need in the old Light Guard Armory, as the first man to advocate my candidacy for my first elective office. Nor can I ever forget that in 1923 when I was seriously ill in Harper Hospital in Detroit that you came to see me and stood beside my bed and lifted up a prayer to God for my recovery. A man does not forget such moments as those, unless he is an ingrate. You came to me in my hours of need."

Not long after that gratifying letter had arrived, and before I had my interview with the then Governor of Michigan, I became further intrigued with the man through a story told me by one of his friends, who rightly guessed that I would be particularly interested. It seems that Frank Murphy carries about in his traveling bag a well-worn Bible which his mother presented to him on his graduation from high school. He keeps it all wrapped up in a white cloth because its binding is nearly gone and most of the leaves torn loose, due to the fact that he carried it to France with him into the front line trenches, as did most of our American soldiers in those days. Later he carried it to the Philippines when he went there as Governor General. This friend said that one evening he went to a theater in New York, and after the performance to a café for a late dinner. In the midst of his dinner, he remembered that he had the key to Governor Murphy's bag and in that bag was the governor's Bible; and that it was the governor's habit to read a chapter every night before retiring. He happened to know that the governor had lost

much sleep on that trip, and he was just as anxious for the young man to get to bed as the governor was to get to bed, probably more so. It was his guess that Frank Murphy would not go to bed until he had read his Bible. So this friend left the café, jumped into a cab and hurried back to the hotel. Sure enough, Governor Murphy was sitting at a table reading a magazine, waiting for his friend to come back. When he told me the story, this friend said to me, "I guessed right. He was waiting. He didn't make any fuss about it. He never does. There is no ostentation about this lifelong habit. It is just a part of his daily schedule. He didn't complain about my having taken the key. He just opened his bag, unwrapped his mother's Bible and began to read."

Then he added, "I like that kind of a bird, don't you?"
I did, and do.

Therefore it was in the mood of these intimate memories that I went to interview my friend, Governor Frank Murphy, to ask him to help me answer this question: "Who is this man Murphy of Michigan?" I wanted to know what went into the making of his life from boyhood to maturity; and, with a good deal of reluctance and natural timidity he told me his story.

My mother was a country girl and a school teacher. Father was a young Irish lawyer in Harbor Beach, Michigan, a village of about fifteen hundred people. I was never away from that village as a child, and led the life of a country boy. I drove the cows to pasture all summer; each morning and evening, I milked them in the old barn. I warmed my cheeks and ears against their sides on cold, frosty mornings, as I sat on a stool in the barn milking them.

My mother was a spiritually-minded person who went to church on weekdays as well as on Sundays. She was modest and pious. In fact, the richest memories of my life

are the memories of certain afternoons during Lent when my mother used to take my hand and lead me to church down our village street.

Mother never missed vespers, and I am grateful now that she always took me with her when I was a small boy. Every night during Lent she would gather the family about her while we counted the Rosary and recited the Litany. We would go into the little church alone, when no others were there, and I would sit and watch my mother with the beads of her rosary lying over her hand as she prayed. I did not know what it was all about then, but it left an unforgettable and beautiful impression on me. I like to think of those twilight skies, and the soft shadows of houses and trees as mother and I walked home from church through the quiet village streets.

Mother used to help me with my school work. My mother seemed always to be working at something. But, as she worked, she taught me things about life. I can remember that she taught me tolerance in a very shrewd, practical way. She never preached tolerance to me, for she had a better way.

As we sat at our window which looked out on the main street of our village, and a colored man of our town would go by, she would tell me what a high-class citizen he was. Across the street from our home lived a Jewish merchant named Jacobs. He was my father's crony, and I remember that mother would point out to me what a fine, friendly fellow he was, how fair he was in his business dealings, how well Herman Jacobs looked after his children.

As I look back on those days, I realize that my tolerance did not come to me by chance. I can now see that my dear mother was deliberately teaching me racial and religious tolerance in those days by causing me to think well of the people of my village who were of another race, color and creed than ours. I have always been grateful to my mother for that.

It is my feeling that most of us owe to our mothers some of the best developments in our lives—characteristics for which, perhaps, we ourselves get all the credit in later years, things for which we are very apt to accept credit with rather an egotistical satisfaction. If we are honest with ourselves, we have to admit that these traits are not inherent in us, but were instilled into our souls by such tactful and wise influences as my mother seems to have used with me to teach me tolerance and racial sympathy.

But my mother taught me something besides my racial tolerance. She taught me to have profound respect for other religions also, and she did it in her usual wise fashion.

At Christmas time my mother went out of her way to see that I took part in the Christmas celebrations in other churches than our own. I always had a part in the Christmas programs and services of the little Methodist church in our village and in the Baptist church. I think that it was because of that background that I was stirred deeply when, recently, just as we were about to open the strike conferences in Lansing, a group of young, socially-minded clergymen came to the executive offices and asked to see me. I invited them in. One of them said to me, "Governor Murphy, we Protestant preachers believe in the things for which you stand, and the things you are trying to do. We believe in your fight for security for the workingman, and we have come to tell you before you enter these conferences that we are behind you."

Then those fine young Protestant ministers, representing Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, asked if they might have a word of prayer with me. I told them that would please and help me. Then we stood, arm in arm, and those young ministers lifted my name to God in prayer. I shall never forget that scene. There, in one room, were Mr. Lewis and his group. In another room, were Mr. Chrysler and his advisers; and there in a room between

them, we stood, with those young preachers taking that important matter to a Higher Power for me, asking the Father of us all to help us in those crucial negotiations, to see that justice was done to both sides, that security and self-respect were maintained by all concerned, that in those negotiations none should be injured or hurt. I felt both strengthened and tender as I entered into those negotiations at the thought that those young Protestant clergymen had taken the trouble to come to tell me that they were back of me.

My mother also saw to it, without too much of the air of the teacher, that I had good books for my reading. One day she handed me a life of Abraham Lincoln. Once again, through that book and Lincoln's life, the question of security and of human rights thrust itself into my thinking.

Once again it was a race in bondage which was blindly seeking a way out of that bondage. Once again it was a man of ideals who was searching to find a way for their racial freedom from exploitation, for human rights against property rights. Lincoln, as I saw it through that book, was not only fighting for security for the black race, but he was even more concerned for the security of the white race, because he felt that slavery and the exploitation of a race were undermining the security of the slaveholders themselves, to say nothing of the government which condoned that slavery. It was from that conviction that there came forth his famous statement that no nation could continue to exist half slave and half free; that a house divided against itself could not long stand. So, in the final analysis, I learned from that life of Lincoln, which my mother gave me, that if our nation was to maintain its unity and security, it had to get rid of slavery.

Also, about this same time in my home, my mother gave me a life of Booker T. Washington. I was about twelve years of age when I got hold of that. This Negro leader was at that time the head of Tuskegee Institute. Washing-

ton had the theory that the Negro children and adults must learn to be useful citizens through farm work and mechanical labor, by earning their security at manual labor through their hands and bodies. I know that Negroes have gone far beyond that idea in this day, and it is well that they have. But that seemed to Booker Washington the most important step at that stage of their development.

The idea appealed to me as a boy. I could grasp that. From that day to this, I have had the profound conviction that all men have a right to security, not only security which gives them a living wage, but also security on the job.

Later I learned, through firsthand experience as a laborer, how much this sense of security was needed.

During my summer vacations from high school I had to work in a starch factory in our town. I did this for three years. The whistle in the factory blew at seven o'clock in the morning, at twelve noon for an hour lunch period, and again at six o'clock at night when it was time to quit work. We lived by that factory whistle in our village, as American people did all the way across this continent in those days. Working hours were from dawn to dark most of the time. At certain times of the year men went to work in the dark, and went home by dark; all their daylight hours were spent in the factory. It was a slave's life, those long hours and the living by whistles.

I there learned that men who lived on such a schedule seldom got a chance to see their families, much less had they time to commune with them and learn to know and love them. One was too weary for that when the end of the day's work came. I knew, even that early, that any occupation which kept men from communion with their families was an evil in our American life. I, who had a beautiful home life, and who knew what home joys meant, came to the conviction that anything, any regime of labor which included long, inhumane hours, depriving a man

of the privilege of family life, took away a certain influence in his life which was absolutely necessary if we, as a nation, wanted to build on secure foundations. I hated labor slavery, not for what it might do to me, but for what I saw it doing to other men and boys.

During the last twenty-five years the situation of labor has radically improved, and it has come about primarily, not through any voluntary concessions that industry has made, but through the fight that labor, itself, has carried on for shorter hours, higher wages and the right to collective bargaining.

But it was not only my mother who built into my life some of the things for which I am most grateful. My father was also a rare person and, in his quiet way, contributed many of the ideals which have dominated my thought.

My father was truly a great, good man, even if he was a simple, humble village lawyer: the same type as Dr. McClure in *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. He was picturesque, rugged, able! We had no great riches in money. I was born in a two-room house; one room was set aside as a kitchen, and one as a living and sleeping room. Later, father prospered and we had a more spacious home, but never a luxurious one. Yet there were always beautiful but simple pictures on the walls, and books, which lined the walls of that home. We knew good literature: Dickens, Bobbie Burns, Tennyson, Byron. I can still quote most of the *Prisoner of Chillon* from memory. I also knew Whittier and Longfellow.

One of the few great moments of my life came to me when I went to college at the University of Michigan.

My father had been there himself, thirty years before that, but he had never been back. But he went with me that memorable day, for it was a great event in our family when its son could go off to college at Ann Arbor.

Father had a reason for taking me himself which I did

not know when we started out, but which I discovered later. As we approached Ann Arbor on the local train, I can still remember how excited father was to be getting back to that old, familiar college town. He was as excited as I was myself. He could hardly remain seated. He looked out of the dirty window of the day coach and pointed out to me old, familiar contours of the land, buildings with which he was familiar; but the campus itself bewildered him because it had changed so much in those intervening thirty years.

When we got off the train he said to me, "Frank, the first thing I want to do is to show you a building, a certain building on the campus, and a building which I want you to remember forever."

My curiosity was, naturally, greatly aroused, and I smiled at his eagerness. My guess was that it was some old dormitory in which he had roomed, and in which he had played some college prank. I chuckled to myself, for it had been a long time since I had seen my father so excited. So, the first thing my father and I did, even before I registered, was to hunt up that building he wanted so much to show me. We had a hard time finding it because the Michigan campus had grown so much in those thirty years since father had been there. But finally we found it, a small building, hidden away behind a row of more modern buildings.

As we came up to it, father's eyes lighted up. Then we stood in front of it and, as we did, he put his hand on my shoulder and halted me. Then he pointed up to that building and said to me, "Frank, I have worked hard to be able to send you to college here. We haven't a lot of money, as you well know. It will mean sacrifice for your mother and me to see you through college. We have saved a little for that purpose, and all that I have is yours for your education. But I want you to remember that no matter how rich you may become, or whatever power you may attain,

what fame or fortune may or may not come to you in the future, that your old father carried a hod up a ladder to build that building. That's all, my son!"

I have never forgotten that day. It was a sort of ordination that my father gave me on that spot.

My mother hoped that I would be called to the priesthood, and like most boys of my faith I used to think of it but never felt that I was good enough for that sacred calling. On that bright morning in Ann Arbor, however, my father laid his hands on my heart and literally ordained me to a social priesthood when he pointed out the fact to me that he had carried a hod, as a good many Irishmen did in those days, to build America.

Then came college years with all their awakening influences. But more important than anything I learned in classes was the coming to the University of two personalities, Bishop Charles D. Williams of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist.

I went to hear Bishop Williams because I was always hungry to hear any man who could widen my horizons. I had also heard of the battles for social justice which this bishop had been carrying on in his own church, and of the criticism which was bombarding him both within his own church and from conservative elements outside of his church in that industrial state.

I remember that the conservatives said of him, "Bishop Williams is all right, but he has such queer ideas about labor and human rights." That attracted me to him and I shall never forget one thing which he said in his address. I almost rose up in my seat to say, "You're right! You're right!"

In the course of that address he said, "We must have a new international order which shall secure, or at least make possible, a new and more permanent peace between the people of the earth; and we must see to the creation of a new industrial order which shall end, or at least miti-

gate, the perpetual conflict and strife from which labor, capital and the public, most of all, suffer today."

Then he added, "And it must be our duty as lawyers, preachers, labor leaders and industrialists to stand boldly for the principle of industrial democracy, and security for all the peoples of this nation. No nation can long survive if any group feels a sense of injustice or insecurity."

That statement by Bishop Williams was a trumpet blast to my soul. It rang a bell in my mind. I have been pledged to the fight for universal security since I heard that great bishop speak in my sophomore year in college.

The other great experience had to do with a visit Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, made to Ann Arbor about the same time.

Fritz Kreisler awes me more than any other great musician, and always has. I watched him step to the platform and raise his violin to his shoulder. Then I watched him lift his eyes to the skies, his head up as if he were looking straight into the stars; and I knew, even then, that that man was something more than a mere musician; there was something spiritual about his playing.

Years later I heard a statement of Mr. Kreisler's social views and then I understood what that overtone I had noted in his personality actually meant. His statement was, "My wife and I have never allowed ourselves to eat a luxurious meal, because we have felt that that luxurious meal would be depriving some hungry child of a glass of milk, or some hungry man of a loaf of bread. We have never owned our own home, for we have always felt that that home would stand between us and all the homeless of the world."

I have never been stirred by anything as much as by the visits to our college campus of these two socially-minded men, each a leader in widely differing fields of activities, but each with an understanding of the need that the human race has, and especially our own nation, of security

for all, not just a living wage, but a wage which will give a margin for education, leisure and play, a security which takes in times of unemployment, old age and illness, but most important of all, security in his job.

The swift years have passed, as my old Irish ancestors used to put it, "like the flight of a swallow across a stream." After college, came a year of practicing law in Detroit. Then came the World War which swept all of us younger men into its vortex. Then the graft prosecution in the army itself when I, because they had noticed in my papers that I was a lawyer, was called upon to prosecute a quartermaster in France who had stolen from the commissary. Then came the Armistice and our days in the Army of Occupation, further education provided by the Army in Dublin University and in London; then back home, following the war, to the four major political activities of my brief and hectic career. It has all been a somewhat bewildering panorama.

People have often talked to me about the "honor" it has been to hold such offices of public trust as I have held. However, I did not look upon it especially as a great honor to be elected mayor of Detroit, but as an opportunity of service in the city's darkest night. Besides that, greater men than I had been mayors of Detroit, including the great Pingree and Senator Couzens. However, I did feel that it was an honor to hold that office during a period of depression when people were starving, when two hundred thousand men were out of work, with half a million human beings dependent upon them, and know that, in those desperate years, I had an opportunity to serve them.

I did not look upon it alone as a great honor to me to be sent to the Philippine Islands as Governor General, for far greater men than I had been Governor General of the islands, including Taft, Cameron Forbes, and General Wood. But I did look upon it as an honor to be Governor General of those islands during the crucial period when

they were given their independence and were in the trying process of initiating their new government and feeling out their new freedom. It was a great privilege to interpret to this young government in that transition period, the spirit and idealism of America. That was an honor and a trust.

And when I became governor of Michigan I did not look upon that as something to be called just a personal honor. There had been other governors of Michigan greater than I could ever be: Governor Cass and our own great scientist, Chase Osborne, who is still living. Men whom I revere. I was not in that class. But I did look upon it as a privilege to have been the governor of Michigan during the recent sit-down strikes, in an industrial crisis, and to have helped our people through the storm with patience and understanding.

In other words, I do not look upon the office itself as an honor, but upon the privilege for service which any office gives. That is a great honor and it just so happens that all the public trusts I have held have been thrust upon me in a time of public unrest and trouble.

Let me tell you what those strikes were all about. For three years of depression working people didn't know whether they would have a glass of milk or a crust of bread. They had passed through a hell of insecurity and hunger; they, and their children. They did not want that to happen again. They were determined that it should not happen again. That was the real reason they struck. They wanted security from that forever, and to them collective bargaining is the means to achieve security.

I was privileged to be governor when we might have had civil war, when the feeling was so intense that almost the falling of a leaf might have disturbed the balance of social and industrial life. I found that if we all went at that problem in the spirit of comradeship and fair play we would succeed. I found that there was as much need

for security for industry as there was for labor; that we were all in the same boat and that there was a storm at sea.

It is my belief that there is peace ahead for labor and capital, because both now can have a feeling of security, and we can have no permanent peace until there is security for both industry and labor. In my associations with both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Chrysler, I have come to have profound respect for their leadership. I believe them both to be sincere men and I have come to a deep friendship with these men through our struggles together to bring about this sense of security for both groups.

We have peace ahead if we can learn to work together in the spirit of negotiations. We have the most resourceful nation on the face of the earth. We have no real class consciousness, and we shall have less if we are fair with each other. We simply cannot go wrong in a nation like this. Nations go wrong only when men are oppressed, have a feeling of insecurity, or hate an unjust and an oppressive government. Such conditions do not prevail in America and they never will prevail if the spirit of capital and labor, as evidenced to me in our strike negotiations in Michigan, continues.

ROLAND HAYES

AS IF A BELL RANG IN MY HEART

MR. HAYES IS ONE OF THE MOST HIGHLY PAID ARTISTS IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN MUSIC, BUT HE LOOKS UPON HIS MONEY as he does upon his talent, as a gift of God, to be used for some good social purpose.

Roland Hayes is a very modest person, and it was a difficult matter to persuade him to give me his story, in spite of the fact that Fritz Kreisler, William Allen White, Martha Berry, Edwin Markham, Cecil DeMille, and a score of the great of the earth, had given me their stories. But he finally agreed when I pointed out to him that his story would be helpful to all who read it.

I was born of former slave parents in a Georgia village called "Little Row," later named Curryville, so small and insignificant that it is not even named in geographies, or noted on maps.

My father was killed by a falling tree when I was five years old. Mother called in a fine old former slave Negro to help her take care of the fifteen-acre farm which we rented on shares. There were three of us boys, and we all worked on the farm under the direction of that old Negro helper. It was he who first gave me a sense of pride in my race. He told me that my ancestors were tribal leaders on the coast of Africa and that my paternal great-grandfather had handed down something to me which should make me respect myself and my race. Those ancestors bowed

their heads to no man, and would not admit that they were inferior human beings. Even at that early age that fine old Negro instilled in me a sense of pride and destiny.

In the community where I was born, the hard-working Negroes had the gift of song. Moreover, they were deeply religious. They sang nothing but Negro spirituals. Jazz and the blues were looked upon as profane. And the Negroes of that community sang the spirituals with deep devotion, unbounded humility and worship. The Negro did not approach God, he did not attempt to call Him in his song and prayer; he just surrounded God, face averted, with his music.

When I was twelve, my dear old mother decided that we boys must have an education. There was no chance in Curryville, so one evening she gathered us in a little group around an open fireplace in our humble cabin and told us stories about educated men, leaders in all realms of life who had come to their leadership solely because they had got an education. She told us of her plan to sell all we had, go to Chattanooga, sixty miles away, and work for an education. I shall never forget the way she said it in her own words. She said, "Come on, boys. We're goin' somewhere to get you boys an education!"

A year later we started for Chattanooga in an old wagon we had. Mother rode, and we boys walked that sixty miles barefooted, to save our shoes. As we trudged along on that trek, mother told us how we would work it out. One of the three must be at work all the time, but it would not be the same one. With this plan in mind we, at length, trudged into Chattanooga. We must have been a strange spectacle with that old broken-down horse drawing the buckboard piled high with battered furniture, and we three boys trailing in the rear in our bare feet.

I got a job in a sash and window factory at three dollars a day. My work was to carry out great ladles of molten metal and pour it into molds. In a few months I was made

foreman of the factory. I always liked to sing, and I think that that was one of the reasons I was promoted to foreman. I sang at my work.

Usually they would not allow that in those days, but the owners of the factory soon discovered that the other workmen liked to have me sing, and, as they put it, "we kept the factory going on Roland's singing." I sang because it was as natural for me to sing as to breathe. My task in that window-sash factory was also to wheel molten metal from one room to another. I still carry scars on my feet where the hot metal splashed out sometimes, and burned me.

However, as it turned out, our plan for an education was knocked to pieces. For I was able to keep my job and my brothers were not. So I became the sole support of the family. It was not possible for us to alternate as we had originally planned it. I soon saw that if I was to get an education, I would have to study at night and work in the daytime to keep myself and the family.

It was not long after arriving in Chattanooga and falling into our schedule of labor that I was invited to sing in a church choir. It was in that choir that I met Mr. Arthur Calhoun, an educated Negro musician, and was taken to a home where I heard, for the first time, the voices of Caruso and Melba on phonograph records.

From that night, I knew that I was destined to something which was beyond my comprehension. I seemed to be in the hands of fate. It was as if something was calling me from far beyond any horizon I had ever known before.

I've never been able to describe what happened to me when I heard those records. It was like a religious conversion. That night I was born again. I had a sudden and startling revelation—the first of three great spiritual experiences which have come to me. It was the opening of a hitherto closed door and I glimpsed—dimly enough then, to be sure—the rough outline of the purpose which is now my whole life. That purpose which came into my life that

night accounts for the experiences I have had all along the way since then; not for the things I have done myself; rather, for more subtle emotional experiences—especially the tremendous experience of being used as the medium of expression for a greater power outside oneself—an indefinable, ineffable experience, which in my case has always been heightened by the presence of racial prejudice in a situation. That experience that night when I heard for the first time the voices of great singers on a phonograph sealed my resolution to become a great artist. I was ready to let that purpose work through me. A great happiness flooded my soul. It was as if a bell rang in my heart!

Two years after that experience I decided to go to Nashville, Tennessee. In order to make this momentous move I had to take matters into my own hands, as, indeed, I seem to have had to do at every step of my way since that time. My dear old mother, who had so bravely pulled up her life by the roots and taken her boys to Chattanooga, seemed reluctant to do the same thing again. Had we not economic security such as we had never known up to that time? Had I ever heard of a Negro boy who had succeeded as a singer? She did not think that there was even a single chance for a Negro boy to make a place for himself. But I was determined. I persuaded mother and the boys to pull up roots again and go to Nashville so that I could go to Fisk University.

I was nineteen years of age when I actually arrived at Fisk University. I worked in a private home in Nashville. I had not even finished my grammar school grades, but did two grades in my first year.

But just before the end of my second year in grammar school, I met the second real crises in my life. It came as a great shock to me. At first I was stunned—almost broken-hearted—by it. But when I later thought it over I began to see that it was but a part of the plan for my life. Not

my plan—but the one made for me by a greater mind than my own.

One day I was called to the office of the school, and abruptly told that I was “not the type of a boy” which was wanted in the school. Utterly bewildered I asked what I had done and their reply was that my conscience would tell me.

“But,” I said, “I don’t know! Please tell me!”

But they refused to tell what I had done. I never have been told to this day. However, I think that it was because I had not reported to the head of the music department of the school when I left to go out at night to sing in the city. I worked all day, and then tried to make a little extra money by singing at night. This arrangement had been agreed to by the faculty. Knowing this, I did not always report when I went out at night. Sometimes I did not have time to do so, after I had finished my work in the private family.

It looked as if my guidance had failed me, and I was saddened and discouraged by this experience. But I went to Louisville, Kentucky, and got a job as a waiter in the Pendennis Club, an aristocratic organization for white men. After working in the club as a waiter for a few months, they discovered I could sing and, after that, I worked only part time as a waiter, and part time as a singer in the club.

Once at the time of an annual convention of insurance men in Louisville, a Mr. Henry Putnam, of Boston, heard me sing. He liked my voice and wrote several letters about me to Boston friends.

Years later, I had the pleasure of going to Louisville on one of my concert tours, and singing before members of the Pendennis Club, where I had once been a waiter.

In 1911, after patching up my difficulties with Fisk University in Nashville, I returned to complete my education. But even that dream was broken when the Fisk

Jubilee Singers were invited to Boston to sing for several months at what they called "The World in Boston." I went with them as a soloist, and as a member of a large chorus.

When our engagement came to an end in Boston, I had another one of those inner hunches that I should stay in Boston and not return to Fisk. The president of the college told me I was crazy; that I would starve to death; that no colored boy would be given a chance in that great city. They wanted me to go back and get my degree. But just as I was impelled by that inner urge to leave Chattanooga to go to Nashville, against my mother's advice, so was I impelled to stay behind in Boston.

The first job I got was that of working on the "Million Dollar Pier" in Atlantic City where I went with some of the boys of the Fisk Singers for the summer. The work was too hard for me, so I returned to Boston. However, later I had the pleasure of singing on that Atlantic City pier at its dedication. When I got back to Boston I got a job as a bellboy in the Brunswick Hotel, then one as a page in the office of the John Hancock Insurance Company. I sat at the front desk, and took the names of visitors, carrying them in to the persons they wished to see.

I always carried my music to work, and when I was not busy I would sing at my desk. They allowed me to do that for some strange reason. In fact, sometimes the executives would open their doors so they could hear me. Nobody ever interfered with my singing. When I came back from Europe a few years ago the company gave me a banquet at the Algonquin Club on my birthday, less than fifteen years after I had worked there as a page.

Now that I had my job as page boy, I sent for my mother in Nashville. We found a cheap little apartment in Boston and went into housekeeping. I took the packing boxes in which her goods had come, and made a bed for mother out of those old boxes. Out of other empty boxes I made a bed

for myself, a table, and some chairs. I was making seven dollars a week then, and we managed to live. I lived in Boston nine years. Mother cooked for me and listened from the kitchen while I practiced in the other room.

One day she came into the room where I was singing and said to me, "Roland, what did you just say?"

"I was singing, Mother."

"But what did you say?" she asked.

"I was just singing, Mother."

"But those words, what did you say? I couldn't understand the words. Roland, when you sing, say the words so that everybody can hear and understand them." Therefore, I owe my diction to my mother. She made me learn to pronounce my words distinctly. Critics often speak of my diction as being almost perfect. And if that is true, I owe it to my dear old mother who was born a slave, who never had a minute of schooling in her life.

My mother was the most wonderful human being I ever knew. I have a sacred shrine in my music room for her. There is a portrait of her on the wall done by a famous Boston artist, Harry Sutton. I keep two vases of flowers, one on each side of it. I change those flowers myself every morning. It may sound like an affectation, but I have a flood light on that picture of my mother. There she is, just as I knew her, in all her simplicity, shorn of all superficiality, dressed in her working clothes. As I sit in my music room, practicing, she looks down upon me. It is as if she were still alive, and I am never out of her presence.

After I had been singing for a few years in Boston, I was invited to New York City in 1915 to give a concert at the Music School Settlement. However, I had not arrived in any real sense, and I knew that I never would arrive until I had given a recital in Symphony Hall, Boston.

But no responsible group would undertake the risk of sponsoring such a recital. So once again I decided to do it myself. I have found in all of the major steps of my life

that I have had to help myself. I have had to take chances. I have not dared to wait for others to help me. I planned a recital in Symphony Hall against the advice of all of my teachers and friends. I had to guarantee the manager of the hall four hundred dollars.

I laugh now when I think of the way I went about it. I took the telephone book and selected two thousand names. I tried to pick Back Bay people, who were wealthy and who might become patrons of my concert. I asked them to take two tickets at a dollar and fifty cents each, to help me. I told them in my letters—every one of which I hammered out myself in between working hours, on an old typewriter—told them just what I was trying to do. I was trying to get a hearing. The answers started coming in at an astonishing speed. The life insurance company where I worked took half of Symphony Hall. It was packed. Seven hundred were turned away that night. I cleared two thousand dollars. It was vindication of my faith in my purpose.

Shortly after my Symphony Hall recital I was invited to Santa Monica, California.

After my concert in Santa Monica a man said to me, "I have heard all the famous singers. When I listen to you, I get the same things I get from their singing, but I also get something more. What is it?"

I did not know how to answer that man. I did not know then what it was. That night before I went to bed I asked myself what it was he had heard in my singing which he had not heard in the singing of others. Was there really something different that was distinctly mine? If so, what could it be?

As I lay half asleep, I suddenly arose in my bed and asked myself: "Can it be something that was given to me by my forebears, far back through the generations? Have we Negroes some heritage from the past that is ours, and ours alone? Have I my small portion of that heritage?"

Can I help my race to give its small contribution to life? Is that what I am here for? Is that the purpose behind all that I am and all that I am led to be and do?"

Then I knew, just as clearly as if somebody had spoken to me, that another door of understanding was opening to me. I had my second rebirth.

I discovered that night in California the clue to the plan by which my life was being directed. But I felt blind and helpless when I tried to follow that clue. I knew so little of my ancestors. Here we were, my people and myself, in America, having been lifted from our old environment in Africa and set down here, aliens in body and soul.

I said to myself that night that I would go to Africa, the home of my people, and try to learn the secrets of my race. So, with the money I had made through my Symphony Hall recital in April, 1920, I went to England. But my real destination was Africa. I would try to earn money enough in England to go to Africa and study my race and its beginnings.

When I reached England it was the time of the uprisings in the British possessions, and a man of my color was not very welcome in London. There were long, hard weeks before I could get a hearing in London. Finally I was scheduled to give a recital in Wigmore Hall. Everything, even then, seemed suddenly to turn against me. My money was gone, and I was likely to be faced any morning with a demand for advance payment on the hall. Tickets were not selling well. If they demanded the advance payment on the hall, as was the custom, I was finished.

But fortunately, I had been asked by Dr. Hugh Chapman to sing in the Chapel Royal of Savoy, where the King and Queen attended church services. That was the first time in history that any man not an ordained minister, and not in vestments, had ever stood in that sacred altar place. The *Daily Mail* of London commented on that unusual fact and it created a furore of public discussion. In that Chapel

Royal I sang an old spiritual, "He Never Said a Mumblin' Word," from "The Crucifixion."

It was because Dr. Hugh Chapman heard me sing in the Chapel Royal that one of the most significant experiences of my life came, and it came in a dramatic fashion.

A few weeks later, just one year to the day after I had arrived in London, I was singing at the home of a friend, Stephen Graham, worrying every minute about the demand that might be made on me for the advance rent of Wigmore Hall, knowing that I didn't have a penny. I was haunted every minute by that fear. I was sick with worry. In the middle of the tea, I was called to the phone. My heart sank. Here was the dreaded news I was expecting. I went to the phone. A friend's voice said, "Have you heard the news?"

I felt faint. I thought I would drop in my tracks. It must be in the newspapers that Roland Hayes had lost the use of Wigmore Hall because he could not pay for it. The recital would be canceled. I was in disgrace. The worst had come. My throat was dry. I could hardly reply, but I managed to choke out the words, "What news?"

My friend replied, "I dare not tell you." Then I was sure the tragedy I dreaded had come upon me.

"Why can't you tell me? Go on! I can stand it!" I feebly replied.

"But I dare not tell you; for somebody else wants to tell you," my friend replied.

"But you must tell me. I can't stand any more suspense. I'm sick now. Have they made a demand for the rent of the hall?"

My friend evidently recognized my hysterical agitation even over the phone, for he quickly replied, "Well, I'll tell you, but you mustn't tell Mrs. Johnson that you have heard the news, for she wants to tell you herself."

"All right," I promised. "Go on and tell me. I can stand anything!"

Then I heard him say like a voice in a fog, from a far-off distant mountain peak, "You are commanded to sing at Buckingham Palace!"

I thought I would drop in my tracks. I sobbed aloud. The tears ran down my cheeks. I dared not go back to face the people at that tea.

Two days later, when I went to Buckingham Palace, the first thing Queen Mary, now the Queen Mother, said to me was, "I hear you have been singing in our Chapel Royal?"

Then they took me into a side room and asked me questions for half an hour.

They wanted to know all about Negro singing. They had heard the old Christy Minstrels in London years before that. I explained to them the difference between the minstrel and spiritual singing. I told them of my experience when for the first time I heard phonograph records of Caruso and Melba; and of the bell that had rung in my heart that evening; and of my vision that I had for the world a message and a mission, that mission being to interpret my people at their best to the world through the spirituals.

The next day Melba sang for the King and Queen, and they asked her if she had ever heard me sing. She had never heard of Roland Hayes, and I did not wonder. Then they told her about me, and told her to hunt me up in London and hear me sing.

Little did I know what was awaiting me just around the corner of one of the most discouraging periods of my life, the London experience. A command performance at Buckingham Palace, and now here was Melba, one of the two singers I had heard in Tennessee on the phonograph record the night the bell rang in my heart, actually searching me out in England.

Melba started out to find me. Through a mutual friend, Roger Quilton, son of an English earl, she got in touch

with me. He planned a party to which he invited Fritz Kreisler, Melba, and half a dozen distinguished musicians who were then in London.

That was an eventful meeting for me. I sang before Melba and she said to me, "The King and Queen are right! You are truly a great singer!" Fritz Kreisler, the noted violinist, after hearing me that afternoon came back to America and spoke not only kindly but enthusiastically of my singing. That was of inestimable value to me here. That experience gave me renewed confidence to launch into a European concert tour which had already been arranged for me.

Fulfilling one of my scheduled concerts in Berlin in 1924 was a terrifying experience. The French were occupying the Rhine and were policing it with Negro troops from their African possessions, and German indignation was running high. Until a few days before the concert was to be given (in famous Beethoven Hall), I remained in Prague. The American consul there received several indignant letters protesting against my singing in Berlin, asking if an American Negro was to insult the spirit of Goethe, Schiller and other great writers of Germany, by singing plantation songs from the cotton fields of America in Beethoven Hall?

I was worried about that storm of protest. The American consul in Prague advised me not to go to Berlin. However, I went, slipped into the city incognito; stayed in my hotel room so that I would not be seen; walked at night for exercise in the Tiergarten. And on the night of my concert I took a closed taxicab with my Negro accompanist to Beethoven Hall.

The hall was packed with people, with hundreds standing. At eight o'clock I walked on the stage with my accompanist. The stage was white with light, but the deep hall looked like a black cave. As I moved across that stage for my first appearance a barrage of hisses, full of hatred,

greeted me. It was as if every indignant German in that great hall were hurling threats in my direction. I felt those hisses as if they were arrows aimed at my breast.

I had never had that experience before. But I remembered my mission. I did then what I have always done at the beginning of a concert. It is my habit when I step onto any stage to recall to myself that I am merely an instrument through which my mission is being fulfilled. I stood there with hands clasped before me, praying; praying that Roland Hayes might be entirely blotted out of the picture; that the people sitting there might feel only the spirit of God flowing through melody and rhythm; that racial and national prejudices might be forgotten.

Usually when I do that sincerely, the audience instinctively feels what is happening as I commune with my Father.

But that was the hardest audience I ever faced. However, as I stood there, I had no doubts. I stepped to the curve of the piano and stood with my head up and my eyes closed, letting the Spirit do its work and waiting for that hissing to die down. Two minutes, three, four, five, on into an interminable ten minutes, those hisses continued. I waited for silence. Would it never come? Ten minutes passed, and the hissing and stamping of feet stopped abruptly.

I spoke to my accompanist without turning my head from the audience and asked him to take from his music case Schubert's "Thou Art My Peace." It begins softly, in almost a whisper. As the clear notes of that song floated out over that crowd a silence fell on them.

I went on with my concert. I even sang two French numbers, because I originally had them in my program. At the end of that concert the crowd began to applaud, stamping their feet, yelling their bravos. Finally, surging up on the platform, they took me on their shoulders and carried me around Beethoven Hall twice.

It was not a personal victory. It was the victory of a force which sang through me and won that audience. It was my mission at work. I had nothing to do with it. I was allowing myself to be used by a power which is greater than I am, and it subdued the hatred in that audience.

But even a more remarkable thing happened when I came back to America, an incident I would tell you, though I can hardly relate it without breaking down.

I gave a concert down in Georgia. The next day I went down to the old plantation, not many miles from where my mother had been a slave. The old master and his wife who had once owned my mother were still alive, living in complete poverty. Now beyond ninety years of age, they were reduced to life in a shanty. I introduced myself and asked them if they remembered my mother. Yes, of course they did. She was one of the dear souls they could never forget. They had called her "Pony."

They looked at me and said, "So Pony's son has sung before the King and Queen of England? What did you sing, Roland?"

"I sang a Negro spiritual entitled, 'The Crucifixion.'"

"Why, that is the very song your grandfather sang the day he entered the ministry," exclaimed the old master who once owned my father and mother as slaves.

I wondered if this proud old couple would accept help from me. I tried to use my old spiritual technique, obliterated myself and said, "Is there anything that Pony's son can do to help?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the humble reply.

Then I reached into my pocket, and pulled out a large sum of money. I walked over and laid it in the hand of that old woman. She looked at it, saw the amount, and suddenly realized that it meant a few final months of peace. She threw open her arms, into which the old white master and I both fell. In a moment we had our arms around each

other and were weeping like little children. The next day that old man walked five miles hobbling along on his cane, to hear me sing "The Crucifixion." He sat on the front seat as my guest, and we both wept as I sang that long-remembered and much-loved spiritual.

FRED STONE

A MAN REBORN

LIFE HAS BEEN A SERIES OF UPS AND DOWNS WITH ME; BUT THE UPS HAVE BEEN MORE NUMEROUS THAN THE DOWNS, AS I believe to be true with most lives.

A few years ago there was a book written by Dr. Walter Pitkin, entitled *Life Begins at Forty*. Shortly after its appearance his title became so popular that editorial writers, preachers, radio stars and vaudeville actors began to bandy the phrase about like jugglers tossing balls into the air. A motion-picture play and a drama were based on that idea, parodies were made of it. It was laughed at and it was taken very seriously by thousands of people. I remember, when I heard that phrase for the first time, feeling that, as for me, my career was through, for my particular type of musical comedy had outlived its day. I always played in comedies which had in them simple stories such as children loved to see, and such as their parents wanted them to see. They might have been called fairy stories. *The Wizard of Oz* was my first popular play and it ran four years. Then came *The Red Mill*, *The Old Town*, *The Lady of the Slipper*, *Chin Chin*, *Jack o' Lantern*, *Tip Top*, *Stepping Stones*, *Criss Cross* and *Three Cheers*.

We had a lot of fun in doing those plays, and much of the fun was because children loved them. They were like fairy stories in a make-believe world; but their popularity passed. My old manager, Charles Dillingham, failed; the public taste changed from simple things to sophisticated

things, and left us in the backwash. So I felt that I was through. Slowly I became reconciled to the situation. I tried the radio, but that didn't give me much joy. It was too cold and mechanical. I got no response. I needed to see and hear and feel the response of my audience, especially of those thousands of children whose laughter had for so many years cheered my heart.

Yes, I felt that I was through, and had about made up my mind, reluctantly, that I might as well retire gracefully. I was past sixty, and I had had my day, fifty full and happy years of it. Then along came a new opportunity in Sinclair Lewis's new play called *The Jayhawker*, a Kansas story.

My daughter Carol was to play a part in it, and one day she said to Lewis, "You know, Mr. Lewis, I think my daddy might be interested in a part in this play."

"Do you really think he would?" asked Lewis. "Then I must see him and read the play over to him."

And out to Forest Hills came that big, redheaded fellow, full of energy and enthusiasm; read the play to me and told me he thought I could play Ace Burdette.

I wasn't sure. It sounded heavy to me. I had always played light parts in musical comedy. Here was a heavy character part, but Lewis almost yelled at me, "Why, man, you *are* the Jayhawker! You've just got to play it!"

And before I knew it, my friends and family had pushed me into this new venture at sixty years of age. Rex Beach, my brother-in-law, said that he would kick me in the pants if I didn't take it. Carol was anxious for me to try it; all the girls were, and Mrs. Stone was sure that I could do it. I decided to plunge and take a chance on it. I did.

My friends have always given me courage in myself. They have had faith in me, and that has given me faith in myself. As I look back on my long life I find that faith and friends have had more to do with what little success I have had than anything else. All along the way, for more than half a century, I have had my ups and downs, but when-

ever I was in one of the down periods my friends always came along to hearten and encourage me and to give me faith in myself. I do not know where I would have been if my friends and loved ones hadn't had more faith in my ability than I had, myself.

One day while I was playing the part of Ace Burdette in *The Jayhawker*, a minister friend of mine saw it, came back stage after it was over and said, "Fred, you're just beginning your acting career. For fifty years they have known you as a musical comedy star. You are through that period now, and you will be known from now on as a straight character actor. Pretty soon they will forget that they ever knew you as a musical comedy star. You are going to start your professional life all over at sixty."

I thought he was crazy, or that his friendship for me was distorting his critical judgment. I liked to hear him talk, but I didn't believe a single word he said. I was afraid of myself. I felt that I was through.

But that evening Mrs. Stone and the girls, on the way home, put it up to me, just as my preacher friend had, and said that they felt the same way. My preacher friend had simply confirmed what they had already been saying to me; and by gosh, before I knew it they had me half believing the same thing. They had so much faith in me that I was beginning to get a little faith in myself. It's a funny thing, but, as I look back over my life as it has unfolded from earliest boyhood days, the faith my friends have had in me has created faith in myself. No man can have anything more important than the faith his family and his friends have in him.

The first important thing I ever tried to do was to climb a greased pole in Wellington, Kansas, on a Fourth of July. The one who climbed that greased pole was to get five dollars. Ten boys tried that greased pole and none of them got to the top. Then came Eddie Stone, my brother. He had the ingenuity to take handfuls of sand as he started

up, and on the way up he plastered it into the pole. After failing to reach the top, he ran over and whispered to me, "I think you can make it now, Fred, for I sanded it. Hop to it!"

I hopped to it and, thanks to Eddie's help, I made it and collected the five dollars.

That first experience is a sort of symbol of my life. If I have had any success, it has been because my friends have always come along at the critical moment and put sand on the greased poles of my life; and I have climbed up through their faith and their help.

I was nine years old then. A few months later, a circus came to town and I was anxious to see it. But I hadn't any money, so I decided to climb up a tent rope and see it from the top of the center pole. I was a good climber and before anybody knew what was happening, I was up that rope and watching the circus from the top of the pole. Somebody informed the manager and he came running to try to get me down. He was afraid I would fall and kill myself, and then the circus would be in for a damage suit. The circus manager tried to get me down, but I wouldn't come down until he promised me and my brothers tickets to the circus. I felt perfectly at home on top of that tent pole. I knew how to climb, for I had been climbing all my boyhood days: trees, houses, steeples and greased poles. I knew how to walk a tight rope, for I had been practicing for years. Just to show them, and to add further to the nervousness of the manager that day, I calmly walked the rope between the two tent poles and nearly gave him heart failure. It was easy to persuade him to give us our free tickets by the time I had made my way across the top of that tent.

After the show I asked for, and got a job. My father gave his consent, and I went off with the circus as a tightrope walker. I was billed as a woman and was dressed in girl's clothes. One day, while I was walking the rope in girl's

clothes, a woman called out, "What a shame to send that poor little girl away up there on that dangerous rope!"

That made me mad, for I was only about ten years old. I stopped in the middle of the rope, balancing myself with my brightly colored parasol and yelled back indignantly, "I ain't no girl—I'm a boy—and I can do this well."

That was the beginning of my career as a public entertainer, and, from that time on I have been at it: vaudeville, circuses, minstrel shows, variety, what have you?

I have known hunger and defeat, ups and downs. But always I enjoyed it and always I found friends who came to help me at just the right moment.

Dave Montgomery and I teamed up together, and were known as Montgomery and Stone in vaudeville for twenty-five years. One day we were showing in Boston. Just before we went on we looked through the peephole of the curtain. It was a small crowd.

Dave said to me, "Let's go easy today, Fred. There's no audience out there. Let's save ourselves for tonight."

I said to Dave, "No, Dave, we'll give them the best we have. There may be a manager out there behind a post, or some poor devil who is down-and-out, and needs to laugh. Let's always give them all we have!" We did.

I said that because people had always given me so much of themselves that I wanted to give something in return. I guess that's a good slogan for anybody's life: to give people all you have.

When I was playing in *The Wizard of Oz*, there was a girl from Denver in the show. Her name was Allene Crater. I fell in love with her and married her before that run was through, and we had plenty of time to get acquainted with each other, for that show ran four years. Rex Beach married her sister. That was the best thing I ever did for myself, for she has always stood by and given me faith in myself when I didn't have it. It was she who

gave me my daughters who are now taking their places in our theatrical world, Dorothy, Carol and Paula.

Many years passed, and Dave Montgomery had died. I had been in a series of musical comedies, with a year in London in one of my own shows. I had heard now and then of a Western boy named Will Rogers who did a lassoing act with ropes, but our paths never crossed. He was not so well known in those days, although his career had followed somewhat along the lines of my own; first in a circus act in which he had gone around the world, and then into vaudeville.

At that time I was at the top of my profession, and he was just coming up to his. It just happened that one season we were both playing in New York City, I in musical comedy and he in a vaudeville act.

His act was over before our finale, and one afternoon when I was sitting in my dressing room, in walked a big, gangling fellow and said to me with a drawl, "Are you Mr. Fred Stone?"

I admitted it.

Then he said, "I'm Will Rogers and I hear you want to learn how to throw the rope."

"Yes I do," I replied.

"Then I'll teach you. I can come over after my act, and we can practice!"

We went out on the empty stage that very afternoon, and I took my first lesson. Will Rogers patiently kept at it all that season until he taught me to throw the rope, and I used that trick in my shows for years.

From that day on, Will Rogers and I were pals. I never had a better friend. I owe more than I can say to him. He was always ready when I needed him.

Everybody knows about the time when I fell in my airplane and was broken to pieces. We had just started rehearsals for *Three Cheers*, and my accident meant that several hundred boys and girls in the show, stagehands

and other employees, would be thrown out of work for an entire season if that show did not go on. Dorothy was in it, too. Will Rogers gave up his own engagements, which amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars, came East and took my place in that show. And that was just like Will Rogers! I know why everybody loved him, and why they loved him so much. That single act was a good demonstration of Will's spirit and a good explanation of his popularity. It was not entirely because he was a comedian and a humorist. It was because he was kind and generous. And so, once again in my career, it was a friend who saved my show.

And when they finally asked me to go out to Hollywood and try out this character acting business, and I was afraid I couldn't do it, it was Will Rogers who persuaded me that I could. I have always been glad that Will saw my first part in pictures. One night we were watching a preview of *Alice Adams*, where I had the part of the father. I had enjoyed playing it, but I was not sure that I had done it well. We sat there alone in the little studio room. Will sat beside me. When it was all over he put his hands on my shoulders, as he so often had a habit of doing, and merely said in the darkness, "Okey, Fred! Okey!" That was the most heartening encouragement I ever received from anybody. That same week Will started on his fatal airplane trip to Alaska with Wiley Post. Almost the last thing he said to me was that "Okey, Fred! Okey!" That's the reason I say that friends and faith have meant more to me than anything in life. If you have a few friends who have faith in you, you can climb up out of any hole or up any greased pole—to the top.

I have always had friends along the way who have been kind enough to spray a little sand on the greased poles of life so that I could get to the top. Without their help I could never have made it. As I look back now I remember Eddie Stone, Dave Montgomery, my brother-in-law, Rex

Beach, Charles Dillingham, my family, Will Rogers, and hundreds of others.

And now I must tell you about the two most thrilling experiences of my life, both of which illustrate what I have been saying about friends and faith. The first was my flop in the airplane. I liked to fly. For a long time I flew with Will Rogers in commercial planes. Once I flew across the continent, to visit Will at Hollywood. On the way out, I had my pilot fly the plane into Wellington, Kansas, my old home town, where I had climbed the greased pole when I was a boy of nine. We landed in a field outside of town, and the whole town came to meet me and we had a parade. That was one of the happiest events of my life. I had always dreamed of flying back to my home town in my own plane. I suppose that every boy dreams something like that. I made my trip to the coast and back safely. But a few months later, when I was flying solo, down near New London, I leveled out too late on the descent and cracked up in a beet patch. Paula was sitting on a fence watching me make the flight.

After they had picked up what was left of me and driven me to a New London hospital they didn't expect me to live. My thigh was broken, both legs, shoulder bones, ankles and jaw. They thought they would have to amputate one foot, it was so badly crushed. But Mrs. Stone was terrified at that thought, and protested against it. She is a Christian Scientist, and has a lot of faith in her religion.

"Is Mr. Stone a drinking man?" the doctor asked her. "Because if he is, there wouldn't be any hope of saving that leg."

"He never drinks anything stronger than milk," said my wife.

The doctor laughed and said, "Then we will take a chance. We may save that leg yet."

When I came to consciousness, I said to the doctor, "How badly am I hurt?"

He was my friend and was honest with me when he replied, "I don't think that you'll ever dance again, Fred, but we may save your leg. I am afraid that you'll never even walk again, but I'll do my best."

At that very minute I felt a new surge of faith run through me. I don't remember whether it was because my wife and the girls were praying for me or not; but I did know that something went through me, something of hope and faith and courage—all at once—and I said with a confident smile, "I'll get well, Doc—and I'll come back again. And when I do, I'll run up the stairs to your office, and I'll dance all over the place for you. And what is more—I'll dance on the stage again."

During my convalescence I found out how many friends I had, and how much faith they had that I would get well again and go back on the stage. It often takes just some such accident as that to learn how many friends a fellow has. I found out what friends and faith meant during those four or five months I lay in the hospital.

A Catholic priest was kind enough to come to see me in the hospital at New London. He started to condole with me. I said, "Father, I'm glad you came to see me. It was kind of you. But when I get to thinking about what might have happened to me, I'm profoundly grateful to God!" Six weeks later, that Catholic priest came back to see me. When he came into my room he said to me, "Mr. Stone, I just came back to tell you how much good you did me that first day after your accident when I came to call on you. I have thought about what you have said every day since then. I even preached about it to my parish, and have told hundreds of people that I, their priest, did not know what faith really was, until I talked with you that day."

After a few weeks they asked me to talk over the radio from my bed in the hospital. I told them just how I felt.

As I remember it, I said something like this:

“Everybody has been so good to me since my ‘flop’ into the beet patch—everybody but the fellow who owned the beets, and he has sent me a bill for the beets I ruined, and I don’t blame him a bit. Will Rogers came from California to pinch-hit for me in my show, thus helping to keep hundreds of girls and boys from losing their jobs. Dorothy has carried on. Thousands of people have written me letters and sent me presents. Other thousands have told me that they were praying for me. And best of all”—then I almost broke down over that radio—“God has been so good to me.”

I felt that God had some use for me, or I wouldn’t be living after the crash. Which leads me right up to the experience in life which gave me this profound faith and to the most exciting and truest thing that ever happened to me, outside of the thousands of friends I have: my religious faith.

It happened out in Montana while I was making a tour with one of my musical comedies. I got to thinking about how good God had been to me and mine. He had given me the finest wife and family in the world. He had given me unusual success in my professional life. I was secure economically.

I decided it was about time that I was thanking somebody for all of this.

So, when we got to Billings, Montana, I had made up my mind to take some definite stand in this religious business. I wanted to get into the Kingdom of God, about which I had heard them talking so much. On the way to the hotel, I noticed a store where they sold books and went in. There was a stand with Bibles on it. I asked for one. The clerk wanted to know what kind of a Bible I wanted. I didn’t know there were different kinds of Bibles. Fortunately there was a Presbyterian minister in the store who overheard our conversation and helped me pick one.

Then he invited me to go home with him, and he marked a lot of places in the Bible for me to read. I read

them. Then our show went to Butte, Montana. I wasn't satisfied yet, so I hunted up a Methodist minister. I had been married by a Methodist minister. When I walked up to that Methodist minister's door and knocked, his wife came to the door.

I said to her, "Is the minister here?"

She looked me over, and I guess she thought I looked like a tramp, for she half-closed the door in my face, and asked, "Is it important?"

I said to her, "It's mighty important to me, lady."

Then she invited me in and that preacher and I talked for an hour; he read the Bible to me—and we prayed. And I felt better!

Before I left, I invited him to come as my guest to my show. We made a bargain: if he would come to my show, I would go to his church the next Sunday. It was the first time he had ever seen a musical comedy, and it was the first time I had been at a church service for eighteen years. I heard him preach. Then I stayed for Sunday school. As the time came to close the class, I had the feeling that I was still an outsider—you know—that I was still outside looking in, rather than inside looking out. I hadn't done anything yet. I didn't feel as if I were in! So I asked if I might say a few words. I wanted to take a stand, once and for all, before that meeting closed.

I told them of my life, of how I had been on the stage since I was nine years old—which meant for forty years up to that time. I told them about my wife and children, of how I had climbed the ladder of success, but that I hadn't taken a single step on that Golden Ladder of spiritual things, the things of faith; and that I was going to start that day. Then we said the Lord's Prayer, and the meeting ended.

I thought that maybe my show people would laugh at what I had done. But they didn't. They were sympathetic. I discovered that many of my show people had been going

to church right along, and I didn't know it. When they knew what I had done, they all told me how glad they were; and on Easter the whole company went to church in a body. It was great!

The first thing I wanted to do was to tell Mrs. Stone and the girls. I couldn't wait to tell them. I sent for my wife and Dorothy to come to Montana for they were both religious persons and would understand. I would have busted if they hadn't come. I just couldn't wait to tell them all about it! It was so wonderful to me that I wanted to tell everybody!

Then I wired Will Rogers, for he was my best friend—next to my family! I didn't know how he would take it, but he wrote me how glad he was that I had taken my stand. And, believe me, that broke me all up!

The very next day Will wrote in his daily syndicated squib just how he felt about what had happened to me. He said:

“I'm not going to try to be funny today, for my friend, Fred Stone, has got religion and, for once, I want to be serious. I suppose, now that Fred has been converted, that when he comes back to Long Island, I'll go down, as usual on Sunday mornings to throw the rope with him on his farm. But along about eleven o'clock Fred will say, 'Come on now, Will, it's time to go to church.' And if Fred says that to me, and there's any church in America that will open its doors to me, you bet I'll go along with Fred to church!”

That's what real friendship means to a fellow. It means understanding. It means an understanding even of your religious faith—understanding and tolerance and sympathy. When Will was killed with Wiley Post the first thing I thought about was that little squib.

I don't know what will be the final outcome of this new chapter in my life. I thought I was through, professionally,

eight years ago, but now I have a new chance and I am enjoying every minute of it.

I do not want to star any longer. Let the young people do that. If I can play character parts, and do it well enough to please the public, I shall be glad. I have a five-year contract with Paramount. That will bring me close to seventy, when it runs out. Life may begin at forty for some, but it has begun anew for me at sixty, and I am grateful to the friends who had faith that I could do it. Faith and friends! All that I have I owe to those two influences in my life. What more could any man ask of life?

I want to end this story of faith and friends with a little incident which will sum up all that I have tried to say in this article. Not many weeks after my airplane accident, I came back from Florida where I had gone to build up after they discharged me from the hospital. It wasn't long before I got a new show together, so proudly I went to see my surgeon friend who thought that I would never walk again, much less dance on the stage. I actually ran up his stairs as I had threatened to do. I went into his office and handed him complimentary tickets to see *Rip Van Winkle*. I wanted him to see that I could actually dance again, in spite of his dire predictions.

The show opened on schedule. In addition to my comeback, Paula was making her debut in that show. I was more interested in Paula's *première* than I was in getting back myself. We put the show on. It was an exciting evening for the whole Stone family. After the show, we were all gathered in my dressing room, and the reporters came in. One of them got Paula over in a corner and asked her how it felt to make her debut in a musical show. But Paula was not thinking about herself that night, for she said to that reporter, "Wasn't Daddy wonderful?" I heard that reply out of the corner of one ear—and I have never heard anything in all my theatrical career which stirred me more. I wept a little, I'm afraid. Not that my

comeback *was* more important than Paula's debut. It wasn't, to the family—at least to me—but just that she could think of my comeback on the night of her own debut. That got me down!

But after all, it is just what I am talking about in this story. That is what makes life worth while. It is not that we deserve such love and faith in us. Most of us do not. But, even though we do not deserve it—it is the one great spiritual force which gives us courage to go on!

CECIL DE MILLE

HE HAS KEPT THE HINT OF ETERNITY IN HIS HEART

AFTER ALL, WHEN LIFE IS THROUGH WHAT HAVE YOU, IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THE CONFIDENCE, FAITH AND FRIENDSHIP OF your constituency, your family, your employees and fellow workers? Is it money? Then you haven't gained very much, as this depression, through which we have just emerged, has proven to many. Those who once felt that amassing a fortune assured complete happiness have discovered what a flimsy foundation for happiness money really makes. If you have beauty in life, a sense of having accomplished something worth while, if you have achieved a home where happiness prevails, then you have everything worth while.

I have been in Hollywood since 1913. I am looked upon as one of the pioneers. I am a "Native Son" in this industry. I own the first camera, with which the *Squaw Man* was produced in the days of silent pictures. I have seen actors, actresses, producers, directors, come and go. I have seen all of the child prodigies grow up into young manhood and womanhood and leave the screen. I have lived in the midst of this Hollywood maelstrom, this whirlpool, and I have seen many a personality go down into its depth to disappear forever because they could not see that beauty, religion, a happy home and children to respect you are the chief things worth attaining in life.

I am often asked what it was that turned my mind toward the making of great biblical motion pictures, and only recently have I had time to go back into my own

memories and trace the influences that first awakened my mind to an interest in the drama, and to the spiritual power of biblical scenes. Of course I have always known, subconsciously, that the Bible was what you might call the world's "Best Seller." I have known that more human beings have been interested in the Bible stories than in any other stories on earth. The Bible, I early appreciated, is a great library of folklore, fairy story, drama, romance, poetry. It has always been a wonder to me that somebody, long before it occurred to me, did not seize upon the biblical background for pictures.

Two scenes in my early boyhood life stand out in my memory, both of which have influenced me toward the making of these modern biblical pictures. In a little New Jersey village called Echo Lake, close to half a century ago, I used to sit on the arm of a big leather chair every evening listening to my old father read two chapters of the Bible, one from the Old Testament and one from the New Testament. That was a family custom. I was eight years of age—or about that—at that time. My father was a partner of David Belasco in the theatrical business. He was also an actor of note in his day. He knew how to read anything, but he liked especially to read the Bible. He did not read words in an artificial manner which "would wake the dead as if they were naught," but he read them as a finished artist would read them. He made them live and move and have a being. He knew how to get out of them the beautiful and the dramatic that was in them. He could read the Bible as the nun in *The Miracle* read the Lord's Prayer, or as Charles Laughton in *Ruggles of the Red Gap* read Lincoln's Gettysburg address, until the tears came into your eyes and a lump into your throat.

My father used to like to have his head scratched. We children knew of this weakness and we used to put up a little game of our own on him. He read those Bible stories so graphically that we used to want him to read more than

two chapters in an evening to us. So I used to sit on the arm of his old leather chair, by prearrangement with the other children in the family, and scratch his head as he read. He liked that comfortable feeling so much that he would forget and go on reading several more chapters to us as we sat around his chair listening intently.

I have no doubt but that in those impressionable days around eight and nine my father's vivid reading of the Bible stories planted a seed of reverence and respect for the Bible, and a sense of its dramatic values; so that, when I later came to the business of producing motion pictures, my thoughts naturally turned to the Bible for themes to thrill present-day picture goers.

Which leads me to say that little do we parents know what we are contributing to our children for future strength and integrity as we go along in the important business of raising a family.

Mothers and their influence in the lives of children have received their full share of praise and tribute, but, as I look back on my life, fathers are not so bad either. Some of us fathers get discouraged and defeated over this constant struggle to make both ends meet, over the problems of economic survival. We sometimes get the feeling that we are merely looked upon as a good and natural source of family income. We often look upon ourselves as failures if we do not measure up to the high standards of economic necessities in these days. But it is my guess that many a father, who looks upon himself as a failure in life because he has not become wealthy or because he has not attained any great fame, has been a most successful father if he has contributed to his children certain standards of decency, integrity, fair play, and honor. I, for one, through this story, want to pay a tribute to all fathers—and they are myriad—who have just plugged along, doing their bit in the general scheme of family affairs, making a living, and now and then handing on a friendly word of faith and love

to their children. Their words are like seeds that lie in fertile soil and finally sprout and leap and bloom some later day. For so it was with my own father. What he, unconsciously, did for us children in the reading of the family Bible has turned the whole direction of my professional life.

Appreciating the influence of Bible reading in my own boyhood, I have carried on the same custom with our own youngsters. My wife or I always read a chapter to our four children and *they like it*, just as we did in our home back in New Jersey. And what is more, if we are so busy that we forget it the children themselves are very apt to enter a protest at the omission.

I have a deep respect for, and great faith in this generation. There is a lot of careless criticism of them but it is my belief that they like fine things even more than we did, if they get a chance at them. I tried to show the inherent courage and fineness of youth in one of my recent non-biblical pictures, *This Day and Age*. What this generation needs to bring out the best in them is faith in them and great expectations for them. They have been criticized so much that they begin to believe the worst of themselves. I believe that they will respond wonderfully to parents who believe in them and have faith in them. Many a youngster of this generation have made a flop of life because we parents did not expect enough of them.

One day an interviewer came to me in New York City. He said to me, "Mr. De Mille, I can find out all of the actual facts of your life in *Who's Who*, in motion-picture magazines and newspaper articles, but I want to ask you a rather personal question which nobody can tell me except you yourself—a question which few interviewers may have asked you—but which readers want to know."

I was a bit baffled by that form of a question but I looked him squarely in the eyes and found out that he

was sincere and that he had no sensational motive in his approach. I said to him, "Go ahead!"

Then he said to me, "I want to know what the finest religious memory of your life has been."

That was a question! It hit me squarely between the eyes. But I soon realized that he had a perfect right to ask it if he was a real interviewer. Did not Thomas Carlyle say that "The chief thing about a man is his religion"? And religion does not necessarily mean piety or church attendance. In the large, it means how you treat your fellowman, what your ideals are—what you feel and think down deep inside of you about life and man and God and decency. Then I began to think. Just what did religion mean to me? I remembered that scene with my father when I was eight or nine years of age. Then another scene popped into my mind which was just as important in regard to its influence on my life as was my father's reading of the Bible. And I told him, somewhat in these words:

"Once, I remember an old minister who came to preach for a week in the little church in our home town in New Jersey.

"That old man had a red beard. My father was the main support of that little church. He himself frequently preached there. But when he could not preach he usually imported a minister. This red-whiskered minister announced that he would preach every morning of Passion Week at an early morning service—eight o'clock as I remember it. One morning as a ten-year-old boy I walked over to the service. There was nobody present but myself, for it was a cold rainy morning. The church was empty save for the two of us. I was the congregation. I wondered anxiously what the preacher would do. The hour for the service had arrived. That old man walked into the pulpit. He looked down on me and smiled the most beautiful smile I have ever seen either before or since then—or so it seems to me now as I look back through the years that

have passed. There before him sat one solitary, timid child. But he went on with the service, read the ritual, and preached a short sermon just as if there had been a church full of people. If I, as a boy, had seen a flicker of doubt on his face, I would have known that he was preaching to his congregation and not to God. He read the service and I gave the responses. When it came time for the offering he stepped down from the pulpit and put the collection plate on the altar railing. I walked up and put my nickel which my mother had given me into it, just as seriously as if there had been a crowd present. Then the old man did a beautiful thing. He left the pulpit and came down to the altar to receive my collection, and as he did he put his hand on my head. I can feel the thrill and stir of that touch on my head to this day.

“In walking back to my seat I knew that that man’s God was a real God. He had convinced me completely of the reality of that fact. I have never gotten away from that childhood memory. It left a lump in my throat that day, and when I think of it today the lump comes back again. That was real religion. It won my boy-heart.”

When we get to middle age and feel that our lives have been more or less useless, little do we know what some passing scene, some chance remark—we parents, preachers, teachers, writers, actors, editors—some chance sentence we have spoken or written, has done in the life of some child, of some hearer, some reader. Many of us have changed human lives without knowing it. I doubt if any single one of us has been so selfish, so bad, so useless, that at some time as we have passed along the way we have not helped to lift some heavy load or given some inspiration to somebody. In other words I do not believe that any life has been entirely useless if we only knew. My father did not live to see what his family habit of reading the Bible did for me, how it made my entire professional career; nor did that old red-whiskered minister who came for but one

week, ever know all that he did for me. We have a right to comfort ourselves in our moments of unhappiness and discouragement in the belief that at some of our better moments we may have helped some waiting soul along the way. That is what sustains me.

I had to battle to get the right to produce my biblical pictures. It was not all easy sailing. Every great biblical picture has meant a long hard fight. Producers are afraid of them. It is a hard thing to convince a producer that such a picture will make even enough money to pay the enormous expense of creating it. That was true in *The Ten Commandments*, *The King of Kings*, *The Sign of the Cross*, and *The Crusades*. However, we have discovered that, in the long run, these pictures do pay. *The Ten Commandments* was produced nearly two decades ago and it is still going. It has been played around the world. Not long ago I heard what happened when *The King of Kings* was exhibited in Constantinople. A crowd of hoodlums had come to the theater to break up the show, but in half an hour they were completely subdued by the beauty and sacredness of it. At the end they went up to the manager of the theater and told him that they had come to scoff and remained to pray. That news came in an Associated Press dispatch and was not put out by a motion-picture publicity department either. Yes, these decent pictures pay, for like *Ben Hur*, *Way Down East*, *The Resurrection*—and all great spiritual stories—they are perennials. First they come in novel form, then in the legitimate drama, then in the silent pictures, and then, as is the case with Tolstoy's *The Resurrection*, they finally get into the talkies with a different title like *We Live Again*. They have a long life. And no such career can be attributed to a single sex or crime picture which was produced the same year with *The Ten Commandments*, *The King of Kings*, or *The Sign of the Cross*—if you can even recall the names of any of them!

I was glad to see the League of Decency come along. It

helped me in my fight for clean pictures. I have had my own little League of Decency for twenty years. The American people want and will go to see big, beautiful, clean pictures with a background of pageantry. Ninety-nine per cent of the people of America want clean pictures and, commercially, I am not much interested in the one per cent. The filthy pictures have short runs. The clean pictures have the long runs. The reason for this is simply that parents will take the entire family to see a clean picture—but no parent wants his children to go to a dirty picture.

In spite of the fact that I have always had to fight for the right to produce great biblical pictures you can't entirely blame the motion-picture industry for crime and sex pictures, as the pictures are but a reflection of life. What is first-page news in most newspapers? Crime and sex. I looked at a morning paper this very morning and the front page contained the following: a sex story, a girl's suicide, a robbery, a murder, a burglary, a liquor case. Why blame the picture industry entirely? Do not forget that the newspapers reflect life and carry crime, and sex drama, as well as the pictures.

Let us remember that sex in itself is not unclean. It is the very heart of life, its deeper roots, its impetus, and its inspiration. Nearly every great piece of art, literature, music, and poetry has had its roots in some manifestation of clean, stately sex. Love, romance, childbearing; motherhood, fatherhood—it is the pulse beat of life. Take the higher phases of sex out of life and you have a dead honeycomb with the honey drained out. Sex is a dominant and a beautiful part of life and it can be treated decently and with beauty.

I want to produce further spiritual pictures, but even as in *The King of Kings*, and *The Sign of the Cross*, there must always be a sex element because there was actually a sex element in the original biblical settings. You cannot eliminate the central stream of life. One of the reasons why

we need great spiritual pictures is because the newspapers are full of sex and crime on a low level. The impulses to goodness and decency are just as much a part of life, however, as the baser elements which have been played up. We need to stir these component factors of beauty and love into expression—especially in the life of youth—through what is shown in the theater. I look with a good deal of fear on what seems to me to be the dissipation of home life. The home, as I see it and knew it when I was a boy, is going—is gone. The children hop off, each in his own car, each in a different direction—and leave us at home reading before the fire. I have four children and I know. I respect them. The world is unstable. They are thinking. They have been freed from the fetters of the past. But the American home life is going. I am worried about it. The danger is that the values of the home will be lost and forgotten by a generation that needs roots to support its superstructure. But what I have hope in is that, down deep in the heart of this generation, and of all generations, the ancient and beautiful things of home, love, the Bible, and religion are still alive. The right type of picture can awaken those deeply buried instincts and fan them to flame. That spark is very necessary to the beautiful and full life. If that awakening process comes to people in the right way they will receive it and be grateful for it. That's why I like to produce the type of pictures which I have directed and shall keep on doing it as long as they will let me.

The great difficulty with the present production system of pictures is that of mass production. This is a difficult situation to overcome. It is hardly necessary or healthy for an art to have its creative ideas go through the hands of approximately eight men. Individual ideas should be encouraged. Under a typical movie regime, inventive science would stifle. Suppose that some independent inventor should say to the powers that be, "I want to invent an electric light!" What would be the response of the powers that

be? They would say to him, if science was run as the motion-picture industry is run: "Now listen young man! You just go and invent a larger oil lamp; say, one with three wicks, one wick on top of the other, and quit fooling around with that electric light idea. Nobody knows anything about electric lights. We can't afford to take chances on an unknown thing like that!"

Suppose that Rubens had had a superior who insisted upon telling him what type of pictures to paint—or Rembrandt—or Corot—where would art have been? The great art of all time was produced always through individual dreams and self-expression.

The problem of censorship is illustrated in an experience I once had in producing *Joan of Arc*. The scene was the night before the burning of Joan at the stake. I had her take a crucifix in her dark cell and hold it before her eyes and pray this prayer: "Oh, God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

A woman on the Board of Censors objected to that sentence. She said: "It is all right, but that one line must come out!"

"What line?" I asked her.

"That line which says: 'Oh, God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

She objected to that line so strenuously that I asked her if she knew who had spoken that line the first time.

"I don't care who said it. It's got to come out, for I won't pass a picture in which it looks as if God is forsaking anybody."

When she was told that Christ had spoken it on the Cross she still objected but fortunately we had a preacher on the committee who saved the day for us. But that is an illustration of the problems we are up against in censorship committees, so I do not believe that censorship is the final solution of the picture problem.

I am not a Jew, but like Fritz Kreisler, I have Jewish

blood in my veins and I am mighty proud of it. My people came here from Holland in 1559, and one of my ancestors was the first Sheriff of New York City. In a will which he left he deeded a tract of land which ran from Beaver Street, Manhattan, to the Hudson River, to a younger son, considering that portion the least valuable of his possessions. The heart of New York City now occupies that strip. I might have been immensely wealthy if that worthless piece of farm land had remained in our family, so much so that I could laugh at the Rockefellers and Fords. But I have had satisfactions that are finer than money; satisfactions which can come to almost any American, the satisfaction of the memory of fine parents and a lovely home; the satisfactions of a home of my own with a wife and four children; the satisfaction of having had work to do. In closing I go back to the question with which I began this story: And when life is through, what have you if you haven't the confidence, faith and friendship of your constituency, your wife, your children and your fellow workers? If you have these you have everything; and all the money in the world will not make up for their loss.

FRITZ KREISLER

WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME

MY FATHER WAS A WONDERFUL MAN. IN HIS YOUTH HE HAD WANTED TO BE A VIOLINIST. INSTEAD HE ENTERED THE profession of medicine. To the end of his days he had great regrets that he had not followed that original, intense desire to become a concert violinist. It was natural, I suppose, for him to want me to fulfill this urge in his stead.

Father's people objected to his becoming a violinist because they wanted him to have a serious profession. I suppose that they looked upon a violinist as somewhat of a wayfarer, vagabond—not stable; not socially looked upon as within the pale of respected professions. Doubtless they looked upon a musician as a sort of tramp, just as when I married Mrs. Kreisler, my American father-in-law looked askance upon me. He felt that it was lowering the standards of the family a little to have a daughter marry a mere musician. It is only within the last quarter of a century that artists have proved to the world that they have a station in life, and a place that is to be respected.

My father had to give up his ambitions to become a violinist and that left an unsatisfied desire in his soul. I am probably the result of that unfulfilled wish.

I have often wondered how many of our careers and small measures of success are the results of the unfulfilled desires of our own parents. Perhaps more than we know. And why should it not be? And I have also often wondered if we are not all insufficiently grateful to them for the

things that they made possible for us, the sacrifices they have made for us.

True enough, they get a great satisfaction in seeing us have what they could not have and in giving us opportunities which they themselves missed. And yet it is my mature feeling that we can never be sufficiently expressive of our gratitude to our parents for the things that they have made possible for us. The greater debt is surely on the side of the child.

I have seen this same parental care and affection among my American friends for two generations. I have watched the parents of America making possible a type of life for their children, which they, a pioneering generation, could not have. I hope that this generation in America is sufficiently appreciative of what they have had given them from the past, through sacrifice and struggle.

I was born in Vienna, February 2nd, 1875, and my first memory is that of hearing what we call chamber music in my home. My father would invite four or five musicians to our house each Sunday afternoon. They would be, perhaps, the butcher, the baker, the druggist, the police commissioner, all of whom played musical instruments. This was the atmosphere in which I began my life. I am supposed to have fashioned a violin out of an old cigar box when I was four years of age. I knew how to read music before I knew how to read words. I knew the classics, thanks to my father, before I was nine. I was smuggled into the Vienna Conservatory of Music when I was seven. I was too young at that age to satisfy the requirements of admission as to years, but I was eligible for the Conservatory through my ability to play the classics. I understand that they falsified my age, so that I might have the opportunity of studying with the great teachers of Vienna in the Conservatory.

In a few years I had graduated from the Conservatory, and still in need of training, was sent to Paris. There, at the

age of twelve, I won first prize in the violin department, with the gold medal and all that went with it.

That was, in a way, unfortunate. I had all of the honors of Vienna and Paris at twelve years of age, and yet I was not ripe mentally. I had not developed—was not ready for life. All of these honors did not mean much to me in satisfaction. I had no mature capacity to understand what they meant. They did not give me half the thrill that playing games with the boys on the Paris streets and in the parks gave me. I remember very vividly that, on the very day that I had received the gold medal, I was elected chief of a robber gang, and that meant more to me than receiving the gold medal. I was still just a regular boy, a "Skippy"; and sports meant more to me than music.

Then I was taken on a tour of the United States at fourteen years of age. That was in 1889. Edmond Staunton came to Vienna. He was an impeccable gentleman, immaculately dressed. I remember especially his patent leather boots. I had never seen such gorgeous boots in my life, and they entranced me. But he was a kindly, considerate gentleman of the old school of American managers; a keen promoter, but a gentleman of integrity in every sense of that word.

That first trip to the United States was a great adventure for me. I still thrill to its memory. The money I earned on that trip enabled me to go on with my schooling. My father had spent all he had, in the usual manner of fathers, on my education up to that time, and he was a poor man who could ill afford that outlay. He had a good practice, but he did not like to press his patients for their bills. I remember, later in life, how my father used to complain to Mrs. Kreisler about how poor he was.

Mrs. Kreisler would say to him, "But your patients, do they not owe you a lot of money?"

"Yes," replied my father. "But they are also my friends,

and I do not like to embarrass them by asking them for the money they owe me."

That was the type of father that I had. Therefore he had spent all of his money on my education and that first trip to the United States was a godsend to us.

I was enabled to return to Paris and continue my secular education. Up to that time my secular education had been neglected because of the concentration on my musical education. I went to a Jesuit school in Paris on my return from that first American tour, and one of the priests took a shine to me. He taught me Greek and Latin; implanted in my mind a love for books, and the old masters in art. He was the librarian of the school. He also taught me to play the pipe organ, and I shall be eternally grateful to him for giving me a wider scope of life than music had given me up to that time.

Fortunate is the boy or man who at some time in life, finds a friend, a teacher, a preacher, a woman, who broadens his horizons by giving him a deep appreciation of the cultural side of life; points out the richness of poetry, art, sculpture to him. His life is forever enriched through that awakening.

I do not think, that, ordinarily, we are sufficiently expressive of our gratitude to those chance persons who meet us on the voyage of life and point out the stars, mountains, sunsets, dawns, noons, moonlight nights, the great paintings and books to us. These friends push back the world horizons for us and beautify our lives and our thinking. They make us understand that money and property and things are not important.

At seventeen I was ready for college, but, instead of going to college I went back to my music in Vienna.

I have always had a great desire for knowledge. I have always wanted to study medicine, science, history—and God knows what. I have always been a student, but I soon discovered that one cannot be a Jack of so many trades, and

finally had to concentrate on my music if I was to do it as I wanted to.

At twenty years of age, I had to do the usual military duty which my country, Austria, required. They were no respecters of musicians, so I had to take my two years of military training, which later came in good stead when I entered the World War.

But back to my first crossing of the Atlantic to America. It was such a contrast with the five-day crossing with which we are now familiar. It took three weeks to cross on that first trip. The ship was part sail and part steam in power. When I first looked upon New York City, even in those days, it gave me one of the greatest thrills of my life. The city itself didn't reach beyond 48th Street; the Metropolitan Opera House was far uptown. We stayed at the old Oriental Hotel. My mother was with me. We went as far west as Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, and as far south as New Orleans on that first trip; and when you remember that I was only fourteen years of age, you will know what an adventure it was for me, a humble Austrian boy.

Mrs. Kreisler is the Tolstoy of our family. It has been said of us that we do not value wealth; that we want to share our income. That is true. I was born with music in my soul. I knew musical scores before I knew my ABC's. It was a gift of providence. I did not acquire it. So I do not even deserve thanks for the music. I never look upon the money I get as my own. It is public money, merely a fund entrusted to my care for proper disbursement. I am constantly endeavoring to reduce my needs to a minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives some one else of a slice of bread; some child, perhaps, of a bottle of milk. My beloved wife feels exactly the same way about these things as I do. In all these years of my so-called public success, we have not built a home

for ourselves. Between it and us would stand all the homelessness of the world.

The house in which we spend a few months each year in Berlin, is a gift to me; and the burden of its upkeep haunts me day and night. I wish that its upkeep might go to help other people in great need in these trying times.

Mrs. Kreisler and I live simply. We do not ask for more money for ourselves than it takes to live, and we live simply. We do not go in for society and show. All of this is true, but it is Mrs. Kreisler who is chiefly responsible for this social viewpoint. She gets more kick out of feeding a thousand poor children than out of attending some social function.

In talking to a wealthy New Yorker recently, she was asked this question, "You do not seem to get much kick out of social life, out of meeting the elite of New York?"

And my wife replied in my hearing, "No! I get more of a kick out of feeding poor children. I would rather dine with them than with the rich. I get my kick out of bringing a stray dog home and feeding it. I just get my kick in a different way!" That is the spirit of my wife and I have absorbed it from her.

We have greatly gloried in the spirit of Americans during the depression. We have seen the daughters of formerly wealthy people whom we have known in America, walking the streets looking for work—unashamed and unafraid. We have seen girls who formerly never asked the price of a dress buying five-dollar dresses.

Not long ago we were in what was formerly a wealthy American home for dinner. Just as we sat down that evening, the daughter of the family came in, flushed from her day's work in a New York department store; flushed and proud that she was earning her own way. Six years ago her father was one of the wealthiest brokers in New York City. We were happier that evening than we had ever been in that home in its days of plenty. There was a finer spirit

of loyalty and love manifest there. The father wept when he told us the story of his financial defeat—but wept more over the way his children had stood by than over the loss of his money.

We have known the United States for forty years. We have watched the depression ruin many of our wealthy friends, but we have seen them rise grandly to this emergency, face it; their children standing by them magnificently; starting all over again. It has been splendid, the most splendid and heartening thing I have ever seen in all the years I have been touring America; more splendid than your big buildings, than your streamlined trains; than your Grand Canyon and Yosemite. We have never admired America and our American friends so much as we have during these years of the depression.

I have always noticed that men with minds stand the pressure of hard times better than those who are not mentally well equipped. It was the same in the World War. I commanded a platoon in the war and I noticed that the more intelligent the man, the better he stood the danger and pressure of death. He had a mind to help him in his battle. I am a great believer in the fact that the mind controls the body, and that it also controls the environment. The more intelligent a man is, the better he faces danger, war, depression, defeat, hardship.

I have learned much from America, especially during those hard years just behind us. I did not have all the schooling in practical things that I desired, but I have tried to learn from everybody I meet. I am a great believer in my own artistry, but I also believe that I can learn from any violinist. There is no violinist so bad that he cannot do something better than I can do it. There is no violinist from whom I cannot learn.

I am a self-confident person when I am on the platform with my violin at my shoulder, but I am essentially a shy person in everyday life. When I go into the subway train,

I am the last to get in and the last to get off. I am afraid of a crowd. They jostle me with their elbows, but my wife is different. She jostles them, stands on her own feet. That is the American in her. I am timid. She is confident. She knows how to take care of herself and of me also.

The everyday things of life baffle me. My wife says that despite living with her for thirty-four years, every morning I ask her where my socks are. I am like a friend of mine who once said to me, "My wife has the worst memory in the world. She always forgets where my pipe is."

Mrs. Kreisler also says that if I were going on a trip and had charge of things, I would forget and leave the baby at the station, and wonder what I had done with it. She looks after the baggage, my violins—and me also. I'm impractical. I suppose that every artist has a more or less self-centered life. That is true of me, but, in addition to that, I also have an inferiority complex to fight. I am afraid of people—and life as a whole. I am baffled by problems that most people would face fearlessly. I am afraid of crowds. People often think that I am indifferent when they meet me, but it is only that I am shy. I want to go out to the people whom I meet in friendliness—but they frighten me.

England and America have understood me, and forgiven my eccentricities. They took me up first and they have remained my friends through all these years. And I feel most grateful to the English-speaking nations for recognizing my talent first of all, and for giving me their generous support. I have made close to two hundred professional trips to the United States, and look forward to many more. I am tied strongly to the Americans, not only because they have befriended me musically, but also because my wife was born in the United States.

I met her on shipboard. On crossing eastward from New York on the old *Prince Bismarck* thirty-three years ago, I went into the barber shop of the ship where they

also sold knickknacks. She was in the shop buying a small hat. She was looking in the mirror, trying something on.

As I got up from the barber's chair I saw the reflection of a beautiful redheaded American girl in that mirror. I fell in love with her instantly, for she smiled at me then and there; and I smiled back. That was the beginning and the end for me.

She is a very remarkable woman with a fine brain and an uncanny intuition. She is a self-sufficient person and, in that respect, has what I most lack. I needed her and she has made the way easier for me all these years for she has looked after me in a natural everyday way. When I say such things about her she says: "That's right, Pop!" She calls me "Pop" or "Fritzzy"—and I like it.

We became engaged on that voyage and were married a year later in New York City; and afterward by the Austrian Ambassador in London—to satisfy the national and church requirements—and our double marriage took!

I am what might be called a mystic. I have no superstition in me, but all artists are mystics. How can one be a real musician and not be a mystic? Music will be, forever, a matter of mysticism. Every form of music is linked to some form of thought; the drums of the jungle, savage love songs, Gregorian chants, modern jazz. They are all alike, save for the association of the thoughts that go with them. African music and music in the United States, the jazz music to which we dance is all the same, except for the thoughts that are linked with it. What becomes jazz in the United States was religious music to the African. Music is indefinable. It becomes something definite when it is associated with some thought. The nearest approach to the Infinite God available to any of us is through some form of music.

Crossing the Atlantic in midwinter is like my life in a very marked way. I have had my ups and downs. I have had my successes and failures. I have had sore trials and

beautiful friendships on both sides of the sea. I have known war and peace. I have known what it meant to be hooted and hissed by American audiences in the war period; but I have also known what it meant to receive the applause and praise of American audiences since the war. I have learned that success and money do not make for happiness. What makes for happiness is a chance to do something for others, to serve others; and to love one woman for life, living in the buttressing strength of her faith and confidence; in her love, more certain of her understanding than of all else in life.

I want to share with others. So does she. We are at one in that great elemental objective of life. I want to share my thoughts of God and truth. I want to share my music. I want to share my worldly goods. I do not care for things. They bother me. I do not believe that there is any great or lasting comfort in the possession of things. They become burdens to us. I want to give of myself, all of my music and of my possessions, to others. That is supreme happiness.

EDGAR GUEST

HE HAS KEPT THE COMMON TOUCH

ALL OF US KNOW EDGAR GUEST'S POETRY. FOR YEARS HIS VERSES HAVE BROUGHT TEARS AND SMILES TO MILLIONS OF Americans. Among his best-known works are *A Heap O' Livin'*, *Just Folks*, *The Passing Throng*, *Rhymes of Childhood*, *The Light of Faith*, and *The Friendly Way*, to mention a few of the books that have stirred the heart of a nation.

No man is wholly self-made. It simply cannot be done that way. All along the road others make their contributions to whatever success we attain. Each of us is the sum of our own efforts plus the gifts of others. I have had a fortunate and fairly successful life so far. A large factor in this has been the readiness of others to help me out of the pits in which I found myself. I have had many a "hitch" on a kindly wagon going my way; many a swift ride in a motorcar over roads where I might not have had the strength of courage or faith to go alone; and I stand today where I am—not yet at the top, I hope—resting on the kindly shoulders of uncounted friends. I owe everything to the other fellow. He has done much for me. As a matter of fact, the other fellow has made me possible.

My earliest memory is that of a so-called panic. Father was an accountant in England—they called it a "position" over there—working for a silversmith. Just before the hard times of the nineties broke he decided to venture for him-

self and resigned his position to go into the copper and silver business.

Then came the depression of 1888. I was born in Birmingham in 1881, so I was about seven years old when I made my first acquaintance with poverty.

My first boyish memory is that of seeing, one by one, pieces of furniture and other household goods being taken out of our home. My guess now is that they were being sold.

My father had that old British pride. He was faced by failure. He lost his business. I think he could have returned to his old company as an accountant, but he had too much pride to ask to be taken back. He just couldn't do it. I have seen some magnificent illustrations of similar courage in the last ten years; men who have been millionaires facing their problems bravely, their wives and families backing them up with a fine loyalty, starting at the bottom again. And they are among the happiest, proudest and the most satisfied people I know in America today. Even if nothing else has come out of the depression it has proved to a lot of Americans that, to use the slang expression which has grown out of these days, "we can take it."

I'll never forget the day when we held a family conference, even as many a loyal family in this nation has done during these trying years; a conference about coming to America. Father said, "If I have to start over again we'll go some place else. We'll go to the United States."

I remember, as a boy, how desperate the situation was. I remember seeing the gas in our home turned off. I remember the gradual breaking up of our lovely English home. We children were taken to our grandparents. There was an air of secrecy about it all, in spite of our family conference. We children were not told all that was happening at the time.

But the decision was made that we were to go to the United States, and father was to have a chance to start life

all over again. Father arrived in Detroit in 1890 and got a job as bookkeeper in a Detroit concern on Jefferson Avenue. As soon as he could, he sent for us. But even here in the United States, misfortune followed us, for by that time the panic, as they called it then, had reached this nation, and, six months after we arrived, father lost his job here. He had been the last to be hired, and, of course, he was the first to be discharged.

I went to work when I was eleven years old. I hardly remember when I haven't worked. I don't think that work ever hurt anybody. In all my experience as a police reporter, I can't remember ever having seen a death certificate which indicated that a man had died from overwork.

My first job in America was in a drug store, running errands after school let out. I worked every summer. I remember one hard-times Christmas when my only present was a twenty-cent pair of suspenders. We always got useful presents in our family those days. I guess that is the reason why, now, I like to buy useless knick-knacks for my family and my friends. It was always nip and tuck with cold and hunger in our early American home. We all worked and managed to stave off the worst.

I worked in Robbins' Drug Store on holidays and in vacations and after school hours until 1895. Near that drug store lived a middle-aged woman who kept a high-class boardinghouse. She had about five boarders. One was a banker, and one a merchant, and a third was Frank Hoyt, who was bookkeeper for the Detroit *Free Press*. Had either the banker or the merchant spoken first to me about a permanent job, who knows but that I would now have been a banker or merchant? It was to be otherwise.

Frank Hoyt gave me my chance to enter the newspaper business. Early in 1895 I had been sent to the office of the *Free Press* by my father on a little personal business matter of his, and had been warned by him to tell no one about it. That was the old English secretiveness in him; and

whom should I run into at the very doorstep of the building but Hoyt.

"Hello, Eddie!" he said. "What are you down here for?" I don't remember now what answer I made. I only know that I had my father's instructions to tell no one what I was down there for. I stammered out something and have never known whether he heard me or not—or understood me if he did. He followed his first question immediately with "How would you like to work here?"

At that moment my career began. A boy was lost to the drug store and Eddie Guest had entered the newspaper business, never to leave it, he still hopes. I am still on the pay roll of the Detroit *Free Press*. Much has happened to me since that day I met Frank Hoyt at the threshold of the old building on Lafayette Avenue; I have known fortune beyond my deserts; I have had more than my share of friendship and good will everywhere; I have achieved some dreams and hold some still, which I hope to live to achieve. But when my last day on this earth shall come, I want to be able to say with a smile, "I am still on the pay roll of the *Free Press*."

Well, they put me to work in the bookkeeping department. I should have been happy there; but I evidently inherited none of my father's ability for figures and double entry. I loved books—but not ledgers. Of the three R's, I like readin' and 'ritin' best. As Professor William Lyon Phelps tells that his teacher said of him, Frank Hoyt soon could have said of me, "Eddie, when it comes to addition you are slow but not sure."

I made friends with the editorial force. And by and by Tom Morgan, who was the night editor, told me there was a vacancy upstairs. Hoyt was away on his vacation. When he returned he found his office boy gone to the happier realms on the third floor. He called me a deserter, but he lived long enough to forgive me. I have always thought his

anger feigned, for I am sure he knew I was the sort for which adding machines had to be invented.

The boys on the staff were all my friends, and gave me expert help from the start. I wrote headlines for the telegraph editor, and did everything I could to make myself a full-fledged reporter. Several months later I achieved that early ambition. Eventually I tried creative work.

Arthur Mosely, then Sunday editor, opened the door to much that, later, was to come to me. He printed my first bit of verse—a Negro dialect bit—and I was on my way.

As exchange editor, I was supposed to clip poems. I decided that I might just as well write verses as clip them, so I started in. They let me have, once a week, what we called "The Blue Monday Column." I filled it with clippings and prose paragraphs, interspersed with my own verses. Fred Nash, the cartoonist, and I used to do Sunday features. We had a Mr. Mutt, long before Bud Fisher evolved that funny fellow. In 1905 they gave me a daily column of my own, called "Breakfast Table Chat."

The most spectacular years of my life were the three years I spent as a police reporter. Even now some old copper comes in to tell me about the wedding of his daughter or the birth of a grandchild—some old copper who used to give me tips when I was a police reporter. They were my friends then, and they are still my friends.

I am sure that the average man or woman likes nothing better than to think they are helping somebody. I'd like to try life all over again, to prove that everybody would be as willing to help me, to open doors to me, as they always have done in the life I am now living.

The next door was opened to me by my brother Harry. I had begun to be known a little through my column "Breakfast Table Chat." I married in 1906. I was not getting much of a salary. There were many letters asking that my verses be put into a book, but no publisher cared to print them. I had no money to print a book, but Harry

was working in a print shop. Together we bought a font of type. Harry would set eight pages at home in the evening, carry the type to the print shop in the morning, run the type through a small printing press, distribute the type, and repeat the process until eight hundred complete copies were done. I called it *Home Rhymes*. It sold at one dollar a copy, and the edition was sold out to friends in Detroit by Christmas. I still have the first copy, presented to mother, and the best line in it reads, "Done into a Book by Harry R. Guest in the year 1909 at Detroit, and Copyrighted by the Author."

The next year came *Just Glad Things*, and Harry printed 1500 copies. We made a little money on that one. The third book was called *Breakfast Chat*, and we could afford to have the typesetting done by a printer on that book. We printed 3500 copies, and in two Christmases they were all sold. People began to write for copies as word-of-mouth recommendations spread the word about the books.

In the meantime, Mr. E. D. Stair had purchased the *Free Press*. To Mr. Stair's friendship for me, I owe more than I can ever repay. He has been a father to me all through the years, and I am sure that he has taken keener joy from my little success than from his own personal achievements. He has stood behind me and with me in all my difficulties. His guidance, his counsel and his strength have been mine to call upon in every moment of doubt. I remember now—and if he should read this story it will, no doubt, come to him as a surprise—the look of delight which came into his face the day, long, long ago, when I walked into his office and showed him the first large royalty check which ever came to me. I knew by that look the joy which my success had brought to him.

"It doesn't matter, eh?" Oh, yes, it does! It matters a lot. I knew also that as my little triumph had pleased him so would any failure of mine grieve and hurt him.

It was Mr. Stair who permitted me to syndicate my

work. In January, 1916, I got a letter from George Matthew Adams asking me if such a plan could be worked out. Mr. Stair consented to it. Letters from two other syndicates followed George Adams' epistle. I was undecided which way to turn, but before I could answer any of the three, into the office walked George Adams himself.

He said, "After I wrote you from New York I decided to come to see you personally. Something told me not to wait."

That was over twenty years ago and I have been with George Adams ever since. In all that time we have known only the happiness of a genuine friendship. I have had large offers to go elsewhere. Once a syndicate wired me, "When does your contract expire? We want you at your own price."

I wired back: "My contract will never expire as long as George Adams lives."

And that's how I feel about E. D. Stair; and that's how I feel about George Matthew Adams!

Then the publishers began to be interested. In three days I got offers from three different publishers to publish my books. Two of them were from long-established publishers in the East.

One day, I walked Frank Reilly, of Reilly & Britton, Chicago. He said, "I have come over from Chicago just to see you. We want to publish your verses."

He laid a contract down. I waited. I wanted to have one of the larger and better-known publishers put my books out. But finally, even though they had asked me to publish with them, the other two turned me down. They didn't want to take the risk. Verses were not selling in those days. I accepted Frank Reilly's offer. I selected the contents for my book. Then followed a struggle as to the title. I finally hit on *A Heap o' Livin'*.

I wired to Frank Reilly, "Why not call the book *A Heap o' Livin'?*" He wired back, "God bless you for that title."

They promised to publish 3,000 copies, but got cold feet and published only 1500 copies. Detroit took them all within a month, and before *Christmas A Heap o' Livin'* had gone through its fifth edition. It is in its fiftieth edition now and has sold more than 1,000,000 copies to date.

If I had gone to one of the large eastern publishers, I might have been lost in the shuffle, but Frank Reilly, a small, unknown publisher, put his personality back of that book, and back of all of my books. I needed Frank Reilly. He opened another door to me. I learned through that experience that the man who attempts to go it alone is lost.

Frequently I have found a friend through the tragedies that have come into my life. I had known Jim Potter for years. He had been a neighbor and lived just across from us when we began our married life. He owned a little drug store. We smiled and spoke to each other as we passed, each going to his own work, but it was only a nodding acquaintance.

Then came the tragic night when our first baby was taken from us. I was lonely and defeated. Those were dark days. There didn't seem anything in life ahead of me that mattered much. I had to go to his drug store the next morning for something, and Jim motioned for me to step behind the counter with him. I followed him into his little office at the back part of the store. He put both his kind hands on my shoulders, and said:

"Eddie, I can't express what I want to say—the sympathy I have in my heart for you. But I can just say I am sorry—so sorry—that I just want to say that—if you—need any money, come to me. What is mine is yours."

Just a neighbor across the way—a passing acquaintance. Jim Potter may long since have forgotten that moment when he gave me his hand and his sympathy, but I shall never forget it—never in all my life. To me it stands out like the silhouette of a lonely tree against a crimson sunset.

So, you see, somebody has always been opening doors to me. Is it any wonder I believe that everybody's life is shaped largely by others? I know of nobody who is not the sum and result of the united efforts of other people. I never really wanted anything that hasn't been given with somebody's help. I've never had to fight alone. Do any of us really fight entirely alone—even the poorest of us? You can't live your own life alone. My life belongs to my wife, to Bud and Janet, and to my friends. Our slightest act affects those who love us and believe in us.

There isn't a life on earth so humble, or so insignificant, that it doesn't touch some other life. Indeed there are few individuals who aren't the most important persons in the world to somebody.

Sometimes we get discouraged and allow ourselves to feel that we do not count for much. In this thought lies tragedy. The older I grow, the more firmly convinced I become of the tremendous importance of the individual.

I do matter! You matter! It matters greatly what you and I do, and what every individual does. That is what I believe and what I have learned from nearly forty years of newspaper work. I've seen actually hundreds of men behind prison bars regretting the trouble they had caused their people. They had discovered too late how much it did matter.

I'll never tire of speculating as to how life swings. I have yet to know how much deliberate choice is our own. We are what we have become because certain people have crossed our paths. My own life is so blended with others that I find it difficult to find in it any threads that are purely myself at all.

And in memory and gratitude to all those who have helped me on my way, I try to help others. For I want to be listed not only as one whose friends have opened doors to him, but also as one who has opened doors to his friends.

CYRUS E. DALLIN

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE

CYRUS DALLIN GIVES US HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE STORY OF HIS LONG AND EVENTFUL LIFE AS AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR; without doubt the most popular and best-known living American artist in his field. His statues reach across the nation. Thousands of those who read his unusual story will be able to step into the streets of their own cities and towns and see his works, which reach from coast to coast. No living sculptor has seen his creative work dedicated in so many American cities.

He has received first-class awards in every major exposition from the Paris Exposition to the Panama Pacific International Exposition. He has received international recognition in Paris, Vienna, Rome, London, and he is also a prophet not without honor in his own country as is indicated by the wide spread of his work on this continent.

I was born in poverty, in the home of pioneer parents, in a log cabin in Springville, Utah, in 1861. From that day to this, I have never known what it meant to have economic security and plenty; not even enough security to go on with my work. Yet I have lived a very happy and contented life. I have found that happiness does not always come with economic security and plenty; but that happiness is an inner thing of the soul. My mother taught me that great secret and, a little later in this story, I shall set down her philosophy of happiness without "things," in a

single paragraph, which I look upon as an utterance without equal from poet or philosopher.

My father was a gold miner. I worked with him in his little surface mine, which was so small that it was manned by us two. Father's part was to dig out the heavy claylike mud which contained the ore and lift it up in buckets to the surface, while I emptied it out on the ground and sorted out the ore.

A certain type of soft, pliable white clay came up with each bucketful which came from the mine. I always wanted to model things with my hands. I had a knack of working with my fingers. I had had no training in sculpturing, but I had studied form and art in magazines and pictures. That was my first schooling in form and line contour. But how much more the young men and women of today with incipient talent have to inspire them in our modern magazines! We had only black and white. Today, the magazines have developed color to an astounding degree, and the beauty of the human body is a school of art which we did not have in those days. I tell my students today that no young artist need go untutored, if he will but search out the fine magazines of this time to study the human body in color, form and composition.

In between lifting up those buckets and buckets of heavy clay, while father was digging in the shallow mine and I was waiting for another load, I would take that pliable clay and shape it into whatever form my inspiration dictated. One day, as I idly played with this gray-white clay I modeled the head of a man and the head of a woman, and laid them on a pile of debris beside the pit opening.

An adventuring Bostonian, who was in Utah prospecting for gold, came by and saw the two heads which I had modeled, and exclaimed to my father, "That boy is a genius! He will be a great sculptor some day. You must get him to Boston. He must have a chance to develop that talent!"

There was I, a poor boy! I did not even know I had talent until that wandering adventurer came along and recognized it in those crude clay models.

I have often wondered if I might not still be working in a clay pit, or at some other physical task, if that chance stranger had not seen in my boyish modeling what he thought might turn out to be real art. Many a boy has had genius, but he has lived and died without discovering his talent. Blessed is that tribe of men and women which goes about the world with an eye open to helping others to find their true places in life. Without them, this old world would be a sorry place in which to live; and without them this world would be a poorer place and full of defeated lives and unfulfilled talent. I am not one of those who have the Pollyanna philosophy that genius will always find its way out. It often needs help along the way. It needs encouragement. Many a man, not being able to do creative work himself, may contribute much to the world by helping others find themselves and their talents.

I have always tried to repay that chance Boston stranger who helped me to find my real talent, by keeping an eye open for talent among my students—in Boston and elsewhere. I feel that this is one of the finest services that any of us can render in life; the service of helping others get out of their narrow environments into a larger life; in helping others find themselves and their unborn powers that lie deep down inside of them, like springs of hidden waters.

It was not long after that Boston stranger came my way that I found myself, through his efforts, on a train headed for Boston. That was in 1880. I became an apprentice to a famous Boston sculptor of that time.

On the way east that summer from Utah to Kansas City, which took four days, there was a delegation of Indians on the train, bound for Washington to see the "Great White Chief."

In spite of the fact that I could not speak their language, nor they mine, those four days on that slow train gave me a deep and abiding respect for those fine-looking specimens of manhood. Not a single one of them was under six feet in height. They were dressed in the gorgeous colors of their tribes, with gala adornments. Their bodies were magnificent specimens. When they took their morning ablutions, I watched with an eager embryo artist's eye, their huge, graceful torsos, their clear bronze skin, their muscular bodies, their rippling muscles, and was fascinated with them. I had always had a deep admiration for well-kept bodies; for clean living and disciplined physical culture. The human body is, to me, about the most beautiful thing in life. Those young braves were perfect specimens of athletic development and discipline.

One of these was less than twenty years of age, and we were attracted to each other like two brothers. We talked in sign language, and in those four days on the train we came to be comrades. We each saw something in the other to admire and respect. I have never got over that chance four-day contact with those Indians on that trip from Utah to Kansas City. It has influenced my life and my art for half a century.

I arrived in Boston the first week of April, 1880. I was penniless, lonely and bewildered. I had never been in a great city before. My first work was in a terra-cotta factory, and, while working in that factory I made an ornament for Mechanics Hall on Huntington Avenue. In this hall today the great boxing and wrestling matches are held; automobile shows and dog shows. The ornament I made was a seal of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association. It consisted of an upraised human arm. I modeled it after the upraised arm of my Indian friend whom I had met on the train. That arm is still there in Mechanics Hall. I like to go around and look at it now and then. I got the magnificent sum of two dollars for doing that seal. Those

two dollars looked like two thousand dollars to me at that time—and it doesn't look so small, even now, at times.

I hadn't been in Boston many years, studying art and working my way by making terra-cotta figures, when there was announced a general competition for a statue of Paul Revere. It was an open competition, and, of course, was to be an equestrian statue. Daniel Chester French, now known the world over as the sculptor of the Lincoln statue in the Memorial in Washington, handed in a design. He was then thirty-five years of age, and I was twenty-three. O'Connor, who did the "Rail Splitter," which is in Springfield, Illinois, also competed. There were a dozen young sculptors in that contest.

Finally the announcement came out, after months of anxious waiting. The newspapers said that "Charles E. Dillon of Utah" had won the prize. They did not even know my right name! The second award went to a man named Kelly, and the third went to Daniel Chester French.

On the morning that the awards were announced, when I reached my small studio there was a card under my door from Daniel Chester French, and it read:

Dear Dallin:

I came up to congratulate you on your well-deserved victory.

Daniel Chester French

That was the kind of greatness that Daniel Chester French had in him! No wonder that he could comprehend and interpret the great and generous Lincoln as understandingly as he did in that beautiful Memorial marble of the Great Emancipator.

From that day until his death, a few years ago, French and I were close friends. I have always noted in life that the bigger a man is, the more generous he is toward others. There is no feeling of jealousy in a great man. He is too

sure of himself to fear others in his own profession. When a man is jealous of another man in his own profession it is an open confession that he is not sure of himself and his own powers.

But, in spite of this early victory, my first success turned out to be the major disappointment and tragedy of my personal and artistic life. I have never had a greater defeat than that early victory turned out to be. It upset me terribly and utterly discouraged me for the time being. It was the one great artistic tragedy of my career.

It turned out to be a tragedy because of the jealousy of an artist who had a son in the competition. That jealous and envious artist started a controversy in the public press, insinuating that the designs for my Paul Revere equestrian statue were not historically accurate. Public opinion, influenced by this agitation, forced a second competition. In this second competition, Thomas Bell also submitted designs. He was the sculptor of a famous statue of Lincoln done immediately after his assassination, entitled "The Emancipation Group"; the original of this statue is in Washington, D. C., and a copy is in Boston.

Once again, in this second competition, I, fortunately and much to my delight and surprise, won. And again the great and generous Daniel Chester French—quite in contrast with the jealous artist who had forced the second competition—wrote me a note, saying, "Dallin, you've beaten us all again. You're far and away ahead of the rest of us!"

But tragedy still stalked in the path of my Paul Revere. After what appeared to be my double victory in competition, just when I was on top of the world, I did what any boy would naturally want to do; I went home to celebrate my victory, and to bask in the sunlight of the approval of my parents and friends in Utah. Frankly, I went back to make what these modern rascals call "Whoopee." I was received with the usual uncritical approval of my own

people in my own home town. I had arrived—or so I thought.

It's an ancient saying that you mustn't count your chickens before they're hatched; also that pride goeth before a fall.

But I was young, and it did not enter my unsophisticated head that anything could go wrong. I had won two competitions. The newspapers had announced that I was to go on with the completion of that statue. But I had reckoned without the politicians. I was too innocent to know that politicians sometimes enter into artistic matters. I was a veritable babe in the woods.

After taking plenty of time to celebrate with my home people, I went back to Boston in the spring of 1885 to complete the statue. I was called to the mayor's office. The contract was signed. But the statue was to be paid for by popular subscription; and because of the controversy which my rival artist had stirred up over a period of two years, it was not at that time possible to raise the money to go on with the work. The public had lost interest in it. However, within the last year—after half a century has passed—there is a movement to raise the money and allow me to finish that work according to my early designs.

I was disappointed but not defeated. I learned that life is full of disappointments. But I have also learned to leave disappointments behind me and go on to something else. The quickest way to forget a disappointment and defeat is to start something else and forget the tragedy.

I turned to another project. I remembered my stalwart Indian friends on the train and did a piece, showing an Indian shooting an arrow into the air. He was standing on the skeleton of a buffalo. It was exhibited in New York in 1888, and won the gold medal at the American Art Exhibit. It was because of that new triumph that a wealthy Boston woman, who had sympathized with me in my disappointment in the Paul Revere matter, gave me a chance

to go to Paris to study. So, even out of that first major tragedy in my early life, really came my great opportunity.

I had hardly got settled in Paris when an unusual adventure came my way.

One morning I found myself standing on the edge of a crowd of curious and excited people. I edged closer and saw a group of American Indians and Frenchmen. In their midst was a strange, masculine looking woman with bobbed hair. That was long before bobbed hair had universally been adopted by women, and it was looked upon as a mannish gesture on the part of the wearer. The woman was drawing with sure, deft strokes an old Indian chief who was sitting astride a beautiful American horse. At first sight I thought that this artist was a man. Then my heart almost stopped beating. I heard French voices murmuring with admiration and awe the magic name, "Bonheur! Bonheur! Rosa Bonheur!"

Buffalo Bill's show was in Paris at that time. The famous artist had taken advantage of the fact to paint some of those American horses and Indians. One fine old chief, Rocky Bear, seventy years of age, was her favorite model. He rode his horse like a young man of twenty. He was as tall and straight as a redwood tree. Bonheur had taken a deep fancy to him, captivated by his dignity, his self-reliance, his silence.

"Have him come down from his horse," she cried that morning. "I want to give him a present!"

The old chief dismounted gracefully. Then Rosa Bonheur took a beautiful ring from her own finger, and said, through an interpreter, "Tell him that I present him with this ring because of the pleasure I have had in knowing him, and because of his patience and dignity in posing for me. Tell him that my name, like all Indian names, has a meaning. It means happiness. Tell him that I have been happy in working with him as a model."

That old Indian chief bowed to her, put the ring on his

finger, and said, as he slipped it on, "Sooner shall the finger come off than this ring!"

Rosa Bonheur clapped her hands with delight, and asked what he had said.

An interpreter replied, "He says that he slips your ring on his finger as a sign of eternal friendship and that the finger shall be cut from his hand before the ring is removed."

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" cried Rosa Bonheur. "No Frenchman could have said it better!"

It was my chance friendship with the Indian boys coming east from Utah and this scene with the great painter of horses, which made me a sculptor of Indian men and horses.

It was while I was in Paris that I conceived the idea of Indian equestrian groups which have since been completed and are now located in several of our great American cities. "The Signal of Peace" was the first one I made. In that statue I am trying to show the Indian as offering peace to the white man. So far as I know, the Indian always wanted peace with the white man, and there is not a single recorded instance where the Indian did not receive the white man in the spirit of good will and love until it became clear to the Indian that the white man was exploiting him and stealing his lands.

I was married in 1891, and went back to Salt Lake City, opened a studio, and did a statue of Brigham Young. Then I returned to Paris in 1895 and created "The Medicine Man," now in Philadelphia, which is intended to show the medicine man in the attitude of warning the Indians that there is no hope of peace with the white man. St. Gaudens was in Paris at that time, and helped me on my medicine man with valuable advice. The Austrian government tried to buy it, but I had already promised it to Philadelphia.

I next created "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," which

now stands in front of the Boston Museum. It is the best known of all my work. It has frequently been misinterpreted. The thing I tried to show in that statue was the Indian, after he had offered his signal of peace to the white man and it had been rejected, making a final appeal to the Great Spirit for peace with the white man.

I like "Massasoit," which is down Plymouth way. I made him standing with his face to the east, looking out to sea as if in welcome to the wayfarers on the *Mayflower*. In his hand I have put the pipe of peace.

This may seem but an artist's dream, but it is a historical fact that the Pilgrim Fathers were here from December to March 17th without even seeing any Indians. It was on March 17th, three months after they had landed, that Samoset walked boldly into the midst of the white colony at Plymouth, naked, with a single bow and two arrows, a symbol of peaceful intentions.

He went up to Governor Carver and said, "My great chief, Massasoit, the Man of Peace, will come soon to offer you protection and friendship." That was the real spirit of the American Indians in their attitude toward the whites.

I did the statue of Anne Hutchinson which now stands in front of the state house in Boston, and tried to put into it the spirit of the unafraid pioneer woman. My own mother was a pioneer woman in the West.

When I get to talking about my mother, I'm a silly old goose. My mother had more genius—more pure genius—than any one I have ever known. She was the most superb democrat I have ever seen. She loved the beautiful in color, form, music and literature, and transmitted that love to me. Her whole life was one of devotion to others and to beauty.

One day she said to me, when we were talking about pioneer Utah days and I referred to the hardships she had had to endure, "My boy, I have never had any hardships, for hardships are only those things which hurt the soul! As

long as I have love, children and home, that is glory for me. You have given me a beautiful new home, but you cannot bring back the joy of that single-room cabin in the West where you were born to me!"

How much we owe our mothers! I know that that is a hackneyed saying—but it is also a universally true saying. My mother was a little, unlettered lady, but when I brought her to Boston to visit me, Boston people were charmed with her. I make a fool of myself when I talk about my mother. She bore seven children in a little wilderness cabin, and the memory of that home is the most beautiful thing in all of my life.

When I modeled the statue of Anne Hutchinson I wanted to put into it the spirit of the pioneer mother who helped to settle this nation; and then, in turn, helped to create the great West. I put into that statue a mother with a Bible in one hand and leading a child with the other; both child and mother with uplifted, triumphant faces, as if headed into the light; as if seeing something ahead and above, some celestial sight which leads them on to future conquest—I thought of my own pioneer mother as I designed it.

When it was finished, I took mother to see it and asked her if she thought that it looked like her.

She replied in a characteristic manner, "I don't know how I look, but I know that it looks as I feel!"

CHARLES CONNICK

BACK OF EVERY MAN—HIS MOTHER.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, IN NEW YORK CITY, IS THE GREAT WEST ROSE WINDOW, SAID TO BE THE finest church window ever made by an American artist. The artist of it is Charles Connick of Boston, who tells this significant story of his mother's quiet influence which has had much to do with making the foremost artist today in the colored sunlight of stained glass in America, and perhaps in the world. If those who read this tribute to mothers want to know more about Charles Connick, they only need to walk into any great cathedral or church in almost any great city in this nation to look upon his artistry.

Starting with New York City and continuing across this continent, some of the most important windows you will find were made by this window-craftsman. Superb windows will be found in Princeton Chapel, in East Liberty Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, in the new chapel of Pittsburgh University, in the Cathedral of St. Paul in Detroit, in the exquisite Trinity College Chapel, Washington, D. C., in Chicago, St. Louis, Waco, Texas; in Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, in the American Church in Paris; and in smaller cities and towns all over America.

This is the story he told me:

About a year ago, early in the spring, a friend of mine was invited by a newspaper reporter to go to Hyde Park to see the President of the United States with whom the reporter had an appointment for an interview.

The reporter said to my friend, "Come along with me to Hyde Park. You cannot see President Roosevelt, but you can sit outside in the automobile while I interview him. At least, you will be that close to him, and we will have a chance to visit on the way up. Also we'll take my wife along, and the two of you can talk in the car while I am interviewing the President."

My friend considered it a privilege to get even that close to President Roosevelt, so he went along. They drove up to Hyde Park and along the winding drive leading to President Roosevelt's home. On the way they were stopped three times by guards, were passed, and finally parked directly in front of the big house. The reporter went inside and had his interview while my friend and the reporter's wife sat in the car, tingling with excitement. Soon they heard the President laugh, for the interview was taking place within fifteen feet of them, in a room separated from the driveway only by a porch and a clump of shrubbery.

In a few minutes Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., came out of the house, dressed in sport clothes with a tennis racket in his hand. He stood on the big porch for a minute, looking around, and then gaily started off through the trees to the tennis courts. My friend and the reporter's wife got a real thrill out of seeing young Franklin, even if they couldn't see the President.

Then very soon the President's grandchildren, Sistie and Buzzie, came out and stood a moment, undecided as to what to do on that bright May morning. Then Buzzie whispered to Sistie. As he did so, Sistie started to laugh and tease her younger brother.

The secret service men walked over and asked Sistie what she was laughing at, and Sistie yelled with delight, "What do you think, Buzzie wants to play dolls! And he's a boy—can you beat that?" The secret service men laughed with Sistie and teased Buzzie as my friend and the reporter's wife looked on.

Suddenly a dignified, stately, familiar figure stood on the front porch looking out through the trees and over the Hyde Park estate with a warm, friendly smile.

My friend nudged the reporter's wife and whispered, "There stands the President; his smile, his high forehead, his sense of dignity—his countenance—there stands the President!"

The reporter's wife, who had been intently watching Sistie and Buzzie, turned with the expectation of seeing the President of the United States.

Then she exclaimed, "What do you mean? That isn't the President—but it *is*—why, it's his mother as sure as you're living."

"That's what I mean. There stands the President—can't you see the President in her—the same forehead, the same smile, the same hale and hearty zest for life—the same gestures? That is the President standing there—in his mother. They are so much alike!"

In a very real way the same thing can be said of all of us. Our mothers can be seen in and through and back of us. Few of us ever stop to estimate how much of our mothers we have in our attitudes, characteristics and ways of doing things—large or small. I know that is true of myself.

Most of our mothers would grab the moon and the stars out of the skies to make life beautiful for us if they could, but as youngsters we take mothers for granted until something touches us to quick appreciation of some quality or characteristic hitherto unrecognized.

I remember the first time I ever recognized a startling sort of wisdom in my own mother. We lived in a little town called Springboro, in Pennsylvania.

One cold November day they were killing pigs next door, and I wanted to be in on the excitement. There was a big fire over which hung a huge kettle of boiling water as the first attraction. I had on a black velvet coat that some

rich relative had sent me; for most of my clothes came from rich relatives, and mother made them over for me. I was three or four years old, and mother finally gave way to my clamorous pleadings. "Yes, you may go, but don't go near the fire."

I went, and of course I did go too near the fire which burned a great hole in my velvet coat. I recalled mother's final admonition, so I decided to tell her that I had torn my coat on a nail. When I got home she noticed the hole at once and asked, "How did that happen, Charlie?"

"I tore it on a nail," was my well-prepared answer.

"That hole did not come from a nail. You burned it. You got too near the fire."

"Good gracious," I said to myself, "mother knows everything!" I like to tell that story as my first coherent memory of mother, and if she is present I bring a twinkle into her eyes by saying, "That's the way I learned always to tell mother the truth."

In recent years I have painted a portrait of Mother Connick and, as a background, I have used just such incidents to symbolize a child's world as it develops under a mother's influence. I have painted her as she is—for she is still living—gentle, retiring, efficient, loving. Time has painted a much more beautiful portrait on the canvas of my mind.

In those early days of our poverty I remember that mother would save like a miser, in order to feed us and to keep out of debt, for father was an easygoing, jovial, generous fellow. If, on the way home after receiving his pay, he met a friend who needed money, that friend might get all of it, even though his own family was hungrily awaiting it. Mother knew that hazard only too well, and she had a deep sense of integrity that included a "pay-as-you-go" policy. So she would hide pennies, and scrimp and save for grocer, doctor and landlord. Mother has always had a plain and simple faith and a rock-ribbed integrity that go

far toward explaining why I'm so crazy about her. She actually suffered over unpaid bills. A debt she couldn't pay was one of her great griefs.

She had always known poverty and work. As a child she had been bound out to a farmer to work for her board and keep. That farmer and his wife worked her like a slave. They kept her busy from dawn to midnight at a mill-round of tasks in house and barn. Her life was one of drudgery through all her childhood—but because of the fine texture of her spirit she did her work well, in spite of constant nagging, and so developed the character we all love and admire. Everything she did was well done; scrubbing floors, churning, milking half a dozen cows.

As I have heard her tell of those days, I have marveled that she kept the spirit of good will and good humor, her love of song and of all growing things. It is profoundly significant to me now that, through poverty, hardship, even cruelty—working fifteen hours a day—my mother had time to sing and to commit to memory whole books of the Bible by propping the book before her, as she washed dishes or churned. Such feats of memory won a prize in the village Sunday school to which she walked several miles in all kinds of weather.

There were later days when she was hired as a servant to work in another farmer's home. That family took her in as one of its own, and she soon won a place for herself in the community. I do not need the testimony of old tintypes to know that she was charming. I understand why father fell in love with mother and married her with little delay.

In the next decade, nine of mother's eleven children were born in queer little houses all over Springboro; we moved often for one reason or another. But through all the difficulties attending the birth of many babies and the moving about from house to house, mother found time to sing to us, to read to us (as did father), and without know-

ing it, to give us a sense of the beauty in life. Two things mother taught us in those hard days; integrity and a natural response to beauty. And they have stayed with us all ever since. No man gets a greater legacy from any mother than a sense of integrity and beauty—qualities that always belong together.

Father got a job as advertising manager of the National Stockman and Farmer, and we moved to Pittsburgh.

I was seven when this move to the great city came. Above all things, my mother wanted me to have an education—as most mothers do. I went to Liberty School in the East End, but my attendance was irregular as I left from time to time, sometimes for whole terms, to help father as a sort of messenger boy. Later I worked as an office boy for the American Press Association, a corporation which made inside plates for small newspapers. At eighteen I went to work for the *Pittsburgh Press* as an artist, making sketches and cartoons.

All the time mother was worrying because I was not going to school. She was so anxious for me to advance that she and I used to sit at night, writing verses and making sketches for streetcar cards for a baker we knew. Mother wrote the verses and I drew the sketches. These same street-car cards went all over the country, although we supposed they stayed in Pittsburgh. We used to sit at the kitchen table when I came home from work and laugh together as we decided on subjects for those cards. I remember some of them. One of them was my own, and began a series that mother completed.

Here's Patrick O'Reilly O'Day
Wending his homeward way,
With a heart that is light
And a good appetite,
And a loaf of Ward's Bread for his tay.

One evening I drew a picture of an emaciated-looking

“Dude” as we called a fop in those days. Mother wrote a verse to go with that drawing which read:

Whene'er you see a thing like this
Parading in the street,
Looking as though it never had
A thing that was fit to eat,
Just hustle round the corner, quick,
And buy or beg or steal,
Enough of R. B. Ward's flour bread
To make it one square meal.

Mother's quick wit and her natural talent for spontaneous expression in snatches of original verse and song often amazed her family and her workaday neighbors. But the streetcar verses were long a source of wonder to privileged ladies who always pictured Mother Connick with her sleeves rolled up, busy about homely tasks that certainly did not encourage verse-making. Clever as they were, those streetcar verses took second place in her family's estimation.

First place is still given “Owed to Wintie,” which was a gay celebration of the huge Winton Six that I had rather recklessly bought, secondhand, shortly after establishing my Boston shop. Mother wrote it while she was getting breakfast the morning after “Wintie” had been traded in for a smaller car.

OWED TO WINTIE

Our *dear* old Wintie's really gone,
We ne'er shall see him more.
Nor hear his welcome klaxon sound
Out by our kitchen door.

He carried us o'er many a mile,
Through sunshine, rain and snow,
Across the lofty mountain top,
And through the vale below.

He carried picnic parties,
And chickens by the score,
And kept us waiting by the road,
With busted tires galore.

He kept the boys a-hustling,
At morning, noon, and night,
It took some time, and muscle, too,
To keep his trimmings bright.

The way he swallowed gasoline
Would simply one appall;
The discipline he handed out
Would satisfy us all. (Even the boss.)

He loved the Winton repair shop
The very best of all.
We scarce could drive him past the place,
He'd want so much to call.

The pleasure he has given us
We never can forget,
And thus the loss of Wintie
Is mingled with regret.

But while we mourn o'er Wintie's loss,
We solemnly do vow
To drop a tear of sympathy
For the man who owns him now.

Little did I dream that my frail little mother would live to see my windows installed in a new building for the great East Liberty Presbyterian Church and in the Chapel of the University of Pittsburgh.

All my days I have a twofold memory of mother. One in which she was doing material things for us, and one in which she seemed always to be contributing spiritual things

to us, just as John Masefield implies in two lines of tribute to his mother.

She washed eight tiny little limbs,
She taught eight little souls their hymns.

My memory of mother is of somebody who worked all the time, mending shoes and clothes, making delicious soup out of a ten-cent bone, turning sleeves under to look like new; the magic of mother's needle, and her skill as a cook! My pants and coats would suddenly branch out as something new, for mother had a great way of making patches so that you couldn't see them.

While we were in Pittsburgh, mother was not contented just to mother her own family, but she was always taking other boys into our home. They became so fond of her that they always called her "Mother Connick"; and to this day some of those boys, to whom she gave the best home they ever had, remember her with Christmas gifts and letters as if she really were their own mother. But mother looked not only after our material needs. She was always putting us in the way of spiritual blessings. She always saw to it that we went to church and Sunday school.

In those days I felt a real sense of loss, as did mother, because of my limited educational advantages. But she saw to it that I had an urge toward better things.

"Whatever you do, do well," said she, "and you'll have a chance to do better things later."

I was always expecting something good to happen. Mother kept that spirit alive in all of us. I never got up in the morning that I did not look for some adventure that would bring me good luck. In those troubled times, I had my blue days when clouds hung heavy on the horizon, but, no matter how heavy the clouds were—and Pittsburgh smoke did not help much—mother always kept hoping, working, and expecting the skies would open for me. And they always did!

I remember with affection an episode which happened in the early days of my apprenticeship in a glass shop in Pittsburgh, when a Sunday-school teacher in my old Emory Methodist Church set me free and widened my horizon for me.

His name was Gage, and he taught languages in an exclusive boys' school. One day he put on the boxing gloves with me, battered me around with a smile. Finally, after we had both become excited, we discovered that he had two black eyes, and I had a broken nose.

Then he said to me, "Now, Charlie, go and take a warm bath and while your pores are open, I'll introduce to you a wonderful new world—the world of poetry."

And that athlete proceeded to read Browning, Tennyson and Shakespeare to me for an hour, while I was cooling off and resting, and nursing my broken nose. Then he gave me a hearty meal and read to me all evening, giving me a glimpse of the world of poetry which included the wonderful poems we call the Gospels that I have loved to put into the color and light of church windows during the years that have flown since then.

That husky Sunday-school teacher with his own eyes almost closed, opened my inner eyes to a new and a vivid world of color and adventure that evening.

Mother was a wise person; she was always seeing that I got into the right environment—and that experience with my Sunday-school teacher had her wise hand behind it.

Mother could make anything grow—flowers, children, dogs or kittens. During those Pittsburgh days she always had a colorful garden. With that everlasting courage of hers, she made that garden grow even in dusty, dirty Pittsburgh. It was always the most beautiful garden in our neighborhood and her flowers seemed to last longer into the fall than any others.

One morning I awoke to a dirty, cold, foggy Pittsburgh day, when the smoke hung like a shroud over everything,

when one felt cooped up under a black dome, a pall of impenetrable darkness. I was utterly discouraged with myself as a mere workman in a glass shop. But I had something inside me that wanted to get out, something that was aching for expression. I wanted to leave my limited environment for a larger way of living. I intuitively felt that I had something inside me that I should bring out in some worthy expression. But the little shop in which I worked did not give me much of a chance for the expression that I longed for.

Although I was naturally of a sunny disposition, on that dark Pittsburgh morning I was feeling the drab helplessness of everything, when I suddenly looked into mother's garden. Looking out the window, ready to admit defeat, I saw a great red poppy lifting its defiant head into the dirt and smoke and fog. Its note of vermilion scarlet seemed literally to shout at me. It sang to me of courage and valor so clearly that, from that morning, I have wanted to sing in active color and light of what might fairly be called the moral and spiritual message of pure color. That poppy was a trumpet blast inside me! And it had been planted, nurtured, and grown by my mother in her little garden in the smoke of Pittsburgh.

That was like a religious conversion to me. I was newborn on that dark, smoky morning to a realization of spiritual values in color.

I was determined to get out of Pittsburgh. On the advice of a kindly woman physician of Pittsburgh who had a sister in Boston, I sent designs to a firm of windowmakers there, and was asked to go to Boston. Mother and I talked about it and the whole family discussed it. She didn't quite like the idea of my leaving, but when I explained to her that Boston was noted for its artists and its night schools for students, she consented to my going. That was in 1900. I stayed in Boston three years and became very fond of that city. But when my father died, I went back to Pitts-

burgh in an effort to combat the sense of desolation we all felt at father's death—for we were all very fond of him.

Then came a few months in New York, at Tiffany's, in 1907. Later that year I went to Boston again, sending home a goodly share of my small salary, living on beans, brown bread and fruit—good food that I still enjoy—most of the time. One day I ran short of money between pay checks and asked my boss to advance me some money. Then he gave me a lecture on the spending of money, saying that boys of my age were too extravagant; that I got enough money to live on and that I ought to be ashamed to have to ask for an advance between pay days.

The kindly gentlewoman who was the bookkeeper happened to hear some of his harangue. A few minutes later she told him, "That boy's no spendthrift. He sends his mother the most of his salary every week. I know, for he gets me to write the checks."

Then my boss, who was an old New England Yankee, came back to me to apologize, and this is what he said, "I guess I talk too much." While I always smile to recall that "Yankee apology," I must add that a real friendship sprang up between us from that moment.

I owe many grand friendships to mother. We like especially to recall the stout-hearted and friendly Mr. Swift and his enduring loyalty to an idea and to us.

He was the star boarder in a small hotel on Cape Cod where I had taken mother in an effort to renew her health after the strain of father's long illness and death. Mr. Swift noticed our simple good times together and was interested in the sketches I made in oil and water color under mother's protecting umbrella. (We called them "Our Pictures.")

Later, he came to see me and my work in the Boston shop and afterward we exchanged some letters. But I was quite unprepared to have him rush up to me one day in

Marston's restaurant and say, "I have a window for you to make."

I was thrilled and delighted, but my spirits cooled when he said it was to be placed in a new Gothic church by a noted firm of Boston architects. When I explained to him that I was unknown except as a worker in a commercial shop and that architects, clergymen and committees would probably want an established English artist to make the window, he was undisturbed.

He only asked, "Can you make the sort of window they ought to have?"

I replied, "Yes, I can, and I'm eager for the chance, for it's just the sort of thing I believe in."

Said he quietly, "Then if the window is made, you'll make it!"

After the controversy among architect, clergymen and committees had lasted almost two years, I was invited to make a design for that important window. It was approved by Mr. Ralph Cram, and I gave up my position to make the window in the workshop of a friendly Boston glass man.

One day, shortly after the window had been placed and dedicated, I said to Mr. Swift, who had exerted all his powerful influence to get me the commission, "How did you have the nerve to back an unknown artist in stained glass when you, yourself, had no means of knowing whether or not he was equipped for such a commission?"

He answered, "I knew, for I know your character. I could tell what sort of man you were from the way you treated your mother down on the Cape that summer. I used to love to see you walking along the shore together; you seemed to have so much fun with each other. I liked the chivalrous attention you paid to her. I liked to see you sit and paint, with her looking on and holding the umbrella over you. I made up my mind right then that you were to be trusted with anything or anybody."

"But the way I treated my mother had nothing to do with my skill or my talent," I said, with a laugh.

"But it has something to do with character," he replied, "and when you told me that you could make the sort of window such a church should have, that was enough for me. I was right, wasn't I?"

The retired business man made me see afresh and clearly that honesty, integrity, kindness, and affection count in this world with people worth while. He made me realize, as never before, that even hard-boiled business men count on personal integrity as an invaluable asset.

That experience with Mr. Swift and his friendly interest in me gave me new assurance and confidence in myself. It made me feel that any young man could succeed in America if he kept his courage and his dreams. From that day on I caught my stride; opened my own workshop on the strength of promised commissions from the architects whose names had so appalled me at first. That man's faith had set me free.

The years passed. I made more and more important windows. My studio grew until I had a four-story building in the heart of Boston with artists and craftsmen working for me—helping me to carry out my own designs. Commissions came from all over America, from St. John the Divine in New York to the Grace Cathedral in San Francisco.

For twenty-five years we've all kept busy and happy in the shop. There came a commission from the American Church in Paris, and from Princeton. My mother lived through all of this growth, and still shares it with me. She is always young in spirit; always fascinated with my work, and interested in my fellow workers who call her "mother," and gaily welcome her frequent visits to our workshop.

Mother was in the shop the day the letter from President Hibben of Princeton University informed me that I was to be granted an honorary degree at the next commence-

ment. I handed the letter to her, vaguely wondering—in my own excitement—whether or not the importance of it would occur to her.

She read it with shining eyes, and said, “You think I don’t know what that means, a degree from Princeton? It means that you didn’t need to go to high school!”

In that simple sentence was revealed to me the final end of her lifelong regret that I had had to miss a high school education.

It was during the exhibition of the great central Princeton window that an incident occurred which delighted mother, as it did all of us. The sections shown included the dominating figures of Christ, the Blessed Mother and St. John the Evangelist with the supporting arrangement of the Last Supper as an arch (of brotherhood) with Christ, St. Peter and St. John the Evangelist, forming the arch’s keystone.

One morning while that Love Window was receiving a lovely light in my gallery, I entered the place, thoughtful and preoccupied, to find a man standing there with his eyes on the window.

He stood there, silent and motionless for so long that I became curious, and made a slight movement to attract his attention. He turned with an almost violent start and said to me: “Ah, Monsieur, can it be that you know Brahms, his First Symphony?”

“Yes, I love it.”

“Can it be that you know—then—that place where the sky—it opens?”

“That—that—that place where the sky—it opens—in the last movement—this is that place!”

I gathered at once that he was a musician, and I later learned that he had just come from a rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He said he knew nothing about stained glass, and I am sure he had not recognized the subject matter in the window, but he gave me the

incredible idea that the good will, love, the fullness and light, the radiant, hopeful cheer of Brahms was its real message. And that was just the sort of thing that I had constantly hoped and prayed that it might be as I worked upon it from its beginning.

And when that young musician said to me, "Can it be that you know—then—that place—where the sky—it opens?"—I turned to him and said:

"And you are the man for whom that window was made, because you know its language. It is the universal language of beauty and love."

When Mother came into that room later that morning, I told her what the musician had said. In my enthusiasm for the conception of glorious music made visible in a great stained-glass window there burst from me a fresh vision of the slender little woman at my side. In her own way she had always been for me an opener of the sky. She had put into a quiet, obscure life the qualities of faith, love and courage that Brahms sang in his First Symphony, and that I had tried to put into a symphony of light and color. So I always think of the Princeton Love Window as Mother's window and of the fourth movement of Brahms' great symphony as her own song of a good life beautifully lived.

MORRIS S. FRANK

DOGS OF DESTINY

"THE SEEING EYE," ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE INSTITUTIONS IN THIS NATION, A SCHOOL TO TRAIN GERMAN SHEPHERD dogs to lead blind men and women into light and freedom, was started in this country in 1929, when a young Southerner, Morris S. Frank, went to Switzerland to secure "Buddy," the first scientifically educated dog to guide a blind person in the United States. Morris had read about these "Seeing Eye" dogs, and had written to Mrs. Harrison Eustis in Switzerland asking if he might come to Switzerland to train with and bring back to America one of these dogs. From that simple beginning the Seeing Eye in America began, and its amazing work has now spread throughout the nation, due to this brilliant young blind boy's passion to spread the idea and to give freedom to others who are handicapped with his affliction.

He is blind. Yet he lives an absolutely free life, and is dependent upon no other human being any more than we all are dependent on one another. Here is a story full of encouragement to the blind, and full of inspiration to those who see. Morris Frank says:

I want to begin this narrative of the Seeing Eye with a simple story which I picked up in Europe. In a humble home in a certain European village a beautiful girl was sitting at her piano, idly improvising.

Her father came into the room, put his arms around her,

and said to her: "My dear, I am going out for a walk. It is a beautiful moonlight night out. I'll be back in a few minutes. Do not worry about me, and if the master comes in, bid him wait until my return."

The girl, who was blind, after a few minutes walked over to the open window, and felt the soft air of evening blowing against her cheeks. Her father had told her about the beautiful moonlit evening and she yearned to be able to see its beauty. She did not know how long she had been standing there, but suddenly she was aware of somebody in the room with her. She turned quickly and asked who was there. Then she heard the kind, familiar voice of the music teacher whom her father had expected, and he walked over to her and put his arms around her.

Then he noticed that she had been weeping and asked her what was grieving her heart. She replied to him: "Oh—just before father went out for a walk he told me what a beautiful moonlit evening it is—and I do so want to *see* the moonlight. I can feel the soft wind on my cheeks, but I want to *see* it all."

The old man, moved by a sudden sense of pity, said, "My darling, you shall see—the moonlight! I will make you see it!"

Then he began to play softly and tenderly. As the blind girl stood by the window with the soft, cool evening air touching her cheeks, she began to see the shadows of poplar trees falling across the grass; the golden path the moon makes on water; the mystical witchery of the moon shining on gardens of flowers; she saw young lovers strolling down long, moonlit lanes of trees with their arms around each other; all the romance and wonder of moonlight nights; all the music and poetry which, through all the centuries, has centered around such evenings. It was so real to her that she was overcome with its beauty as the master, her father's friend, played.

Then suddenly she turned, ran over to him, threw her

arms around him, kissed him and cried out with ecstasy, "Oh, master—you have made me see—the moonlight!"

And the legend is that that was the way Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata was composed.

In any case, it is a beautiful story, and it serves to introduce my own story and the story of the Seeing Eye. For this institution, and the hundreds of German shepherd dogs which have been trained, including my own Buddy, have made hundreds of blind people see—the moonlight, friends, flowers, city streets; but more than that, they have given us a new freedom.

Lorado Taft, one of America's famous sculptors, who recently died, inspired by Maeterlinck's *Les Aveugles* once did a fine piece of modeling which depicts a group of half a dozen blind people groping forward, holding on to one another. The front figure is a woman's, and she is holding aloft a little child with clear and eager eyes. That little child is leading and directing this group of blind people as they go forward. It was Mr. Taft's intention to show that by faith in that child this blind group advances. In our work, through faith in an intelligent, kind, obedient dog, we move forward to freedom and confidence; forward to liberty and to independence.

I, myself, was born and lived for many years seeing as well as anybody could see. I was not blind when I first saw the light of life in Nashville, Tennessee, March 23, 1908. I went to private school and had tutors in my early boyhood; attended preparatory school in Montgomery, and Bell Academy in Nashville. I had had one bad eye from childhood, and had that eye removed, but I got along very well until my academy days when a boy hit me in the good eye with a ball. If he had only hit me in my glass eye I could have renewed it at small cost and inconvenience. But he hit me in my good eye and total blindness came; but not before I had stored up in my memory a good many

beautiful images and impressions which have lasted all my life.

When I found that I was to be blind forever, I rebelled, chiefly against being dependent. I had a host of friends, but I did not want to bother them and be dependent upon them. That dependence caused a constant struggle in my soul.

In my early childhood I lived on a farm of twenty acres, and I grew up with animals. My pony is still alive at thirty years of age, and when I go down home he still nuzzles for sugar when he hears my voice. I also had a shepherd dog, a cat and a Negro boy. I was such a pal to that Negro boy that if anybody brought me a present, there had to be one for him also, or I wouldn't accept mine.

But I was mean. At the age of two I cut three fingers almost off. They called the doctor. He fixed my hand up, but I showed my ingratitude by swearing at him for hurting me.

There was only one person I was kind to as a child, and that was my mother. Ever since I can remember, my mother has been a semi-invalid, in addition to her blindness. As a child I could do anything for her. As a seven-year-old-boy I could take her to the streetcars. If my father wanted to whip me I wouldn't take it, but when mother wanted to punish me I would take off my glasses and go to her for my punishment.

At the time mother lost her sight, she had an old family doctor who used to tell her about the poor children in the city, and she got interested in making baby gowns for them. She made three gowns each day, in spite of her blindness. And that schedule of work has gone on for twenty-five years. My mother is a remarkable woman, and I got much of my sense of service from her; first, in the joy of leading her about from the time I was seven years of age; and then in watching her devote her own invalid life to helping others all these years. When I could see myself, I used to

sit and watch her blind fingers make those three baby gowns a day.

She put through a law in Nashville seventeen years ago to compel the administration of drops in the eyes of every newborn baby to prevent blindness.

She had distinguished friends; and all my boyhood days I remember reading letters to her which she had received from such famous personages as Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas Mott Osborne, Woodrow Wilson, President Taft; indeed from almost every president and famous person of the last half century. She organized funds to care for the war blinded. I remember that Tennessee was the first state to raise its full quota in that drive, and that was due to my blind mother's work. During boyhood, while I could still see, I used to go to the train and guide to our home almost every distinguished blind person in America who came to see my dear mother. I sat at our dinner table from childhood and heard these famous blind people talk about helping other blind people. My mother established a camp for working mothers in our state. I grew up in the atmosphere of optimistic helpfulness to the afflicted, and therefore it is rather natural that I should be heading this movement of the Seeing Eye. I owe it all to the noble example of my mother.

I have always had many friends, both before and after my blindness came, and one of my chief characteristics is, I believe, loyalty to my friends. I guess a blind person develops a deeper appreciation of friends than normal people. After my blindness came I went to dances and tried to do what everybody else was doing; but what a terrific mental rebellion there was inside of me against dependence! How I hated standing at curbs, waiting for somebody to take me across the street, bumping into people, stumbling over obstacles! When I had guides, I was always rebelling against them and, in a way, I hated them

because I was so dependent on them. I usually had to have a new boy every month, because I was so mean to them.

Nobody will ever know, save some blind person who hears this story, what fearful rebellion and what a bloody battle went on in my soul against that dependence upon others. That, it seems to me, is the greatest curse of blindness. Yet all the time, I kept up a normal life; dancing, swimming, going to parties. I was determined, in spite of my blindness, to live as nearly a normal life as I could. The neighbors used to say to my mother, "I'm surprised that you let Morris run around so much."

My mother would reply to those criticisms, "Well, you remember how Morris rebelled when he first became blind? I would have rather had him die then than to have him return to that attitude." She was a wise woman in that statement.

In the midst of this battle against dependence on others, I read an article, by Mrs. Harrison Eustis, about the Seeing Eye dogs. It was on November 5, 1927. I remember the exact date. I'll never forget that date as long as I live.

I was at home when father read it to me. Father looks like a cold man on his exterior, but he has a heart as tender as a woman's, and when he read that article to me, he cried a little.

When he had finished reading the article, I asked him if I might go to Switzerland, and train with one of those dogs. He looked up and said, "You may go if I have to sell the last thing I own, son!"

Curiously enough, mother was against my going. She said, "Morris, you're moving too fast."

I wrote to Mrs. Eustis and asked her if I could get a dog and bring it to America. That article told how the Seeing Eye dog business had originated in Germany, following the war. There were so many blind Germans that somebody conceived the idea of training the German shepherd dogs—which we call German police dogs—to lead them. These

dogs are very intelligent. They are loyal to their master, whom they look upon as their personal property. The plan proved to be so successful in Germany that it was brought to Switzerland by Mrs. Eustis, and it was to her training farm in Switzerland that I went after I had read her article.

My father turned me over to the American Express Company for that strange voyage. They took their responsibility very seriously, and used to lock me in my stateroom on the ship. We had a regular routine. I was led to the bath each morning, and a steward stayed with me while I took my bath, I suppose to see that I did not drown. Then someone took me to breakfast and afterward put me in my deck chair. At certain regular periods, a steward would come for me and take me for a walk around the deck. If I decided to take a walk on my own hook, the poor steward was frantic. He would literally beg me not to do that dangerous thing. He would say to me, "You must not do that. You see I am responsible for you and I'll get into trouble if anything happens to you." And I laughed at him.

When we arrived in Paris, they locked me in a hotel room with, of all things, a bottle of wine and no food. I went to Switzerland, trained with my dog, Buddy, and then came home, back over the same trail, to the same Paris hotel.

But when I came back, I was free. I was dependent upon nobody. Much to the dismay of the employees of that same hotel in Paris, I walked out by myself, got a taxi and went to Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. On the ship I went and came as I pleased, instead of being locked in my cabin. I was as free as anybody on board. Buddy led me around the decks, down to, and up from my room, and to the dining room at mealtime. I was tasting, for the first time in my blind life, the beautiful freedom that the seeing have. I was no longer dependent upon others. The old struggle and rebellion in my soul died down, and I became

a new person inside of my soul. My old hatred of other people went from me; my bitterness, my unrest. The terrific struggle within me died out. I was free and I was happy. When I got back from Europe, I stayed in New York a week, saw everything I wanted to see; went to Washington and Pittsburgh, spending twenty leisurely days getting back to Nashville. I had the time of my life; came and went as I pleased. There was no fear, and I went about actually looking for excitement; searching out the difficult street crossings.

I remember going up to Columbus Circle in New York City, and crossing there, just looking for trouble. I wouldn't do that now. I would be more cautious, and find an easier place to cross. But, then, I was just testing out my new freedom and it was hilarious, I'll tell you.

Another time, in Washington, one morning a month after I had got my dog, I started across a main thoroughfare by myself. A man tried to stop me. He said, "Let me call a cab for you."

"But I don't want a cab!" I replied. "I just want to cross this street."

"Boy, you're crossing Pennsylvania Avenue at its busiest corner!"

When I finally got home after tasting my new freedom to my heart's content, I went into the insurance business.

I started the Seeing Eye with Mrs. Eustis in Nashville, Tennessee, on January 7, 1929, and in 1932 we moved it to Morristown, New Jersey.

Of the stories about Buddy and me, people seem to like most of all the story of my experience in a Chicago hotel. Shortly after we started the Seeing Eye, I went to Chicago to speak at a convention. I had trouble in getting the management to let me bring Buddy in, and because of that, I was late in getting to the meeting. I went to my room on the seventeenth floor and dressed hurriedly. As Buddy and I rushed out toward the elevator door, Buddy

suddenly crouched down, and refused to let me take a step. I spoke firmly to her, and told her to go on. But she crouched down a second time and whined. I once again scolded her and commanded that she go on, but these Seeing Eye dogs are trained, not only to obey, but also to disobey, in the face of danger. So she crouched again and refused to move, crouched directly in front of me. Then I got stubborn myself and stepped around her. Then I heard a colored maid scream. I stopped until she came up to me. That elevator door was wide open. If I had stepped a foot farther I might have dropped seventeen stories to my death. But my dog Buddy had already warned me three times.

Not long ago we had a man come to visit us at Morristown, to see how we trained our blind with the dogs. The visitor spent the morning by special appointment, on the streets of Morristown, watching our teachers train our men and women in traffic.

He told me about it later. He was greatly impressed when our Mr. Humphrey took the group into the heart of Morristown. He was especially impressed and amused at one of our young men who said that morning, "I guess I'll go into the newsstand and buy a newspaper."

Then all the rest of the blind boys started to laugh and jolly him. One of them said: "Why, you've already been in that newsstand and got three newspapers this morning."

Was that blind boy embarrassed? He was not! He simply said, "I like that girl at the newsstand. She has a beautiful voice and I like to buy things from her. I make up excuses to go in. Besides, it's good training. My dog, Betty, has gone in there so often that she knows just where to take me when I go into the station."

This visitor watched our dogs lead their masters through the heavy traffic; watched the dogs squat down when they came to a crossing to indicate to their masters, as they are trained to do, that they had come to a curb, watched the

masters reach out with a cane to feel the edge of the curb; watched those blind masters wait; and when the way was clear of traffic, he watched the dog tug slightly at the harness until the master gave the command, "Forward," then he watched the dog lead the master safely across the street through traffic.

Then our visitor said to Mr. Humphrey, "But what if a sudden emergency arises? What if a careless or swiftly moving automobile comes around a corner?"

Mr. Humphrey replied, "The dog is trained to stop and wait until that automobile goes by. He sees the automobile coming, stops dead in his tracks, and will not let his master go on into danger."

"But what if the blind master commands the dog to go on?" our visitor asked Mr. Humphrey.

"The dogs are trained to disobey as well as to obey. It is a hard thing to do, but we do it. First, we train them in obedience and then in studied disobedience. We train them to obey the master's 'forward' command. When they do this, we reward them with caresses. We never feed them or give them sweets, but reward them with caresses and love. It would not do to reward them with food, for a blind person could not always be carrying food around with him. In training them to disobedience, we stand at a curb with an automobile directly in front of us. We give the word, 'Forward!' The dog cannot move. His good sense tells him that it is foolish to run into the body of a car. Then we reward him with a caress and say to him 'Good dog! Good dog!' In that way we teach him what we call studied disobedience."

Then our trainer dramatically illustrated for this visitor what he meant.

A blind student was standing at a crossing. Mr. Humphrey told him to go ahead. He started to cross the street. All was clear. Suddenly an automobile shot around that corner from the right. The blind boy's back was

toward the speeding car. He was directly in its path. It looked as if a terrible tragedy were inevitable. The car shot toward the boy, and his dog turned about face, and pulled his blind master out of danger.

The visitor was so excited and worked up over that apparent carelessness on the part of the automobile driver that he started to curse the driver, when Mr. Humphrey said to him with a smile, "That is one of our men. I told him to do just that thing to show you how intelligent and quick these dogs are."

Then our visitor asked the blind boy if he had heard the car coming and the blind boy replied with a white face, "No! I had given the command, 'Forward!' and felt that the way was clear. I was crossing with perfect confidence. Then I felt Molly give me a terrific pull and, before I knew it, I was turned face around, and pulled to safety. It all came so quickly that I didn't know what had actually happened."

Then the master of Molly bent down, put his arms around her and said, "Atta girl, Molly, old sweetheart! Atta good old dog!"

And Molly put her face around his and licked his cheeks and wagged her tail. It was evident that he was as proud of her as she was of herself, as she stood beside him pushed up against his left leg, the position the dogs always take, wagging her tail with evident delight as if she understood all that had happened. Perhaps she did.

When this visitor to Morristown came back after spending a morning watching our teachers work with the blind boys on the streets, we invited him to remain to lunch with us.

We purposely took him into the dining room a little late, waiting until all the students were seated. Our dining room is large and airy. Sunlight was pouring in that day through the wide windows. There were several bird cages with birds singing all through the meal. That impressed

our visitor as it would any one. The conversation around that table that day was, and is on all days, the most cheerful conversation you will ever hear. It is more like the dining room in a fraternity house that anything I know, with bantering, loud laughter, stories and much harmless and playful good American kidding.

That day the boys and girls were talking about their experiences of the morning hours in traffic. Their blind eyes, to this visitor, shone with happiness, contentment and confidence. There were two lovely girls in the group. Several times during the meal, they spoke of the beautiful sunshine. It was a spring day and the joy of spring had got into their spirits. The visitor wondered at that and said to the girl sitting on his right, "But how do you know that it is beautiful and sunny?"

The girl replied, "We have bodies to feel the sunshine. It warms us. Our skin is peculiarly sensitive to it. It is the very air we breathe. We feel spring as much, or more than you who actually see it. It pours up through our feet into our bodies as sap pours up through the roots of a tree. Then, don't forget that most of us have not been blind from birth. Most of us in this room were blinded by accident. Most blind people have memories of other springs and other skies than these. That's why we know what spring means—and flowers—and light."

One of our young men that day—indeed, many of them—told how they had become blind. Now to prove what this girl said was true, a big blond boy, six feet tall and beautiful of body, told of how two summers before, he had been working on a farm, hauling lime. As they were unloading sacks of it from a wagon, the one he was lifting suddenly burst and filled his eyes with a cloud of dusty lime. Somebody ran for water, and poured it into his eyes. This slaked the lime and blinded him. But now the boy was ready to go out into the world with his Seeing Eye dog and he was, for the first time since he became blind, cheer-

ful and happy, because he had his dog and he was going to be independent again. He even laughed as he told of some of the funny things that had happened to him that morning on the streets.

When luncheon was over, the girl on our visitor's right arose from the table, made a little clucking sound, and out from under that table stepped a sleek, black Seeing Eye dog, and away they went from the table, out through the living room and up a winding flight of stairs. She walked with head up, with absolute confidence, just as well as a person with good eyes would walk.

The visitor turned to Mr. Humphrey and said, "I didn't know that dog was under the table."

Mr. Humphrey replied, "There are fifteen dogs under this table. That was why we brought you in after they were all seated. We had roast beef today, and the scent of food is supposed to make dogs restless, but you did not even know that those dogs were under this table. That is because they are so well disciplined."

Then our visitor, using Mr. Ripley's famous phrase, expressed his astonishment by a simple, "Believe it or not!"

Speaking of "Believe it or not" stories, if Mr. Ripley wants a few, I can give them to him.

There was "Billy" from Pittsburgh, one of our Seeing Eye dogs. His master was a blind man employed in a workshop for the blind. One morning the building caught fire. Billy gave the alarm. He was the only Seeing Eye dog in that whole institution.

Billy led his master down from the third floor, and all the other blind men and women fell in line and followed him out to safety. They all went back after the fire was supposed to be out—but it broke out a second time, and Billy repeated his previous performance.

Then there was a minister in Parnassus, Pennsylvania. He is a clergyman of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

He was discouraged, for blindness had practically imprisoned him. He had to have somebody lead him wherever he went; to call on his people, when he went into the church, and up to his pulpit to preach, or for marriages and baptisms.

Then he heard of the Seeing Eye dogs, came to us, took his training, and went back to Parnassus with Dot, his dog. But, perhaps I had better let Dr. Blair tell you his own story in his own words, for here is a letter which we received from him.

He says, "Monday afternoon Dot and I went to visit some people who were leaving town. They live about a mile from my home and between my home and theirs, there are all sorts of turns. I had never before walked to their home, but had been driven there several times. I knew it was the third house from a certain corner, if ever I could get to that corner.

"Dot and I walked up on the porch and I knocked on the door without any help. Dot is certainly doing fine, and we are getting along wonderfully. She took me to church Sunday morning and lay at my feet on the pulpit while I preached from the text, 'The Lord hath need of thee.'

"Since I got Dot, I have been able to travel all over the country preaching and lecturing. At Winona Lake, Indiana, though it was a park and had winding walks, I found certain marks that guided me so that I could go four or five miles a day. Dot was the center of attraction to the delegates from California to Vermont—from Florida to Winnipeg. Last week we had a new experience. Through some misunderstanding I was let off a bus out in the country where two roads crossed, four miles from where my friends were to meet us. I waited for about fifteen minutes. No one came, and no one seemed to be within hailing distance, so I decided to try to find the road myself with Dot. We made a right crossing and after walking about two miles, which seemed four miles to me on that hot morning, a passing

motorist took me the rest of the way to where my friends were waiting. Every morning during the remainder of the week Dot and I got off at the same point and, without waiting, walked along the highway for about a mile and a half, until my friends met us. Dot is as lively as a kitten and it is a pleasure for me to take her out. No need to urge her. She just dances along and yet works perfectly. I was in Youngsville, Ohio, last week, and spoke before sixteen hundred students there. They liked Dot more than they liked my speech."

The blind preacher's story is typical. His ministry has been made over. That story could be duplicated a thousand times in our mail, and from our own experiences.

Of course, as I travel around the country, lecturing on our Seeing Eye dogs, I have unusual experiences.

One day as I was entering my room in a certain hotel, I felt the presence of danger. Somebody rushed past me and entered that room ahead of me. I was startled.

I cried out, "Who's in this room?"

A woman's voice answered me, and said, "I'm here, and I'm going to commit suicide by jumping from your window."

As I summoned my wits, I said to her, "Well, if you do that you won't solve anything and you'll ruin my life also."

Then I edged my way between her and the window and asked her to sit down and talk with me. She was the wife of a prominent business man in that town, and had heard me lecture that day. She had two children. Her doctor had told her that she would be blind in six months.

I said to her, "For you to commit suicide would be terrible for your husband and your children. You would not solve any problem by doing that. It would be a cowardly thing to do." I then gave her a talk on the possibilities of a woman twenty-eight years of age—and what life actually might hold for her, in spite of blindness.

I told her of our dogs and the freedom they gave to blind people. She went home bravely. Recently I got a letter from her. She has no fear of blindness now, for she has conquered her dread.

I gave a talk not long ago in Cincinnati before a lunch club.

After my talk a man came up to me and said, "You have done much to help me today. My daughter is going blind and I have not dared to tell her mother. But when you told about the Seeing Eye dogs today, you gave me new courage and hope."

Not long ago, I was speaking in a New England town. I was asked to go out and see a blind woman. The little girl in that home had to lead her mother wherever she went. When I told them about the Seeing Eye dogs, that little girl said pathetically, "Gee, Mommie, if you had a dog, I'd be free, too!"

Her mother got one of our dogs and last Christmas I received a card from the little girl on which she had written, "Thanks for giving me a mother like other mothers."

In the beginning of this story I spoke of the fact that most blind people, as was my experience, have known several years of sight. They have, during those years, stored up many memories and impressions that are a blessing to them all their days, even after blindness comes. In fact, those memories are something in which we live forever.

For illustration, one of the last things I ever saw before my blindness came was a beautiful sunset; red, gold, a fringe of crimson along the sky. And that memory I shall cherish forever. It helps me to see beautiful things now as realistically as I ever did, for that memory sets a standard of beauty for me.

As I look back on my early life I am compelled to state that the most beautiful influence in all my life has been my mother. What I learned of service to others I learned

from her. Her influence on my early life is best illustrated through a story I once heard and have always loved.

Not long ago in a tropical country, where many Americans were in foreign service, a sudden and terrifying epidemic of eye disease struck a certain section. This disease appeared particularly among children, and its preliminary signs were unmistakable. In five days after the first symptoms appeared the child went blind. This malady terrorized the parents on that tropical island.

One morning, one of the American mothers awoke and saw all the symptoms of the dreaded infection in her boy's eyes. She called a doctor, and was informed that there was no help, and no hope that the disease could be checked.

When the doctor had left she took her boy out into the garden. Then she told him to look up at the sun. He laughed, and did as his mother told him. The direct light of the sun was too strong for him, but she insisted that he look again and again and again.

Then she took him over to a rose bush, plucked a big red rose and held it before his eyes. She said: "Look at that rose, my boy! Look at it again and drink it in. Never forget how beautiful those soft red petals are. Never forget those long graceful stems. Smell it! Drink its perfume into your memory. Never forget that from the heart of that red rose comes that rich odor." He looked at the rose, held it to his nostrils, breathed deeply of its scent, looked at its soft, velvet-like petals and laughed again. He thought that it was a new and delightful game his mother was playing with him.

Then she lifted him up in her arms and held him out from her and said, "Look at your mother's face, son! What color is my hair?"

"Gold, mother—gold and wavy and beautiful! I love it!" Then his childish fingers played with those golden waves and mussed them. He laughed aloud with boyish glee at this fine game.

"Look closely at your mother's forehead, son. Is it narrow or broad?"

"It is broad, mother, wide—very wide." And he patted her forehead with a childish gesture of affection.

"And mother's eyes, son—what color are they?"

He poked his finger toward his mother's eyes and, laughing, replied: "They are blue, mother—and beautiful, like the sky."

"Look at my cheeks and chin, and lips. Feel them—kiss me, son!"

Then she drew that son close to her breast, held him tightly, and looked deep into his childish eyes in love.

"Now, what do you see in mother's eyes, son?"

"I see love, mother. You know, why do you ask me? I know."

Knowing that blindness for her child was inevitable, that mother wanted him to remember forever three things: light, beauty, love; and that was her simple, practical, American way of making him see forever three essential things that he would need to remember always in his coming darkness.

My mother, either consciously or unconsciously, did the same thing for me in my early boyhood days, before I became blind. Through her own life, her own spirit of service to other people, her own kindness and love for all the afflicted, she made me see and remember forever, light, beauty and love.

EDGAR J. HELMS

SAVING THE WASTE IN MEN AND THINGS

DR. EDGAR J. HELMS HAS BUILT ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE INSTITUTIONS FOR GIVING MEN AND WOMEN WHAT HE CALLS "a chance but no charity" in the world—The Goodwill Industries of America. They began in Boston, Massachusetts, in the depression of the early nineties and have grown until today they are firmly established in 98 cities in America, with Goodwill Industries in New Zealand, Mexico, South America, China, Holland, Sweden and other countries.

In Boston, there is a six-story factory where 400 incapacitated men and women work, and draw over \$1,000 a day in wages, rehabilitating cast-off clothing and rubbish which come in through Goodwill bags from the homes of 190,000 contributors.

Side by side with this great factory, is a hotel for down-and-outs, the Seavey Settlement Hotel, where a man may have a bath, a room, breakfast, and a chance to work, with no fees attached.

In this same group of buildings is a day nursery for the children of the women who work in the Goodwill Industries, or who have to work in some other industry in the city. The children are cared for while the mothers work. There is also, in this unique group of buildings, a beautiful Gothic church called "The Church of All Nations," the actual church in which Ralph Waldo Emerson once preached; and here Negroes, Syrians, Italians, Russians and

Americans have their church services at different periods on Sunday. But let Dr. Helms tell his own story:

One Sunday afternoon, sixty years ago, my mother took me to the top of the highest hill near our Iowa home and we sat down and looked over our beautiful farm and East Okoboji Lake. Before we could be interrupted, I plunged into the subject I wanted to talk over with her.

"Mother," I said, "I've decided to be a lawyer."

She neither approved nor disapproved. Her silence made me uneasy.

I went on. "You see, mother, I want to be a famous man. Nearly all the great men in America have been or are lawyers. If I am ever to become a congressman or governor or president I shall have to be a lawyer."

My mother made no reply. I was worried.

"Do you object to my being a lawyer, mother?" I asked her.

"No, Ed, I don't object to your becoming a lawyer if it is God's will for you," she said.

"But what would you rather have me be?" I replied.

"I want you first of all to be a good, honest man, no matter what your calling," mother said.

"Can't I be good and honest, and still be a lawyer? Lincoln was. All lawyers are not shysters. What would you rather I should be?" I asked again.

"Just what God wants you to be will satisfy me. I am sure He wants you to be good and honest. But I have always thought God might want you to be a minister. I cannot tell you why, but some day I will tell you."

It was many years afterward that my mother told me why she thought God wanted me to be a minister. I was visiting my parents on their mountain ranch in Oregon. Mother and I were sitting alone in the shade of their log cabin in some crude chairs I had made of boxes and "shakes." Mother began the conversation.

"Ed, I once said to you that I might tell you some day why I thought God wanted you to be a minister, rather than anything else. Now that you are a minister, and are married and old enough to understand, and cannot be influenced by any other motive beside God's will, I think I had better tell you.

"Sometime before you were born, I was living in a lumber camp, cooking for the men employed by your father on his contract. While at work I slipped on a stone slab at the camp door and fell on my back with such force that I could not move. My first thought was, 'My baby can never be born!'

"While lying there in that helpless condition, I earnestly prayed to God, and made this vow: 'If God will spare my life, and my child is a son, I will dedicate him to the service of God and humanity.'

"I was soon able to rise, and I knew, no matter what people may think of that experience, that God had accepted my prayer. There are many ways in which you might serve God, but I always felt that you were to be a minister; at least to help people in some practical way. I did not want to interfere with God's own call to you, so I have not told you before."

And today, as I look back over my life with its forty years of work in the Goodwill Industries, dedicated to the cause of saving the waste in men and things, I feel it could not have all happened as it did, but for my mother's dedication, unknown to me until the course of my career was already well set.

Our Goodwill Industries grew out of a depression. When I was through theological seminary, I wanted to go to India as a missionary. But due to the hard times of the early nineties the missionary funds ran out—and I started to work in my own little mission on the South Side of Boston. I did this because I was stranded in Boston, following my graduation, with a young wife on my hands.

As my wife and I watched the poverty of the people in the early nineties, we soon saw that they needed clothes more than anything else, so we asked our more prosperous friends to give us their old clothes. We took these old clothes, and at nights we repaired them and gave them to the poor.

But after a while, the demands were so great that we hired people to help us recondition those clothes. Then we discovered that the supply of old clothes we could get was practically unlimited. Gradually we also discovered that we could take these old clothes, give poor people work reconditioning them, and afterwards sell them at a nominal price to the poor, thereby killing two birds with one stone. It was a "Two-in-One" plan. Year by year, it grew larger in volume; and, all the while we were reconditioning clothes and furniture we discovered this was a good vehicle to recondition men and women also.

And so it grew, year by year, for forty years, and now that simple work that my wife and I started in the depression of the nineties has grown, until today it is a world-wide industry, employing thousands of people, the old and handicapped who could not get work in the regular channels of industry, the blind, lame and aged; the men and women who want to work and remain self-respecting, but for whom regular industry has no place; an industry giving ten million dollars in self-help wages every year with not a single cent of profit for anybody. Out of waste material, we have reconditioned waste men by thousands.

Each month 190,000 Goodwill bags are sent out to the homes of the more privileged citizens of Boston, and other cities of America. Into these bags the housewives throw discarded material which they would otherwise burn or throw away. We send out fleets of more than 200 trucks each day to collect these Goodwill bags. They are brought back to our Goodwill Industries, the material sorted, thoroughly cleaned, and then repaired.

One day recently, a woman walked into one of our Boston stores to get shoes for her four children so that they might start to school in early September. She walked over to the shoe counter and found two pairs for her younger children and, because of our system of rehabilitating old, cast-off clothing, she was able to get those two pairs of shoes for her children for fifty cents. But there were no shoes for her two older children. The Goodwill bags which we send out to more privileged homes had not brought in any shoes which would fit them.

Following her good luck in getting shoes for her two younger children she came into the store every morning for two weeks, each morning asking the question, "Are there any shoes for my older children? Have the Goodwill bags brought in any more shoes?" It was a pathetic quest and, before it was over, most of our 500 employees were interested, watching the bags each day as they came in with waste material, hoping—eagerly, anxiously—that the size of shoes which that mother needed for her two older children would finally arrive. After two weeks of watching, waiting, working, they finally came—exactly the sizes she needed—and that mother was able to send all four of her children off to school with nicely repaired, polished shoes, as good as new. And on the morning that she finally equipped all four of her children in our store, she sat down on a chair in our furniture department and wept—and so did most of the rest of us. That is a typical story of what our Goodwill Industries do for underprivileged people in nearly one hundred American cities.

Another story will illustrate a different phase of our service. One day a fine-looking elderly man came to our employment department and admitted that he was an artist, and had been unable to get work for a year. He had had no food in his home for a week and was out of fuel. He and his wife were in desperate straits. We gave him

wood, coal and food, and were able to help him for several months.

Finally his pride got the better of him and he begged us to give him something to do. He said that he was an artist. We looked him up and discovered that he was all he had said; a greatly respected one at that. Then we remembered that, in an old warehouse, we had accumulated for ten years thousands of paintings which had been sent in to us through the years; just as we received in our bags and trucks every imaginable thing when people are breaking up their homes, housecleaning or moving. There must have been two thousand old paintings in that warehouse. We turned him loose in that mass and mess of old paintings.

Within two months he had unearthed, cleaned and discovered valuable old masterpieces; some of them by noted artists abroad, with a total value of hundreds of thousands of dollars. From his work alone in discovering and cleaning old paintings we have established our own art gallery; and have sold hundreds of these paintings; some of them to art galleries which have investigated and found our cast-off paintings to be invaluable masterpieces which people had discarded without knowing their value. So, in this case we not only rehabilitated the pictures, but we rehabilitated a man in the process, for that man is now in complete charge of all our paintings; one of the happiest men in our employ; his self-respect has come back and he feels that he is as important to our institution as any man in Boston—and he is!

But an even more dramatic story than that is the story of how we got our present home for homeless men. For more than forty years Mr. Fred C. Moore, our general manager, and I have carried on church services each Sunday afternoon in the Suffolk County Jail in Boston. We have never missed a Sunday. I could fill this article with stories of rehabilitated men who have come out of this single piece

of work. It was our ordered plan to get acquainted with these men while they were in jail, to hold services for them; then, when they were released, to get them jobs, and see to it that they had their chances to make decent citizens of themselves. We absorbed hundreds of them into our Goodwill Industries.

Sheriff Fred H. Seavey, of Boston, was familiar with the way in which we were quietly taking released prisoners into our Industries, and giving them another chance.

Frequently he would say to me, "I have watched your work with these boys and some day I am going to do something for your work."

I would reply, "I am ready, Mr. Sheriff," thinking, perhaps, that he intended to give me fifty or a hundred dollars.

He would often remark, "I am even better pleased with the way you treat them after they get out." His sister, Mrs. David Floyd, was matron of the jail. The Sheriff and Mrs. Floyd had often talked over my plan for developing a model home for ex-convicts. When Sheriff Seavey died, Mrs. Floyd remembered his desires, and gave us the money to build a hotel six stories high for homeless men, as a memorial to her brother.

Every year we care for an average of two hundred men in this modern hotel. No man is admitted if he has any money. If he is without money and without friends, he is especially welcome in our hotel for homeless men. We believe in men. We believe that a man is "never too poor to pray and never too weak to win." We believe in "saving the waste in men and things"; we believe that men want "not charity but a chance." We believe that "the best help is the help that helps a man to help himself by helping some one else." We also believe that when men of wealth actually see that all men are redeemable, and also that we believe it, they will help us to help others.

The business of making a good chair from a broken-down piano, we find, will also make a happy, self-respecting

carpenter out of a discarded mechanic. Shoes which are past repair—impossible to remake—we use for fuel. And we find that a man is better off firing a furnace or a boiler than he is loafing on the Commons or any park bench. These reconditioned men go out into life again just as do reconditioned tables, chairs, clocks, shoes and hats. We recondition men and women just as we do sewing machines and pianos.

Why should it be assumed that automobiles and electric sweepers can be reconditioned, and men cannot be? It has been our experience that you can recondition clothes and, through reconditioning clothes, you can also recondition men and women.

The first job of reconditioning we ever did was when we first took over our present group of buildings. Some of them had been houses of prostitution. When the inmates left after we had purchased the buildings they left a sick girl behind in one of the rooms. We nursed her back to health and, for many years, she was one of the finest workers we had in our social department.

We also are in the business of reconditioning children each year. One of our good friends gave us a farm at South Athol, Massachusetts, and for years we have been taking children from Boston streets, thousands of them, to make them over by means of fresh air, good food and loving attention. This work has developed dramatic experiences. One of the most typical is that of a summer ago, when we brought the children back to Boston after two months in our camp, to deliver them to their parents.

Mr. Fred Moore, our manager, had delivered all the children, except three. He started out to deliver them personally. He went to one Italian home with the three children and asked a mother to pick out her boy. She did so. Then he went to a second address and asked the second mother to pick out her son. She did so. But when he went to the third home, there was wailing and weeping and

high excitement, for the third mother kept crying, "No my boy! He no my boy! Me want *my* boy!"

That was a serious problem. But it turned out happily, for the first mother had merely picked out the wrong boy, due to the fact that two months in the country in our camp had so changed her sickly child that she actually did not know him when he was brought back to her.

If this had happened in fiction it would be set down as an unbelievable tale. Only, in this case, it happened in our own work and I vouch for it. And it is as perfect an illustration of what I call reconditioning of humanity as I have ever known. That is the basic plank in my own philosophy, that humanity can be reconditioned if somebody takes the trouble to do it; so thoroughly reconditioned that that humanity will be a new man or child or woman; jailbirds, children, the depressed; the economically unfit; the blind, the halt, the maimed.

In this process of rehabilitation and reconditioning, several groups of our society have an important part.

First, the people who take our Goodwill bags and send in their waste and discarded material; second, the actual truck drivers who go and get the bags; third, the handicapped laborers who remake that material; fourth, the people who sell it; fifth, the people who purchase it.

I like to illustrate the complete process that goes on in our industries in a little modern parody on "The House that Jack Built," which reveals some items that actually happened in a single day's work.

Our Goodwill employment secretary found on her desk one morning this note from the friendly visitor whom we send out into the poor homes:

"Please send some one to scrub up the attic room of Grandma M—— at 66 Melrose Street. She has been sick, and the filth is unbearable."

While that note was being read a woman came into the employment office in great distress. That very cold winter

morning she had left her husband at home, sick with inflammatory rheumatism, and there was no fuel in the house for a fire. She was promised fuel if she would go and scrub up the attic of Grandma M——. She gladly accepted and hurried away to her task.

Just then a man came into the office, whose pants were in a most indecent condition of disrepair. He was offered a decent pair of pants if he would chop the wood needed by the rheumatic husband of the woman who was scrubbing the filthy attic of Grandma M——.

This he was glad to do, and he was sent to the Goodwill woodpile.

The next applicant for work was a woman who needed to earn shoes for her children, who couldn't go to school that day because their bare feet would freeze in the snow. When offered an opportunity to sew in the Goodwill clothing department, she gladly mended the pants needed by the man who was sawing wood to build a fire for the rheumatic husband of the wife who was scrubbing the filthy attic of poor, sick Grandma M——.

A man came in next, looking for work. He had left a wife and six children, from ten years to two weeks old, in his basement tenement without food or fire. He had sought work at his trade everywhere, but had failed. At last he had to sell his tools even, in order to live.

When asked what he could do, he said he was a cobbler.

"Just the man we want," said the employment secretary, and he obtained the help so desperately needed in his home by going to the Goodwill shoe department to mend the shoes for the children of the woman who was repairing the pants for the man who was sawing the wood to build a fire for the rheumatic husband of the wife who was scrubbing up the attic for the poor old Grandma M——.

The cobbler worked for several weeks, and finally got his tools back and opened a shop of his own. But he needed printed cards and circulars in order to secure customers.

This advertising he obtained, because into the Goodwill employment bureau there came a stranded printer from whose home had been taken all the furniture he had purchased from an installment house because he could not keep up the payments after he lost his job. In the Goodwill printing department, he printed the cards and circulars needed by the cobbler who mended the shoes needed by the barefoot children of the woman who repaired the pants of the man who chopped the firewood for the rheumatic husband of the woman who scrubbed up and put to rights the attic of Grandma M——.

Following the printer in the employment bureau was a cabinetmaker who was also in sore need, and he was sent to the Goodwill furniture department where he repaired the tables, chairs and furniture needed to re-establish the home of the printer who printed the cards needed by the cobbler who mended the shoes needed by the woman who repaired the pants needed by the man who chopped the firewood needed by the woman who made Grandma M——'s attic clean and comfortable.

All were helped by helping some one else. No one was pauperized by begging. No one lost his self-respect by asking help. The joy of each human being in this endless chain was doubled by the thought that he was earning his own way and helping some one as needy as himself. That, in a parable which actually happened in our Goodwill Industries, is the best way I know to illustrate our philosophy of reconditioning men and women and children.

CHARLES J. ST. JOHN

TWICE-BORN MEN

CAN ANY MAN SINK SO LOW THAT HE CAN NEVER COME BACK? "NO! A THOUSAND TIMES, NO!" ANSWERS CHARLES J. ST. JOHN, who believes that every human soul has within it the power to be born twice.

In this extremely frank revelation, Charles J. St. John tells not only the challenging story of his own twice-born life, but also of those of many other twice-born men—men who have come to the Bowery Mission because it was the end of the road, only to find it was the beginning.

Charles J. St. John, Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, one of the oldest institutions of its kind in America, now about forty years old, is a man's man, six feet tall, lithe, athletic, broad shouldered. He is in constant demand as a public speaker throughout the nation. It is a weekly chore for him to climb into an airplane to speak in Indianapolis, Cleveland, or Chicago for an evening meeting, and return by another plane to be ready for work with his "Boys" the next morning. For years he carried on a twice-a-week broadcast. He believes with his friend Warden Lawes, with whom he works in close co-operation, that all men are redeemable, and he proves it in this story. He knows how to put his arms around a man's shoulders, how to smile his way into a man's lonely heart; he knows how to call a man "Buddy," and when he uses that word he means "brother." And the reason why he understands the man who is down, is because he has been down himself—as far down as they

get; and yet, he came back and because of that experience he is now devoting his life to work with the homeless, friendless and godless. His is a most impressive and convincing story, full of that inspiration which the world so badly needs in these trying days. He says:

I was one of seven sons and grew up in a small white frame house on the edge of a beautiful little town in the far South. The rolling prairies stretched away to the Mississippi River and rich black cotton land stretched on every side.

My mother, Sarah St. John, had her hands full, making little shirts, patching trousers, baking bread, wrapping bandages around stubbed toes. But with all the work it took to raise seven sons, mother always found time each day for lessons, for prayer, and for a quiet hour with each of us.

She made it a rule to keep each of us close to her side until we were seven, and somehow, in spite of that busy household, managed to give us our first schooling herself. Each of us had certain definite chores to do, for we were poor. Each of us, in turn, had to feed the hens and milk the Jersey cow. That was a despised task and I remember that mother would hearten us by saying in her sweet tactful way, "Just take the job for a little while, son, and then you can turn it over to the next younger boy."

That always brought forth a wail from me, for I was the youngest of all, and I would say, "But, mother—what is going to become of me? Am I going to be stuck with that old cow forever?" And she would smile.

But my mother also knew how to administer discipline when it was necessary; and it was often necessary with that family of seven sons. She could be a stern judge in spite of her patience. I remember once when one of us put the cat in the churn and that fact was not discovered until the butter began to "come," as we called it. Mother took her

hands from the bread dough—and lined us boys—all seven of us—up against the wall and held court.

“Did you do that, son?” she demanded, all down the line. The culprit was expected by tradition in our family to confess, then stand aside and take his punishment—and we did. Those boyhood memories have served me in good stead in dealing with men in the Bowery, for even grown men, I find, are still boys at heart. But there has to be not only the tenderness that my mother possessed in dealing with men but there also has to be stern justice and discipline—no coddling.

One reporter who interviewed me called me “a hard-boiled Samaritan.” I liked that nickname. My mother was also what might have been called “a hard-boiled Samaritan.”

She always wanted me to be a preacher, and because of that I used to like to play at being one.

“What shall we play? What shall we play?” was the yell of that gang on a hot afternoon down there on the Mississippi. And play church we did. The other boys might sing or take up the collection, but I would climb up on a box, throw back my head and preach for all I was worth.

I smile to myself now when I think of how far I wandered from my mother’s dream that I was to be a preacher—and what actually happened between that dream and its fulfillment. I smile—and I shrink with shame.

College days flashed by. We all attended Mississippi College. For about twenty years there was always one of our seven St. Johns on the rolls there. But I got pretty far away from the preaching business during my college days and the years that immediately followed. Bad company, rotten living, booze—everything that hurt my mother—was my chosen lot. I hated it, but I had a feeling that something was pushing me into the ministry and I didn’t want to be a preacher.

But my mother never gave me up. In spite of all my bad

life's rotten fruits—and the gossip that drifted back to our village about my way of living—mother always said, "I'll never give Charlie up!"

She would write me letters about my drinking and debauchery—how it hurt her—how she wept all night long over some bad news she had heard about my worthless way of living. She would always end up by saying, "But, Charlie, I'll never give you up! I'll never give you up!"

And I learned more from my mother's patience with me about dealing with men who have slipped than I ever learned from college or books. When I think of how my mother stuck to me I just can't give a man up, no matter how far down he has fallen—and how little manhood seems to be left in him. What a wonderful spirit these mothers of ours have! What a lucky fellow a man is who has a mother who simply will not be whipped in her hopes for his final redemption! As I deal with my boys, I sometimes think that absolutely the strongest moral force on earth is a mother's faith in her son.

I graduated from college in 1915 and drifted around as a sort of Jack-of-all-trades until war was declared. Then I enlisted in the Marines, became an instructor in a Marine camp on Paris Island in South Carolina, and finally got my sailing orders for France dated November 13th; but the Armistice came November 11th.

My old Dutch captain, in answer to my protest that I wanted to go to France, regardless of the Armistice said: "Vell, if you can swim de ocean ve'll let you go; but ef you can't, you'd better stay ad home, I t'ink!"

So I stayed at home, disappointed, aimless, with no goal—and no ambition. I was superintendent of a boarding school for boys in Rankin County, Mississippi, spent two years selling books, worked for Libby, McNeil and Company, sold shoes, was campaign manager for Governor George H. Bilbo of Mississippi—always restless and unhappy, jumping from one thing to another. The war

had thrown me out of a natural routine of life, as it did thousands of American boys, and I didn't seem to be able to find my right corner in life.

But there was something besides the war that upset me. It was that I knew, down deep in my heart, that I ought to become what my mother expected me to become, a preacher. At least I ought to be living a decent life and doing something for humanity rather than drifting about like a ship without a rudder.

That phrase in my mother's letters, "Charlie, I'll never give you up," haunted me night and day. Finally I looked deep into my own soul and discovered for myself that the thing which really was the matter with me was that I was running away from something. I was running away from the decency my mother had taught me, from the ideals of my Christian home, from a feeling that I ought to be about God's business of helping humanity.

I had an uneasy feeling all the time that God was after me and that I could never get away from Him and my mother's expectation for me.

So, in order to drown that feeling, I became what is called a solitary drinker. I would go to a hotel, hire a room, get plenty of whisky and stay drunk for two weeks. I continued that habit for two years, until I lost every job I got and was shot to pieces nervously. I was drinking because I was trying to run away from something.

Once, when I had been on a spree for two weeks, I found myself sitting on the banks of the Mississippi River ready to jump in. I had decided to slip into the water and end my struggle. It seemed, in my debilitated condition, to be the only way out.

A boy happened along, saw my plight, and said to me, "Where are you going, Buddie?"

I replied: "I guess I'm going to hell, the way I feel."

He walked up to me, put his arm around my shoulder and said: "No, you're not! You are coming home with me."

I like your looks. You're too fine a fellow to slip into that river!"

He took me home to his own mother, and kept me for a week. It seems that somebody has always reached out a hand to help me in my extremity. Sometimes it was my mother; sometimes it was somebody else. That's why I'm so much interested, myself, in giving the man who is clear down a lift. If you've been entirely down yourself, somehow you can understand it in the other fellow. You don't hate him nor condemn him; you just feel your arms reaching out to the poor devil and you say to yourself, "I would have gone to hell myself if somebody's love, or somebody's hand had not pulled me back." And your eyes fill up with tears and a lump comes into your throat—and you remember away back to some river bank and you say, "I'll stick to you, Buddy—or know the reason why!"

But this booze business—you never know when you have it licked. Personally, I don't believe you ever do get it entirely licked until you get help from two directions. You have to have help from outside yourself, and you have to have help from inside yourself.

I remember once reading a book called *The Expulsive Power of a New Affection*. The thesis of that book was that one had to get something in his heart to drive out evil—in my case, drink. That was what I would finally have to have, my intuition told me. But how was it to come? I really knew, if I had been honest with myself, that was what I was running away from all the time, but I would not admit it.

In another month I was worse off than I had ever been before, in spite of that strange boy's kindness to me. I met some old friends in a hotel who asked me to have a drink and, before I knew what had happened, I was off on another toot. That time I checked out of a hotel in Memphis, Tennessee, where I was staying and went to a Catholic club. I went to a Catholic club because all my friends

were Protestants—and I figured that they would never be able to find me.

But somebody learned that I was there and phoned my brother. So I didn't escape that way.

One morning I was going out to get more liquor. I started unsteadily for the door of my room, when suddenly my brother appeared in the doorway. I said to him: "What are you doing here?"

He said, "Mother sent me for you, and said to tell you that you were her son and that she would have you back at any cost. I've come to pay your debts and take you home. Mother has been praying for you every day and you can't get away from her prayers. You know it when you're sober. You may not come now, Charlie—but you can't get away from mother!"

I promised my brother that if he would give me a day to sober up, I would come home. He paid my debts and left me five dollars to get home. That was a mistake.

Two hours after he left me I was dead to the world. That was the beginning of another two weeks' debauch. Every drinking man will know why. I do not need to explain, nor to apologize.

I tried—God knows I tried. I figuratively stood like a man in an alley. I planted my feet in the earth and fought. But something irresistible seemed to be pushing me from behind. I fought against it as a man fights in a dream. Call it your will power; call it Fate; call it habit; call it what you will. It had me whipped.

And I knew I was whipped. I was not only whipped, but I was afraid of myself. I had never forgotten that morning by the river, and I was afraid that end would actually happen to me; that some morning I would wake up with the idea of suicide, and there would be nobody there to stop me. I got all jittery with fear. I remember one night in a drunken impulse kneeling down by my bed in a hotel

room and praying this prayer. It was all my befuddled mind could formulate:

“Oh, God, I’m the loneliest man in the world!”

I tried to think of something else, but that was all my bewildered brain could get together in a single thought.

The next morning was Sunday, and I drifted into a church in Chattanooga. A kind-looking woman saw me weeping and looked over in my direction. Then she asked her husband for a pencil, tore a page from a hymnbook, wrote a note on it, called an usher. The usher took that note up to the preacher. Somehow I felt that that woman’s note was connected with me, and I ducked out of the church as fast as I could go.

After lunch that Sunday I took a walk, but, much to my surprise and fright, the same lady and man I had seen in the church were sitting in an automobile in front of my hotel. I ducked back into the lobby the minute I saw them. I knew that they were after me. They had seen me crying during the church service that morning. I went back to my hotel room and hid.

I had the feeling that, through them, God was after me and I was in a corner. I had known, for at least ten years, that I ought to give up business and preach.

From that day on I drank more than ever—if it was possible. I wanted to make myself impossible for God. I wanted Him to get so disgusted with me that He would let me alone. But He finally got me in a corner and I saw that I couldn’t run away from Him any longer. It happened in a strange way.

One day a big whale was washed ashore at Miami, Florida, a town to which I had drifted for no reason whatever. I didn’t know where I was—and I didn’t care much. One city was the same as another when I was drinking. A lecturer there started to give talks on the whale, which was the big news story of the Florida coast that fall. Many people who read this will remember it.

The next Sunday I went to church again. Something always drove me to church after a drunk. I don't know what it was. It may have been my home training; my mother's expectations for me; the old memory of the little boy who used to stand on a box and preach to his six brothers. It may have been fate or chance—or God—I don't know. All of this is beyond me. But I went. Something pulled me there.

I smiled when the preacher announced that he was going to preach about the whale which had washed ashore, linking that modern news story up with the old and much debated story of Jonah and the whale. "Running away from duty," he called it. He said Jonah had done that when he found himself swallowed up and in the belly of a whale. My cynical mind was set against that sermon. I felt that it was a lot of bunk, but I couldn't help admiring his remarkable ingenuity. Before he had gone along very far I began to sober up, the smile left my face and the sneer disappeared from my heart. That man was saying something to me personally.

I, too, had been running away from duty for ten years. He didn't know that his sermon was preached at and for me, but I did.

As I sat in the church, I remembered how my mother had been praying for me night and day for years, and how she had sent word to me through my brother that she would never give me up. I felt like the Prodigal Son (the finest short story ever written). I had been living with swine all right, all right; and the Lord knows—and I knew—that I had been feeding on husks. I had fought long enough against doing my duty. I had been running away as long as I could stand it. It was no use to fight against fate, or God—or a mother's prayers—any longer. It was no use. And when the preacher gave an invitation to accept God I must have surprised the wits out of him the way I jumped. I knocked two men down as I got out of my seat.

I didn't walk to the altar—I ran. And I cried to myself as I tore down that church aisle, to the startled amazement of the audience, “Lord, if you still want me—here I am, with all of my rotten life behind me!”

An old man soon came and knelt beside me at that altar—just as I now often kneel beside them at the Bowery Mission—and said to me, “Boy, what’s your trouble?”

I was desperate and replied, “I’m just lost—that’s my trouble, Mister. I’m just plain lost—that’s all!”

“That’s trouble enough, son, but God will find you. He always does. And, boy, listen to me: when God finds you, you’re found for good; and when God forgives you, He forgets!”

Then the old man asked me to pray for myself and, believe me, I prayed. I was desperate! I said, “God have mercy on my soul! I gotta get out of this hole! Give me a hand, God, give me a hand!”

And He did! When I got up from that altar, something had happened to me. I can’t explain it, and I’m not going to try. An old army phrase may help a little, but it doesn’t tell it all. The captain has a command which every soldier must remember. It is “Right face!” or “Left face!” That means a half turn. But when he shouts “About face! March!” that means turning clear around and starting the other way. His short, sharp “march” had a ring about it which was unmistakable.

Well, that’s what I did that day in a Miami church. It has been “About face. March!” for me from that day to this.

And for the first time in ten years I had a real sense of peace—of absolute peace; a feeling of deep, genuine well-being; a feeling that all was right with the world.

I was ready, in a flash, to give up everything; money, economic security, position—to help other people.

That day a new chapter started for me in the book of my hectic life. I threw my past from me like a dirty coat; just as I have seen thousands of men do down in the

Bowery when I took their old, dirty, stained clothes and gave them new ones—just to give them the feel of something new, of some change which had taken place; even if only a change of clothes. But the change in me was something which had gone on in my soul.

The first person I wanted to tell about my new experience was Mother, and I went home to her. She laughed and cried and baked my favorite cookies. She killed no fatted calf, but those cookies meant the same thing. The next Sunday they asked me to speak in the church. Mother and my brothers were present. I simply told them my story. That was all; but it made me know that I just had to preach! And preach I did. First, in Texas to a congregation of oil men. Then I was called to the Bowery Mission, and here I intend to remain the rest of my life, for I have walked where these men have walked; I know their struggles and temptations. I know their lingo; can talk it and understand it. I like to live here. I don't want to live uptown in a hotel, or in a nice home in the suburbs. I want to walk where they walk. I want to live right down here where they live. I find thousands of men who have had the same experiences that I have gone through. I like it down here because more than sixty thousand men of the two million who have passed through these doors in fifty years, have been reclaimed for themselves, their families and their nation, just as I was.

Take Alex Glass, a typical product of the Bowery Mission. He drifted into this mission more than thirty-five years ago from a life of shame. He was changed the night he drifted in. He had a beautiful voice and for thirty-four years he gave his services to the mission because he was so grateful for what it had done for him.

Then there was Robert E. Hicks. He was a convict, under indictment for a United States mail fraud. He evaded justice for thirteen years. Then one night in the Bowery Mission, he made a confession of his crime. He was sen-

tenced to serve ten months on Blackwell's Island, and later was pardoned by the President at the suggestion of friends and this mission. Hicks was fifty-seven when he left prison, but after his release, he made a fortune as a printer. Later he built Hicks' Tavern at South Whitley, and sponsored the building of the Baptist Church, giving more than \$100,000 to good works.

Frank LaForge, one of the world's greatest singing teachers, whose list of students reads like a "Who's Who of Opera," used to bring down a group of opera singers each year. One night, a magnificent Brunhilde with a golden voice sang, "And When I Think of the Homeland, My Eyes Are Filled with Tears." As her lovely voice filled the chapel, those men, miserable "no goods," as we are apt to call them, bowed their heads in their hands and wept.

That same night, after the singing was over, an old fellow arose and told his story. He said:

"I am seventy-three. My father was a preacher, and I had good training. When I was just a young fellow my father died and I had to support my sister. To earn money I took a job here on this street—the worst thing I could have done, for the surroundings were bad. I used to see the fellows in the bread line here and I thought they were funny. I even sneered at them, for I didn't think they deserved any sympathy. Why didn't they get hold of themselves? They were weaklings. I had the usual high-hat attitude toward them; the usual attitude of the well-fed and the secure. But that was before the hard times hit us, and the day came when I was in that same bread line myself. I was as low and as ragged as any of them. It was the old story—booze.

"I didn't drink until I was married. My wife and I were happy for a time. We had a little girl who was just all the world to me. Then, men, she died. Some of you know what that does to a man. That was a long time ago—but the hurt is still here in my old heart. I took to drinking to help me forget.

“Well, I didn’t forget her, but I did forget how to be a decent man. I drank until I lost my job. Then my story became the same as that of any man who once hits the toboggan slide down into this infernal street.

“My wife left me—she did right. I wasn’t fit for any woman—or for even a decent animal—to live with. I lay on the floors in the back rooms of saloons until they kicked me out. I was cold, ragged, filthy, starving.

“One bitter night I was sleeping in an alley when I was robbed by lush-divers of even the poor things I had, and left almost stripped. They brought me in here—gave me a bath and a good meal, a new suit of clothes, shaved me. The first thing I knew I was in this chapel. They were singing songs I used to hear sung in my home in the good, clean days of old.

“Then the leader—he was an old fellow—got up and sang the song that lady sang tonight. ‘And When I Think of the Homeland, My Eyes Are Filled with Tears.’

“Boys—can any of you keep from weeping when you hear that song? I can’t! It just brought back to me all that I had known and had and lost—all that I used to be. I just broke down—went all to pieces.

“A man got up and asked if we were not tired of living the way we were living. Well, I, for one, was—decidedly so. There wasn’t anything in the world I was so tired of as the way I was living. I knelt down right there, and God came into my heart as I knelt.

“From that day to this, I have never touched a drop of booze. The Labor Bureau here got me a job. I kept it, and, after a while, I got a better one. Every night I attended the services here—and I still do. One night I saw an elderly woman, with glasses, sitting behind me on the platform. She glanced up at me. It was my wife! I held out my hand, afraid to speak to her. She took it, drew me down and kissed me.

“Well, I still have my job, old as I am. We have our

little home. We are happy once more. And if the Bowery Mission can do that for me, it can do it for any man of you—for not one of you is worse off or lower down than I was." That was his story.

Of course, we don't always succeed. We have to admit that, but we do in about twenty-five per cent of the cases. But I never give them up. My mother never gave me up.

Take Charlie Hatfield. I don't know when Charlie first came to the Bowery. He'd been here for years; he was here when I came, and he was in and out of the place a lot before I knew who he was. I may not know now who he was; that may not have been his name at all. I just don't know. He never talked very freely with the boys, and I had to force him to talk to me. He had an armor of reserve which we just couldn't break through, but there was something about him that all of us liked. He was always a gentleman. Even in his rags he walked like a man to the manner born. You knew, when you looked at him, that he hadn't been born a bum. I never knew him to touch a drop of liquor; I never heard him swear or say a single word I'd be ashamed to say to my own mother. He was the picture of courtesy; gentle, quiet-voiced.

That was the trouble I guess; he was too quiet. He was so silent about himself that he worried me.

Time and again, I tried to get Charlie to open up and tell me his story. He just wouldn't. He never told me where he came from; he wouldn't let me know who his folks were or where they were. I'd appeal to him to tell me about his mother, for that gets most of the boys. But not Charlie. His eyes would fill up when I told him how my mother had stuck to me and he'd twist his battered old hat in his hands and say nothing.

I'd beg him to go home. "Charlie, why don't you go back home and get away from all this? Why don't you go home?"

He'd look away from me and mumble, "I can't, Doc! I just can't, that's all!"

When I pushed him too hard, he'd just put on that old hat and walk off down the Bowery like a man who was on his way to hell, and didn't care. He didn't want his folks to know. I never got hold of him—I never got back of his reserve. He was one of those I lost.

One morning word came in that Charlie Hatfield had been killed. I gave him a decent funeral. That was all we could do for him. I could, at least, honor Charlie for the man he might have been. God will lift him where I couldn't get at him. When I get to thinking of Charlie Hatfield, a lump comes into my throat, and I look out of the window through a mist, and I just wonder about it all.

Then in pops another derelict. They always do.

One evening the door burst open, and in came a sullen clod of a kid about twenty years of age. He almost yelled at me, "I'm Jim Laing and I'm from Cheshire, England, and I'm stranded. I need an overcoat—bad. But before you give it to me, let me tell you that I'm an atheist. I hate preachers and churches, and I think you've got a racket here. Do I get an overcoat or don't I?" His eyes were on fire.

"Attaboy!" I said to that kid. I liked his spunk—and his honesty. He said some things I wish he would say in every church in America. I let him talk; I even helped him talk. I even prompted him when he slowed down. That boy was no man's fool. He'd been around; a sailor—Bermuda, Shanghai, Singapore, Sydney, Honolulu, China, Japan, Siberia—everywhere. He had been in jail a lot; had been kicked around from pillar to post; had been one of Warden Lawes' boys; had been fooled, frustrated, cheated, deceived. If there was a God, why hadn't He helped him, reasoned Jim Laing! Why didn't He strike dead those who kept kicking him down? God hadn't helped him a bit. No, Jim didn't believe in God, in men, or in himself. He was

an atheist all right. But I liked that kid. I liked his frankness, his brutal honesty; even his indignation.

I suddenly burst in on his perfect torrent of abuse of the church, and said quietly to him: "Boy, you feel pretty sorry for yourself, don't you?" That was a body blow.

"You blame everybody but yourself, don't you, son, for what's happened to you? You even blame God. Isn't any of it your fault? Why don't you quit crying over yourself, get a new goal in front of you, and go after it? What you need is to quit bawling—and fight! And, tell me this, why is it that you fellows who hate God, always come around to somebody who loves Him for help?"

That was a solar plexus blow. The boy wriggled and squirmed, but he was caught and he knew it. He made a weak effort at changing the subject, but I wouldn't let him get away with that.

I shot him another blow before he had recovered from that first one, and said, "Now listen to me, buddy. You and I aren't far away from each other—not far apart in our ideas. You're not far from decency and God; the door's wide open for you, but you're too sulky to straighten up and walk right in. If you ever get going you've gotta do that for yourself. I can't do it for you! Think it over. If every mission in this nation is a racket, and every minister a scoundrel, you've still got to straighten up and make a man of yourself. That's personal—that's your job. It has nothing to do with the hypocrites or poor Christians who are not Christians at all. Come around to the meeting tonight!"

"No, I won't!" said the kid sullenly.

"O.K., old man. Just as you say. But how about dropping in for a little chat tomorrow morning?"

That was O.K., he said, and I added, "Then I'll give you your overcoat."

He came back. I hadn't coddled him. I got him a job uptown, as hard as jobs were to get at that time. Soon after-

wards I married him to one of the sweetest girls I've ever seen.

It's a great life if you don't weaken—and by that I mean if you hit 'em hard sometimes right in the solar plexus—and wake 'em up.

Not long ago I was making my rounds about two A.M., and found a boy asleep in the alley. His hair was so dirty you couldn't tell what color it was. He had no clothes on—just an old overcoat.

I brought that kid in, gave him a bath, a new suit of clothes, got him on his feet. When I got his confidence he told me his story. He had been a young district attorney. He told me his name—only it turned out to be something else. He told me at first that he lived in New York, only it turned out that he lived in the South. I kept him two weeks, and, gradually, I got the truth. He had been a successful attorney in a Southern state—but had taken to drinking—had got into trouble and skipped. He is back in his home state now, practicing law and reunited with his family.

One day a fellow they called "Jack the Skull Crusher" came in and said to me, "I want you to take charge of me. For twenty-nine years I have spent Christmas in Sing Sing. My name is Otto Schilling. I have never spent a single Christmas out of Sing Sing in all these years. I want to spend one Christmas outside and I'm afraid of myself!"

I called Sing Sing and talked with Warden Lawes. He said, "Oh, have you got Schilling there? Keep him and see what you can do for him."

They called him Jack the Skull Crusher in Sing Sing because it was his job to open the brains for the autopsies. He did that with Judd Gray, Ruth Snyder, Lieutenant Becker, Gyp the Blood; and the convicts gave him his nickname.

He stayed with us a month. I sent him out as the superintendent of an apartment house and got a letter from him

every day for a month, telling me how grateful he was that I had got him the job.

Then I didn't hear from him for another month. One morning I picked up a newspaper, and saw where Jack had left his apartment house job and gone to a minister's house—a man who was a convert of this Mission. He went there to confess his sins.

Naturally the minister felt a brotherly feeling for Jack, and gave him a job as houseman in the parsonage. One morning Jack took the minister's baby's carriage, stole all the clothes in the house and was picked up by the police peddling those clothes on the East Side. He is back in Sing Sing now for life as a habitual criminal—and perhaps that is the best place for Jack. But at least we kept him out of Sing Sing for one Christmas, and that was what he wanted.

The story of a fellow like Fred Woods makes up for all the Jacks who fail us. Fred is a twenty-year-old boy who stole a ride on freight trains from Columbus, Ohio, to New York City, hoping to get a chance to develop his musical talent. He knew he had it in him if he could only get to New York. But somehow, it didn't work out so well, and, instead of the lights of Broadway he found himself on the Bowery, stranded.

One freezing day I found him half dead and said to him, "Brother, why don't you come in out of the cold?"

"That's a good idea," the kid replied.

In a week that kid had a music teacher, and was playing our pipe organ over the radio. We gave him an overcoat, too. But you don't need an overcoat to keep you warm when you have a million listeners to hear you play your own musical compositions on the air.

I turned him over to our organist, Harold Clarke, who said, "Doc, that boy's a musical genius! He not only plays the organ, but he writes his own music."

I get fooled often—but I stick to 'em!

I can never forget that again and again my mother

would say, "All the years Charlie was hurting me with his drinking, I just kept on praying for him and believing in him night and day. All of my seven sons were good boys. Even Charlie was never a bad boy at heart.

"But you know how it is. Any mother has a tender spot in her heart for the weak child. Charlie seemed to need me most, so I prayed hardest and believed hardest in him. I just kept on praying, and waiting—and saying to myself, 'I'll never give Charlie up!'"

That was my mother's faith in me and that's the faith I have in these boys.

MARTHA BERRY

“I WISH’T YOU’D OF COME SOONER”

DR. MARTHA BERRY, FOUNDER OF THE MARTHA BERRY SCHOOLS NEAR ROME, GEORGIA, DEDICATED TO THE EDUCATION OF THE mountain children of the South, ten thousand of whom have been given a chance at education in the schools bearing her name, speaks in this chapter.

In 1920 the University of Georgia awarded her the honorary degree of Doctor of Pedagogy. In 1924 the Georgia legislature bestowed on her the title of Distinguished Citizen of the State. In 1925 President Coolidge presented to her the Roosevelt Medal for Distinguished Social Service. In 1930 Ida M. Tarbell included her in a list of the fifty greatest women of the nation. That same year the University of North Carolina gave her the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

These are but a few of the honors an admiring nation has bestowed upon her for her pioneering work. A daughter of wealth, born of an aristocratic Southern family, educated in a finishing school, she renounced all of this to give her life in devotion to the children of the Georgia hills. Here is her story as she tells it:

Long ago I made a pilgrimage to Poor Man’s Valley overlooking Briar Creek, where I had been told I would find a girl name Lorette who needed to be sent to school and given a chance to grow a mind and a soul. We are always eager to help such children here in our Southern hills; to give them an opportunity to get an education.

That's why we have named the stone gate which leads off the Dixie Highway into our thirty-five-thousand-acre campus "The Gate of Opportunity"; and that's why we call the beautiful hilltop rest cottage which the children built for me, and which looks down into the glorious Georgia valley where our schools nestle amid green fields and orchards our "House o' Dreams."

I talked with Lorette's mother in a little single-room mountain cabin. The unhappy woman told me that, only a few days before I had come, Lorette had tired of plowing fields, washing, scrubbing, cooking, and had run away from home with a boy eighteen years old.

The mother was crying.

"I done it, too. I ran away from home when I was fourteen and had got tired of pickin' berries and doin' washin' for a livin'. Now Lorette's done it—and her children will do it, too."

She told me that Lorette was living with the boy's family in Wild Cat Hollow, so I asked for directions at Idle Post Office, and found my way there.

Lorette, a lovely girl of fourteen, was doing the washing. She had finished cooking the dinner and doing the dishes, the very things she had run away from. Daily she milked the cows. She was doing all the work for her husband and his mother's family; four men and three children. She had never owned a pair of shoes in her life and was slaving away in the hope of being able to buy a pair so she could go to "meetin'," as a married woman should.

I talked with her for a bit, though there was little I could say to cheer the child. As I prepared to leave, Lorette leaned close to me and whispered, "I wish't you'd of come sooner. I wish't it so!"

"I'll have a place for your children at Berry," I tried to comfort her. "Be sure to send them to me in time."

As I drove away I glanced back and saw lovely Lorette, young, slender, and beautiful, leaning against the cabin,

staring after me, her toil-worn hand shading her eyes from the setting sun.

I think this simple story will explain better than anything else why I have been laboring in these mountains for thirty or forty years, trying to give these neglected children their chance. America has passed them by. They are our only pure Anglo-Saxons. They are of patrician origin. They have their code of honor which would make urban populations blush with shame. I have seen literally thousands of children like Lorette. So now in the night I often awaken with a mockingbird singing outside my windows, singing in the magnolia trees, seemingly repeating over and over again the melancholy words, "I wish't you'd of come sooner. I wish't it so!"

One day when I was visiting in the mountains I saw a beautiful child I shall call Laurel to disguise her real identity. I like to call her by that name because she was as beautiful as our long slender mountain laurel—and as delicate in color. She had a long nose and a distinctly patrician face, with slender hands, and skin like porcelain. Indeed, she looked like a bit of fine European porcelain. I asked her mother to send her down to our schools, and she promised to do so; but Laurel did not arrive in the fall.

I later learned that a rumor had spread through the mountains that the first thing we did to children when they came to us, was "to cut 'em open" to see what was inside. That report was due to the fact that in many instances when children came to us they had to have appendix operations. For that reason Laurel's mother would not allow her to come to our schools for fear we would "cut her open." For forty years now, I have had to contend with such tales.

Several months later I ran across this lovely patrician child, who was only sixteen years of age, sitting on top of a load of wood in a wagon. I walked over and asked, "Laurel, what are you doing?"

"I just got hitched up to Tom down at the courthouse, Miss Berry."

"When did that happen, child?"

"Oh, one day, I was milkin' the cows and along come Tom and said to me, 'Your cabin is crowded so let's get hitched up and get us a shack, and live together.' So we done it!"

They say that we have done a lot in these schools; that we ought to be satisfied. They speak of our thirty-five-thousand-acre campus; our college, our high school for both boys and girls, our agriculture and manual training institutes; our ten thousand graduates; our thousand boys and girls who come to us each year; but I always keep thinking of the five thousand boys and girls on our waiting list we are not able to take in, because of a lack of room and finances. I think of the more than a million illiterates in these Southern mountains; and the thousands of beautiful Lorettes and Laurels whom we do not reach. They haunt me and will not let me sleep at night.

One day one of my associates said of me, in a half-bantering way: "Miss Berry is never satisfied with anything that she does or that any of the rest of us do. She is always thinking of something further on."

I suppose that the reason for that might be illustrated by an experience I had once when I was visiting on another occasion in the mountains. On that eventful day I met an old granny, sitting in a corner of a cabin up at Possum Trot. She was as dried and parched as the smoked meat that hung over her head. She sat there, looking into the fire, smoking her pipe, with the air that all was well with the world, and she had not long to stay. There were always blue birds and red birds in the trees outside and sometimes a robin or a lark singing. That was enough.

Once, in the conversation, she disputed with me and I started to leave. Then she broke out excitedly in this

sentence, "Why, whut's the hurry? Whut's the matter with termorrer? It ain't never been teched yet!"

I suppose that's what makes me impatient to do more for these children! "Termorrer ain't never been teched yet." Neither has this mountain children problem been touched yet and life is short. There is so much to do, and that old mockingbird keeps singing in my ears, night and day, "I wish't you'd of come sooner. I wish't it so!"

And that thought sends me back to the end of the last century when my father, Captain Berry, called me in and said, "Martha, I've made my will and you will find you have plenty of money to keep you comfortably. The land across the road is all yours. I've deeded it to you outright. But keep it, Martha, always. It will become very valuable some day."

I suppose that I would have been content with living as other people brought up as I had been, lived—with plenty of Negro servants; a finishing school education; marriage; luxury—if it had not happened that one Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1895 or '96 I was sitting in a little log cabin father had built for me at the foot of the hill below our old family home.

Sherman had left that beautiful colonial home standing when he marched through Georgia to the sea, cutting his swath of destruction. His orders were to burn fields, barns, workhouses, but not homes. Therefore, our home still stands.

But—that Sunday afternoon as I sat quietly reading in my little cabin, I suddenly sensed that somebody was looking in my window, watching me. I looked out and saw a ragged boy about twelve. I invited him in and he came, dragging several other children with him.

I asked them where they had been and what they were doing that Sabbath afternoon. The oldest boy replied: "We done walked ter town. We wuz playin' along the way home to Lavender Mountain."

"What did you do in town?" I asked them.

"Jest looked at the purty windows."

That reply got to my heart, for I knew that these mountaineers all had a deep and an abiding love for the beautiful, inherited from their old Anglo-Saxon ancestors from overseas. There has always been a love for the beautiful in these hill people; and suddenly it occurred to me that if this love for the beautiful were properly directed, it might make them creators of beauty. I knew they dreaded leaving their mountains, even for a short time, because they missed the clouds sweeping through the gaps, the laurel in its season, the crimson cardinals, the honeysuckle hedges, the sunrises and sunsets; the coming of spring and fall with all their glory and color and glow, the shadows of the pines at night; the moon riding in the skies in crescent splendor. All of this flashed through my mind as I talked with these ragged boys.

"Did you ever go to Sunday school?" I asked them.

"Sunday school? No'm. 'Course not. We ain't got no clo'es."

"Would you like to hear some Bible stories?"

"Sure! Is they stories in the Book? Paw has one, but he cain't read at all!"

I told them that there were stories in the Bible, and I would read them some. And thus, without even suspecting what was happening, on that Sabbath afternoon, through a mere chance meeting with a small group of mountain children I started the Martha Berry Schools. That little cabin still stands. Now we have more than a hundred buildings of wood and brick and stone, given us by friends all over America, including the beautiful ones given us by Henry Ford.

"Be there more stories?" asked Alton, when I had finished telling them Bible tales, and had fed them.

"Surely there are. And if you'll come back next Sunday I'll tell them to you."

That was the beginning of the Martha Berry Schools. Every succeeding Sunday they came in throngs, bringing their fathers and mothers; tramped for thirty miles, some of them walking half the night. We soon outgrew the cabin. The response to my simple telling of Sunday stories overwhelmed me. It was like an avalanche of hungry, wistful humanity from the mountains sweeping down on me. Here was an endless group of children, with mute lips but wistful eyes, eager to learn. I rebelled against their fate. They were of sound stock; the best we have in America. They were beautiful in mind and body; their appreciation made me weep.

I soon saw that I must give everything I had to them. I decided to deed all of my personal property over to the idea. I went to Judge Moses Wright, the district judge, and told him that I wanted to make a deed out to my school.

I said, "I want to give all the land father left me. My boys are already working in the fields, and I want it to belong to them. I am going to build a dormitory for them, so they can move in and stay at the school."

"How do you feel, Martha?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm all right. How do I look? I feel perfectly well and I'll be of the same mind tomorrow, Judge."

"Martha, this is a serious matter. Your people have already asked me to use my influence to try to persuade you to stop all this foolishness. Do you realize what you are doing, that you are impoverishing yourself? Do you realize that a charter is final; that you can never take it back?"

"I know all of that," I told him, adding, "but it will be worth it. I'm going to have an industrial and agricultural school for boys where they can learn to put their brains into their hands; and their hands into their work."

That was the beginning. Captain Barnwell, the architect, and I planned the first building after the little log cabin. We chose a site for our dormitory. We planned a tree-shaded driveway up from the Dixie Highway, through

a gate which we meant to call "The Gate of Opportunity." Finally the building was finished.

One morning, when the building was completed, I nearly upset the placid contentment of the place—I was so happy. I decided to ring the bell in our new building myself. I started to yank on its rope. I rang and rang and rang it that morning. Finally old Aunt Martha, a colored woman who has been in the family for her lifetime, came running down the hill across the Dixie Highway and up Possum Trot Road, asking:

"Lawsy, chile, wha' fo' yo a-doin' dat? You got a feveh?"

I looked at that crowd following her from home, back at Aunt Martha and then to my sisters and, half laughing at their surprise, I said: "I was thinking—thinking that this lovely new bell is going to ring out the old devils of ignorance in the Southern highlands. It means the beginning of a new day. Somehow I got so excited as I thought of what a school I intend to build that I just began ringing the bell!"

When the news spread around the mountains that there was a school to which poor boys could come and work their way, they started coming in.

I remember answering a knock at the front door one February night. There stood a very small and very muddy boy with a pig tied to a rope.

"Please, ma'am, I'm Willie Jackson and this is my pig. We'uns is come to school. I done carried the pig heah for my tuition. He's powerful lean now, but he'll pick up tol'able quick."

Later on came another welcome student, and tuition. A boy arrived, driving a team of oxen.

"I've brought my tuition, ma'am," said Emory, waving his hand toward the big, lumbering beasts.

"Why, that's just wonderfull! They'll be such a help about the farm," I said to this eager mountain boy.

"And may I be let to drive them? They're gentle and used to me caring for them."

"By all means," I replied.

These animals were destined to play an important part in our school life, not the least of which was being driven by Theodore Roosevelt when he came to visit us. The boy who brought them for his tuition was later graduated from school, and became a leading professor in a Southern university.

Our schools grew beyond us. We could not keep up with the needs. We were land-poor. Hundreds of boys had to be turned away. It broke my heart and I could everlastingly hear that mockingbird singing in the trees at night, "I wish't you'd of come sooner. I wish't it so!"

My worries about finances spread to the students, who knew how I had spent all my own money. I went for a walk one evening up and down under the trees, and came back into the living room in time to hear the boys saying prayers. Jim was speaking:

"And, dear God, help Miss Berry build the kind of school she wants here where all the poor folks in the hills can come. Lead some rich New Yorker to give her money like it said in the papers they give to other schools. Help us and keep us, and bless those we love here and far away. Amen."

When I heard that prayer from that mountain boy I slipped out and said to myself, "I suppose the boy is right. The only way we'll get help is through the Lord sending Northern money to us. And it's up to me to go North and get it, much as I hate to beg money."

Three days later I was in New York. I took a tiny room on a top floor of a brownstone house and began to write letters. The first reply to my letters brought a ten-dollar check. Then came a letter from a Wall Street financier, asking me to call on him.

When I got there, he said pleasantly, "I don't wish to be

too personal, Miss Berry, but what salary do you get for doing this work?"

"Salary?" I repeated. "For what? I don't get a salary."

"But how are you paid?"

"Oh! You should see the thankful looks I receive from the children and their parents. I'll be paid some day by seeing my boys and girls standing out in life, teaching their brothers and sisters, preaching in country pulpits, developing better farms—changing the old life in the hills for a new and a better one."

He looked at me and his face changed. There was a kindly light in his eyes. Then he said, "You asked for a fifty-dollar check to keep one boy in school for a year. Here is a check." He wrote rapidly, folded it and handed it to me. "Next year you shall have another, but remind me to write it."

I shook his hand and almost cried—I was so happy. I had received only fifty dollars all the preceding week. I was so happy that I went out into the snow with little songs singing in my heart. I had to wait for a streetcar, and opened my purse to get my fare. I unfolded the check in my hand to put it in my bag. I stared, aghast at what I saw. That check was for five hundred dollars. It read: "Pay to Martha Berry Schools, five hundred dollars," signed "R. Fulton Cutting." Then I did weep.

A little later Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave me fifty thousand dollars and Mrs. Russell Sage gave twenty-five thousand dollars. We were on our way to glory and more certain growth and more students and more buildings and more problems, and realization that we "hadn't tetched terrormor" yet.

Since those days we have had innumerable friends who have helped us. Ten thousand people make annual pilgrimages to our schools. The Pilgrim Society of New York, organized by Mrs. John Henry Hammond, last year included the President's mother, and Mrs. Thomas A. Edi-

son. A thousand boys and girls lined the highway for more than a mile, holding candles under the star-studded sky to light the roadway for our distinguished visitors from afar.

Another Roosevelt had come a generation ago. He had promised me he would come, when he gave me an interview in the White House. It rained all day when he was here. I apologized for the rain. His reply was typical of him, "Oh, it's a bully rain."

We drove him in an old ox cart up the Dixie Highway to the schools. He insisted upon driving the oxen himself—that same pair Emory had brought for his tuition. We made a grand tour of the dining hall, kitchen, dairy, bakery, cannery, laundry, workshop. The President called to Governor Pinchot, who had come too, "Pinchot, this is real conservation that Miss Berry is doing in these mountains!"

Later Mr. Roosevelt said to me, "I have seen more incipient Lincolns in this crowd today than I have ever seen before in all my life."

These visitors have heartened us as much as the money gifts of other people. I think that Corra Harris, author of *The Circuit Rider's Wife*, expressed how encouragement makes us all feel when she wrote to me, after a visit to our schools, "It is a comfort to be praised a little, even by those who cannot know the wilderness of mind and hardships through which one has passed to this last place."

Corra Harris was right. It heartens us to be praised a little now and then, and I like to do that for our boys and workers. We have roses all over our campus in the spring-time and we keep them in every room; but we like to spread the roses of appreciation also, and we do. I was amused and grateful when Corra Harris wrote of me:

"Martha Berry is like an old hen scratching for her chicks, breathlessly concerned every moment and delighted at anything she turns up."

It encouraged us all when William Gibbs McAdoo said, "I would rather have founded the Berry Schools than build the Hudson tunnels."

This is the land of the real "Forgotten Man." The man who gave that phrase to President Roosevelt and the world was Walter Hines Page of North Carolina, and when he spoke of the forgotten man, he actually had in mind the Anglo-Saxons in this far South. This class of forgotten people made up the bulk of the South when we started the schools. The march of time scattered them all through these hills and coves until literally hundreds of thousands of them were lost to civilization. Progress and material advancement passed them by. Thirty years ago there was unspeakable poverty and distress among the peoples living in our hills and mountains. But all they needed was a chance, which they never received. So long ago I resolved that insofar as it was in my power, they too, should have their opportunity. They are having it.

Here we have a thirty-five-thousand-acre campus. I'm told it is the largest in the world. Our campus is fifteen miles long and more than ten miles wide in places. There are a hundred buildings now, a thousand students, and more than one hundred and fifty teachers and workers on the staff, more than half of whom are graduates of the school.

In addition to that, we have a thousand of our graduates teaching and preaching back in the hills, carrying the larger life they learned with us, back into the communities from which they originally came. We have a lake a mile long and a half mile wide which supplies our own water system. We do all of our own work. We grow our own grains, vegetables, fruits. We work all summer, canning them. The boys work their tuition out by farming in the summer. They haul the fruit and vegetables, and the girls—who also work their way—can the products for winter use. We have our own stores, beef herd, dairy herd of

Jerseys, and a brick kiln, where the boys make our own bricks for our buildings, which they themselves construct.

The Berry Schools have been an evolution. At first they were built of pine logs and slabs; then of finished lumber; and then of brick and stone and marble, all of which come from our Georgia hills. At the high school the boys have erected their huge stone buildings from native hill stone dragged down from Mount Berry.

Our school shield has four symbols on its surface; the Bible for prayer, the lamp for learning; the plow for labor; the cabin for simplicity. That is what we are trying to teach the boys and girls.

I started this story by telling about Lorette, who said, "I wish't you'd of come sooner! I wish't it so!" I end it with the story of a little mountain girl who did not wait for me to come to her. She came to me. That is the difference that thirty-five years make in the mountains. They have heard of us and flock to the schools, so much so that we have five thousand on our waiting list as I have said.

One evening it was pouring rain. Standing at the gate of one of our buildings was a forlorn little girl who ran up to me, calling, "Miss Berry! Miss Berry!" The child appeared to be about eleven years old. She stood there trembling. The water was oozing from her shoes and pouring off her dress, which was muddy, as if she had fallen in the road.

"Why, little girl, what are you doing here?"

"I done come down from Possum Trot to stay with you'uns. I jes' had ter git out! My stepma don't know nothin', and I don't want ter grow up lak her, so I jes' lit out down the big road."

"But did you tell them? They'll be worried!"

"Oh, no'm. They'll be thankful," the child answered. "Hit ain't goin' to be nothin' 'cept one less to feed!"

I sent word to that child's father that I would keep her

if he were willing. He sent a scribbled message back which said:

"I am sho' glad you are keepin' my little gal. Her and her stepma don't git along too well. Somehow she don't take arter the rest of us nohow, fer she is always hankerin' fer larnin' pow'ful bad."

That little girl reminded me of several other children in desperate need of homes, but too small to be put in with the regular students. The arrival of this waif focused a half-formed plan. I gathered this group of little ones together and put them all in "Faith Cottage," under the care of a nurse and governess. I called it Faith Cottage, because I did not know how I was ever going to raise the money to care for them. Later, several orphan babies were added, and Faith Cottage grew until it had fourteen children. I wondered how I would ever be able to take care of this rapidly increasing group, along with all the others. But somebody came along and helped me through, as they always do each year.

Faith Cottage is still on the campus and it still stands as a symbol of the need of the Martha Berry Schools where still, through all the days of my life, I hear the little Lorettes saying until it haunts me like a mockingbird's song in the night: "I wish't you'd of come sooner. I wish't it so!"

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

SONGS OUT OF SUFFERING

GRACE NOLL CROWELL, LYRIC POET OF DALLAS, TEXAS, RECEIVES A FLOOD OF MAIL DAILY FROM MANY PARTS OF THE world. In a recent month over 1600 letters came to her hands from defeated or depressed people who have found new courage and hope in her poems.

Sales of her poems to American publications aggregate a total of three thousand, and an estimate of her popularity across the water may be gained from her sales in England, now nearly one thousand. Cumulative printings of her ten volumes of poems now amount to sixty-nine.

Demand did that; demand by people who have known fear and loneliness; who have become acquainted with pain and grief, or who find a meaningful expression of and a solution to their own problems in the lines this poet gives to the world.

Grace Noll Crowell has herself known illness and loneliness in strange hospitals; she has known the pain of a torn, nerve-wracked body; she has suffered long and bitterly. And out of that experience of suffering have come her rich, flowing lines that speak to other sufferers with such authenticity of fact and such trueness of emotion.

Shall I let Grace Noll Crowell tell her own story?

I remember, a few years ago, seeing a poster which went straight to my heart and aroused in me deep undertones of sympathy which surged up in me and made me want to walk right out of my hospital room to gather up into my

arms all the lonely, suffering, baffled, and bewildered people in this nation.

It was a poster which some artist had painted for the community drive of a Middle Western city. It showed a crippled boy being carried in the arms of another boy. It looked like a heavy burden for that thin, emaciated lad. But he seemed to have in his deep hollow eyes, which had the trace of hunger in them, a look of joy at the heavy burden that he bore so cheerfully. Beneath that picture were these words: "He's Not Heavy! He's My Brother!"

I cannot forget that picture. It haunts me night and day. In some strange mystical fashion, it seems to me to contain the meaning of life. If we could all learn to help bear the burdens of those who are less fortunate than we; if we all could learn that sympathy for others, especially those who have suffered, would bring back the songs into our own hearts, what a world we could make of this rather dismal place.

Edwin Markham, my friend, once wrote:

Is there a wound, O brother, in your heart?
And would you have the secret grief depart?
Heal first your brother's sorrow, hush his moan,
And you will heal the anguish of your own.

And then it occurred to me one night, as I lay through long, sleepless hours in a hospital, that one cannot know real sympathy until one has known real suffering and sorrow.

The road that leads through suffering is a strange, uncharted way, old as the ages, but ever new and terrifying. Each individual faces it with dismay and, usually, in utter loneliness.

Frustrated and baffled, one is apt to lose his bearings if it were not for the light ahead, and for an Unseen Hand ever guiding toward that light.

I traveled this road with the same fear and misgiving

experienced by countless others. I met my days no more bravely than my fellow travelers.

Often, through long nights of pain and weakness, I have been terribly afraid, and discouragement has been like a black fog in my throat.

I have known the depths of bewilderment and fading hope, but always something held me lest I fail utterly. That something was, in part, the love and encouragement of ones near and dear to me; the voice of some traveler going my way and calling back to me "Come on! You will find the light!" I have found it in the oft-repeated words of my good physician, telling me to wait and all would be well. More often I found it in the glowing words from the inspired source of all human courage: "Wait upon the Lord, be of good courage, and He will strengthen thy heart."

I have waited—and out of that suffering have come strange things. I know what it means to have had the wasted years restored, to have had lost, useless hours put back into my hands filled with eager happy tasks for my doing.

I was born on a big Iowa farm. My father was of Pennsylvania stock, and my mother was a Virginian. It seems an unusual mating to me, for he was a disciplined man, with great reserve in his make-up; and mother had all the warmth and impulse of the South in her veins. But it was a happy union, and there were seven children born of it. I was set down somewhere in the middle of the lot, and a happier, healthier girl it would have been hard to find.

One of the earliest memories I have is of trying to write my first poem when I was eight years of age.

I remember that it was a dark, foreboding November evening, and I stood looking out across my father's corn-fields where the fodder was in the shock—weird shocks, standing quietly like lonely sentinels in a row across the

fields. Beyond the cornfields the clouds were lowering and black, but just along the horizon there was a deep streak of blood-red, which had been left by the setting sun. The corn shocks were rustling in the November wind, and the cows were coming home. The stark beauty of that scene tempted my child heart to write a poem about it, and I did. I recall only two lines. They were:

The night was dark,
And the sun shone red as fire.

I ran eagerly to my mother and sisters and read what I had written. Alas! They laughed! Who could blame them? They simply did not understand a child's great need of sympathy at that crucial moment.

And so that laughter nipped a budding poet, and I never tried to write another line until after I was married. I was a hurt child that day—hurt deeper than even I knew then. But I know now that the reason I cried when they laughed was not because of the laughter, but because of the despair I felt in failing to capture the weird beauty of that November dusk. I have felt like crying a thousand times since, because something has eluded me as successfully as that scene did long ago.

Another memory I have of that far-off Iowa girlhood is of one day when I was set to work polishing some old pewter pots, just to keep me busy and out of mischief.

I rubbed and rubbed that pewter pot and, as I rubbed, I noticed that it shone with a beautiful luster, almost like silver, and I went running to my mother crying out in childlike joy and ecstasy, "Oh, mother, I glittered it! I glittered it!" Then I grabbed up every piece of pewter in that pile of small dishes with a new eagerness, and, as I rubbed, I kept singing to myself, "I'll glitter you, I'll glitter you! I'll make you shine like silver in the sun!" And all my life I have been trying to do that with life's

dark experiences; with life's sorrows and disappointments. I have tried to make them shine like silver in the sun. I have tried to make the commonplace, everyday things of life and home shine with a new glory. And I do not know of any task in life that is more worth while. For if we could all see the glow and the glory of everyday things, we would all be a happier lot.

I have come to know, from looking into my own experience, that basically a normal woman desires the joy of housekeeping in one way or another. That is fundamental with her. She likes to make things shine. That has always been a deep desire of my own heart, and one of the great tragedies of my life has been the fact that, because of my illness, I have not been able to do the things I wanted to do in my own home.

I had a happy girlhood save for that single experience of repression when I tried to read my first poem to my parents and sisters when I was eight years of age. I never tried to write after that until love and romance and a home came to me. That quickened and awakened the desire to write poetry again.

I married a writer. I tell him often that I married him simply because he had words set down in print. That always appealed to me. I loved papers instead of dolls as a child. I would haunt the printing plants of our little town and bring home all the scrap paper I could—my arms full of it. I played with blank paper as my sisters played with their dolls.

Writing to me was one of those sublime things that no ordinary person was supposed to understand. My husband was a dancer, had won a prize—and to me and my parents dancing was anathema—but was he not writing that half-column on a weekly paper? He played baseball, and my practical parents looked upon the game as an inexcusable waste of time. But was he not writing articles for the

sportsmen's magazines? Rumor had it that he went hunting on some Sunday afternoons, and with what care did I keep that from my family! But had he not sold a couple of stories to a real magazine in New York? After a time, I think he could have gone into bank robbing, if he only continued his writing, and I would have seen nothing wrong with him.

It was three years after our marriage that our first son was born, and if ever a girl enjoyed housekeeping, it was I. The old childhood joy in making things shine was still upon me, but even in a more intense form. I wanted every pot and pan to shine like silver in the sun. I wanted my sheets to be white and sweet smelling. I wanted my windows to shine like dew on a May morning; to let the sunlight into my home and into our lives as, I believe, all normal women do. I loved my home and my housekeeping. I was proud of every new article of furniture that entered our door.

Then came the first of a long series of illnesses, and I, who loved housekeeping so much, was deprived of that natural source of joy and happiness. And most of my life, since that first son was born, I have not been able to do the things I wanted to in my own home. So in my own deprivation of this privilege, and through my own eagerness for it, I realized that I would be helping all women similarly deprived of the joy of normal home-making if I expressed it in a little verse.

Indeed that verse was my own prayer for all womankind, a prayer that they might have their universal desire to keep a home fulfilled. It was out of my own loss, my own suffering of spirit at not being able to do my own housework, that this poem came one lonely day, and as I wrote it I hoped that it would go out into the world to help other hearts which were hurt in this same way. I called that poem "A Prayer for Womankind."

God give each true, good woman
Her own small house to keep—
No heart should ache with longing,
No hurt should go too deep—
Grant her age-old desire,
A house to love and keep.

Give her a man beside her,
A kind man, and a true,
And let them work together,
And love—a lifetime through;
And let her mother children
As gentle women do.

Give her a shelf for dishes,
And a shining box for bread,
A white cloth for her table,
And a white spread for her bed,
A shaded lamp at nightfall,
And a row of books much read.

God give her work with laughter,
And let her rest with sleep—
No life can truly offer
A peace more sure and deep—
God give each true, good woman
Her own small house to keep.

When my first son was born, a great tragedy fell upon me. I was injured, and my health failed. I have spent long, weary, trying months in hospitals in every town in which we have lived; three months in the Masonic Hospital at Northfield, Minnesota, four months in St. Joseph's Hospital at Sioux City, Iowa, and a month in the Medical Arts Hospital in Dallas, Texas. It seemed to me, at times, that all the suffering in the world had been heaped upon my poor back and that I, who so longed to run and play, to tramp the woods, to laugh and sing and shout, would

never be able to lift my body again from those hospital beds to take my place, as a normal woman, in the natural walks of life. And I did so want to do everything that any other woman and mother and housekeeper could do.

Sometimes it seemed to me that I could never stand another long night of sleeplessness in a hospital. I used to lie awake at nights and think of Robert Louis Stevenson. I remembered a story about him when he was a boy, and was ill so that he could not lie down to sleep for fear he would suffocate with asthma. His old Scotch nurse used to carry him to the window, and they would look out into the dark nights at other windows where there were lights still shining, and imagine that in those homes there were other little boys who were also too ill to sleep. And in that feeling of the universality of suffering he got a sense of comfort, as did I.

I remembered also that Robert Louis Stevenson was ill all his life; that he went to California because of ill-health, and finally voyaged to the South Sea Islands, where he died. But, during all those days of suffering and illness, that truly great poet poured himself out in beautiful prose and poetry which, during all the years, has been a source of comfort and joy to little children and to adults. The thing that made Stevenson great was his deep and undying sympathy because he had suffered.

As I lay in my bed through long, sleepless nights I thought also of Henley, the English poet, who had to undergo more than one hundred operations for tuberculosis of the skin, and yet who, in spite of his suffering, gave to the world that poem of invincible courage beginning with the lines:

Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

I knew that some good must come out of so much loneliness and suffering, if I could only find the way through my darkness to the light of that good.

It was out of such painful experiences that I wrote a little poem which I called "A Prayer for Courage," and as I wrote it I thought of all the hurt hearts who needed courage as I needed it, whom that poem might reach and help, as they lay in hospital beds across the land.

God make me brave for life,
Oh, braver than this!
Let me straighten after pain
As a tree straightens after rain,
Shining and lovely again.

God make me brave for life,
Much braver than this!
As the blown grass lifts, let me rise
From sorrow with quiet eyes,
Knowing Thy way is wise.

God make me brave—Life brings
Such blinding things,
Help me to keep my sight,
Help me to see aright
That out of the dark comes light.

As soon as that little poem, which was born of my suffering, went out into the world, the letters began to come back to me from fellow sufferers who had seen my spark in the dark.

My dear Mrs. Crowell:

Here in this great hospital where I am living in much pain, and for an indefinite time, I sleep with your brave little poem under my pillow, and read it over and over in the long night watches. I have passed it on to other patients here, and it has helped so many to see light instead of darkness. God let you keep on singing your inspiring songs for the sad and suffering.

And this one came, crudely written in pencil, from the wife of a soldier.

He is one of the brave fellows who went out to that awful war and came back with his left arm gone, and also his health. But he went steadily on until three months ago when the break came. I am heartbroken at the doctor's verdict. We have had such a lovely, loving time together, have a darling little girl from whom we have had to part. That, also, has nearly broken us. He was so proud of her.

But this is what I want to say. That poem of yours seemed to put new courage into my very soul, and he said to write you and ask where we can get a whole volume of them for our very own. I have never written to any one like this before, but when we found ourselves in trouble like this, he said that you would understand.

These responses made me feel that, after all, I might have a real mission in life, even if I could not get about as other people could; lecturers, social workers, all who devoted their lives to the service of others, which I so much wanted to do. Perhaps I might find in my own experiences something that would help others in similar plights.

To think that I, a nerve-wracked, pain-ridden mother, who found caring for a little child a task almost too much for her daily strength, whose hours were being spent in bed or on a couch, could do a thing like that, was almost unthinkable.

The thought kept coming to me, "I would like to write poetry—poetry that will help others who are suffering as I am."

My English education had been almost negligible; I had never pictured myself as a serious writer. And yet I found myself praying to God, like the boy in *Merton of the Movies*, to make a me a poet, a real poet—one of the best, and promising to honor Him in whatever I wrote if only He gave me words to say.

It is not strange, therefore, that I consider my writings

as something of a trust to which I must be faithful. My conception of a poet may best be given in the lines of my poem:

THE POET

Out of the highest agonies of pain;
Out of the holiest sorrows he must come;
From passion unto passion he must gain
The heights beyond the heights—and standing dumb
Within the awful silence of the past,
Burst into song—so winged with flame—so free—
That every tired heart will say, “At last
Some one has found my voice—and sings for me.”

In addition to the many hospital experiences ever since my first son's birth which brought on the illness, I have been forced to lie on a couch off and on for a good many years. I am still far from strong, but it is a mistake to say that I am crippled. Word went out once that I had a spinal injury, and many people have the impression that I am a helpless invalid. I am not. I often have to live quietly. Restrained activity is no hardship to me when it can be compared with the long weeks I have had to spend, helpless, on my sick bed.

To most people, perhaps, having to stay indoors for half a year or more would be affliction enough. But to me such a régime is a comparative blessing.

Sometimes I wonder to myself, if I had never been ill would I ever have written a single poem? I feel sure that I would not have done so, for it was out of the experience of my illness and out of the understanding that came to me, and out of the sympathy that swept over me for all the sufferers in the world that my poems have come. And, in the light of the years, perhaps the long suffering has not been in vain. Letters from all over the world—an unbelievable number—have told me that my work has helped hearts, and I am so glad!

Had I not suffered myself, I should never have had a word for other sufferers. It is strange that it is not suffering of the body, alone, that my poems seem to reach and help. But there are so many troubled and perplexed hearts, and the fact that they tell me I have helped make the road easier and brighter for them, makes me know that the Lord has answered the prayer I prayed years ago that I might comfort others with the "comfort wherewith I had been comforted."

Through the long period of enforced rest, words have come to me, both written and spoken, that have cheered and helped me along the way, yet that was what I longed to do for others. God answered my prayer that I might be able to write, and I am thankful to Him.

I bought a small tablecloth with the first money I received for a poem. I don't believe I spent the entire five dollars on that cloth—it wouldn't have fitted my sense of economy, had I done so. But I always called the cloth—in my own mind—by the name of my first poem. It was "The Marshland," and the Outing Publishing Company bought it, and nearly killed me with surprise and joy.

The day that little blue envelope came in I trembled with excitement as I opened it. A little "oh" leaped from my lips—and I cried a little—when that five dollars fell out of the envelope. My husband was as happy as I was, and tried to hide his tears, as is his way, under a bluster of teasing.

Most of the things in my humble home have been bought with the money from my poems, and I have called them all by the names of the poems. Indeed, we have a house full of poems turned into rugs, chairs, tables, curtains, wall-paper, and books—and we love it.

We have three sons; all fine, good young men. I never have locked the door against the family. I have written poems with two babies in my arms at once, the pad between them. But never have I felt I dared shut myself away to

write. I think the fire would have burned out, had I done so, for the heart of everything, to me, has been the home.

Sorrow and suffering are universal experiences, and it is out of suffering that I have written just my own experiences, reactions and hopes, and they seem to have found a response in other hearts. I have tried to find the silver lining to every dark cloud, both for myself and for all who have suffered, and because of that I receive every day such letters as this one:

Dear Mrs. Crowell:

Let me thank you for the happiness your poems have brought me. Through them I have come to see romance and poetry in putting shining dishes on a clean shelf. I have found delight in stretching fragrant sun-pure sheets on a bed. The making of light rolls is more than the preparation of food. It is an adventure. For this beautiful thing you have done for me, you have all my life's gratitude!

I am just silly and sentimental enough to weep over such letters as that one.

Perhaps an experience I had one Christmas will describe better than anything the combination of paternal thriftiness and maternal, Southern romanticism that are united in my make-up. That Christmas a Southern radio executive called at my home and asked me this question:

"If you could have just one wish granted for Christmas, for what would you ask?"

I smiled back at him and parried: "Spiritual or material wish?"

"Well, we'll say spiritual," he replied.

Then I think I unconsciously or intuitively summed up the entire philosophy of my life when I said to him, "Peace! Peace for my mind and body. Peace of mind and body for troubled people everywhere; for all people who have lonely, hurt hearts. Peace for the world—our poor, tired, hurt old world."

“And now,” said this radio friend, “suppose you ask for something material.”

And I answered with a laugh, without a moment's hesitation—for like every woman in a home I had been thinking about that matter for a long, long time—“A new rug for my back bedroom. This one is worn to the nap.” I said that because I get great joy out of new things for my home.

All my life I've never been rich. I have walked with the lowly people, and I love it. A little recognition has come to me, and for that I have been most grateful. Poetry is not in itself a gold mine financially, and it has cost a lot of money to raise and educate three boys.

However, I never find myself envying those who have everything they want for themselves and their homes. For if one had everything, one would lose the great and glorious adventure of getting things, one by one, through sacrifice, economy and toil.

The rich never know what fun it is to save for a year just to be able to get a new chair or a new rug. They never know how much of an adventure in living it is to scrimp and hoard to purchase a new dining-room table. For they can go into a store, and just order anything and everything they want. Therefore, nothing means much to them. To me the achievement of a new clock on the wall has often been like discovering a new continent or scaling Mount Everest.

It was because I had often known that joy that I once wrote a little poem expressing this universal experience of the poor.

Sometimes I am glad I am not rich—
Is it a singular thing to say?
If I were, I should have missed
The beautiful joy that was mine today
Simply because one scarlet bloom
Came to brighten my little room.

And it is strange, but when I am tired,
A flowered plate, or a quaint gay cup,
Or a new pan placed on my kitchen shelf
Can magically lift my spirit up:
Something for a quarter—or a dollar—or a dime,
That I have waited for a long, long time.

The reason I wrote those verses was because I realized that most human beings, like myself, were poor. That seems to be the universal lot of life. The few are rich, the many are poor.

And one thing I know, and that is, that we can never look upon our land as a truly civilized land until we abolish conditions which make it possible for too cruel poverty to exist side by side with too cruel riches. I knew that many, many mothers and fathers have suffered in their hearts because they could not give their children all the things, education, clothes, travel and comforts, which they saw other children having. I knew that it is almost universal to envy those who are able to go right out and purchase everything they want for themselves, their children and their homes, without ever giving a thought to the cost. I wanted to tell them that there were actually compensations even in poverty. And so that poem came to me.

Without exception, I believe that every poem of mine which has brought human responses in more than ordinary degree, has come from some deep experience, some especially stormy session of pain, or some peculiarly clear view into the heroic fiber of some friend's or some acquaintance's spirit. The thought may lie a long time in my heart before I can make it a vital thing. But once lodged, it clings there like some lingering guest until it is written.

My poem, "I Think That God Is Proud," which has gone into many a hospital ward, and been carried in card form by many needing cheer and comfort, and has helped many a hurt heart, came to me through visioning the crystal courage of a dear friend whose husband was sud-

denly taken by death. He had been her world, so much so that I feared for her. But she came to me, her brave, shining eyes reflecting her inner strength of soul. She spoke of her loss, but smiled through her tears. She had the priceless gift of courage, and the poem I wrote from that meeting I shall always think of as her poem.

I think that God is proud of those that bear
A sorrow bravely—proud indeed of them
Who walk straight through the dark to find Him there,
And kneel in faith to touch His garment's hem.
Oh, proud of them who lift their heads to shake
Away the tears from eyes that have grown dim;
Who tighten quivering lips and turn to take
The only road they know that leads to Him.

How proud He must be of them—He who knows
All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear!
I think He sees them coming, and He goes
With outstretched arms and hands to meet them there,
And with a look, a touch on hand or head,
Each finds his hurt heart strangely comforted.

To sing for others; that has been my glad mission and I treasure it deeply. I think that I must have in my heart the same impulses that were in the hearts of women like Jane Addams of Hull House, or Martha Berry of the Berry Schools in my neighboring state of Georgia; the same desire to help others which is in the hearts of all social workers. Only, because of my health, I could not go out and work with people. I had to do my work in my own home, and it had to be work that I could do, most of the time, lying in bed or sitting in a chair. Those other women have felt the joy of activity, working with their hurt human beings, and seeing them face to face, of watching them develop and grow in grace. I have had to depend upon the letters which have come to me through the mails, and upon an occasional visit from some of the people I have been able

to help. But I have found that my own reactions and my own hopes have merged with those of other hearts. If I find a silver lining in the clouds of suffering or disaster through the slight medium of a little poem, other eyes may see it also. And the thousands of letters which come to me testify to that fact.

I need not say that I treasure these letters. Indeed, I not only treasure them, but I lean upon them to bolster up my own all too frequent need for strength.

They inspire me to continue writing. They challenge me to keep up my own courage. I consider these letters my greatest reward. The dollars that my poem, "Vision," brought me fade into insignificance when I think of the amazing gladness it gave me through the remarkable letter I received from a dear girl in my native state, Iowa. What a treasure it is!

Dear Mrs. Crowell:

For over fifteen months I have been going to write you, but I hesitated because I was afraid my letter would not be able to reveal to you just what an important part your poetry has played in my life.

I have been afraid I would not be able to make you realize how your lovely "Vision" inspired me to unknown heights during my darkest hours when the best doctors in the United States declared my case hopeless. I saw a vision then, which is becoming a reality with me today.

In an accident my back was broken and the spinal cord severely injured, paralyzing me from the armpits down. I was very near death. Among the letters that came was one enclosing your poem, "Vision." I shall never forget the moment when Mr. K. stood by my bed and read it to me; because as he read the words of that poem I saw a new light. I was given such strength and faith, and a hope has carried me through more than fifteen months of suffering. I truly feel that God meant me to have this wonderful strength and courage given me through your poem. And what is so wonderful to me is that

those "joys beyond believing" are fast becoming mine again, because I know I am improving, and know that some day I shall walk again. Thank God for such a woman as you, Mrs. Crowell, with your wonderful sympathy and understanding.

Simple indeed, is "Vision" to which she refers:

If we could see beyond a present sorrow,
Beyond a present grief, as God can see,
We would be braver, knowing some tomorrow
Will still hold happiness for you and me.

We are so blinded by a moment's grieving,
So hurt by any sorrow, any pain,
That we forget the joys, beyond believing,
The peace that some day will be ours again.

Without that tedious apprenticeship of suffering, I should never have known the joy of the countless friendships my poems have made for me. From faraway Siam, India, along the Congo in Africa, from cold Korea and poverty-ridden China, the letters come to my door with their messages that touch my heart.

What is the secret of all this? I cannot ascribe it to my suffering alone, though that was the primary cause. Nor to ability as a writer, for I have none. I do not think opportunity had much to do with it, for I had far too many rejection slips to convince me I was a favorite of the fates.

But there is a promise in the Bible about those who prove the Lord being blessed thereby. I put aside one-tenth of what I receive, for my church and other deserving needs. Win or lose, I would do it anyway, but I have not lost. I think that that promise was more than mere writing—it is real.

Yes, I have found joy in writing my poems. I called one poem "I Have Found Such Joy." But it did not tell of the joy I find in making new friends in faraway, strange places,

of receiving this flood of letters with touching stories of lives, of the joy that goes with autographing my books for my old and new friends, or of sending a word of cheer where it seems desperately needed. To help hurt hearts is a joy indeed, and there is no greater surcease for easing one's own sorrows than sympathy for others.

HILDA IVES

A WINDOW ON THE MOUNTAIN

HILDA IVES, WHO TELLS HER DRAMATIC AND HELPFUL STORY HERE, IS A REMARKABLE WOMAN. AS A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN she swam the channel at Portland, Maine, against a terrific tide. And after she became a grandmother, Mrs. Ives quietly plunged into the same channel and made the same grueling swim. Then she carried out a lifelong ambition to swim the Bosphorus from Europe to Asia, while on the way to a world conference of religious workers, in Madras, India, where she represented the women of the Christian Churches of the United States. But swimming records, either as a seventeen-year-old girl or as a grandmother, would not give Hilda Ives a right to tell her story in this book. She has other records which no woman in this nation has ever matched.

Mrs. Hilda Libby Ives is an ordained minister in the Congregational Church. She is one of the organizers of the New England Town and Country Church Commission, and has been its president and executive secretary. She has served as rural secretary for the Maine State Congregational Society, and for the Massachusetts Federation of Churches. For three years she has been a member of the Staff of the Rockefeller Foundation Interseminary Commission for Training for the Rural Ministry and has taught rural ministers regularly at the Andover Newton Theological School.

The chief interest of Mrs. Ives is the rural church, and her efforts to promote church federation, larger parishes

and a united rural church have brought her into international prominence.

Her son graduated from Union Theological Seminary and Mrs. Ives had the unique distinction of ordaining him as a minister in the Congregational Church. This is her story, as she told it to me:

Did you ever see a country fire? One of those fires which burns house and barn and every building on the premises down to the ground?

Well, if you haven't, you are fortunate. One night in 1925 when I was pastor of a little white church in the edge of the White Mountains in northwestern Maine, just across the New Hampshire line, a farmhouse caught fire and burned to the ground. Nothing was left but a few household goods. It was a pitiful sight. I shall never forget the smoking ashes in the cellar hole, the charred remnants of a farmhouse, and neighbors standing around unable to do anything except furnish temporary shelter for the family.

And I stood with them, at a loss to know what to do. In desperation I went to the old couple, sixty-five years old, and told them in a moment of sympathetic impulse that I was going to rebuild their house, barn, woodshed and out-buildings. They were dumbfounded, for the poverty of rural people in the hills of New England permits of little beyond sympathy for burned-out neighbors.

"Where will you get the money? Why, it will cost five thousand dollars. There isn't that much money hereabouts. And why should you go to all that trouble? Aren't you just the minister here?" the old couple asked.

But I had not yet discovered that some things are impossible, so I just went out and got the money together. I called on my friends, and everyone who would listen to the story, and finally got the necessary five thousand dollars. The house and barn were soon rebuilt and about ready to turn over to the old couple when I had another

idea. I never had a better one: to put a little something extra in the house, a touch of luxury which the original house did not have.

So I went to the old lady, and said, "We have a little money left over, for the buildings did not cost quite so much as we had estimated, and I came to ask you if there isn't something extra, something you did not have in the old house, that you would like to have in the new one?"

The old lady replied more quickly than I had expected. "Yes, there is. There is something I always wanted in the old house. You see, Mrs. Ives, I have spent most of my days in the kitchen. We have had a lot of hired help at harvest time and I have had to work day after day at the sink, washing dishes. All the time I have known as I stood looking at the bare kitchen wall in front of me that that wall separated me from a wonderful view of the White Mountains. Could you put a window in my kitchen over the sink so I could see the mountains?"

So we put the window over the sink with a grand view of the mountains, and the old lady worked away for years lifting her eyes unto the hills. I visited her some summers later. Her husband had died in the interim and the window had become something of a shrine.

She said to me, "I keep my window clean and never put anything on the window sill to clutter it up. I can see farther now since my husband has gone, and I know that somewhere out there beyond the mountains he is waiting for me."

Just a window toward the mountains, but it's a symbol to me of what the minister, or anybody else, should do for people. We should widen their outlook and put a window on the mountain over their sinks, workbenches or counters.

How did I, a woman, ever get up there in that mountain parish? How did I ever become a minister in the Congregational Church? I have often asked myself the same ques-

tion. You will probably know the answer when you know my story.

My father was a lawyer in Portland, Maine, and once president of the American Bar Association. In my mother's family there were two colonial governors. Mother is over ninety years old. But father is dead. I have raised five children. Now, in addition to mother and my five children, I have seven grandchildren. My husband died in 1916. When I think of my life before and after that night, late in the fall of 1916 when my husband died, I realize how baffling and unpredictable life is.

I married Howard Ives when my mother thought I was still a girl. We had grown up together in Portland, and when he was graduated from Harvard Law School and settled down in Portland to practice law, we were married. No couple could have been happier.

We both had been brought up according to the accepted Maine traditions. The church was taken for granted, and we were listed as members. I was a Unitarian and my husband was an Episcopalian. We were busy getting our family raised. He was starting in the legal profession, and we took little active part in church work. But one day we decided because of our children to work in some church. So we began to attend the State Street Congregational Church.

Just about the time we had got settled in this church, Howard died. Just before he died, the preacher came to call. I was bitter and unwilling at first to see him. I had had very few hours sleep during the previous six days, and I knew the crisis of the disease had arrived. He waited two hours to see me, and finally my mother told me that I must see him, if only for a moment. I did, and am sure that those few minutes which I spent with him marked the turning point in my life. Had I refused to see him then, I should never have had the face to talk with him later. He spoke to me very naturally, and told me if there was anything

he could do for me in my hour of anxiety, he should be glad to do it. Howard died later that night.

Our minister kept in touch with us, and came out from Portland to the house on the shore where we lived at the time and tried to comfort me in my terrible grief. I told him it was no use for him to talk to me or waste any time on me.

I said, "I'm a pagan! I have no belief in God, Christ, prayer or religion. All I have to say is that all my life I have had love. First, in my parents' home from them; later in my own home with my husband. I cannot believe that death is the answer to love! That much I believe!" Then I simply gave up trying to believe or even to listen to any words of comfort.

I shall never forget what this trained, skilled and thoroughly Christian minister said to me on that friendly visit, and in the face of my cynicism. He said gently, "You are in no condition to talk now. All I want to say to you is that you are right. Death is not the answer to love. That is the basis of Christian faith. I will come back later."

And he did come back, only to find that he had a hard customer. Jesus Christ meant nothing to me beyond a good influence in the life of the world.

I told the minister this, and more. He heard me patiently, and finally said to me, "Mrs. Ives, you do not know your New Testament. Have you ever read it? If you have ever read it, you surely got nothing from it that is valid. Read it! And as you read, bear in mind these points: Jesus Christ made certain claims and was reported to have done certain things which other men could not do. He was one of three things: He might have been insane. You and I know a great many people in insane asylums who claim to be Napoleon, Caesar, or Washington. Jesus might have been an insane person, claiming to be the Son of God. He might have been a knave; just a cunning impostor who had some power over people and who went about claiming

to be all-powerful. Or he might have been what he claimed to be—the Son of God and thereby possessed of divine powers.

“Now, Mrs. Ives, I want you to read your New Testament and come back to me in a few days and tell me what you think Jesus Christ was—fool, knave, or Son of God!”

I promised him that I would at once read my New Testament. I began reading that very evening of the day he had challenged me to get some firsthand information about Jesus Christ. It was about seven o'clock when I began to read one of the four Gospels, and I read all night. I put down the ideas that pointed to one or another of the three things Jesus might have been. I listed his claims for divinity and the verses which tended to prove or disprove the claims made by him and his followers, as well as those of his opponents.

By morning I realized that I had nothing to support my ill-founded opinions about Jesus. I went to the minister and frankly acknowledged my feeling that I did believe that Jesus was all he claimed to be—the Son of God.

“If that is your belief, then begin to act upon it!” he said to me.

And I did begin to act upon this belief, one wholly contrary to my theological background. I prayed for help in my grief and distress. But there still remained that sense of helplessness and sorrow over the death of my husband. I suffered terribly. Every day I went about the house, taking care of the children in a perfunctory sort of way until evening. I would prepare the dinner, and subconsciously wait for my husband's return. It was always worse in the evening. Then, when the evening work was done, I would go out and walk, walk, walk, sometimes all night. The night came to mean much to me. It seemed to cover up my grief and protect me from all the intrusions of friends and neighbors who came to see me in the daytime. That's

why I have such a sense of security now when out late at night. I love the darkness.

One evening I left the house after the children had been put to bed, and went out into the night. I grew tired about ten o'clock, and made the mistake of boarding a streetcar, to go home. It was crowded with old friends, whom my husband and I had always known. They crowded around me and talked as if nothing had happened. Of course, nothing had happened to them. It had all happened to me. I got off the car and walked home feeling wretched. After closing the door, I threw myself on the floor and cried and tossed, and felt as if everything worth living for had completely gone from my life. In my despair I prayed that I might be saved from myself and from the black despair that had closed in on me.

Something happened to me right then and there which I have never forgotten. I seemed actually to have been taken hold of by strong arms, and lifted up. I felt new strength actually pouring into my body. I got up and prepared for bed and slept as I had not slept since my husband had died, months before. It was like a religious conversion—an on-the-road-to-Damascus experience.

The next day I went about my work as usual, but with none of the old feeling of helplessness and grief. I went to my minister, and asked for work to do in the church. I called on the social service agencies of Portland, and went to work with people who were giving themselves to the unfortunate and sick and distressed of my city.

For half a dozen years I continued this social service work, gaining a training which has made possible my work as a minister.

How did I come to be in Albany, Maine, my first parish, back in 1923?

Well, one day I was walking along a street in Portland, when I met a man who was in charge of the state mission work of my denomination.

I said to him, "Is there any place in this state where people actually want a preacher? Is there some forlorn community, somewhere, which will not be served by any one unless I go to them?"

He replied, "Why, Hilda, you are doing a good work here in Portland helping all these agencies and societies which look to you for help."

"Yes, I know that, but what about people who have no one to whom to look for help? Anyone can find a church to attend here, and the social agencies are well organized and efficient. I want to go somewhere beyond all this, where I can really meet a need which no one else is meeting."

That put it right up to my friend, who said he would soon have something for me, if I really wanted to do something in a church in a neglected place. He came back in a few days with a proposition for me to consider. It was the pastorate of a church on an island off the Maine coast. I went out and looked it over, and found it was just the situation I wanted. But there was no doctor on the island and I had to have a doctor within at least a day's journey for my children. They were always getting hurt, falling out of trees, breaking an arm or leg, and contracting all sorts of ailments. That ruled out the isolated island, with no doctor.

Pretty soon the state missionary superintendent came back to me with another church for me to cut my teeth on. This time it was up in the foothills of the White Mountains, in the isolated mountain town of Albany, Maine, with a church which was open only a few weeks in the summer. When I arrived as the pastor, a deacon said to me in disgust, "Every time we get a preacher up here he is worse than the one we had before. Now we get a woman!"

With that questionable, not to say unfriendly, male greeting, I began to preach and serve as the minister. The old deacon bet a neighbor five dollars that I should never

get twenty-five people out to hear me at church. The wager was made in good faith, the old deacon thought. But that ungodly neighbor, who never went to church himself, was a born gambler, and so went out to win and spent much time telling the folks what a good preacher I was. Soon we had the twenty-five people out to church and the deacon lost.

“ ’Twarn’t right! That old sinner went around askin’ folks to attend meetin’ fer no good purpose, ’cept to beat me outen five dollars,” the deacon later confided to me, the innocent benefactor of this gambling project.

That was my first parish. I have never served any but similar back-road country parishes. In one way or another I have been at work in this rural church field ever since that time. I cannot get these good rural folk out of mind and heart. I have known their distresses and shared their humble fare on many a day and night. My experience in city social work helped me. I have been able to put them in touch with help, and bring them a little more of the good life.

But what I found as a source of help that night when I read the New Testament, and that other night when I prayed for help, is what I have tried to take to people. And in my journey to India, from which I am not long returned, I found rural people everywhere in need of just the things my Maine farmers need.

Perhaps I can best illustrate what I think about rural life and its needs by an experience I had in Albany after my first trying Sunday as a pastor. I preached my first sermon to a few rural people, including the deacon who despaired of getting a better minister. I had to play the old organ myself and pump it with my feet, the first time I had ever performed on an organ publicly in my life. I led the singing and also the prayer. After the service I drove off down the mountain road and turned into a wooded lane. I stopped my car and sat there thinking about my

feeble efforts of the morning, utterly discouraged. Brown leaves covered the dry ground. I got out and stretched myself full length on the leaves, fell asleep and awakened clutching a handful. I looked at the ground beneath the leaves and there were the fresh green vines of the beautiful trailing arbutus. Life was under the dead leaves waiting to be stirred by a hand of helpfulness. That's my feeling about the folk in the hills and along the back roads of the rural world.

From that day on, nothing mattered to me but loyalty to my Master and serving human beings. Yes, life was under the dead leaves of all human exteriors, no matter how crude or how black they were with what most people call sin, but which I call human mistakes. Life was under there, waiting to be quickened and awakened and God-guided as I had been on that unforgettable day, waiting to have windows put into their lives; windows which look out upon wider horizons, higher peaks and eternal reaches. That was my business, and I went out to it with a glow in my soul and a song singing in my heart.

There is no bigger business in life than to serve the underprivileged. And by underprivileged I do not necessarily mean poor people, for some of the most influential friends I have ever had, and who needed friendship and help from a loving heart, were rich people.

I remember one family especially, one of whom was a drunkard. A beautiful and intelligent girl had fallen in love with this man, but had told him that she could never marry him until he had conquered the drink habit. However, she did not desert him with that ultimatum as most women do. She stuck by him and took a part in helping him to reform. I watched that woman through several years, watched her battle for her love, watched her risk her reputation for her love. She used to go up to his cabin on a Maine lake and care for him until he became sober. Naturally, all of her friends dropped her, and she was

socially ostracized, in spite of her money and his. I knew that the woman was a thousand times better than those who criticized her.

Finally, after watching that brave woman's battle for years I decided to go to see her and to share her struggle. I got into my car and drove out to the cabin.

I went in and told her what I intended to do. She was appalled, for she knew and liked me.

She said, "Why, Hilda, you mustn't do that! My friends have all dropped me because of what I am doing, and they will drop you also!"

I replied, "What are you talking about, woman? You need help and a friend, and I don't care what people say about me!"

Finally the man reformed, became the finest possible type of citizen, and made enough money to build a home. They built it there on the very spot where that cabin in which they had struggled together had stood. They could have built their home anywhere, but they preferred to build it on the scene of their long battle and their great victory. Now they have a comfortable house, with a beautiful garden on a little lake. I have enjoyed many a happy, restful day in that home since.

You can't tell me that men and women working together, if they have love to help them, cannot win a victory like that every time. Under that man's broken life a woman saw the possibilities of arbutus blossoms of love, loyalty and character. And she won her battle and found them at long last.

Such experiences as that give you new hope for humanity if you have faith to believe that nothing is impossible in human regeneration worked out through love, and faith! Worked out by putting new windows into life.

Talking about faith, it plays a big part in all lives, and in my life particularly. I have had many a strange proof of it. I have had the feeling that if we have faith God will

guide us every hour; but we must learn to respond to this God-guidance when it comes.

One day I was teaching a class in the Bangor, Maine, Theological Seminary. Suddenly, in the midst of my lecture, I had a feeling that I was needed in Portland where, a few days before, I had visited a very sick friend. His request that I pray for him had haunted the intervening hours. I looked at my watch. I had just ten minutes to get to the Bangor Airport where I could get a plane for Portland. I dropped my lecture notes; said good-by to my students without explanation; rushed out of that lecture room; saw a boy I knew passing in a car; hailed him and said, "Take me to the airport as fast as you can!"

When we arrived I found that I hadn't even enough money to pay the boy for taking me to the airport and called to him, "I'll pay you when I get back!"

The plane was warmed up, and the pilot was calling for contact. But the door was still open. I rushed up and said, "I'm Mrs. Hilda Ives. I teach in the Theological School, but I have a sudden call to Portland. I have no money. Will you take me?" Of course he would—and did.

When we landed in Portland I grabbed a taxicab at the flying field, still with no money, told him to take me to the hospital, asked him to sit outside, and rushed into the man's room. Sure enough, he was in a dying condition.

As I entered the hospital room his nurse said to me: "He has been calling for you all morning. He kept saying, 'Where is Hilda Ives? She is the only person who can help me now.'"

"I told him that you were in Bangor and couldn't possibly get here, but he kept repeating, 'She will come, I am sure!'"

And what is more, I checked on the time element, and found that he had started calling for me about ten o'clock in the morning, the very minute that I had that impelling urge to leave my classroom in the midst of a lecture and

start for Portland. Call it what you will; call it a woman's intuition; call it faith; call it mental telepathy; call it God. I don't care what you call it. It happened and I got there!

Yes, there is a top covering of lust, hate, murder, intrigue, licentiousness, backbiting, gossip in human beings. I recognize all of that. But down under that black soil there are flowers of faith, love, tenderness, hope, and spiritual beauty growing, if somebody will only lift away that black dirt, scatter those rotting leaves of last fall and let those flowers of beauty get at the sunlight.

ANGELA MORGAN

IMPRISONED SPLENDOR

ANGELA MORGAN WAS ONE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN WOMEN JOURNALISTS. SHE LEARNED THE ART OF REALISTIC WRITING on the streets of two great American cities, Chicago and New York, where, with a passion born of genius, she gathered her material from the heartaches and tragedies of human life as it is lived. She covered the water front, police courts, murders, divorces; and finally became a feature writer for one of the nation's great syndicates. It was from this experience with human beings that she began to write poetry. And in a few years, both before and following the World War, she came to be looked upon as one of America's foremost poets of the New Social Thought. Among her books are *Hail Man!*, *Utterance*, *The Imprisoned Splendor*, *Gold on Your Pillow*, and *Crucify Me*.

However, the significant thing about Angela Morgan's career is the fact that hers has always been a God-guided life. She has always retained a simple faith that there is a great spiritual force in the universe which is available to all who will call on it and attempt to use it. That faith she has carried into her journalism and her poetry. She also believes that every human being has inside of him what she calls the "Imprisoned Splendor," and she proves it with this story of her own life.

Now and then there comes to us human beings intimations of thrilling powers within ourselves—deep, deep inside, like hidden springs. Strike the pick of a delving

spirit into the sub-surface of a soul, and there will gush forth waters of healing and power. Then something will pour forth from us like fire and light and we shall feel, no matter what meager surroundings we have, a new immensity. It has been my observation of life that what we all need most of all to do is to strike deeper into our own souls to find and release that imprisoned splendor we all have inside of us. It is as one of my fellow poets has said:

“Open the doors, good Saint,” they cried.
“Pass deeper to your soul,
There is power in your side,
Which hell cannot control.”

I was born in Washington, D. C., lived all my girlhood in that exciting city, and early in life began to feel the pressure of financial problems. As a child I used to hear my father and mother talking about this debt and that, until the universal economic burden of the world seemed to fall on my young shoulders.

I wanted to help, and before I was ten years of age I remember saying to myself over and over as I walked along Washington streets, “I must grow big and get work so that I can pay off all those terrible debts which seem to be worrying father and mother.”

Of course neither of them ever knew that I had heard their private conversations about those debts which seemed to hover continually, like a dark cloud, over our early home, and over our lives. But I did hear their foreboding talks and the shadow was on my young life as well as theirs, even as it has been on the lives of children of this generation.

My father was a great idealist. He was always losing his government positions in Washington because he would not conform to the business and political principles of his day. Consequently he was not a financial success. He would discover what he thought was dishonesty in the government

offices where he worked, would complain about others to his superiors and, of course, would lose his jobs one by one.

Finally, father came to the hard decision to leave the East and go to Colorado and prospect for gold and silver. He felt that he owed it to his family to support them, and he had never been able to do that in Washington. So he departed, and in a while we received letters postmarked Silverton, Colorado. He wrote us that he would never come home until he was able to justify his position as a father and provider for his family. Finally we received word that father had lost one eye in an accident in the mines.

All of this I remember about my father: He was a misplaced idealist never able to make a living for his family; fortunately, there was something even more important than that about him. He was a noble, beautiful man, and his very idealism in the midst of a practical, material world against which he struggled unsuccessfully, quickened and awakened certain things inside my child-spirit; courage against insurmountable difficulties; a vast determination to fight my way through those material problems to some satisfying success.

My father taught me that the soul which gave up the battle against economic problems was a coward, and hope was not in him. I don't know whether my dear, unsuccessful father ever realized that he had done that for me, but he did. His sheer idealism in the midst of a hard, competitive world awakened in me that imprisoned splendor of which I like to think in these hard days.

Sometimes the very people who are most completely beaten down by economic conditions, by exemplifying courage and faith are the means of awakening in their own children some of the strongest traits those children ever develop, even though they, themselves, never win the economic battle.

Curious that this should be so; but it was so in my case

and I have observed it in many other lives. I have noted, often, that preachers' sons, whose fathers always had to struggle to make ends meet financially, have become some of our wealthiest industrialists. America is full of them. And I attribute it to the fact that the very struggles of their poverty-stricken parents and the courage of their parents in the face of economic disaster has quickened and awakened in those same children a determination to conquer the same problems when they confronted them.

My father not only quickened an imprisoned splendor of courage in me, but he also awakened a deep and abiding sympathy for that baffled type of idealist which he represented to me.

Mother, on the other hand, was very practical but also had what I call a spiritual awareness.

She used to say to me, "Angela, you can always call on the spiritual forces of the universe and they will help you to get anything on earth done that you want. Spiritual force is just as real as the force that your arm exerts to push open a door, or lift a chair from the floor.

"You have all the spiritual force of the universe at your command if you will just learn to use it. Don't listen to malcontents and to people who have got into ruts in life; who are always telling you that a thing can't be done. You, yourself, must learn to create ways and means of doing what you want to do, and the things which you think ought to be done."

My mother was a great student of Emerson, Swedenborg, Plato; and she had caught the spirit of these men of faith.

She, in turn, awakened in me that same spirit of courage; the feeling that I could do anything that I wanted to do. It was not a Pollyanna philosophy, but a vigorous iron-man philosophy. This generation would be better off, and have more courage to face the hardest day the world has ever known, if it got some of the iron of Emerson into its thinking.

I remember mother used to quote a phrase from Emerson which ran something like this, as well as I can remember it: "Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips, and then speak to your day like a prophet."

Another favorite quotation from Emerson which mother loved to say over and over to me was: "The power which resides in you is new in nature, and none but you know what it is that you can do, nor do you know until you have tried it."

A third word that mother brought me from Emerson was this: "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own soul." A fourth challenge of Emerson's which I heard from childhood and which was literally bludgeoned into my soul was: "Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string!" My mother actually awakened in me this imprisoned splendor by impregnating me with Emerson's philosophy of courage and self-reliance.

She used to say to me that every one of us is an inlet and also an outlet of eternal forces and that I was not to think of myself as a limited mortal, but I was to open up my mind and ask the universal power for help.

I took mother so seriously that, even when a mere child, I actually used to hunt up a quiet corner in a crowded household to meditate. I remember that, whenever the house was crowded with people, I used to go up in the attic to an old trunk room and sit down among the trunks so that I could be alone. I wanted to insulate myself, as some modern writer calls it.

Mother taught me that if we want to get release for our own powers and establish contact with the eternal powers we must learn to insulate ourselves frequently. Mother always said, "Go into the silences; open up your mind and let inspiration pour through you and you can accomplish anything."

She managed to live that way herself in the midst of pov-

erty, with an improvident husband, and under the constant responsibility of being the breadwinner of the family. In the midst of all this she lived in a continual state of perfect trust in God. Everybody loved her.

Mother had the ability and found the time to give Shakespearean lectures in our home. Even as a child, I much preferred to stay indoors and listen to my own mother talk, to going out to play with other children. She used to say to me, "You are not your body. You are a radiant, strong spirit just using your body."

And under the inspiration of such a mother I remember now, as vividly as if it were yesterday, of going as an eight-year-old child down into our old cellar in Washington, climbing up on a pile of black soft coal, sitting there, as if I were on a throne, and saying over and over to myself, "When I grow up I'm going to be somebody and something, as mother expects me to be! I've just got to be and do something!"

And I say that the mother who can release that imprisoned splendor in a child's soul has done something of immortal value for her. I also say that the average mother does this for a child.

These mothers of ours are the natural conservers of the spiritual forces, and most of us owe a debt of gratitude to our mothers which we can never repay; not only for the things of their bodies which they gave us, but also for the things of the spirit which they quickened and awakened in us. I walk with humble heart into the presence of any mother.

We moved from Washington to Chicago, and I faced the concrete problems of life by going into journalism with a sense of power inside me which that glorious mother had awakened and made me know I had.

I had never written a line, but my bent was in that direction. In later years when I told Arthur Brisbane that

I had plunged into journalism without a day of previous training he could not believe me.

For several years in Chicago I wrote anything that came to hand, including love stories which I picked up here and there out of everyday life as I found it on the streets of the city. Then one day my editor called me in and said to me, "How would you like to quit writing foolish love stories and go to work?"

"I would love it!" I replied, although I didn't think my love stories were foolish, for I had taken them from real life and they were the very warp and woof of things to me.

They put me to interviewing visiting celebrities immediately, and allowed me to sign my articles, a thing which in that day was most unusual. I had the knack of persuading distinguished people that they could trust me when I interviewed them, so they gave me stories which they would not give to most reporters. I won their confidence because I took every assignment to interview a distinguished person as an education for myself. I sent my spirit on ahead of me. I prayed about every assignment. I went with good will and love. I wanted to use my old philosophy of releasing the imprisoned splendor in each person I interviewed. I wanted to do just that very thing for them. I didn't want it to be just another interview; I wanted it to be something which would actually release from them their best selves. I was crazy about my work and never counted hours or time.

One editor said, later in life when I had become fairly well known, "I am ashamed of the work I got out of Angela Morgan. I used to work her morning, noon, and night."

He was bragging about it, but what he did not know was that he released things in me that only hard work could ever release. I loved every minute of it, and when I worked all day on a story, and then took all night to

write it so that I could have it on his desk in the morning, I was having a hilarious time.

While I was in Chicago I wrote "God's Man." I had been thinking about it for months in the midst of my other newspaper work. It was like a baby crying inside me, "I want to be born! I want to be born!"

I went to my ever-understanding mother and said to her, "Mother, there is a poem crying inside me that it wants to be born. I must get out of the newspaper grind for a few weeks to give birth to that poem!"

She said: "All right, I'll stick to you and work a little harder, so that you can go off by yourself."

So I rented an apartment, all by myself, and gave myself over to that poem, and in a few weeks it came. It seemed as if I were a radio station and something was pouring through me, something not my own and yet my own, something that had come to and through me out of the nowhere.

It so happened that the very week I finished my poem I was requested to come to New York City. A famous feature writer for a great newspaper syndicate was going to Europe, and in casting about for somebody to take her work they decided on me. That was my call. Mother said, "There's your answer to prayer." Mother always surrounded me with faith.

I plunged into newspaper work in New York just as I had in Chicago. It was fun! I loved it.

One fellow reporter said, "You're foolish to pour yourself with such fire into newspaper work. They don't appreciate it. Why don't you save yourself?"

I replied what I actually believe to be true. "I save myself by pouring myself into my work. That's the way I release new powers inside of myself, the imprisoned splendor I hope to have. You don't release such powers by being niggardly and stingy with yourself, but by giving everything you have to everything you do. I love it!"

I thrilled to every day of newspaper work in New York. Mr. E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, would not allow newspaper interviews. But my editor said, "Nobody else has been able to get it for us, but maybe you can. Try it!"

I got it because I sent my spirit out ahead of me, and I did not go to get something sensational. I went to help Mr. Harriman release the imprisoned splendor in himself for I felt that even a business man had something in him of sentiment, emotional power, tenderness and kindness which perhaps even he did not suspect. I always approach assignments that way. After reading my story the editor sent a copy boy to ask me to come to his office. When I entered he said, "I just wanted to say to you, Miss Morgan, that that's the way I think a story ought to be written. You revealed that man as he has never been revealed before. How do you do it?"

I was just simple enough to think and say, "I just try to release the imprisoned splendor in them, sir."

"What is that?"

"I don't just know, but it's in all of us."

He grunted and replied, "I don't know what that's all about, young lady, but keep on doing it if it makes you write that kind of stories. I don't know what you're talking about, but keep on believing it. For that's the type of stories we want in this paper."

Shortly after that experience, they assigned me to interview the Reverend Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, one of England's famous preachers, who was to speak at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. I was afraid he wouldn't trust me, because he couldn't possibly know who I was. I called his secretary who said, "Dr. Morgan is ill and can't see anybody. He may not even be able to preach Sunday morning."

Then I had a sudden inspiration. I went to my Columbus Circle boardinghouse, made a copy of my poem, "God's

Man," which I had written in Chicago, but had never been able to sell, called a messenger boy, and sent it to Dr. Morgan's hotel.

With it I sent a note saying, "You could not be expected to know who I am, but my newspaper has assigned me to get an interview with you. I am sending you a copy of this poem so you may know that I am a serious-minded person and can handle an interview with a clergyman in an intelligent and sympathetic manner."

Then I got down on my knees and said, in so many words, "Now you great power up there, you can do anything, and you've just got to help me get this interview. I'm counting on you!"

I received an acknowledgment of that note from his secretary, who told me to come to church the next Sunday morning, and that she would see what she could do about getting me an interview.

I went to church a half-hour early, but found it already crowded with people; not a seat left.

But I pushed my way in, and when an usher tried to stop me I said, "I'm from a newspaper and simply must get in, for I hope to get an interview with Dr. Morgan." He took me up front where I stood against the wall. In a few minutes Dr. Morgan came into the pulpit. He was tall and pale, but spiritually poised in spite of his illness. After a brief preliminary service, he was introduced.

He arose to speak and said something like this, "Last week I had a sermon prepared for this morning. But I am not going to preach it, for yesterday a young lady of whom I never heard sent me a poem called 'God's Man.' Then he raised a piece of white paper in his hand and my heart began to pound against my ribs. I thought I would faint as I stood against the wall almost close enough for him to touch me.

Then he went on: "This poem has so impressed me that I cannot get away from it and I am going to read it to you

and comment on it, instead of preaching this morning.”
Then he read the first verse:

Man is not dust, man is not dust, I say!
A lightning substance through his being runs;
A flame he knows not of illumines his clay—
The cosmic fire that feeds the swarming suns.
As giant worlds, sent spinning into space,
Hold in their center still the parent flame,
So man, within that undiscovered place—
His center—stores the light from which he came.

He paused. I was trembling all over. Holding up the paper, he said, “And now listen to this!” going into the second verse:

Think of the radiant energy that lies
Hoarded in secret chambers of the earth.
Think of the marvels drawn from out the skies,
Light, beauty, power, of electric birth.
Then what of man, who is himself a world;
Into whose being conscious forces pour?
Since from the central sun his soul was hurled,
What of the glory thundering at his core?

A man in a near-by seat must have noticed how agitated I was, for he got up and offered me his seat. I slumped into it.

As in a dream, I heard Dr. Morgan’s voice going on.

We walked blindfolded in a world of light
We could touch hands with angels if we would.

Finally, he flung out the last verse:

Oh, God, give us the whirlwind vision!
Let us see
Clear-eyed, that flame creation we call earth,

And man, the shining image, like to Thee.
Let the new age come swiftly to the birth,
When this—Thy world—shall know itself divine.
And mortals, waking from their dream of sense,
Shall ask no proof, no message, and no sign.
Man's larger sight the unanswerable evidence!

As I look back, I know that that day, sitting in the church, listening to my own words stirring a great audience, I was seeing the Imprisoned Splendor within me moving deeply men and women who were complete strangers, in the ordinary sense of the word. And that is the way with our imprisoned splendor. When it is freed we never know where or how it will work its magic.

Of course, my newspaper heard of this dramatic episode and ran on the front page the story of how Dr. Morgan used a newspaper woman's poem for his sermon.

From then on my success came rapidly in both journalism and poetry. Dr. Morgan in that kind act of encouragement had given me my chance. His was a good deed for which I have always been grateful to his memory. All my life I have had people do that for me; my father with his idealism in the midst of a very practical and matter-of-fact world; my mother who taught me to trust the eternal powers and avail myself of them; the editors for whom I worked, who turned me loose and demanded more of me than I knew I had; the men and women whom I interviewed in my newspaper career. They all helped me by releasing something in me.

All of us have this imprisoned splendor within us. We are like the power in an atom of which they are always talking in scientific circles these days. They talk to me in learned terms of split electron or atom, and I do not know what they mean from a technical point of view.

But I know what they mean when they talk of a hidden power in human beings, for it is my belief that just as the

scientists believe there is a hidden power in an atom, so is there hidden power in every human being who lives.

Perhaps the man who released that imprisoned splendor in me more definitely than any other human being was an old man on a park bench one cold winter day. Suddenly impelled toward him by some inward sympathy I went up and looked deep into his eyes, and he into mine. It was just a flash, but I saw into the depths of a man's soul on that day. And he in turn looked behind my eyes, and as he looked he opened a new world of sympathy inside me, and released hidden splendors that, up to that time, I had not known were there. It was like the kiss of love which awakened Snow White from her sleep of death; and only the kiss of love could have done it with her, or with me.

Out of that experience, I wrote a poem which I call "The Look," a part of which tells the story of the imprisoned splendor of sympathy, understanding, comradeship and love which that old man released in my soul:

The eyes of an old man looking at me from a bench in the
park—

They have seared my soul, they have thrust the iron through
my spirit,

So that I may no longer sleep quietly
Or walk thoughtlessly upon the earth.

An old man's eyes, wrinkled, watery, abject.

He had a thin shirt, thin lips that could not smile;

His hands were blue and knotted over his patient walking
stick,

And the wind cut his feeble wrists,
Searched his collarless pinched neck

Till his eyes blinked, smarting.

Am I a coward, dreading the great horde of unanswered and
unanswerable problems,

Before which governments and religions quail?

What have I done to you, old man?

What have all of us done to you,

Or what have we failed to do,
That you should sit thus gaunt and lacking
While we have fires and homes in plenty?
The eyes of an old man looking at me from a bench in the
park,
They have opened a gate in my mind,
Where all the wrongs of the world come trooping in
And will not be kept back.
There is an open place, a sore place in my mind;
There is a gaping wound in my heart,
And it cries and pains in the night
For thinking of that look
From the old man in the park.
Nothing will rid me of it—
Nor tears, nor laughter, nor singing,
Nor dancing will ease it, though I revel the whole night
through.
Even my prayers will not wash it away.

Old man, I am coming to you; I am coming to you and your
kind.

I will put by my woman's dream, I will leave kisses and caresses
Because of you.

I will say to my hot viens: "Come! Burn white with a high
purpose,

For the wrongs of the race must be righted.

They cry out loud, and will not be hushed.

They cry out loud to the young and to the daring;

These are the called; these are the chosen.

The calm, the cautious, will never do this thing.

They are too burdened with statistics, they have no sympathy
with cagerness.

Come, heart! Henceforth, militant, mighty,

Let our love stream forth to mankind.

Love is not alone for pleasure, love is not alone for bliss.

Love is for the rousing of the nations,

The healing of the world!

The eyes of an old man looking at me from a park bench,

They have seared my soul, they have thrust the iron through
my spirit,
So that I may no longer sleep quietly
Or walk thoughtlessly upon the earth."

The look in that old man's eyes pulled a door open in his soul and the tug of it opened one in my own soul, and released the imprisoned splendor of a great urge, dream, hope, passion for social justice in the earth. I shall never be the same person again, so long as eternity lasts.

ELSIE CAVERLY

HIGH ENOUGH ABOVE THINGS TO SEE THEM

SHE STARTED LIFE WITH A TERRIFYING HANDICAP, BUT TODAY SHE LIVES ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN—FULL OF WISDOM AND happiness.

I believe that some of the most heartening true stories of life come from the more humble people of America, and I like to give those people from the common walks of life a chance to tell their stories, especially when I find one such as this. A story of courage, ingenuity, adaptation and victory; the story of a girl who, facing life with all the romance, happiness and anticipation which throbs in any attractive young woman's life, suddenly, through a terrible accident, loses both of her legs; and, when she comes out of the hospital, thus handicapped, friendless and alone, has to face the problem of making a living, and, what is more important, has to readjust her entire outlook on life, make new plans and battle her way into a philosophy which will see her through life's bewildering stretch ahead with cheerfulness and optimism. That is what Elsie Caverly has done, a brave, tremendous task fought through at her hill-top home in New Hampshire, where she raises beautiful flowers and sells them to those who pass by; handing on to the purchasers not only her gorgeous blooms but a cheerful smile and a part of her friendly personality. It will be a heartening story to all who have suffered physical handicaps in life; it will inspire those who have all their powers, and

still feel that life is baffling and bewildering even at its best. This is the way she told it to me.

People always get a shock when they stop here and come down into my garden to find me. I remember when one good man, who has since become one of my best friends, first came up on my New Hampshire hill to see me because somebody had told him about my flowers and me. It was a beautiful July evening when he came down through my garden in the dusk. At first, as he told me afterward, he thought I was a small boy, or a little gnome, for my head did not reach even to the top of most of my flowers. I was watering them. I wear heavy gunnysack pads on my legs, for they are off just below the knees, and I crawl about on my hands and padded knees.

I don't care much how I look when I am working in my garden, for my flowers have enough beauty and perfume in them to make up for all the physical beauty which I lack. So I get my hands covered with dirt and tar.

But I'm happy, no matter how strange I look, for I have had to achieve happiness. And happiness is an achievement after all. The evening my good friend came, I was pushing myself along between the rows of flowers on my hands and knees, when he almost stumbled over me. I could see the shock in his eyes, even in the dusk. Then I laughed aloud at his bewilderment. I guess it's the child in me that likes to shock people and then see their faces.

He sat down, right there in the dirt with me, and we talked. He said to me that evening and it was like a benediction, "Miss Caverly, how do you do it? Here you are, handicapped for life, and yet you make most of us look like cowards.

"Your smile is like one of your roses bursting into bloom with the dews of dawn on its first petals. You have the laughter of a child ringing in your voice, or the song of one of your meadowlarks in springtime. Your smile is

like the sunset I saw on your hills as I drove up here this evening. You have something; what is it?"

Then I laughed aloud again as we sat there in the twilight. As we talked I looked down over my valley, where thousands of fireflies formed a meadow of stars below us, while real stars shone above us. For the first time in all my life, I suddenly realized that I was different from other people. I had never thought of it before. I had just accepted my handicap without giving the slightest thought to the rest of my personality. But that night I looked back across the years to try to account for it all.

You know how it is. When trouble comes, you just do the next thing that is to be done. If it is a matter of making a living, you do it the best way you can, and step by step you make your new life; make it, sometimes in sorrow and suffering, with bafflement and bewilderment; but you *do* make it. You have to, especially when you have lost both legs, and you have neither parents nor friends who feel directly responsible for you. You have to go it alone.

If you have pride—and I had pride—you do not want to be dependent upon others, so you just keep a stiff upper lip and start in. Before you know it you are seventy years old and you have a beautiful garden. You have friends all over the world; they keep coming to see you and writing you letters. They buy your flowers—and you are a bit bewildered and wonder what it is all about; why people are interested in you; just doing what had to be done has become something to talk about; and you sigh and smile to yourself and begin to look back. I guess you have a right to look back at seventy, if ever. Back through the years when you felt cruel train wheels crunching your legs off.

I'm a little ahead of my story, I'm afraid. I always am. I go along like a house afire, talking about myself, and get a little ashamed. But my friend started me, so it's his fault. I could see he was shocked when he came upon me down there in my garden that twilight evening. They all are.

I lost my legs in a railroad accident. I was working in an orphanage for little homeless children. I was hurrying to work one morning in Dover, New Hampshire, when I took a short cut—and I was thinking about a party I was going to that evening; perhaps about a boy friend—for I had them, like all other girls. I saw a train coming, but thought it was on another track. Then it hit me.

They picked me up. My legs seemed to be tangled up in my long dress, for we wore long dresses then. I was numb all over. A crowd gathered around me.

One man bent over and asked, "Do you want a priest, lady?"

I said, as sweetly as I could, for I appreciated his thought for me, "No, thank you, sir, I'm a Protestant." That's all I remember of that, until I came out of the hospital and had to face life.

Since that time I have been making my garden up here on the hill and selling my flowers to people who pass on their way up to the White Mountains, and on their way down to Boston. Through all these years I have been able to make my own living and help people bring beauty into their lives and homes without being a burden to others.

I'll confess it wasn't easy at first, for there were long, long years when nobody knew I was here; when I had a meager market and an even more meager living; when it seemed pretty dark and lonely, especially during the long New Hampshire winters. But after a while I began to find friends. Now I'm happy, for I have friends all over the world.

But in those long New England winters I had to have something to think about, and something to do.

Of course I have always kept my own house. Even with my handicap, I go up and down two flights of stairs and carry my own fuel. I milk my own cow, hobbling out to the stable, churn my own butter. I make my own clothes and, a good deal of the time, I have kept house for a sick sister.

Even now I am looking after a family of several children a good deal of the time.

During the long winters I read seed catalogues and plan my garden for the summer. I read many books, especially nature books. And I think—just sit and think how fortunate I have been in spite of my handicap. Sometimes I go back over my life as I sit during the winter months looking out over the snow-covered hills.

I was born in Stratford, New Hampshire. My father died when I was ten, and they “put us out,” as they called it then. We were a proud family and lived on what they called Caverly Hill, for that hill was full of our family.

The only time I was ever away from home in my life was when, as a young girl, I travelled to Kansas, selling books. That was before my accident. There was a meeting being held in a Baptist church and I went “forward,” which was what they called it then. It didn't seem to make any notable difference in my feelings, or in my life, when it happened. I went home with my clothes dripping with water. I felt very happy and contented, but nothing special happened as I had so often been told it would after one was baptized.

I was a little disappointed that nothing remarkable did happen. But that night I had a beautiful dream. I dreamed that I was in Heaven, and everybody was singing “Glory to God in the Highest.” I never heard or dreamed of such heavenly voices on earth. The singing woke me up, trembling. I couldn't sleep again for hours. I have never forgotten that night; not even when my accident came.

I still hear beautiful voices at night, even now, especially here in the garden at dusk when I'm alone in the cool of the evening. I hear voices everywhere so sweet and low, whispering to me and singing to me since that night. Maybe that's why I was able to bear the shock of the accident and the problems that came to me when I faced

life after the loss of my legs. I don't know. Religion has meant a great deal to me, even though I can't go to church.

When I came out of the hospital I didn't know how I was to make a living. The railroad gave me a thousand dollars, but the hospital bills ate that all up.

I had always loved flowers, even as a child. I didn't think at first of making money by selling them, but I started in with sweet peas. I had such beautiful sweet peas that people who drove along to the White Mountains would stop and say, "Will you sell some of your sweet peas?" I would. My trade grew and grew, until I finally had quite a market for them. Then I branched out into tulips. I used to have five thousand bulbs growing in my garden at one time, and I planted and tended every bulb of them.

Flowers are like children. You get to caring for, and loving, every single one of them, even if there are a lot of them. And when you love them they grow beautifully for you. They are more beautiful, it seems, than the flowers which are sold by commercial growers.

Finally those who had been here began to tell other people about me, and I began to receive letters, money and presents from all over the world. I have a lot of what I call "Garden Friends." They are always nice people. Persons who love gardens and flowers are always kind, good people and when I think of them, I think of the poet who said:

He prayeth best
Who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God
Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

When one lives in a garden among flowers all the time, one finally starts thinking God's thoughts after Him. The

hills are God's thoughts, the dawns, the twilights, a valley full of fireflies, and a sky full of stars. If we are intelligent we must think God's thoughts after Him.

I have what I call a comfort verse. It is the heart of my philosophy since I lost my legs—a little verse I found in a magazine. I don't know who wrote it. I wish somebody would tell me.

There's the kiss of the sun for pardon,
The songs of the birds for mirth;
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

God always takes care of me just as He does of the flowers. I pray for something to come to me, but it does not come, and then I know it is best that I should not have it. But, just about that time, along comes something that I didn't pray for, didn't even know God had; didn't even know He was thinking of sending to me. All the time He was planning a surprise for me.

For instance, not long ago I was praying for something I thought I needed very much. I wanted a man to help me build my trellis.

Shortly afterward a friendly woman from the Congo in Africa came over the hill to see me. She had heard of me in far-off Africa through some friends, so when she was sent home on her furlough from the mission fields she wanted to see me, she said, as much as anything in America. What did that woman do but come all the way from her home in Ohio to see me! Her visit was a delightful surprise, bringing me a new friend and hours of pleasant talk about African life and the flowers they have there.

I have received letters from persons in half the states in the Union, and I spend a lot of time in winter answering those letters. It's a lot of fun.

It seems as though everybody goes out of his way to

delight me. A woman sent me some beautiful iris from California. Others have sent me flower seeds from England. A group of women in New York state clubbed together, and sent me a purse to buy seeds with. That was one of the happiest summers I ever had. Then, in turn, I send my seeds all over the world to my friends. I have tried to be a Johnny Appleseed in my day.

You know the story of Johnny Appleseed? He was a pioneer in the Middle West who went about in the early days, scattering apple seeds everywhere he went. He would beg his way and stay all night in some pioneer's log cabin. For his lodging he would plant their cleared spaces with apple seeds. But he would always insist that they let him read the Bible to the family at night before they went to bed.

So he planted two kinds of seeds in that pioneering life: apple seeds and truth. They called him Johnny Appleseed, and he has become a tradition in Middle Western life. Some of the Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois orchards of today were planted by him. I cannot tramp about as he did, but I can send my seeds through the mail to the ends of the earth. After all, that's something—to spread my flowers everywhere.

People often ask me if I have ever been away from this hill. I tell them I have not; you don't have to go away from a place to be happy. A tree never leaves this hill, yet it has all that it needs for strength and beauty in one spot. Many of my tree friends have lived here on this hill longer than I have. They never move. I guess I am like that; a "tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

I have never left this hilltop, but it seems to me that I have everything right here, and what I do not have comes to me if I wait long enough. I have trees, I have flowers, I have the mountains, I have the sky; I have dawns and

noons and sunsets. They all come to me. I don't have to go anywhere else to find or see them. I have winter; plenty of it right here on my hill. I have spring to look forward to, and the glorious colors of autumn.

For a few hours' glimpse of the gorgeous autumnal coloring of our New Hampshire hills, city people will travel hundreds of miles, while I have them throughout the season. Early fall brings

The glory that the wood receives
At sunset in its brazen leaves.

I get my happiness out of simple things, and it would be a good thing for more of us to learn to do that in this life. Of course, I am compelled to do so because of my handicap; but that does not invalidate the statement.

I like to get into my garden early in the morning when each petal of the flowers and each leaf is heavy with dew—as fresh and sweet as if God had been here before me. I like to watch the sun rise over these New Hampshire hills with crimson and rose-colored banners running up the horizon to the zenith, like a great red rose unfolding. Then I feel as if I had entered into some Paradise.

One day I found a clipping in a newspaper which interprets my philosophy of life.

Said the robin to the sparrow,
“I would really like to know
Why these restless human beings
Rush about and worry so!”

Said the sparrow to the robin,
“Oh, I think that it must be
That they have no heavenly father
Such as cares for you and me.”

The men and women whose stories are told with such understanding by the author are distinguished personalities in American life. But Dr. Stidger has not been content with merely recounting their steps up the ladder of success. He has probed deeper, to show what influences, what outside powers have been the determining forces behind their lives.

Behind the building of the Ford Motor Company, behind the beauty of the voice of Roland Hayes, behind the career of Mr. Justice Frank Murphy lie stories of stirring human interest. These and the fourteen other lives recounted here bring new evidence that greatness is not dependent on circumstance, and provide inspiring examples to those who wish to make their lives significant.

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