

SEVENTY YEARS OF IT

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, Ph.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

1866-1881

I WAS born in Virden, Illinois, on December 12, 1866. Left an orphan at eight, I never learned much about my family background. My father, William Carpenter Ross, was one of a large pioneer family, some of whom became lawyers and judges. I have any number of worthy cousins but never found time to cultivate their acquaintance. When I had to furnish a sketch of myself for the *Dictionary of American Biography* I applied to a lawyer cousin of mine in Illinois for data about the Rosses. In his reply he remarked on the first page, "The Rosses came from Scotland where many of the clan were hanged." He had me aghast until on the last page I came to the waggish postscript, "Oh, I forgot to mention they were hanged for being Covenanters."

My mother was Rachel Alsworth, a tall, stately woman of strong character who had come from Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, to teach in the Marion, Iowa, high school. She married a local lawyer, Abel Gowdy, by whom she had a son, Willie. Gowdy died of tuberculosis in 1859 and two years later she married my father. Many times I have been told that in looks I am my mother over again. When I was called to a chair at Stanford an anonymous writer drew attention to it in our home paper and added: "His mother was a very gifted and noble lady who at one time taught school in Marion, the writer being one of her pupils. His father was an able contributor to the press before and during war times, being an ardent opponent of human slavery. Well do we remember the words from his caustic pen. Professor Ross inherited a literary tendency and his present high position shows how well he has improved his natural talents."

As a young man father had dug gold in California in 1849. In 1870 he "took up" a quarter section of Government land near Centralia, Kansas, and I have dim recollections of a sod-house, of oxen yoked to a "breaking" plow, of playing as a three-year-old among deer-skin tents with Indian children and dogs. Then we lived four years on a farm just outside Davenport, where father became crippled by paralysis; then a year or so in Marion. Mother died of tuberculosis at the end of 1874. Home was broken up and Father was cared for in the home of a brother, where he died in 1876. I have no idea how our family kept going after father lost his health. We lived in comfort and, despite my parents' long illness, I was left property of about \$2,200 in value, which bridged for me much of the gap between the district school and my Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins.

I emerged from childhood with at least two "complexes." One related to *Sunday afternoons* (see Chapter XI). The other related to *drink*. I have an ingrained dread of what liquor does to one. Wilfully fogging the only lens through which we see the world so revolts me that I have never been able to detect anything funny in getting "lit up." I respect those who imbibe until they babble and lurch about as much as I respect those who neglect soap and water till they are noisome. As for the "moderate drinker," who must have a "bracer" because he is "low," "all in," or "sunk," I can only pity him. Whatever ordeals I have had to meet have been faced without alcoholic prop.

I was thus "conditioned" by an incident I witnessed when I was seven. My half-brother Willie, eight years my senior, a tall slim handsome blond, took to running with a wild crew and got expelled from high school. One Sunday evening after supper Willie proposed to go down to the hotel to drink and play cards. Mother forbade him to go and when he defiantly started down the steps caught him by his sleeve. The devil-may-care boy of fifteen turned and struck her in the mouth with his fist. He broke away and without a word mother dragged herself into the house. The impression of horror this scene made upon me is with me still.

After mother died, I lived more than a year with father's

sister, Aunt Hannah Moriarty. The Moriartys, who lived two miles out of Marion, were old pioneers who had come from Indiana to Iowa in the thirties and hewed their farm out of the dense oak and hickory woods along Indian Creek, the open prairies being at that time little esteemed for farming. The original log-cabin, now serving as kitchen to a frame house, was a perfect fairyland to a child on account of the fascinating activities carried on in it. Before the big open fireplace we passed many an autumn evening paring, quartering and stringing apples and hanging them in festoons about the kitchen to dry. These "dried apples" were the forerunners of the grocer's "evaporated" apples. In the autumn great crocks of plum-butter and apple-butter were prepared, as well as jars of marmalade, kegs of pickles and barrels of salt pork. In the smoke-house hams and bacon were curing, while in every corner of the cellar lay a pile of vegetables preserved under straw and dry earth. From the ashes in the leach was drained the lye which, when boiled from time to time with refuse fat in a huge iron kettle out of doors, furnished "soft soap" for the use of all save guests. Not only were there quilting frames and candle molds in use, but discarded in the attic lay a card, a hackle, and a spinning-wheel.

When cold weather arrived four or five hogs were butchered, their bodies scalded in a hogshead of hot water so that the bristles could be scraped off, and by evening they were hanging dismembered in the smoke-house. For weeks thereafter one of the family cares was to keep going the slow fire of hickory billets the smoke of which "cured" the fresh meat. Even this moment my mouth waters as I recall the platters of savory "head cheese" and sausage that appeared on the table for some weeks after! The hickory smoke gave the ham a nutty flavor I have never met with since save in a Tennessee mountain cabin.

My aunt and girl cousins, too tender-hearted to take part in what was going on, shut themselves away on these occasions. The fact is, on this forty-acre farm there was a close intimacy between the humans and the animals. I have seen one of my cousins, a young woman, in tears when the "speck-

ledy calf" was hauled off to market. The crotchets of every horse and cow on the place were well understood and we went to a lot of trouble to spare them emotional upsets.

I can't remember when I couldn't read. Reading was my passion from the age of four or five on. Reading much to myself I arrived at strange twists of words. "Strategy" I called "stragety," "melancholy" I called "milk-an-holly," "mas-sacre" was "mashear." I noticed once on our book-shelf alongside *Works of Thomas Chalmers*, *Works of Timothy Dwight*, a volume titled *Plays of W. Shakespeare*. It occurred to me that W. Shakespeare must have been an uncommonly good boy to be permitted so many "plays" while the others were held to "works"! In the Moriarty attic I came upon an old copy of Plutarch's *Lives*. How many Sundays, chin propped on hands, I lay poring over that book! Admiration for the Old-Roman way has never left me.

Seven months a year I attended a one-room school set down where the native woods gave way to the fields. Seen through the refracting haze of time those were golden days. School work was, of course, delightful, but oh, the recesses and long sunny noons when, like a covey of little partridges, we hunted for wild strawberries, blackberries and mulberries, in the fall gathered hazelnuts, hickory nuts and walnuts! Or we would wade in the creek, catch fingerlings and cook them on hot stones. Those noon hours were quite too precious for play and berry-hunting to waste in eating the luncheons loving hands had put up for us; but after school on the way home we cleared our dinner-pails from dread of annoying home inquiries.

The Moriartys moved away to be with their married children, so I was taken to live one summer on a goodly farm a dozen miles away with the family of Aunt Minerva Streit, a sister of father's who had just died. My liveliest recollections of that summer relate to the expectation of the early end of the world. There was much Adventist literature about the house for the oldest son was of that faith, and Sunday, after having passed some hours reading *The Signs of the Times* and like periodicals, I would go out and look anxiously for the lightning "that cometh out of the east and

shineth even unto the west." I remember feeling pretty blue one September Sunday as I scanned the sky. If the world came to an end this very day I knew that, of course, I would be "saved"; but fall school was to open next day and I was depressed at the prospect of missing it. The experienced delights of school appealed to me much more than the portrayed delights of the New Jerusalem! Twenty years later I told this to a thousand Chicago school-teachers after I had just been "roasted" by a Seventh-Day-Adventist teacher for characterizing Millerism as a "craze." How they cheered my picture of the little boy who wanted to go to school more than he wanted to go to Heaven! Eventually I came to feel stern over this end-of-the-world nonsense. I suppose the authors of the *Book of Daniel* and *Revelation* have driven more people insane with their grandiose fancies than any one else in all history.

In the autumn of 1876 a place was found for me with "Squire" Beach, four miles out of Marion, whose children had grown up and settled in Nebraska. His second and much younger wife, Mary, came to look upon me as her boy and I regarded her as my foster-mother until her death in 1904. With the Beaches I lived more than five years and left only in quest of better school opportunities.

The lot of the orphan is supposed to be hard, but mother had the gift of impressing herself. In seven years I lived with three farm families, one of them of no blood kin to me, but always I was well treated. Mother's church "sisters" kept a watchful eye on "Rachel's Eddie" and questioned me closely as to my welfare when they met me in Marion. Until I was grown I was the object of solicitous attention. A taciturn Presbyterian lawyer, Alexander Campbell, had been appointed my guardian. He looked after my modest interests for thirteen years and when I came of age he turned over everything in good shape without charging a cent for his services. Alexander, I salute you! I realize now that I was handed about among "God-fearing" people of refined ways and carefully shielded from the rougher sort. In the rural school the big girls liked me for my freedom from the coarse ways and speech of the ordinary farm-boys and stood up for

me when I was persecuted by the hulking older lads, resentful of my better scholarship.

The winter I was ten I had my Great Moment. One evening there was an old-fashioned "spell-down" in our school and before a packed house I outspelled all contestants including several grown-ups. The outburst of hand-clapping, cheers, and stamping that greeted my victory gave me a sweeter thrill of exultation than I have experienced since.

Mr. Beach was a justice of the peace and from time to time his house was filled with litigants and attorneys from Marion who took a notion to drive out and have a go at "country justice." The way the "Squire," an old farmer of great probity and personal dignity, converted his sitting-room into a real court of justice left on me a lasting impress.

During the critical years eight to fifteen, thanks to my open-air life, I grew up big and strong and rugged. Paleness and coughs and dreaminess from poring over books left me. I learned the inexorable properties of things, perceived that if you don't tackle them as they really are, you will never be able to manage them. How many conceptual constructions put together in the study and not fitted to reality those formative years on the farm saved me from! As I explored a Russian collective farm recently a swarm of queries and doubts assailed me which would never have occurred to me but for my practical experience with farming. Thanks to it I have been more concerned with the lot of our farmers than with that of any other class. Nothing rouses me like finding dairy farmers receiving three cents a quart for milk the consumer pays eleven cents for, the difference going to milk-distributing companies that will pay a million dollars a year in salaries alone!

These years left me a farmer for life. In considering weather I can't help taking the grass-blade's point of view. Wherever I am, I cannot be at ease if I see that the growing things about me are suffering from lack of moisture.

Contact with the insane had something to do with molding me. In my tenth year I observed Uncle John Streit becoming the prey of senile dementia. Then in my twelfth year the collapse of a bank in which the township funds

were lying threatened "Squire" Beach, just elected township treasurer, with utter ruin. The anxiety drove the old man into delusional insanity. The last three years before I left the farm were heavily shadowed by worry over him. Never since have I been so unhappy.

Out of these early trials came my horror of the subjective and delusional, my passion to see and to present things *as they actually are*. I cannot bear to have to do with persons who are "off-center." I flee those whose tenets have merely a subjective basis, I hate the morbid and am always trying to build up healthy-mindedness. I have labored harder to make sociology "scientific" than if I had never lived with victims of delusions. There was a country Methodist church off in the woods where every other week services were held. From time to time there would be a camp-meeting which shoals of the ungodly would attend on the chance that some sister would be so overcome by her religious emotions that she would "shout." My lip always curled as on a still summer evening I could hear the Free Methodists a mile and a half away "getting happy."

That was my upbringing; we Presbyterians are reserved, stiff, undemonstrative. The time came when I threw off the needless inhibitions of my boyhood and reacted to situations in a free and natural way. Since my early twenties I have had a big advantage in influencing people owing to my complete release from early clamps.

How bare those farm years were of cultural opportunity! I attended rural school for only about seventy-five days a year, farm work being too pressing to release me for the summer and fall terms. After I was twelve I got practically nothing out of school, for I was being taken again and again over the same ground. Five times I went through Barnes' *Brief History of the United States*, so that I knew it by heart. Four times I traveled over Ray's *Arithmetic, Third Part*. School libraries were then unknown, so there was nothing to read. There were perhaps six books in the Beach home and after re-reading them for the twentieth time I could draw from them little nourishment for a starving intelligence.

In those days the only books the ordinary farmer acquired were those sold him by a glib "book agent" who waylaid him at the end of a furrow, reeled off his sales talk, and refuted with memorized phrases every excuse the poor plowman could think of for not buying until finally, goaded to desperation, he signed on the dotted line. Of course, these pretentious calf-bound subscription books cost the farmer *four times* what the best literature would have cost him at his local book store. Moreover, what he acquired was far from being the best: *Life of P. T. Barnum*, *Lossing's History of the American Revolution*, *Abbott's History of the Great Rebellion*, *Talmadge's Sermons*, *Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress*. Later on, each June my college mates enlisted for book canvassing during the summer but, although some of them earned three times as much as I could earn in the harvest field at two dollars a day, I have never regretted my aversion to imposing on the farmer's ignorance by selling him for ten dollars such a plate of tripe as *Mother, Home and Heaven*, which is still to be found in thousands of Iowa farm homes!

There came to the house two weeklies, the *Marion Register* and the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. These would stay mental hunger for perhaps three hours, for the rest of one's leisure what was one to read? Sundays after looking through *Abbott* and *Lossing* and the *Bible Dictionary* for the hundredth time, I would be reduced late in the afternoon to a thick volume distributed free to his bucolic constituents by our Congressman. It was entitled *Report on Hog Cholera Experiments for the U. S. Department of Agriculture*. I all but "gagged" at the account of just how Poland China sow No. 27 reacted to the first, second and third injections of cholera germs but, just as a starving colt will eat thistles, I would take even this repulsive fare rather than go empty! When I *did* get hold of something readable I became so absorbed that neighbors would call, visit and leave without the rapt boy in the corner once lifting his eyes. In a score of farm homes "Eddie Ross's" passion for reading was talked about.

It was my chore to build a fire in the kitchen stove in the morning before going out to care for the live stock. Many a

time Mrs. Beach came downstairs only to find me standing bemused reading a piece of old newspaper I was about to light the fire with. Finally I resorted to shutting my eyes tight when I reached for paper and keeping them shut while I tore off a piece, stuffed it into the stove and covered it with kindling!

When I left the farm I had never read one of the children's classics. All a boy's cultural heritage—the hero tales, the Greek myths, *Æsop's Fables*, *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Ivanhoe*, *B'r'er Rabbit*—I read while I was in college! At first I was very uneven in my class work, for I might visit the college library to look up a reference, pick up some volume just returned and become so lost in it that the supper bell rang before I came out of my trance. Some concluded I would never be anything but a dreamy unpractical book-worm. However, as the years of mental starvation receded I became more rational. Since my sons won their college degrees a year and a half younger than I did and their degrees stood for more, I judge that I lost at least two years from lack of cultural opportunity. And there was no making them up, I am still two years behind what I might have been!

In desperation, since all my brightest comrades had gone off to school, I besought my guardian in the fall of 1881 to provide me the means for attending high school in Marion. He pointed out that, since Coe College would soon be opening in Cedar Rapids only five miles away, I might as well attend there. But for this suggestion I might never have gone beyond the high school!

The fact is, until I got abroad, measured myself against others and had a look at the world, I didn't know *what* I wanted. Had I known, I would have had no idea how to get it. Lacking an objective, I followed the line of my native bent and when I met an obstacle pressed against it until it gave way. Just as a famishing colt that sees long lush grass on the other side of a rail fence innocently reaches and strains until he has the fence low enough to step over.

In those days town looked down on country much more than it does now. A third of the time the roads were well-

nigh impassable from mud or snow. Most farmers thought they ought to visit town at least once a week, usually on a Saturday afternoon, but when it was a matter of wallowing through miles of mud at a snail's pace in a heavy wagon, two or three weeks would pass before the farmer got his mail. Rural free delivery had not yet arrived, nor telephones; so remote farmers were badly out of touch with the world. Moreover, that the farmer was seen on the streets either gray with dust or splashed with mud gave the townspeople a means of identifying and sneering at the countryfolk—and they used it! It was a good thing for me that, during my more sensitive years, I was a member of an element that was *looked down on*; it saved me for life from the vice of snobbery. I have never cared to look down on *any one*.

CHAPTER II

COLLEGE

January, 1882-June, 1886

WHEN at fifteen I entered the "prep" department of Coe College, then just flowering out of an old academy, I behaved like a starveling let suddenly into a pantry. I bolted everything within reach, regardless of its flavor or nutritive value. Access to those who could tell me what I had wanted to know was to me just Heaven! Within a year I "made freshman" and four and two-thirds years after leaving the district school I won my bachelor's degree.

Entering college I became my own master and did what was right in my own eyes. Mistakes I made, a-plenty, but rarely the same one twice; I profited more from *others'* mistakes. I felt keenly my need of good advice, but could always have it for the asking. Anyhow there was no one to prescribe in the holy name of parental solicitude my studies, pastimes and associates. How I reveled in this freedom—and *ever since I have been free!* When Yuletide came and my mates bolted to their homes, looking forward eagerly to Christmas parties and New Year sleigh-rides, usually there was nothing for me to do but to stick on in my cheap room, lying across my bed—I had no easy chair—reading Gibbon, Hume or Macaulay. I had my dreary moments, to be sure, but when later I noticed what my classmates had to pay for their bright homesires I didn't mind. No one to deflect me from my native bent, to thwart my insatiable passion to *know*, to overwhelm me with tears and prayers if I strayed from the Presbyterian fold! No one to curb my education, choose my calling, or pick the girl for me to marry!

Overgrown, awkward and bucolic though I was, I never acquired an inferiority complex, for my professors noticed

me and soon gave me as much recognition as was due. Then, being strong in body, I was vaunted among farmers for the way I could slip my pitchfork under a haycock or a wheat shock and toss it onto the wagon. Each June after Commencement I went into the hayfield and, after the first three days, did not know what it was to feel tired!

Later I perceived that all through life I have had a dividend from my bigness. I discovered that the undersized are tense most of the time when meeting strangers; but I am at ease for my size advertises me. Servants and flunkies can't help assuming I am some one of importance. In conferring with a celebrity I have found that just to sit up big and silent, listening attentively and occasionally asking a pat question, prompts the other fellow to give me his best.

Never having felt foiled and frustrate I am free from "blues." Very rarely am I "in the dumps"; in fact, most of the time I am in high spirits. Detraction and rebuffs do not undermine my self-confidence nor weaken my will to persevere in my purpose. Having harbored no doubts as to my race, my nationality, my inheritance, or my training, I feel no urge to brag or show off. Long bombardment with stale eggs and dead cats—the sure portion of the outspeaker—has made me thick-skinned and imperturbable. About a hundred and twenty persons constitute my social universe; so long as they shout "Bully boy!" I am serene under fire.

Many years ago from the Viennese psychologist Alfred Adler I got the idea that most aggressiveness of manner is really "compensation" for a feeling of inferiority. Hence, when one meets me "with a chip on his shoulder" I greet him with such *bonhomie* that he is soon willing to come off his "high horse." Of course, one time in fifty perhaps, a man meets me with an arrogance of manner which really springs from a notion of his superiority and calls for an altogether different style of treatment—say some sheet-iron remarks or an abrupt departure!

My close accord with life came out in an experience following on my first spell of college. Early one June morning I was riding up the Beach farm to help a neighbor with his haying. The sun was just emerging from the dawn mists;

light airs gamboled about; every head of timothy was jeweled with dew; the cobwebs in the grass were nets of pearl; the meadow-larks leaped up and I heard their sweet tinkle even after they were lost to sight. What time my pony was bearing me the length of a three-acre meadow—say two minutes—I tasted such ineffable happiness that in my tale of twenty-five thousand days, it stands out like a star.

Actuated by my college idealism I tried to see each item of my summer toil in its largest significance, but I found there are limits even to the magic of moral inspiration. With my big muscles I could work the livelong day in the hay-field and, so long as the thermometer stayed under ninety-three, enjoy practically all of it. Nor did I much mind milking five cows before 6:30 of a summer morn. But I found it impossible to discover any "dignity of labor" in milking my fifth cow on a sultry July evening. As I sat with my head against her hot flank, mercilessly lashed by her tail switching at the flies that tormented her, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Carlyle's eloquent words about "toil," Emerson's "Do the duty that lies nearest thee"—all left me, not exactly cold but certainly unmoved. I could pump up enough moral zeal to get me through the milking of *three* cows; but only the sordid prospect of *pay* sustained me while I milked the rest!

In college we were by no means ill-taught. As freshmen there were fourteen of us, as seniors only six. We followed one course of study and each was called on in every class session. In the great institutions where the professors are chosen largely for their prowess in research, some are poor teachers, over-stressing the particular province they have made their own. Coe's professors, at \$1,200 a year (say \$2,700 now), were not masters of their subjects, still less builders, but they were men of parts who put a good text into our hands and saw that we mastered it. Competing later at Berlin and Johns Hopkins with crack graduates of old and renowned American colleges, never once did I feel myself at a disadvantage. Of course, the interest and drive one *brings* is a great factor. I don't hold with Carlyle that a

university is just a collection of books, but I *do* suspect that a third of my college education and two-thirds of my graduate education were gained on my own initiative.

In those days we played baseball and football *for fun*; we did not testify to our ardor for sport by sitting inert on the bleachers in the fall afternoons watching the 'varsity football eleven practice against the "scrub" team, while not one person showed up on the tennis courts! When, years later, at the University of Nebraska, I discovered what a farce "student interest in athletics" and "'varsity spirit" had come to be, I turned my back contemptuously on the whole business. In thirty-five years I have not witnessed a football game. When I quit work I *play* rather than *watch others play*.

We had no Greek-letter fraternities, but I belonged to the Alpha Nu literary society which required each member to take some part in the Friday evening session. Quickly it built up my power to express myself by tongue and pen, to declaim, to think on my feet, to debate, and to preside over an assembly. In the class-room criticism is the professor's job, but here we had to learn to criticize pointedly one another. No outsiders being present, every one was willing to perform. Plain-speaking was in order and we learned to take it with a grin.

Declaiming the memorized oration was the peak of our intellectual performance. Each term my society gave a "public" and in the old programs I find myself delivering orations on The Coming Slavery, The New Man, The New Foe of Thought, The Mission of the Jews, Socialism, Modern Selfism. Always beyond my depth! In those days the social sciences, being in the embryo stage, had small place in either curriculum or library. Lacking instruction, we wrestled vainly with developments in society we were not equipped to understand. Little did I dream then that getting at the causes and significance of current trends was to become my life work and that I was to have the privilege of exploring social life and scrutinizing the workings of social institutions in the major homes of humanity.

In 1883 a thin paper-bound volume entitled *Winning Orations* was eagerly pored over by those of us with forensic



THE AUTHOR AS COLLEGE FRESHMAN

ambitions. No oration it contained received so much attention as "Iago," the inter-state winner of its year, by Robert Marion La Follette! Amply did he fulfil his early promise; for thirty years I have had constantly the benefit of the atmosphere of open-mindedness in the examination of public questions La Follette did so much to build up in the citizens of Wisconsin.

The tight little intellectual world we were led into was bounded by Presbyterianism, Republicanism, protectionism and capitalism. Many were the "sacred cows" we were taught not to worry. Our text in political economy was beneath all contempt, but Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* was bootlegged among us and swept me off my feet. I, who was later to set such store by Malthus, was for three years anti-Malthus owing to the influence of that book. Yet not Henry George but Karl Marx came to captain the world's discontent. For the place-value factor in land rent has so dwindled, owing to the astounding improvement of the means of communication, that the land-owners' power to "hold up" the rest of us has declined, while the capitalists have gained the power to shunt an increasing share of the value product of industry into their own pockets.

Neither in college nor since has ambition been my main driving force. My high-tension intellectual life has been actuated by *the passion to know*. To prevail, to be recognized, is not my chief concern. In my time the sciences have made revolutionary advances and I have absorbed their gains with the keenest zest. Did Plato find the universe as strange and exciting as I have found it? I doubt it. I have been studious not because *knowledge is power*, but because *knowledge is thrilling!*

In my sophomore year I became involved trying to shield a room-mate whose quite-innocent escapade seemed likely to get him into serious trouble. My *séance* with an inquisitive faculty committee opened my eyes to my constitutional ineptness as a convincing liar. I perceived that successful mendacity is a gift, and no more in my line than toe-dancing or ski-jumping. Since then I have never employed falsehood. It is surprising how well one gets on without it. I have many

means of keeping the truth from those not entitled to it, but lying is not one of them!

I had inherited six hundred dollars and a quarter section of good land my father had homesteaded in eastern Kansas in 1871. At the end of my sophomore year the cash was gone and, since then was a poor time to sell land, I stayed out of college during two-thirds of the scholastic year 1884-5 and taught rural school. I lived with Mrs. Beach, then a widow, taught in a neighboring district two months in the fall at twenty dollars a month and for four months in my home district for thirty dollars a month. In the fall school I had among my pupils a bright, clear-eyed lad of thirteen who made such a hit with me that when, twenty years later, he sent me his doctoral thesis, "The Dunkers," I was deeply interested. I kept my eye on him and in 1912 secured him as a colleague at Wisconsin. Since then John Lewis Gillin and I have labored shoulder to shoulder in perfect accord.

Teaching in a district where only four years earlier I had been a pupil was no bed of roses. Certain strapping farm youths who had been accustomed to defying the teacher had bragged that they would "get Ed Ross." I had been forewarned and was ready for them. From the first day of school I exacted from them the same prompt obedience I exacted from the little fellows. If any of them showed defiance I made for him swiftly and truculently and he obeyed in undignified haste. If he muttered some insult under his breath I dared him to say it out loud. In establishing moral ascendancy my six feet five inches and my 185 pounds *may* have helped. After a few weeks they gave up their plan of running me out and quit school rather than be taunted by their older brothers and by the neighbors for letting me cow them. But they and their families used all their influence to get other pupils to withdraw, so that my term closed with but a handful of enthusiastic pupils. To this day I do not know whether the school directors were satisfied with me.

For a week that winter the temperature hung around 37° below zero! To walk a mile and a quarter at daybreak in that Arctic cold and build a fire in a country school-house which could hardly become comfortable in less than three

hours was no lark. Nor was it an easy life I led on my return at 4:30. I milked, tended the live stock, brought in firewood and at 5:30 sat down to supper. At six o'clock I girded myself up for five hours' work, half in translating a page of Homer's *Iliad*, half in digesting a chapter of Noah Porter's *Elements of Intellectual Science*. I groan even now as I recall the latter, so lamentably a failure in giving me insight into one's mind! By this Spartan program I kept abreast of my fellow juniors in two out of three subjects, the third being physics. When I returned to college at the end of February, I was able to make up my physics in three weeks and finish the winter term with my class.

Within a few miles of me three other Coe men were teaching rural school; in order to enliven things each of us got his school to challenge each of the others to a joint debate on such hardy perennials as the tariff, woman suffrage, or capital punishment. At one of these debates before a packed school-house on a bitter night, when the snow was thirty inches deep, one pupil debater of my own age was so smitten with stage fright when he strode upon the rostrum that he was unable to utter a word! After the debate the teams with their teachers adjourned to the home of one of us and, while enjoying doughnuts and cider, we "kidded" one another. Jim, the tongue-tied debater, was so fascinated with our gaiety and allusions to good times that he determined to make his father, a prosperous but "close" German farmer, let him attend Coe. The next fall he showed up as a first year "prep" and quickly made himself liked. Four years later when I was a student in Berlin he, then a sophomore, wrote me a letter in effect, "Ed, next year I am going to enter our college oratorical contest. Give me a good subject." Being then deep in philosophy, I outlined him a topic which I called "The Dethronement of Nerves," meaning that radiations from the emotions of others have come to mean more to us than our immediate personal experiences.

Jim asked me to develop the idea further and I did so. When I got back from Germany he had me out home with him and made me talk on the subject while he took notes. Having had as yet no philosophy he lacked the basis for

handling it, although he got every point I made. Without either of us realizing it, his oration finally came to be in thought and phrasing practically mine. With it he won the home contest and nearly won the state contest, ranking first in thought and composition. A couple of years later when I was re-visiting Coe he said, "Ed, I am courting Lucy Deacon. Her father, you know, is a prominent lawyer. Since you once had a room at the Deacon's, won't you call there and brag me up?" I called, and after chatting a while with the beautiful Lucy and her parents, led the conversation around to the outstanding men of Coe. This gave me an opportunity to eulogize Jim.

Jim studied law at the state university, married Lucy, was taken into partnership with his father-in-law, and presently was elected district attorney. He made a record as an energetic and fearless prosecutor. In 1909 he asked me to find out if President Roosevelt would throw the influence of the administration against him in case he sought to wrest the seat in Congress held by "Bob" Cousins. I did so and he won the seat, which he occupied for twenty years. During the World War he was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations which disbursed eighteen thousand millions of dollars of public money.

Eventually he became President Hoover's first Secretary of War; for it is of Hon. James W. Good I am speaking. In view of his distinguished record my conscience is at rest in respect to that oration!

In the spring of my senior year a little one-room law office sprang up among the sand burrs opposite the college to house a tall virile, red-headed young attorney we knew as "Jim" Reed. In the warm afternoons he would sit in his shirt-sleeves, tilted back in a chair on the shady side, and entertain us with his cynical and scintillating comments on the issues and personalities of the day. We callow Presbyterians and Republicans attempted to gainsay him, but he with his keen logic and quick wit made short work of us. Soon he removed to Kansas City and eventually became for eighteen years United States senator from Missouri.

In my senior year I was translating the Odes of Horace

and his *Integer vitae* caught me. No longer could I respect those whose behavior reflected jangling selves; no "split-personality" for me! The man I wanted to be must be carved, as it were, from a single block.

Because I am one-piece *all* of me goes into my every decision—so I am a stranger to compunction, remorse and repentance. Regrets I have frequently—and shall have so long as "hind-sight" is so much clearer than foresight—but I have no "twinges of conscience," since in every case my conscience has been heard from *before* I act. Whatsoever I feel that I ought to be, *that I am able to be*. Not for me the fellow always groaning "O Lord, I'm a poor miserable sinner!" After listening to his bleat for the twentieth time I feel like saying, "You poor boob, why don't you quit your sins and have done with so much repenting?"

Shortly before graduating I met my "second best" girl out strolling with a junior. There was no reason why she shouldn't, for I had my "first best" and, besides, Milo was a splendid chap. But for the next hour I suffered the torments of the damned. Jealousy! "Good Lord," I said to myself finally, "no wonder they call this 'the green-eyed monster'! I'll be rid of it no matter what it costs." So from then on, every time I recognized jealousy in myself, *I did the exact opposite of what it prompted*. Soon I had *that* devil so licked that it hasn't given a sign of life since the early nineties. I prize this letter Professor Charles Horton Cooley of the University of Michigan wrote me in 1909:

Thank you for the generous "appreciation" of my book which I read in Scribners' *Book Buyer*. I confess with some shame that I only partly achieve that sympathetic attitude towards the works of my colleagues of which you, in other cases as well as this, set so handsome an example. I am apt to feel a little like a fond mother towards other people's children. I am always glad when a good book comes out, and so, I believe are all of us, but none perhaps so heartily and expressively so as yourself.

During my college years young women came to mean a lot to me. Not that I spent overmuch time philandering, but I just *had* to have a "best girl." In fact, it has always been im-

possible for me to remain buoyant of mood at prolonged toil without being on a sentimental footing with a girl. I am altogether hetero-sexual and cannot do my best work unless in love and loved. For me there are women whom just to see is like the sun breaking through the clouds on an overcast day.

I laugh at the notion that the other sex is "inscrutable." All the women that have appealed strongly to me were forthright and had a feeling for reality. If I want common-sense counsel I take my problem to a woman friend. In my experience it is more often men who prove crotchety and difficult. I worked out a maxim which has served me well, *If you want to surprise and please, treat every woman as a lady and treat every lady as a woman.*

I have never been in the least shy in dealing with attractive women and have no difficulty in quickly getting on a sympathetic basis with them, in case I happen to interest them. Once they realize that I am quite free from the silly notion that the male sex is "superior" or that the female is "of finer clay," they feel no call to fence with me but allow the riches of their heart to appear. Let me testify with deep emotion to the unselfishness and loyalty I have invariably had from women I put my trust in. Imagine what I think of Nietzsche's "When thou goest among women, forget not thy whip"! To me Goethe's immortal line, "The ever-womanly leads us on," is no mere poetic flourish but universal truth.

CHAPTER III

TEACHING IN FORT DODGE

September, 1886—June, 1888

AFTER graduation I taught two years (fifty dollars a month the first year, sixty dollars the second year) in a Presbyterian "Collegiate Institute" in Fort Dodge, Iowa, a town of 6000. My teaching load was crushing—seven or eight classes a day and hundreds of sentences in English or German to read and mark after classes! In the two years I taught English composition, American literature, German, physiology, physics, logic, psychology and commercial law! Into science I dug far deeper than I had been able to in college, so that I made long strides toward a scientific outlook.

Meanwhile I was plunging eagerly into the humanities. For my literary club I prepared papers on "Cavalier and Roundhead," "Carlyle," "Goethe." Mommsen, Prescott, Bancroft, Froude, Stubbs, Matthew Arnold, were sponge cake to me. Voraciously I was reading Darwin, Spencer, Draper, Fiske, Turgenev and Tolstoi. I read at high speed and, if it was something great, I re-read. The testimony of De Quincey, Coleridge and Carlyle as to the rôle German thought played in their development fired me with the ambition to read Kant, Fichte and Hegel in the original. I chewed determinedly on Kant's *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft* but got little out of it; its time came when I attended Paulsen's seminar on Kant in Berlin. Literary German was becoming child's play for me; I thought nothing of reading three or four German classics a week, besides taking a German paper and attending a German church.

For a time I was a thrall of Carlyle. I read his *French Revolution* six times; passages of *Sartor Resartus* rang in my heart like cathedral bells. I even wrote "Carlylese." Later I

got on a trail all my own, but he did me lasting good by leading me to the large impersonal outlook.

With the world's literature inviting me, small was the heed I gave to current happenings. I ignored newspapers, but was one of a group of eight teachers who took turns at presenting each day at lunch the gist of the news.

In my long vacation I took up French and Spanish in the "summer school of languages" at Cornell College and got on at such a pace that the following year I was devouring the French classics. I dreamed then of taking as my province the literary masterpieces of *all* peoples; indeed, I went abroad with the definite intention of fitting myself for a chair of comparative literature. I gave it up only when I learned that our universities then provided no such chair.

In this I was ahead of my time, just as I was when in 1891 I offered a university course in a non-existent branch of knowledge, to-wit, sociology; when in 1894 I delimited the field which I named "social control"; when in 1895 I started teaching social psychology and conducted the first graduate seminary on Cities; when in 1901 in the Annual Address in Philadelphia before the American Academy of Political and Social Science I launched the phrase *race suicide*, two years later given wide currency by President Theodore Roosevelt; when in 1908 I published the first treatise in English under the title "Social Psychology"; when in 1910 I started the *trek* of sociologists to the Far East by riding through the heart of Old China in a sedan chair; when in 1911 after a walking trip through the most retrogressive rural districts of northern New England I put out the hypothesis that what ails them is not "degeneration," but "folk depletion"; when in 1913 I probed South American societies with up-to-date concepts and categories in mind; when in 1918 I brought back from Russia the first sociological interpretation of the Bolshevik revolution, and the "legal dismissal wage" idea; or when from tropical South America and India I brought back evidence that the vertical sun makes our sex *mores* impossible.

Even now I shudder at what I used to exact of my youngsters. My second-year high-school pupils might speak only

German in the class-room. Those in American literature, besides getting up from twenty to thirty pages of text daily, were expected to read fifty to one hundred pages a day in the American classics. Four years later I was pushing my class in sociology in Indiana University through two stout volumes of Spencer's *Principles of Sociology* and two even stouter volumes of Ward's *Dynamic Sociology*. The daily assignment was about forty pages! Such immoderation, of course, betrays self-doubt; as I became sure of myself I laid on with a lighter hand.

Mindful that "Satan finds work for idle hands to do," I wangled funds for the building of a geological cabinet and in fine weather spent Saturdays in collecting specimens for it: "Walked to the great gypsum quarries five miles from town and made a splendid collection of specimens. I had to carry about twenty-five pounds of specimens all the way back and arrived quite fagged out."

I organized a model "house of representatives" and got great fun out of it. I had to become fairly familiar with the Rules of the House: "The students take a great interest in it and are most enthusiastic in the discussion of bills. We have already pensioned the rebel soldiers and removed the state capitol."

The son of my chief was Will Kenyon, then attending Grinnell College; he and I became close friends and many a holiday we spent on long rambles discussing the universe. While I was giving him lessons in German he taught one of my classes. He was sensitive to the best and it speaks well for Iowa's citizens that his high-mindedness did not keep them from maintaining him for years in the United States Senate, a thorn in the flesh of the scheming selfish "interests." From 1922 until his death in 1933 he sat as Federal circuit judge. He was an idealist who arrived at high political place without once "bowing the knee to Baal."

Then I hobnobbed with Congressman Jonathan P. Dolliver, who later stood out as leader of the Republican "Insurgents" in the Senate: "Was up at Dolliver's and had a big talk with the orator on social questions. I found that luckily, owing to my study of the matter in college, I had anticipated him by a year or two in his information. For instance, he is

reading Henry George now while I have known his works for nearly two years. He is preparing a political speech on the labor question and, finding me acquainted with all the authorities he had read, invited me to look over some passages he had marked in his favorite books and in his speech."

There were gay diversions. In a money-raising show staged by church ladies in the opera-house a dozen of us represented wax figures. Bewigged, powdered, rouged and garbed in character, we were carried upon the stage in succession by a couple of brawny servitors and wound up so we should go through certain pre-ordained movements. I represented a ruffian about to strike a fair maiden who, however, arrests the blow by her captivating smile. I was costumed in gray flannel shirt, blue jeans, huge boots with the handle of a bowie-knife projecting from the top of each, a belt holding two formidable navy revolvers and a carving knife, a leather coat, a slouch hat and a villainous false beard. Two attendants carried me on amidst prodigious cheering and placed me opposite the fair smiler. Then a coffee-mill, horse-fiddle arrangement at my back was wound up and I started to do my mechanical movements. I would raise my arm holding a clubbed pistol, then, in response to the fascination of my victim's smile, my arm dropped powerless to my side. After a couple of such motions my internal mechanism ran down with a clatter and could not be made to work despite the frantic efforts of the museum proprietor. Amidst thunderous applause I was carried off the stage with one weaponed arm extended stiffly at an angle of 45°!

Again, a group of enterprising young people decided to produce Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera *The Mikado*, to raise funds for the city library, and I was cast for the title rôle. After two months' preparation our troupe presented it twice before crowded houses and were much sought after by neighboring towns. In my heavy brocaded robes and with ostrich plumes nodding over my head I looked fully seven feet tall and as un-Japanese as can be imagined! In the summer of 1934 on an evening excursion on the Black Sea out from Yalta, I was able to recall and sing nearly all the tune-ful ditties from this gayest of the operas.

I was happy in my work and setting but still restlessness grew upon me. I *must* have broader opportunities. The German University was then the loftiest thing on the educational horizon, so I resolved to be off to Germany. President Kenyon besought me to stay at an increased salary and there was a girl I was madly in love with, but my *dæmon* just would not let me "marry and settle down."

It seemed to know that I had an appointment with infant sociology to keep!

CHAPTER IV

EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL

August, 1888-Christmas, 1889

AFTER two days among Manhattan's towers and canyons I sailed for Amsterdam on a small Dutch liner, the *Edam*. For forty-eight hours seasickness laid me low, but later this susceptibility left me. On my many voyages of the last three decades not once have I been seasick. Landing on a Sunday I was thrilled to attend services within an hour in a church built before America had been discovered! Abruptly my time scale was enlarged; before the day was over nothing later than the sixteenth century struck me as "old."

After five days among the Dutch towns I made for the Rhine and took a small cargo boat up to Coblenz. Oh, the beauty of the steep wooded heights, crowned with the ruins of medieval castles, seen through the dreamy haze of an August afternoon when the shores are mirrored upside-down on the calm bosom of the river! Is it possible, I asked myself, that such romance and charm are on the same planet with roaring Chicago?

Within an hour after arrival in Berlin I was sitting at the table of Fraulein M., to whom I brought a letter from a former *pensionnaire*. For six weeks, until the opening of the University obliged me to remove to the "Latin Quarter," my fellow-guests at this polyglot table advised me what to see and how to interpret German life. Among them was a philologist, whose hobby was *Volapük* (world-speech). He stirred my interest, so I bought the books and made such progress that soon the Doctor was introducing me to my fellow-members of the *Volapük'sche Verein* as "Herr Ross, who learned Volapük in three days."

Soon after matriculating I went through a period of

"storm and stress," during which I grew so fast intellectually that often on Sunday I found strange, even incomprehensible, the views I had entered in my diary the previous Sunday! In March my Germanist friend Curme wrote me with justice: "You seem to be in a chaotic mental state, as you change your views so often in your letters and in newspaper articles. Perhaps you are reading too fast. I don't know what to make of your conflicting views on Spencer, Kant, Fichte and Schopenhauer."

At first I plunged into comparative philology with the aim of fitting myself for a chair of comparative literature, but soon I saw that it dealt with *language* rather than *literature*; while my sole object in learning languages had been to get at their *belles lettres*! By mid-winter I had made up my mind to return home at the end of the year and study law, with the idea of eventually getting into politics; so I went on a colossal intellectual spree.

I listened to the lectures of Zeller (*History of Greek Philosophy*) and Paulsen (*Introduction to Philosophy*) besides auditing Paulsen's Seminar on Kant's *Critique of the Pure Reason*. Paulsen so impressed me that I caught up even his mannerisms. For years after, when I was about to make a particularly good point in lecturing, I brought up my right forefinger just as he did! I read voraciously in philosophy, especially in Schopenhauer and von Hartmann, who were in great vogue then for voicing the reaction from the church dogma that this world was designed expressly for man's happiness. Soon I was "in the depths" and wondered why I shouldn't commit suicide; but the natural buoyancy of a healthy mind soon asserted itself and I dropped pessimism for good and all. After three months of it I wrote in my diary:

After having it out with von Hartmann I have come to the conclusion that, since we must live more or less in illusion, the better way is to plunge headlong into the illusion and get from it what we can rather than to keep repeating to ourselves "All this is vanity!" I shall not try to be superhuman, god-like; I shall love and hate, hope and enjoy as best I may. Knowing the emptiness of ambition and fame, I still welcome praise and I struggle

for success. Realizing the shallowness and weakness of friendship, I still strive to make and keep friends. Conscious of the illusion of the love for woman and family, I still look forward with delight to the home I shall found in the future. I live in illusions, yet live above them. In reflective moments I see through the deceit of existence, but when I close with life I utterly give myself up to the great human feelings. I have lost all desire to recline on golden clouds up in the cold and starry blue and look down with pity on the mass of men. I prefer the arena where there is suffering but there is also warmth, action, struggle, fellowship. The chill heights of philosophy are sublime, but they are not for us but for the gods.

I renounced pessimism not for being false, but for being unendurable. Later I perceived that pessimism is merely the obverse of the old theological doctrine that a benevolent God created us to be perfectly happy here. As evolutionist I came to realize that we are all *more or less* adjusted to life owing to the prolonged exposure of our ancestors to the process of *elimination of the less fit*. By suiting our demands to realities many of us come to be so well-adjusted as to be happy. But there is a contingent that cannot achieve happiness on these terms. From them come the wails.

A fortnight later I was writing:

While reading philosophy fully two-thirds of my time is spent reflecting. Almost every passage suggests so many things seen or read of that it would be hard to curtail this luxury of meditation even if I wanted to. I feel myself ripening fast under the influence of widened experience and reflection. My mind still tends strongly toward the practical. The needs of humanity in the present are my concern. My attention is fixed upon modern civilization as I see it here in Berlin. I am too well schooled in science to seek the solution of humanitarian problems in speculative philosophy. Not self-renunciation, nor the consciousness of freedom, nor the brotherhood of man, nor world Christianization can secure the happiness of our race if humanity multiplies too fast. Food supply, labor and capital, standing armies, form of government, mean more to forty-nine out of fifty than all the doctrines speculative philosophy or Christian mysticism ever brought forth.

I shall keep within the sphere of reality. After the primary

requisites to human happiness, the physical, that shall keep the nervous system in at least a neutral unpained state, come the psychical requisites, chief among which is love, not just sex love but plain human love. Man cannot live by bread alone, but *he can live on bread and love*. Religion is not a primary need for it is but a special application of the love principle. It may be difficult to unravel the caprices of love, but its objects, its manifestations and its emotions are as patent as the sun in heaven. In Man's need of love lies all brightness of life, all morals beyond fear of the policeman and all striving beyond the earning of daily-bread. The principal object of human actions beyond bread-winning should be love-winning. Even the affection of a dumb brute is something worth having.

In my overweening self-confidence I tackled the toughest nut in German philosophy, Hegel's *Phänomenologie des Geistes*. I extracted some meaning up to page 185; at that point the trail dwindled and faded out.

As in my fifth-floor room I read Kuno Fischer's five-volume *Geschichte der Neuern Philosophie* I paused very often to meditate upon the doctrines of bygone philosophers and match them with the views of our age. I wrote:

I am losing some of that boundless confidence in the omniscience of our age that characterizes every American. I begin to realize that the atomic theory that I supposed so firmly established and that had thoroughly saturated my views of nature, is after all one theory among others and very ancient at that. I am passionately traversing philosophy in order to draw out a working system. Although I am very happy here in my hermit-like pursuit of knowledge, I keep my eye fixed on the tumultuous American life into which I shall presently dive. Those problems have the most attraction for me which have great human interest—the problems of labor, government, food, fuel, immigration, education, technique, art, literature, religion, morals. Speculative philosophy, mathematics, pure mechanics, etc., are glorious but they do not satisfy.

I read Spinoza now with a steady pulse. Two years ago I would have fallen for him. I see that I have attained my spiritual majority. I have found my own path and from now on no one will ever be my master. Many will yet teach me and many will be my authorities in this or that field; but no man will ever be

my interpreter of the world, of human life. The world is under my eye and I shall see for myself. I walk the streets of the third largest city in Europe; I see men of Continental fame; I read the great journals from the capitals of two worlds; I hear lectures in the most eminent university of our time; I receive the intellectual wares of the most renowned thinkers of the age. Why should I shrink from myself attempting solution of the problems that press themselves upon me? At the age of twenty-two, with a clear brain and time to think, why not construct my own theory? When I meet a great soul I shall rejoice but I do not think that I shall call him "Master." Macaulay, Holmes, Tyndall, George Eliot, Hume, Henry George, Emerson, Drummond, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Herbert Spencer, Fichte—have at various times been my master. In my Carlyle *furor* of two years ago I reached the apex and at the same time the end of my hero worship.

By the end of January came the reflection:

I am developing with wonderful rapidity. My mind is getting an edge and goes through the arguments of a *Quarterly* article like Hamlet's rapier through the arras. I am getting so I can find the vital point in a flash. Today I took both Mallock's argument and Frederic Harrison's to pieces in the current *Fortnightly*. Moreover, I am developing a creative bent. All sorts of plays are germinating in my mind. I am eager to find vent to the ideas that swarm within me. It seems to me that the future offers a boundless field. Nobody, so far as I can see, has anticipated the twentieth century.

Three months later I had worked myself nearly free of the spell of philosophy:

I own no obligation to be rational and make no such demand upon others. Thinking is an evil of a very positive kind and I banish it. The texture of a happy life is woven of dreams, of instincts unrepressed, of passions yielded to, of abandonment for the moment, to whims, caprices, etc., of a vivid sense of freedom, of self-willed acts. Where reflection has no wiser course of action to suggest but can only disturb the joy and harmony of the moment, I repress it. This refusal to reflect makes possible the complete surrender to the object and the moment which makes possible the poet. Hence I am now finding my highest satisfaction in poetry.

In May my mood was:

I *will* be happy in spite of *vanitas vanitatum* but I must get out of this despair-laden atmosphere soon. Poor Europe is a charnel-house with an air that is heavy with decay and death. My heart keeps crying "Back to America, the land of optimism, of progress, of freedom of will and of abundance! Back to the people still left in the sweet delusion of hope! Home or die."

By late spring I could write:

My life nowadays is so beautiful that it seems a dream. Everything is agreeable—lodgings, weather, pursuits, friends, recreations. The days go by as if taken from some celestial calendar. No cares, no responsibilities. The present is serene and the future looks bright. I have quelled the fierce *Sturm und Drang* emotions that shook me last winter. I have too many friends to be lonely or homesick. I live solely for the beauty of the intellectual and esthetic life. Now that I have decided to rush into the fray and live in the thickest of the battle of life instead of in academic halls, I can enjoy the short respite of study and contemplation without being tormented by my former doubts.

I seize eagerly upon everything and work with enthusiasm. I rest myself from philosophy by studying Italian in which I am making astonishing progress. It is my ninth language and, as I have been working all around it, in Latin, French and Spanish, it seems a language I am re-learning. Morehead and I meet at one o'clock and retreat to the lovely Botanical Gardens where on the settee we translate English into Italian. The Gardens and the great horsechestnuts that fill the Square behind the University are a glorious inspiration. From Paulsen's lecture room in the top story I see nothing but a cloud of white blossoms. Wonderful, wonderful days!

Midsummer found me settled in my outlook:

My intellectual development nowadays is slow but constant. I am renouncing metaphysics in favor of science and the philosophy of science. Even Schopenhauer does not grip me as he did six weeks ago. He, too, is a metaphysician. I am quitting German philosophy entirely. I consider it quite wrong in its methods and ruling ideas, though, of course, it produced some very fruitful individual ideas. English philosophy, I think, has kept its feet on the firm ground and is really the only philosophy that counts.

I had become a positivist, giving up all attempt to ascertain the cause or "ground of being" of things:

I have confidence only in that philosophy which begins by renouncing philosophy. Philosophy is an inquiry into the causes of things and the basis of their existence. This is an idle question leading to nothing but failure and despair. The philosophy that sets as its task the determination of the regular time-and-space order of groups of similar phenomena is the only one that is not doomed to disappoint.

I saw that pondering is no way to get the most out of life:

Love and hate are the two finest things in life. Strong attractions and strong repulsions, strong loves and strong hates, great successes and great reverses enable one to say at the close, "I have lived." A scud down the bay with the boat careening and the water dashing over the side is worth more than floating on a mill-pond. A dash on a spirited horse with every organ in the body healthfully agitated charms more than a smooth glide on a cable car. A sky filled with silver-edged thunder-clouds on a background of sunny azure appeals to me more than a sky spread with a leaden even gray. Give me the powerful emotions and positive contrasts that make life seem solid and real. Happy he who has strong likes and dislikes, to whom life presents clear outlines, firm colors and sharp contrasts! A person who plants himself on the shore of some remote idea to get a long-range view of the earth is sure to be overwhelmed by an awful feeling of loneliness. The mountain peaks of speculation give the grandest views when the fog lifts but the chill is deadly. The tourist freezing on Monte Rosa in sight of a score of glaciers envies the warmth of the peasant's hut in the valley. The philosopher dying of loneliness and purposelessness while surveying the history of nature and of man envies the heats of passion, intensity of desire, energy of will, warmth of love and fierceness of hate felt by those struggling and shouting amid the multitude.

Amid these inner experiences I was not missing other aspects of university life. A friendly surgeon, Dr. K., took me with him to witness student dueling:

The place is one of the two maintained by the student corps in defiance of the vigilance of the police. It is large, unplastered and, with the painted roof timbers overhead, it looks rather

barnlike. There are tables, a couple of wardrobes, four or five chairs and several rude boxes. At the window stands a table with basins, sponges, cotton, phials and surgical instruments. At the ends of the room are wardrobe hooks. In the further corner on each side is a long table covered with coats, vests, trousers, collars, etc. At the back a door leads into a low gloomy room filled with chairs and tables on which stand pads and beer glasses. A rude bar is garnished with sandwiches and casks of beer. I thought of "Auerbach's Keller" in *Faust*.

The front room was filled with students and tobacco smoke. On one side were wearers of black caps belonging to the Turn Verein; on the left were wearers of blue caps, members of the Spandovia. The groups have no relations with each other save through their designated representatives. Dr. K. introduced me to the Spandovians, his brothers. Only rarely is a stranger admitted to a *Mensur* but the fact that I am introduced by Dr. K., one of their great favorites, disarms suspicion and soon I am on friendly terms with them. The first match is in progress when we arrive. At the extremities of the painted rectangle on the floor of the room, about seven feet apart, sit two frightful-looking objects, the duellists. An old pair of trousers covers the limbs and over this hangs a long cotton shirt. The whole front is covered by a thick leather pad that reaches below the knees and is stiff with the blood of many conflicts. Around the neck a black bandage has been wound until neck and ears are completely protected. To the eyes are strapped stout iron goggles with a leather lining that allows them to fit closely and prevents any blood running in. If a duellist has an old wound upon his head he may have it protected by a leather pad.

The right arm is wrapped until it is as large as a thigh. On the hand is an enormous padded glove with a long gauntlet to protect the wrists. The duellists are sitting with blood streaming down their faces and the heavy right arm is held by a friend. A student standing between them cries, "*Siebente Minute!*" (Seventh round!). The fighters arise and advance until their bodies are just a sword's length apart. Each duellist's second stands at his left, bearing a sword with a very large hand shield and wearing a cap with a broad leather visor. The one second calls "*Lass die Klinge binden*" (Blades in position!) and the principal lifts his sword to guard supported by his second's weapon. Dexterously the other second brings the swords into a crossed position and shouts "*Sind gebunden*" (In position). "*Los!*" (Go!) cries the others and the seconds duck. The swords

clash in quick hew and parry. Sparks fly, blow rains on blow till the seconds strike up the weapons. Perhaps one has received a cut and the blood is running down his face. If so, the surgeon of his side, usually a corps brother studying medicine, examines the cut, inserts his little probe to see whether it is dangerous and pronounces whether or not the duel may proceed. If no severe wound has been received, the bent swords are straightened and the duellists repeat the ceremony. Four "bouts" constitute a "minute," after which comes a pause of from two to seven minutes during which the fighters rest. A duel may extend to thirty such "minutes."

When the duel is over the combatants are unbandaged by their friends and taken to the surgical table where their wounds are dressed. The sewing up of the wounds is hard to bear and the boys make very wry faces and even tremble. Meanwhile the swords are filed sharp for the next encounter and waiters scurry about with steins.

The next pair take their places with their student caps on their heads. The students from the beer hall behind take position on their respective sides. Ensues a dialogue between the referee, the principals, the seconds and certain officials of the corps. Each as he speaks lifts his cap. The duellists have it lifted for them every time they open their lips. Part of this dialogue relates to certain pads protecting old wounds. The presence of these pads must be explained and justified. The bouts of the second duel are furious. I can see only the flash of swords and the sparks—where the blows fall can be seen only after the bout. When the combatants raise their blades their friends snatch their caps from their heads. Two of Bismarck's sons were severely wounded in student duels and thence came a "law" of duelling that the caps must be left on as protection. But since this narrows too much the cutting field, the students evade this by letting the caps fall off or letting their friends remove them.

This duel was very exciting. My blood was fired and I wish I were a German student that I might feel the wild delight of standing before an opponent and giving and warding off stern blows. In one of the bouts the man on the other side received so severe a blow on the wrist he could not hold his weapon. The surgeon pronounced it impossible for him to continue the duel although he had received no cut, while his opponent's face was streaming with blood. When the honor of his corps was at stake it would have been dishonorable for him to have withdrawn before the finish without having lost blood and he would have

had to stand with his helpless wrist and let his opponent give him a slash. During one of the bouts a blow reaches one of the seconds and stretches him on the floor. The second wears no goggles and if the sword had struck his eye, it might have entered his brain and killed him.

A favorite lark was to serve as "super" (*Statist*) on the stage of the Royal Opera or the Royal Theatre:

We presented ourselves at the back door of the Royal Theatre and announced our names. After the *Oberstatist* found our names duly recorded in his list of applicants, he directed us to the dressing rooms. We passed through rooms filled with men pulling on doublets, trunkhose, long gowns, waistcoats and caps, mitres, helmets, sugarloaf hats and hoods. At the end we found a crowd of newcomers receiving orders: "You are black-servant," "You are huntsman" and to me after regarding my height "You are priest." I was shown a peg on which my costume hung. The room was soon filled with young fellows undressing and drawing on our priestly garb. I put on knee breeches, black stockings, low buckled shoes, long black robe, a white stole with a frill at the neck and a rich surplice with tippet. A black velvet mitre completed the outfit. In and out among the *Statists* darted the dressers telling us which part of the garment came in front, pinning our frills, settling our caps and adjusting our surplices. Everybody was stalking about in strange robes, getting acquainted with himself and his comrades. All the "supers" were gentlemen and many were students. Finally the finishing touches were put on, the room filled up with priests, servants, peasants and hunters. One of the chiefs took his stand at the exit. Every man was inspected and then we filed up a little narrow winding staircase that brought us out at the back of the vast stage.

We inspected the wings, the scenery, the audience, through the peepholes, peeped down the passages into the green rooms where the ballet girls were dancing and where we could catch sight of doublets and silken breeches. The chief actress in the opera *Der Trompeter von Säckingen* came out in her rich cream-satin robes and chatted pleasantly with the stage officials. Fraulein Leisinger is a beautiful woman of heroic mold and looked roguish and glorious. The stage men were setting up the scenery, actors were complimenting each other and chatting. The *Trompeter* was chatting with the lady he was about to woo and solicitously feeling of his adhesive moustache. The *Statisten* were standing about

in groups getting acquainted. There was no hurry, no excitement, no impatience. Everybody was good-natured and polite. When we were in anybody's way, we were reminded of it by jest or good-humored remonstrance.

People were going about humming or even whistling little snatches of airs that the orchestra was playing. Finally the curtain rose on a drinking scene. I cannot describe the play but I know it looked very different to us from what it did to the audience. Actors strolling about the stage would be humming to themselves, whistling softly, exchanging observations with those behind the wings or carrying on a little play of their own. When the daughter would fall upon her father's bosom, she would make a comical face at us. While the father turned away in apparent displeasure from his daughter pleading on her knees, he gave us a very deliberate and jovial wink with the eye remotest from the audience. During a scene in a room the canvas walls were thickly beset with stage men and "supers" and actors with eye glued to every hole of a pinhead size.

Finally came our part. I was to march in the midst of a long procession that was to pass across the back of the stage, ascend some steps and disappear in a chapel door. I had to carry a banner on a long staff and lower it at the door. This very simple maneuver being successfully accomplished, we retired to the lower region, dropped our suits and drew on green coats. We then reappeared on the stage and crowded forward between the wings to see the ballet. The ballet girls trooped out of their dressing rooms and chatted with each other and with us. Some were beautiful, all were good looking and dressed very lightly. One group had on tights and a tunic. There was a large crowd of little girls from six to ten dressed to represent butterflies with mottled gauze dress, netted wings and caps with enormous bulging eyes and antennae.

The ballet probably looked perfect from the house but to us it was full of breaks and faults. The girls during the dance were chatting with each other, humming tunes to themselves or smiling at those in the wings. None of them paid any attention to the audience except the principal *danseuse*. She threw kisses at the audience but there was such a difference between gesture and expression that we had to laugh.

Between the last acts we changed to our own clothes and armed ourselves with swords and shields for the battle scene where we had to stand behind the backdrop and clash our swords furiously.

Among my Berlin chums were Julian W. Mack, now Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court; W. A. Heidel, professor at Wesleyan University (Connecticut) and an outstanding figure in the interpretation of Greek philosophy; Frank Thilly, late professor of philosophy at Cornell; E. W. Scripture, Director of the Phonetic Institute in the University of Vienna; Frank Sharp, my colleague in ethics at the University of Wisconsin; and J. A. Morehead, perhaps the biggest figure in the Lutheran Churches of the world and knighted by the King of Denmark for post-war relief. My chief cronies were Frederic Hamilton and R. R. Marrett. Hamilton, a Harvard honor man, was going through the same sort of crisis I was. He had come over for philosophy and theology but thought of giving up the Church and going into law. He stuck, however, and became head of the Epworth League of the World and Chancellor of the American University at Washington. Marrett, son of the life President of the Isle of Jersey and a "double first" at Oxford, had the quickest mind I ever knew:

He gets you before the words are out of your mouth. His mind is a highly charged dynamo and every touch brings a flash. He is alert all over and perceives an idea no matter from which side it approaches. He is the first chap I have met near my own age who is at every point intellectually a match for me and at some my superior. His prizes were in classics and philosophy and, of course, he has Latin and Greek at his finger tips. Despite his training he is no prig or idealist, but knows how to take a cool, common sense view of life. In politics he is a Radical and in religion a non-believer. During our walk in the Tiergarten he said, "Do you know I like you awfully well. Most of the Americans I have met seem ashamed of their being Americans, talk affectionately of the aristocracy and the Queen and the Established Church, adopt a wishy-washy Anglicanism and altogether disgust me. You do nothing of the sort."

Marrett became a renowned cultural anthropologist and is now rector of Exeter College at Oxford.

All my cronies who later achieved eminence were casting a long shadow even then.

The great German scholars made a lasting impression on

me. They taught me what Science really is and their ideas have directed my lifelong labors at building a "science of society." Ever since I came in contact with masters like Paulsen and Wagner I have been trying to give *my* students the inspiration *they* gave *me*. Their keynote was that majestic phrase, *wissenschaftliche Objectivität* (scientific objectivity), and unceasingly I carry on in its spirit.

Meanwhile I was not neglecting other sides of German life. Almost daily I saw the Kaiser driven down *Unter den Linden*, now and then I saw Bismarck and von Moltke. The more I met the Prussian type, the less I liked it. In the Easter vacation I made a six-day excursion to Dresden to see the art galleries and ramble through "Saxon Switzerland." In June Ed Scripture and I with knapsack on back tramped the Harz, with Heine's *Harzreise* as our guide.

At the close of the university year W. A. Smith, Morehead and I set out on a big tour. After footing it through the Black Forest and the Thuringian Forest, we ran up to Paris for five days to inspect the *Exposition Universelle*. Then we spent three weeks in Switzerland with the cream of the scenery. We boated on the loveliest lakes, "hiked" over the Furka and Grimsel passes, climbed the Rigi, followed the St. Gothard road to the very mouth of the tunnel, stopped a night at the St. Bernard *hospice* and trudged the Simplon highroad from the Rhône Valley up over the main Alp and down to the Lombard plain. After breakfast we left the snow-girt *hospice* and by mid-afternoon we were among vineyards and olive groves!

We spent a month in Italy which included eight days in Rome. We trudged every foot of the enchanting Amalfi-Sorrento road and bathed in the Blue Grotto of Capri. We started to climb to the crater of Vesuvius but got off on the wrong trail and never arrived. After five days in Venice we came up over the Brenner—footing it through the Tyrol—to Munich where we separated, they heading for Berlin, I for Paris.

During the ten weeks together we did 500 miles on foot besides 3400 miles by rail. My total outlay was \$114.50, the average cost of my night's lodging being twenty cents. It

would have been far better for me had I been less Spartan; living too much on cold food out of my knapsack, when after a hard day I should have had a hot meal, brought on a dyspepsia which dogged me for three years.

This stomach trouble was due in part to my unyielding fidelity to the total abstinence pledge I had taken in my boyhood. In Germany I drank no beer at all save a sip when "drinking health." Throughout our trip never once did I take beer or wine but, to the amazement of the innkeepers, called for plain water! Sometimes the waiter would be ten minutes finding me my glass of water, Heaven only knows where he got it! I shudder even now to think of the polluted water I drank in Italian *trattorie* when right at my elbow was the wine of the country, which, however harsh and sour, is at least germ-proof. I can't yet understand how I escaped typhoid. My frailer comrades, more sensible than I, came through our hardships in much better shape. When I reached Paris my stomach was on strike and I lost twenty pounds before it consented to resume its functions. Ever since, mindful of the effects of that tour, I have taken a common-sense attitude towards beer and wine.

In those days I had a horror of instability. Not to fulfil a vow seemed a treason to one's former self. Later I came to see that life is—has to be—a moving equilibrium and must not be chained to commitments made long ago.

I spent a month doing Paris and the Exposition and another month visiting the collections in fog-wrapt London. I listened to G. Bernard Shaw and Annie Besant, heard Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and was back home in time to spend Christmas with my classmate Barber at Andover Seminary.

CHAPTER V

JOHNS HOPKINS, INDIANA, CORNELL

February, 1890-June, 1893

BARBER persuaded me not to study law but to go in for the New Economics which, in the hands of Ely, Patten, Seligman, and Farnam, was tackling realities instead of handing on a moth-eaten tradition. While visiting Mrs. Beach in January I drew out letters from the four chief centers of graduate study in economics. That from Ely at Johns Hopkins was the most tempting, so early in February I joined the famous Seminary in history, politics and economics, comprising forty-odd graduate students from all over the country.

We were a dead-earnest group, for three thousand volumes in our field lined the walls and alcoves of the big seminary room silently reminding us how little we knew. Every one of us was working like a beaver on seminary report or doctoral thesis. Outstanding among us were David Kinley, James Albert Woodburn, John R. Commons, William A. Scott, Newton D. Baker, Frederic C. Howe, the Willoughby twins, W. F. and W. W., William Howe Tolman, and Charles D. Haskins. Two-thirds of that group achieved distinction, while a fifth of it won fame.

I got economics and finance from Ely, comparative jurisprudence from Emmott, politics from Woodrow Wilson and from James Bryce who came over about every year to lecture at Hopkins. Sociology? No! I have written thousands of pages about it but never had an hour's instruction in it! I offered philosophy as my "first minor," ethics as my "second minor." My thesis, *Sinking Funds*, was later published by the American Economic Association. I suppose not six persons then knew as much about the paying off of our public debts as I did. For a decade my course, "Financial History of the

United States," was to be one of my stand-bys. Then I did a seminary paper on European pessimism which saw the light in the *Arena* for November, 1891, under the title "Turning Toward Nirvana." President David Starr Jordan liked it so well that later it brought me a call to Stanford.

Jevons's marginal-utility theory so fascinated me that I worked out a geometry based on curves for utility, demand and supply. I devised thirty-odd economic theorems with proof, but never did anything with them.

I am a relentless worker and toil till I go stale. Once I relaxed by reading books on Central Asia, of which the Russian advance through Khiva ten years before had called forth a swarm. So an intense craving grew up in me to see Bokhara, no place in the wide world so drew me. My prospect of ever getting there seemed then about equal to my present prospect of visiting the moon. Yet twenty-seven years later I entered its grim gate!

In these post-graduate years opera and drama played a big rôle in my development. In Germany I heard *Rheingold*, *Siegfried*, *Die Walküre*, *Götterdämmerung*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*; saw *Faust*, *Egmont*, *Don Carlos*, *Iphigenia*, *Demetrius*, *Der Bettelstudent*, *Götz von Berlichingen*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Lady of the Sea*. In Paris I heard *Romeo et Juliette*, *Nanon*, *Esclarmonde*, *Les Huguenots*; saw *Hernani*, *La Vie de Bohème*, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, Mounet-Sully in *Œdipus Rex* and Sara Bernhardt in *Theodora*. In London I saw Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in *The Dead Heart*. In Baltimore I saw Booth and Barrett in *The Merchant of Venice* and *Hamlet*. Booth's *Hamlet* is the finest acting I ever beheld; after that Coquelin's *Cyrano*.

Witnessing the world's best drama opened my eyes to the infinite variety of human character and personality and made me sensitive to individual differences. Whatever my shortcomings, no one has ever accused me of being dry, bookish, or wooden. Who, after seeing *Cyrano's* fetching way with the Cadets of Gascony, could fail to greet every interview as an adventure?

Although I have no technical knowledge of music I am so enraptured by the better operas and concerts that I feel deep veneration for the great musical composers. To me they are the surest benefactors humanity knows. Many gifts of the scientist admit of being used for crime, warfare or empire; or else their benefit is neutralized by a blind increase in numbers. But the immortal musical creations are the purest delight-givers we have.

In an after-seminary regale at Dr. Ely's house I let myself be tempted into downing a brace of Baltimore's famous "deviled" crabs. They must have had seven devils apiece for they laid me low for half a week. I had just taken out two thick volumes, *Dynamic Sociology*, by an author unknown to me, Lester Frank Ward; so while in bed writhing with pain I sampled them. The magnificent sweep of Ward's thought made me almost forget my internal misery; but for years after I could not open that book without being visited by faint wraiths of those abdominal pangs! I stirred up others to read it and soon Hopkins had a little band of Wardians. At the next gathering of economists in Washington there was a reception at the Cosmos Club which several of us attended. A mate sought me out and whispered excitedly, "Come have a look at Lester F. Ward!" I beheld a tall stooped man of fifty with thick iron-gray hair and strongly-molded features, every inch the Thinker. I gazed with awe, little dreaming that I was to marry his niece, call him "Uncle," and have unlimited converse with him. If I should meet socially Aristotle, "Master of Them that Know," I doubt if I would find him a bigger man than Lester F. Ward.

Which brings me to Rosamond.

In the Easter season of 1890, being run down from an attack of "flu," I accepted an invitation from the Willoughbys to pass half a week at their home in Washington. Though held indoors by bad weather and a cold, by Sunday I felt so refreshed that I determined to take an early afternoon train back and resume work on my thesis. All besought me to stay over and promised to have in a certain charming girl friend of theirs, but I was adamant. After dinner I brought

down my bag and in my greatcoat was making my *adieux* to the family. As I took Mrs. Willoughby's hand she said with gentle urgency, "*Hadn't* you better stay?" After a moment's hesitation I responded, "I will." But for her sweet insistence I should never have met Rosamond! For the boys brought over the Simons girls and before the evening was over I knew Rosamond was my fate.

To encourage us to avail ourselves of the collections and gatherings in Washington, Hopkins got the railroads to grant us a week-end round-trip rate of a dollar between Baltimore and Washington. Thanks to this I passed every Sunday in Washington wooing Rosamond and at the end of May in the same week won both girl and degree!

Let me here testify that Rosamond was absolutely the rarest being any one ever had for a wife. Her delight was painting, her work in oils having won her the gold medal of the Corcoran School of Art. How many glorious outdoor hours have I whiled away in California, Brittany, Normandy, on the Riviera, in Naples, in Venice, in Tunis, in the English country-side, while she worked at her easel! The capture of beauty is so remote from my customary pursuits that attending her while she sketched, gave me just the surcease I needed. The charms of the scene sank into me like a balm and healed me. Then Rosamond was so determined that I should be true to myself that she never deprecated the utterances of mine which might cost us our livelihood and home. She was anxious over what might happen to us, but she never made the least suggestion I should "duck" or palter. She didn't claim to know anything about economic issues but she wanted her husband to be that kind of man.

So uplifted was Rosamond by her endeavor from childhood to find and fix beauty that besetments and moral perplexities were strangers to her. Envy, jealousy, spite, deceit, littleness of every sort, she avoided as unerringly as her dainty feet avoided muck. In every coil life presented she recognized the right without hesitation and did it without effort. The quest of beauty had given her an uncanny insight into pride, self-seeking or cruelty masquerading as righteousness. She could no more do an inconsiderate or egoistic thing

than you could stick pins into a kitten. Never did she seek to capture attention, show off, or talk for effect.

Rosamond was very sensitive to personal differences, but the lines drawn by snobbery meant no more to her than if she had dropped in from the Milky Way. She did not protest or rebel against social distinctions, she ignored them—like a saint or a gifted child. We formed our circle of friends without the slightest heed to their ratings in "society," our gay supper parties drew from garret and drawing-room.

Rosamond's sense of humor was so rare that any time she wanted to she could have us roaring over her take-offs of persons and situations. No matter how long I had lived with her, she could get me convulsed in two minutes by her inimitable characterizations. As artist she knew all about posing and mimicry, so it was not easy to "put over" anything on her. Altogether genuine herself, she saw through words or behavior intended to bamboozle and was much quicker than I was to sense the spurious.

With this blithe and gifted being I lived forty years with never a doubt that she was just the woman for me. I realized, of course, I wasn't good enough for her, but then who was? Anyway we reared three stalwart sons who adored her. From my experience I advise the scholar to marry, if possible, a woman dominated by an interest in art, music, or pure literature. Then any time he is fagged he can find rest and refreshment by following his wife's lead.

After sixteen months I came up for my Ph.D. oral examination before a dozen world-famous scholars, only three or four of whom knew me. To prepare myself for the ordeal I knocked off work for a half-week, spending my days in the parks watching the boys play ball and my evenings with my girl friends. So in the "oral" I was gay, even saucy. Astronomer Simon Newcomb, who had published a political economy in the classical vein, took a hand in questioning me and some of my replies made Ely smile. I never knew what impression I left until, while writing this chapter, along happens a letter from Newcomb's daughter, in which she writes: "My father took part in questioning Professor Ely's students and I well remember his telling me of one



ROSAMUND

who had particularly delighted him. . . . Now this town had just had a visit from Colonel Brantz Rozzell, Ph.D., who was Fellow in Astronomy when you were at Hopkins, and he says you were the man being cross-questioned on that notable occasion. He remembered a question about who were railroad stockholders to which you answered, 'Widows and orphans.' "

Which reveals how fine a sportsman Dr. Newcomb was; the fact is, I gave him anything but the answers he looked for. He asked me "Now, who constitute this body of railroad stockholders?" expecting me to reply that they were people who had put their savings at the disposal of the public. I answered mischievously, "If we are to believe the railroad attorneys, virtually all are widows and orphans." (General hilarity!)

In the spring of '91 President Jordan of Indiana University came looking for a man in economics and was referred to me. We had a talk and presently he notified me that I had been elected to the chair at \$1,500 and that he had just resigned in order to accept the presidency of Stanford University.

To spare my eyes, which had been weakened by an attack of "flu" I passed that summer in Iowa with Mrs. Beach, looking after her farm. Nine and one-half years had passed since I left it. In that time I had traversed the equivalent of high school, college and university besides earning money for two and one-half years. I had won two degrees, had had a good look at the world and was ready now to show what I could do. I had spent \$2,200, besides \$1,200 I had earned, and was \$500 in debt.

At Bloomington, Indiana, I joined a faculty of keen up-to-date young men, headed by the delightful biologist, John M. Coulter. I had thirty-five men in economics, seventeen in sociology and five in comparative politics. I served on the faculty athletic committee and soon became very popular with the students. The senior class chose me as their commencement orator, but I had to be in Washington then for my marriage. In my economics class there was a "smart Aleck" from Southern "Injeany" who had been in the legis-

lature and hankered to "show off." As he had given signs of intending to "have fun with the professor" I kept a suspicious eye on him. One day when I took my chair I noticed him sitting by the open window, his chair tilted back and his feet on the window-sill. As usual I said, "The class will please be in order" and every one came to attention save G., who went on chewing tobacco.

"Mr. G., will you kindly remove your feet from the window-sill and sit up."

No response. I rose and moved rather seriously in his direction. Feet and chair came down *ker-blap*, and from then on he was the flattest tire on the campus. Of course I had no intention of hurting him—I haven't hit any one since I was twelve years old—I thought of nothing further than taking him by the scruff of the neck and dropping him through the open window to the sward ten feet below. The incident was trivial and I tell it only because at Cornell and at Stanford I found that all my students had heard of it!

Since then I have had from my students nothing but the most beautiful consideration.

After New Year's I gave in Indianapolis fourteen weekly "extension" lectures on Present-Day Economic Problems. As I re-read the newspaper reports of these lectures and of those I gave a year later in Rochester I am impressed with their fullness. From three-quarters of a column to a column and a quarter is the usual thing, besides an occasional sympathetic editorial. Thirty years later, when I was a hundred-fold better known to the public, lectures by me on equally momentous subjects in the same towns would not have received a quarter of the newspaper space they did then.

For in those days the newspapers were not so tied into the business-control System as they have since become. While there are still independent and outspoken sheets, the bulk of them have shockingly deteriorated. To-day they offer more trash—sensational news stories, chit-chat, "funnies"—and seem to wish to draw the attention of their readers *away* from serious public issues.

In the spring, on invitation of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association of the county, I gave an address in the court-

house on the perils of the gold standard. I showed that for twenty years, thanks to the gold standard, the burden of a debt had been increasing at the rate of about 2 per cent a year. Five years later, for saying this I should have been thrown out, so taut had the lines become in the meantime.

In March I was called to Northwestern University and offered a chair at \$2,500 a year. President Jordan invited me to an associate professorship at Stanford at \$2,250. Cornell University offered me an associate professorship at \$2,500. Indiana was willing to raise my salary \$500. These salaries were equivalent to salaries 70 to 90 per cent higher to-day. I visited Ithaca, looked over the ground and accepted the Cornell offer.

I was to be married at the bride's home in Washington on the evening of June 16, 1892. Many guests were expected and the occasion was to be formal. Before leaving Bloomington I had my first dress suit made but the trunk containing it had not reached the depot when my train came in. I arranged to have it follow on a later train but the half-wit who brought it dumped it down on the far end of the platform where it lay a week. Meanwhile in Washington telegrams brought no word of my trunk and it began to look as if I might have to be married in the light summer suit I came on in. I was untroubled for, after all, in matrimony the main thing is to *get the girl*, but my girl's family were by no means so philosophical. Anxious consultations! Phonings and scurryings! Some one recalled an obliging broad-shouldered Cousin Ben, a prosperous bureau-chief who stood six feet four. He was away; had he left his dress suit? Oh, joy, he had! It came, a hundred-dollar confection of the finest broadcloth, satin-faced, much more splendid than my modest scholar's suit. It fitted perfectly save about the middle, for Cousin Ben, twenty years older than I, had eaten a thousand more French dinners. A deft take-up of six inches at the back of the waistband and lo, Solomon in all his glory . . . 1

That is how I came to be married in another man's suit.

Rosamond and I spent a fortnight at a resort in the Blue Ridge, then passed some weeks at her home and every fine afternoon after office Lester F. Ward took me for a ride in his

geologist's dog-cart. Thus to receive the outpourings of his encyclopedic mind was equivalent to a post-doctoral course. Late in August I attended with him a meeting of the American Economic Association at Lake Chautauqua where I read a paper, "A New Canon of Taxation," and, much to my surprise, was elected secretary to succeed Dr. Ely, who felt he must drop the burden. I was allowed to have my dear Phi Gamma Delta brother, Frederic C. Howe, as assistant-secretary at \$500 a year.

This job, coming on top of my new responsibilities, well-nigh killed me. I so strained my heart that it was years before I recovered. Cornell is a great and proud university and I *had* to make good. My chief, Professor J. W. Jenks, was abroad but two fine instructors, Walter F. Willcox and Charles H. Hull, worked with me. There was no call to teach politics or sociology, just economics and finance. I took a small group of graduates through Böhm-Bawerk's *Capital and Interest* and *Positive Theory of Capital*. In my large class in economics my most rapt listener was Charles A. Ellwood, now one of the archons of sociology. I became acquainted with a tall young professor of law, Charles Evans Hughes. Once while waiting for our train we walked up and down the platform talking and shyly he showed me a picture of his children. He went on to become counsel for a famous investigation of the life insurance companies, Governor of New York, Secretary of State and Chief Justice of the United States. When he was running for President I had a conference with him about immigration.

Soon after I arrived at Cornell I gave an address, "The Reform Spirit," which the Cornell *Era* published in full and concerning which it observed: "Professor Ross's words have the ring of pure and undefiled patriotism, while they sound the keynote of that second Renaissance which American life is getting sadly to need."

I strove to interest my students in current economic thought. Remarked the *Era*, "Professor Ross and his associates in the department of economics have taken upon themselves the task of selecting each week, from the various periodicals, the economic literature of special merit and each

Monday a printed copy of the selections made is given to every student in economics. . . . It is a new thing here and is fully appreciated by the students."

Every Friday I gave in Rochester before about 175 hearers a lecture in a course, *Present-Day Economic Problems*. I opened with "Signs and Causes of Social Discontent" and after rejecting many assigned causes traced it to the "industrial revolution" we have been undergoing for a generation. Then came "The Good Side of the Industrial Revolution" and "The Bad Side of the Industrial Revolution." Lectures followed on "The Workingman as Plaintiff," "The Farmer as Plaintiff" and "The Consumer as Plaintiff." The course concluded with four lectures dealing respectively with the History, Nature, Strength, and Weakness, of Socialism. My clientele induced me to give a supplementary course of five lectures on such subjects as Tax Reform, Monetary Reform, Municipal Reform, etc. Then they enticed me to give a sixteenth and a seventeenth lecture. They wanted me to keep on but I refused—I hate tapering.

No treatment could be kinder than that which the Rochester papers gave me. Said one in an editorial:

Conclusive proof of the deep and widespread interest in sociological questions was found in the large audience that gathered in Free Academy Hall last evening to listen to the opening lecture of the University Extension course that Professor E. A. Ross of Cornell is to deliver in this city. It is unfortunate, however, that the workingmen of Rochester were not represented in larger numbers, for the lectures are designed quite as much for their benefit as for the people that were present. They would have found in Prof. Ross an ideal lecturer—plain and unpretentious in his manner, simple and lucid in his discourse, interesting and instructing in his statements of fact and striking and stimulating in his broad and profound generalizations.

Subsequently the *Union and Advertiser* remarked editorially:

The fifteen lectures he has delivered before his class during the past four months have been listened to with deep interest and they have made for him a large circle of friends and ad-

mirers. However much one may differ from him, it cannot be denied that he is a profound student, a clear thinker and a stimulating teacher. He has the rare faculty of presenting abstruse questions in a concrete and practical way that brings his lectures within the easy comprehension of the untrained and uninformed mind. Then again he has the rare trait of fairness and impartiality; that is, he always tries to be fair and treat opponents and opposing views with consideration. He is likewise considerate of every effort of his pupils to seek enlightenment. He answers their questions, whether trivial or not, fully and without impatience. It was because of these traits that his class parted with him so reluctantly last evening for the last time.

There spoke the Old America receding into the Has Been. A few years later there would have been a standing order in Rochester newspaper offices, "Hang dead cats on that man!"

While repeating this course downtown in Ithaca and giving addresses in other cities, I published articles: *The Standard of Deferred Payments*; *A New Canon of Taxation*; *The Total Utility Standard of Deferred Payments*; *The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation*; *The Tendencies of Natural Values*; *The Principles of Economic Legislation*.

I was not altogether happy in economics, for human values which appealed to me strongly had to be left out. I dreamt of keeping on with economics until I had saved enough to keep us for two years, then resigning and trying to make a living by writing. After going over to sociology I no longer felt this restlessness.

Reacting from the sobriety of economics I secretly indulged in writing a light-opera libretto. In Berlin a young American composer and I worked on an opera, *Christopher Columbus*, which I finished in Baltimore, but it failed to find a producer. As I had attained a certain facility in writing dialogue and light verse, my brother-in-law, Ernest Lent, got me to collaborate with him in fabricating a gay opera with a Chinese setting, but it, too, was never staged.

Shortly after I took hold at Cornell I accepted a call from President Jordan to an economics chair at Stanford at \$3,500 a year.

James Harvey Robinson, since famous, came to Cornell and

I put him up. After his brilliant address we spent a couple of hours together, I listening and by an occasional exclamation or query testifying how interested I was. Later I heard that he had exclaimed, "What a delightful conversationalist Ross is!" "So-o-o," I reflected, "people enjoy your conversation best when you listen." From then on, if I wanted to give a scholar guest a particularly good time, I brought up what he most wanted to talk about, held my tongue and listened in a way to bring out his best.

A decade passed ere my technique failed me. The eminent British economist, John A. Hobson, stopped with me and after dinner we lighted our pipes. I sparred cautiously to find out what *he* most wished to talk about. Many matches were struck but the kindling wouldn't "catch." Our verbal exchanges grew more desultory until it dawned upon me that he was trying to find out what *I* most wished to talk about. I taxed him with the design, he admitted it, I confessed to my technique, we roared, and thereupon ensued the best week of interchange of thought I have ever had.

Looking over old letters from Hopkins cronies just launched on their academic careers, I note something significant: *they are not afraid*. They show no concern as to how their utterances will strike powerful outsiders *because in those days outsiders did not presume to dictate to institutions of learning*. Yet it was Ely's Economics they were teaching; he had just put out *The Labor Movement in America* and had been giving to his graduate students the chapters which later appeared in his book on socialism.

Since then (but too gradually for many to notice it) an elaborate control has been thrown over the American people and one of its measures is to block the channels by which ideas hateful to the business-control System reach people's minds. By "system" I mean, of course, the vast invisible organization created in order to boost the proportion of total national income which as rentals, profits, dividends, earnings, interest, salary or bonus, goes to the masters of our economic mechanism. I object to calling it "capitalist control" because it really is not that. The farmer or professional man may have a considerable capital, yet not feel included in the

dominant class. On the other hand, the business man operating wholly on borrowed capital is made to feel that God intended his ilk to run society. That not capitalists as such but *business men* have been exalted in the American public consciousness is due, of course, to the fact that not capitalists but business men win the support of the newspapers through their placement of advertising.

Teachers in the social sciences, from high school to university, are always under close surveillance by local editors, bankers and merchants (or their lackeys) who, very much more than formerly, are knit up with the "big fellows" in the great centers. Let the teacher once cross the deadline to the "left" and they are after him. The newspaper distorts his words and without the slightest justification pins on him "red," "bol-shevist," "radical" or "subversive" in order to ruin him with its public. If it cannot do this he is besieged by reporters who tell him their readers are greatly interested in his views on this, that or the other social question, so as to draw him out. To be sure, they never print what he says unless he lets slip something which may be twisted and played up to damage him. The greenhorn thrills at these signs of growing interest in his utterances and imagines that everything is coming his way, until their trap is sprung.

For the clear-seeing and outspoken scholar in one of the social branches America to-day is far less kindly and tolerant, far more grim and treacherous, than the America we Hopkins' economists met. Until he has won a place from which he can flout and defy the System he goes always in peril of his academic life, knowing that he is watched from every coign, that the unflagging henchmen of the Big Interests are on his trail, and that only extraordinarily good luck will save his head from the tomahawk.

The local banker, grain buyer, or implement dealer is far more the spy and tool of the centralized big-city interests than he was fifty years ago. An invisible net of tyranny has been spun out over our heads and naturally it is soonest felt by the teacher, editor or clergyman who takes his calling seriously and insists on getting to the people the truth he has vowed to disseminate.

CHAPTER VI

STANFORD

September, 1893—December, 1900

CALIFORNIA was everything I dreamed—and more! "To get up every morning and see the mountains looming purple or blue or yellow or crimson on either hand! I find the mountains stealing in on my affections until I love them so I could fairly *hug* them! And then the climate! Every day we exclaim, 'Think of it, this is December!' While you are buried in snow drifts *we* see the new grass, started up by the recent rains, spreading green over the hillsides and we feel the sun shining warm upon us as it does in April."

I vibrate to our Dane Coolidge's summing up: "California is seven hundred miles long, two hundred and fifty miles wide, three miles high and half a mile deep. There is more snow in California in June than there is in Massachusetts in January, and there are more roses in California in January than there are in Massachusetts in June."

As I re-read to-day my early rhapsodies I ask myself, "Why don't I miss more that unbroken sunshine, those tender airs?" That I do not mourn the loss of that ethereal mildness, that here I am not noticeably happier in summer than in winter suggest that, in these days of well-built homes and oil-burning furnaces, climate does not rank high among the factors of the scholar's happiness—ahead of it being health, work, mate, children, income, friends and the state of one's conscience.

Recalling the charm of those halcyon days and gentle nights beside the Peaceful Ocean, I wonder that dwellers in the lovely Santa Clara Valley do not have a name among the tribes of men for patience and generosity, for being further than others from tears and curses, nearer than the

rest of us to smiles and laughter. Yet their seraphic emotional equipoise does not seem to have become a matter of common remark!

California holds surprises in folk as well as in climate and scene. Down the picturesque coast from San Gregorio to Carmel you never know in what shack or bungalow you will find a retired sea captain, a young poetess, a marine painter, a short-story writer, an unfrocked priest, or a refugee revolutionist. At any moment you may meet a vivid, gifted or original person. In a chance gathering you come upon the most amazing virtuosity. It is as if our westerling birds of paradise, quailing at last before the illimitable sea, had alighted and made their nests where the ships pass and they can look out toward "the mysterious East" and dream.

For two summers I passed a fortnight among the intelligent fruit-growers of the Santa Cruz Mountains lecturing every afternoon in a shady glen to 100-150 persons upon some current economic problem. From "Skyland," my host's home, I looked two thousand feet down and out over Santa Cruz, Monterey Bay and the ocean. The great billows from the South Seas, their front defined by a creamy line, crawl in with what seems majestic deliberation; in reality they are speeding faster than a horse can run!

President Jordan, his heart in higher education and the advancement of pure science, had gathered about him four-score men 25-40 years of age who shared his ideals. Among us simplicity ruled; less than the typical "native son of the Golden West" we sought the pleasures of the palate, but the quiet joys of family bulked large in our scheme of life. None of us thought of "keeping up with the Joneses." We rated people by what they *are*, not by their apparel or style of living. Those fond of *drawing the line* against somebody found no favor in our eyes. Every one of us was trying desperately to rescue from the crocodile jaws of his teaching schedule a few scraps of leisure time for productive scholarship. Never have I known men so ready to invest their "last punch" in research. One Christmas holiday *an eighth* of the faculty quit the campus in order to recuperate from the effects of prolonged overwork!

STANFORD

The "Golden West" spirit of openhanded spending and frank joy in living was not ours. The temper of the faculty was tight-laced, Hoosier or Yankee rather than Californian. But how these winter-pinched, frost-bitten ultramontanes relaxed in the sunshine and mild air! By the third season every one was ready on any pretext for a hike among the foot-hills and a bivouac under the redwoods.

Some of our brethren at the University of California "put on dog," but it never occurred to us that our Ph.D.'s and university chairs lifted us above other decent, well-behaved persons. Itinerant Stanford educators such as President Jordan, Earl Barnes, Edward H. Griggs and Amos G. Warner showed more homespun ways than the corresponding faculty men at Berkeley. The plain people marveled that professors from a multi-millionaire's university should prove more "folksy" than those from their State University. Many of the Berkeley scholars had come to be partial to the local wines and to dinners at "The Poodle Dog." We of Stanford, until thawed by the genial airs of the Pacific Slope, followed the Stoic tradition. Paladins we were in "lab" and "libe," but not such boon companions of an evening.

Despite the beautiful comradeship linking professors and students there was an influence at Stanford I mistrusted. In Dr. Jordan's "Evolution" course, which every Stanford student took, the world of life was presented as the outcome of adaptations brought about by a "survival of the fittest" continued through eons. Terms were used which seemed to link up the repulsive dog-eat-dog practices of current business and politics with that "struggle for existence" which evoked the higher forms of life. It seemed to me that in the mind of the callow listener an *aura* was thrown about brazen pushfulness and hard aggressiveness. I protested in my lectures that the winners in the rush are leaving no more descendants than those who observe the rules of fair play and content themselves with their just due. Since, therefore, the ruthless and wasteful "fight for the spoil" is not helping the abler strains to multiply faster than others, what is the point in giving it free course? I insisted that hoary maxims recommending restraint in conduct, embodying the experience and

reflections of humanity through thousands of years, are as valid as ever. Everybody grants now that my position is correct.

There was strong social idealism in Dr. Jordan, his stand against our "flyer" in imperialism shows that; but I suspect that many of our graduates plunged into the scramble for success with the idea that science hallows unscrupulous, "get there" tactics. Have public spirit and disinterested endeavor been quite so rife among Stanford graduates as one had a right to expect?

Ely, Commons and I projected a two-volume treatise on political economy, of which I was to do the part on Production. For a year I worked on it and my findings are embodied in two articles; in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* under the title "The Location of Industries," and in the *Annals of the American Academy* under the title, "Uncertainty as a Factor in Production." But the virus of sociology was in my veins, in the autumn of '94 I kept looking for the linch-pins which hold society together. About Christmas, in an alcove of the Stanford library, I set down as they occurred to me thirty-three distinct means by which society controls its members. This is the germ of my *Social Control*; its development absorbed me for six years and resulted in twenty articles in the *American Journal of Sociology*. I continued, however, to teach economics and not for more than a decade did I turn away from it. I met annually with economists and shared in their discussions until the founding of the American Sociological Society in 1903 gave me a chance to hobnob with sociologists.

In teaching sociology I was at my wit's end for a text. Spencer's *Principles* wouldn't do at all. Ward's *Dynamic Sociology* made a strong case for planned social progress but neglected the ordinary life of society. Kropotkin's fine articles, "Mutual Aid," were coming out in a British review, but the librarian objected to my sending a class to them. The fact is, no systematic treatment was to be had, only materials of the most scrappy and miscellaneous character. It's thankful I am that no stenographic notes have come down of the lectures I gave my early students in sociology. What a godsend they



THE AUTHOR IN HIS FIRST YEAR AT STANFORD

would be to my detractors! On almost any sociological topic to-day from twenty to fifty times as much good matter is at hand as we had forty-odd years ago. I realized then how pitifully little I—any of us—knew, but I never doubted there was room for a science of society and determined that it should come in my time.

It did.

In October, 1895, Small, head of the sociology department in the University of Chicago, having heard of my *Social Control* project from Ward, invited me to contribute a series of papers to the *American Journal of Sociology*, so for six years I worked exclusively in the field of social psychology. Moreover, I became an "advisory editor" of the *Journal*. In 1896 I taught two courses in the second half of the summer quarter at the University of Chicago. Small's letters to Ward were just out; on August 25, 1896, he wrote: "Ross is making a strong impression on the students here this summer."

In the *Popular Science Monthly* of July, 1897, appeared "Mob Mind," embryo of my *Social Psychology*. The same year *The Outlook* got me to contribute an article on "The Educational Function of the Church." In the *Independent* in 1896 I published a solicited article, "The Roots of Social Discontent," which excited much comment.

Although a heretic on the money question, I was on the best of terms with the academic champions of the gold standard (Laughlin of Chicago, Taussig and Dunbar of Harvard) and they gave me chivalrous treatment. They felt it a shame that I ran more risk in defending my position than they in defending theirs. In November, 1896, Taussig in acknowledging my appreciation of his book, *Wages and Capital*, wrote, "I value your opinion highly and your words of praise give me great pleasure. . . . Like yourself I feel that the monetary situation presents a choice of evils; only I find the preponderance of advantage on the other side. Possibly my social sympathies are less keen than yours are; which again I might be disposed to state (somewhat egotistically) by saying that my social sympathies have not carried me off my feet as yours have."

Our earlier years at Stanford were shadowed by the illness

and loss of our first-born, Worth Ross, a beautiful boy born in 1894, who died in 1897. The obstinate digestive ailment which gave us infinite trouble and eventually caused his death was a result of his being given too strong medicine in his days of infant colic by an inexperienced young physician.

In the summer of 1894 my colleague Amos G. Warner, one of the noblest of men, returning from a trip with a party through the King's River Canyon, had, owing to the great railroad strike, to reach Sacramento on a crowded river steamer. Sleeping on the pilot house he caught a cold which developed into tuberculosis and eventually caused his death. After Christmas I took over some of his classes and nearly killed myself with the added burden. In the fall of 1897, I again had to take over abruptly the classes of a colleague and the protests of an overtaxed heart obliged me to pass every afternoon on my back.

In order to recuperate I took 1898-9 as my "sabbatical" and we went abroad. After some weeks in Normandy and Brittany and a tour among the French cathedrals so that Rosamond might sketch them, we settled in Paris, Rosamond to study painting, I to work in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* on my *Social Control*. We frequented theater and opera, our high point being *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Midwinter found us on the Riviera. In the Casino, just to have the name of having "gambled at Monte Carlo," I bet a 5-franc piece and won. As we left the alluring table Rosamond joggled my arm, "Dearest, that came easy; let's bet again"! We passed a month in Italy and in March spent three weeks in Tunis. As I strode along a street in Tunis a horde of little ragamuffins running down a cross-street in their play caught sight of me and started back with the exclamation, "*El Roumi!*" Me—a Scottish Highlander from Iowa—a "Roman"! Thus history comes alive.

This glimpse into the Mohammedan world stirred me profoundly; but little did I presage how much contact with the Orient I was to have. I spent the spring under the great dome of the British Museum Library and in July we rusticated a bit in the English country-side near Chiddingfold. Although a bi-metallist I was invited to lunch with Lord

Aldenham, president of the Bank of England, at his office in Threadneedle Street. He showed none of the bigotry I was used to in American financial leaders.

I came to be very fond of the English. It is amazing how many of them are really civilized. The imperial and foreign policy of Britain is, of course, not far from what the trading and investing classes wish it to be; but her home policy reflects social appreciations as advanced as our best. I am struck by the contrast between the warm social Christianity of the British Evangelicals and the cold formalism of the German Lutherans. The British leisure class seems to me distinctly more socialized than the corresponding class elsewhere. Their business element strikes me as less Punic, less conceited than our own. Among the Laborites I find as attractive spirits as I have ever known.

During my stay in England I became aware of the precarious position of the British Empire and on my return lectured frequently on it. In the *Arena* for June, 1900, I published "England as an Ally" which, while friendly to the British, showed the exposed position of Britain and insisted on the folly of tying up with her. Fortunately this view prevailed over that of "The English-speaking Union." In my article the curious will find foreshadowings of the World War fourteen years later.

Among my students at Stanford were David Snedden, professor of education in Columbia, some time state commissioner of education in Massachusetts; W. W. Price, naturalist and founder of the Agassiz school for boys; Anne Martin, distinguished feminist and battler for woman suffrage; Susan M. Kingsbury, director of Social Economy and Social Research at Bryn Mawr; Franklin Hichborn, newspaper man and civic fighter; Will Irwin, the well-known writer; Hutton Webster, the anthropologist; John M. Oskison, the writer; Casper Hodgson, founder of the publishing house, The World Book Company; the late Henry Suzallo, president of the University of Washington, president of the Carnegie Foundation; A. C. Whitaker, professor of economics at Stanford; Tom Storey, professor of hygiene in the College of the City of New York; Henry B. Sheldon, professor of education

in the University of Oregon; Stephen I. Miller, dean of the School of Commerce, University of Washington; Clark W. Hetherington, director of Physical Education for California; Walter Fong, at his death in 1906, president of Lee Sing College, Hongkong; A. M. Cathcart, professor of law at Stanford; Robert W. Campbell, Chicago banker; Federal Judge B. F. Bledsoe.

Jackson Reynolds, now president of the First National Bank of New York, is a fraternity brother of mine and I remember when this distinguished financier served at the book counter of the Stanford library at twenty cents an hour! Sarah Comstock, the writer, and William J. Neidig, the poet, were among our friends. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, niece of Henry Ward Beecher, was a dear intimate of ours. She was the most brilliant woman I have known and had the most beautiful woman's head I have ever laid eyes on.

Being keen on college sports I was appointed sole faculty representative on the Athletic Council made up of two delegates from each of the four classes and myself. When in January we came together to choose the football manager for the next year two names were up, viz., Herbert Hoover and P. Four students voted for each, so I had to give the casting vote. Disgusted at being drawn thus into student politics, I got adjournment for a week so that I might acquaint myself with the comparative merits of the two candidates. A delegation of students called upon me and told me what a wonderful fellow Herbert Hoover was, another came and told me what a phenomenon P. was. When the Council came together again I voted for P. Never since have I heard a word of him!

After passing a night in San Francisco at the Palace Hotel, one dark morning Rosamond and I went into Johnson's for breakfast. When I removed my topcoat in the ill-lighted restaurant, my coat slipped off with it. A waiter hurried to separate the garments and helped me on with the right one. When I came to leave he helped me on with my topcoat, which seemed strangely snug. Presently as we were strolling down thronged Market Street I caught sight of myself in a plate-glass window and was horrified to discover that my

topcoat was underneath and my coat outside! I dove into a bar and corrected the error but emerged distinctly cross. "What a wife! To walk for blocks alongside her husband with a hand's breadth of topcoat showing below his coat and never notice! There's not a court in the land that wouldn't grant me a divorce!"

Rosamond only geyed me the more unmercifully.

In the summer of 1894 President Jordan and I joined in giving a course of lectures in Portland, Oregon, on Evolution. The Columbia River was on the rampage, the city was submerged for seven blocks from the river-front, and our only means of getting to our lecture hall was an open boat! The next June Rosamond and I went to Portland and I gave a course of six extension lectures. The *Portland Oregonian*, an orang-outang sheet owned by a group of capitalists and bankers and very hostile to demands from farmers and working-men, kept growling at me through my course and when, finally, in a concluding lecture on the money question I came out against the gold standard, its rage burst forth. It had said, "The lectures of Mr. Ross would be harmless enough but for the factitious authority given them by the pretense of university teaching." Now in a burst of pseudo-radicalism it declared of Leland Stanford:

By the methods of the robber he became possessed of millions not his own and with these millions he attempted to found a plutocratic university which should perpetuate his name as a benefactor of mankind. The effort, of course, will fail—has failed already. This travesty of educational institutions can get no one to speak in its name except such shallow sciolists as Professor Ross, who has been lecturing in Portland for a week past and now is billed to wind up with a sixteen-to-one, four-bit silver speech. Plutocracy rising from the dregs through methods of robbery, endeavors to maintain its pretensions by preaching to the world the gospel of its own methods, varied, indeed, to suit the phases of passing opinion, but in principle the same as that by which it made its own accumulations. A so-called university like this naturally becomes a by-word among an honest and moral people. If anything were lacking to hasten the downfall of this plutocratic establishment, founded on the pride of up-start wealth obtained through robbery, the want would be sup-

plied through the lectures of peripatetic professors who show and prove by their treatment of economic and moral questions that they are true to the instinct and practice on which their establishment was founded.

At this moment the presidency of the University of Washington was on the point of being offered me. The trustees sought Dr. Jordan's advice and he recommended me as "the most promising man I know." My speech in Portland against the gold standard alarmed the bankers on the board and the post went to another man.

In those days three-quarters of my time and strength went to teaching. Especially taxing were my courses in sociology for I had to "make bricks without straw." Since my travels and studies in the Orient, South America, Russia, Mexico, India and Africa, so much that has come under my eyes is there to light up a point I am trying to make, that I have little need to look up references. Eventually I arrived at such a state of fullness that 40 per cent of my strength could be given to research and writing.

Let none imagine that I ply the young people with my personal views. No academic sociologist would take advantage of his position to indoctrinate his students. I send them to the best sources, present views which differ from mine, urge them to make up their minds for themselves. My job is to direct them where they can get the significant facts and to call attention to the biases which explain certain attitudes they will find. To connect one's students with all the bodies of pertinent fact which are available is altogether fit and proper.

From the middle of 1896 to the end of 1902 reaction was in the saddle and rode like a drunken bully. So as always, on invitation of groups of citizens, I went on discussing live social questions in the same spirit in which I had discussed them while at Cornell, I began to feel the chill of faculty unpopularity. Some of my colleagues were fearful lest word of my frankness be borne to Mrs. Stanford, irritate her, and imperil the whole future of the University. For the President gave us to understand that Catholic clerics had her ear and that she might on slight provocation drop the university

idea and found a vast religious establishment! Was that true? I don't know. Anyhow I began to be looked upon as a campus Jonah.

In the nineties the domination of California by the Southern Pacific political machine was absolute. All intelligent people not of it or scheming to be taken into it, voiced in private their loathing of it, but at elections it still was able to marshal enough of the blind or short-sighted to stay in power. It regarded our little Stanford band as altogether negligible; but as I went about lecturing with the utmost frankness on economic questions, it presently found me an annoyance. By the time I had been in the state two years I realized that its baleful glare was on me.

In California then "politics" meant the planned defeat of the vague gropings of shippers, ranchers, fruit-growers and laborers for decent treatment. Now, I was not discussing local political issues or aiming at immediate practical results; but in my rôle of public teacher I called attention to what was taking place everywhere—to contemporary social development, in short. Wherever I spoke there was frank presentation and candid discussion of live issues. Some of the work of the local political henchmen was raveled out and after I left they cursed me as they tried to knit it up again. So I came to be regarded as a pest by the Southern Pacific machine and influences were shrewdly brought to bear on Mrs. Stanford to make her distrust me.

CHAPTER VII

THE "STANFORD CASE"

1896-1900

IN the early nineties capitalist encroachment upon workers and farmers went into "high." Under President Cleveland the Government's arbitrary adhesion to the gold standard was automatically increasing the burden of all debts and causing tens of thousands of farmers to lose their homes. Its high-handed and unprecedented intervention to crush the American Railway Union strike of 1894 was the opening gun in a campaign to "break labor" which succeeded so well that in the end seven-eighths of American labor remained unorganized.

While these monstrous aggressions on the toilers were being made, the ruthlessness of the big capitalists toward any one who challenged their rule greatly increased. Roaring drunk with new power they rode right over any one who stood in their way. Professors they looked upon as mere hired men and would not tolerate from them any outright criticism of the un-American régime they were setting up. College economists were secretly being bulldozed into acquiescence, while still held up to the public as impartial truth-seekers who said nothing against the new iniquitous policies pursued because these policies were wise and necessary. As secretary of the American Economic Association, 1892-3, I had gained an inside view of the growing pressure on economists and resolved that I for one would be no party to this fooling of the public. I would test this boasted "academic freedom"; if nothing happened to me others would speak out and economists would again really count for something in the shaping of public opinion. If I got cashiered, as I thought would be the case, the hollowness

of our rôle of "independent scholar" would be visible to all.

When an economist is ousted for defending the public cause the terrorists always "smear" him by bringing into question his competency, or character or conduct; the public must not be allowed to suspect persecution. Many a professor eager to speak out has some slight flaw in his armor which would admit the shaft of calumny. He would be ousted on a "fake" charge and his sacrifice would have been in vain.

I felt that it was "up to" me to test the scholar's vaunted right to voice his opinions freely because, if I were thrown out, I should be able to furnish the restive friends of academic freedom with the "clear case" they had long been looking for. I had my Ph.D. from one of the most renowned universities. I had passed two and a half years of study and travel abroad. My success as teacher could not be gainsaid. Constantly I was publishing scholarly papers. My colleagues found me easy to get on with, my personal habits were without reproach, and my home life was a model.

Much experience in university extension convinces me that the general public hungers for a candid consideration of current problems and that the prudent course for the economist who proposes to challenge the invisible capitalist control is to win all the attention he can for his views. The more he is in the public eye, the more his ideas are known and talked about, the safer he is. Boldness is actually an asset to him, for if he is liberal only in class-room or on campus he is likely to be *spurlos versenkt*. In many institutions the only liberal who has a "dog's chance" is the one whose heresies are so outspoken and talked about that you cannot "fire" him without bringing on a first-class public scandal. On the Pacific Slope I was soon so well known for my frank comment on public questions that I doubt if any board of trustees would have braved public wrath by dismissing me against the protest of the President. After all, I was not extremist, agitator nor demagogue.

From the time I studied the subject of money at Johns Hopkins I opposed the financiers' endeavor surreptitiously to maneuver our Government onto the gold standard. Before

many audiences I had set forth what was going on and urged return to our historic bi-metallism. When the "money question" burst into politics in 1896, I just kept on saying what I had been saying all along; why should I quit my rostrum because suddenly it had been invaded by a political whirlwind?

In the latter half of the summer quarter of 1896 I was giving courses in sociology at the University of Chicago. When it was bruited about that I was openly for "free silver," I was invited to address a large body of students on "The Silver Question." The Democratic National Committee found my argument so fresh and telling that they persuaded me to write it out and let them have it. Illustrated with clever good-natured cartoons it appeared under the title *Honest Dollars* as a sixty-page pamphlet, of which sixty thousand copies were injected into the campaign.

When I returned to California late in August there was an immense demand for my address, *for in the whole country I was the only professor speaking up for silver*. There were, to be sure, not a few economists who privately avowed to me that they would like to "come out" but that, for one reason or another, they would only be sacrificing themselves without helping the cause of academic freedom. After taking counsel with my friends I decided not to "duck" but to make two, *and only two*, public addresses, one in San Francisco, the other in Oakland.

In both cities the largest auditorium was packed, in the one case with 3500 people, in the other, with 2500. To emphasize my non-partizanship I spoke under the auspices not of the Democratic Party but of the National Silver League. I was introduced to the audience by a professor from the University of California. I said nothing calculated to stir up enthusiasm, but simply made a dispassionate argument against gold mono-metallism. The *Examiner* characterized it as "a political speech without mentioning the name of the candidate; an address without a single catch phrase to make the groundlings hit the floor, yet the speech that aroused the greatest enthusiasm of the campaign, the address that excited the greatest interest since the nominations were made."

In its special "Silver Edition," which was circulated to the extent of 103,000 copies, the San Francisco *Examiner* reproduced my speech in full, so that anybody could see that my argument was no less learned, reasonable and dignified than the arguments being uttered at the same time by such champions of the gold standard as Taussig of Harvard and Laughlin of Chicago.

In view of the practice which had developed during the campaign of promptly sacking any employee who said a word for silver, the amazement produced by my candor was indescribable; literally people "didn't know what to think." Their manner with me was hushed and solemn as it would be with a Roman about to "devote" himself by deliberately rushing upon the spears of the enemy. Among my colleagues I noted a marked tendency to edge away, as if even to be *seen* with me were compromising!

In the later weeks of the campaign, thanks to the bullying tactics encouraged by Mark Hanna, there was such a line-up of classes against masses as never before had been seen in our country. This whetted the public interest in what would happen to me. When the academic year rounded to a close and I had not been "fired," it was everywhere felt that Stanford University had given a striking demonstration of its loyalty to academic freedom and the plain people of California came to feel more confidence in it than they felt in their own notoriously conservative State University.

But peep behind the scenes. Egged on by the magnates with whom her husband had been associated when he was making his money, Mrs. Stanford was for throwing me out forthwith without the slightest heed of the fact that four years earlier I had given up a good chair at Cornell in order to accept the call to Stanford. The fact that her husband in the Senate had championed a currency bill infinitely more radical than a return to the free coinage of silver never occurred to her. She hearkened to old millionaire friends like Collis P. Huntington in whose eyes professors were a feeble and dependent folk who ought to be loyal to their salt. In July, 1897, long after my colleagues had received their re-appointments I received reappointment for the coming year

and leave of absence on pay for the succeeding year, but on condition that I left my resignation with the president to be used if he saw fit. I saw that this was a trick to fool the public into thinking I was leaving of my own free will and declined to furnish the resignation. I risked finding myself jobless forthwith, actually I received reappointment and subsequent leave of absence without conditions. As I would be getting my "sabbatical" a year earlier than it was due me I stipulated that I would accept only five-sixths of what would have come to me had I taught a year longer. I was wary of all favors.

After learning of Mrs. Stanford's extreme hostility to me I prepared to sell my academic life as dearly as possible. Thenceforth I took every care to insure that when my dismissal came there should be no hoodwinking the public as to what prompted it. Well I knew that one ambiguous sentence from my articles on *Social Control* then running in the *American Journal of Sociology* or a single, careless off-hand reply to a question asked in the "open forum" following an extension lecture, might be so played up as to give my sleepless enemies the opening they sought to make me out a "dangerous man." So I never made a general assertion of a liberal flavor *without packing the qualifiers into the same sentence*. Otherwise the sentence might be torn from its setting and used to ruin me. Moreover, I thought it well to have a draft of my remarks and to stick pretty closely to it. Of course, such precautions killed my freedom and ease of manner on the platform, so my hearers began to ask one another "What has come over Ross?"

The two years following McKinley's election in 1896 were years of preying anxiety for me. The savage intolerance of the business element, now in the saddle as never before, warned me that I would be driven forth branded. I had committed the "unpardonable sin," I had defied the "big fellows." Guilty of *lèse majesté* against the new monarch, Business, I would surely be hounded away from every desirable job I sought. Not in the entire country, not even in the so-called "Democratic" South, was there a governing board which would "call" an economist who had so mortally of-

fended the new masters of America. Grimly I regarded my scholarly career as virtually at an end and saw myself obliged, in order to support my family, to serve as principal of a high school or become reader in a publishing house.

My forebodings would have been fulfilled had I been thrown out in 1897 or 1898; but the Spanish-American War and the gaudy new imperialism gave the public something fresh to think about. Then, after having beaten Bryan twice, the business element was not worrying over one professor's heretical utterances over money.

In July, 1899, I returned from abroad refreshed and believing that my future was secure. Ere long I was to realize that my enemies were tireless in their efforts to oust me. Luckily for me, when my dismissal came the immediate cause was my stand against Japanese immigration; within seven years my position on that issue became our national policy. Stanford, Hopkins, Crocker and Huntington, the Sacramento hardware merchants who put \$400,000 into the building of the Central Pacific and eventually found themselves owners of a seventy-million-dollar railroad of which their original capital had built only the first ten miles (government bonus having built all the rest), had introduced Chinese coolies into California in order to avoid paying an American wage in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad. But in 1879 the people of California by a vote of 176 to 1 had gone on record against further immigration from China. Nothing could have solidified sentiment on the Pacific Slope in my favor like my ousting by Stanford's widow for warning against the new Oriental menace lurking in Japanese immigration. The events leading up to my forced resignation on November 13, 1900, are set forth in the following statement of mine given out to the press:

At the beginning of last May a representative of organized labor asked Dr. Jordan to be one of the speakers at a mass meeting called to protest against coolie immigration, and to present "the scholar's view." He was unable to attend, but recommended me as a substitute. Accordingly I accepted, and on the evening of May 7th read a twenty-five-minute paper from the platform

of Metropolitan Hall in San Francisco. My remarks appeared in part in the San Francisco dailies of May 8th, and in full, on May 19th, in a weekly called "Organized Labor."

I tried to show that, owing to its high, Malthusian birth-rate, the Orient is the land of "cheap men," and that the coolie, though he cannot outdo the American, can underlive him. I took the ground that the high standard of living that restrains multiplication in America will be imperiled if Orientals are allowed to pour into this country in great numbers before they have raised their standard of living and lowered their birth-rate. I argued that the Pacific is the natural frontier of East and West, and that California might easily experience the same terrible famines as India and China if it teemed with the same kind of men. In thus scientifically coördinating the birth-rate with the intensity of the struggle for existence, I struck a new note in the discussion of Oriental immigration, which, to quote one of the newspapers, "made a profound impression."

At Stanford University the professors are appointed from year to year and receive their re-appointment early in May. I did not get mine then, but thought nothing of it until, on May 18th, Dr. Jordan told me that, quite unexpectedly to him, Mrs. Stanford had shown herself greatly displeased with me and had refused to re-appoint me. He had heard from her just after my address on coolie immigration. He had no criticism for me and was profoundly distressed at the idea of dismissing a scientist for utterances within the scientist's own field. He made earnest representations to Mrs. Stanford and on June 2d, I received my belated re-appointment for 1900-1901. The outlook was such, however, that on June 5th I offered the following resignation:

Dear Dr. Jordan: I was sorry to learn from you a fortnight ago that Mrs. Stanford does not approve of me as an economist and does not want me to remain here. It was a pleasure, however, to learn at the same time of the unqualified terms in which you had expressed to her your high opinion of my work and your complete confidence in me as a teacher, a scientist and a man.

While I appreciate the steadfast support you have given me, I am unwilling to become a cause of worry to Mrs. Stanford, or of embarrassment to you. I, therefore, beg leave to offer my resignation as professor of sociology, the same to take effect at the close of the academic year, 1900-1901.

When I handed in the above, Dr. Jordan read me a letter which he had just received from Mrs. Stanford, and which had,

of course, been written without knowledge of my resignation. In this letter she insisted that my connection with the university end, and directed that I be given my time from January 1st to the end of the academic year.

My resignation was not acted upon at once, and efforts were made by President Jordan and the President of the Board of Trustees to induce Mrs. Stanford to alter her decision. These proved unavailing, and on Monday, November 12th, Dr. Jordan accepted my resignation in the following terms:

"I have waited till now in the hope that circumstances might arise which would lead you to a reconsideration. As this has not been the case, I, therefore, with great reluctance, accept your resignation to take effect at your own convenience. In doing so, I wish to express once more the high esteem in which your work as a student and a teacher, as well as your character as a man, is held by all your colleagues."

My coolie immigration speech is not my sole offense. Last April I complied with an invitation from the Unitarian Church of Oakland to lecture before them on "The Twentieth Century City." I addressed myself almost wholly to questions of city growth and city health and touched only incidentally on the matter of public utilities. I pointed out, however, the drift, both here and abroad, toward the municipal ownership of water and gas works, and predicted that, as regards street railways, American cities would probably pass through a period of municipal ownership and then revert to private ownership under regulation. My remarks were general in character and, of course, I took no stand on local questions. Only months of special investigation could enable me to say whether a particular city like Oakland or San Francisco could better itself by supplying its own water or light. Yet this lecture was objected to.

Last year I spoke three times in public, once before a university extension center on "The British Empire," once before a church on "The Twentieth Century City" and once before a mass meeting on coolie immigration. To my utterances on two of these occasions objection has been made. It is plain, therefore, that this is no place for me. I cannot with self-respect decline to speak on topics to which I have given years of investigation. It is my duty as an economist to impart, on occasion, to sober people, and in a scientific spirit, my conclusions on subjects with which I am expert. And if I speak I cannot but take positions which are justified by statistics and by the experience of the old

world, such as the municipal ownership of water works or the monopoly profits of street car companies; or by standard economic science such as the relation of the standard of life to the density of population.

I have long been aware that my every appearance in public drew upon me the hostile attention of certain powerful persons and interests in San Francisco and redoubled their efforts to be rid of me. But I had no choice but to go straight ahead. The scientist's business is to know some things clear to the bottom, and if he hides what he knows, he loses his virtue.

I am sorry to go, for I have put too much of my life into this university not to love it. My chief regret in leaving is that I must break the ties that bind me to my colleagues of seven years and must part from my great chief, Dr. Jordan.

At the same time President Jordan gave out:

No one regrets more than I do the withdrawal of Professor Ross from the University faculty. He is one of the ablest, most virile and clear classroom lecturers I have ever known, and I do not see how he can be replaced in his department. His discussions in the classroom are scientific and fair and have not, to my knowledge, been of such a nature as would tend to indoctrinate the students working with him. In his line of social science I consider him the most effective worker in the country. His character has always been unblemished and his reputation without a cloud. The most friendly relations have always existed between Dr. Ross and myself.

In our many friendly walks and talks President Jordan and I had often speculated as to what might occur, but we never foresaw the hurricane that instantly broke loose. My newspaper clippings on the subject probably number a thousand. All the larger, more influential newspapers condemned Mrs. Stanford's action; what little condoning there was came from county-seat papers which had once been parts of Senator Stanford's political machine and from little sport-and-society sheets kept going chiefly by secret hand-outs from the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. How I was regarded after five years of educational activity in the state appears in the following excerpts from California newspapers:

San Francisco Chronicle.—Dr. Ross is the reverse of an agitator, he is a severely scientific man. As such and as professor of sociology he is necessarily a student of social conditions and of the causes which make the struggle of life so very hard for some men. It is not to his discredit that his sympathies are with the masses rather than with the successful few, and it is greatly to his credit that he does not permit his sympathy to run away with his judgment. He does not look for remedies for existing evils in any form of socialism, but rather in such means as can be devised by men of common sense under society as it is.

Oakland Enquirer.—Professor Ross' dignified conduct in the matter is its own eulogium. He has shown great self-restraint for his feelings must naturally be rather strong, and his written statement manifests a most delicate sense of honor. He has never done anything to cast reproach on Stanford and much to honor her.

Sacramento Bee.—Professor Ross is recognized as one of the ablest and most effective of lecturers and writers upon social science and economics, a man of original research and power of independent generalization. . . . It is a calamity to Stanford University to lose such a man in such a way.

San Jose Mercury.—Professor Ross stands in the very front rank as an economist and sociologist.

Los Angeles Times.—No individual has any moral right to stand with a great university at his back and give out his notions as coming from a "professor of sociology." In the nature of things it is a fraudulent performance, and, if permitted freely, it will degrade the scientific character of our institutions of highest learning.

The San Francisco Bulletin.—The peculiar methods by which five men accumulated fortunes of \$40,000,000 each were in a measure pardoned in consideration of the noble use to which one of the five fortunes had been devoted. It is, therefore with extreme sorrow that the public now perceives that conditions were attached to the gift. The principal condition seems to be that the wealth Leland Stanford amassed may be devoted to the maintenance of Stanford University so long as the doctrines

taught in that university accord with the views of the generous lady who holds a proprietary right in the university.

Los Angeles Record.—Without exception the newspapers in the state are a unit in the view that Mrs. Stanford's policy will prove most disastrous to the best interests of the institution.

Sacramento News.—No university can stand against many attacks of the kind instanced in the case of Professor Ross.

Fresno Republican.—Professor Ross is a scholar of international reputation, a virile and popular teacher and an honor to the institution. . . . He has expressed opinions on economic subjects which do not please Mrs. Jane Stanford, who is not a scholar nor an economist, and whose opinion on the subjects discussed is of not the slightest importance to anybody.

San Francisco Call.—Under any circumstances the resignation of such a man from a great university is a loss but the special circumstances that appear in this case make it more than a loss.

Campbell Monitor.—Those who were so fortunate as to hear Professor Ross when he lectured here several years will have a sense of personal loss in his dismissal from Stanford. No name on the faculty list has brought greater glory to the institution than his. . . .

San Francisco Post.—We shall not hereafter be able to determine whether what is taught at Stanford is the untrammelled conclusion of the aggregate mind of the faculty, or whether it is merely the result of professions dictated by personal prudence.

Santa Barbara Independent.—We doubt if the amendment so overwhelmingly adopted last week could now command a majority of the vote of the State, so universal is the sentiment of reprobation of Mrs. Stanford's course.

Alameda Argus.—Whether Professor Ross is or is not correct in all his opinions is not the question. The main thing is to be an honest, able and inspiring teacher. That he is beyond all question. But such a man to work at all must have complete freedom.

The Spectator.—The monopolists may be able to force Dr. Ross to resign from Stanford but they cannot take from him his

membership in the *Institute Internationale de Sociologie*, to which but five Americans have been elected to membership.

Riverside Independent.—The Los Angeles Council of Labor passed a resolution of sympathy and commendation at its last meeting. Dr. Ross is looked upon by the labor leaders as their particular friend, a gentleman of scholarly attainments with the courage of his convictions. . . .

Bakersfield Californian.—Have not matters reached a pretty state when a profound thinker like Professor Ross cannot freely express his convictions reached only after exhaustive research without being pulled down by the power of a wealthy but unlearned woman?

I refrain from citing the eighty other California newspapers because they are in accord with those I have just quoted. That feelings were deeply stirred is shown in the following from the *San Francisco Call*:

The scene in the Third Congregational Church last night when the Rev. William Rader concluded a characteristic sermon denouncing the action of Mrs. Stanford in forcing the resignation of Professor Ross from the faculty of Stanford University was without a parallel in the church history of San Francisco. The preacher had wrought himself and his audience up to a pitch of excitement rarely seen in a church. During his discourse he had several times made sensational statements and when, with one hand upstretched and the other pounding the desk before him, he brought his remarks to a close, the congregation forgot all church conventions and there was a clapping of hands until the rafters and walls of the sacred edifice rang with the unwonted outburst.

The congregation that gave way to this remarkable exhibition of feeling contained some of the city's most prominent business men. In fact, the most noteworthy fact of the occasion was the large number of men present. . . .

The applause started somewhere in the back of the church and in an instant had spread all over the main floor. Then the occupants of the balcony became affected with the spirit of emulation. The *Bulletin* said, "When the conclusion came his listeners, filled with the spirit of what he had said and forgetting all else, burst into a storm of applause that shook every part of the big

building. The occurrence has probably no equal in the history of San Francisco."

My course in these trying weeks was set forth in an article in the *Independent* by E. F. Adams, editorial writer on the *Chronicle*.

Dr. Ross issued one single statement which was generally published in which he alluded to all the reasons for his dismissal which had been given him. Later he issued another statement of a very few lines denying, unequivocally, that he had ever spoken disrespectfully of Senator Stanford in his life. That is all. I happen to know that within twenty-four hours after the publication of his statement he received many requests from important newspapers and at least one from a lecture bureau to exploit the right of "free speech" for money. He declined them all, sought work elsewhere and got it. He was no party to the subsequent controversy and, so far as I know, has not even "inspired" one word that has been said in his defense. I regret to say that the authorities at Stanford have not pursued the same wise course.

Dr. Jordan had expected me to continue teaching through the academic year 1900-01 but he was brought to feel that the administration must assume an aggrieved attitude toward me, so, after four days, I was directed to relinquish my classes at once.

I had several lecture engagements still to fill and, in view of the sudden flare-up of interest in me, how ought I to conduct myself? I decided to treat my dismissal as neither liability nor asset, but to go on just as if it had never occurred. Wherever I went to lecture the local papers said, "It is expected that Dr. Ross will make a statement"; but I made no reference to my case either to my audience or to reporters. To every inquiry as to the causes of my dismissal I answered, "See my original statement. I have nothing to change or add." Meanwhile the spokesmen of the University, in their endeavors to stem the torrent of public indignation, became involved in a maze of contradictory statements regarding the reasons for dismissing me.

Why did President Jordan attempt to reverse the trend of

public opinion by representing the facts in the case to be other than they were? Some thought that from Italy Mrs. Stanford sent him peremptory cables. Others thought that the dominant financial interests in California insisted that *he* must take the blame rather than let it fall upon Mrs. Stanford. In any case the "crawfishing" in public hurt the University vastly more than did my dismissal.

Right after my original statement Dr. George Elliott Howard, head of the history department, not only issued a signed protest, but defined his position in unequivocal fashion. To his class on the French Revolution he said, "My conscience will not allow me to speak to you this morning of the evils and bigotry of the French Revolution, when in our own time we can feel the effects among us of the same spirit which prevailed at that time."

Thereupon Dr. Howard sketched out the powerful interests of our time which are hostile to the free and untrammelled examination of public questions and characterized my own treatment in these words: "The summary dismissal of Dr. Ross is a blow aimed directly at academic freedom, and it is, therefore, a deep humiliation to Stanford University and to the cause of American education. The blow does not come directly from the founder. It really proceeds from the sinister spirit of social bigotry and commercial intolerance which is just now the deadliest foe of American democracy."

On the same day President Jordan gave out the statement:

In regard to the resignation of Dr. Ross it is right that I should make a further statement. There is not the slightest evidence that he is a martyr to freedom of speech. Nor is there any reason to believe that his withdrawal has been due to any pressure of capital or any other sinister influence. I know that Mrs. Stanford's decision was reached only after long and earnest consideration and that its motive was the welfare of the University, and that alone. To quote her own words, "My decision has not been the result of any hasty conclusion, but of disappointment, reflection and prayer."

I had never expected any colleague to resign. Judge, then, how I was touched when Dr. M. A. Aldrich, who the year

before had come from Harvard, where he was instructor in economics, to become assistant professor of economics at Stanford, gallantly resigned in the following terms:

PALO ALTO, CAL.,
Monday, Nov. 19, 1900.

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF LELAND STANFORD
JUNIOR UNIVERSITY—DEAR SIR:

With deep regret I ask you to accept my resignation as assistant professor of economics in Leland Stanford Junior University. I only take this step, as you know, after extended conferences with you. This resignation is my individual protest against the recent enforced resignation of Dr. Ross from Stanford University, and against your subsequent action in the matter. My reasons for this protest are neither based on my agreement or disagreement with the views of Dr. Ross nor on my personal friendship for him.

Nothing that you have said to me weakens my belief that the request for the resignation of Dr. Ross meant unjustifiable interference with the independence of a university teacher within the proper limits of his freedom.

I protest with equal emphasis against your action in the matter since Dr. Ross made public his statement concerning his resignation. I refer to your statement which appeared in the San Francisco newspapers, but most of all to your action in asking Dr. Ross to cease teaching at Stanford University at once, instead of at the close of the present semester, for the sole reason that he had made public his statement.

I prefer not to appear to acquiesce in the course which has been pursued in regard to the case of Dr. Ross. As I wish to make this statement of the reasons for my resignation public, I ask that my resignation take effect at once.

Respectfully,
MORTON A. ALDRICH

The phrases "after extended conferences with you" and "nothing that you have said to me" were intended to make clear that he acted only after hearing all that the President had to say in justification of his course. Dr. Aldrich's action was a telling stroke delivered at a critical moment.

To show his sympathy, Hon. James D. Phelan, a gentleman of wealth and culture whose championship of the peo-

ple's interests had made him Mayor of San Francisco, gave me a formal dinner at the Bohemian Club attended by several of the intellectual leaders of the city. With the idea of throwing some money my way the Mayor even proposed that he and a number of his friends form a class and engage me to teach them "some things on political economy 'up-to-date.'" I could not undertake the course but my heart was warmed by his thoughtfulness.

Shortly before Christmas Rosamond and I bade good-by to our many California friends and left for the East. Our future was in fog but we were cheerful. We had had innumerable tokens of sympathy, the rally of public opinion the country over to the idea of freedom for the scholar had been all one could ask, and my honor was unsmirched. In six hectic weeks not once had I let escape me an utterance which I later regretted. The University had paid me my salary for the entire academic year, so financial stress was not imminent.

Our destination was Detroit, where we stopped with my brother-in-law while I attended the annual meeting of the American Economic Association. The economists were all agog over my case and the gold standard champions went out of their way to show their sympathy with a brother economist who could not oppose them save at cost of his position. Since the Stanford authorities were more and more vehemently denying that there had been any violation of academic freedom in my case, Seligman of Columbia, Farnam of Yale, and Gardner of Brown were appointed by the Association a committee to look into and report upon my case.

After New Year's I was cheered to learn from Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews of the University of Nebraska that I had been appointed lecturer in sociology for the spring semester, my service to begin February 1st.

Three weeks after I had quitted the Coast a new crisis developed. Dr. Jordan who on November 20th had told Professor Howard not to resign and assured him he would not call for Howard's resignation unless Mrs. Stanford demanded it, on January 10th requested Dr. Howard to apologize for his "breach of courtesy and to give such as-

surances of your attitude towards the management of the University as will guarantee a proper harmonious relation in the future." January 12th Dr. Howard replied that in his address he made no discourteous reference to the president nor to the founder, but "had referred to the motives and influences which have caused the restriction of free speech in various institutions in the country, but so far as the motives and influences governing the recent action were mentioned, directly or by implication, they were those assigned in the published statement of Dr. Ross and sustained by the substance of your conversation with me on the evening of the day on which that statement appeared. I have no apology to offer. My conscience is clear in this matter. What I have said I have said, as I believe, in the cause of individual justice and academic liberty." Soon after William H. Hudson, professor of English literature, resigned in these terms:

As you are well aware, I was from the first in strongest opposition to the new policy of the University inaugurated in the dismissal of Dr. Ross—a policy destructive of those first principles of academic freedom, upon which, as you have repeatedly said, the University was originally founded. . . . Ever since the occurrence of that incident I have seriously doubted whether it would be possible for me, consistently with my opinions, to retain my position in this faculty. But now that in further pursuance of such policy, you have seen fit to demand the resignation of a man whom you yourself, in common with all who have known him, have long regarded as one of our ablest scholars and noblest teachers, for no other reason than that furnished by his just condemnation of the action of the University authorities—now that in this way you have clearly shown the intention of the University to inhibit fair criticism of its methods, no less than frank discussion of public affairs—no doubt is left in my mind as to my course.

Professor Chas. N. Little, holding a chair in mathematics, resigned at the same time, saying of Professor Howard: "Your recent call for the resignation of a man whose ability and independence of character I have admired for twenty years, because he uttered in a form courteous to you and Mrs.

Stanford, condemnation of a policy destructive of the academic freedom in which you profess to believe, put an instant end to my indecision." David E. Spencer, associate professor of history, resigned at the same time and for the same cause.

Near the end of January came a circular embodying the report of a special committee of four appointed by the Stanford Alumni Association which ran as follows:

1. Mrs. Stanford shared in the opinion general in University circles in 1896, that Dr. Ross's pamphlet, entitled, "Honest Dollars," illustrated by political cartoons, signed by him as "Professor of Economics in the Leland Stanford Jr. University," and published and circulated by one of the political parties during the campaign of that year, was undignified in its form and manner of treatment; and that it was unwise in point of the time and manner of its publication, because jeopardizing the University's right to a reputation for political non-partisanship. This incident, together with Dr. Ross's general conduct throughout that campaign, was deemed by Mrs. Stanford a symptom of unfitness for the responsible position of head of the Economics Department of the University.

2. The justice of the criticism then expressed must be deemed to be conceded by Dr. Ross, since it has been admitted by him to your committee, that he would not again pursue the same course under similar circumstances.

3. Your committee is unable to find that Mrs. Stanford's objection arose because Dr. Ross's opinions differed from her own, since it is in evidence that she had at that time no opinion upon either side of the particular financial theories then in issue, and since she has not abandoned her objection to his conduct in the campaign of 1896, although his views upon the silver question thereafter radically changed.

4. That from December, 1896, when Dr. Ross's chair was changed from Economics to Social Science, until the time of his dismissal, his position in the University was probational.

5. That the want of confidence engendered by the incidents of 1896, was never removed from Mrs. Stanford's mind, but was accentuated by other incidents impairing her faith in his good taste and discretion. Among these your committee has found: the use of slang in his public and class-room lectures, brought to

her attention by friends present, and by lampoons in the college annual, and reports that his class-room lectures contained references derogatory to her deceased husband.

6. Your committee has been unable to find any evidence that Mrs. Stanford ever took exception to Dr. Ross's economic teachings.

7. That her ultimate demand for his resignation was not due to opinions expressed in his speeches on "Coolie Immigration" and the "Twentieth Century City," but was because she deemed that her original estimate had proved correct, and that he was redisplaying, after three years of trial, those qualities found objectionable in the instance of her original action.

In passing upon the question whether Mrs. Stanford's action involved any abridgement of the right of free speech, your committee has considered very carefully the published statement of Dr. Ross, and the proofs upon which it is founded. In deliberating upon these, however, your committee has been unable to escape the force of the following facts:

1. Dr. Ross was not in the position of one able to remain in the University who chose to resign; but of one who, willing to remain, was forced to resign. His statement, therefore, necessarily attempted to tell Mrs. Stanford's reasons for forcing him out and not his own for going; and hence it cannot have the probative force of his own reasons for his own acts.

2. Dr. Ross's statement ignores the criticism arising from his conduct during the campaign of 1896, notwithstanding that he knew at the time of publishing his statement that it was one of the operative reasons for his dismissal.

3. The established fact that Dr. Ross desired to remain at Stanford, notwithstanding Mrs. Stanford's criticism, is inconsistent with the theory that he really regarded those criticisms as involving any abridgement of his right of free speech.

4. The admission of Dr. Ross to your committee that he would not regard a University rule against the participation in politics by a University professor of economics during the progress of a political campaign, as impairing the proper right of academic freedom, disposes of the contention that the criticism of his conduct in 1896 is capable of that construction.

The committee concluded that there had been "no infringement of the right of free speech."

The tactics of the alumni committee's report was to shift public attention from my stand on Japanese immigration

(very popular) to my stand on free silver (no longer popular) and to make out that Mrs. Stanford's ground of objection to me was not my economic views but my being heard from during a political campaign. I had never conceded to the committee that my course in 1896 was in any way improper; what I had told them was that I would not have stood for free coinage in 1896 could I have foreseen the rise of prices that began in August, 1897. My so-called "admission" was to the effect that it might be just as well if *all* university economists—gold-standard professors as well as myself—had kept silence during the campaign.

The report was such a "whitewash" that those who had staked their all on me besought me to urge the committee of economists to complete their investigation and make public their findings as soon as possible. They did so, but a month elapsed between the two reports during which I was a prey to torturing anxiety. How would the committee, all gold-standard men, look upon my course in the campaign of 1896? What would Dr. Jordan's letters from Mrs. Stanford reveal as to her attitude toward me? A report was even being circulated in California that she had said "he has called my husband a thief."

When finally, February 22nd, the report appeared in a fifteen-page pamphlet, it met every hope and became a landmark in American academic history. The principal conclusions of the committee were:

1. There is no evidence to show that Professor Ross gave occasion for his dismissal by any defects in moral character. On the contrary, President Jordan states in his letter of February 7 to the committee: "No ground exists for any interpretation of his dismissal reflecting on his private character."

2. There is no evidence to show that Professor Ross gave occasion for his dismissal by incompetence. On the contrary, President Jordan stated in a letter of May, 1900, that he was "a careful thinker and a patient investigator," "a constant source of strength to the University and one of the best teachers, always just, moderate and fair."

3. There is no evidence to show that Professor Ross gave occasion for his dismissal by any unfaithfulness in the discharge

of his duties. On the contrary, President Jordan stated in a letter of May, 1900, that "he has been most loyal, accepting extra work and all kinds of embarrassments without a word of complaint," and that he was "a wise, learned, and noble man, one of the most loyal and devoted of all the band" at the University.

4. There is no evidence to show that in his published statement on November 14, Professor Ross violated any confidence reposed in him. On the contrary, in a letter of December 24, President Jordan states: "I wish after conversation with Dr. Ross to withdraw anything I may have said implying that he had knowingly used confidential material or in any way violated personal proprieties in making his statement."

5. [The claim that I had made remarks derogatory to Senator Stanford was examined and nothing was found to substantiate it.]

6. There is no evidence to show that in the opinion of the President of the University, Professor Ross, in his utterances on the silver question, on coolie immigration, or on municipal ownership, overstepped the limits of professional propriety. On the contrary, President Jordan stated in May, 1900, that his remarks on coolie immigration and on municipal ownership were in accord with the drift of public sentiment on those subjects, and that even on the silver question "he never stepped outside of the recognized rights of a professor."

7. There is evidence to show:

- (a) That Mrs. Stanford's objections to Professor Ross were due, in part at all events, to his former attitude on the silver question, and to his utterances on coolie immigration and on municipal ownership; and
- (b) That while the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Stanford due to his former attitude on the silver question antedated his utterances on coolie immigration and municipal ownership, her dissatisfaction was greatly increased by these utterances.

[That Mrs. Stanford was interested not solely in my manner but in the position I took is proved by the statement of Dr. Jordan in a letter of June, 1900: "The matter of immigration she [Mrs. Stanford] takes most seriously."]

The report was signed not only by the committee but also by fifteen other outstanding economists.

A copy was sent to every college president and economist

in the country and to many teachers of history. The interest in the report was so general that the original edition of a thousand copies had to be supplemented with five hundred additional copies.

At Stanford the report was followed by other resignations, notably, Frank A. Fetter, professor of economics, H. B. Lathrop, professor of rhetoric, and Arthur O. Lovejoy, professor of philosophy. The later resigners were actuated less by political liberalism than by loyalty to the principle of academic freedom. As for me, I considered the rest of my life as mortgaged to prove that the men who gave up their chairs on the proposition that I was a real scholar had not "put their money on the wrong horse." I had still to walk warily. Thus when a bureau made me a very attractive offer to tour the Pacific Slope the coming summer, lecturing before local university associations for the study of economics, I declined since evidently the intention was to exploit the notoriety that had come to me.

One thing that surprised me in this battle was the number of pure myths that were put into circulation about me. I was an "adventurer," a "socialist," a "sand-lotter," a "professional agitator," my personality "grated on" Mrs. Stanford, it was my custom to vilify Senator Stanford's memory before my classes, Mrs. Stanford had understood that I had called her husband "a thief," I characterized Southern Pacific Railroad deals as "railroad steals," Mrs. Stanford was not divulging her real reason for dismissing me out of concern for my reputation, I had built a house and was so unpractical that I had forgotten to provide any water pressure! These canards were put out from the office of a Stanford interest in San Francisco.

My experience made clear that the officials of wealthy universities have many means of circulating their version of a dismissal that are not open to the ordinary professor. Only two things prevented the myth fabricated by the Stanford alumni from becoming generally accepted in the educational world: the succession of resignations and the report of the economists. It was in order to hinder the easy triumph of official falsehood that the American Association of University

Professors was founded in 1913, primarily for the purpose of ascertaining and making known the facts whenever any university teacher claims that his rights have been violated. Close to thirteen thousand professors belong to it and it has looked into hundreds of cases of alleged infringement of academic freedom.

Out of this historic fight have emerged certain practical maxims that I act on.

I am sure that we professors in the social sciences could command more freedom were we bolder. Every scholar who has achieved large influence ought not only to exercise his right to speak out on public issues in which he is competent, but he ought to stand up for every other scholar's right to do so, whether or not they agree. John Dewey is a shining example of this. Generally the stranglers are a currish breed, natural "four-flushers" and "bluffers." I invite them publicly to go to the devil and they leave me alone. In fact, the more "Cain" you raise, the safer you are. Grasp the nettle brusquely and it will not sting you. Above all, don't confine your self-expression to the class-room. The proper place to utter your conclusions is before your adult fellow-citizens. The more of them you can reach, the better for you.

And *don't tiptoe*. If anybody is calling for your head, tell the people about it. Show your contempt for the baiters; defy them and, concluding you are "bad medicine," they will pass on to tackle the more timid.

But—there's always a catch, isn't there?—you'll have to live much more straitly than your harmless colleagues. You'll have to pay your bills promptly, be content with your wife, shun "wild parties," give your students the best you have, meet your classes with clock-like regularity, avoid rows with your colleagues, conform to all the university rules, tell good stories, be able to laugh at yourself, and stand "razzing" good-humoredly.

So don't seek to join the breezy Club of Unterrifiabiles unless you are prepared to pay the entrance fee!

CHAPTER VIII

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

February, 1901—June, 1906

My lustrum at Nebraska was happy, for three sons were born to us and all thrive. Then the air there has a winey effect, pleases the lungs as sparkling Burgundy pleases the palate. Many a day I found that just to respire was intoxicating.

The Nebraska people are, perhaps, the finest in the Union. They rank third in the proportion of their offspring that get into *Who's Who*; were Nebraska a residential Mecca for successful families from other states—as Connecticut is—they would rank first.

Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews was one of those economists who through the era of persecution had stood up for the historic monetary policy of this country. The trustees of Brown University, of which he was president, requested him to desist from speaking on the money question. He promptly resigned, on the intervention of the alumni was persuaded to withdraw his resignation, but seized the first opportunity to remove to a more congenial section.

No one could be more simple, manly and forthright than "Benny," as he was fondly called by his faculty. He had the heart of a boy, which was the secret of his great hold on the students. His appreciation of humor was rare and infectious, his chapel talks were a treat. Whatever he touched he freshened with his exuberant personality. I found him an un-failing source of inspiration.

I had already met William Jennings Bryan several times and after I became his fellow-townsmen and neighbor I saw him often. When he was Secretary of State he had my son Gilbert and my niece Sylvia give a violin recital at a diplomatic reception at his Washington home. Bryan's organ-

like voice was so pleasing that often while listening to him I lost the thread of his discourse in my enjoyment of his rich, musical tones. His was one of the most powerful intellects I have known; but, absorbed in politics from his twenties on, he failed to keep up with the general progress of thought, so that in some sectors his outlook was antiquated.

As I looked through Mr. Bryan's book-shelves I noticed they showed many "crank" books presented by the authors; but the works of the great *contemporary* authorities in economics, money, etc., were not there. From our many conversations it became plain to me that Mr. Bryan regarded economic truth as reposing on the authority of great classical thinkers like Adam Smith, Mill, Cairnes and Walker and not as something continually developing out of the study of economic life. For instance, he felt that the qualifications economists were beginning to make in the quantitative theory of money were designed merely to prop the gold standard.

When he was in California in 1899 I tried to impress him with the effect upon the public mind of the sensational gold-strikes in the Klondyke and South Africa, arguing that in the new circumstances the free-silver position might have to be given up. His reaction was that of the debater. He would not consider these new gold supplies as a serious factor in shaping monetary policy, but merely suggested how to parry arguments based upon them. He would say, "Tell them this," or "Meet that point this way." I went away with the conviction that Mr. Bryan was no realist.

My wife and I dined with the Bryans at their home one Sunday in 1905 when he had just been reading Darwin's *Descent of Man*. He held that such a conception of man's origin would weaken the cause of democracy and strengthen class pride and the power of wealth. He gave no sign of having considered what the evidence marshaled by Darwin points to; he regarded Darwin's hypothesis that man has evolved as a "theory" set up as rival to the Creation dogma, not as a generalization emerging irresistibly from an immense number of significant facts. For him the classical authorities and logic settled things—rather than the facts.

He was as healthy-minded a man as I have ever known—

genial, extravert, a model husband, father and friend. Too bad that in his later years he led an attack upon one of the most devoted and defenseless groups in society—the biologists! So many groups are trying to sway the public from sinister motives, he might have spared men of science. Nevertheless, his high character, his stirring eloquence and his chivalrous way of conducting a political campaign made him a giant power for good. Nor should we forget that as Secretary of State he was the one member of the Wilson Administration who foresaw clearly what our profitable dealings with the belligerents in the World War would let us in for.

Brilliant fellow-member of a congenial Ten who dined together once a month was Roscoe Pound, then a supreme-court commissioner. Champion of judges and courts, he pounced on me whenever I swung at the current administration of justice. I insisted that the courts, in dealing with crime, were only social organs equipped with means and power for the purpose of protecting society from malefactors. Every time they turned loose a guilty man on technicalities they confessed incompetence. I did not imagine I was "making a dent" on him, but quietly he began to acquaint himself with the sociological view of law and courts. He worked out a series of masterly studies toward a *Sociological Jurisprudence*, which, however, has not yet seen the light.

He became lecturer in our Law School, then professor, then dean. He prepared an address, "Causes of the Popular Dissatisfaction with the Administration of Justice," which was given before many state bar associations and deeply impressed the legal profession. Later Pound was called to Northwestern University Law School, then to the Harvard University Law School, of which he is Dean. He has been a compelling force for the adaptation of law and the administration of justice to the changing requirements of our time. In 1906 he wrote me, "I believe you have set me in the path the world is moving in."

While lecturing at Colorado Springs I had long talks with Clarence Darrow. His attitude toward crime and the criminal staggers a sociologist; I could not but feel that he

had lost sight of society's concern in the putting down of crime. His line is, "We're all sinners just like this poor devil in the dock, only he's had worse luck than we." Darrow is past master of the "art that conceals art." He assumes the rôle of a simple, guileless old fellow who trusts to his common sense. He will peel his coat, sit on a corner of the table, slouch against a pillar or a tree, use the simplest English, win the jury to take his utterances as man-to-man. Yet all the time he is the self-conscious, studied artist who knows just where the heart-strings lie, just what incidents and anecdotes and phrases will touch them! Although Darrow is always reaching to play on the heart-strings, you can never accuse him of resorting to sentimentality, for he dwells on things that are *inherently* touching.

I rate Darrow as easily the greatest persuader I have ever listened to.

Town-gown relations in Lincoln were delightful. State officials and first-chop professional and business men were of old-American stock, so that social intercourse had much of the mutual confidence and geniality you find in Southern towns like Charleston and Athens. Of purse-pride there was nought; citizens with ten times our income sought us out for the pleasure of our society. It galled us, though, that the "ceiling" for professors' salaries was \$2,000. The pay schedule had been fixed in law after the "grasshopper years" of the seventies. The average merchant in a "county-seat" had a better living than scholars of national reputation like the botanist C. R. Bessey, the biologist H. B. Ward, the historian F. M. Fling, the chemist H. H. Nicholson, the philosopher A. R. Hill.

What I most missed was means of recreation. I cannot relax amid the daily inflow of letters and telephone calls, books and periodicals; I must flee to the wilderness and lose myself in sport and the contemplation of beauty. But, so cramped were we all financially, no parties could be formed to camp a fortnight on a far trout stream. I had only what days-off I could snatch when some lecture engagement brought me within reach of fishing. However, one July three of us drove from Cody, Wyoming, up the Shoshone River into Yellow-

stone Park and had a go at the rainbow trout; but twenty-two years were to run before I saw the full glory of the Park. A commencement address at the University of Idaho enabled me to pass some rapturous days on Elk Creek. I enjoyed a bit of sport on Spearfish Creek in South Dakota where later President Coolidge had his summer camp. One autumn a party of us drove out to shoot duck on the lakes among the sand hills of northwestern Nebraska. We had rare shooting, but an early blizzard howled down and in that treeless wilderness we should have perished but for a few posts left from one of the cattle-company fences on public land that President Roosevelt insisted be taken down.

One of my students from those days, Burdette G. Lewis, now a distinguished public servant, paints me as others saw me in those days:

Undoubtedly the greatest single event after Chancellor Andrews came to Nebraska was the arrival of Edward Alsworth Ross—the big tall Westerner with a sandy mustache and giant stride. Discharged from Stanford University because he had studied the meaning of Chinese coolie labor, Ross came to Nebraska partly hero, partly curiosity. Students related in awed undertones, after tip-toeing around Ross in the main reading room of the library, that it was true that "Ross reads books just like 'T. R.'—a page at a glance."

The writer remembers stepping into the opening session of Dr. Ross's course in Sociology in September, 1901. We came partly out of curiosity as to what "Sociology" might be, partly out of fascination for the unusual Ross, and partly out of a deep feeling of resentment that any man should be fired from a university "for his views."

The most unconscious and matter-of-fact person there was the new Professor, who came in, pulled back his chair, took his seat at the desk and opened his portfolio as if he had been doing that same thing for twenty-five years. He glanced around the room and then began, "I will now present the seventy-one vestigial proofs of Organic Evolution which we all carry about with us in our body."

At the end of the breath-taking lecture this born teacher said: "We will discuss the similarities and dissimilarities of animal societies and human societies at our next session. There is a

book in the library by a Russian, Kropotkin, and another by a Belgian, Maeterlinck, which you may consult for ideas. They may help you start your analyses."

The new Professor arose as if he were going away from a mere casual meeting; he did not seem to sense the tension in the room which his lecture had caused. Personally, I was knocked cold "for a loop," as the slang phrase has it, to think I had been betrayed by my own body, which carried seventy-one proofs of all that Uncle Clark had declared was untrue.

I gazed around the room as the lecture ended to see how others felt. If I remember correctly, there was Grace Abbott, sitting out on the edge of her seat, looking at the Professor as if she would like to bite his head off. There was her less self-assured sister, Edith Abbott, sitting limp and helpless with her mouth agape, staring at the Professor. Then there was Emory Buckner nonchalantly making those little crow-feet on his pad just as if he were the original of the Chesterfield advertisement. Then there were the two Myers—Arthur and H. G.; Walter Frederick Meyer, Charles P. Kraft, George Lee and a host of other upper classmen and graduates, whose only point of contact with a freshman like myself seemed to be that they were as rattled and excited as I was.

Then came the Ross seminary in "The Economic Growth of Cities," which ended the complacency of all of us who had been taking Society for granted. The course in "Colonies and Colonization" compelled us to view the world in the course of reconstruction right before our eyes. There was no theorizing and no imposition of preconceived ideas. Professor Ross made us see that the Library was filled with books where ideas could be discovered and the world was filled with men and things in the course of fluxing and that it was up to us to find out for ourselves what it all meant.

Among my students at Nebraska were Fred M. Hunter, Chancellor of the University of Denver, Charles Bracelen, general counsel of the A. T. and T. Company, and Emory R. Buckner, who as U.S. district attorney and special assistant attorney general of New York State has made himself a terror to eminent and powerful malefactors.

Emory, my boy, you have made good!

A young member of the Lincoln bar who afterwards served several terms in Congress as a Bryan democrat was James



THE AUTHOR AT AGE THIRTY-NINE

Manahan and from his autobiography, *Trials of a Lawyer* (pp. 37-39), I lift the following:

When Dr. Edward A. Ross, who had won recognition as an author and sociologist at Leland Stanford University before coming to Nebraska, proposed to conduct a seminar for post-graduate work on the subject of Colonies and Colonization, I registered as a student and enjoyed the work. It was inspiring to listen to Dr. Ross lecture and take part in the discussions he invited. Facts were of prime importance in the acquisition of knowledge and in the marshaling of facts Dr. Ross was always fair. He had, I think, however, an unconscious prejudice in favor of the Nordic race and Anglo-Saxon civilization so-called! Intimidation and exploitation of India by England was "unjust" but intimidation and exploitation of the Philippines by Spain was "tyranny"; Cromwell in Ireland was a "hard-fisted soldier" but Weyler in Cuba was a "butcher."¹ But regardless of the Nordic Myth, fixed like a religion in his mind, Dr. Ross was a brave and lucid thinker and an inspiration to students seeking truth under his guidance. He had the happy faculty of provoking his class into a questioning frame of mind. We had to be shown. And the harder we made the exposition for the "professor" the better he liked it. He enjoyed argument. One evening we discussed the question of race suicide, a phrase coined by him in one of his earlier books. In the discussion I took occasion to condemn birth control. Dr. Ross countered with a mass of statistical data, showing the multiplication of degenerates. I replied that his mathematics showed the importance of multiplying, and not curtailing the production of the fit. Dr. Ross smiled tolerantly and calmly proceeded to show that the health and happiness of the home and the economic well being of the state were better served by medium-sized families. I had nothing in kind to say, having done no research work on the question, so in desperation I had to fall back on myself as an authority, I said, "I know what I am talking about. My mother bore twelve children. I'm the poorest specimen in the lot. There never was a happier bunch. The doctor was a stranger in our house. My mother was never sick and never complained."

"Now, Manahan," quietly rejoined Dr. Ross, "I will leave it to your sense of fairness, would not your mother have had more

¹ Manahan is right. It was later, when I had made first-hand studies on the spot, that I came to a juster estimate of British imperialism.

out of life, a richer enjoyment, with time for reading and happy relaxation, if instead of twelve children she had, say, four or five?"

There flashed across my mind a vision of my mother's toil-hardened hands and patient smile that would not be denied by me, but lawyer-like I said, "Yes—perhaps so—but—five children—that would have left me out—I was number six."

Ross threw up both hands, and with a laugh capitulated saying: "Well, anything that would leave you out of the picture would never do."

The gold standard had been "put over" in 1896 and imperialism in 1900 by making American business men class-conscious and persuading them of their God-given right to run this country. It was, of course, un-American but most of them fell for it as if it were huckleberry pie. In Lincoln I met frequently with the Round Table, a club founded by Mr. Bryan, which had come to be dominated by leading merchants and bankers. Such cases of "swelled head"! They actually believed the newspaper yawp, 1896-1902, about the omniscience and powerful intellect of the business man. They snorted at anti-imperialism and became apoplectic at criticisms of Britain's course with the Boers or of our dealings with the Filipinos.

With these browbeating wholesalers and grain-buyers I adopted the rôle of a *picador* in the bull ring. I knew the facts, which they did not, and after I had repeatedly made a colander of their hides and pinned *banderillas* to their flesh they grew chastened and wary. They left off bellowing and beating fist on table when contradicted. Then after 1902 savage icebergs turned to harmless water in the genial air of "regard for the public interest." In two or three years several of these erstwhile bullies became good friends of mine.

To show how their university stood in the matter of academic freedom, the Harvard social science professors had President Eliot invite me to give four lectures at Harvard in the spring of 1902 on Recent Trends in Sociology. I gave the lectures on successive evenings at the end of March before 140-175 hearers, the number tending to rise. The lectures, published in the *Harvard Quarterly Journal of Economics*,

were reprinted in my volume *The Foundations of Sociology*, brought out by Macmillan in 1905, which circulated upwards of nine thousand copies. Good talks with President Eliot, quite the Olympian, and with William James, Josiah Royce, Thomas Nixon Carver and other lights of the Harvard faculty convinced me that I had not lost caste by sticking up for bimetallism.

I had spent a year going over and appraising the sociological literature of a decade in four languages. Most of it, I own, was more new than true, "suggestive and thought-provoking" rather than sound. After setting it all in order the idea sprouted in me, "I'll build a Ross system!" I did, but eighteen years were to elapse before it came out.

My *Social Control* manuscript, being overlarge for Macmillan's "Citizen" series, had to be cut down. So in January, 1901, I spent three weeks going over it ruthlessly, giving a sharp tug to every phrase and sentence. If it came away it was stricken; if the web of thought jerked it back into place it stayed. You would have thought I was revising copy for a cablegram. Perhaps paring my manuscript 7 per cent explains why, after having been out more than a third of a century, *Social Control* still sells one hundred and twenty-five copies a year!

Familiar with "young author" delusions I schooled myself not to hope for a circulation above four thousand copies; actually 17,300 have been absorbed. In fact, every one of my twenty-four books save *Standing Room Only?* did better than I expected. I dread rosy "optimism."

Rattlesnake newspapers always trying to hurt me with the public in order to make it easier to "fire" me, used to shriek that I was an anarchist; the fact is, nothing could be more contrary to the anarchist views of Proudhon and his disciples than *Social Control*. They insisted that good order comes almost of itself, doesn't need to be provided or thought about—which is the precise antithesis of my position. When, in Moscow in December, 1917, I had long talks with Peter Kropotkin, I saw that what he and other "philosophical anarchists" wanted was the freedom of the local community from the butter-fingered interference of bureaucrats. After I

came to know the old tsarist State I understood why the Russian *Narodniki* decried governmental attempts to control the rural village. Once I had "had it out" with the author of *Mutual Aid* I heaved a sigh of relief, for from the very inception of my book I had worried over what that redoubtable Slav might think of it.

In the thirty-five years since the book left my anvil I have scrutinized society in many countries and the society which "controls" does not look so global to me now as it did in 1900. Not only do most laws at their passage reflect the outcome of a struggle behind the scenes among pressure groups, but the same holds true of the trends of public opinion and of the deliverances of organized religion. Sooner or later the alert, well-led elements organize in order to mold social requirements to their wishes. The content of the code of social requirements, as well as the strictness with which obedience thereto is exacted, reveal an incessant tug-of-war among spokesmen of contending groups. The masses, when they are too childish or trustful to organize, as is usually the case, will surely be "everybody's goat."

Since I hammered out *Social Control* my forecast of the coming lot of man has greatly changed. I doubt if "lessons from history" will have much to do with shaping humanity's future. Basic conditions are changing so rapidly that most old techniques of control are junk. Science and Invention, with offerings ever more strange and exciting, together with Applied Psychology, open vistas into a wondrous New Age with its own problems of control, in which control devices will be employed that the Past never dreamt of.

So my thousands of hours of patient digging-into-the-Past in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* and the British Museum Library went for naught!

In the spring of 1903 I sent an announcement to downtown professional men I knew to the effect that I would observe the hundredth anniversary of the appearance of Malthus' "Essay on Population" in its expanded form (1803) by offering a seminary in "Dynamics of Population." I did not open this seminary to graduate students lest the necessity of discussing delicate points lay me open to the charge that I was

corrupting youth. Twelve gentlemen registered for the course including three judges, two clergymen, an editor and certain lawyers and doctors. The course was a brilliant success, the members reading some of the best papers I have ever heard. It became apparent that the topics involved could be handled without giving offense to any one, so from then on the course was open to our graduate students. The fact that I felt it risky to give the course until I had tried it out with prominent downtown men indicates the fury of eagerness I sensed in Nebraska reactionaries to "get" us liberals.

One who speaks up for public interests against powerful selfish private interests notes great changes in social weather. From 1896 on, the growing mastery of concentrated avaricious interests over opinion-molders made it harder for champions of the general interest to win public sympathy, even to gain a hearing. Then after 1903, thanks first of all to Theodore Roosevelt in the White House, the public began to wake up to the looting of national wealth by ringsters. The "muckrakers" and the exposing "ten-cent" magazines raised such a tide of public indignation that hardened newspaper defenders of the rings were obliged to yield to the prevailing mood and disclose incriminating truth they would gladly have suppressed! The movement gained such momentum that it went right on after Roosevelt had been succeeded in the White House by Taft, watch-dog of big private interests. President Wilson voiced social interests admirably until we got into the World War and Washington was overrun with dollar-a-year corporation executives. Then, in the first post-War decade, private interests had such an inning as they had never before enjoyed in this country, save in the period 1866-73.

From the lecture platform I catch these shifts because they register in the temper of my listeners. For years my protests against the stupid sacrifice of wide collective interests to clamorous, wire-pulling narrow interests are listened to with sympathy and bring me the plaudits of the decent. Then by means of kept press, kept speakers, party machines, and influential national organizations they get control of (write your own "ticket"!), the champions of private interests con-

trive to reverse the current and I note the rise in my hearers of doubt, suspicion and hostility. It is not I who have changed, but they. From many primed sources they have been systematically plied with the notion that we upholders of social interests, being "dangerous," "subversive" and "un-American," ought not to be listened to, even allowed to speak! The change is more marked in high-school students than in college students, in townsfolk than in countryfolk, in small-town audiences than in city audiences, in the worldly than in the religious, in the young than in the old. The young (poor things!) swallow whatever is offered them, whereas the older remember the carnival of looting that went on during the last reactionary epoch.

The veterans who have broken many a lance for the public cause groan in disgust, "O Lord, the hogs have broken out again; ten years' work gone for nothing"! Well do they realize that the reversal of a pro-social current of public opinion (with the consequent relaxing of wholesome legal and administrative restrictions which it has clamped on the buccaneers) is worth literally *billions upon billions* to the Big Fellows. Therefore, untold money and years of organizing, scheming and wire-pulling will be given to bring it about. So the time comes when tens of thousands of bright people *make their living pooh-pooh-ing social interests, deriding their defenders and deodorizing, whitewashing and glorifying hankering and aggressive private interests*. Well-captained this mercenary corps should sway the battle in favor of the Porcine, and often it does.

Now, from 1903 on the Hanna-Aldrich-Quay ice-sheet was retreating and sleet was giving way to sunshine for us champions of the social welfare. The doubts of my natural-science colleagues about me vanished within a year. More and more the ideas I was circulating found favor among the thoughtful. I was in growing demand as lecturer and commencement speaker and the young liked the views I stood for. The next Great Ice Age (1919-31) was still years away.

In 1905 my old Hopkins teacher, Dr. Richard T. Ely, who since 1892 had wonderfully built up economics at the University of Wisconsin, got me called to the new chair of sociol-

ogy. I accepted and in the fall of 1906 we removed to Madison.

When it became known that I was to leave, the *Nebraska State Journal* said:

An interesting change has taken place in the attitude of a large section of the Lincoln public toward Dr. Ross since he came here five years ago. He was handicapped by the suspicion that his appointment was political, for he had been a Bryan supporter in the campaign of 1896. When he arrived republicans and gold democrats looked at him out of the corners of their eyes and wondered where he carried the horns and hoofs that they knew he had on him somewhere. Ross said nothing about his troubles at Stanford, but went to work quietly to carve out a new success for himself. The frost began to melt in a short time after his arrival here, and in a year or two the strength and originality of his work won general recognition. A few weeks ago when it was rumored that he might resign to go elsewhere, the protests and calls upon the regents to retain him were unparalleled in number and energy. Most of these came from the very men who had denounced his election as a piece of populist politics. It was as complete a reversal of influential sentiment as this city has ever experienced.

Shortly before leaving I had a hand-written letter from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes which gave me as much pleasure as an *accolade*.

May 6, 1906

MY DEAR SIR:

A little while ago my friend Professor Ely told me of Ross, *Social Control*. I sent for it and then, seeing an advertisement of *The Foundations of Sociology*, I sent for that and this moment have finished reading it. Having done so I cannot refrain from writing a word of appreciation of the two books to you. They are so civilized, so enlightened by side knowledge, often indicated by a single key word, so skeptical yet so appreciative even of illusion, so abundant in insight, and often so crowded with felicities, that it makes me happy to think that they come from America and not from Europe. They hit me where I live and have led me to say by way of Philistine counter paradox to those who think that there is nothing worth reading nowadays—Give me the books of the last 25 years and you may destroy all the rest. And I have said to myself, What vanity to think of intel-

lectual solitude when such adequate thinking is going on. Perhaps I should recall a visit I made a few days ago to Mr. Lester Ward, alas, stupidly late—on hearing that he was about to leave town. He asked me of what Court I was a judge. And I said to myself the optic nerve which is the root of vision cannot see—he did not know or care for external details. So I will explain that I am a judge of the U. S. Sup. Ct. and in that capacity as well as by personal predilection hold myself bound to know what I can of the justification and criticisms of my proper business. There is a certain sadness in reading the books of those who generalize—"I could have painted pictures like that youth you praise so," one thinks. I do not repine, but when I read what has given me so much pleasure and encouragement I think it only right to say to the author, you are doing a noble work.

Very truly yours,

O. W. HOLMES

Five weeks later came the following from the White House:

June 15, 1906

MY DEAR PROFESSOR ROSS:

Justice Holmes told me to read *Social Control* because he regarded it as one of the substantial achievements of constructive scholarship in America. I have been reading it accordingly, and I like it so much that I must take the liberty of writing to tell you so. Sometimes I feel a little blue about the immense amount of printed matter of utterly ephemeral value turned out within our borders, and grow to have dismal suspicions that the appalling fecundity of the writers who do such work means the choking out of the writers who in any department do really serious work of permanent value; and so I always feel a real sense of obligation to the man whose achievement tends to make my fears groundless.

I do not suppose you ever get to Washington, but if you do, be sure to let me know.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

CHAPTER IX

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WHEN I took the chair I have held for thirty years I had sociology all to myself. But, as the growth of interest in sociology packed my classes, specialists were added—in rural sociology, social pathology, social work, social psychology, social statistics, cultural anthropology and physical anthropology—until now eleven persons of professorial rank are required. Only three are in any way our own product.

The relations of this University to its 540 members in the professorial ranks and their relations to one another are quite unaffected by the ruthless commercialism which reigns outside. "Unaffected?" We react so vigorously against it that we lean backward rather than stand up straight. We are free men enjoying just and considerate treatment and feeling bound in return to put in our "best licks."

The University not only stands quite outside any social class system, but is a most determined enemy of it. No one has his place because of family or other "influence." The full and associate professors of each department pick the man to be brought in or advanced. Dean and President exercise their judgment. Wealth or family is never mentioned, nor thought of; we are not even curious as to the "social origin" of one we are considering; only ability, equipment, character and personality count. Well do we know that the bright lad caught young, even if brought up in a hovel, will after seven years of college and university wear his dress suit and wield his salad fork with about the same grace as if he had been reared in a mansion.

In my time the University has been captained by three presidents, all with the scholar's point of view. Academic freedom has been fought for and steadfastly maintained. Just the same wolves prowl about this University as prowl about

others—the “get-rich-quick” business men of Wisconsin are, no doubt, just as greedy and unscrupulous as those of Illinois or Pennsylvania; but in Wisconsin the bodies withstanding them are uncommonly well-knit, determined and pugnacious.

Is there another first-rank institution that would have tolerated me these thirty years? I doubt it. I have uttered with all the “bang” at my command *everything I felt sure of*, without the slightest concern for the reactions, from right or from left, it might call forth. Of course, by now sociology has sown about all the “wild oats” it has to sow. As the results of social research accumulate, it is settling down into a “sure-enough” science. Up to about fifteen years ago there were “sociologies,” rather than “sociology.” Now there is a massive body of accepted doctrine and the leading texts do not contradict one another much. More and more, the professor of sociology arraigned for the tenor of his teachings can plead that he is but *presenting his subject at its actual stage of development*. When he shows that the text he uses comes from a renowned institution—Chicago, Columbia, or North Carolina—he has a strong defense.

When I took my Ph.D. probably not three Americans made their living teaching sociology; now there cannot be less than 1500. As we pushed for the recognition of sociology as a university subject the attitude of the faculty representatives of the maturer sciences has, in the institutions I know, rarely betrayed narrowness or jealousy. Instead of looking askance at the guess-work in our early offerings, they have been hospitable and tolerant. Instead of meeting us in a carping spirit—the Lord knows there was plenty to carp at in our salad days!—they have gracefully given us the benefit of the academic assumption of the equality of departments and left us to show what we can do. Our heroic endeavors to bring our stuff up to the validity-level achieved in the older sciences testify to our appreciation.

Another heartening thing is the unity of the representatives of the social sciences in the state institutions and those in the endowed universities. Forty years ago many educational leaders expected that in the state institutions the social scientists would have a livelier sense of their obligation to in-

investigate bad social conditions and to search out remedies therefor, than the men in the "capitalistic" universities; but it has turned out otherwise. My old students pass to and fro between the faculties of the two without noticing a difference. In their courses and publications the endowed institutions are not conspicuously more subservient to the will of the wealthy than the state institutions. In each social science the scholars form a close-knit group, the members of which covet the respect of their brethren, wherever they may teach. They are not ranged in opposing camps nor is there jealousy between them. All pin their hopes of greater influence to the advancement of their subject in mass, dignity and prestige.

In the near future our economic brethren will be under fire even more than we sociologists have been. The planless self-regulating economic system is not working as smoothly as once it did. In the recent decades financiers have squeezed and robbed the furnishers of operating capital in much the same way that the operating capitalists squeezed and "trimmed" labor. I foresee that, as time goes on, an increasing proportion of lucrative enterprises will be infested with "racketeer" methods. Whether means can be found of checking these ugly tendencies we do not know. In any case, the honest economist will feel bound to pry into and report just what is going on "back of the scenery." The Big Fellows can hardly fight gad-flies in these days when eleven million ex-wage-earners cannot find employment: but when "good times" (not over three million unemployed!) recur, will they not spurn the controls the State has lately laid upon them and bludgeon university economists who irritate them? Mark the savage ridicule their organs pour on the well-trained economists ("brain trusters") that have been called in by the present Administration! Had they been "big butter-and-egg men" not one "cheep" would have come from the opposition newspapers.

I look for the *social* branches—history, anthropology, sociology, economics, government and ethics—to play ere long a much bigger rôle in higher education. I bow to the natural sciences and my fondest wish for sociology is that it may pull up abreast of them; but tens of thousands of our young peo-

ple have "majored" in a natural science who would gladly have built their undergraduate course about one of the social sciences had its offerings been abundant and inviting. I predict that the social studies will be *three times* as conspicuous in the choices of American students a generation hence as they are to-day. After all, are the matters the average college graduate will later as citizen be called upon to grapple with found in the fields of physics, geology, botany and physiology? Or are they economic, social, political and educational issues? Nature studies have thriven in our schools chiefly because they exemplified *scientific method*, our best weapon in the war against *ignorance*, *superstition* and *prejudice*. When this method may be as readily caught from a social science as from a natural science, why should not the inherent interest of the subject-matter govern the choice of studies?

In the faculty of the University *esprit de corps* is strong and faction never rears its head. Sensing the difficulty of realizing our ideals under business-control, we face the common foe as a compact band. Up to about 1912 many of the faculty had the aim of direct social service, *i.e.*, of making their labors count in some definite way in improving life in Wisconsin. Then a conservative was elected Governor and President Van Hise thought it best for the intimate coöperation between the professors and the departments of the State Government in the Capitol to cease. As a result most of the faculty have resumed the older idealism of truth-seeking.

We do not indulge in the fond "make-believe" of the Continental and Latin-American universities that the average student is an adult. Young people 17-23 are neither juveniles nor yet responsible men and women, but betwixt. We do what we can to rouse the idler to "make good" but, if we fail, we eliminate him. To ignore his wasting of time while in residence proceeds on the assumption, which seems to have prevailed in the medieval university, that he is a member of a well-to-do family. The fact is, of course, that in six cases out of seven keeping the student here represents a very real sacrifice on the part of his parents and we owe it to them to see that, so far as possible, their sacrifice shall not be in vain. So the University expects us to keep an eye on our students,

record their attendance and watch their scholastic performance. If a student carries less than a normal load, he must present a good reason. The student who conscientiously improves his opportunities never comes up against our disciplinary measures.

Long experience has sapped my faith in "handing it out to them." The unsupplemented lecture system leaves the undergraduate uninspired, passive, even asleep. More and more I get my matter into the hands of the students as a text, then insist on their making an attempt to meet concrete situations in the light of principles developed in the day's assignment. Taking them in groups of 20-26 I listen to and discuss the answers the students have at home thought out and written down, each taking three or four problems out of a dozen or fifteen. I set one on the other, holding back my own comment until all have had their say. Often under my hectoring they get to the bottom of the matter themselves. This technique leaves the active students enlivened, the loafers exposed.

I do not regard the graduate seminary as just a place for presenting the results of individual research on unrelated lines, *i.e.*, the reading of embryo master's or doctor's theses. For example, I announce a "research seminary" on "Marriage and Family the World Over." I divide the significant world into eleven great segments—the Far East, India, the Moham-medan Peoples, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Scandinavia, Germany and Switzerland, Soviet Russia, Great Britain, the British Self-Governing Dominions, the United States—and dedicate a session of the seminary to each. We look for the trend in each region since 1900. What we need to know about it is brought out in ten or twelve questions, with references to the best literature available. Each member will bring in at each session written answers to one or two of these.

Within a month after the completion of this particular seminary three out of the seven eligible members married!

CHAPTER X

TWO BOOKS IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

IN 1906-07 I published in the *Atlantic Monthly* six articles which in 1907 were brought out by Houghton Mifflin under the title *Sin and Society*. President Roosevelt was good enough to preface it with the following letter:

MY DEAR PROFESSOR ROSS:

It was to Justice Holmes that I owed the pleasure and profit of reading your book *Social Control*. The Justice spoke of it to me as one of the strongest and most striking presentations of the subject he had ever seen. I got it at once and was deeply interested in it. Since then I have read whatever you have written. I have been particularly pleased with the essays which, as you tell me, you are now to publish in permanent form. You define "sin" as conduct that harms another in contradistinction to "vice," by which we mean practices that harm one's self; and you attack as they should be attacked the men who at the present day do more harm to the body politic by their sinning than all others. With almost all that you write I am in full and hearty sympathy. As you well say, if a ring is to be put in the snout of the greedy strong, only organized society can do it. You war against the vast iniquities in modern business, finance, politics, journalism, due to the ineffectiveness of public opinion in coping with the dominant types of wrong-doing in a huge, rich, highly complex industrial civilization like ours. You show that the worst evils we have to combat have inevitably evolved along with the evolution of society itself, and that the perspective of conduct must change from age to age, so that our moral judgment may be recast in order more effectively to hold to account the really dangerous foes of our present civilization. You do not confine yourself to mere destructive criticism. Your plea is for courage, for uprightness, for far-seeing sanity, for active constructive work. There is no reason why we should feel despondent over the outlook of modern civilization, but there is every reason why we should be fully alert to the dangers ahead.

Modern society has developed to a point where there is real cause for alarm lest we shall go the way of so many ancient communities, where the state was brought to ruin because politics became the mere struggle of class against class. Your book is emphatically an appeal to the general sense of right as opposed to mere class interest. As you put it, the danger is as great if the law is twisted to be an instrument of the greed of one class as if it is twisted to be an instrument of the vengefulness of another. You reject that most mischievous of socialist theses, viz.; that progress is to be secured by the strife of classes. You insist, as all healthy-minded patriots should insist, that public opinion if only sufficiently enlightened and aroused, is equal to the necessary regenerative tasks and can yet dominate the future. Your book is wholesome and sane and I trust that its influence will be widespread.

In *The Era of the Muckrakers* (1932), C. C. Regier says of this book:

Professor Ross offered a passionate indictment and a not inaccurate picture of contemporary society. In particular he called attention to the hiatus between private and public morality. He pointed out that the men engaged in business were often kind-hearted, pure, fond of their families, hospitable to their friends, and generous to the poor. These virtues lulled the conscience of the sinner and blinded the eyes of the on-lookers. They were, moreover, the virtues extolled by the Puritan code of morality, which had always emphasized personal righteousness rather than social vision. The impersonal corporation, Professor Ross noted, enabled men to commit with clear conscience crimes which their whole training would have forced them to abhor if such crimes had been direct consequences of their own acts. It was true that industry was as reckless of human life as it was of natural resources since 500,000 workers were either killed or badly maimed every year, and yet an inventor declared that he could sell a time-saving device in twenty places but a life-saving device in none. Stockholders did not mean to wear out the children, to maim workmen, to defraud customers, to pollute the ballot, or debauch public officials; yet, thanks to the impersonality of the corporation and the narrowness of the moral code, they frequently brought about these evils and worse.

My book, hailed as ethical, is in fact sociological. It aims not to deter from evil-doing but to *improve our way of judg-*

ing the conduct of others. Each of us as blamer counts for something. When the blames of many run together they become *public condemnation*, which no man can withstand. *Why not make of this a buckler to protect our dearest possessions?*

How irritating the book must have been to some respectables may be judged from the following:

Our iniquity is wireless and we know not whose withers are wrung by it. The hurt passes into that vague mass, the "public," and is there lost to view. . . . The purveyor of spurious life-preservers need not be a Cain. The owner of rotten tenement houses, whose "pull" enables him to ignore the orders of the health department, foredooms babies, it is true, but for all that he is no Herod.

The patent ruffian is confined to the social basement and enjoys few opportunities. . . . Today the villain most in need of curbing is the respectable, exemplary, trusted personage who, strategically placed at the focus of a spider-web of fiduciary relations, is able from his office chair to pick a thousand pockets, poison a thousand sick, pollute a thousand minds or imperil a thousand lives.

Few latter-day crimes can be dramatized with a wolf and a lamb as the cast! Your up-to-date criminal presses the button of a social mechanism and at the other end of the land or the year innocent lives are snuffed out.

How often clean linen and church-going are accepted as substitutes for right-doing! What a deodorizer is polite society! . . . Anyone can sense turpitude in the dingy "hobo," but a well-groomed Captain Kidd of correct habits, with a family "reared in the lap of luxury" as a background, is well nigh irresistible.

Here is my portrait of the type I call "The Criminaloid":

He is touchy about the individual victim and, if faced down, will even make him reparation out of the plunder gathered at longer range. Too squeamish and too prudent to practice treachery, brutality, and violence himself, he takes care to work through middlemen. Conscious of the antipodal difference between *doing wrong* and *getting it done*, he places out his dirty work. With a string of intermediaries between himself and the toughs who slug voters at the polls, or the gang of navvies who

break other navvies' heads with shovels on behalf of his electric line, he is able to keep his hands sweet and his boots clean. . . . Not to bribe, but to employ and finance the briber; not to lie, but to admit to your editorial columns "paying matter"; not to commit perjury, but to hire men to homestead and make over to you claims they have sworn were entered in good faith and without collusion; not to cheat, but to promise a "rake-off" to a mysterious go-between in case your just assessment is cut down; not to rob on the highway, but to make the carrier pay you a rebate on your rival's shipments; not to shed innocent blood, but to bribe inspectors to overlook your neglect to install safety appliances; such are the ways of the criminaloid.

I show him practising a "protective mimicry" of the good:

He stands having his loins girt about with religiosity and having on the breastplate of respectability. His feet are shod with ostentatious philanthropy, his head is encased in the helmet of spread-eagle patriotism. Holding in his left hand the buckler of worldly success and in his right the sword of "influence," he is "able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

That my book is not exhortation or ethics, but *straight sociology* can be seen from such a passage as this:

Every added relation among men makes new chances for the sons of Belial. Wider interdependencies breed new treacheries. Fresh opportunities for illicit gain are continually appearing, and these are eagerly seized by the unscrupulous. The years between the advent of these new sins and the general recognition of their heinousness are few or many according to the alertness of the social mind. By the time they have been branded, the onward movement of society has created a fresh lot of opportunities, which are, in their turn, exploited with impunity. It is in this gap that the criminaloid disports himself. The narrowing of this gap depends chiefly on the faithfulness of the vedettes that guard the march of humanity. . . . To intimidate the moulders of opinion so as to confine the editor to the "news," the preacher to the "simple Gospel," the public man to the "party issues," the judge to his precedents, the teacher to his textbooks, and the writer to the classic themes—such are the tactics of the criminaloids.

Sin and Society tells no stories, names no sinners, gives no dates and places; it aims only to impress certain fresh distinctions. It was wrought with such care that now, thirty years after, *I would not alter a comma*.

Hundreds of preachers have thanked me for clarifying their minds as to the traits of the wrong-doing of our time. Tens of thousands of sermons were inspired by my modernizing the message of the Old-Testament prophets.

The response of our leaders was all I could ask. Newton D. Baker wrote me, "I have just read with infinite delight your *Sin and Society*. What a great note you have struck!" Robert Hunter avowed, "Your articles have given me immense pleasure and satisfaction. It is like having one's eyeglasses wiped clean and clear." President Fellows of the University of Maine characterized it as "the greatest thing I have seen in print." Charles R. Henderson wrote, "It is one of the most searching bits of literature since Isaiah called the Nobles to account and it will help teachers of morality to explore a neglected field." Dr. W. E. Chancellor, Superintendent of Schools at Washington, D. C., reported, "I sat up three nights to read it." Rabbi Stephen Wise wrote, "I said to the gathering that the one thing I wished might result from my address would be their reading of the book *Sin and Society* which had greatly helped me in the preparation of the address."

The editor of the *Bankers' Magazine* read the book at a single sitting. "You have performed a splendid service to the movement for rescuing the control of our enterprises from these princely malefactors." Mark Sullivan, editor of *Collier's*, found my treatment "much more sane and reasonable than most articles which represent the radical." Cosgrave, editor of *Everybody's*, observed, "I was immensely impressed with both the message and the style. . . . I think you will be interested in what the President said to me the other day about your work."

Mr. Bryan was so pleased with *Sin and Society* that he wanted a special paper-bound edition for circulating among the subscribers to his *Commoner*.

About a year after *Sin and Society* appeared, President Roosevelt wrote me from Oyster Bay:

I have been rereading your *Sin and Society* with direct reference to certain recent actions of the courts, notably in the Standard Oil case at Chicago, and I must write you just a line to say once again what an admirable book I think it is. At the moment I take a rather sardonic satisfaction in the chapter on Grilling of the Sinners. Here in this State people have temporarily lost track of the really big issues in the convulsion of stopping betting at the race tracks; and in Maine the good people of the community will support a man like Littlefield because he is an extremist on prohibition, although in practically every matter of real note to the people in Congress he is a violent reactionary of the kind that invites revolution.

In some places my book was kept away from the public. A colleague asked at the desk of the Cleveland Public Library, "Have you Ross's *Sin and Society*?" "Indeed we haven't, but if we had it it would be under lock and key!" Calling at the Toledo Public Library I was told that the book was in a locked case. I was too abashed to ask, "Why?"

Sin and Society was but an item in the "literature of exposure" of the decade 1902-11. Thirty-three men and Ida M. Tarbell produced it and of them I knew Lincoln Steffens, Ben Lindsey, John Graham Brooks, William Allen White, John Spargo, Dr. Harvey Wiley, Thomas W. Lawson, S. S. McClure, Ben B. Hampton, Frederic C. Howe, Ray Stannard Baker, Louis D. Brandeis, Arthur Gleason, William Hard, Will Irwin, George Kibbe Turner, Upton Sinclair and Mark Sullivan. More brilliant, charming and intrepid writers never worked together to create a social movement.

And they saved the day!

But for "muckraking" there would have occurred a huge futile social blow-up in our country, followed by iron military repression. Out of it we got direct legislation, popular choice of U. S. senators, direct primaries, "corrupt practices" acts, publicity of campaign expenditures and commission form of government for cities; also forest reserves, conservation of natural resources, pure food acts, in some states workmen's compensation laws and mothers' pensions.

So I give you, "Hurrah for the muckrakers!"

Social Psychology

In September, 1895, I began teaching "social psychology"; thirteen years later I brought out what I ventured to call "the pioneer treatise in any language professing to deal systematically with the subject of social psychology." In the preface I said:

I feel sure this book is strewn with errors. The ground is new, and among the hundreds of interpretations, inferences, and generalizations I have ventured on, no doubt scores will turn out to be wrong. . . . I have brought social psychology as far as I can unaided . . . the time has come to hand over the results of my reflection to my fellow-workers, in the hope of provoking discussions which will part the wheat from the chaff and set it to producing an hundred-fold.

I offer this book with the wish that what in it is sound be promptly absorbed into the growth of the science, and the unsound be as promptly forgotten. Indeed, its swiftness of disintegration will measure the progress of the subject. If it is utterly superannuated in twenty years, that will be well; if, in ten years, it is a back number, that will be better. Perish the book, if only social psychology may go forward! Hence, I beg, messieurs, the discreet critics, to lay on right heartily, remembering that in showing its errors, they are triumphing *with* the author, not *over* him.

My book *did* hold the center of the stage for about twenty years, then a different and better concept of social psychology came into favor and mine was superseded. In the meantime, however, thousands of college classes studied my book, so that its circulation topped forty-three thousand.

In 1921 Bodenhafer observed (*American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. XXVI, pp. 442-3):

In dealing with that most interesting part of contemporary social psychology, Ross does not go much farther than to refer with approval occasionally to Baldwin, as suggested above. Such references, however, do not penetrate to the center of Ross's thinking, and they are essentially foreign to his general argument. For all practical purposes, he assumes the self as given, the individual as already formed. His problem is then the rather

futile one of attempting to mould and shape this complete individual into social conformity, to bend the individual will into some sort of social order. Such is the central thesis one finds in the books to which we have referred. Had he mastered the significance of Baldwin's contributions to the problem of social psychology, to say nothing of the advances that have been made upon Baldwin's work, he must have realized that he was neglecting the most fertile field for the utilization of the group concept in the field of social psychology. Underneath the planes and currents of uniformity which we see on the surface of society are vast depths to which he does not apply himself. Professor Mead has put his finger on the weakness just noted, in these words: "Sociality is for Professor Ross no fundamental feature of human consciousness, no determining form of its structure." In other words, he has made only a partial, though stimulating, use of his group concept. His thinking is essentially individualistic. He stands as a transition point in the development of the recognition of the essentially fundamental importance of sociality, of the group, in social interpretations.

I accept this as a just stricture; my thinking *was* too individualistic. It was not I who showed that a sense of the presence and claims of others is built into the human ego in its embryonic stage. In 1932 appeared Dr. F. V. Karpf's *American Social Psychology*, which devotes ten pages to my *Social Control* and *Social Psychology*. Of the latter book she says:

Throughout, his discussion is enlivened by the sort of sparkling exposition and challenging generalization which recall Tarde's own brilliant exposition in the above-mentioned work. These qualities have carried Ross' work on a wave of popular interest which became an important factor in establishing social psychology in this country and in gaining for it its present-day level of recognition. The fact that the suggestion-imitation theory around which Ross built his treatment of social psychology has been losing scientific ground constantly and that his exposition was not always as consistent in the formulation of the social-psychological consequences of this doctrine as might be, were no more serious factors in curtailing the important rôle which his work has played in the social-psychological movement than they were in the case of Tarde. In any event, Ross' influence stands out prominently during the earlier period of social-

psychological development in this country alongside of the other important influences which have been noted here, the importance of his work in popularizing the notion of social psychology as a distinct field of investigation and in associating it definitely with certain elements of psycho-social thought which strongly suggest his Tardean outlook being particularly in evidence.

It adds up, then, to this. What has come to be called "social psychology" in this country now deals with the *psyche*, not so much of groups or collectivities as of individuals developing in a social setting and interacting constantly with others. Attention is centered on *motives, attitudes, wishes, interests, character traits, personality patterns, behavior tendencies*. Such a discipline covers 75-80 per cent of human psychology and in this field I have never set myself up as an authority. After all, I am sociologist, not psychologist.

I am content. I lift my hat to such "stout fellahs" as Dewey, Mead, Cooley, Veblen, Thomas, Park, Burgess, Young, Allport, Krueger, Reckless, Bernard, Folsom, Bogardus and Brown, creators of the *other* social psychology.

But, *didn't* I have a run for my money?

CHAPTER XI

MY ATTITUDE TOWARD RELIGION

As a boy of seven I was taken Sundays to the Presbyterian church and to Sunday-school, then home to dinner. Thereupon I would read my Sunday-school paper and story book and con next Sunday's lesson. By late afternoon I was "fed up" and wanted to play; but I was not allowed to "desecrate the Sabbath." I could only stand at our French windows and enviously watch my week-day schoolmates playing hopscotch in the sunshine! So a "complex" built itself in me. For full twenty years thereafter every bright Sunday afternoon an overwhelming sense of desolation took possession of me *if I stayed indoors*. The "blues" did not seize me if the afternoon was overcast or stormy, nor did they arrive until the sun's rays had reached a slant corresponding to about four o'clock.

Sunday morning has long been the crown of my week owing to the jubilant reflection, "I don't *have* to go to church to-day!" On my way to my office for a spell of uninterrupted thinking and writing, the sight of people going to church greatly adds to my elation; yet this association of church-going with oppressiveness was established in me back in my late 'teens.

I was brought up in the strictest Presbyterian creed and until I left the farm never heard it seriously questioned. At college I came to take religion very personally and in my senior year I attended services five times a Sunday. I was superintendent of one Sunday-school, taught in another and was member of an afternoon Bible-class, besides attending morning and evening services. The next year, as I read Buckle, Darwin, Draper, Spencer, and Fiske, I grew critical of the preachers; weren't they really "beyond their depth" in attacking the naturalists? Holding a job in a Presbyterian

school I was expected to do church work; but more and more the church atmosphere stifled me. When, on entering 1888, the International Sunday-school lessons switched from the New Testament back to Genesis, I gave up my adult class; to treat this string of primitive legends *as disclosing the actual origin* of the world, of man, of evil, of toil and of death was too stultifying.

In Berlin the ferment rising in me came to a head. I perceived that what had been taught me as "the trend of modern thought" was a fairy tale. Far from being "exploded," Darwin's theory of the gradual development of the higher living forms out of the lower, by favorable fortuitous variations fixed by survival of the fittest, was coming to prevail with *all* deep students of life. In view of the finds, under thick cave floors mixed with the bones of animals long extinct, of the remains of sub-men who must have lived hundreds of thousands of years ago, the account of "creation" given in Genesis turns out a myth, like hosts of other "creation myths" collected by field ethnologists.

Just when, I wonder, could our evolving simian ancestors have acquired an immortal soul? With the development of the Java ape-man? Of Piltdown man? Of Heidelberg man? Of Neanderthal man? Of Cro-Magnon man? To which strain belonged Adam, whose "sin" in the Garden taints us all with an inclination to do evil? If man has been here half a million years, why was the launching of the Plan of Salvation delayed until only 1900 years ago? Are all the people of the Old Stone Age and the New Stone Age roasting in Tophet because they worshiped false gods or none at all? How packed Hell must be, seeing that not a tithe of the hundreds upon hundreds of millions of human beings that have lived ever heard of the one true God! All men for some tens of thousands of years have been of Cro-Magnon stock; Neanderthal man, it appears, was quite wiped out. But when Neanderthalers were the highest beings on earth was God a glorified Neanderthaler? When the "pinhead" Piltdown man was the crown of life, did God have the traits and personality of a superior Piltdowner?

Theology--a sky-scraper founded on cobwebs!

So the whole structure that had been carefully built into my mind broke up and sank. For me thenceforward religion *was not* and humbly I set out in quest of real knowledge.

Loss of religion did not cost me a wrench nor leave me downcast. I have been as happy since ceasing to pray as when I prayed. My ego is not avid and the prospect of living forever never thrilled me much. God's love of me was never more than a pale wraith of the Real Thing—my classmate Barber's love or Rosamond's love. Had I been an underdog or had heavy tribulation fallen upon me, my religion might have meant more to me.

For years I felt bitter towards the clergy for "bulldozing" me. But after I found I could ignore the preachers and still hold a university chair I made a mute pact, "You leave *me* alone and I'll leave *you* alone." I leaned more their way after researches for my *Social Control* revealed to me the momentous social significance of the teachings of the great Hebrew Prophets. Then I concluded that Jesus was put to death because his concept of God as a Father who can be approached directly at any time or place menaced the incomes of the Jewish priesthood by making unnecessary periodical visits to Jerusalem to have sacrifices offered on one's behalf in the Temple.

I am certainly no foe of organized religion. I am far from rating it as "the opiate of the people," although in Mexico, Peru, India and Old Russia that is just what I found it to be. Nor is religion in essence a contrivance for exploitation. In our society, the fleecing of the devout by their shepherds is a bagatelle compared with the skinning of labor in the packing industry, the Southern cotton-mills, or the sugar-beet fields. The sum total of deceit in pulpits would be "a mere patch" on that dedicated to holding up the grotesque financial structure of our public utilities. As a rule I find clergymen sincere, simple, and saintly compared with ad-men, press-agents, investment bankers, corporation lawyers, contact-men and public-relations counselors.

I should hate to see the pulpit topple because, if people quit the churches, *the newspapers will be the chief gainers*. Christian worship, even at its dullest, appeals so much more

to conscience and reason than does the average Sunday newspaper that you will not get me to run it down. Much as the ordinary newspaper vulgarizes, how much more it would vulgarize but for the competition of the pulpit! Will *the social idea* ever again be so beautifully set forth as it is in the Gospels?

I rate each religion by its effects. If it cheers its followers more than it chills them, if it lifts rather than degrades, if it prompts to conduct that accords with individual and group welfare, then I leave it in peace. Its *truth* does not interest me, for in their cosmology and anthropology *all* religions are in error! How could they be anything else, seeing that they took shape long before the advent of the faintest glimmer of authentic light on the origin of the world, of the earth's crust, of the myriad forms of life, of *homo sapiens*, of the contemporary human races, of the basic elements of culture, of the major social institutions?

I am not inconsistent in sticking up for Christian Protestant foreign missions because a people may be rescued from a low or debased religion by teaching them a higher religion. A Chinese Taoist who turns Christian is at once released from a host of needless fears, his eyes become brighter and a new light shines in his face. Observe that what is nowadays sent out is *the highest form Christianity has ever assumed*. Even the Apostles were puzzled over what position to take concerning weather, crops, blights, sickness, witchcraft, demon possession and the like—matters which the contemporary missionary leaves to science. *Now for the first time the Christianity carried to the "heathen" may be as spiritual as is the Sermon on the Mount.*

I never assail the cardinal Christian doctrines because, as interpreted by rare spirits, they are capable of affording great consolation and inspiring much good-will. Consider them in relation to our present predicaments. The most horrible thing among civilized mankind nowadays is the cult of mass-murder, known as "war," that has grown up in the last sixty years. Unless means can be found of exorcising this demon we may see civilization collapse and crude barbaric cults recapture mankind. The church is not to blame for this revival

of slaughter worship, and of late it is waking up to the hideous possibilities that lurk in the mania for blotting out human life on the other side of a national frontier.

Another grave menace is rampant commercialism, the gain-seeking spirit climbing into the saddle as "business." It is so sordid and rapacious that I will not quarrel with anything that may help us withstand it. The great churches embody too much time-tested humanism not to take a hand eventually in our inescapable struggle against the unfolding brutalities and knaveries of capitalism; so, skeptic that I am, I will not cross swords with my fellow-fighters.

Reluctant to disturb any one's faith and dubious of what might follow on the crumbling of religion. I have kept silent, lo these forty-seven years! But surely *once* in my life I am entitled to have my say about it.

Here it is.

CHAPTER XII

SOCIAL EXPLORATION OF CHINA

February–August, 1910

ONE December night in 1908 I am making my way home in a snow-storm wondering what to do with the half-year's leave of absence due me for teaching for nothing in two six-weeks summer sessions. Suddenly the thought flashes, "I'll go to China." In the next twenty steps I make as momentous and happy a decision as I have ever made. At that time, only eight years had elapsed since the "Boxer" rebellion breached the old order in China and no "chair" sociologist had explored the Far East.

For thirteen months I pored over the best interpretative literature on China, so that when, in February, 1910, I landed in Shanghai I knew what I was after. I would look into the relations of the sexes, the family system, native faiths, missionary work, the sway of custom and public opinion, education old and new, and note to what degree Western machine industry encroaches upon native handicrafts. Furthermore, I had a magazine commission to prepare an article on the battle against opium. In the back of my head, too, was an itch of curiosity regarding the yellow race. Had the Chinese physique, in the course of forty centuries' sojourn in Eastern Asia, come to differ from ours in immunities and susceptibilities? Had the mind of this race gifts and lacks which did not tally quite with the gifts and lacks of ourselves?

My angle of approach explains why *The Changing Chinese* was such a success and appeared in French translation even when German shells were dropping on Paris. I did not assume the religious future of the Chinese to be bound up with Christianity or, indeed, with any existing religion. I did not assume that the culture of the Chinese is inferior just

so far as it differs from ours. The idea that the yellow race is quite as gifted as ours was not in the least repugnant to me. With such an unusual approach, I tackled the Chinese in a way to disarm them and win their confidence. At once their intellectuals perceived that I was free from racial arrogance and no blind devotee of the culture of the West.

It took but a few weeks in China to prick at least one bubble, *viz.*, the pretensions of the treaty-port traders to be deep "in the know" with respect to the natives. At the first dinner party given in my honor in Shanghai by Wisconsin people they adjured me, "Don't write anything about the Chinese till you have lived here *at least three years.*" This was a polite warning not to trespass upon the monopoly of knowledge of the Chinese they had acquired by sheer length of residence. I doubt if nineteen out of twenty foreign traders have anything to offer the serious inquirer save where to buy *objets d'art* or how to get hold of a good "boy."

The missionaries are altogether different. Every one of them has slaved over the language and they cannot get on with their work unless they know the feelings and motives of the people. Too many of them, to be sure, dismiss Chinese culture as just "heathenism"; but I came to feel the utmost veneration for such giants as Rev. W. A. P. Martin (*A Cycle of Cathay*) and Rev. Arthur Smith (*Chinese Characteristics*). I found them learned, wise and good men whose hearts are drawn toward the sages of Chinese antiquity whence came the gems of moral and social wisdom which have molded the behavior of millions for a hundred generations. They ask nothing better than to garner and hand on this wisdom enriched with the special contribution of Christianity. Such missionaries and the *élite* of the Chinese scholars are in close and friendly understanding and from them I had most helpful interpretations.

Nevertheless, not a few of the insights I brought back were the fruit of my own observation, checked by the comment of the wisest men I met. That the Chinese are under terrific population pressure is realized by all missionaries, but rare is he who perceives that this accounts for and ties together scores of traits and practices usually dismissed as "heathen."

The missionaries are all too ready to lay the defects of Chinese culture to their "not having Christ," forgetting that "having Christ" did not save the Dark Ages from being ignorant, superstitious, intolerant and insanitary. Not always does the missionary realize that the lenses, fountain-pen, camera or bicycle which give him a pleasant feeling of superiority owe nothing whatever to Christian ideas. The mission doctor's skill comes from Greek and Saracen sources and from modern science, not in the least from the Gospels. The missionary, too, is apt to overlook that the main reason why only one Chinese man in ten can read and write is a system of characters that requires from three to five years longer to master than our own alphabetic writing.

The heart of my China quest was the journey with Consul Julean Arnold 1200 miles overland from Taiyuanfu through Sianfu to Chengtu, taking us across the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Szechuan, the little-visited heart of Old China, and revealing the culture of antiquity scarcely contaminated by foreign influences. We made our way to Sianfu, ourselves and our Peking cook, borne in three mule litters. The 850 miles thence to Chengtu we were carried in sedan chairs. The ordinary traveler for short distances in an open chair is carried by *two* bearers; the official is carried by *three* bearers; it is not from pride that I had *four* men bear me, with an extra man carrying my suit-cases and taking turns with the bearers! The cost of our caravan of fifteen, including our food and overnight at inns, came to \$4.00 a day altogether!

We had folding cots with sockets at the corners for setting up a frame over which mosquito-netting might be stretched. On fine nights instead of suffocating in the stuffy "guest chamber" we had our cots set up on the stone platform looking out on the muddy courtyard of the inn.

I got the repute of being a magician because, recalling my college physics, I wrapped the quart bottle of boiled water I carried as a thirst-quencher in a crash towel, wet the towel and hung it in the front of my litter, where sun and breeze could get at it and speed up evaporation. My coolies could not understand why, the hotter the day, the cooler the water in my bottle became!

When on rainy nights we slept indoors we made it a practice before retiring to smash every pane in the window for the sake of air. Let me hasten to explain that there is not a pane of glass in the province, the little panes we broke were of oiled paper!

Let the reader curious as to the aspects and ways of Old China just before the overturn of the Manchu dynasty consult *The Changing Chinese*, which contains forty times as much as I can set down here. All I undertake to do here is to bring out the more personal side of my experience.

During our two months *en route* between Taiyuanfu and Hankow, we never touched the cooked food exposed for sale in the booths and open-air eating-places. We had our own Peking cook, our own small stove, and bought charcoal as we needed it. Preparing a meal over a single burner is time-consuming but we fared well and our appetites were sharp after walking from twenty to twenty-five miles a day; for, unless it were drizzly, we relieved our bearers of their burden for much of the time. It is a sidelight on Chinese character that never but once among the hundreds of travelers with chairs we met did we find a man walking beside his chair; they insist on their money's worth! We, on the other hand, footed it three-fifths of the way and always when the path rose steeply or the road was slippery.

We came to places where food was almost unbelievably cheap—nine eggs for a cent, a pigeon for a cent, a fowl for five cents, a brace of pheasants for five cents, mutton without bones for three or four cents a pound! In the markets I beheld stacks of fresh vegetables—many of them strange to me. We sampled them freely but none of them proved tasty. Being fond of creamed onions I directed our cook to buy and serve for our dinner an appetizing bunch of onions I noticed. The dish took a long time to prepare and when it came on the table I was "all set" for it and had my comrade's expectation at a high tension. To my last day I shall recall the taste of that first mouthful. My "onions" were garlic!

I have been criticized for contending that in the migration from country to city the city gets more than its share of cream. Yet in China the moment I entered the gate of a walled pre-

fectural town I began to see refined intellectual faces such as I had not once seen during days of travel through the open country and rural villages. And I fancy this pattern of cityward migration in China was that of the Dark Ages, of the classical world, of Egypt and Babylonia.

In some places I came upon faces of a beauty I had never once met with in any of the coastal provinces. Then along the Kialing we found facing each bend in the river a stone pillar bearing a man's bust. The Romans called such *termini* (boundary stones). Now why should the carven head on these Szechuan *termini* have *short curling hair and a Roman nose?*

Sleeping one night in a provincial capital I was awakened by a most ungodly din, as if every drum, horn, triangle, gong, and other noise-making device in the city were in frantic action. The occasion was a partial eclipse of the moon which the untaught Chinese masses have come to look upon as the attempt of a great sky-dragon to swallow the queen of the night. The object of the din is to scare away the dragon! I love to imagine the self-satisfaction with which the civic-minded burgher lays aside his gong as the full disk of the moon reappears and resumes his cot with the complacent reflection, "There, I've shown I'm no slacker when it comes to community service"!

On those summer mornings, no slumber was to be had after sunrise when all the world is astir. My sleep being so curtailed, it is small wonder that lying extended in my litter of a hot summer afternoon I should be overcome by drowsiness. But it happened that my mules were not always in gear. Twelve steps of the one were equal to thirteen steps of the other. So when I dozed off lulled by the gentle swaying of the litter what time my mules were in step, I was awakened half a minute later by the pitching and tossing of my litter when the mules had come quite out of step. By the time I had been jerked awake in such fashion twenty times I resolved that the next pair of mules in my service *should mesh!*

At the Y. M. C. A. in Chengtu I met Chao Erh Shen, the Viceroy of Tibet. On an Iowa farm, of course, one gets no practice in meeting substitutes for kings; but I suspected that there was a "regular fellow" underneath his brocades and

determined to get at him. A game of billiards was suggested; this led to a game of tenpins. Ere long I was treated to the spectacle of a Viceroy shouting with glee, jumping about excitedly and getting as much fun from knocking the pins with his first bowl as any twelve-year-old boy would. We had a perfectly bully time together and parted, I am sure, with a genuine liking.

In Japan in August I was taken by a missionary on his three-weeks vacation in some of the most picturesque of the remoter districts. We climbed the volcano Asama and spent the night at the lip of its crater. Two hundred fifty feet below us the lava glowed and seethed. In the viscous mass great bubbles rose and broke, discharging jets of blueish incandescent gas. The spectacle made me resolve to lead a better life! At dawn Fujiyama, some seventy miles away, seen through the crystalline air, stood out so clearly it seemed as if I might stretch out my arm and lay my hand on it.

I like the *cuisine* of China; it is one of the world's four great *cuisines*, the other three being the French, Russian and American. Japanese cookery, on the other hand, seems to be without a redeeming feature. One evening as guests of a country nobleman, we were served a very elaborate native dinner on a beautiful veranda looking toward the sunset sky. As I partook of strips of raw fish dipped in sauce and of pickled bits of the ill-smelling *daikon* or giant radish, I measured with my eye the distance to the stone balustrade in case my stomach revolted and I should have to make a run for it!

I came among the *Eta* or *pariah* caste and found their faces very low in type, their women much exposed, their houses very flimsy. The *Eta*, about half a million in number, are reputed to be the offspring of prisoners taken in internecine war, of war captives brought in from Korea, and of the weaker elements of Japanese society. They enjoy under the modern régime the same legal rights as other Japanese but they still suffer from traditional disdain. The *Eta* pupil in the school, the *Eta* soldier in the army may be ostracized by his fellows. Nor are they addressed in level terms. The *Eta* addressing a non-*Eta* is not supposed to stand, but is expected to drop on all fours and touch his head to the ground!

There is very little social intercourse or intermarriage between Eta and others in settlements of their own, where they deteriorate physically and mentally from in-and-in breeding.

I was deeply impressed with the teachableness of the Japanese artists. In the ivory carvings of Canton you get about a dozen *motifs* endlessly repeated; and so is it with the beautiful silver work of Kiukiang. But in Japan there seems to be no end to the objects or poses they reproduce in ivory or metal or feathers; and all the time they are experimenting with new *motifs* borrowed from the West.

Putting up at many Japanese inns I never ceased to marvel at their cleanliness and charm. Of course, they would not be so clean but for the practice of leaving the shoes outside. I was greatly diverted by the nightly process of setting up the screens (*shoji*) which divide the interior of the inn into sleeping quarters for the guests. There is one hot bath used in turn by all the guests, then by the inn-keeper's family, lastly by the servants! As foreigners we had the first use of it. Of course one washes his body before entering the bath.

Formerly the public baths in hot springs resorts like Shibu had no separation of the sexes; but when in 1899 extra-territoriality was abolished, the Government from dread of foreign criticism ordered the separation of the sexes by partitions. Still, in the back country one can look in on the bathing women as one passes along the street and the women are not in the least embarrassed. In one resort I saw a naughty little nude girl dart out steaming hot from the bath-house and run down the street, followed an instant later by her stark-naked mother in pursuit!

My observations in the Far East, coming on top of a year of study, altered my sociological outlook in several ways:

1. I lost faith in Race as a key of social interpretation. I envisage a future when race differences will figure for less in men's minds than they do now.

2. All my previous experience had been with societies in which a traditional social order is being powerfully remolded by commerce, machinery, science and democracy. In inner China I observed society and culture in their static phase and noted how close and neat is the fit of part to part.

3. Since my theory of society had to be stretched to take in and interpret a social order less like my own than any I had ever encountered, I made long strides, after my return from the Far East, toward a sociology universal in character.

4. In China I came upon a social order which owes little to the fear of punishment, but is maintained chiefly by the strength of tradition and the pressure of public opinion. Studies for my *Social Control* prepared me to understand such an order.

5. I perceived why the shattering of a culture from the attempt to graft upon it numerous foreign elements is bound to usher in a period of social break-up, confusion and strife.

6. The conspicuous failure of Chinese public authorities to safeguard social interests from harmful encroachment by greedy private interests impressed upon me that one of the prime tasks devolving upon the sociologist is to locate the points where the social interest is being trodden underfoot by the hooves of uncurbed profit-seekers.

7. I was impressed afresh with the futility and utter perniciousness of men as a sex dominating women as a sex. Result: this abominable foot-binding!

8. Lastly, I discerned that over-population is the Nemesis of Confucius giving parents too many advantages from the having of many sons.

CHAPTER XIII

PUTTING IT ACROSS

Not in the least have I the orator's temperament; moreover a professor must keep to the austere rôle of the man of science. Yet I have stood before a thousand audiences and am as much "at home" on the rostrum as in the class-room. Unabashed I have spoken from the same platform with Jonathan P. Dolliver, Theodore Roosevelt, Clarence Darrow and William J. Bryan. Sociology has so much fresh light to shed on public questions that we sociologists are not shy.

In my first course of university extension lectures I had six of my lectures all written out, but in the middle of my seventh lecture I came to the end of my manuscript. I felt uneasy. Could I keep myself afloat without my life-belt? Would the right words come? They came, and *never since then have I read an address save before a scientific gathering*. Even when I have the typescript of my remarks in my pocket, I do not produce it nor do I memorize it, though I know well that the phrases which come to me on my feet will be cruder than those I hammered out in my study. I feel that I should look into my listeners' eyes while I speak, they should perceive that I am thinking and am casting about for the right words with which to clothe my thoughts. They listen with more sympathy when they see that my words are coming from my heart and not just from my vocal cords.

Once, supposing I was to address a teachers' institute on "Imperialism," I spent, as usual, a couple of hours in getting my points to the front of my mind. The chairman in introducing me recalled that I had addressed the institute on "Imperialism" at its last meeting and would now speak on "The Make-up of the American People"! I had to switch in the seconds between his concluding words and my arrival at the speaker's desk! It is a fact that, if your hearers perceive you

reaching for your ideas and seeking the words with which to dress them, they listen better at first than if you are smooth and fluent. Sometimes I am a bit halting at the start for the express purpose of winning the sympathy of my hearers.

The besetting vice of intellectuals is *levelness of delivery*. I have listened to men whose idea of good public speaking is to shoot well-prepared stuff at their hearers with as much force as they can command. They forget that *uniform emphasis is no emphasis*. How I weary of the broadcaster whose words come out with the monotonous rat-tat-tat of bullets fired from a machine-gun! One's delivery should have high relief—*timbre*, pitch, speed, stress, varying constantly with one's matter and the effect sought.

Close *rapport* with your hearers is half the battle. In the Far East, I found that the pauses while the interpreter passed out my thought in the vernacular ruined the bond with my listeners. My first university extension class was a group of pupils from a blind asylum and sometimes I was brought nearly to a dead stop; no "speculation" in those sightless eyes! I have had the lights go out on me. I clenched my teeth and drove ahead doggedly; I knew my stuff, why couldn't I go on talking into the dark? Yet if the lights had stayed off for ten minutes longer I should have broken down utterly; so dependent is a speaker on the intentness and answering light in the faces of his hearers!

I try to weave a bond of sympathy between a strange audience and myself by allusions to something we have in common, such as boyhood on the farm or recollections of the little red one-room school-house. Or I give myself a confidence-inspiring, old-American background by recalling my sharing at the age of eight in boiling maple sap into syrup or my boyhood memories of a strict Presbyterian Sabbath. Then I find it well to recount some recent incident in which I have been deflated, stumped or "flabbergasted." To "tell one" on yourself is to bring your hearers nearer to you by letting them have for the moment a pleasant feeling of superiority.

A hot fire of challenge from my hearers I find in the highest degree exhilarating. Unlike the politician who, from fear

of organized groups of his constituents, may have to defend and vote for a measure he doesn't believe in or oppose and vote against a measure he *does* believe in, I am free at all times to take positions I stand ready to defend. Hence, I can meet questions with perfect candor and never does a questioner embarrass me. I delight in being "heckled" and spare the heckler until it is plain that he has lost the sympathy of the audience. I get credit for a patience I am not practising for I have an immense advantage over the malicious heckler. Any moment I want to, I can dump on him stores of knowledge, historical, statistical and observational, that will leave him flat.

The queerest problem I ever came up against as speaker grew out of access to unlimited champagne. I have never been "under the influence of liquor," but I am not insensible to the charm of certain refined beverages. I have grateful recollections of *Asti spumanti*, and champagne surely is a nectar fit for the Elysian fields. But, alas, on the only occasions when for me champagne has "flowed like water" I have not felt at liberty to improve my opportunity! For my case is this. On my return from some outlandish part of the world a club of Epicurean gentlemen in Omaha or Cleveland invites me to dine with them and tell them about it.

At dinner always my champagne glass is kept replenished by a dusky servitor and I sip the beady drink with deep satisfaction. But I dare not forget that in an hour I shall have to be on my feet and in fullest possession of my faculties. I have learned from experience that I can sip champagne until a fog "no bigger than a man's hand" forms in my mind. From this point on I leave my glass alone, my mind clears in a couple of minutes and functions properly when I get on my feet. But I *do* wish I knew just *how much more* champagne I might have quaffed with impunity!

Altogether different is the problem of "putting it over" by means of the printed word. In writing I don't begin at the beginning and travel right along. Too trudgy—no inspiration! My mind yields me not a steady flow of ideas but intermittent flashes. I see perhaps a dozen points to be made. I work them out as they occur to me, set the results in a logical

order and weave them together. The reader's mind should glide along the lines like a canoe on a stream. By "weaving" I mean fixing a hook in the front end of the sentence which engages with the tail of the previous sentence.

"Weaving" rests back on the fact that sentences do not lie end-to-end like rails. One sentence turns the thought a bit to the left of the previous one, another slants it a little to the right. An affirmation is succeeded by a concession. A syllogism is relieved by a dash of feeling. A generalizing sentence is followed by examples, a proposition by cases, a series in the concrete by an abstraction. "Still," "conversely," "hence," "and so," "obviously," and the like apprise the reader how the sentence he is reading is related to the one he has just read. It is such small deft signals that make a page easy to take in. But oh, what grueling labor it is to find the true relation of thought to thought and put in the right signals at the right places!

Many imagine that I write easily because my stuff "flows." "Write this for us," they plead; "you can toss it off in a jiffy." Little do they ken that I dictate nothing offhand, every sentence I print has been scribbled from three to eight times. I start a statement and before I have ended a line I see it won't do, cross out and begin again. This time I get half-way through, perhaps, before I think of a better way. I begin afresh, so that often my sentence has been started three or four times before I end it. The like is true of my paragraphs. The manuscript page I dictate from is all cobwebbed with ink threads guiding phrases and clauses into better places. After days or weeks I go over a page for perhaps the twentieth time and am content if I have found *one* better word! The outcome of all these pains is, of course, not *literature*, merely readable exposition.

Half of the month of August, 1934, I spent at sea. There lazily I talked, played shuffle-board or checkers. But a passage for this book sprouted in my mind, grew and burgeoned, ever more insistently demanded birth. So one morning I settled into a deck-chair, brooded and wrote. Presently with long dreamy looks meanwhile at the Greek isles we were passing—we were in the *Ægean*—I had filled a couple of pages of

my note-book. At once I started rewriting and, perhaps, had completed version III before luncheon. I quitted the boat with version V which was nearly as it appears in this book.

When in my reading I come upon a passage that burns I let it kindle me, then seize my manuscript and revise madly "while the fit is on." It may be twenty minutes before the glow dies away.

When a flowing oil-well slows down they lower and explode a stick of dynamite "to loosen her up." So I keep at hand certain *power literature*, to which I resort when my well of fancy dries—the choicest of Carlyle, De Quincey, Ruskin, Macaulay, Stevenson. When I feel my style losing life I tap Hudson or Conrad, just as Rosamond would squeeze warm color onto her palette when her sky looked bleak. When my pen clots, a few pages of Burke's *The Nabob of Arcot's Debts*, Emerson's *Self Reliance* or Thoreau's *Walden* make the ink run again.

Goethe's fount of poetry played best when soft music was made in the next room; I experimented and found that great music suffuses the stores of my mind with a rosy glow. I need quiet for composing; but after linking thought to thought in due order I like to apparel them under the spell of tone. To get myself aglow I used to have my son Gilbert play me *Tambourin chinois* or *Zigeunerweisen* on his Stradivarius. Now I seek inspiration *via* radio. Not jazz and dance rhythms; it takes Beethoven, Chopin, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Debussy, above all, Wagner, to stir me to creative frenzy.

Silence favors the conception of new ideas but music taps my buried resources. Suppose I have to treat of *social decadence*. As I dwell on it instances and aspects come whirling out of nowhere like birds out of the blue and in half an hour I have set down, say, two score. But if I turn on a symphony concert I come twice alive, my mental stores thaw and come oozing out, forgotten things swarm out of my memory-cells like bees out of a hive; in half an hour I set down perhaps four score—the Silver Age in Greece, Couture's famous painting "Romans of the Decadence," the Merovingian kings in their ox-carts, the tomb of Tamerlane in Samarkand, the bared limestone shoulders of the Judean hills, the "Yellow

Book," fin de siècle, the monoliths on Easter Island, the debased Buddhism I saw in the Lama Temple in Peking, Angkor Wat, the opium dives of Canton, silted-up rivers, the eroded isles of Greece, the recession of life in the Valley of Mexico, the sixty miles of Pyramids at Gizeh, "racketeers," "gangsters," radio "blah blah," the release of malefactors on technicalities, Cuzco, the Great Wall of China, barren wives, the eunuchs of the Sultan's seraglio, "speak-easies," the Hearst press, the full quivers of half-wits, the Byzantine Court, "Abdul the Damned," etc., etc.

"Over the door of my study," says Emerson, "I write 'Whim.'" Amen! In my office I keep spread out three or four pieces of work—an article for a magazine, a chapter for a travel book, a paper for a scientific meeting. Not until I unlock my door on my return from lunch do I decide which one I shall spend the afternoon on. Tackling the one that most chimes with my mood, I start with an initial zest which delays the onset of fatigue. Then too, there is more warmth and "lift" in my style when I am doing what I best like.

An endless stream of books, pamphlets, reprints, reports and periodicals pours across my table and I look through them as they come. Here is a bit which bears upon project A, a passage which I can use in course 140, a paragraph which will come in pat in Chapter V of one book, a graph which ought to appear in Chapter XII of another book. I make out a reference slip or copy the passage in full. Then continually I am jotting down ideas, illustrations, metaphors as they occur to me. Everything is filed in its proper folder and when, months later, I set about writing I have under my hand copious materials for priming the pump.

An idea pops up in my mind like a quail out of stubble; I phrase it and slip it into a folder on which I write in big letters PHILANTHROPY WITH STRINGS. As other facets present themselves, as fresh illustrations occur to me or crop up in my reading, I jot them down and file them in this folder. Perhaps two years go by before I spread out its contents and start to compose the article under the above title which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Far from holding my mind on a short leash I allow it to

roam, to poke its nose into every hole and thicket. I look into vacancy or out of my window and indulge in free association of ideas. Socrates called his subconscious his "dæmon"; experience has taught me to trust my "dæmon." Often when a problem baffles me I just poke it down into my mind and forget it. Presently, when I am lying awake early or strolling after my golf-ball or bait-casting for wall-eyed pike on a Canadian lake, an invisible hand reaches up and lays the right answer before me.

My best writing has been as time-consuming as the mosaics of St. Mark's. I suppose that each of the six *Atlantic* articles which make up my *Sin and Society* cost me all the time I could spare from teaching in the course of three months. For its size that book, no doubt, was the costliest of all my output. My little book *The Social Revolution in Mexico* was costly, too, for after a summer in Mexico beholding and interviewing, I returned with at least fifteen pounds of printed matter all in Spanish, which I had to browse through before I could write my chapters on Land and on the Church.

Mere labor will not make a book live; but let me testify to the vast amount of heart-breaking toil that lies between the birth of bright ideas and their flowering in a worth-while passage. I have had everything in my favor—reasonable leisure, freedom from worry, access to libraries, contact with stimulative minds, frequent travel abroad; yet I have had to *toil terribly* in order to produce my 7500 book pages and my two hundred articles in periodicals. This is not a complaint—I enjoyed most of it—it is a warning to overconfident youths who imagine that the road to authorship is short and easy.

Time was when I would take a walk after a writing fit; but often it happened that my ideas pursued me like a cloud of stinging gnats and I returned unrefreshed. So I had to provide myself with equipment for play—rod, line, reel, shot-gun, game bag. Then—quite logically—tent, sleeping-bag, camp outfit, canoe. Finally came a log cabin on a rocky islet in a Canadian lake. In time we Rosses have ceased to revisit our lodge and our earlier haunts, but travel far up toward James Bay before putting in our canoes.

In the wilderness I turn as primitive as a blanket Indian;

I never receive or send a letter, never see a line of print. We attend to our wants ourselves, are "on the move" all the time. After a fortnight or so of natural living I begin to wake up and reflect on some sociological topic, hating to let it go and fall asleep again. This means that I am refreshed, my mind is an empty and rinsed reservoir. I don't know sociology enough to talk for two minutes on a subject I may have to deliver five lectures on the coming fall. But once we head for home every waiting-room announcement, every newspaper, every letter causes my stock of knowledge to flood back and always better arranged, more logically ordered than it was before.

CHAPTER XIV

SOUTH AMERICAN SOCIETY

July, 1913-January, 1914

THE Changing Chinese was out. What next? It would be June, 1913, before I might take another leave of absence. I decided to spend a half-year exploring South American society, so for two years I read hard, mostly in Spanish, in order to win historical background. Moreover, I familiarized myself with all the previous interpretations of the South Americans, since I planned to begin where they left off. I carried out my program and brought home materials for a dozen articles in the *Century Magazine*, which later appeared as *South of Panama*.

On that title hangs a tale. It was the countries of the West Coast I had studied, not those looking on the Atlantic; so for months I could think of no better title than "South Americans of the Pacific." Well, Robert Underwood Johnson, editor of the *Century*, took me out to lunch and on the way he said, "Your articles will virtually cover everything south of Panama, won't they?" "South of Panama"—the silvery note I'd been listening for! "You've given me the name for my book," I replied.

In a letter written after my return I summed up the trip on its personal side as follows:

Brought back more than I did from my half-year in the Far East. I spent sixteen days in Western Colombia, making my way horseback to Cali in the Cauca Valley, visited all the ports down to Guayaquil, landed at Guayaquil when there were ten cases of bubonic plague and thirteen cases of "yellow jack" in town. Got up to Quito and had a glorious day between Quito and Riobamba viewing the giants of the Andes—Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and the rest. Spent six weeks in Peru, was "received"

into the University of San Marcos, had my picture and a write-up in all the papers and had two banquets given me. From Cuzco rode seventy miles horseback—with Harry Franck, the famous "vagabond," as my companion—and reached Machepicchu, the ancient stone city on a mountain shoulder that Professor Bingham uncovered and wrote up. I was a week in La Paz and, since the Arica R R. was averaging an accident a trip, I took the line down to Antofagasta. I passed a month in Chile and got as far South as Lake Nahuel Huapi. I lunched with Theodore Roosevelt in Santiago and we had a big powwow. I crossed by the Trans-Andine and had about four weeks in Argentina. Outside of B. A. I visited Cordoba, Tucuman, Salta and Rosario.

The cost of my trip came to \$8.35 a day, as against \$10 a day for my trip to China.

Supplementing what the eyes find by drawing out information and judgments from the most intelligent men on the spot leaves, no doubt, much to be desired. Scientific *social research* is beginning to be carried on in South America and eventually precise data will settle many a point concerning which I could only collect opinions. However, so many of my fellow-countrymen who know well one part or another of South America have assured me that I "hit it about right" that I have not lost faith in my technique, which, after all, was that of James Bryce in building up his illustrious *American Commonwealth*.

As a rule enlightened men take great care not to mislead the open-minded, inquiring foreign visitor; it would be a shame, they think, to put on a false scent one who has come a thousand leagues for the truth! Often I have been agreeably surprised at the fairness of a public man in analyzing for me the contentions and goals of his political adversaries! Usually I let on to be *naïve*, for when a man sees me setting down his words as Gospel truth his better self is stirred and he tries hard to rise above his prejudices.

Of course, I checked every statement that rang "queer" and accepted it only when at least three other observers of diverse experiences and biases confirmed it. "Old-timer" Americans down there were, of course, very helpful in steering me to reality, but even they, being outsiders, had blind

spots. Our missionaries were among my most trustworthy informants because their job obliges them to understand *just why* people do this or that.

My innocent air drew forth priceless avowals. Thus a big Chilean land-owner in explaining his dislike of rural schools confided to me, "You see we don't want the children of our *inquilinos* (rural laborers) disturbed in their minds." Another let a cat out of the bag when he told me casually, "I shouldn't think of taking on the *inquilino* of a neighbor without first speaking to him about it." A Conservative senator of Chile gave me a peep into the patrician mind when he observed of the Boy Scouts, of whom I had just seen 1500 reviewed by Theodore Roosevelt: "I think it is rather a good thing for the children of the poor. Of course the movement does not extend to the children of the higher social classes."

In Ancon on the Isthmus I passed memorable hours with General Gorgas whom I met years before in Washington at the home of Lester F. Ward. What a rare and lovable man, a forerunner of the twenty-third century! He gave me a full and vivid story of how infectious disease had been banished from the Canal Zone.

I was struck by the contrast between the languor and somnolence of Panama and the Titanic movements and noises on the docks and along the Canal. Face-to-face—sixteenth century and twentieth!

In other vast engineering works I have visited I have seen Capital supreme, the laborers being mere tools to be used hard and scrapped relentlessly; but in this colossal national exploit the driving force was not Capital's desire for profit. The human factors in the enterprise had been considered with great care. Although "workmen's compensation" was still in the offing, the splendid hospitals were open free of charge to the hurt worker and his pay went on. The camps where the men lived were models of sanitation. Sickness had been brought to the lowest point recorded in any vast undertaking.

What a contrast between Spanish Panama and Yankee Ancon! The former full of architectural adornment—balconies, cornices, balustrades, arcades; the latter molded en-

tirely by sanitary and rational principles, with little heed to beauty. Buildings on the highest ground, the steeper and rougher the better; every house on concrete posts high enough to let the wind blow under it; every habitation enclosed by screened galleries! Not a cornice, scroll, pillar or lintel was to be seen, but close attention had been given to the grounds. Often there was clipped grass, tropical shrubbery, a row of palms. Around every house was a cement gutter to catch the run-off. Every slope was smoothed to eliminate all depressions in which water might lurk and harbor the larvæ of *anopheles*. No masses of vegetation—every tree or shrub standing by itself.

Since South America is snobbish, I kept my prestige by traveling first class and stopping at the most pretentious hotels, yet contriving withal to lead the simple life. In Buenos Aires I took the cheapest room in the finest hotel but met my numerous callers in an alcove in the sumptuous lobby. Wherever I happened to be at noon I stepped into one of the hundreds of "milkeries" in the city and stayed my hunger for twenty cents!

Soroche (mountain-sickness) I first noticed on the train going up to Quito and the utter collapse of its victims made me dread it. Suspecting that reduction of the atmospheric pressure causes the intestinal gases to expand and press upon the viscera until they are half-paralyzed, I determined to go on the theory that the alimentary tract should be clear. I left Lima a few days later at 8 A.M., and by three in the afternoon stood at the summit of a pass only 117 feet lower than Mont Blanc, the highest point in Europe. The loftiest railroads in the world—which serve certain mines in Bolivia—operate but a stone's throw higher than we were. I was gasping for air like a stranded fish; three quick steps set one to panting and with half a dozen one would faint away; yet I was free of *soroche*, although most of my fellow-passengers lay around quite knocked out.

Life at Smelter, an American mining-center nearly a league up, I found to be sternly conditioned by air thinness. No singing, for one hadn't the breath to hold a note. Pneumonia at this level is sure death, so the patient has to be rushed

down to Lima, sometimes on a special train which costs the company \$500. No *gringo* woman dares have her baby at this altitude. One gets so wild from nervousness that every six months one requires a month's vacation at sea level. On the other hand, the natives, fitted for the thin air by their big chests, dare not sojourn on the coast where lowland insects infect them with strange diseases, while the dense air leaves their overlarge lungs a nesting-place for the bacilli of tuberculosis.

Every native miner carries coca-leaves which he chews with a little lime in order to get the coveted cocaine effect. In Bolivia they are chewed with an element derived from the ashes of corn-cobs, and sold in cakes called *lluyta*. The chewing of coca without *lluyta* brings on madness. Wherever the Indian finds himself under a strain, in the mines, in the Chilean saltpeter works, or on the sugar plantations of northern Argentina, he *will have* his coca quid. Coca-chewing wards off weariness, so that the Indian can trot for days or swing a pick for thirty hours at a stretch, yet never feel tired.

The museum of Incaic antiquities at Cuzco abounds in weird and blood-curdling exhibits. I saw human skulls so elongated by pressure that they resembled the crania of dogs. In other cases a "cradle board" at the back of the head caused the skull to flare out into two lobes. The owner could have worn a "derby" if it were put on crosswise! Some skulls were drawn up into cones. There must have been tribal styles in head deformation and, from time to time, the style changed.

In these pre-Columbian skulls one finds gruesome traces of strange, long-extinct diseases. One malady left coral-like growths in the roof of the eye-socket, another made the cranium into a sieve. Sometimes the ear canal is nearly closed by little pearly globules.

Then there are a dozen mummies of unfortunates who had been buried alive! For months the agony in their faces and postures haunted my dreams. The mouth is open and the head thrown back, while the hands clutch the face, the fingernails sinking deep into the flesh. One poor wretch had had his abdomen opened and his knees brought up and squeezed inside his ribs. From the contorted face it is in-

ferred that the fiendish operation was inflicted on the living man. Small wonder that the Church relentlessly stamped out the old native culture!

One guesses the brutalities perpetrated by Pizarro's ruffians four centuries ago from the propitiatory manner of the Kechuas toward all whites. Not a man, woman or child we met but doffed to us. In the back districts they are so intimidated that the Indian who sees a white coming toward him along the trail will make a toilsome detour merely to avoid meeting him. Once I approached an Indian brusquely to ask him a question; he fell on his knees, put an arm up to shield his face and cried, "Don't hurt me, master!" The Indian never presumes to put a price on his services. The patron pays the porter what he will and, if the Indian murmurs, a harsh "Begone!" causes him to shrink away. The Indian, they say, *never laughs in the presence of whites*.

Where on our globe is there a more cheerless existence than the pastoralists lead on these lofty tablelands? Home is a thatched mud-hut in one corner of a farmyard enclosed with sods or loose stones, in which are folded at night the merinos and the llamas. Lonely and forlorn it stands in the vast, cloud-shadowed, wind-swept spaces. No trees, no shrubs, no birds, no color, no roads, no neighbors or town to visit—nothing but the empty dreary moor, the lowering clouds, and the moan of the chill wind. Fuel there is none save llama droppings or *chemisa*, a huge fungus which grows on boulders, and these must all be saved for cooking. *Never once in their lives have these people been comfortably warm nor do they even know there is warmth in the world!* No wonder they look dispirited and glum!

In Lima I witnessed a bull fight that lacked not one of the repulsive features I have ever read of—including gored horses galloping with their entrails dragging and their hind feet stepping on them! By the close I was so disgusted that if, by pressing a button, I could have caused the earth to open and swallow up the participants, including the thousands of cheering spectators, I might have pressed it. How shallow is Macaulay's jibe that the English Puritans put down bear-baiting "not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave pleasure

to the spectators"! What most horrifies the social man is the habituating of a people to find enjoyment in bloodshed and torture. There is not so much tender-heartedness in the world that we can afford to tolerate public diversions that callous the heart. Nothing pleases me more than that our most popular amusement is the witnessing of football, baseball, basketball and water-sport contests with no cruelty at all, with not even such exploitation of dumb beasts as occurs on hunting-field and race-track.

Were I to be pent for the rest of my life in one alien country, I should choose Peru. Here is every altitude, every climate, every scene. Coastal Peru is an Egypt, central Peru a Tibet, eastern Peru a Congo land. The lifeless desert and the teeming jungle, the hottest lowlands and the bleakest highlands, heaven-piercing peaks and rivers raving through canyons—all are of Peru. Here one meets with the highest tillage on the globe, the highest mines, the highest steamboat navigation. The crassest heathenism flourishes two days in the saddle from noble cathedrals, and the bustling ports are counterpoised by secluded inland towns where the sixteenth century lies miraculously preserved like the mummy of a saint in a crypt.

Chugging down the Pacific on a coasting steamer, one afternoon I beheld across the hot desolate coastal plain a serrate ghostly wall—a wall immense, unbroken and forbidding, so distant that its peaks and precipices melted into a single undulating line—and realized that this is the outer rampart of a sky world of glaciers nearly as strange to my everyday world as a ring of Saturn. After some weeks in this uplift I concluded that, next to the Himalayas, which I have not visited, the Andes constitute the most interesting feature on our planet.

About three miles north of Quito the road drops three thousand feet through a stupendous ravine and from the city's towers one can peer down into a semi-tropical valley, its far coffee-trees and cane-fields wavering in the heat like a landscape seen in a dream. Then, with a quarter turn one can watch through a field-glass the wild snow-storms and huge drifts on the lofty shoulders of Volcano Antisana, only a

score of miles away but harder to reach than is the North Pole!

From Cuzco Harry Franck, the famed traveler, Martinelli, a young Peruvian who had studied in the United States, and I rode two days on horseback to visit Machepicchu, a fastness built perhaps a thousand years ago as a stronghold and city of refuge from the savage and warlike Aymarás, pressing in from the South. It was never captured, but was abandoned either because the Aymarás left or because the water-supply failed. The Incas never knew of it, nor the Spaniards!

Some Indians learned of this hideaway, which in its time may have sheltered 5000 people, and from them Dr. Hiram Bingham, later U. S. Senator from Connecticut, heard of it. He raised funds for clearing away the jungle that had swallowed it and made it known to the world. Two days' ride along a wild canyon descending gently towards the Amazon brought us as far as our horses could come. A stiff climb of 2500 feet landed us on the shelf where the lost city nestles hidden from the riverside trails and visible only to the numerous wheeling condors. On two sides mountains rise almost sheer for a mile. Late in the afternoon the sun drank up the fog and we saw what encompassed us. Speechless with wonder we sat on a battlemented wall while almost directly below us brawled and roared the Urubamba, although to us, half a mile above it, no sound rose. Toward sunset the clouds broke away revealing to the west a rampart of snowy peaks running up sharp like the horns of a white cow. These peaks have since been surveyed and prove to be upwards of 20,000 feet in height!

I thought China the last word in the lavishing of labor to gain food-growing area, but the ancient Kechuas chalked up an even higher record. Terraces (*andenes*) rise one above another on the slopes for thousands of feet. No one can guess *how* the upper terraces were irrigated, but their levelness shows that they were. In one case I found ten feet of granite wall built in order to gain a tillable strip five feet wide! Most of the *andenes* had to be abandoned when the Spaniards maliciously broke the water conduits, cut in the faces of the cliffs.

Never have I come upon such rock-ribbed conservatives

as the Aymará Indians on the shores of Lake Titicaca. Compared with them the Sarts of Turkestan are flighty, the Afghans mercurial, the Tibetans unstable. With the whistle of the steamboat in their ears they persist in living as their fathers lived. Women weave ponchos outdoors on their knees as Navajo squaws weave blankets. The woman squatting in the plaza beside her stock of onions and mutton or knitted socks and caps, plies the spindle between customers. The Spaniards introduced the ass, the horse, and the cow, but to these interlopers whom he has known only three or four centuries the Bolivian Indian denies the tender care he lavishes on his dear alpacas and llamas.

No wonder these plateau-dwellers were sun-worshippers. Lake Titicaca is so cold that the inhabitants of the numerous islands in the lake *never learn to swim*, although they navigate it in *balsas* made of bundles of light reeds. In summer lowering clouds wrap the mountains; in winter the giant glaciers of Sorata glisten in the sunshine but the water is gray and the sky has the chilly blue of steel.

Save in pietistic circles, continence before marriage does not enter into the ideal of South American males. The physicians and educators I questioned agreed that *all* the young men "sow their wild oats." It can't be a matter of race for, in point of sensuality, the Indians of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia do not differ from their white neighbors. I came to the conclusion that at bottom it is the direct effect of the torrid sun, not of *heat* for it is just as marked on the bleak uplands as on the steaming lowlands. From fellow-countrymen working in tropical South America I drew out confidences to the effect that within three or four weeks after arriving they experience a great sharpening of sex appetite, which stays with them so long as they are in the tropics, but leaves them on the voyage home or soon after.

The keenness of sex appetite among the common people of Chile is a matter of frequent remark among the foreigners there. The male is a dangerous rapist and frequently in southern Chile I was told that no white woman ever fares alone on the country road. It is not the *Mapuche* that is feared—*he* stands in wholesome awe of the whites—but the *Chileno*,

whose lust at times knows no bound. One hears of queer goings-on among the Chilean sailors in the forecables of West Coast vessels. Ninety per cent of the workers in the nitrate fields of the North are infected with venereal disease and a quarter of the men in the army are treated for such infections in a single year. As for the females, the *Chilena* is chief practitioner on the water-fronts of western South America. In one Chilean city I was told, "Very few prostitutes can make a living here because the local women are so easy." In another they informed me, "Outside the higher social class no girl over fourteen is a virgin."

In Bolivia I came upon the trail of two Protestant ladies who came down to convert the Indians, *not only ignorant of Aymará, but knowing not a word of Spanish!* I heard also of an evangelist who distributed tracts in English among the Aymarás, who not only knew no European language but was quite unable to read! On the other hand, take the *Instituto Americano* planted in La Paz by the Methodist Board. Its teachers are models of piety but no religious instruction is given. All the classes are conducted in English. Its pupils come from the best families and in thirty years its graduates will be leaders and Bolivia will respond more to the best American ideals than any other South American country.

In Santiago I happened upon Theodore Roosevelt. That terrible experience on the "River of Doubt" which, alas, was to cost him his health, was still in the future and he was bubbling over with high spirits. "You old thief," he shouted gaily, "what are you doing down here?" "Trying to learn something about South American society." "How characteristic!" I had lunch with him and his party and to be with such people was a treat.

On my way up to Quito I fell in with Colonel Riciotti Garibaldi, one of the Liberator's sons. A splendid fellow! Blood will tell.

I can wish no one a better fortune than to start from Santiago as I did on a December (our June) morning with a railroad pass, a thick sheaf of letters of introduction, and not a care in the world.

I made my first stop at eleven, expecting to present my two

letters of introduction and proceed on the two-thirty train. I looked up one of my men, a doctor. "Out; will be back at one-thirty." I found the other man—a mill official—and gained the information I sought. Then, there being nothing to do for a while, I made for the high school (*liceo*). As I sauntered about the cloister—all Chilean *liceos* are housed in former convents—noon struck and the boys swarmed out of their class-room. Stares. Presently a messenger brought me an invitation from the principal to come to his office. I found an affable blond of thirty-five, German in name but speaking only Spanish. Naturally, I quizzed him as to the state of education in the provinces. Rather perfunctorily he cited some Government statistics I had already met with in Santiago. "Ah," I protested, "but the president of your National Education Association tells me that those figures are mere eye-wash." At once he kindles as if he had said to himself, "Oho! this chap is for getting under the surface! Why not let him see the true inwardness of things?" So he opens up and gives me an inside view of running a public high school in a country where the Church fights every form of education she cannot control, and the big land-owners "don't want the children of our *inquilinos* disturbed in their minds."

Lunch-time came while there was still much to discuss, so he invited me to take *almuerzo* with him at his home. He had the first-floor apartment in a house built about a roomy *patio*, and the table had been spread among the potted palms in a corner of the court. There were his wife, his wife's mother, and two pretty little girls of six and eight. At once I wooed the little girls, tossed them up in the air, took one on either knee and made much of them. Imagine how the mother beamed!

Then at the table, instead of talking "shop" with the head of the house as the ladies expected me to do, I made particular effort to draw the mother-in-law into the conversation. Long ago, poor thing, she had resigned herself to being ignored; but she brightened up, became even arch and witty when the stranger sought her opinions about social and domestic matters in Chile, actually jotted them down. I attempted jokes in my bad Spanish; in fact, we were all gay

together like old friends. So I made a hit with the wife's mother, this made a hit with the wife, and my success with the ladies made still more of a hit with the principal.

After a merry and sociable hour I took my leave with great éclat. Everybody besought me to come again, the little girls gave me a fond hug, and the principal offered to send me a copy of the book he was writing. As I bent my steps to my next interview I glowed with the realization that, without a scrap of paper to vouch for me, I had scored a success.

The Central Valley, running south for two hundred miles, crossed by a dozen rivers from the Sierra, now twenty miles wide, now nearly pinched out by the advance vedettes of the ranges, is the heart of Chile. In summer it unreels a film of ripening wheat, luxuriant emerald alfalfa and well-kept vineyards. Above the ruminating kine in the lush pastures the snow-fields lift into the still air so near and so clear that you can see the breaks in their surface. The luxuriant blackberry hedges, the double rows of slim poplars and the mud walls coped with tiles to prevent the rain wearing them down, divide the valley into pastures that would surely be counted Elysian Fields if cattle had ever dreamt for themselves a heaven. When one is not in the midst of vineyards or wheat, the land is a succession of parks. Yet, from end to end of this paradise I never saw "a good farm home." Save for a rare hacienda home no dwellings appear but the squalid reed or mud-huts of the *inquilinos*, descendants of the one-time slaves. For Chile is a land of great estates, the yield of which goes to keep up an ambitious establishment in a provincial capital or a mud-and-marble-mansion in Santiago. For a long time the Chilean gentry, unlike others in South America, lived on their country estates, since their slaves were wild Mapuches, not docile Kechuas. Their rural habit made them more akin to the country gentlemen of England than to the Hispanic aristocracy. Of late, however, their tastes have changed and therewith have shifted the very foundations of Chilean society and government. The greater land-owning families spend most of their time and income in Santiago, sojourning on their *haciendas* only two or three months in the year; the lesser make their homes in the provincial capi-

tals. The *hacendados* who interest themselves in planting, rural schools or providing better dwellings for their labor will be those who have kept in touch with their people, while the worst-off *inquilinos* work for masters who have become vultures from trying to keep up with the "smart set" in Santiago.

The *inquilino* works under a verbal agreement which gives him the use of a hut, a plot of land, and pasture for a few animals. He works for the going wage which, thanks to the masters' joint pressure, is certain to be low. I have found wages of from ten to eighteen cents a day with food. Although Chilean surplus grain and meat sell overseas at the same price as like exports from the United States, the laborer gets not over 20-25 per cent of what the American farm-hand gets. His master pockets the extra dollar a day that the American farmer would pay him simply because the *inquilino* is content with the coarse miserable life of his slave forefathers. No wonder Don Arturo fosters the "good old customs" among his people and tries to keep far from them schools, newspapers, agitators, labor organizers and missionaries!

Under an oligarchy of 100 to 150 families there are elementary schools for only one-third of the children and they do not connect with the high schools. Chile's death rate is twice ours. The avarice of the great wine-growers has prevented any state check to the worst alcoholism on the globe. Demands for social legislation such as we have are denounced as "anarchistic." On one pretext or another poor youths are kept out of the state high schools. No wonder the Chilean gentry cordially hate Soviet Russia; to stave off proletarian revolt they will have to forego annually tens of millions they are pocketing now.

In Argentina at first I thought that land-owners are in the saddle just as they are in Chile. In most provinces one-half of one per cent seems to be about the limit of taxation upon land. City improvements are held back because the owners of real estate do not have to contribute a penny to the city treasury. Nor is the municipality permitted, as ours is, to defray the cost of an improvement by collecting a part of the value it can prove it has added to the adjacent property. So long as land is idle it is tax free; hence, many of the

great land-owners cultivate only a part of their estates, holding the rest for a rise. Such exemption encourages speculation and makes it harder for the poor man to obtain a bit of land.

These facts seemed to admit of but one interpretation until it was pointed out to me that, had land-owners had their way, the Federal Government would not have been allowed to borrow money to build "development railways" and irrigation works, which so glut the market with new public land that the value of land is depressed throughout the older parts of the country, thereby forcing in some cases the break-up and sale of the big estates. Then, too, the newly opened territories attract so many men that land-owners complain they cannot find hands to work their ranches.

As for the reluctance to tax land, *that* springs from the competition of province with province to attract immigrants. While he is struggling to get a start land is about all the settler has and nothing is more reassuring to him than light taxation of this form of property.

So my theory of land-owner domination in Argentina burst in my hands like an overblown soap bubble.

CHAPTER XV

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL

July-December, 1917

SOON after the Russian revolution of March, 1917, I was asked by the American Institute of Social Service, founded by the late beloved Josiah Strong, to visit Russia and report upon the prospects of social progress there. It was even hoped that I might be of practical use to the Russian reform leaders in advising them! I was provided \$2,000 for expenses, but I found it prudent to put an equal amount of my own with it. There was no getting through the Western Front, I had to go and return through Siberia, so mid-June found me embarking in Seattle.

The third-class waiting-room in the Vladivostok railroad-station revealed to me the spirit of the Tsar's Government—five hundred people sitting or lying *on the floor*—not a seat or a bench provided! To realize the colossal waste of war I had only to look out of my hotel window. Thirty-eight giant packing-cases containing Mitchell automobiles lay before me, their tops crushed in by last winter's snow. On vacant lots I saw thousands of cases of American machinery marked "Keep Dry," which had been rusting under rain and snow for a year! Along the railway were mountains of perishable freight, seven to nine yards high, covered by tarpaulin.

Aided financially by the Provisional Government thousands of refugees from Tsarism were pouring through this port on their way home. Some were of the anarchist faith, their symbol being the black flag rather than the red. In one of their Sunday outdoor meetings I heard them advocate the entire independence of Vladivostok from the rest of Russia! What they were after, of course, was *federalism*, which we Americans so well understand.

On this July journey across Siberia and Russia, the longest that can be made in the same coach anywhere in the world, we through passengers became intimate, as on a trans-Pacific voyage. Soon we quit the restaurant car, patronized the station buffets, which were very good, and bought from the country-women at the station platform roast fowls, currant tarts, rolls of butter and boxes of wild strawberries.

An American official at Irkutsk told me that a thousand big American steel freight-cars set up in Vladivostok were hauled *empty* to Petrograd, there to be registered and receive their number, and then hauled back to Vladivostok to be loaded for Petrograd—11,000 miles of needless travel! I couldn't believe it until in Central Asia I learned that eighteen new American locomotives lay idle at Merv for two months, the whole region meanwhile suffering from traffic congestion, simply because Petrograd had not yet sent the official numbers for them!

I sat in the private car of an honest and capable railway official in charge of the division east of Irkutsk. While chatting with his family I noticed that we had come to a station and on either side of us was a troop-train. He told his daughter to lower the blinds.

"Why do you do that?" I asked.

"Because, if the soldiers see there is room here, some of them will force their way in instead of keeping on with their train, or perhaps they will throw stones."

Eleven times we were held up while army officers and train officials argued with knots of soldiers who wanted to board us; but in every case the latter were persuaded to wait for a troop-train. The point that won was that, unless we through passengers got what we had paid for, the Trans-Siberian weekly express would soon have to be taken off.

After ten days we rolled into Petrograd—with its long *queues* before every food store, the buildings at its principal street corners pitted by bullet-holes, many of its plate-glass windows perforated or shattered, with its great grave of the martyrs of the revolution on the Field of Mars, with its Women's Battalion drilling, with khaki-clad hayseed lads from the village wandering about in couples hand in hand,

with its palaces serving as military hospitals, its armored cars thundering through the streets and its columns of marching men.

After a month during which I presented my letters of introduction to outstanding liberals and extracted their views I struck for the interior in company with M. O. Williams, youthful correspondent of the *Christian Herald*. Although we had never met before, we traveled together for over three months in perfect comradeship and became friends for life. We descended the Volga from Nijni Novgorod to the Caspian, stopping at the main towns. Then we made our way to Baku and Tiflis. Our six days in a *calèche* over the famous Georgian military road (134 miles) and back was an excursion into the living past. We were driven briskly from station to station, our horses being changed ten times. That was the type of travel that prevailed on the main routes before the railroad. The Caucasus is like a stone-pile in a new England pasture into which mice and gophers, woodchucks and cottontails, have crept for safety. To the south has run a veritable tidal rip of armed migrations and invasions, so, to save their lives, fragments of many peoples have dived into this mountain labyrinth, each making some valley-closet its own.

Up among the high pastures it dawned upon me why "mountaineers are always freemen." Those who coax their subsistence out of tiny fields and meadows close to the eternal snows have made great sacrifices to be free. Lowlanders make an easier living but run the risk of being crushed, so those who most dread a yoke quit the rich plains for the inhospitable highlands. Having paid dearly for their freedom they will die fighting rather than let it be taken from them. A builder of railroads in many parts of Russia described the Caucasian railway laborers to me as "independent and liberty-loving men who can be handled only by sympathy and tact." After dealing with such he found it mere child's play to handle Russian laborers.

These spirited Caucasians are the handsomest people my eyes have ever lighted on, blood kin, I suspect, to the Greeks of classical antiquity. The bronzed eagle-face with firm chin and straight nose is the normal type. In rich robes their erect,

keen-eyed old men with their silky grizzling beards would pass for Venetian councillors of state. The maidens made me think of Iphigenia at Tauris, the matrons suggested mothers of heroes. Not one was shapeless or bent, all were straight and slender with a look of determination on their strongly molded features, as of mothers who would exhort their sons, "Bring back your shields or be brought back on them."

The Georgian Church having revived the ancient office of Katholikos, we were lucky enough to visit Mtzschet, seat of the ancient cathedral, on the very Sunday the new head was inducted into office.

Amid constant cheering and much skirling of bag-pipes, the procession made its way to the church, now about four centuries old, and performed the ceremonies of installation. Outside was a large space inclosed by high crenelated wall, really a fortified inclosure. Here were four or five thousand people, unable to crowd into the sacred edifice, who were preparing to feast. Hundreds of bullock-carts had been backed against the wall, and over numerous fires were tea-kettles singing or soup bubbling in big copper vessels. Fowls were dressed and spitted. Gay home-made draperies and rugs were thrown over a pole, making a canopy under which family parties sat cross-legged. Long tables were spread, laden with brown bread, cheese, caviar, pickles, fish, fowl, and great decanters of the harsh red wine of Kakhetia, besides pears, apples and grapes. Here were strewn the choir-singers in velvet, and amid jests and laughter fair damsels passed to youths in crimson doublets portions of cold fowl and lamb on the point of a dagger. Earthenware flagons were handed about. Each group called to passing friends to eat with them. A party of soldiers invited us to dine with them and there was much drinking of healths to America and Georgia.

So long as these comely noble Caucasians inhabit it this whole globe is dearer to me.

Under the tsars, permission to travel in Central Asia was granted the foreigner only at the request of his Foreign Office. In August the Provisional Government opened it to any passport-holder and a fortnight later Williams and I started to penetrate Russian Central Asia clear to the terminus of

the railroad at Andijan, only sixty-five miles from the frontier of the Chinese Empire. We stopped at Askhabad, just across from Persia, Old Bokhara, Samarkand, Old Merv, Ferghana.

I was now in the authentic "East," bathed in the atmosphere of *Arabian Nights*. Shaven heads and mustachios; brimless caps of lambskin and black mantles of shaggy felt; embroidered heelless slippers or soft-soled boots; baggy cotton trousers tied in at the ankles; strings of beads for one's idle hands to play with; merchants sitting cross-legged on beautiful handwoven rugs; barefoot veiled women; grizzling beards stained with henna; shepherds living on "locusts and wild honey"; importunate beggars with the air of having an assured social position; diminutive asses, slow-moving oxen stalking camels; heifers treading out grain on the threshing floor; piles of pomegranates and long sweet grapes; white-washed mud-huts with flat roofs; domed *marabouts*, and Moorish architecture—my imagination blazed up like a brushwood fire.

When no hotel room was to be had and we had to spend the night in the waiting-room of the station, five cane-seat chairs constituted my bed. On one I placed my suit-case with some soft things laid on it for a pillow, my shoulders on a second chair, my hips on a third, my knees on a fourth, my feet on a fifth. I couldn't turn but I could sleep three hours and be fit for sight-seeing next day. If I slept in my overcoat I caught cold, but if I took it off and laid it over me I did not!

It was the melon season and every few steps in the Samarkand market we came upon a melon-vendor selling slices at five kopecks each. He would give the inquirer a sample slice as thick as my little finger. We sampled until we had located the melon of the finest flavor, then ate our fill. Afterwards, in one of my *Century* articles, I said: "The cantaloupes of this region put our Rocky Fords in the pumpkin class. Why does not our Department of Agriculture Americanize the luscious *dinya* of Ferghana?" Thereupon David Fairchild of that Department wrote me, "You didn't by any chance bring back any seeds of those melons, did you?" "No," I responded, "I didn't because I knew that my friend Bessey of your Department had visited this region precisely for the purpose of

bringing back seeds of its choicest products." "Alas," he replied, "the seeds Bessey collected with great care were destroyed by rats in the hold of the ship on his return voyage."

So I just missed deathless fame. The seeds of this superlative melon I had discovered by the process of eliminating were in a basket at my feet. All I had to do was to slip a handful into my pocket, bring them home, and become the introducer of the *dinya* to my countrymen. If I *hadn't* heard of Bessey's visit I would have done it, if I *had* heard of the loss of his seeds I would have done it; but knowing too much or too little I didn't do it and thus lost my one chance to become a public benefactor!

In Old Bokhara I found life wagging on in the medieval way. At sunset the gates were closed, shutters put up, every one withdrew to his own house, and by eight o'clock the unlit streets were deserted. Public amusement there was none. The few women who ever appeared in the streets were shapeless in gray garments, their faces concealed by horsehair veils. In more than a hundred *medressehs* or colleges, young men wasted their flower chewing a few ancient books of Mohammedan theology and law. Inquiring into nature and her forces was never thought of. Three hundred and sixty-odd mosques were needed to accommodate the male worshipers, for women, of course, did not worship in public. Beggars with bowls lined the entrance to the mosque. In the squares howling dervishes chanted and shouted the praises of God, while the bystanders listened respectfully by the hour.

This tight-screwed system, so hard on women, the workers and the poor, has, thank goodness, been swept away by the total overthrow of the dominant minority by the Soviet. It cost the lives of three hundred Russian women social workers to rouse the women of Russian Central Asia to assert themselves.

Both going in and coming out I visited the open-air fair held every Monday and Thursday on the outskirts of Merv and bargained for Tekke ("Bokhara") rugs. The experience let me share the ancient rite of *striking a bargain*. Yussuf smote his palm against my palm. Holding the agreed-on rubles, we shook hands, the rubles remained in his hand and the rug

in mine. I brought back seven rugs and, on later visits to India, Tiflis and Constantinople, I have acquired as many more. All are of the finest weave and small; the big choice rugs are, of course, beyond my purse. My wedding present to each of my daughters-in-law has been a Tekke rug.

Later in the bazaars of Madras or Istanbul I rather disconcert the rug-dealer. "I am interested only in Tekke rugs." He shows me a stack of them folded with the nap inside; he will have them all opened out for me. "No, no," I exclaim, "I am interested only in *this*—and *this*, and *this*," pointing to three in a pile of twenty. What I have done is to look at the back and count the threads per running inch. The common Tekke will have ten to the inch, the finest twenty-five. I never look twice at a Tekke with fewer than twenty threads to the inch, which means four hundred knots to the square inch. When the dealer sees that I know how to test fineness of weave he ceases to "soft-soap" me.

Never had I met with such prompt sympathetic response as I did among the Russians. I approached a cab-driver with the question, "Which tram-car will take me to the Troitzky Bridge?" The man leaned forward as he answered and his face fairly blazed with eagerness to inform me. If I asked my way of an urchin he seemed to take real delight in leading me to a corner and pointing out my route. The windows of my tram-car being frosted, I was in doubt whether this stop was where I should get off for a certain art gallery. But those about me had already read my mind, for one would say, "You should get off at the second stop," or "I leave here, but this gentleman will see that you get off at the right place." Entering a court in the evening I looked about for the entrance to the apartments and in four seconds people were calling to me "*Na pravo*"! (on your right) or "*Pryamo*" (straight ahead).

When late in the evening Williams and I boarded a train and found ourselves in a coupé in which every place was taken and we faced a night on our feet, we could tell from the tiny pucker that soon showed itself between the eyes of some woman that she was contriving how to solve the problem of these woe-begone *Americantsi*. Presently, by repiling the luggage, or stowing another woman in the upper berth, or

discovering that some one would be getting off three stations farther on, she had us provided for. Did the mob of famished passengers collar all the food at the station buffet before we could utter the names of the dishes we wanted, some woman played raven to our Elijah. Were we in trouble about getting a ticket, locating a hotel or making ourselves understood, it was usually a woman who came to our rescue.

The wholesome faces of the sturdy country-women who sold their produce at the station-platforms beamed good-will qualified by anxiety lest I take advantage of their clumsy mental arithmetic. They were so honest that several times they made a commotion to attract my attention when I had paid too much or left my purchase behind at the starting-bell of the train. Often I handed them too much change to see what they would do; always they returned the excess. Only once did a woman huckster try to "do" me.

Why have Russians such extraordinary goodness of heart?

Have I, from contact with *hoi polloi* in many parts of the world, arrived at a pretty low opinion of human nature? On the contrary, I have been astonished and cheered to meet with so much honesty and kindness. Globe-trotters too often generalize from shameless inn-keepers, touts, hackmen, money-changers, interpreters and guides, who live by fleecing tourists. Escaping this corrupt crew, I get out among the people and am delighted to find so much conscience in them.

Sensitive persons, noting "man's inhumanity to man," become very contemptuous of the low-cultured. The atrocities committed by masses do not make me feel that way, because I realize that schemers have carefully prepared their minds in advance by "hate propaganda" and other drugs. We know very well the wire-pulling behind St. Bartholomew massacres, "dragonnades," "pogroms" and many other mass crimes. I have not found people disposed to maltreat the inoffensive stranger unless they have been "put up to it."

Frankly, I am delighted when men of another race or culture show "the divine spark" in their dealings with me, a stark outsider. To elicit the best response from the plain people I avoid the "gentleman" rôle, which would put social distance between us, and seek the man-to-man relation. Not a

"kindly" manner, but a natural and "level" manner calls out the other fellow's best.

Russian women struck me as having more character than Russian men. The streets, public conveyances, and resorts were full of men in uniform doing nothing. In sharpest contrast with this vast compulsory male demoralization was the spectacle of women plowing, haying, reaping, wielding pick and shovel, filling the engine tender, washing coaches, carrying the hose along the icy roof of trains, pushing luggage trucks, carrying luggage, collecting fares, controlling traffic—women rarely gaping, gossiping, posing or preening, but attending gravely to their new duties and doing their best to "make good."

In public offices I found a fifth of the men chatting, or fussing with cigarette, tea or newspaper, but practically *all* the women were attending to their work. Often the male clerks served the public with ill-concealed boredom and superciliousness, but the female clerks seemed never to forget that they were there to serve, and answered with pains and patience the inquiries of people in shawls or cowhide boots.

In the novels and plays of Turgenev and Tolstoi it is the *woman* who shows character, while often the man is puling, hesitant, ineffectual. The hero talks endlessly about his ideals and hopes, but his good resolutions evaporate in talk. In the end it is the heroine who, without saying much, sees the wise thing to do—and does it!

"Why is it," I asked an eminent literary woman, "that your great writers portray the woman as the stronger character? Were they, then, feminists at heart?"

"Not at all," she replied. "They simply pictured Russian life as they saw it."

Yet this superiority of women's character is all traceable, I was told, to influences that have come into play since 1830!

In the Ethnological Museum in Petrograd I came upon something arresting to a sociologist. For each province there were life-size wax figures, representing men and women in the distinctive garb, and surrounded by the fabrics, utensils, implements and art products, of that province. At once I was struck with the beauty and richness of the costumes, embroid-

eries and housegear from the *northern* provinces of Russia. It seemed as if in the lands too cold and forested to attract invaders, the arts profited by a long, quiet development, while in the rich, tempting accessible South, they had again and again been disturbed and checked.

It did not take me long to see why Russian Orthodoxy was despised by those staking their lives to free the masses. Said to me a Catholic bishop among the Volga Germans: "The Orthodox Church has allowed ceremony to become almost the whole of religion. She makes little use of the sermon and gives the faithful scant instruction of any kind. Her low vitality is attested by the fact that she maintains only two foreign missions—in Tokyo and Peking; and both are political in motive."

Was she, then, intent on relieving human suffering? An American social worker observed to me: "At home we never form a relief committee without including clergymen; but in our many conferences here for setting up relief machinery, no one has ever even suggested a priest or a bishop as a worthwhile member. The Church has regarded social service as no more a part of her job than polar exploration."

Nor did the Russian priest even concern himself much with the *morals* of his flock. If he rebuked a parishioner for stealing away a neighbor's wife, like as not the man would turn on him with, "Little father, that is no business of yours. Stick to your job." In God's name, then, what *was* he good for? Well, the priest was there to restrain witches by means of magical gestures and formulas, to keep murrain from the cattle and hail from the crops and sickness from the Believers.

"Why," I asked a cavalryman, "do you have a veterinary for your regiment but no surgeon?"

"Because the horses can't pray when they are ailing; *we* can."

The fighters for the people saw in the priests just a section of the Tsar's police. In their eyes the octopus that had the people in its grip administered religion to them just as a robber gang administers "dope" to its victims. While everywhere else in the civilized world *schools* were being multiplied, the Romanoffs built *churches*—twelve thousand of

them—with money from the Imperial Treasury. And the harder the people struggled, the faster they built them! Through the lay Procurator of the Holy Synod, who was a member of the ministry, the Church was chained to the Throne. No wonder the battlers for the hapless Russian masses came to regard the Church as “a barren fig tree” to be cut down and cast into the fire!

Under the old régime the employer was bound by law to pay his dismissed employee wages for two weeks beyond the term of employment. The law was a sop to working-men deprived of the right to strike and under the tsars it was waste paper. But during the Kerensky régime there was an honest effort to enforce this law and to give the dismissed working-man a month's wages instead of a fortnight's. All the time I was visiting factories and I found that in many industries it had been put into effect by joint agreement. As I came upon case after case I began to see its great possibilities for good. One night on the Volga I could not sleep for thinking of it; so I sat up writing the first draft of an article “For a Legal Dismissal Wage,” which was published in the *Monthly Labor Review* of the U. S. Department of Labor, for March, 1919, and constitutes a chapter in *The Social Trend* (1922).

This idea has “caught on” until fifty different countries now make use of the dismissal-wage principle. An extensive body of literature in various languages has sprung up on the subject, but apparently the earliest of them all is the argument that took shape in my mind that wakeful night on the Volga steamer!

Our greatest authority on the subject, Professor G. T. Schwenning of the University of North Carolina, wrote me August 5, 1935: “You were unquestionably the first to present the idea of Dismissal Wages to the American people. I remember distinctly the pleasure I experienced when first I discovered your article, ‘For a Legal Dismissal Wage.’ . . . In the International Labor Office . . . I found a good many books classifying and commenting upon dismissal legislation but all of them were published after 1920. Several American firms made use of the dismissal wage device prior to 1917, but there certainly was no knowledge or discussion of them. It

would seem to me that you are, therefore, quite correct in saying 'the earliest of all . . . etc.' "

Darkened by his illiteracy and ignorance, deprived of leadership from outside his own ranks, denied the right to organize and to strike, the Russian worker under the old régime was a shackled man. When I was in college all the economics texts insisted that supply of and demand for labor determine wages, so unions and strikes can have nothing to do with it. I inquired into the pay of Russian labor and from many sources (chiefly plant managers) concluded that, before the Revolution, the share of his product that fell to the Russian working-man was *less than a third* of that received by an American wage-earner of like efficiency. Accordingly, I was not surprised to find Russian capitalists netting a far higher return than *we* expect. Every business man I talked with in Russia agreed that *20 per cent* per annum was as likely for the Russian factory-owner as is *10 per cent* for the American factory-owner.

Aha! I began to see the game! Throne, bureaucracy, captive Church, "safe teaching," censor, spies, "black hundreds," Cossacks, crammed prisons, the exile system—all were "parts of one stupendous whole," devised to concentrate the good things of life at the apex of the social cone and to roll all its burdens upon the broad base. I am always willing to discuss whether there ought to be *more* democracy or *less*, but henceforth, if any fellow-countryman in my presence advocates autocracy, I shall hit him!

So, with interpreter but oftener using my German, I wrung out *zemstvo* heads, mayors, newspaper editors, leaders of the bar, clergymen, army officers, directors of public instruction, labor leaders, industrialists, heads of food commissions, university professors, *Duma* members and returning revolutionaries. Americans stood well with them, so they gave me their best. Did I attain unto wisdom? No, but I shed ignorance. I did not come to understand Russia well enough to foresee what would happen to her, but I *was* able to avoid being taken in. In Petrograd and Moscow in August all my interviewees feared the revolution had swung *too far to the left*. But when, in the Saratoff region, out among the rural

villages I stopped with German farmers whose forefathers settled there in the days of Maria Theresa and talked with the Russian neighbors who came in of an evening, I perceived that the supreme desire of the peasants had not yet been gratified, *viz.*, to incorporate into their common lands the estates of the 110,000 noble families. So I predicted that the *big* revolution had yet to come.

It came within six weeks and was the Real Thing. When I was home again I stoutly insisted that the revolution *would last*, although all the despatches called it the outcome of a German-hatched plot to take Russia out of the war.

In the perspective of eighteen years who was "looney"?

My journey from Petrograd to Harbin, December 18th to January 1st, threw many lights on what happens when an old order has crumbled and a new order has not yet emerged. Our weekly express left an hour late because a troop-train for Siberia insisted on leaving ahead of us and threatened our station-master with death if he sent our train out first. At the first stop our train was flooded with soldiers on furlough and we woke to find corridors, toilets, vestibules and platforms filled with armed men. Many of them stayed with us clear to Eastern Siberia.

These poor fellows were on their feet all day, stood while eating their bread and sausage and slept crouched in bad air, with never a chance to wash, change their clothes, or lie down!

They bore their misery stoically, sang every evening peasant songs in a minor key and never bickered or became short-tempered under the strain. In quest of fresh air, food, or hot water I had often to squeeze by them but there was no end to their patience in getting themselves out of our way. By politeness and small gifts of cigarettes and chocolate we reached a friendly footing with them, and after the first two days they would neither intrude upon us, nor allow other soldiers to do so.

At Viatka the soldiers of the troop-train suspected that the station-master intended to send our train out ahead of theirs. Finally they threatened their engineer with guns and made him pull out without orders. It happened that an eastbound

freight-train ahead of them broke in two on a grade. Eight loaded cars came rolling back in the darkness and there was a terrible collision. This troop-train consisted of fifty or sixty box-cars, each fitted up with three sleeping platforms in each end and warmed by a red-hot stove in the middle. The shock overturned the stoves and jammed the doors. The cars caught fire and 401 soldiers were burned to death. Hours later we passed the still-burning wreck, with the bodies lying in the snow and peasants going about, crossing themselves before each body and then removing the boots.

While we lay at Viatka "red guards" went through our train and turned up 20,000 rubles' worth of smuggled opium. As our restaurant-car offered an excellent headquarters for them during future service in the yards, it was uncoupled and for some days the five hundred people on our train had to live off the country. At meal stops there was a frantic rush for the buffet. People struggled five deep in front of the food-counter and the luckier emerged with meatballs in one hand and a plate of scalding cabbage soup in the other. They carried their spoil to a table and consumed it. Sometimes a waiter came around collecting the price of the food, taking your word as to what you had had. Half the time, however, I had to hunt up some one to pay.

Despite the scramble for food, there was no squabbling. If the roast fowls were gone, you raided the booths outside the station where the soldiers bought their edibles of country-women. Sometimes you jubilated at the capture of portions of roast goose and a pocketful of hard-boiled eggs, again you might regain your coupé with nothing better to dine on than a chunk of boiled beef-heart and a slab of black bread.

After we passed the westbound express we came to the scene of a tragedy. The station-master gave this express precedence over a westbound troop-train, as he was bound to do, so the enraged soldiers dragged him out of his office and held his head upon the rails while their train passed over him!

At Ekaterinburg another troop-train rolled into the station before we had left and there was the same demand that we, mere bourgeoisie whose only title to consideration was the money we had paid, be sent out *behind* the soldiers. After an

hour's discussion we pulled out ahead, but farther along this same train caught us again and there was more trouble. Those "comrades" told the station-master that if he did not let *them* go first, they would kill him, but our "comrades" notified him they would kill him if he did not let *us* go first. Our men won and we realized that their presence was our protection.

Meanwhile we were crawling over a snowy waste in a cold that ranged from -28° F. to -58° F. while the pale sun climbed scarcely more than 30° above the horizon. The water was frozen in the toilets, the water-tanks in the coupé leaked and were unusable, for ten days one had no other ablutions than a dampened towel affords. Frequently the old women who ran the big station-boilers failed to have the water boiling when we came along, or the supply was insufficient for so many kettles. The soldiers in the vestibules easily beat us passengers to the hot-water tank, and we had much to do to keep our ears from freezing while waiting in line for the kettles ahead of us to be filled.

As we proceeded the tension grew. Certain Russian officers on the train, noting the new rule abolishing all insignia of military rank, found it prudent to rip the chevrons off their sleeves. Frequently committees of soldiers went through the train looking for weapons. We rumbled into Irkutsk and learned that fighting had been in progress for nine days, but that a twelve-hour truce was in force. Fifteen hundred young men in the military school, with the aid of five hundred Cossacks, had been battling with two thousand soldiers, together with some thousands of armed working-men. Many houses had been burned, and, as we pulled out, we saw flames on the other side of the river. Hundreds of families suddenly made homeless in a midst of a Siberian winter! Some well-to-do bourgeois families, who for days had been fleeing from cellar to cellar as house after house was burned, boarded our car without tickets or money and were cared for by the passengers.

As we sat in the undamaged railway-station sipping cabbage soup we felt like the occupants of a box at the play. Soldiers and refugees with bundles pressed about us. Hundreds lay dead in the town and many homes were in flames. Cadets, red guards and exiles stood ready to leap at one another again

when the truce was over at ten o'clock that evening. Yet we were allowed to enter the scene, linger for two hours, and proceed on our way as irresponsible non-combatants!

On the fifteenth day we rolled into Harbin six days late, and at sight of white rolls for sale on the station-platform began prudently to stock up; we could not realize that black bread was a thing of the past. We bought sugar and went about sucking lumps of it, as if it were candy. The temperature was -43. The least hole or rip in a garment was frost-rimmed and every morning frozen beggars were picked up.

Late afternoon we boarded a train for Chang Chung. There we entered a Japanese train and slept. Next morning we were thrilled to find ourselves in a dining-car being served a breakfast composed of orange, cereal, fish, bacon and eggs, griddle-cakes and tea. Delicious! But still we were hollow. As we rinsed our fingers and paid one yen an assistant-manager of the Boston and Maine sang out, "Boys, let's give them an encore!" Unanimous whoop of joy. We sat tight and asked them to bring each of us a second breakfast. The lacquer mask of Japanese politeness cracked and the waiters grinned broadly as they brought us our dishes. Like wildfire it ran through the train that seven crazy Americans in the diner were eating a second breakfast right on top of the first. Never in the history of Japanese railroading had such a thing been heard of. Soon watchers so thronged our aisle that the waiters could hardly get our food to us. The passengers contemplated us with decorous gravity until I let my right eyelid flicker a little. Then they broke into broad smiles of amusement and sympathy and at once everybody began saying something to somebody else.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

We arrived on the hither side of the sea of Japan at two o'clock in the morning and boarded the waiting train for Tokio. The only accommodation I could get was an upper berth in a second-class sleeping-car. Now Japanese cars are toy affairs and second-class cars grant even less space than first-class cars. Standing in the aisle I doffed my clothes, got into my sleeping garb, then climbed into my berthlet.

I awoke late and found the roof of the toy car only seven

inches above my nose; I should have to dress lying down! Hearing certain disconcerting noises I peeped out between the curtains and discovered to my horror that my berth was in the middle of the car in full view—for every other berth had been made up long ago—and that the car was entirely filled with small children and their mothers—mothers with babies are thus segregated so that the slumbers of the lordly Japanese male shall not be disturbed.

I had a dreadful time trying to get some clothes on and as my berth quaked with my desperate writhings, twenty-three little Mesdames Chrysanthème scanned my berth with growing curiosity. Finally I parted the curtains and descended. As foot after foot of half-dressed foreigner appeared they began to squeal as if they beheld coil after coil of anaconda dropping out of a tree. By the time I was on my feet the tiny ladies were rocking with mirth and stuffing handkerchiefs in their mouths to restrain their laughter.

My escape to the wash-room was anything but slow and impressive.

CHAPTER XVI

AFTERMATH OF MY RUSSIAN EXPEDITION

1918-1923

AFTER 37,000 miles of travel, 20,000 of them within the Russian Empire, I reached home early in February. I was so busy writing and lecturing about the overturn that had taken Russia out of the War and set up a "dictatorship of the proletariat," that I had to make hurried decisions. So when, on my being slated to lecture before the Chicago Women's Club on a Sunday afternoon, Rosamond suggested that I have a talk about Gilbert's future with Leo Sametini, his Chicago violin teacher, and present him with one of the seven small rugs I bought in the open-air rug-market at Merv, I consented. I knew how many depreciated rubles I paid for each of my rugs but had had no time to inquire into their value here. I asked Sametini to meet me at the Blackstone Hotel and mentioned that I was bringing him a "prayer rug" from Bokhara.

As early next Sunday afternoon I was walking through the deserted downtown streets of Chicago with the rolled rug under my arm, a man passing me abruptly stopped, peered and exclaimed, "Why, that's an antique Tekkinsky you have there!"

"It ought to be, I bought it in the outdoor rug-market in Old Merv."

"Excuse my interest, you see for twelve years I was in charge of Marshall Field's Oriental rug department."

"Come into this cigar-store, I'd like you to have a look at it."

In the cigar-store I let him see the design, pile and sheen. After admiring it he observed,

"Why, it's never been washed."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you see these new rugs colored with aniline dyes which run, instead of with the old fast vegetable dyes—they don't sell so well; so they give them the look of age and wear by washing them in acids. Your rug's got its sheen from generations of stockinged feet."

"This rug was sold me by a Turkoman who took it from the floor of his *kibitka* and brought it to market on a camel. What would he know about rug-dealer tricks?"

"Right you are."

"Tell me, what might this rug be worth?"

He scrutinized it closely, counted threads per inch, stood off and regarded it.

"At least two hundred dollars."

You could have knocked me down with a feather! Me—presenting *anybody* with a two-hundred-dollar rug! It had cost me thirty-three dollars plus duty and a lot of trouble.

Reader, what would *you* do if, on your way to deliver a promised gift, you learned by chance that it was worth six times what you paid for it?

I saw Sametini, I handed him the rug, *but I told him this story.*

The *Century Magazine* published in December (1917) "The Roots of the Russian Revolution," which I sent them from Moscow. The article "Soil Hunger in Russia," which I sent them from Tiflis early in October in the consular mail-bag did not reach them until January 10th, so disorganized were communications! This was followed by "Labor and Capital in Russia" and "Russian Women and Their Outlook." Early in June appeared my book, *Russia in Upheaval*.

During the first five months after my return I lectured forty-two times on Russia all the way from Salt Lake City to Birmingham, Alabama, and Vassar College, besides teaching three hundred students and giving many patriotic addresses. Owing to the rapid depreciation of the rubles I had bought (on best banker advice) before I started, at twenty-seven cents apiece, my Russian trip left me \$2,200 "in the hole," so that I was glad of the opportunity to recoup myself.

Before leaving Russia I wrote for the American Committee

of Publicity there an article, "The United States of Russia," which showed how suitable the Federal system is to a very large and diversified country like Russia. It was translated into Russian and circulated, I was told, in millions of copies. Five years later the centralized Russian Soviet Republic was transformed into the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (U.S.S.R.). Whether my plea influenced this decision I have no means of knowing. No more do I know whether my article "The United States of India" had anything to do with the recent shift of the Government of India to a Federal basis.

This endeavor to be useful to the Russians may have brought me the request of George Creel's Committee on Public Information to prepare a *brochure* of 20,000 words for circulation in England and other allied countries, entitled WHAT IS AMERICA? It was to interpret to our allies the spirit and tendencies of the American people and remove the many misconceptions of our country which had found lodgment in the minds of foreigners. I prepared the booklet, which appeared in the spring of 1919. Fortunately the War was over, so it was not circulated abroad. Those who under the influence of venomous propaganda have come to doubt my Americanism might look into this little book.

On July 5th, Charles R. Crane wrote me, "The President would like some notes from you as to methods of helping Russia and avoiding mistakes there." I sent him a five-page paper which President Wilson acknowledged on July 11th in these words, "Thank you warmly for sending me Professor Ross's paper. I shall read it at once and incorporate it into my thinking about the perplexing Russian problem."

In 1918-20 such a flood of lies about Soviet Russia was loosed upon us that a group representing us in Russia in 1917, who had gathered a mass of valuable documentary material during their stay, placed it at my disposal for working up. A half-year's leave was due me, so during the autumn of 1920 I worked in the New York Public Library. Eventually I brought out two volumes, *The Russian Bolshevik Revolution* in 1921, and *The Russian Soviet Republic* in 1923. Those curious to see what our business-control System can do in the way of setting Falsehood on the throne should read the chap-

ter in the latter volume entitled "The Poison Gas Attack." In it I puncture *forty-nine* lies about the Russian Revolution with which this country had been deluged.

From my acquaintance with what the Russian Revolution cost emerged the cast-iron resolution: *There must never be a violent revolution in our country.* Not that I favor the hounding of any one circulating "subversive" ideas. By no means. Granting that any one "advocating the overthrow of our Government by force and violence" does no good and may be doing harm, still I condemn repressive measures. Since, much of the time, men of a strong capitalist bias are in control of our machinery of government, any law putting "subversive" ideas or opinions under the ban will certainly be used against the expositors of abuses which are profitable to capitalists and the agitators for reforms which are anathema to capitalists.

"Repression," said President Wilson, "is the seed of revolution." The stranglers are making as certain as they can that situations will develop out of which revolutionary attempts proceed. However ardent their patriotic professions, the "red-baiters" are either deluded, or else loyal to their class rather than to their country.

Our policy, on the other hand, will really exclude the possibility of revolution from America's future. For how can large numbers of our citizens be steeled to the appalling expedient of plotting to overthrow their Government by force, when every obstinate public evil receives consideration in so far as it excites public interest, and in time a remedy is found and applied. So long as the natural processes of ventilation and agitation are not interfered with, the citizens who have lost all confidence in their Government will be too few to constitute a public menace. The hypocritical defenders of capitalist abuses, masquerading as champions of Americanism, should be shown up as knifers of a principle which has been imbedded in American constitutions and bills of rights for a century and a half!

CHAPTER XVII

IMPRESSIONS OF SOVIET RUSSIA

July, 1934

IN the summer of 1934 I shared in leading a party of tourists to Scandinavian countries, spending a month in Soviet Russia, a day at a Roumanian port, four days in Bulgarian ports, a day each at Istanbul, Athens, Naples and Marseilles, and three days in Paris.

In the Scandinavian societies I noted advances the rest of Europe might have made but for war and preparedness. Their public wealth and public service stand at the highest level. The lot of the masses has been greatly improved without the threat of civil convulsions, without even evoking sharp class antagonism. Illiteracy has been wiped out and ignorance amazingly reduced. Scandinavian women have made wonderful progress toward freedom and equality with men. The ideal of a developed body has captivated the rising generation.

A Sunday forenoon in Stockholm with spokesmen of Swedish labor brought out that under the existing set-up labor has made such gains that few of its friends feel convinced of the necessity of a "dictatorship of the proletariat." Nor is there prospect of Nazi-ism making any headway in Sweden; the soil for it is not there. Finding their cause every day stronger, the leaders of the toiling masses are full of hope and courage. In the degree that socialism succeeds in Russia they will raise their demands on behalf of Swedish labor.

Soviet Russia affords peeps into Utopia. What a relief to be rid of our blatant, impudent advertising! Gone are the frock-coated silk-hatted bourgeois with their bejeweled women. Not once did I see a paunchy person, although people looked well-nourished. In Finland I saw high-livers whose abdomens suggested that they had swallowed a large toy balloon and

then allowed it to be inflated. On emerging from Russia I spent some hours in Roumanian Constanza and again met pampered gentry with a spare tire about the middle; but that sort appeared extinct in Sovietland.

I passed hours on hotel balconies and in the streets studying attentively the type socialism begets. I am used to seeing women gowned to suggest a swan, a peacock, a wasp, a serpent; but here woman seems content to be the female of her species. No high heels, trains, corsets, bustles, basques, mutton-leg sleeves, high bonnets, floppy hats. In summer women go stockingless. They let their hair grow only to the shoulders and wear no headgear save a kerchief or a knit cap. All leave neck and shoulders bare, have full bosoms, hold themselves erect and move with a free and graceful swing. Never before have I beheld pretty women so indifferent to observant men. Where are the mincing steps, the disclosed ankle, the self-conscious gait, the hip's sway, the sidelong glance, the demure look? Gone with the meal-ticket-for-life rôle of the husband.

The Child is on the throne. For the first time society has recognized that the building of a finer social order hinges on the average person's being far more carefully conditioned and intelligently trained in childhood. In the *crèches* in the parks the nude little ones play happily about in groups in the sun until they have their bread-and-milk and are tucked away in their cribs for a nap under the trees. From the very beginning of its play the Soviet tot is conditioned to the idea "there are others." The trained young women in charge of the children in the *crèches* and nurseries impressed me as far above the average mother in competency with children.

Out from Yalta in the Crimea I spent hours in a camp for Young Pioneers, *i.e.*, boys and girls eight to sixteen. The camp, which has its own milk farms, bee-hives and vineyards, is occupied during the long vacation, May to October, and accommodates four shifts of three hundred each. There are many such camps in Russia, but this is one of the most desirable. All the children here are *udarniks*, *i.e.*, have distinguished themselves in some way. Each is on a "project" of his own choosing and the group have their own Soviet where they learn to deliberate and administer their collective af-

fairs. Never have I met a body of children so alert and re-active as these.

Some miles away I visited a camp of Komsomols (Communist youth, seventeen to twenty-four) and was well heckled regarding labor conditions in my country. What a contrast between the product of our high schools and that of the Soviet high schools! *Our* teachers can hardly impart to their pupils any critical truth about working conditions or public utility finance without bringing down on their heads the "business" school-board, the local chamber of commerce, or the local chapter of the D. A. R. Through forty-five years I have done my best to impress some thousands of students with the simple sociological axiom that when profit-seeking schemes collide with the social welfare, the former should give way. Probably three-fourths of them rejected it in the end because nearly everything they meet in newspaper or magazine, at home, at church, in the street, or over the radio, insists that the quest for business profits is sacred and no so-called "social interest" may stand in its way.

Now, the Young Pioneers and the Komsomols have had the right principle drilled into them until they possess an uncanny insight into anti-social situations which *we* have been taught to tolerate.

One of the sweetest sights of my life was the spectacle of the Tsar's palace at Livadia and the mansions of the former nobles along the lovely Crimean Riviera converted into rest-homes for relays of tired workers from all over Russia and sanatoria for workers with nervous, heart or rheumatic disorders. Surely here is the most delicious joke of all time—the neverworks chased away after centuries of crassest parasitism and the despoiled occupying their palaces! Can the muse of History keep her lips straight as she writes it down?

Since the courtier who wheedled some eighteenth-century Romanoff into giving him fifty thousand free peasants, they and their descendants to be serfs of him and his descendants forever, had nothing in common with our fellow-citizen who makes himself a capitalist by saving his money and putting it into a socially productive business, the conversion of these Crimean palaces affords an acid test of the members of our

party. Those who chuckle are old-line Americans nurtured in the ideas of Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln; those who scowl have lost their American bearings owing to malign anti-Bolshevik propaganda.

My visit to the wine-cellars of the tsars in the mountain-side behind Yalta was an eye-opener. Here are miles upon miles of vaults lined with barrels and casks of the finest vintages. The fifty members of the Romanoff clan and their on-hangers did themselves well no matter how wretched the lot of the toiling Russian masses! *Now* these wines are reserved for the hospitals and sanatoria.

I found religion fallen on evil days. Moslems are turning from Mohammed, Jews from Moses, Christians from St. Paul. While at times believers have been discriminated against, the Soviets have finally settled into a contemptuous tolerance of religion. The Communists feel that keen concern about the *next* world competes with and detracts from rational attention to one's lot in *this* world. I doubt if they foresee how insistent the old query "If a man die, shall he live again?" may eventually become, and how faiths able to impart even a brittle assurance of immortality will have a future.

While loss of religious hope has broken the mainspring of life for many of the old, the idea of freeing mankind in our time from every form of economic exploitation works like a vital religion in the hearts of the young people, providing them with an inspiring super-individual goal and giving meaning and dignity to their lives.

Nothing could be sounder than the Communists' attitude toward war. For them the plumes, glitter and tinsel are gone. They see it for what it really is, *viz.*, organized reciprocal mass murder. Deep is their disgust at having to switch farm-machinery factories to making munitions which will probably lie in piles somewhere until they are spoiled or obsolete. At the same time they have no intention of letting the Japanese militarists help themselves to Soviet territory.

The Russians distinguish sharply between the Americans and the British. Too often the latter have proved to be agents of their Government, the most capitalistic on earth, which is actuated by fear and hate of the U.S.S.R. On the other hand,

the American experts have the reputation of sticking to the work they were brought in to do and leaving politics alone. They tell gleefully of a Yankee engineer who, after four years of devoted service to the Union, naïvely asked a Russian friend, "What is this 'dialectic of historical materialism' I hear so much about?"

In *The Russian Soviet Republic* (1923) I declare that Russia's experience so far bears out the contention of orthodox economists that under socialism production will fatally slow down from lack of personal incentive; now I arrive at the conviction "Socialism can be made to work." Since 1929 the Russian experiment seems more likely to succeed than break down because means have been devised to induce the individual to give a fair day's work. One is the introduction, wherever possible, of piece wages. Another is "socialist competition." Factory challenges factory, gang challenges gang, to a show-down of productive prowess. The struggle may go on for weeks or months with all Russia looking on, picking favorites, betting and cheering. Whichever competitor wins, socialized production is the gainer. In the years 1930-33 the percentage of industrial workers drawn into socialist competitions rose from 29 per cent to 71 per cent.

Then there is the *udarnik* movement. These "shock-brigade" workers, all volunteers, throw themselves into any job that is hard and show the rest what real work is. In groups they set up new standards of performance and shame slackers into delivering an honest day's work. Then they go on to some other weak spot, leaving production permanently at a higher level. Everybody admires the *udarnik*; wherever he goes there are pointings and whispers. If he breaks down from overwork a place will be made for the tired hero at some sanitarium in the Caucasus or the Crimea. In a theater many of the seats have little plaques on the back stating that they are reserved for the *udarniks* of this or that work-shop. It was brave *udarnik* drivers that got our loaded busses through the wild floods we encountered in the Caucasus on the heels of a fourteen-inch rainfall, and they would not touch a tip. For the first time in the life of humanity you have plain over-alled workers in the rôle of public heroes, like the knights of

the Middle Ages who stood off the *paynim*. There are five million *udarniks* in Soviet Russia and, in 1933, 2000 of them received awards of honor. Who can foresee to what heights the movement may rise?

The wall newspapers, of which there are tens of thousands, provide an opportunity for the bright and zealous factory-workers to hold up to ridicule slacker individuals, gangs and departments. I was amused, too, at the factory pay-office, shaped like a huge *vodka* bottle, where the intemperate workers are required to present themselves for their wages. Nowhere on the globe save in Soviet Russia are the walls of the dram-shop plastered with posters warning against drink. This comes of ridding the liquor trade of the appetite for profits.

I visited a state farm and a collective and saw the advantage of growing grain in large fields where a "combine" can "head" a 24-foot swath of wheat at a clip. I realized the backwardness of Russian agriculture when I went about Russia in 1917 and I doubt not that the collectives are a great advance. But if I am asked, "Would you like to see the individual farms and farm homes of Wisconsin replaced by collectives?" I unhesitatingly answer "No!" Fifty years of endeavor by the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin to raise the plane of farm practice and rural living in this state have not gone for naught. I am sure that there will be more contentment on our farms if the individual farm family sees a chance to forge ahead by its own efforts.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY

1920, 1930

AFTER eighteen years of gestation my *Principles of Sociology* appeared in 1920. I brought out a revision in 1930 and a text-book based thereon, *The Outlines of Sociology*, in 1933. Turned out when I had reached the age of fifty-three, after two and one-half years in Europe and travels in the Far East, South America and Russia, to say nothing of my numerous soundings at home, my book is *not* "half baked." Its dominant idea is that sociology will not be dominated by one idea.

How many social thinkers, from Rousseau to Henry George, have propounded *one* great reform guaranteed to restore society to its God-ordained or "natural" track and end the major social ills! I, on the other hand, offer no panacea nor do I bid men look for a time when social problems will cease to vex. We shall be doing well if in a generation sociology avails *to lessen by one-fifth* the avoidable ills of society. Of course, popular leaders will not lend to the warnings of sociologists the attentive ear that the mining industry lends to the warnings of geologists. However authoritative sociology may some day come to be, it is vain to look in our time for more than one in ten to pay heed to it.

Nor do I share the delusion that, once society has been established on right lines, it will be but child's play to keep it there. Only by constant care and watchfulness can evil be prevented from regaining the upper hand. Look how the conduct of the schools, the care of the insane, the treatment of prisoners, deteriorates if it is not under the unceasing surveillance of members of the élite! Nothing going right will long continue to go right unless it is dextrously prevented from going wrong. Average persons are intent on maneuver-

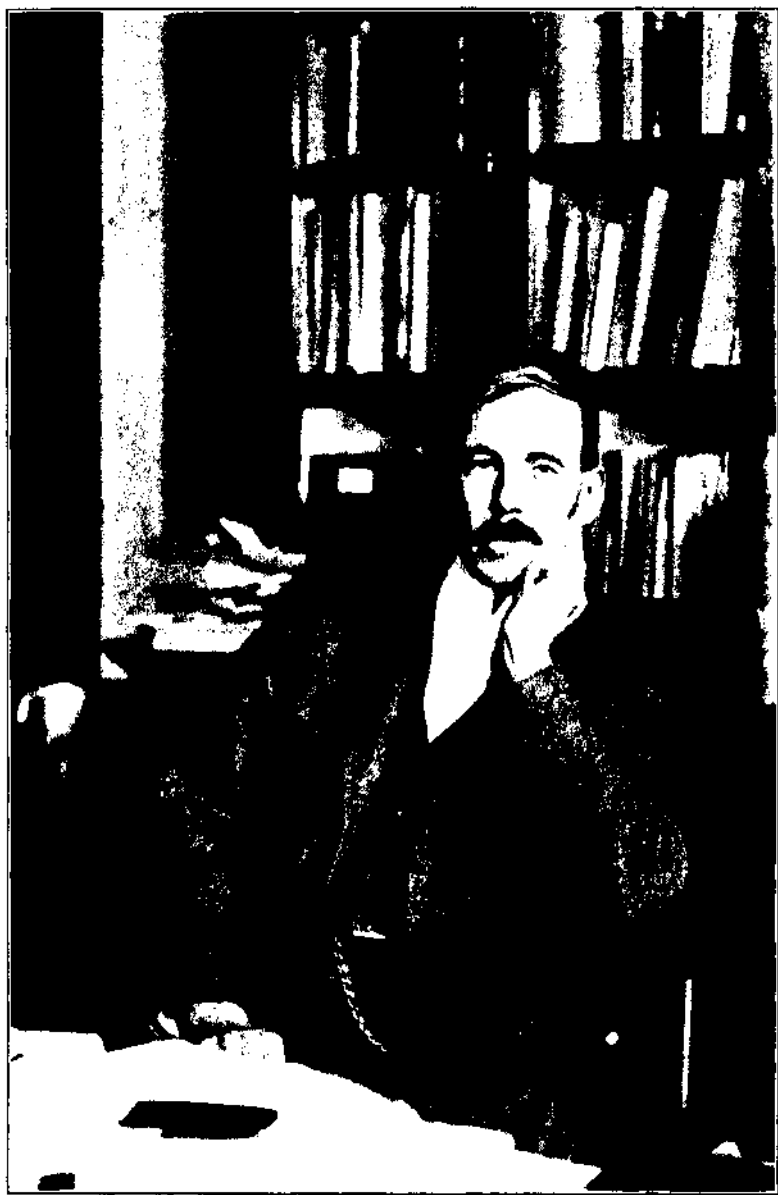
ing themselves or some incompetent relative into a desirable post, which eventually will mean mismanagement unless they are checkmated betimes.

Herbert Spencer insisted that what the sociologist should study is *institutions*—domestic, ecclesiastical, ceremonial, political, etc. But an institution, far from meeting some current requirement of society, may reflect a by-gone situation. Or it may be an item from an alien culture, taken over at a date long past when that culture was at its heyday.

For me not institutions but *social processes* are the proper subject matter of sociology. This is why I devote two-thirds of my *Principles* to describing thirty-seven important processes. *Assimilation, differentiation, opposition, coöperation*, and the like—let you into the *actual life* of society; for a *process* cannot be a holdover from a by-gone stage nor can it be a borrowed culture item. Just as biology became a science after it ceased to occupy itself with classification, and tackled underlying life processes, such as *nutrition, metabolism, growth, adaptation* and *reproduction*, so sociology makes a long stride when it takes as its unit the key processes in the life of society.

In 1913 the well-known publisher, Henry Holt, sent me the first number of his *Unpopular Review* and invited me to contribute. I demurred that nothing of mine would fit because his point of view was "pre-sociological." He demanded what I meant, so I explained:

The "pre-sociological" quality I seem to find in the *Review* and in your "Talks on Civics" is the assumption that individuals make social atmosphere, institutions, and government, but that these in turn do not make the soul of individuals. I, on the other hand, see social progress as a double and interacting development between individuals on the one hand, and society and government on the other. Government may be used to set going agencies which will contribute to the forming of a higher type of individual, and these improved individuals will in turn improve government, which in turn may be used for further building up of citizens. Your conception of government as a mechanism for carrying out certain practical concerns of the citizens—building roads or cleaning streets—strikes me as altogether too simple.



THE AUTHOR IN HIS OFFICE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF
WISCONSIN

In 1932 a British lady invited me to contribute to a coöperative work, by thinkers as eminent as C. Lloyd Morgan, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Leonard Hill and Dr. Hans Driesch, which should "show evidences from Nature pointing to Order and Progress—unity—coördination—design, these seeming to require a postulate of MIND back of it all."

In reply I pointed out:

I am not a bit of a mystic about social progress. The causes of, as well as the obstacles to, social progress are all within human nature and the physical environment. I know of no force outside of man that is promoting it. As I see it, the principal factors promoting social progress are: freedom of inquiry, freedom of communication, scientific research, invention, geographic discovery, the organization of thought, prophetism, etc. On the other hand the principal obstacles to social progress are: warfare, intolerance, bigotry, spiritual authority, blind multiplication, short-sighted greed, exaggerated nationalism, the degradation and exploitation of weaker elements in society.

The sound materials about society already assembled need to be built into a logical and intelligible whole and this is precisely what I am trying to do. When five years ago inquiry was made of me what researches I had afoot, I replied:

For the present I accept systematization as my job. Not primary research, but the incorporation of the end-products of research into some kind of graspable, meaningful system has come to be my master purpose.

Principles of Sociology seemed to me sound when I put it out although even then I sensed that certain parts were labored or foggy. Almost every month since then fresh shortcomings have appeared, so, if any one thinks I still view my book with the indulgent eye of a fond parent, he is wrong. I shall be content if it rates 40–50 with the sociologists of 1960. A census of the American research projects in sociology for the year 1935 lists about three hundred. The system-builder of a generation hence will have access to the results of perhaps five thousand social studies which have not yet been made. At least a tenth of them should throw a fresh

light. Over many a stretch he will speed with sure foot where I can only grope or flounder.

An excellent scholar asked me to support his motion that the American Sociological Society "shall no longer strive to secure as large a membership as possible from philanthropic, religious, civic and social-reform groups."

My reaction was this:

If we take pure sociology as our objective, heedless of current social problems and exigencies, our Society will have from one to two hundred members and no influence. The aspiration to build sociology for eternity, as the physical sciences have been built, is vain. The properties of the elements, I suppose, never change, the behavior of bisulphate of carbon is the same now as it was in the Ice Age. But culture changes and therewith human reactions. Perhaps not a fifth of the sociology of today will be valid three centuries hence. So our aim should be to bring to bear upon the outstanding social difficulties of our time the best possible technique of inquiry.

Suckled on the practicalism of Lester F. Ward, I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for the "pussyfooting" sociologist. His sneering at "reformism" and condemning "value judgments" may not be altogether due to zeal for the "purity" of our science; to me they suggest a "rationalization" of "ducking." I say, let us fire every shot in our locker even if that makes sociology continue "extra-hazardous."

At the annual dinner of our Society in December, 1932, I made my position clear. There is humor in Dr. Louis Wirth's account of what happened:

As I was sitting in the audience looking at the imposing list of speakers lined up behind the speakers' table the Associated Press reporter who had been assigned to cover the meeting came to me and said: "I suppose there won't be any use of my staying to cover this meeting because there won't be any news that will be spilled here." Just as he was about to leave and as I was about to tell him that he was right, you were making your speech and you had come to the point in your manuscript where you were saying, "There may come a time in the career of every sociologist when it is his solemn duty to raise hell." Thereupon I turned to the reporter and told him, "Now there is news for you."

He became excited and began to write it down. He rushed for the telephone and called the AP. The next day he came to me and said: "I want to thank you for calling my attention to Professor Ross' speech because my report went all the way to New York. The editors had a midnight meeting to decide whether the expression 'raise hell' could be sent over the AP wires, and they finally agreed that it could if the proper dashes could be used."

The demand of the heel-grinders of the business corps that sociology shall say only what they are willing to have her say is tantamount to raping a modest and gifted maiden of fifteen. It is not *farmers* that have the "cheek" to bully sociologists, nor *working-men*, nor yet *professional men*. Just *one* element, and that by no means the best-educated or most-enlightened, is self-conceited enough to make such a demand and that is *business men*—not all, of course, but the aggressive wing. These have arrived at such a pitch of cynical arrogance because sycophantic newspapers have held them up as intellectual giants and assured them that of course they ought to dominate the community. They actually swallow this hog-wash!

How can we in the social sciences fling from our necks the yoke that began to be laid on us about forty years ago? I suggest the following program:

- (1). See that the key posts in social science in the educational field are filled not by the timid and wishy-washy, but by the virile and valiant.
- (2). Develop among scholars and teachers in the social sciences a bond of professional solidarity. "Each for all and all for each"!
- (3). Court the sympathy and support of our colleagues of the natural sciences and of the humanities in our struggle to be free from covert pressure by selfish outside forces.
- (4). Organize ourselves so well that every gauntlet thrown at our feet is promptly picked up.
- (5). Seize every opportunity to acquaint the general public with what the Big Fellows in business are trying to do to us and make manifest that we are simply standing up for the *general* or *public* interest when it is threatened by a

greedy and conscienceless *private* interest.

- (6). Acquaint the *farmer organizations* and *farmer leaders* with the bullying we are subject to and show open-mindedness with respect to *their* problems.
- (7). Acquaint the *labor organizations* and *labor leaders* with the badgerings and persecutions we are victims of and give sympathetic attention to the questions *they* face.
- (8). Above all, carry our cause to the *organized learned professions* which, better than other groups in society, can feel the shamefulness of scholars being subjected to business men's bullying.

One thing is certain—nobody is going to break this galling yoke for us while we sit inert. It will be broken, if at all, only as result of our own indignant and valorous initiative.

CHAPTER XIX

MEXICO: A POST-REVOLUTIONARY SOCIETY

Summer, 1922; summer, 1928

FOR eleven weeks in 1922 and for six weeks in 1928 I studied Mexico. The first time I was engaged in social reconnaissance, the second time in lecturing on sociology in the National University. In 1923 I put forth a small volume, *The Social Revolution in Mexico*.

Imagine a gigantic criminal gang, a thousand times bigger than any known in Chicago or New York, with many members whose family connections, breeding, personal virtues and piety help gild the whole organization—gangsters who have been educated in expensive private schools, who have traveled abroad and are at home in the *salons* and *foyers* of Paris and Madrid, who wear a dress suit well and put out a smooth line of conversation; gangsters who have in their ranks experts able to varnish their villainies with legality or "sound economics," or "administrative necessity," who have at hand a whole corps of lawyers and jurists to find law for any deviltry they undertake; gangsters who are in complete understanding with the heads of an imposing and venerable ecclesiastical organization that stands ready to perfume their dirty work and hurl its blighting ban at any one who makes trouble for them—well, there's Mexico in the final phase of President Porfirio Diaz, 1900-13!

The Mexican masses did not rise in 1911 against immemorial abuses. No, it was the *fresh* impositions heaped upon them that drove them to desperation. Starvation was staring them in the face. The greed of the Big Fellows had become so mad that for the masses the only alternative was "Revolt or die." One thinker said with truth that in Mexico there are only two parties, one that wants the Indian to eat his fill and

the other that *does not want the Indian to eat at all*. The ancient village commons (*ejidos*), solemnly reserved for the Indians in the sixteenth century by the King of Spain, were being stolen by the great land-owners, wages were being forced down till they came to but a few centavos a day, and a system of man-stealing had grown up to provide slaves for the great *henequen* plantations in Yucatan. Exploitation had become so extreme and systematized that it was increasingly difficult for the *pelados* (skinned men) to rear children. Three decades more would have brought extensive depopulation.

Mexico is still drugged with the toxins developed in a conquest society, viz., *contempt for manual labor and dependence on menial service*. When the train stops, a mob of porters invade the first-class coach, each hoping to earn a few centavos carrying a passenger's bag, for no Mexican gentleman will consent to be seen toting his hand-luggage. It will be long before Mexicans, with their instilled craving to be waited on, will take to the economical self-serve cafeterias and automats which are spreading among us. Abundance of servants has made most upper-class Mexicans spiritual cripples, morally incapable of looking after themselves.

As in Cuba, the Philippines, and other heirs of Spain, horror of labor which soils the hands crowds the clean-cuff occupations. The demand for clerical jobs, no matter how ill-paid or insecure they may be, loads the Government departments with a horde of needless functionaries. A Carranza minister told me that on taking his portfolio he found in his department 121 employees. Gradually he cut the force to forty and they gave better service than the 121 had given.

The Mexican masses lived without an idea of what they were missing. With education how they would have thrilled to good music! How hung on drama! But it was their lot to be ox-men; lead gray lives; sit for empty hours huddled in a serape watching time pass. Melancholy and subdued, uneager, unlit, unstimulated, never gay or bubbling or enthusiastic save as alcohol made seem to vanish for a little the blank walls of the cell in which they were shut, no wonder they laughed when the rifle's muzzle was turned upon them and lit a cigarette in the face of the firing-squad!

I confess to feeling satisfaction on beholding the consternation and dismay of the haughty Mexican "neverworks" at the brusque wiping out of their privileges. All their lives so far they have been living sumptuously on the toil of the poor people within their clutches. At last they realize with bitterness that they must actually dismount from their high horses and fend for themselves! I wish them no ill but, having toiled all my life, I deem it no tragic fate to work for one's living.

Knowing my Mexico in advance, I am only amused by the efforts of certain smooth *hacendados* to throw dust in my eyes. In the Capital Sr. A, lord of a hundred thousand acres in Morelos, the first state over the mountains to the south of Mexico City, assured me that most of the 12,000 souls on his hacienda *did not want to own land themselves*. Oh no! "What they want is employment—day's wages." He pictured how contented his peons were in the good old Diaz days, each with house plot and garden furnished rent free by the kind master. "In the whole world I doubt if there existed a happier working people than those on the thirty-three sugar plantations in Morelos."

"If they were so well-off and contented, why did they all go out with the Zapata brothers?"

He reeled a moment but quickly recovered. "*Señor*, they came under bad influences. Foreign ideas were preached to them. Lenin had missionaries here from the first. The fact is, President Obregon and several members of his Cabinet are downright Bolsheviks. It is the propaganda from Russia that made our trouble."

"But," I demurred, "Zapata's Plan of Ayala, which your peons unanimously rallied to, was put out in 1913 *four years before Russian Bolshevism was ever heard of*."

How pleasant it is to play the rôle of electric eel!

Later I was in Morelos looking over some of the haciendas and noted the place of the peon in the old scheme of things. The house lots they were allowed to build their mud-huts on were from a seventh to a tenth of an acre of the poorest land anywhere near the hacienda village. I saw how in one case the master found it convenient in connecting his cane-mill with the railway, to lay a spur track right through the village

of his peons. Their huts were ruthlessly torn down and the evicted had to rebuild on a lava outcrop near by. Here, of course, no gardens and no well; the only drinking water for 114 families was from the irrigation ditch. The master had piped water from a distant spring into the hacienda buildings but none of it was for them. The revolutionaries carried the piping past the village and put in a faucet.

Thus was class overturn made visible!

I was shown about by two fine-looking young men, the director of education and a land engineer, and learned what conditions the "Zapatistas" rose against. The *hacendados*, nearly all Spaniards, lived in the Capital when they did not live abroad. Bound to the hacienda by debt, the peons had to accept such terms as the master dictated. For working from sun to sun they were rewarded with *twelve cents and a measure of corn*, while the master drew fabulous profits from their under-paid toil. Corn-meal mush was about all they had to eat. Protection for them there was none. The justices were all masters or their representatives and the State Government was the handmaid rather than the sovereign of these sugar kings. The officials and the legislature might work out a budget of, say three hundred thousand dollars, for public needs for the coming year; but the *Association of Hacendados* would send word that they would furnish only two hundred thousand dollars; and the Government had to make out with this sum.

Nor did the Church stand up for these poor bondmen. Not only were her higher-ups hand-in-glove with the great planters, but most of them were members of these same families. The peons were in the leading-strings of priests, who confirmed them in their ignorance and submissiveness and filled their minds with the most absurd ideas as to God's will and the respect due the master.

Popular education was in the doldrums. There were only seventy public schools in Morelos, *i.e.*, one to twenty-five hundred inhabitants! Now, even with population a third less, three hundred schools are found necessary. In villages of importance the pay of the school-master did not exceed fifteen dollars a month, while some teachers received but five dol-

lars a month! While the laborers lived in kennels and the teachers in huts, in the Capital only fifty miles away thirty millions of dollars were being lavished on a National Theater, on a Palace of Congress, and on splendid parks and monuments to dazzle diplomats and foreign visitors.

The boss of the hacienda was usually a Spaniard with the *conquistador* idea that the Indians are born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. The sick or injured burro had better care than the sick or injured peon; the burro was *property*! Before her marriage the comely daughter of the peon passed through the hands of the master or the ranch boss.

No wonder I found this sentiment scribbled on a pillar of the Bordo Garden in Cuernavaca, *Better die on your feet than live kneeling.*

Here is the testimony of my own eyes:

In a beautiful valley, level as a billiard-table, rolling away miles on miles, I saw a vast expanse of ten-foot Indian corn losing itself in the distance. Not a house in sight save two or three ranch-houses. Our train skirted stony hills and came upon the hacienda house where lived the boss—the master and his family were probably living in Mexico City or Paris. Then for half a mile the stony hillside was pustuled with two hundred huts of peon families, piled from loose stones and not much bigger than dog-kennels. No standing erect save under the ridge pole, one small room, dirt floor, no bed save a straw mat, no cover save a serape. Corn and beans the only food, no fruit, no education, no medical care. The mules were far better housed and cared for than the workers.

The hillside was covered with pitiful little garden patches, separated by thick walls of loose stones which had been picked up in order to disclose the scanty dirt. Of that vast level fertile valley floor not one square yard had been set aside for the needs of those who worked it and made it productive. Let them either extract their food from the sterile hillside or starve!

I had many talks with Mr. R., a fine American from my own state who had had years of experience as a *hacendado* in Mexico. He would describe how perfectly happy and con-

tented the peon is living in a one-room grass hut along with pigs and chickens, and in the next breath he would tell me how there would be perhaps one blanket or sheepskin in the family; in the cold nights one member after using it a couple of hours would yield it up to some other member and crouch the rest of the night over a little fire in one corner of the hut. The fact is, very few of the 20,000 Americans in Mexico have any contact whatever with the experiences, the thoughts, the worries, the aspirations, of these poor people.

In Mexico as in Russia I observed a curious thing. Never in a single instance, outside the revolutionary group itself, did I meet with the slightest recognition of the courage and self-devotion of the itinerant agitators who for years before the downfall of the Diaz régime came to this or that group of laborers and tried to stir them up to take their own part. Many hundreds of them were betrayed, jailed, tortured, clubbed to death by police or soldiers. Yet the bourgeois, whether "liberal" or "conservative," seemed no more capable of appreciating the heroism of these agitators than we earthlings are capable of appreciating a deed of heroism on the planet Mars. They assume that these men agitate "for what there is in it," and give them no further thought.

As I went about Mexico observing, inquiring and pondering, a huge generalization heaved up in my mind. Over most of the world one great economic reform is evidently going to win, *viz.*, the *elimination of aristocratic parasites from farming*. Since the World War the great estates are being broken up through much of the Western world—Russia, the Baltic States, Austria, Roumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Mexico, Spain. In France they were liquidated during the Revolution; in Great Britain they are being quietly strangled by taxation. Rarely is there real economy in large-scale farming, therefore great agricultural estates are an economic crime as well as a social monstrosity. The temper of American farmers is such that any marked persistent tendency toward the rise of *latifundia* here would be promptly met by repressive taxation. I doubt if the big land-owners of South America and of Asia are going to be left undisturbed very much longer; see what has happened to their ilk in the

Yangtse Valley! The reason why the *other* wing of the revolutionary program, the Marxian wing, shows little prospect of early general victory is not that the big capitalists and petty bourgeois are so strong, but that the proposal to make the state sole owner and operator of all factories, mines and industrial enterprises excites such fear of an overgrown and unmanageable bureaucracy that the people do not take to it.

The Marxists, whose program derives from a theory of social evolution rather than from Mexican experience, did the revolutionary cause more harm than good. They insisted on goals suited neither to the actual stage of economic development in Mexico nor to the traditions and ideals of the Mexican masses. Their doctrinaire demands chilled many enemies of injustice who otherwise would have supported the revolutionary cause. They utterly alienated the Catholic Church, which is not, as many imagine, chained forever to the chariot of the exploiters.

CHAPTER XX

TREATMENT OF THE NATIVES IN PORTUGUESE AFRICA

July 19—October 3, 1924

PORTUGAL owns great African colonies—Portuguese West Africa (Angola) and Portuguese East Africa (Mozambique). The two equal a fourth of the area of the United States and are peopled by six or seven million Negroes. I was sent out by some Americans who care about the fate of these natives to dig up the truth back of the many harrowing accounts that had been coming in from missionaries, consuls and business men, to the effect that the Colonial Government was requisitioning so much of the black man's time for Portuguese employers or for public work, that he couldn't take care of his own family. I was planning to visit India and had about made up my mind to go directly to the Vale of Kashmir and stick to the Himalayan uplift until the furnace heat of the plains had abated. Just then came inquiry, Would I make the Portuguese-African investigation? I agreed to do it on my way out to India, for my expenses from New York until I left Africa. They came to about \$1,650.

Eleven weeks I passed in the Dark Continent probing the actual treatment of the natives. I questioned every one likely to throw light on my problem and took copious notes on the spot. Of course I did not accept passively every story told me; knowing the value of cross-questioning, I have become a skeptical and persistent quizzer. My chief source of information was, naturally, the natives themselves and from them I drew out their personal experiences, not what they had heard some one else tell. Looking over a gathering of natives, I picked out at random a benchful of them and, with the aid of my interpreter's Kimbundu or Umbundu, asked one man after another:

How many weeks of labor have the authorities required of you in the past twelve-month?

Did such work excuse you from your hut tax?

Did it excuse you from having to work on the roads?

Was food provided you when you were working?

What cloth or money did you get for your exacted work?

Were you paid what you had been told that you would be paid?

They gave me the truth, I am certain, for the artlessness of these villagers was such that if any one had tried to deceive me, some neighbor would have been sure to pipe up, "Why, José, it wasn't *five* months you were away, but *three*!" By thus taking in hand man after man I might get down in my notes the detailed experience of ten or fifteen men before the meeting broke up.

In Angola I was 8° to 12° south of the Equator on a plateau 5000 to 6000 feet up. When with my guide-and-interpreter I drove into a village, with its conical huts of grass or of wattle-and-daub scattered about in the bush, its little corn cribs, its pens for pigs, goats and chickens, its tiny banana plantations and gardens, the people hastened to put on their best and soon they gathered about us as we sat on chairs in the shade of a tree, some on stools or benches, some on mats, while others stood patiently. They were clad in sheeting, bed blankets, old coats, overcoats, jerseys, shirts, undershirts, cast-off uniforms, rags or loin-cloths. The elders wore skull-caps, bore staves and draped their cloth or blanket about them with dignity. They listened to us most respectfully, while the boys and women sat perfectly quiet.

In such fashion I probed thirty-two villages in Angola, besides questioning several road gangs and inspecting field gangs at work on a number of plantations. About the road work there was no question. I counted the women with babies tied on their backs and my eyes told me that no spades, picks, shovels or wheelbarrows had been provided; they had been sent up against African Nature with nothing but their footy hoes and little round baskets! Even when the road was to be cut through a hardwood forest the Government furnished no axes. The native ax, which looks like a dwarf cold chisel

stuck in the end of a heavy stick, is not much better than a beaver-tooth for tree cutting. Actually they *pecked* the tree down like woodpeckers. I picked a hardwood tree eighteen inches through and asked the road-workers how long it would take them to fell it with their axes. They said it would require four men half a day; with a good ax I could have downed it in two hours!

The local official pleases his superiors by showing kilometers of road built and, since it is just a matter of task work, why shouldn't he pile it on? What a Nero a road engineer with a drawing pen, a ruler, and a sheet of paper can become! On a 300-mile drive over the high plateau of Central Angola, I was shocked by the conspicuous extravagance of the highway work. Natural contours had been ignored; at the crown of a hill we saw the road before us dropping into the valley and rising to the crown of the next hill, two or three miles away. Heavy grades could have been avoided by swinging around the hills instead of driving straight ahead. The highway was twenty-two feet wide when it might have been made sixteen feet wide at first and widened afterward as traffic warranted it. To clear of trees, grade, smooth and coat with ant-hill clay these broad strips imposed a crushing burden on a sparse population without implements or work animals. The road never swerved for an ant-hill, although the removal in baskets of a mass as big as a house and nearly as hard as old mortar is a staggering task.

Road-building has been overdone. For hours we traversed a wilderness and the uptrack of our car was the only track visible on our return some days later. On this trip and in 146 miles of travel in the next two days I saw but one vehicle on the road and it was a car filled with officials, including the highway engineer, going to plan for additional roads!

Speeding over these cool uplands I was thrilled by the sight of grazing herds of game. One herd was so near that the Doctor got out his gun and tried to stalk it; but the wary creatures (mostly Reed's buck) moved just as fast as he did and kept out of range. On the other side of Africa chugging down one of the rivers I saw ahead just awash four pairs of huge flaring nostrils and two feet back of each pair a couple of

staring eyes; as we came on they quietly submerged. This is the nearest I got to acquaintance with "hippo."

All the time I was visiting villages and gathering primary data. This from what I deemed it prudent to call "Village No. 3" is a sample of what I was getting:

Fifty natives stand about us as we sit at high noon under the deep eaves of the thatched mission-school. Thirty are passing wayfarers who have been working for six months on cotton plantations two hundred miles away. They have been on the road ten days and are still two days' journey from home. They are the last batch of two hundred such workers who have been passing through lately. They are bound for D— to get their pay for the last four months, the first two months of their service having gone to pay their head tax. They were told they would receive fifty *escudos* (\$1.25) a month, which would come to 200 *escudos* apiece. One of them says that he has been requisitioned three times. The first time, four years ago, he worked eight months on a plantation in order to absolve his head tax of ten *escudos*; the second time he was on government work and got twenty-one *escudos* for eight months' work out of which ten *escudos* went for head tax. The third time he was getting out railway timbers for a planter about 200 miles from here. Ten of his fellow-workers lost their lives by falling from tree-tops or by cutting themselves with the ax. The first month the planter gave them fish to eat with their *manioc* mush, after that they were given nothing but *manioc* meal, so they had to go out into the bush and collect herbs in order to make their mush a bit palatable. On arrival they got each half a *pano* (3¾ yards of cotton cloth), a blanket and a cheap cotton jersey; after that, nothing. They might have gotten home quickly by railroad, but no transportation was provided. For their weary ten days' tramp home they received moldy flour and no fish.

Other wayfarers testify that in the village they come from all the men have been requisitioned for distant tasks and only women are available for road work.

In one village I examine the hands of the worthy headman all swollen from the infliction of the *palmtorio*; for hours he has been holding them in hot water to reduce the swelling. He was beaten yesterday because he failed to present at the Post the leaving road gang at the same time he presented the new road gang. On the plantations *palmtorio* and *chicote* (hippo-hide whip) are used freely on the requisitioned laborers. They

get the lash even if they straighten up a bit to rest their backs; the hoes must be in action all the time.

I was just as ready to put in bright color as dark. Of "Village No. 15," 300 inhabitants, I reported:

It lies in a newly opened territory where there are no important traders or planters. For three months it had to keep eight men felling and sawing trees for the Government. This year no road work has been required of them and no service for private individuals. Neighboring villages are equally fortunate.

In "Village No. 16" the school-teacher states that he has complained to the secretary of the administration of the blackmailing of the villagers by the native policemen (*sepoys*). That official promptly flared up and snapped, "Get out of here! It's none of your business what the authorities do." Although no one is supervising these *sepoys'* treatment of the villagers, the authorities will listen to no complaints against them. Thanks to this immunity the *sepoys* sometimes makes money faster than a successful trader. He is given an order to comb out so many men from the district, but it is within his discretion how many shall be required from a particular village. So under threat of being tied up with ropes the villagers vie in bribing him not to hit them too hard. He demands men even of villages that have no able-bodied men left, all being away on duty. In order to avoid being beaten they will have to pay him. By such means a "smart" *sepoys* rakes in money, corn, sheep, goats and chickens until sometimes not a domestic animal is left in the village. The *sepoys* is often a criminal or a rascal and he is working among a strange tribe, preferably one with which his tribe has an enmity. The Portuguese have been very skilful in playing off one tribe against another.

The contract the Government makes with the employer provides that the latter shall pay his workers one-fifth of the stipulated wage as it falls due and that the other four-fifths shall at the end of the labor term be paid to the Portuguese authorities, who will remit it up-country to the local *administrador*, who will pay it to the "boy," the last thing before he reaches home. The intention is that the native shall not run the risk of being robbed or done out of his money while he is on his way home. Now, out of several hundred inter-

rogated in the course of sixty days *in not one instance did I meet with a native who reported having been paid any wages by his "administrador"; many employers told me of paying the held-back wages but in every case they seemed to have been embezzled by the officials.*

The requisitioned native is given a monthly time-card with spaces ruled on it for five weeks. For each day worked the planter or overseer writes his initial. When he has three of these monthly cards filled, the worker turns them in and is free to go home; but often the planter trumps up some excuse for not "writing" a day that has been worked. He will "write" only four days a week when six have been put in, saying "I can't afford to write in every day you work." So, it takes four, even five, months to get three monthly time-cards filled out. If a worker humbly asks why yesterday was not "written," he may get a cut of the whip with the remark, "None of your business, I'll write what I please!" Late in the afternoon the boss may observe, "It is going to rain, we'll quit," and that day is not "written." They are made to work on Sunday, but it is a "holy" day, so we won't "write" it. Then a "month" has little relation to the calendar. For thirty-five cents each I bought from workers a couple of filled time-cards *showing thirty-six days worked in the month!*

Is there anything meaner than stealing days-worked from a coerced black man who is to receive *one cent* for toiling from dark to dark under a rod of hippo hide?

Leaving Angola I took steamer to Cape Town, toured the South African Union, then plunged into Portuguese East Africa. Here my technique was different. American missionaries were few, so I had to glean facts from traders, planters, estate managers, old residents, etc.

I suppose the Indian "*banians*" (traders) in Mozambique hold the world's record as leeches. Never do they "make two blades to grow where one grew before." They are pure parasites, reaping exorbitant profits from a conscienceless trade. They underpay or overcharge the natives scandalously and are so "in cahoots" as to what they will pay or ask that the native gains nothing by going from one to the other. They will not change his Rand pound into *escudos* unless he buys

at least ten shillings' worth of goods. When they give him change they shove him a great stack of half and one-*escudo* notes which he is unable to count up and check. If he wants a bottle of wine he shoves the stack over to the *banian* who takes off as much as he pleases for the bottle. When the black gets a little drunk the *banian* pockets the pile.

The hut tax is a legitimate means of making the natives contribute to the support of Government, but see how it works out in some cases. Widows and deserted women live most of the year in little dog-kennel shelters made of plaited cocoanut fronds. When the time of assessing the hut tax nears, the poor creatures tear them down so as not to become liable for the \$5.00 tax. They live for a while with relatives or friends, then when it is safe they re-build their shelters. However, they have to slip something to their chief to keep him from "peaching" on them to the tax-collector.

At Beira I saw hundreds of natives debarked from packed launches in which they had been brought down by sea from Sofala. Late the next afternoon they rolled into the up-country station of Villa Machado, where I was stopping. At six they inquired of my interpreter when they would go on; for nobody had told them what was to become of them. We found that they were to lie here until midnight when they would be picked up by another train. Promptly they quitted their trucks, built fires and proceeded to cook food, for they had eaten nothing since morning.

They are contracted by the Government for a year and expect to receive the customary ten shillings a month. They complain of such wages in comparison with the juicy "three pound ten" they might earn on the Rand. "Then why don't you go to the Rand to work?" "Each of us is registered in his own district and has to come when he is called out to render labor service." They have no notion whether they are to work in the mines or on farms.

These hapless natives, torn from their families and carried to an unknown destination to perform they know not what work, left out in open trucks with darkness coming on and no instructions given them as to their chances for food, drink or sleep, struck me as very forlorn.

At times I felt abashed before the wronged blacks and could hardly bear to look them squarely in the eye. Who am I that I should go about in perfect security, with money in my pocket, my rights well guarded, while *they* might be robbed or beaten or jailed with impunity? As I hobnob with the ruling privileged classes in various parts of the world I never come to feel that I have share or lot with them. I don't *belong* nor do I *wish* to belong. My place is with the masses that draw the furrow, slop the hogs, fell the trees or smooth the planks; that I happen to earn my living teaching and writing does not make them any less *my* folks.

In a flourishing cotton-growing district back of Beira I found the fifty British planters to a man opposed to forced labor. They were so pleased at the prospect of my ventilating the putrid situation that often they mustered their laborers in the yard and had their native boss question them while I took down their answers. The British had joined together and were planning to intercept the Governor coming through on the morrow and ask to be allowed to hire their own labor. They found the system of forced labor "too much like slavery" and wished it abolished. They said, "Let every native carry a pass and when he pays his tax his pass should show that he has worked for somebody six months in the course of the fiscal year. If his pass doesn't show this, let him be required to work directly for the Mozambique Company."

Now the British farmers were raising cotton under just the same conditions as their hundred Portuguese and Greek neighbors who insisted that they *could not get along* without enforced labor.

"Why do you two groups favor different policies?" I asked the Britons.

They replied that the Portuguese and Greeks gave their workers such poor food and exacted such long hours that without compulsion they would be left without laborers. Moreover, they were so short-sighted that they did not see that the flight of blacks into Rhodesia to escape Portuguese labor exactions would eventually cause a labor famine here.

These Britons (God bless 'em!) are fooling themselves; they urge *economic* objections, that being the jargon of

our time, but actually their repugnance is *moral*. For a hundred and fifty years the British people have looked at slavery and whole-heartedly rejected it. They gag at selling a man into service just as they gag at selling a girl into wifehood. These planters share this feature of British culture, so their *real* objection to forced labor is "too much like slavery."

After eleven weeks with Africa's labor problem certain things became very plain to me. The black will have to work and if he will not work of his own accord, he will be made to. This is not to imply that he will have to work all the time, or work for another, or work for a pittance. A government that puts down inter-tribal warfare, maintains order and security, provides highways, fights off diseases, and beats the tsetse-fly must have revenue. Considering the male savage's bent for leaving all work to his women, I see nothing wrong in requiring him to work at least a quarter of the year. If he has done that much honest-to-God work on *his own* fields, well and good; if not, he may properly be required to work that much for the Government or for some private employer.

I am in accord with the distinguished Colonel Freire d'Andrade who, when he was High Commissioner of Portuguese Africa, took the position that not more than three months of labor should be required of a native in a year, that labor on one's own farm should count, that forced labor should be properly paid for, and that the native who has rendered it should feel secure for the rest of the year.

My Report and the Reaction Thereto

In July, 1925, four hundred copies of my sixty-folio-page report, *The Employment of Native Labor in Portuguese Africa*, arrived in Geneva and was laid before the Temporary Slavery Commission of the League of Nations. Thereupon it became a public document and drew world-wide attention. Wrote a Protestant clergyman from Portugal toward the end of August:

We were very interested to read about Dr. Ross's report and of his findings in P.E.A. and Angola. There have been comments against the report in the Lisbon papers. It is also interest-

ing to note that one of the Lisbon papers published an article, before Mr. Ross's report came out, saying that there was a "slavery or forced labour" in Angola. But the greater number of Portuguese papers have denied that there are such conditions existing in Angola. I do not know what the attitude of the Board is regarding the "forced labour" question, or even of the attitude of other missionary societies working in P.E.A. and Angola. This however is clear to me, that we are in for a fight. There seems to be no solution to the problem; it has come to a head and must be fought to the finish. We are repeating the story of the Belgian Congo.

The Portuguese attitude is this—that generally in every case he [Ross] was entertained by missionaries, and they say that information must have been given him by those who entertained him. One paper here even went so far as to say that the missionaries were "vultures" for disclosing information.

From an observer in Geneva early in September came word:

I am convinced that it will have a great effect: the Portuguese Government, as I know from General d'Andrade's activities, has been deeply stirred by it, and, whilst it is endeavoring to put as good a face as possible on the matter, it seems also to be taking some action in the colonies themselves.

You will be interested to know, that at General d'Andrade's request, copies were sent to the Governors of Angola and Mozambique, as well as to several of the Ministers at Lisbon.

The leading newspaper of Portuguese West Africa, *El Comercio de Angola*, on October 15th carried an interview with the superintendent of Protestant missions in Loanda from which I excerpt:

"As to the question raised by Dr. Ross regarding slavery in Angola, what can you say to the *Comercio de Angola*?"

"That question has no importance. The Portuguese Government has proofs to discount Dr. Ross' declarations, because the Portuguese Government does not treat the natives badly, therefore Dr. Ross cannot present proofs of grave accusations against it."

"But who is Dr. Ross?"

"I do not know his character. I only know that he appears to want to gather fame by false accusations. He went to Russia,

Mexico and China, writing books about these countries that please no one."

A week later the paper printed an interview with the American Consul in which he says:

"Dr. Ross, when he arrived in Loanda, came to pay his respects at the Consulate saying that he had come to Angola to admire its beauties and historical ruins. He did not bring with him any credentials from the American Government. With surprise I learned that Dr. Ross's object in coming to Angola was not that which he had declared to me but quite different. He went here and there drawing out from the natives declarations which are not true."

"But Dr. Ross presented his report, strengthened by 19 signatures?"

"As a professor and a noted man he found, naturally, some individuals who signed his report. Believers in him who, I am convinced, did not even read his report."

"But is it really a fact that Dr. Ross has influence?"

"He will have influence because he is a professor in a university. Then he is a person who wishes notoriety. He is very foolish."

"But Dr. Ross does not prove the accusations which he makes?"

"No, nor can he prove them because in Angola the native is well-treated. But, independent of everything, I know that the native is well-treated, and that the Portuguese laws defend the rights of the native."

"Dr. Ross could have easily formulated questions that obliged the natives to reply to him according to his desires. And instead of asking them mildly, 'Do you like the Portuguese?' to which they would have replied, 'Yes,' Dr. Ross asked them forcibly, 'You do not like the Portuguese?' to which I am certain they replied immediately, 'No.'"

A sweet specimen of true-blue American—this Consul! Me—asking a native whether he "liked the Portuguese"!

Some of the missionaries condemned their American brethren for having called me in. From the Swiss Mission in Lourenço Marques came the formal protest:

That several, a good many, of the facts collected are true, no one will deny; but then why not bring them before the Higher

Authorities of this country, or before the Authorities in Lisbon, and why is it necessary to bring the Missions to the front as it is done. . . . It is all very well to poke a stick into a bee hive and to go away, but it is well also to think of those who have to remain and must do their work, who will get all the stings. . . . We cannot understand that the names of the secretaries of the missionary societies and associations are attached to such a report, and that, without taking the advice of the Missionary Association which is working in this province.

We have confidence in the Portuguese Government and if these gentlemen had taken the trouble to speak with the Authorities they would have obtained their aim better—and without doing harm to the missionary cause, which is God's cause.

Do you see? Religion a "dope"! These soul-savers are not greatly concerned how much others suffer in *this* world. I've never found American missionaries taking this attitude.

In September an Englishman waiting for porters in a Portuguese East African post was told by the Commandant that until that year their roads had been kept up chiefly by the native women but that the last year an "interfering American came out here and made a fuss about it with the result that very explicit orders have come through from Lisbon that *no women are to be called for this work.*"

Early in 1926 a Rhodesian missionary who had been very helpful to me wrote me of a talk he had had with a Portuguese Commandant:

He referred to a long conference among the Portuguese East African officials "chiefly because of the report of that man Ross who was here last year." He told me that there is no possibility of doing away with forced labor for Government work, but that all other forced labor would be done away with at the end of this year. He said further, "Of course the report is exaggerated (tho it appeared to me that he had not seen the actual report!) but he forgot to put in some things that are worse than the things he mentioned." "I could tell some things about the forced cultivation of land on the Zambesi that are worse than anything in the Report."

Six months later the Commandant informed him forced labor for private parties would cease not at the end of 1926, but at the end of 1927. In February, 1927, my friend wrote:

The Portuguese are still boiling, it appears, over your Report. Two friends of mine on a hunting trip in Angola were detained by the Commandant because he thought they were "Ross agents." There is a strong feeling against Protestant missionaries, *especially American*, and the Lisbon Government has decided to again heavily subsidize Catholic Missions here with the avowed object of keeping out the Protestants.

An important missionary official quartered in Geneva who visited Angola in the autumn of 1931 wrote me:

I had ten days in Angola, attending the Annual United Conference of the various Protestant missionary societies held at Dondi. . . . I was told by several of the missionaries that, though they had suffered a large amount of embarrassment following the publication of your report, they believed that the net effect of your investigations in Angola was distinctly beneficial. That there was an immediate improvement in labour conditions and in the administration of some of the worst officials, big and little. It was evident that the Portuguese public believed that something was going to happen after the publication of your report and that when after waiting for a number of months nothing did happen, though some of the unsatisfactory state of things returned, still conditions in general had distinctly and permanently improved. For this these missionaries consider that in large part they have you and your report to thank.

In September, 1925, the Portuguese Delegation to the Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations circulated in French and English *Some Observations on Professor Ross's Report*, a booklet of forty large pages. The Government regretted that I did not in my report reveal the identity of those persons who supplied me with information so that the High Commissioner might "verify the truth of the allegations" and "punish, if necessary, those who may have been guilty of the offenses in question." Had I acquainted the Portuguese authorities with the purpose of my journey, "they certainly would have done their best to assist him in his work." In August the Colonial Bulletin published in Lisbon had pointed out that during the period of my investigation, "there was practically no Government in Angola. The Colony was then undergoing the administrative crisis which followed upon the

first High Commissioner's resignation." Now, however, it appeared that, "the Governors of the two Colonies knew perfectly well what was going on, but they wished to give the Professor every facility and leave him entire freedom of movement."

The "whole Lisbon press protested against the conclusions of the Ross Report. There was only one exception: one paper not only upheld the Professor's statements, but went farther and asserted the existence of slavery in our Colonies. It should, however, be added that this paper was inspired from Moscow."

No great originality about *that* song!

I reported that the natives do not get the four-fifths of their wages remitted up-country to be paid them by their *administrador* and, if they ask for it, are threatened with the *chicote*. "When the Professor heard the natives complain of such treatment, he would have done both them and the administration a great service if he had advised them to send or take their complaints to the competent authority. The courts of Portugal and of her Colonies are independent. . . ."

Bah! To suggest to the native such a recourse against official oppression when even a British planter of means cannot protect himself from manifold persecution for having given me information! They advise a native whose wages have been embezzled by his *chefe de posto* with a dozen armed sepoys at his disposal, who cannot read or write, who speaks only Umbundu and whose total worldly possessions would not bring fifty cents, to bring suit in a Portuguese court sitting hundreds of miles away!

I printed that a native studying to become a pastor-teacher had told me, "I have seen a woman with a young child bound on her back and balancing a heavy load on her head, lose her child by drowning when, in crossing a river the water grew deeper than expected and the woman was not free to use her arms to save her child."

The Portuguese comment: "Is this credible? And what was the man doing to watch the child drown without offering to help the mother? This is an unlikely story—this of a mother letting her child drown for fear of wetting her bundle."

Her bundle! When, as I showed, it is the case of a passing Portuguese trader *forcing* these women to carry for nothing his bundles of trade goods! What would have happened to the woman who let his goods drop into the river in order to save her baby?

Did my report achieve any lasting good? *I doubt if it has improved by one iota the lot of the blacks.* The resources of a modern government, working secretly hand-in-glove with well-organized powerful business interests and the jackal newspapers in neutralizing a single simple disclosure of the truth, which has no monied interest behind it to follow it up with other disclosures and to foment an agitation, can hardly be overestimated. Then, too, the post-war public, jaded with horrors, was incapable of reacting as did the pre-war world to the revelations concerning the Belgian Congo.

CHAPTER XXI

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

August, 1929

IN Cape Town from the visitors' gallery of the Parliament Chamber I studied the faces of the Boer members, then from the opposite side I scanned the faces of the British. The countenances of the former are more rugged, those of the British are softer in outline; but I found nothing to choose between the two. As I gazed I breathed a prayer for the repose of the soul of the great British Liberal, Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who made it possible for these fine peoples to co-operate harmoniously in one commonwealth.

The Premier, General Jan Smuts, had me to lunch and I found myself at grips with a master intellect. Although a stranger to sociology, he showed keen interest in what I had to tell him.

In the Diamond Office at Kimberley my eyes feasted upon \$900,000 worth of uncut diamonds, five thousand stones, a child's pailful! The natives in the diggings get from two to five shillings a day, besides five shillings a carat for diamonds they find. One old Negro miser was pointed out to me who had come to be worth \$15,000. All save half or more of their wages, for they are well protected from the harpies which in some centers of native toil quickly strip the black "boy" of his earnings.

At Johannesburg I surveyed from end to end (98 miles) the world-famous outcrop of gold-bearing ore (the "Rand") while accompanying Ray Phillips, the American Y.M.C.A. secretary, on his rounds among the "compounds," redistributing the films shown the natives on the open-air screen the evening before. For to brighten life for the 185,000 Negro underground workers living in the sixty compounds his As-

sociation projects wholesome films every evening in each compound. I inspected the two-deck bunk-houses of these workers, their corn-meal mush, beans, hominy, meat, etc., cooked in huge steam caldrons, their hospitals marvelously clean and efficient. Seventy thousand of the "boys" are from Portuguese East Africa. Here was a long line of new arrivals and there a file of time-expired men about to be conducted to the frontier. Many of the incomers were in loin-cloth while the outgoers sported every variety of flash hat, shoes, blanket, sarong, se-rape, singlet, trousers, shirt and jacket. Some of the exhibits of individual taste in attire were startling.

I found good the food the "boys" get, although it costs but thirteen cents a day! No wonder the native puts on weight during his term of service and his face wears a good-natured smile! Black leaders assured me that the provisions for the natives' welfare are so reasonable and elaborate that there is very little they can "kick" about. On the streets of Johannesburg, however, they may be maltreated by the Boer police, some of whom "have it in for" the blacks. Moreover, not a few return from the damp and chill mine galleries with the seeds of tuberculosis in them.

In a first-aid station where underground workers have their cuts and bruises attended to I was touched to see the care and gentleness with which the British doctors dressed their wounds. The "boys" save well and everything is done to keep their money secure for them until they leave. So long as they are within the Union they are safe from sharks. They get about one hundred and fifty dollars above lodging and keep for their year's work and what they save out of this serves often to set them up in life. That work on the Rand has not a bad name is shown by the fact that many sign on again and again. I quizzed thirty-one P.E.A. "boys" in the school-room of a mine compound, I being the only white present. Three were in their first term of service, six in their second, five in their third, ten in their fourth, the rest had served still oftener.

The moment the "boys" reënter Portuguese Africa the kites swoop down. At the customs they are robbed in the exchange of their money and in one case I found them paying *three times* as much to ride in an open truck on my train as I paid

to ride in a first-class compartment. The ubiquitous Indian trader entices them with all sorts of gimcracks and shames the reluctant "boy" into buying by presenting him with some knick-knack. Women hang about the compound where these sex-famished men stay overnight, get them to drinking and rob them while they are under the influence of Venus and Bacchus. Many reach home after their first term of service richer in experience but not in much else.

With but one exception the agents of the Witwatersrand Labor Recruiting Association and those in charge of the compounds impressed me as sturdy, honest Britishers, very unlike the Portuguese officials I had been meeting. Their attitude toward the blacks is that of the "big brother" rather than of the "nigger driver."

The hospital doctors told me how they proved to the skeptical mine managers that, in view of the cost of paying the injured miner the compensation prescribed by law, it saves money to give him a hospital treatment sufficiently long and thorough to make him well if he can be made well. Thus it is cheaper to work over the miner whose spine has been dislocated in an accident until he regains the management of his legs, than to discharge him a cripple for life for whom heavy compensation will have to be paid. And how much better for the miner!

Inspired by the visit and recommendations of our General Gorgas, the mine doctors, in cahoots with their brethren in the Government Sanitation Department, joined in laying down to the mine managers just how the hospitals must be equipped and run and how the miners must be cared for; *and the managers gave in!* These physicians, mere salaried employees of the forty mining companies, have the "watch-dogs of capital" cowed and go ahead with no interference from the mine managers.

Medical men of the Rand, I uncover before you!

On the Gold Coast of Johannesburg I spent hectic afternoons whirled from tea to tea in the spacious homes of mine managers getting from \$20,000 to \$50,000 a year. I met certain big men at a three-o'clock tea in one home, others at a four-o'clock tea in another, and still others at a five-o'clock

tea in a third. I brought on indigestion trying to appease hostesses when already filled with tea and sandwiches! When I feel it well to turn graven image my "I" withdraws to about an eighth of an inch behind my countenance, leaving the latter vacant and illegible. I needed this "poker face" as I listened to sophistries and misrepresentations I had been warned of in advance. *Ouf*, what a relief to get back among the social workers and be myself! I found a thrill in thus passing to and fro between the opposing lines—afternoons with managers, evenings with probation officers, university professors or native welfare workers.

On my third day in Angola I had stopped in the upcountry town of Melange. At the one hotel I could get only a room reached through another guest's room. When at dusk I sought asylum from the rising mosquitoes I found the other man had locked his room and thoughtlessly taken the key with him, so I had to wait about and submit to being bitten by infected mosquitoes. Hence, during my last afternoon in the drawing-rooms of Johannesburg I felt feverish. On the night train down to Lourenço Marques I was dreadfully ill and rolled into town scarcely able to sit up. Dr. Cramer met me with a Portuguese physician, I was shot full of quinine solution and the next forenoon I was up and about. Four years passed before in Bangkok I had my next bout with malaria.

The best disinterested minds in South Africa confided much to me which stands small chance of getting into their public prints and the picture thus built up in my mind is far from rosy. The bulk of the South African whites have been made work-shy by the plentifulness of cheap Kaffir labor. As a rule, each is for himself and there is little team-work. Thanks to the "grab-and-git" spirit that possesses diamond-hunters and gold-diggers, their sense of the future is shockingly weak. I suspect that the American community is as much concerned over what may happen to it in fifty years as is the South African community over what may happen to it in thirty years.

As for the natives, although land was reserved for them in Cape Colony and Natal, not one clod was set aside for them in the two Boer republics; they were all to become slaves of the whites. Native leaders observe sarcastically, "Once we had

the land and you had the Bible, now *you* have the land and *we* have the Bible!" Bribe by alien capitalists the Boer Government, in the closing decades of the last century, alienated the land in Northern Transvaal to land companies at from 17 to 27 cents an acre. There is no requirement as to "occupation," nor can these lands be taxed, so the land lies insolently idle awaiting appreciation. Thus, with a truly barbarian lack of foresight, the Boers let speculators lock up the natural resources of the country. I heard much about the "poor whites," who number 160,000, a tenth of the white population of the Union. I was told they are a product of the isolation of the back veldt and the laziness begotten of dependence on Kaffir. I wonder how much they are due to the monstrous land monopoly that blights this young country! After seeing how public lands were disposed of in Argentina and South Africa, I deem our Homestead Act of 1862 the most beneficent piece of legislation in all history.

"Democracy" in South Africa is just white oligarchy and, in view of the way the blacks, nearly four times as numerous as the whites, are coming forward, I doubt if it can last. How can this ever become a "white man's country" in the sense that Australia or Canada is? The natives have great physical stamina and are very prolific. It is not at all certain that their minds are inferior to those of the whites. Even without schooling they are rapidly absorbing the white man's ways and wants; in time they will take over and wield his culture. Every year they cut deeper into the field of employment and activity of the white element and its fate seems certain unless it is shielded by an extremely artificial system of impounding the blacks upon their own areas.

The idea in this is to settle the natives on adequate reservations where they shall have land enough to meet their needs and allow for their natural increase, and shall enjoy a measure of self-government under the general control of the white man's State. The rest of the country would be at the disposal of the whites. Organized labor, speaking for 150,000 white town wage-earners, wants a secure sphere for white expansion to be created by barring natives from the industries of the towns and letting white working-men take the whole field. At

present the blacks are to the whites on the Rand as ten to one and are paid about a fourth of the white man's wage.

Naturally this proposal horrifies the industrialists, business men and professional men generally, who would thus be cut off from cheap native labor. The Union confronts the situation our Pacific Slope confronted fifty-seven years ago in the Chinese question. But I suspect that the whites of South Africa are far behind the Californians of "seventy-nine" in social foresight—and God knows *they* were no paragons!

The friends of the natives are not against segregation if put through honestly. *If* enough good land were set aside for the use of the natives and were not allowed to be poached on by the whites on any pretext, and *if* the natives' children were trained in the schools to make the proper use of such lands, then segregation might be reasonable. But the farmers are used to cheap Kaffir labor and never once in their lives have they thought of working their fields with their own arms; so they will object to the natives having *enough* land set aside, or *good* land, and will oppose their being taught how to make the most from their land. By "making this a white man's country" the South African farmers mean not peopling the country-side with whites, but the whites pocketing about all that the country can be made to produce. Few whites are so concerned over the prospects of their posterity that they will resign themselves to hiring dear white labor or doing their work themselves.

I foresee that, no matter how much land may be set aside for the natives in reservations, they will soon fill it up and need more, for the Government gives the natives the benefit of its mastery of disease and suppresses the inter-tribal massacres which formerly swept away population increase when it became annoying. The natives, of course, will not realize that this *death control* practised by the whites on their behalf should be offset by a *birth control* practised by themselves. The latter calls for more forethought and consideration for woman than the Kaffirs have ever shown. So the native reservations will eventually become Puerto Ricos, so overcrowded and poverty-stricken that it will be no longer practicable to keep the natives penned up on them.

In Cape Town I dined at the beautiful home of a University of Wisconsin graduate. He was thinking of sending his two sons back to his *alma mater* for their education. "But why send them away when you have good universities right here?" I asked. "I want them to get their education in the States, where their future lies." "You don't see a future for them in South Africa?" "No, in the end the blacks will take it."

In the Union capitalists rule as in no other English-speaking commonwealth. Shrewdly they play white wage-earners against black, town laborers against farmers, Boer farmers against British farmers, so that their opponents can form no strong political combination. Free from prejudices as to color, race, language, or national origin, Capital bends everything to just one end, *viz.*, *getting to absentee stockholders the maximum dividends*, and is wonderfully successful in achieving it. The newspapers support Capital's side of every question and keep in brisk circulation its stock of clever myths, sophistries and lies. They hold their working-class readers by politeness, a sympathetic tone, a judicial air and cheap popularity stunts. By such means they confirm their dupes in the delusion that the opinion of visitors or new-comers on their race question or land question is valueless, so there is no need to take it into account.

Thus the bulk of South Africans are persuaded to live complacently in "a fool's paradise"!

CHAPTER XXII

THE UNIQUENESS OF INDIA

October, 1924—January, 1925; February, 1929

I RECONNOITERED India October, 1924—January, 1925, with Dr. R. M. Cramer, a New York physician with whom I had spent ten weeks in Mexico in the summer of 1922. Four years later I made a three-weeks tour in India with the Floating University. I published two articles on India, *The United States of India, Sociological Observations in India*. During my hundred days in India I met everybody I craved to meet and probed anything that stirred my interest. I attended a vice-regal state dinner at Delhi at which I sat next to Lloyd George's daughter, the famed Miss Megan. I conferred with all the chief nationalist leaders, talked with the key men in the Government of India, lunched with the Governors-General of Bengal and Madras, nine times addressed university audiences, was put up at the Guest House of the native states of Baroda and Mysore, and peered into the most acute social conditions India presents.

Unsought favors came my way which I cannot account for. Down the Ganges Valley I found myself always the sole occupant of a first-class compartment about fourteen feet long, a leather upholstered berth on each side, two cane-seated rockers at one end and at the other a toilet and a bathroom with bath-tub and shower. The compartment was intended to accommodate four passengers at night and eight by day. As I was passed from city to city in such state I commented to a station-master on the fewness of first-class passengers. He said, "We have orders to put nobody in the compartment with you."

Four per cent of the Indian population are Brahmans, and many of them have the most beautiful and intelligent counte-

nances I have ever seen. They must be scions of a choice "European" stock that from long sojourn in the sun-smitten peninsula have become darkened owing to better survival of the more pigmented variants. A zoölogist told me that at birth children of Kashmiri (the Vale of Kashmir is one mile up and in the extreme north) *pundit* families are very light, but that gradually they darken. Such families settled on the plains gradually deepen in hue even when there has been no mixing with the sooty aboriginal races.

I inquired of the Parsees in Bombay, "When you visit Persia do you notice any difference in hue between yourselves and your former compatriots?"

"Yes, we are darker."

"Do you attribute that to your ancestors having intermarried with the dark peoples of India, or to the cumulative effects of the Indian sun?"

"It must be the latter for our ancestors have been very careful never to marry their children outside the Parsee community."

Watching religious devotees bathing in the sacred Ganges at Benares, I was struck by the range of shades to be seen. Some might pass for creole white, other bathers are as dark as pure Negroes. These contrasts in hue are not linked with other marks of race, but depend on occupation. The darkest are boatmen, coolies, cultivators; they and their ancestors have always worked in the sun. The lightest are of the merchant or scholar caste, who work indoors. In general the Brahmans—priests and professional men from time immemorial—have lighter skins. It would seem as if prolonged exposure to the fierce Indian sun stimulates the deposit of a protective pigment not only in the exposed skin but all over the body; *and that this pigmentation is transmitted to offspring*. This implies the transmission of acquired characters and, since the geneticists unanimously reject the idea, I just don't know what to think.

I visited Montgomery in Central Punjab where ex-service men are being settled on newly irrigated land. I entered in my notes: "Most of them look to me like typical 'Aryans' who have become pigmented in skin, hair and eyes. They are tall,

broad-shouldered, lean, sinewy, with well-shaped heads, strongly molded features, straight prominent noses, and short upper lips. They move with a regal step and bear the head proudly. As I pass through the bazaar I am continually returning military salutes offered me whithersoever I look. These Central Punjabis are surely one of the kingliest breeds on earth; only climate could have pigmented them so deeply."

As formerly in tropical South America, I found that sex thirst is sharpened by the vertical sun. A British missionary told me that when, in conference with native pastors, teachers and workers, he urged them not to load their wives down with so many children, they replied: "You may be able to practise conjugal abstinence in chilly England, but in this climate it can't be done, nor would our wives tolerate it." Here is a matter which calls for monographic treatment by a competent field anthropologist.

India demonstrates the futility of all ameliorative policies which ignore population tendency. A native professor pointed out to me that before the advent of British rule a crop failure would from time to time sweep away a large part of the local population. Thereupon, thanks to this thinning, there would be for a generation or two a sufficiency of land, a concentration of agricultural effort on the better soils, and a burst of prosperity which lingered long in the memories of men as "the good old time." Nowadays, what with easy movement of grain by rail and the setting up of government famine-relief works, none starve when the crops have failed, but the price of food elsewhere rises and all India shares the burden. There is therefore no local rarefaction of population and hence no let-up in the struggle of the masses to keep alive.

Of old war would so thin the human stand that the survivors, having plenty of good land to till, would enjoy a brief gleam of prosperity. But by suspending the action of war, famine and infectious disease, the British with the best of intentions have curbed the agencies which in earlier times brought numbers into correspondence with resources. Consequently, poverty is believed to be more general, grinding and unrelenting now than it was under the better Mogul Emperors! "Good government" sacrifices the *quality* of hu-

man life to *quantity*—just as American sanitary success has done in Puerto Rico.

Nowhere does the need of birth control shriek at you as it does in India. If population had stood still in the last forty years instead of shooting up forty millions, the betterment in the lot of the masses might by now be evident. But, in the absence of birth control, most of the efforts to raise the plane of living are inexorably nullified by the blind growth of numbers. Tens of thousands of noble men and women are breaking their hearts trying to carry water in a sieve!

Nor is it of any use to urge Indian wedded couples to limit their intercourse to the "sterile" period of the wife's menstrual month. To that the climate utters an emphatic "No!" I fear generations must pass before the pressure of India's population on her resources will be greatly lessened. In the meantime, other peoples which are restricting their births in correspondence with their success in overcoming the lethal diseases must harden their hearts and block any discharge of India's surplus in their direction. The same holds for the other Asiatic peoples. To allow them to unload on the flourishing peoples the human surplus they blindly persist in producing would only encourage them to postpone the application of the one remedy for their distress which is simple, effective and within everybody's reach!

I got to know well a professor of economics in the University of Bombay, a learned and competent man who had passed four years at Oxford. As a Jain, he looked upon all life as equal and immortal. He knew no God and uttered no prayers, but aspired to get the better of the animal in us. He would partake of no animal food, not even milk or eggs. He felt so strongly the lure of the ascetic life that he was thinking of turning *sunnyasi*, i.e., leaving wife and children to go about preaching to the common people fundamental sociological truths and living on whatever they care to give him. He was sure he could subsist on five dollars a month. I begged him to leave to men of lesser gifts the casting of sociological truths into popular form and teaching them to the masses.

Descendants of refugee fire-worshippers from Persia, the Parsees of Bombay will not commit their dead either to Fire

or Earth; but in the "Towers of Silence" they expose the corpses to be devoured by vultures! Letting the corpse of a dear one be torn to shreds and swallowed by a flock of noisome birds is beyond me!

I fell in with a rich Bombay merchant who had been knighted by the Indian Government for a generous gift to a college. He explained to me that he had learned to address his prayers to Siva rather than to Lord Krishna because the former *answered prayer with greater promptitude*.

"Siva gives you quicker action on your petition," he insisted. O Divine efficiency!

In physique the average inhabitant of the Gangetic plains is a "poor shrimp." An engineer who had had experience with labor the world over told me that of all the workers he had known the Indians are the weakest. Depressing climate? Why, then, should a Chinese carpenter in Bombay earn five rupees while Indian carpenters at his side will earn but two? Men of science I consulted laid it to *breeding from immature females*. Children born to a girl before her organism has reached its full development will be not only ill-grown and skinny, but, if child-bearing is not interrupted long enough to enable her body to recuperate, the later children will be born thin and weak also. Dr. Cramer found the average weight of babies born at a lying-in hospital he visited in Delhi to be three pounds!

Child-marriage grew up centuries ago when the Mohammedans were imposing their yoke upon India. Since any unmarried female might be taken by a Moslem warrior for his harem but he was not permitted to take a man's wife, the Hindus resorted to the device of marrying their children at a very early age and having the couple enter upon sex relations as soon as the girl menstruated.

"If early reproduction has such disastrous results with humans," I asked, "why are wild animals, which breed just as soon as Nature gives them the impulse, so strong and hardy?"

"The female animal," they replied, "never lets herself be covered unless she is vigorous enough to be in heat, whereas the Indian child-wife is simply outraged again and again."

What a blessing it would be if the peoples of India could release the features of their social system from the paralyzing clutch of religion! They ought to drop social customs and institutions answering to by-gone situations; yet such proposals are rejected with heat because the ignorant masses have been led to imagine that their eternal salvation is at stake. How much brighter would be their prospect of mundane happiness if quietly skepticism spread among them!

Only after this close-up of India do I realize how much we Americans have to be thankful for. We have but one major *social* problem left, *viz.*, that of white-negro relations; all the rest have been solved, or are in the way of being solved. How hopeless would be our outlook if, in addition to our head-breaking *economic* problems, we had four or five great social customs dividing us and holding us in unnatural or strained personal relations!

In the South Indian state of Mysore a Brahman geologist, a Cambridge M.S., after showing me about for an afternoon said, "I'd like to have you dine at my home, but my parents would hold up their hands in horror if I brought to our table one not of our caste." While I was staying at the State Guest House, Srikantiya, a fine-looking Brahman, was assigned to show me about in a state automobile. He thought nothing of driving me off a hundred miles to show me a dam or a state breeding-farm. As we rolled up to the Guest House one noon I invited him to lunch with me. He declined, "It would be breaking caste."

I knew that he felt about caste as I did, so I asked,

"Just what would that imply?"

"If I should eat this once with you my wife and I would be expelled from our caste; none of the families we now associate with would call upon us or receive us; when the time came to seek a wife for my son or a husband for my daughter I just wouldn't know where to turn. The only people who would have anything to do with us would be the excommunicated."

We grinned understandingly at one another.

"Oh, well, under the circumstances. . . ."

This that Srikantiya told me sticks in my mind like a burr:

"We strict Brahmans bathe three times a day—on getting up, at midday and at sundown. On the river each caste has its appointed bathing-place, we highest up of course, the untouchables farthest down. Now if, on returning from my bath in a clean fresh garment I meet an untouchable, I should have to go back to the river and bathe again. The untouchable knows this, so if he sees me coming along the path he drops in the grass or hides behind a tree till I have passed."

In South India I perceived the source of the British upper-class rite of the daily cold bath, so little cleansing and so unsuitable to the raw British climate. The British in India took it over from the Brahmans, for they couldn't allow themselves to be outdone in cleanliness by their subjects, and from them the British upper classes took it over as a class badge!

I still chuckle over a missionary's tale. In a Madras mission boys'-school the Brahman parents of three of the new boys forbade their eating with other boys, so a screen was put about their table in the dining-room. But the lads missed the fun going on at the big tables; so, when they went home at the end of the first term, they raised such a clamor against their being "outcast" from the other boys that their parents had to consent to their sitting at the common table!

Caste is still a fetter on choice of mate, but not so much on eating and fellowship. I heard of many inter-caste groupings the members of which freely eat together. A Madrassi told me that the sub-castes below the Brahmans will eat together but will not intermarry. The Brahmans, however, will not even eat with members of these other castes. Among non-Brahmans are at least twenty important well-defined castes.

Of late the drift toward Christianity has been slowing down owing to relaxation of the strictness of the caste system. Not so many turn Christian in order to escape their low caste. There is more sympathy between higher castes and lower; special efforts are put forth on behalf of the untouchables; the rise of nationalist sentiment inspires more confidence in India's own religious traditions; the World War disillusioned many as to the worth of Western civilization.

If young people were free to choose mates, caste lines would presently be broken down. The youth are being consulted

more than formerly, to be sure, but still they have no opportunity to meet and talk together and fall in love. Inter-dining is spreading rapidly but not intermarriage.

About 10 per cent of the Brahmans eat with any one they care to and marry their daughters at 14-17, yet are not excommunicated. In government-aided schools the teacher is not allowed to make any distinction between children on account of caste. If an inspector catches him standing in the doorway of his school-room teaching, with his caste pupils inside and the non-caste pupils squatting on the veranda, the government subsidy is withdrawn. Occasionally the Brahmans take their children out and set up schools of their own. In one such subsidized school out of two hundred only twenty (all of them untouchables) are left. In time, no doubt, the castes will yield.

The principal of a woman's college in Mysore who at forty-five is a great-grandmother, told me she does not look forward to a time when the young people will enjoy freedom of matrimonial choice. The climate simply will not allow the deferring of marriage to an age when they can be trusted to select their own mates. Moreover, the parents dare not risk the freedom of association between young people of opposite sex which falling in love and courtship presuppose; there would be too many illegitimate births. Another reason why the bearing of the vertical sun upon human sex desire needs the light of science shed upon it.

In this college I found one lone woman student being taken through Milton's sonnets. Three were in a class in Sidgwick's *Elements of Politics*, which I taught and discarded twenty-eight years before. In a library containing one hundred and fifty well-chosen works on economics I found not one work on sociology save Spencer's *Study of Sociology*! Sociology, styled "the American science," is disfavored by the governing British; it raises too many questions.

The spoiledest creatures I know are the temple cattle which haunt the bazaars of an Indian city. Often I patted their heads as I passed and they bore my caress with condescension. If a cow sees fit to lie down and ruminate in the middle of a 12-foot street, the traffic squeezes by her as best it can. If she

helps herself to the stock of a green-grocer, the poor wight looks on in anguish as his livelihood disappears into her maw but he never takes a stick to her. Bulls and cows couple in the crowded bazaar and nobody takes notice. The bulls are mild of temper, never harm a human being. The oxen drawing loads almost never show signs of distress; they seem to pull only as they feel like it. At the tail of every cart is suspended a clump of wood which rests on the ground and supports the back of the load when the oxen stop. The Punjab settlers, when half-wild jungle cattle come and ravage their crops, will not kill or beat them, but repeatedly drive them far away even when they return again and again!

In the state of Mysore there is an asylum for bovine invalids. When oxen no longer fit for the yoke are offered for sale the Brahmans, in order to save them from the butchers who cater to Moslem or European beef-eaters, buy them up and turn them into a huge fenced natural pasture where they die of natural infirmities or old age, and are then eaten by the untouchables. Nothing infuriates the vegetarian Hindus like the cow sacrifice in which a Mohammedan group occasionally indulges. Slaughter-houses have to be screened by a high wall so that the religious feelings of the Hindus shall not be exacerbated by the spectacle of the venerated creatures being butchered.

Such are the fruits of the doctrine of transmigration.

In Calcutta I was taken through the wonderful laboratory of Sir Jagadis Bose, the world-famed botanist. He had devised a heat-registering apparatus so delicate that it threw a fit if I walked past; it made me feel like a rolling-mill in full operation! Then he presented me to plants so sensitive that they fainted away if I so much as looked severely at them!

I talked with everybody who is anybody about *Swaraj*, or self-government, and became convinced that it is dreadfully unnatural for India to be ruled from London when she has an élite qualified to give her as good government as the British are giving her. I was shocked by a certain timidity of manner I encountered in many of the finely cultivated native gentlemen—they had been snubbed so often they weren't quite sure how I might take them! Terribly unmanning it must be to

one of great gifts to realize that no matter how able, patriotic or right he may be, it is always *the foreigner* who decides. I doubt if the Indian élite can get much further culturally unless they gain a far larger rôle than they now have in molding the destinies of their country.

A century ago treaties would be made between British officials and native potentates as equals; but steadily, inexorably, they are all sinking into a uniform subjection. The civil population is disarmed as never before. "I doubt," exclaimed to me an indignant English bishop, "if *any* people should be made as helpless as these people have been made!" Thanks to the Arms Act the authorities know the location of every firearm in native hands. While nothing but sticks and clods are left the natives to fight with, they are menaced with the most terrible engines of death—tanks, armored cars, machine-guns, bombing aëroplanes. Moreover, by means of wireless masts at every fort, the heads of police and troops all over the peninsula communicate as if they sat about one table! A noble English educator said to me: "The clutch of this Government is all-pervasive. You cannot dream how it really is. A few political crimes by youthful hotheads will bring under suspicion every social worker in Bengal. The police will get him or he will be blackmailed. Indians cannot find a place where they can take their own initiative and work out their own salvation. Spies dog one everywhere; I have caught them with their hands in my desk. This is one of the best Governments in the world, many of the officials fairly work their heads off; yet it doesn't fit."

An Indian professor of economics observed, "Year by year we are losing in initiative."

"How can that be," I asked. "This British dominion has been here a long time. Why should it produce fresh effects?"

"The bureaucratic machine constantly touches our lives at more and more points, so that the sphere of matters left open to us to settle for ourselves is ever narrower. Unless our bright, ambitious young men pursuing higher studies can look forward to controlling some bits of this huge machine, they will lose initiative and become more and more emasculated."

I fell in with Captain S—, a young officer with a socialized

personality but with the conventional ideas of the pig-sticking, polo-playing type. He had read only trash—the *Times of India*, *The Sketch Book*, and *The Tailor*. He thought the British would be here forever, claimed there would be no nationalist sentiment but for “agitators.” He was quite unaware that there were Indians ten times as well educated as he was. He had never heard of the British outrages that stand out in the minds of Indians, like the “crawling order” in Amritsar, or of the British aviator who turned his machine-gun on innocent wedding parties.

To such as he the élite of India must bend the neck!

Since I was in India its Government has become Federal (thereby fulfilling the prediction in my *Century* [December, 1923] article, “The United States of India”). The provinces have complete self-government and certain “transferred subjects have been handed over to the Parliament at Delhi while certain “reserved subjects” are retained by the British Parliament; among those are international relations, foreign trade, finance and defense. Thus there is every security that the enormous revenue British capitalists draw from India will not be disturbed.

In the governing element in India I noticed a considerable resort to bluff—not in the ordinary British civil servants, to be sure, but in the higher-ups. The swanky British take pains to spread the impression that bluffing is purely an American vice. The fact is they bluff as much as pretentious Americans do, *only they conceal it better*. Moreover, they hold their poses longer and more consistently than we do and are likely to resent more than we do having their bluff “called.”

I was struck, too, by the perfection of their technique for handling the possibly troublesome foreign inquirer. At times I was hospitably taken in hand by little groups of important British and was much diverted to see how cleverly they backed one another's play. One would make an anti-nationalist point and the others in turn would volunteer corroborative personal testimony as artlessly as if they hadn't engaged in the same team play scores of times before!

CHAPTER XXIII

TWO BOOKS ON POPULATION

EVEN in my college days I resented my country's being made a dump for Old World alms-houses. As later I went deep into the matter my reasons changed somewhat, but not my attitude. When a distinguished American economist urged on behalf of immigration: "The cost of rearing children in the United States is rapidly rising. In many, perhaps in most, cases it is simpler, speedier and cheaper to import labor than to breed it," I saw red. When another observed: "A healthy immigrant lad of eighteen is a clear \$1,000 added to the national wealth of the United States," my gorge rose. As I turned sociologist I saw that immigration is so much more than an economic matter that only sociologists should deal with it.

During the academic year 1911-12 I went over the literature on immigration and I devoted the summer of 1912 to the field study of immigrants and their repercussions in centers all the way from Birmingham to the Iron Range of Minnesota, and from St. Louis to Vermont. I looked into the relation of the foreign-born to the labor market, the labor movement, the liquor trade, commercialized vice, the slums, the status of women, the standard of living, the public schools, the Catholic Church, the party "machines." I interviewed spokesmen and leaders of the foreign-born and natives who had much to do with the foreign-born. I collected every shade of opinion as to the bearing of immigration on this, that or the other feature of American life, but chiefly I was after significant facts as to industrial displacement, insanity, pauperism, crime, vice, school attendance, literacy, voting, citizenship, etc.

The *Century Magazine* ran in 1913-14 twelve articles by me which, in 1914, were brought out under the title, *The Old World in the New*. Doubtless it helped build up the public sentiment which resulted in the quota laws of 1921 and 1924.

Immigration should have been restricted as early as the eighties, when free land came to an end. How many ugly developments we might have been spared had there been statesman-like action then! We might have come along in the splendid way the New Zealanders have. We might have been as advanced by 1910 in the humanizing of the family, the extirpation of illiteracy, the diffusion of education, the control of vice, social insurance and the cleansing of the ballot, as we are now, a quarter of a century later.

For decades 80-90 per cent of native Americans who had ideas at all were appalled at the vast human inflow from sources ever more alien and backward; yet nothing could be done. The "open-door" forces were organized and well-handled, could pit dollars against our pennies. They were chiefly the transport companies, the coal companies, the iron and steel manufacturers, the factory owners, contractors, landlords, real estate people, the liquor trade, the commercialized vice interests and the party "machines."

As I probed I discovered the respectable appealing Front behind which lurked and schemed the avaricious Americans looking for docile laborers with a low standard of living, who would be content with a paltry wage; for aliens unspoiled by the "union" idea, who saw no harm in playing "scab" or strike-breaker; for Old-World thirsts our saloons could make money out of; for fresh, "green" girls who could be snared for our houses of prostitution; for simple-minded, foreign-born housemaids with a tradition of servility; for naturalized voters who could be brought to feel a feudal loyalty toward the corrupt political bosses who "protected" them and delivered their votes to the corporations. This Front was a few thousand idealists who insisted America must continue to be "the asylum of the oppressed everywhere." Blind to realities, they thought of the immigrant tide as largely made up of refugee liberals like Carl Schurz, instead of being—as it actually was—chiefly an economic phenomenon, a by-product of population pressure.

As the years passed the recruiting, bringing over, exploiting and manipulating of these millions showed more and more the features of a "racket." Against the ordinary shallow

view that it is fine to have a huge endless inflow of cheap servants and "hunkies" I sounded the sociologist's protest:

When a more-developed element is obliged to compete on the same economic plane with a less-developed element, the standards of cleanliness or decency or education cherished by the advanced element act on it like a slow poison. William does not leave as many children as 'Tonio, because he will not huddle his family into one room, eat macaroni off a bare board, work his wife barefoot in the field, and keep his children weeding onions instead of at school. Even moral standards may act as poison. Once the women raisin-packers at Fresno, California, were American-born. Now the American women are leaving because of the low moral tone that prevails in the working force by reason of the coming in of foreigners with lax notions of propriety. The coarseness of speech and behavior among the packers is giving raisin-packing a bad name, so that American women are quitting the work and taking the next best job. Thus the very decency of the native is a handicap to success and to fecundity.

After the appearance of my article, "The East-European Hebrews," a hot discussion broke out in the Jewish press over the question, "Is Professor Ross an anti-Semite?" Apparently my defenders prevailed over my assailants, for I have not lost my many Jewish friends. Look at Chapter VII of *The Old World in the New* and note what a balanced presentation of facts it is. It is the arrogant, cocky element among the Jews, resentful of any attitude toward their race save that of boundless admiration, that may cause anti-Semitism to grow in this country instead of dying out, as normally it should do.

The review of my book in the *New York Times* was so dishonest and venomous that I wrote the editor:

Your reviewer is so expert in mind-reading that he is sure that my conviction is not a conclusion from the great array of facts that I present, but is a "prejudice." The only justification for such a charge is evidence that the author plays fast and loose with the facts, selects only such facts as suit him, or makes forced inferences from the facts cited. The reviewer has presented no such evidence nor has he impeached any of the vast number

of allegations of fact the book contains. . . . If I were prejudiced against Italian immigrants would I point out their instinctive courtesy, their "warm expressions of gratitude" for help, the aptitude of their children in drawing and music? If I were prejudiced against Slavs would I remark upon their "splendid work courage," show their freedom from certain offensive species of knavery, and argue that morally our Slavs are better than their reputation? Were I prejudiced against East-European Hebrews would I set forth with explicitness their remarkable intelligence, their tenacity of purpose, their independence as voters, their admirable family life and their care for their own poor?

Your reviewer finds in the book "no fresh argument and little new evidence." This, indeed, is mortifying. A wide acquaintance with the literature of immigration had left me under the delusion that the establishment of a causal connection between the new immigration and the higher cost of living, yellow journalism, the spread of peonage, the social evil, juvenile delinquency and the retardation of the woman's movement threw fresh light upon the immigration question.

As regards "new evidence," no treatment of immigration more than eighteen months old can possibly have used the census of 1910 and the riches of that mine of authentic information, the 39 volumes of report of the U. S. Immigration Commission. If the reviewer regards studies based chiefly upon the content of these stout volumes as presenting "little new evidence," there is nothing to say but to regret that the Immigration Commission did not subpoena him in the first place, instead of wasting the taxpayers' money in these great field investigations.

Standing Room Only?

Beginning 1924 I published articles on current population tendencies. The *Century Magazine* printed "The Man-Stifled Orient," "Dulling the Scythes of Azrael," and "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe." In *Social Forces* appeared "Population Optimism"; in the *Journal of Applied Sociology*, "The Population Boosters"; in the *Scientific Monthly*, "How Fast Can Man Increase?"; in *The Saturday Evening Post*, "Deucalion and Company, Ltd."; in *Scribner's Magazine*, "Population Pressure and War." Finally I put out the book

Standing Room Only?, of which, in 1929, a translation was published in Germany under the title *Raum für Alle?*

It does not rehash Malthus; but stresses the immense change in the population situation created by the recent success of the scientists in isolating the germs of most of the infectious diseases, discovering the chief germ-carriers, and concocting preventive serums. Thanks to their mastery of the chief destroyers of human life, the death-rate has been cut near a half. When I won my doctor's degree in 1891 I suppose not a hundred intelligences on earth perceived clearly that every step in the conquest of disease calls for curtailment in the size of the average family if over-population is to be avoided. Now there may be fifty thousand who grasp this truth. My purpose in writing *Standing Room Only?* is to add to the number.

Needed? Look at the cheerful thoughtlessness with which Americans address themselves to conquering disease in the tropics. With immense cleverness and gusto they bring down the death-rate in Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, not in the least realizing that they are upsetting an equilibrium which may be hard to reëstablish. The dreadful plight into which the Puerto Ricans have fallen because they have been taught it would be sinful to cut down the size of their families as the American doctors cut down their mortality, demonstrates that we Americans have much to learn.

In *Standing Room Only?* I insist that what the situation imperatively calls for is "adaptive fecundity." Whether this shall be arrived at by fewer marrying, women marrying later, conjugal abstinence, restriction of conjugal intercourse to the (supposedly) "safe" sector of the wife's menstrual period, or by "contraceptive" measures, is not the sociologist's problem. As a practical man, however, let me register the conviction that through most of mankind the chief barrier against unwanted children is going to be *contraception*, or what is known as "birth control."

What would happen if we paired unconcernedly as animals pair is too distressing to contemplate. When, ages ago, human beings took to living outside their natural habitat so that they had to wear skins and tend fire in order to survive,

or when they began to till the ground and grow their food, or when they began to have the benefit of medicines and surgery, they were getting pretty far from the "natural." To contrive conjugal intercourse without impregnation is just one more departure from the "natural" and it is hard to see how it can be dispensed with. It is a preternatural *death control* which is forcing people to resort to an unnatural *birth control*.

Most curious are some of the editorial reactions to *Standing Room Only?* Forgetting that I am considering the human race, rather than just Americans, the Greenville (S. C.) *News* drew the conclusion: "The farming business ought to be perking up in a decade or two." The New Haven *Courier* made the childish remark: "We look for food enough for human beings for many years provided they spit on their hands and keep hard at it." The all-knowing Brisbane told Hearst readers: "Texas alone could feed the earth's present population with intensive cultivation, and have much left over." What an insult to the intelligence of any one who knows the rainfall map of Texas!

The *Times Herald* of Dallas replied to my demonstration that human beings are multiplying at a rate that would double the world's population in sixty years: "It merely means that for the next sixty years the world will enjoy another era of prosperity. More tools will be wanted, more leaders, more farmers, soldiers, pirates, bankers, mothers, markets for the areas to be explored." Even sillier was the conclusion of an editorial of the Detroit *Free Press*: "Starvation does not quite stare mankind in the face, and whenever this should become true, the laws of nature may be relied upon to help to strike the happy medium." The Minneapolis *Tribune* ended an editorial, "Borrowing Worry About the Human Race," with: "We suspect that the same human race which has successfully survived the crises created for it by wars, pestilence and other evils, will somehow survive whatever crises are created for it by the advance of medical science." Which quite missed the point of my book. What impends is *misery*, not *extinction*!

Perhaps the peak of ineptitude was the conclusion drawn

by the Asbury Park *Evening Press*: "If there is going to be one-half or one-fourth as much growth as Professor Ross says, there is going to be a powerful demand for real estate among our grandchildren and great-grandchildren." A writer in the *Detroit News* kindly set me right: "The professor has overlooked one of the most striking facts of history. A boy to-day has only two parents. But, going back a generation, he had four grandparents. Before that he had eight grandparents and sixteen great-grandparents and thirty-two great-great-grandparents. . . . It is perfectly obvious that there were more parents in the old days; 100 or 500 years ago the number must have been enormous."

Dr. Frank Crane's "Daily Editorial" appeared in many papers. His comment upon my showing was, "I asked a small farmer once, whose name was Bill Johnson, just how much land a man needed to make a living on. He said: 'About all he needs is room enough to stand on if he's got sense enough.'"

Now these editors were not fools; why, then, did they comment like fools? Simply because their Subconscious *could not bear* to have rigorous scientific thinking applied to the outcome of love and babies!

While my book was right as to most of the world's peoples, I was too alarmist as to American and West-European population trends. It has been shown that the age make-up of these populations is such that, *with no more resort to birth control than now exists*, their death rate is bound to rise while their birth rate is bound to fall; so that in two or three decades their problem may be *population shrinkage* rather than *population growth*.

CHAPTER XXIV
EXCERPTS FROM MY CORRESPONDENCE

A would-be foster-son

SAN FRANCISCO
March 26, 1915

I am a Korean boy who heard of you and anxious to study under your care. Let the bright sunshine will clean out the gloomy and miserable societies.

I have been here only a week, so I know nothing about school. Will you show me the way that how can I wait on you?

[Having three boys of my own to educate I did not take him on.]

From a professor of sociology in a state university

May 29, 1919

The head of the department says with great show of frankness that he is afraid something might turn up in the future that would cost him his job if he assumed responsibility for me. He does not allege that anything definite has happened. He is quite free to say that I have conducted no "propaganda" in the institution. Neither have there been any outside occasions for me to exercise my proclivities for local disturbances this year. . . . The indications are that I shall abandon the academic world with the same sort of chagrin a first-rate burglar would feel if arrested for passing a plugged nickel. I ought to have done more to earn my fate.

Why live?

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY
December 13, 1929

DEAR GOODMAN:

I am now a prospective suicide. Will you kindly send me your

philosophy of life, *i.e.*, tell why you live on, why you work day in and day out in this world of suffering and sorrow.

Replying I said:

I for one should hate to quit this world so long as there is so much beauty in it. I never tire of the beauty of young people, boys and girls equally. They seem charged with eagerness to taste life. I never go by a playground at a recess period without being reminded by the shrieks and laughter how good life may be. The beauty of boys and girls appeals to me as does that of antelopes. I have spent many vacations in the woods and believe that most of the wild creatures thoroughly enjoy their lives in normal times when they do not find it too hard to make a living. I think if the little ducks along the shore had voices, they would make the welkin ring just like the children on the playground.

*From the Superintendent of the Allegheny County (Pa.)
Schools*

December 23, 1919

Do not put off too long the writing of an auto-biographical account of the reign of terror in the intellectual field beginning about 1896. The country needs to know this and you can tell it in a convincing way. . . .

[After fourteen years I got around to it.]

Population blindness of Asiatics

September 6, 1929

DR. F. NEUHAUS

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY

. . . during my four months in Asia, talking with the most enlightened persons in every country, I met not more than two or three who could perceive that there can be no economic salvation for Asia without birth control.

The approaching crisis in the life of humanity

August 11, 1933

TO DR. O. E. BAKER

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Don't endeavor to peer into the future of our numbers further

than twelve to fifteen years. It seems to me that the spread of the knowledge of birth control confronts mankind with an absolutely new problem and no living man can predict how that problem will be met. I am not one of those who think that the birth rate will decline until we arrive at a stationary population. If fourteen births per thousand per annum be the figure for a stationary population, we can be sure that the forces which carry it down to fourteen will carry it still lower. I expect that after population is plainly declining there will rise a new religion which will make it a cardinal duty of fit individuals to marry and have at least enough children to perpetuate their line. If my anticipation is correct, it is useless to prophesy into a future that may be determined by factors now not present.

From William Allen White

June 19, 1929

. . . I was so pleased with your letter that I took it out to Mrs. White to show her what a real guy she had married; something she suspects on rare and fleeting occasions.

From Professor Giddings after reading my "Standing Room Only?"

August 9, 1927

I have been much interested in your prognostication of health and longevity, but I find myself questioning whether in your forecast you have not left out that very important factor which the late Mark Twain used to call the "God Damned Human Race." It seems to be quite clear that the scientific men will conquer the problem of stamping out epidemics, that is to say, they will know how to do it, but will the G. D. H. R. permit them to? Will not most of our commonwealths follow the example of the Pacific coast folks and make it a felony for anybody to use vaccines or serums or any other sure means of getting results? I am afraid, whatever may happen along the physiological line, we shall wait a long time before the mind of the masses will have outgrown infantilism. . . .

To the Secretary of the American Eugenics Society

September 22, 1927

. . . Interest in eugenics is almost a perfect index of one's breadth of outlook and unselfish concern for the future of our race. There is no doubt that a truly angelic society could be built up on earth with a people as gifted and well-dispositioned as the best five per cent among us. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." . . .

To the Rev. John Haynes Holmes

June 11, 1932

. . . I am afraid to associate myself with the movement for India's independence lest I should be making a mistake. When I traveled in the far interior of China in 1910 American missionaries, Y.M.C.A. workers and consuls were enthusiastic for representative institutions in China, whereas corresponding groups of British were very pessimistic as to how they would work. I determined to watch which predictions were better confirmed by events. After twenty-two years it appears that the Britons were far wiser in forecasting the working of representative institutions in an Oriental population than the Americans were.

My patriotism is set beyond all cavil

December 18, 1917

I, the undersigned, Ambassador of the United States of America at Petrograd, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit Mr. Edward Alsworth Ross, a special messenger bearing despatches from this Embassy to the Embassy of the United States of America at Tokio, safely and freely to pass in fulfillment of his mission on this occasion and in case of need to give him all lawful aid and protection. . . .

DAVID A. FRANCIS

To Maynard O. Williams of the "National Geographic"

CITY OF MEXICO
September 26, 1922

. . . As a stranger, I can do things no Mexican can do. I dine with the Archbishop in the evening and have lunch the next day with a group of revolutionists who were trying to kill that same Archbishop four years ago! I interview the Papal Legate, and two hours later am quizzing a group of Protestant missionaries and putting up to them some things the Legate said. . . .

From a professor of political science

In a summer spent in Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, and Peru, I noted that university professors from the United States, while received with every courtesy, do not in general seem to have made much of an impression in those countries. I was curious to ascertain the reason and sought light on the subject by inquiring of Rev. J. H. McLean of Santiago why Chilean scholars think so highly of you. Dr. McLean replied that whereas most of us narrowed ourselves to a single tiny field, were provincial enough not to be too well acquainted with developments in our own field without the United States, and had undue fondness for talking about ourselves and our projects, you impressed the Chileans with your broad interests, amazing fund of information on all social questions, ability to get to the heart of a problem, lack of pretense, and habit of talking about social problems in general and the work of other social scientists rather than about your own achievements.

Bias in the Associated Press?

March 27, 1931

MR. F. J. SCHLINK
CONSUMERS' RESEARCH

. . . In 1921 I had each of a senior class of sixteen take for six months one of the papers published by a Director of the Associated Press—sixteen in all. Each read his paper closely and sought to appraise it with reference to seven touchstones—*food control, fuel control, railroads, taxation, armament, Mexico and Russia*. Out of the representative sixteen papers eleven took the

capitalistic side *on every one of these touchstones*. The other five sometimes took the capitalist side and sometimes did not. . . .

*To a 1925 request for suggestions for the promotion
of education in Wisconsin*

I wish to see a revolving fund in this State which should be loaned out to graduates of Wisconsin high schools, of first-class physical and moral qualifications, who have attained an average standing of "excellent" in their high school course and who wish to go on in some college or university in this State.

[In 1933 a loan fund of \$170,000 of public money was made available to residents of Wisconsin wishing to study in the State's educational institutions.]

Justice Holmes in a rather desponding mood

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON, D. C.
March 15, 1912

MY DEAR MR. ROSS:

. . . You know a good deal more than I do about the real state of mind of the public, although you like me have pursued internal ideals, not office or public acclamation. I hope that my feelings of a rather sad loneliness (encouraged of course by a few who see our ends and understand our efforts) in your case are cheered by some vision of good to come. I don't mean that I am a pessimist, and I feel a certain philosophic calm, whatever may be destined to happen, but I am not quite as near to optimism as when I was younger. Forgive this outburst, which may be due to the weather. I hope that you may long continue to give this world the results of your remarkable powers.

*After eleven years Justice Holmes still cares for
"Social Control"*

WASHINGTON D. C.
April 27, 1917.

DEAR MR. ROSS:

This is but a line to thank you for your article which as an

ignorant outsider I should think was right and to tell you that on the day it arrived I had ordered a copy of your *Social Control* to be sent to an English friend of mine, which will prove to you that my appreciation has not grown dim with time.

Tardy repentance

March 29, 1920

MR. HERBERT HOOVER
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MR. HOOVER:

I did not vote for you for Athletic Manager when I had a casting vote on the Athletic Council at Stanford twenty-five years ago, but I am trying to make up for it by getting in on the ground floor of the movement in Wisconsin which is for you for President. I enclose an interview with me which is the opening gun of the Wisconsin *State Journal's* movement in your behalf.

April 3, 1920

DEAR DR. ROSS:

Your twenty-five years' late letter of repentance is at hand, and all is forgiven. I need not tell you how much I appreciate all the kind things you say of me in the clippings.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HOOVER

[I did *not* support Mr. Hoover in 1928 and 1932.]

*A weak-kneed publisher would have me rewrite my
"Civic Sociology"*

March 5, 1924

. . . I wish you could rewrite this text leaving out some of what I consider rather impolitic statements. While it is true that a few business men have been guilty of some of the things you describe, I wonder if, after all, it is wise to have the attention of the young men and women fastened upon the unpleasant side of business life. Heaven knows they get enough of that in the newspapers. For my part, I would rather they wouldn't have it in a textbook. . . .

[It got published elsewhere *without being rewritten.*]

From a professor in West China University

CHENG TU, WEST CHINA

September 18, 1923

I have been using Ross's *Principles of Sociology* as a text for the last two years in this University approximately ten thousand miles from the home of the author.

My too-idiomatic "Principles of Sociology"

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY
AT BEIRUT, SYRIA

August 22, 1921

I cannot use it in classes here, as the very idiomatic style of the author, which makes the book so illuminating to American readers, renders it difficult for students who are using the English language as a somewhat foreign medium.

*A Bulgarian in Rochester likes my "Russia in
Upheaval"*

October 2, 1918

GENTLEMAN:

About two weeks ago I read in a Bulgarian newspaper of your splendid book on the Russian affairs and was very much affected. From my name and those of the few Bulgarian laborers in this city, I thank you for your sympathy toward our class.

How business-control strangles anything it fears

July 2, 1919

Our fine plans for a Social Science Quarterly will for the present have to be given up. In these days of Bolshevism, I don't know whether I dare state the cause even. We thought we had everything arranged for and in our simple minds did not expect any opposition from the University authorities. We understood that we had only encouragement. The Graduate Dean was one

of our number. Another Dean counselled with us. The President was to be on our Financial Committee. And then the matter went informally before the Board of Regents on somebody's initiative. First we heard the word "social" was objectionable. Then we understood through certain channels that the Quarterly would have to be conducted off the campus if it were published. Later still it was intimated that it was not good policy to publish it at all. . . .

*From the Acting Minister of Uruguay to Venezuela
and Colombia*

. . . *South of Panama* is full of humor, justice and a deep insight into the nature of Latin Americans. Outside Lord Bryce's book I know of no better book on the subject in English. The shortcomings of South America are clearly and sympathetically set forth from a point of view that discovers the cause. To call South America "the victim of a bad start" is about the best summarizing of a situation that is completely overlooked by superficial observers. . . .

From M. O. Williams, my travel comrade in Central Asia

January 29, 1922

. . . You had better decide to ignore Mexico this summer and we can hit up the new buffer states of Europe from Riga to Constantinople, with a side trip to Budapest to discover what bitter nationalist propaganda is really like. . . .

. . . my hope is that the time will soon come when I can have the pleasure of seeing you once more slumped down in an easy chair with the old jimmy pipe working dreamily and the philosophy and psychology of peoples oozing forth in that delightful way that is entirely your own. . . .

From the editor of Al-Hilal, an Arabic Monthly

CAIRO, EGYPT
October 14, 1918

I have had occasion to read with the greatest interest your *Social Psychology*. I deem the translation of this book into Arabic

a very useful task, and I come, therefore, to ask you for permission to render it in the said language.

[Granted.]

From a Fellow of Clark University

December 1, 1914

This is to thank you for the kindly permission to translate, and publish, into Armenian your latest book, *The Old World in the New*, which you gave me through the Century Company. . . .

From Louise Bryant (Mrs. John Reed)

. . . I refer to your careful unperturbed study of Russia on page 267. I only wish more people like you had been writing about that great country. Perhaps all this sad misunderstanding between two great republics might have been prevented. . . .

You had amazing pictures in your book. . . .

Henry Ford invites me on his Peace Ship

November 28, 1915

Will you come as my guest aboard the *Oscar II* of the Scandinavian American Line sailing from New York Dec. 4th for Christiania, Stockholm and Copenhagen? I am cabling leading men and women of the European nations to join us enroute and at some central point to be determined later establish an international conference dedicated to negotiations leading to a just settlement of the war.

From the distinguished lawyer, Gino C. Speranza

April 8, 1914

I have followed with great interest your [immigration] articles in the *Century* and, even though not always in absolute agreement with you, I have admired the breadth of outlook and the courage of expression. I believe that, on the main and essential questions, you are right. . . .

From Professor H. P. Fairchild of Yale University

October 10, 1914

. . . received from the publishers a copy of *The Old World in the New*. . . .

. . . I don't need to tell you how thoroughly I concur in your viewpoint and in your conclusions, but I do want to tell you how much I admire the straightforwardness and fearlessness with which you enunciate truths, which some of those who know them are all too reluctant to speak out.

From Hon. William J. Bryan, Secretary of State

August 3, 1914

MY DEAR PROFESSOR ROSS:

The President desires to appoint you as one of the delegates to the Pan American Congress, to be held in Santiago, Chile, next November. It gives me great pleasure to transmit this invitation, and I trust you will find it possible to accept. . . .

[My President and Dean felt I could not be spared.]

From Hon. Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State

June 9, 1922

. . . I take pleasure in enclosing you a letter of introduction to our Diplomatic and Consular officers. . . . I remember with pleasure our association at Cornell so many years ago.

*My publisher hears from Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks
of the Immigration Commission*

December 9, 1914

Thank you for your . . . copy of Professor Ross's *The Old World in the New*. . . .

I am delighted with the book. Professor Ross has a telling way of putting things, and my own feeling is that the immigration question of the present day is of such importance that the story and the argument needs to be handled in a striking manner.

I am in hearty accord with his conclusion that there ought to be a decided restriction of the immigrants coming into the country, and I am glad to see the reasons for that conclusion put in a telling way.

From a member of the Chinese Educational Mission in the United States

December 6, 1916

. . . I have read a good portion of your book entitled *The Changing Chinese* and I have shaped my statements accordingly. . . .

I have an earnest desire to do exactly as you have suggested, that is to go among our people preaching this gospel of economic emancipation. . . .

My immediate superiors are opposed to my work in advocating the adoption of the Latin alphabet, a more mature age for marriage and smaller families for the poor and the prevention of the procreation of the unfit. I have to be cautious and go slowly.

[The way of the progressor is hard.]

From a Professor of American History at Yale

April 12, 1916

. . . I am writing in behalf of the Yale Press and Robert Glasgow, Esq., to invite you to coöperate in the writing of a new history of the American people . . . we shall aim to make these volumes readable. For this reason I want your coöperation. Not all our learned historical brethren can write entertaining books, as you know. The volume which would be yours to write—by unanimous consent—is that on "The Foreigners"; . . .

[I tell him I can take on nothing until my *Principles* is out.]

Economics "revolutionized"—and we don't know it?

. . . I am sending you under separate cover, with my compliments, a book in which I attempt to expound the philosophy of David Reeves Smith, a man who has revolutionized political economy as Nicholas Copernicus revolutionized astronomy. . . .

From a member of a famous Chilean family

June 6, 1917

I have been reading with much interest your article, "Class and Caste" which appears in the *American Journal of Sociology*. I am thinking of translating these articles into Spanish for the purpose of publishing them in some of the Chilean newspapers. . . . I would like to have your permission to do this. . . .

No niggardly appreciation here

Your article—"The Struggle for Existence in China"—in the *Century Magazine* for July is the most terrible indictment of man—the human race—that I ever read. It "drove sleep from my eyes and slumber from my eyelids" for hours last night.

The government ought to print that article and distribute it free not only from every book store but from every grocery in the land.

Professor Small of the University of Chicago deems it unwise

March 14, 1923

. . . I cannot believe that a Russian professor of Sociology could possibly find a future here and it would seem to me to be cruel to lend any encouragement to the supposition that he might be wanted in an American university. . . .

[I got the University of Wisconsin to bring Professor Pitirim Sorokin over and he now occupies at Harvard as attractive a chair of sociology as there is in the world.]

From a Japanese scholar

THE PEERS' SCHOOL
TOKYO, JAPAN
January 17, 1911

. . . I take the liberty of introducing myself. I am a post-graduate student of the English Language and Literature of

the Tokyo Imperial University and a lecturer of the same subject in the Peers' School.

In the course of my study, I have had the happiness of reading your *Social Psychology*, and have been very much struck and fascinated with it. None among the few books I have read on the subject has been so enlightening and suggestive, convinced me so firmly that this is a book my countrymen must not be left unacquainted with. If I could get your kind permission, I should try to the best of my ability to cast this great work into Japanese. . . .

Theodore Roosevelt finds common ground with me

July 11, 1911

I thought your article on China was not only of absorbing interest, but most important. It is a curious thing to see how excellent traits, if carried to an excess, may do real and permanent damage. Thrift, industry and temperance, unguided by ambition and intellect, have reduced the Hindu cultivator to the lowest possible basis, and apparently have done the same thing for the Chinese. How true is the old Greek belief that as regards most matters it is only the middle course that is wise! France is slowly dying because of excessive limitation of population, and China because she will not limit population rationally. There are fewer people of French descent in France today than there were forty years ago, and yet there is more vice and crime, more hideous and villanous degradation of the kind which one would think they would be able to avoid if the problems of over-population did not have to be solved. I need hardly say to you, my dear Professor Ross, that the popular belief that I have advocated enormous families without regard to economic conditions has just about the same foundation as the Wall Street belief to the effect that I pass my time reveling in drink, and am tortured by a wild desire for blood. All that I have ever said was that here in America, if the average family able to have children at all did not have three or four children, the American blood would die out—which is a statement not only of morals but of mathematics.

Do give me a chance to see you sometime. I really look forward to talking with you.

Theodore Roosevelt approves Asiatic exclusion

October 31, 1911

I appreciate your having sent me your book. I do not know if you noticed that I opened my speech in New York the other night (a good Wisconsin University speech by the way) by quoting what you had said about China. Of course I am with you absolutely about Chinese exclusion and Asiatic exclusion generally. It is astonishing to me that so many of our reformers, men like Ray Stannard Baker for instance, are utterly ignorant of the fact that far-seeing men wish us to have fortifications and navy primarily to protect our democracy if ever it is menaced by war with some great Asiatic military power because of this attitude.

A Roman Farewell and Exit

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

August 15, 1935

MY VERY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

I was so pleased to get your letter. Cheerfulness! Why not? I've had the best-behaved cancer you ever saw--no pain at all. But in June I had shingles, which is a devilish disease, and now "complications" have set in, nephritis and dropsy, and a fairly laughable weakness; so I'm going to go peacefully to sleep with my beloved chloroform. I'm getting "fed up" with sheer weakness. . . . I'm glad you are so rich in the Ross Clan--you being the Ross! I always did admire and like the Scotch. . . .

Well--Good-by

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

[Three days later our beloved Charlotte surrendered her life.]

CHAPTER XXV

SOME CELEBRITIES I HAVE MET

EX-PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON was lecturer for one semester at Stanford and turned out a better man than I had expected. Some talks with him led me to look upon him as much superior to the party men he had had to work with. Later I was not surprised to hear he couldn't sleep from worrying over the fate of the South African Boers.

I first met Theodore Roosevelt in the summer of 1892 at the University of Pennsylvania. We were on an evening program together, he attacking and I interpreting Populism. I had a long talk with him afterwards and was charmed. After he became President I had various contacts with him. Through Justice Holmes he became interested in *Social Control*, wrote a 3-page introduction for *Sin and Society*, and had me at the White House for conference. I lunched with him when he was Contributing Editor of the *Outlook*, ran into him in Santiago, Chile, and spent a New Year's Eve with him at his home in Oyster Bay.

Theodore was original, vivid, forceful and winning. He was not the type of eminent man who becomes smaller as you see him "close to." He quite outshone Wilson, Taft, or Hoover, not to mention the lesser incumbents of our time. Bryan was his equal in natural parts, but far behind him in varied development. In an era when the big American capitalists, with the aid of pulpit, newspapers and the Republican Party organization, had "sold" themselves to the people as never before, Roosevelt took their measure and showed his contempt for them and their wiles. He gave *the public interest* such a recognition as it had not had since Lincoln.

Two limitations I noticed in this many-sided man. Outstanding as naturalist and historian, he was weak in economics, had little insight into the conditions of business

enterprise. He was weak in sociology, did not perceive what is behind contemporary armament and militarism. He thought of fighting as the wresting of territory from savagery ("the winning of the West") and failed to realize that war has become largely a "racket," which may bring about the downfall of Western civilization.

Under date of November 17, 1915, Theodore wrote me:

DEAR ROSS:

Thanks for your letter. The solution of the war question, as you have reduced it, represents an ideal that is for the distant future, and, as I say, I am dealing in the present. Even in this distant future remember that all matters neither can nor will be arbitrated between nations. In practice they are not arbitrated among self-respecting individuals. If a man slaps your wife's face in a horse-car, you knock the man down at once. If you see a big man maltreating a boy or a woman, you come forcibly to the assistance of the boy or the woman. In neither case do you wait for process of law; and in neither case is it expected by the law-abiding who are worth their salt that you will wait. In just the same way as between nations, if citizens are maltreated as our women have been in Mexico or murdered on the high seas as in the case of the *Lusitania*, what is demanded is immediate action, action within twenty-four hours, and not arbitration.

How unrealistic to interpret the relations among nations by those among persons! *Does any people without manipulation will to slap another people's face?* If trouble comes, those responsible and those aggrieved may not constitute a *millionth part* of those who will suffer if war ensues. As an international statesman Theodore was a great naturalist.

"How," I once asked him, "do you contrive to make your messages so simple, clear and gripping that you carry the common man with you?"

"By George, I'm glad to hear you say that," replied Theodore, with a chuckle. "I'll tell you something. Early in my first term there appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* a cartoon by John T. McCutcheon showing an old, spectacled, chin-whiskered Middle West farmer in a check shirt, collarless and in his shirt-sleeves, with his stocking feet propped against the

nickeled fender of an upright stove, reading a front page headed, "The President's Message." Under the cartoon was the title, "His Favorite Author." That cartoon tickled me so that I clipped it and hung it over the desk where I write my messages. And of every paragraph, every sentence of my message I ask myself, "Will that old fellow get the point?" If I doubt he gets it, I simplify until I know he *will* get it."

When I was studying at Hopkins Woodrow Wilson, then professor of political science at Bryn Mawr, came once a week to lecture to us. In the big seminary room, my seat was directly across the table from his reading-desk. We were greatly impressed not only with his clear analysis of government but also with the grace and elegance of his literary style. The *gout* of that group of Hopkins men for good English is clearly traceable to Wilson. A quarter of a century later I met him in the East Room of the White House where a number of us came to plead with him to sign the bill restricting immigration. With his finely molded head, lean scholarly face and erect posture, he looked every inch the President.

But he vetoed the bill. I felt that he was bound by some pre-election commitment.

Ever since he returned from Germany in 1890 with his doctor's degree and stopped at Johns Hopkins to renew old ties I have known Inazo Nitobe. I have entertained him in my home and have been entertained at his home in Kamakura. I never fell for the Sunday-supplement notion that the minds of the Japanese and ourselves cannot meet, largely because I never had the least difficulty in keeping touch with Nitobe's mind. To me he was not an alien, but simply a superlatively wise and good brother-man. Lately he had his reward for laboring for years at Geneva on behalf of international peace in being threatened by a gang of Japanese "patriots" with assassination if he continues to protest against the policy of mainland conquest!

One summer in the nineties in Washington I was often at a noon "mess" in the Department of the Interior which included Gifford Pinchot, then Forester, and Pinchot and I had many talks together. Our views were in fullest accord for no one was more aware of the incessant encroachments of greedy

private interests upon the public welfare than he. His personality has the charm of one who lives much with Mother Nature. Among the men who helped rescue the Civil Service from the low state to which it had sunk Pinchot ranks high.

I heard Annie Besant in London in 1889 when she was an eager young radical who had recently freed herself from the shackles of an uncongenial marriage to a Church of England clergyman. I met her there socially in 1924 when she was high-priestess of the Theosophical Cult and I was going out to India. She gave me good counsel as to whom to meet there and provided me with several letters of introduction.

Susan B. Anthony I met frequently in the nineties when "votes for women" was still to be won. A finer character I never knew. To advance her cause she used man's weapons, reason and ridicule, never "feminine" wiles. She herself was a standing illustration of her contention. "There is no sex in intellect."

Delving into bushels of dull economic books I have sometimes wondered what a *man of genius* would do in this field. Thorstein Veblen, whom I first met in 1905, gives the answer. A genius is just what this slow-spoken ironic Veblen was. He was so original that he could stroll up and pick gold-nuggets out of a ledge I had looked at dully a hundred times. No one in a social science can afford to dispense with the Canon of Conspicuous Waste he developed in his *Theory of the Leisure Class*. And then his *Theory of Business Enterprise*—what insight, originality, and wit! I can always spot a former pupil of Veblen's by his virile, you-be-damned intellectual attitude.

Among my A-1 friends is Raymond Robins, gold miner, social worker and civic knight. After Darrow the most telling speaker I know is Robins. Bryan was his superior with a big mixed outdoor crowd but not with a select indoor crowd. Bryan was fond of certain old *clichés* whereas Robins relies on his dramatic setting-forth of the facts. To the sociologist his platform manner is a joy, for always he seeks his effects by stressing the human values and destinies involved.

In 1910 I talked with Count Okuma in his beautiful home in Tokyo. The refined, almost ascetic face of this *samurai*-

turned-sage lighted up wonderfully as he talked of the future of the Far East. Japan's feudal system and feudal virtues, he said, were receding into the past and the Japanese would lose some of the spirit of self-immolation they showed in the wars with China and Russia. He did not agree with my prediction that the Japanese, in search of outlets for a growing population, would inevitably become aggressive, menacing China, Indo-China, Australia, or the Philippines; but that is just what has happened. He thought Japan's overflow might be accommodated in South America; three years later I was in South America and found the statesmen there determined to present a united front to any flood of Japanese.

When, nearly a quarter of a century ago, I met the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore in the home of my colleague Paul S. Reinsch, I was struck speechless. I could only stare, for he was just what we should imagine Jesus Christ to be at the age of forty. The ideal Heavenly Visitant! I had to overrule an impulse to fall on my face and do obeisance to him. Out of my one evening with him came my conviction: *a social order should be rated according to its success in getting superior human beings into positions where they can wield power or influence.*

I had a conference with Theodore Dreiser on his invitation in 1908 when he was the head of three national women's journals. His books were yet to be written; to me he was just "another editor." But I was struck by the rare psychological insight of his suggestions regarding a certain aspect of public opinion he wanted me to write about. "Why, this man *knows!*" I said to myself. I never got around to writing the articles he wanted, but I did not forget his subtlety. When his great novels began to appear I understood.

When you meet one who has gained great renown, you may discover very quickly what has lifted that person out of the common ruck. I met Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst in Petrograd, whither she had been sent in the vain hope that as a renowned British radical she might aid Kerensky in holding off the Bolsheviks and keeping Russia in the war. She was a small and exquisite being with a Dresden-China tint, every inch the finished lady. So *that* was the secret of her success

in her fight for "votes for women"! Impossible to dismiss as a "hussy" such a dainty, feminine little thing battling gallantly with burly "bobbies" for the right to present a women's petition to the House of Commons.

Honor to Mrs. Pankhurst for standing with her sex and not with her class!

I have had two interviews with Mahatma Gandhi, one in 1924 in Delhi, another in 1929 in Madras. In 1924 I found him on a pallet, a frail, ascetic-looking little man in light Indian homespun. Mohammed Ali, leader of his Mohammedan followers, sat by and four of his disciples were intently listening at the doorway. The Mahatma uses beautiful English and expresses himself with great clearness and precision. He confessed how bored he had been in reading the Old Testament, but in the New Testament he was arrested by the Sermon on the Mount. He does not believe in vicarious atonement, does not see how the sacrifice of one can wash away the guilt of another. He thinks that non-violence will be the distinctive contribution of the East to the World's thought. It flourished in India before Buddha and is far more generally understood by Orientals than by Occidentals.

He has never doubted for a moment that India will be able to govern herself. The *panchayet* (institution of councils of five) has given the masses an apprenticeship in the principles of representative government. As for the problem of safeguarding the Northwest Frontier he would send missionaries among the predatory borderers, ask them why they rob others, and invite them to settle on vacant lands in India. He is certain that by a policy of gentleness and sympathy the menace to India from that quarter could be removed.

He has no fear that some Nizam or Maharajah will bring the people of India under his own yoke once the British have withdrawn. His subjects would not lend themselves to any such designs. He doubts, moreover, whether the conquests of the Moguls or the Mahrattas affected much the lives of the inhabitants of the 700,000 villages in India. The British *raj* is infinitely more penetrative and oppressive. He doesn't aim to use force against the British but to make proposals which will touch their hearts and their imaginations.

AT HOME



GETTING READY
FOR THE PORTAGE

What revealed to him the real nature of Britain's rule in India was the Rowlatt Act, followed by the Amritsar massacre. The protest of his followers prevented the Act ever coming into effect and caused its repeal. The outcome of "Dyerism" (the harsh measures of Gen. Dyer) was quite the opposite of what had been anticipated. The Punjab was cowed but all India was set afire and is blazing yet.

"Mr. Gandhi," I asked, "what was your object in making the three-weeks fast you completed recently?"

"There had occurred so many riots between my Moslem followers and my Hindu followers that I fasted in the hope that I might discover what fault there is in my leadership."

I lacked the "nerve" to ask him if he had found it.

In Mr. Gandhi's manner there was no pose, nothing of the conscious saint, no bid for sympathy. We were just a couple of well-disposed human beings exchanging thoughts. Even now I am a better man for having passed a few hours with him.

I have met no woman who better deserves to be held *great* than Margaret Sanger, the trained nurse who pioneered the birth-control movement in this country. Small, trim, feminine, with splendid breadth of brow, she is one of those pre-eminent characters who by foresight, breadth of outlook, sense of proportion, sympathy, courage and single-mindedness come to captain great causes. Is any other living American woman so sure of a place in the school histories of two centuries hence?

No man of letters I know is so steadfastly for the underdog as Upton Sinclair; and the astonishing thing is that his zeal does not cool. Probably forty-nine out of fifty who have the crusader spirit in their twenties lose it before they are fifty. Forty-odd years this eternal youth has been devoting his rare writing gift to the cause of the Put-upon and Lied-about, yet he is not tired of it. I know of nothing more David-like than his going up (in his *Brass Check*) against the newspaper Goliaths, wielders seemingly of about all the publicity there is, and leaving the brutes groggy.

Gentlemen, hats off to the gallant Sinclair!

After the Russian Communists had been in power but

three weeks I had a talk with Leon Trotzky, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. Here are my notes set down right after the interview:

He says his party does not expect to introduce collective ownership and operation until the necessary organization has been prepared for it. In the meantime they expect to control the capitalist. He will be allowed 5 or 6 per cent on his property, but he will not be allowed to shut down his plant. If he abandons it, he will lose it altogether, for a board of directors chosen by the workmen will be put in charge. The workmen of a factory will not be allowed to treat the capitalist and the factory just as they please, but will be guided by policies enforced by the local soviet. Nor will the local soviets have absolute authority; they will be subject in matters of industrial policy to central authority. On economic matters the degree of centralization must correspond to the actual development of industrial organization. If the coal mined in the Donetz Basin goes all over Russia and enters as a requisite into most branches of production, it would be absurd to allow this coal-producing center to be entirely autonomous, for this would enable it to "hold up" all the rest of Russia if it chose. This unitary and centralized regulation of production is, however, very different from the centralization characterizing the old régime. He says Russia must become a Federal Union like the United States, and speaks with approval of the broad powers of the American State. Each State should be at liberty to control its education, system of justice, courts, laws, etc.

He regards Kropotkin's communalism as ill-adapted to the actual state of things in modern society. It would work well enough in a simple society based on agriculture. Entire independence of the locality in respect to its industries would result in endless friction and difficulties in a society which has reached the stage of local specialization of industry.

He agrees that of course nothing but net profit could go to the capitalist or to the workers. From the gross profit sums must be set aside for repairs, depreciation and surplus. As regards the source of the capital needed for the building of new factories, the capitalist could be required to re-invest a fixed proportion of his profits in Russian industries. Especially would this be necessary in case other countries remained under capitalist control, so that they would present themselves as more attractive fields of investment than Russia.

Social control of a factory means for one thing that its books and correspondence must be open to the public, so that no longer shall there be industrial secrets. The social welfare democratically conceived would determine the allotment of coal, iron, steel, etc., to the different factories calling for them. Plants producing luxuries should have a slighter claim on a limited stock of materials of production than plants producing necessities. "Not, however, that we are ascetics! Luxuries shall be produced, too, when there is enough fuel and material for all factories."

He anticipates that the requisites of production will be rationed among the claimant industries according to carefully gathered and complete statistics instead of as now according to the competition of capitalists among themselves for profits.

He expects social revolution after the War in all the warring countries save the United States. The soldiers in the trenches will go home and, finding their industry ruined and their taxes five times as high as formerly, will begin to consider how this frightful calamity was brought upon them. They will hold responsible the scramble of capitalists and groups of capitalists for foreign markets and for areas of exploitation, the imperialism, the secret diplomacy, and the armament rivalry promoted by munition-makers. They will want to overturn the class responsible for this terrible disaster to the people.

He anticipates great application under collectivist production of the Taylor system of efficiency which now often is used to swell the profits of capitalists, with little benefit to the working-man and to society.

What most impressed me was the sharpness of Trotzky's vision; about his opinions there was none of the "fuzziness" that marked the dreamer. Small wonder that he went on to become the greatest Jewish military leader since Judas Macabeus!

The same afternoon I had an appointment with Lenin but there were so many delegations waiting to see him on matters of life or death that I hadn't the effrontery to claim any of his time. I was close to him while he conferred with a delegation of sailors, but did not talk with him.

In Shanghai in 1910 I talked with Wu Ting Fang, long the ambassador of China to our Government and famed for his acute and refreshing comments on American culture. He im-

pressed me as a happy combination of sage, statesman and man of affairs. He professed an utter contempt for the Chinese officials (the Revolution had not yet occurred) and declared that he would put not a penny of his money into a concern not under foreign protection. He agreed with me that the Chinese people were ahead of their Government but saw no early opportunity for representative institutions in China.

Never have I met a man with more interesting "inside" things to tell than Charles R. Crane, son of a well-known Chicago manufacturer and one-time president of the Crane Company, who chose not to pile dollars but to acquaint himself with the interesting personalities and movements in the world. In the course of his many travels in the Near East he came to know every able man who was laboring unselfishly for better things and gave him sympathy and encouragement. A list of the men he has befriended and helped financially would constitute a roster of those who have stood out as educators, religious reformers, nationalist agitators and revolutionists in Eastern Europe and the Near East in the course of the last forty years. He is a shrewd reader of character and does not put his money into self-seekers.

No one can extend financial aid in a more tactful way than Mr. Crane. In November, 1917, he, then a member of the President's Special Diplomatic Commission to Russia, had me often with him driving around Moscow, for his daughter is the wife of one of my colleagues and I had often met him in Madison. I was worried because the nine thousand rubles I had paid twenty-seven cents apiece for in Chicago in June were going so fast owing to the fall in the purchasing power of the ruble that I would have to hurry home at once, leaving my investigation incomplete. He said, "I am leaving Sunday and find that I have five thousand rubles that I don't need. Could you use them?" I certainly could and his rubles enabled me to stay out my leave in Russia and to make long trips I should otherwise have had to omit.

Mr. Crane will not aid communists for he has no faith in their aims, but he has helped Russian revolutionists of a great variety of shades. He is very stealthy in his ways of extending aid, never seeking to influence in the least degree

the man he is aiding. When the inside story of the resurgence of Eastern Europe and the Near East in our time comes out, Mr. Crane's name will be startlingly conspicuous.

Fraternity brother and brilliant fellow-student of mine at Hopkins was Newton D. Baker, who practised law in Cleveland, became Mayor Tom Johnson's right-hand man and was President Wilson's Secretary of War during the World War. Baker has told me how in those dark hours he kept a fresh philosophical book by his bedside to read in case he found himself wakeful.

My "Sin and Society" articles in the *Atlantic* brought me acquaintance with Louis D. Brandeis, a leader of the Boston bar who was trying to keep certain public interests from being utterly trampled into the mire by the hoofs of the frantic money-seekers. He is a perfect specimen of the calm, impersonal intellect animated by a high moral impulse. In view of his contention that the Federal Constitution was never intended to be a strait-jacket, his elevation to the supreme bench gave me deep satisfaction.

David Lubin I knew as a California merchant with great dreams. I let him tell them to my classes years before he succeeded in founding the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome.

At a dinner given me in Berkeley in December, 1900, I met a bright-eyed young sailor whose name was Jack London. In two years he became famous for his sea stories.

I have stopped more than once with William Allen White, a "country editor" whose genius, courage and wit made him a national character.

Never have I listened to a more delightful guest than Dr. Harvey Wiley, head of the bureau charged with enforcing the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906. Constantly at grips with schemers, how he enjoyed laying off the harness of the fighting chemist when he was among friends!

So I could go on telling of how my path crossed with that of Srinavasa Sastri, Baron Shibuzawa, Sarojini Naidu, Samuel Gompers, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, G. Lowes Dickinson, S. K. Ratchliffe, Edward A. Filene, Luis Cabrera, Irving Fisher, Paul Milioukov, Baron Goto, Ernest Thompson Seton, Henry

Ford, Charles Schwab, Pandit Motilal Nehru, Francis J. Heney, James B. Dill, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, William Hard, George Foster Peabody, Lord Reading, Leopold Auer, John Finley, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Lord Wemyss, Anzia Yezierska, Ray Lyman Wilbur, George Creel, Sir Norman Angell, Brooks Adams, Alfred Zimmern, Hamlin Garland, Sir Robert Giffen, Sir Horace Plunkett, Senator Zebulon Vance, John Grier Hibben, Anna Howard Shaw, Lincoln Steffens, Judge Ben Lindsey, Graham Wallas, Rev. Arthur Smith, Frank Lloyd Wright, Sydney Webb (Lord Passfield), Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Jane Addams, Sir William Osler, Norman Hapgood, Dr. William Welch, William Kent, Gov. Simeon E. Baldwin, Victor Berger, Dwight Morrow, Richard Watson Gilder, Charles Dana Gibson, Sun Yat Sen, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Sir Leslie Stephen, Ex-President Leguia of Peru, Henry Nevins, Mme. Breshkovskaya ("Babushka"), Lord Bryce, Lajpat Rai, Lorado Taft, Sir Frederick Whyte, John Reed, Alanson B. Houghton, Charles F. Deneen, Donald R. Richberg, William English Walling, and Carlos Billinghurst, President of Peru.

Celebrities, I observe, have this in common: *they stand for themselves*. Not one is "tool," "fixer," "hired propagandist," "ghost writer" or "public-relations counsel"; not one is agent or representative of some one else. Nor is it chiefly in *intellect* that they tower above others; I have known corporation attorneys, lobbyists and publicity experts as bright as nine out of ten of my celebrities. It is by *rare traits of character*, as well as by social intelligence, that they shine and lead—disinterestedness, social idealism, tenacity, courage.

CHAPTER XXVI

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FLOATING UNIVERSITY

1928-1929

IN 1928-29, with Rosamond and my youngest son, Lester, just graduated from the Harvard Law School, I toured the world as Educational Director of the Floating University. Following the course of the sun and of civilization, we viewed the ancient East before looking at the West. For the first time I set foot in the Philippines, Java, Siam, Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Austria.

The Cruise with its hundred-odd members was everywhere much in the public eye, so I was able to meet and quiz any one likely to shed light on the societies we were visiting. Regular class-work went on while we were at sea, but on land sight-seeing, of course, came first. I trained my students to watch for certain significant things which reveal the relations of sex to sex, age to age, class to class and race to race; several of them arrived at real insight into meanings. Upon leaving a society we pooled our observations in order to find its keys.

In these explorations I had help from a source that has opened in my time; I tapped the knowledge of the professors of sociology and other social sciences. They knew of me, accepted me as disinterested and quickly perceived what I was after. They gave me their best and, in case the needful data were not to be had, told me so frankly. I suppose in the last quarter-century I have interviewed abroad one hundred and fifty scholars in the social sciences and not one of them has misled me. Treating me as a "man of science," native scholar in the government university and American scholar in the missionary college agreed closely in what they told me. There is something inspiring in the coming into existence since I

left college of 2000 scholars wholly dedicated to the discovery and spread of scientific truth about society. In the "history of civilization" that will be written in the next century there will be a chapter, "The Rise of Sociology."

In Hawaii I found the large close-knit Chinese family disintegrating because a strong family organization is no longer called for. Features of American society which lessen dependence on one's family are free schools, courts free from "pull," the "merit system," public care of defectives, public poor relief, the development of the church as a fraternal mutual-aid institution, the joint-stock company, and facilities for life insurance.

I saw no prospect of American culture borrowing anything of moment from Chinese culture. In Hawaii the former wins at every point—the order of conquest being clothes, food, furniture, habitation and family system. Second-generation Chinese prefer to sit in a chair, sleep in a bed and eat from a table.

Here in the islands are Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, Filipinos, Puerto Ricans and Portuguese, all being assimilated by the Americans faster, I suppose, than any so heterogeneous a population has ever been acculturized. The chief Americanizing agencies are:

1. The public school.
2. General participation in organized play and competitive sports.
3. The church which, although organized by race groups, insists on the equality of races in the eyes of God.
4. Democratic politics, which lets individuals of different races rise to high office by personal merits.

Of course, our culture is helped to win by the fact that the Americans are the richest and proudest element in the islands, so superior to our common run that the youth of other races here are painfully disillusioned when they visit the mainland and come into contact with some of our rural and small-town sessiles.

It is thrilling to learn that the school-children of the non-white races, reared on the orations of Washington, Webster

and Lincoln and on the writings of Jefferson, Emerson and Theodore Roosevelt, come to feel the most enthusiastic devotion to American ideals and win prizes offered by national patriotic societies (*e.g.*, The American Legion) for the best oration on "How can we best Americanize our Foreign-born?" Just as it should be!

The relations among races here are about all a reasonable man can ask. They keep to themselves in personal intercourse and social diversions, but not from dislike or contempt. The Hawaiians, never having been maltreated by the whites, do not distrust or hate them. On the other hand, since the Hawaiians are retreating rather than pushing forward aggressively like the Japanese, they do not rouse the ire of the whites as formidable competitors.

In Japan I visited at Kamakura my old Hopkins friend Dr. Inazo Nitobe, and he with certain other trustworthy informants soon had me abreast of the social situation there, which is far from lovely. Rabid nationalists and militarists are in the saddle. The Japanese soul is the battle-ground of the old feudalism, American missionary influence, English liberalism, French revolutionary ideas and Russian communism. The profile of wealth and income distribution in Japan is not a Fujiyama but rather a Matterhorn—broad-based but running up into a steep sharp peak. Rent-payment is well-nigh universal and 55 per cent has been the average share of the crop paid to the landlord. The present democratic aspirations of the masses come by infection from abroad rather than from their appreciation of such instalments of liberty and democracy as they already have.

Chief soul-molders in the lives of Japan's workers are capitalism and communism. One who advocates organization or coöperation among the toilers is not interfered with by the Government, but no one is allowed to agitate among the masses for a complete change in the social order. Professors in the Government university may advocate Marxism in the class-room (intellectuals are a privileged element), but publishers and booksellers who circulate Marxist literature in Japanese are prosecuted.

Mikado-worship is inculcated as a means of preserving na-

tional unity in the face of localism and particularism, rather than as a prop to the power of the capitalist class. Even some Marxists make no objection to it.

The Government's prosecution of those disseminating "dangerous thoughts" is aimed at the rabid nationalists and anti-foreigners as well as at communists.

The Government deliberately encourages ancestor-worship because it knits generation to generation and sanctifies the authority of parents over their children. The police urge the factory-workers in the towns to bring in from their natal village their ancestral tablets, so that regular obeisance to the spirits of the ancestors (family-worship) may be resumed. Ancestor-worship, to be sure, is weaker in the rising generation (20-35 years of age), but is so interwoven with Japan's past that it will last a long time.

I saw much of the nationalist leaders and found them dangerous fanatics. Since only a growing population will insure Japan's being powerful enough to count always among the Six Great Powers, they pretend that Japan is not overpeopled, want girls shackled to the wife-mother rôle, and will not let the masses learn of birth control. They point with pride to the fact that Japanese mothers raise on an average two more children each than American mothers. They argue that if Japan were overpeopled there should be more than 600,000 Japanese outside Japan. If only the people will eat more potatoes and beans, many slopes can be tilled which are too steep for growing rice. They imagine their mountainous parts made into a gold-mine by means of scientific forestry. They think the fisheries of the Western Pacific might yield much more food. They foresee the Japanese doing a large part of the world's ocean carriage, plying not only between Eastern Asia and other parts, but between U. S. and Europe or U. S. and South America. If feeding to a crowded and cramped people such maddening dreams is not hell, then there is no hell! From such rabid nationalisms will flow not rivers of blood, but seas and oceans of blood.

I saw much of the eminent popular leader and evangelist, Toyohiko Kagawa. He is a small, round-faced, bright-eyed man of about forty, genial and sparkling, with a keen sense

of humor. To keep his lieutenants and himself out of jail during triumphant reaction, he throws himself into an ambitious evangelistic campaign. His passion for measuring social quantities should put many of our college sociologists to shame. In campaigning he uses many large statistical charts to drive his points home. Since the official figures do not always disclose what he needs, he has special researches made for him. He devotes to his cause the large earnings from his novels and writings. He lives like a factory-worker and, until his children came, dwelt in the slums. He nearly lost his eyesight by trachoma from living among the workers.

I met one of Kagawa's lieutenants, Sugiyama, President of the National Tenants' Union, a bright-eyed, intelligent man of thirty-eight. By means of these unions agricultural rents have been reduced a third!

With an ache in my heart I bid farewell to brave, self-devoted Kagawa; almost certainly he will be done to death savagely some day because he is a serious stumbling block to the would-be dominators of Japan.

My beloved Nitobe provided me a perfect illustration of "competitive preparedness." Every big-navy utterance of Secretary Wilbur, he said, is cabled to Japan, gains the front page of all newspapers and within twenty-four hours they have to meet new bills introduced in Parliament for the strengthening of their navy. A pacific utterance by Wilbur's superior, President Hoover, is given no such publicity. Precisely the same thing happens here; it is the provocative expressions from Japan that are "played up." Is munitions-company money behind all this?

After meeting the Chinese in Shanghai we all agreed that they are better-looking and more winning than the Japanese. In Japan practically all the *'ricksha* coolies struck us as ugly, while in China many of them are handsome. The manners of our hosts were most appealing, their smiles seemed to come from the heart more than Japanese smiles. Often their eyes were most expressive. The souls of the Chinese do not seem tied or withdrawn like those of the Japanese. They have not been de-humanized by stern militarist teachings.

Some of the Western-educated Chinese I quizzed about

birth control, for Chinese reject it on the ground that there is still abundant room in Mongolia and Manchuria. This from individuals who must be practising birth control, since they have few or no children! Can you beat it?

In the Philippines I learned something new to me, *viz.*, that Washington came to handle the Islands according to the ideas of our anti-imperialists; this is why Big Business makes no outcry against our letting them go. Thanks to the University's brilliant professor of sociology, Dr. S. Macaraig, a former student of mine, I saw much of Filipino intellectuals and leaders. What I learned from them made me hold my head higher as an American. Sixty-six Filipinos (30-45 years of age) gave me a luncheon, I being the only non-native present, and we quizzed each other two hours. Their English was distinguishable from mine only by being rather better.

I discovered that infant mortality is not over half what it was under Spain; the high posts in Legislature and Government are filled by natives who gained the new education we set up; the Catholic hierarchy opposes the system of public education and would like to set up parish schools, but the educational experts I talked with agreed that the prelates cannot persuade the Catholics to give the money to maintain church schools able to compete successfully with the public schools; relief activities that used to be provided only by the Church are now looked after by a Public Welfare Department run on public money; the getting of the friars' land into the hands of "dirt farmers" resulted in a great dissemination of land ownership and equalization of incomes, so that the basis of a political democracy has been created; the tying of the farm-laborer to his employer by the bond of debt (peonage) has been quite done away with.

The Filipinos do not behave as if they were under population-pressure. Not hurried or tense but smiling and polite, they seem to have time to enjoy life. They indulge much in social pleasures and extract great fun from cock-fighting. But the Filipino is yielding to the action of modern forces and coming to be "materialistic," *i.e.*, *economic-minded*.

My hat is off to the free and developed personality of the

Filipino women. With no signs of fear or repression in their bearing they go everywhere—natural, wise, kind and sympathetic. Their garb, beautiful yet modest, causes head and bust to emerge as if from the corolla of a flower. No doubt the Catholic Church deserves much credit for the fineness of the Filipino women.

The demand for immediate independence strikes me as worked-up. Fluent speakers have gone about sowing in the minds of the voters a feeling of grievance when, in fact, there is nothing substantial to complain of. The number of Americans remaining in the Government is comparatively few. The Governor-General's veto is used chiefly to prevent the majority element in the Legislature sacrificing the interests of broad elements not represented in that body.

The answers of the leaders to my questions as to how they would preserve their independence against Japanese imperialism or bar out immigration from a new and self-assertive China struck me as sophomoric when they were not actually juvenile. They have learnt nothing from the fate of Korea. The "valor of inexperience" makes them scoff at the idea of Japan overrunning them. Nor do they appreciate how grave would be the economic consequences of finding themselves outside the American tariff wall.

After a crowded two days I quitted Manila convinced that, whatever be our current national sins, wronging Filipinos is not one of them.

Java is the garden spot of the tropics. The soil, all of volcanic origin, is rich and never needs fertilizer. Every mile or two, as we motored, we came upon picturesque villages tucked away behind bamboos or under tall palms. The highways were lined with lofty *canari* trees. Trudgers were in sight all the time, usually carrying something. As a rule faces are refined, and the women are very comely, smiling and gentle. Not a few Eurasians are to be seen.

The Dutch work very quietly. The military phase of their rule is by; they are *developing* their colonies rather than looking for new ones. In their officials the civilian psychology prevails.

It has been only about twenty years since the Government

began to provide schools, encourage the brightest pupils to go on and thus open to the ablest paths up into the professions and the Government services. In 15-25 years we shall hear much of "Javanization." I suspect that the Dutch could not withstand the pressure to match the liberality of the Americans in their 1901 pledge to fit the Filipinos for self-government.

In my three weeks I interviewed several provincial Governors (Residents) and asked always, "What proportion of the children of ten years are in school?" They said, "20 to 25 per cent." When finally I put this question up to His Excellency, the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, he told me "10 to 12 per cent." Then I got in touch with a couple of Javanese who had a Ph.D. from a university in Holland and the figure they gave me was "five." I concluded that the true figure lies between 5 and 10 per cent.

Is education free? The officials kept telling me "yes"; the Javanese leaders insisted that tuition in an elementary school costs \$25-\$30, in a secondary school, \$75-\$125. The Government puts no money into elementary education and in secondary education it supplies only the building. Not over 2 per cent of the people can read. About 150 Javanese have a Dutch university degree or its equivalent. There are 80,000 Dutch on the pay-roll of the state while there are not over 50 Javanese in the technical Civil Service. If the Dutch were in earnest in bringing the Javanese forward they would multiply educational opportunities twenty fold. The nationalists feel that the Dutch are loath to rear up competitors for their own posts, which pay them twice what they could command at home.

I told the Governor-General that before long my country might grant the Filipinos independence.

"I hope you don't do it."

"Why shouldn't we?"

"You'll add greatly to *our* difficulties."

Meaning that the Javanese will push harder for self-government. The Residents kept telling me how "Communists inspired from Moscow" were stirring up sedition. "Why in West Java in 1926 they . . ."

That is an old familiar song for me, so I put it up to my Javanese Ph.D.'s. "How about it?"

"Communists? There's not a communist in the island. What has Marxism for the Javanese, who are in the agricultural stage? It's *nationalists* the officials are complaining of. In two years they've dumped down without trial in the jungles of New Guinea three thousand foes of Dutch Imperialism, all of them of high-school education or above, 30 per cent of all the educated Javanese there are. All Java talks of these exiles and regards them as heroes. The Dutch brand them 'communists' in order to gain foreign sympathy."

No wonder native technical experts would not talk with me in the hotel lobbies or verandas, where passing Dutchmen might note or overhear them, but only in my room!

The Governor-General concedes that most of the nationalists' demands are reasonable, *viz.*, more schools and more places in the government services. Even the nationalists concede that Java can't for a long time dispense with the Dutch.

"Your Excellency," I observed, "you've brought down the mortality of these people but their fertility stays where it was. Their growth margin is getting ever broader. In a hundred years the Javanese have grown from 5,000,000 to 35,000,000. Can such a rate of multiplication go on much longer?"

"Why shouldn't it?"

"Isn't Java nearly at the limit of her power to support population?"

"Yes, Java is about finished, but the surplus Javanese can flow off to Sumatra where we can do just as good a job as we've done in Java."

"And when Sumatra is filled up?"

"There is New Guinea."

"And then?"

"We can adjourn to Borneo which is rougher, to be sure, but is enormous."

"Then in a hundred years you'll have 150-200 millions of Malays in your East Indies instead of 51 millions as now?"

"Yes, that is likely."

To create a good market for their surplus administrative

skill, technical knowledge and capital (the natives providing taxes and cheap labor) the Dutch are calling into being another China. The Malay, who once led a rather free, interesting and happy life, is being turned into an anxious, toil-worn, playless being like the Chinese—as a result of giving him the benefits of the art of *death control* but not giving him the art of *birth control*. To make money out of them the faster the Dutch want these people to remain ignorant, Oriental and fast-breeding, when, no doubt, the best thing that could happen to them is to be Westernized. By what other route can they arrive at good health, longevity, leisure, a cheerful outlook on life, a high standard of living, general literacy, the emancipation of women, the individualization of the members of the family, and a measure of self-government?

In Siam I found the best minds agitated over the relentless pressing in of the Chinese, who keep to themselves, feel no throb of patriotism and, being older hands at the game, are able to get the better of the Siamese in trade and money-lending. The truth is, wherever the Chinese go they are devastating; Asiatics don't want them any more than we do. Yet I remember when our laissez-faire economists to a man condemned interference with Chinese immigration. So sage!

At Bangkok Prince Dhani, Minister of Education of Siam, told me popular education is pushed from above; the "people" see no object in it, haven't been "sold" on it. Despite "compulsory" education a quarter of the children miss school entirely and half drop out at the end of the first year. As for girls: what, the people ask, is the point in schooling them? Aren't they here just to be couch-mates and mothers?

There's the "Asiatic" view of the female sex!

The Siamese are a pleasant-faced, smiling people, gentled by the philosophy and teachings of Buddhism. It is long since they have fought a war. Their troops lack that grim, *killer* look one sees in the faces of Japanese, Germans, and other militarized peoples. About five hundred Siamese with Western university degrees man the Government just below the princes of the Royal House. Prince Mom Chao Sakol, brilliant Minister of Public Health, told me that they have

a compulsory-vaccination law but do not apply it until at least half the community have already voluntarily submitted to vaccination.

They do not insist on segregation of lepers, which would cause the people to hide their cases in that early stage when chaulmugra oil is still able to cure. We made that mistake in the Philippines and so leprosy is not dying out there. They acquaint the people with the signs of the ailment and encourage them to bring in their cases for treatment.

As for beriberi, a deficiency disease, they do not ban the polishing of rice because, in the East, polished rice is a hallmark of caste, as white bread has been with us for several centuries. They urge people to include in their diet fresh vegetables which will supply the deficiency in vitamins.

In this rice country malaria is so vast a problem they hardly know where to begin. It certainly spoiled five days for me in Bangkok. Screens at doors and windows would interfere too much with the circulation of air in this hot climate. To sleep under mosquito-netting is about all they can do.

I was tickled by the foxiness of the Prince. For five months, as an anti-cholera measure, they have been chlorinating Bangkok's water after filtering it, but haven't "let on." At the end of the year they will let the public know. This secrecy is intended to forestall a great outcry from the fanciful who will swear they can "taste the chlorine"!

On to India. Early one morning as our coaches stood in the train-shed at Madras two of Mr. Gandhi's disciples came to tell me that their master was in town and would be glad to see me.

Presently I was sitting with him on the floor drinking tea while he ate his breakfast of rice. Conversation with such a spirit translates me to a higher plane, but I shall reproduce just one passage.

"Mr. Gandhi, more than four years have elapsed since we had a big talk together in Delhi. Has the response to the Nationalist movement since then been such as to encourage you or discourage you?"

"Well, Professor Ross, many things have happened to encourage us and many things have happened to discourage us

but I think that, on the whole, the latter have predominated."

Perfect straightforwardness—there's his remedy for the besetting vice of "Oriental" character, want of candor. That vice in turn hinges on dread of the powerful, so the Mahatma in his *ashram* teaches his disciples to fear nobody. Lest this should breed mere two-gun courage he adds the virtue of *ahimsa* or harmlessness.

In a century, I predict, Gandhi's name will be more potent than that of any other Asiatic of our time.

Southing from Bombay I was impressed by the steady deepening of hue. Nearing the tip of the Peninsula I saw many who are as dark as Negroes, although there is nothing negroid about their features. Slender nose, thin lips, shapely head and noble brow under a sooty skin! And they seem brighter than the people of the Ganges Valley, a thousand miles to the North!

Handiwork of Lord Sun, I suppose!

As we draw near the Malabar Coast, famous as the home of the Nairs, among whom women dominate men, the Mohammedan influence fades out and women visibly become more erect, brighter-eyed, more eager to see and be seen, more talkative. How refreshing to see my sisters getting so much out of life!

Buell, Y.M.C.A. Secretary at Colombo in Ceylon, gave me something fresh. He thinks Hinduism is more favorable than Buddhism to the production of spiritual types of character. Some of its conceptions of Godhead are very elevating, whereas Buddhism has no God concept. He pointed out that, for all its aversion to shedding blood, Buddhism has not been as successful as Hinduism in making human life respected. Thus the murder rate of Siam is higher than that of India.

Mighty interesting—if true!

In Ceylon literacy is less than a third and schooling is not compulsory. The tuition of Buell's twelve-year-old daughter is forty dollars a year. No signs of population-pressure do I see. There are but five million people in an island which could support 20-25 millions Java style. Great tracts of the interior once densely populated have had to be abandoned to infected anopheles mosquitoes. Opponents of birth control will make

the point that only population-pressure will bring about the redemption and re-peopling of these areas.

I talked with the chief labor leader, a bright-eyed, attractive Cambridge university man of forty, speaking perfect English. When he began organizing seven years back there were no labor unions; now 110,000 Sinhalese laborers are organized. He runs into no legal obstacles in organizing labor. The higher British officials recognize that it is perfectly normal for labor to organize. Whatever persecution he meets with comes from the police, men of his own race.

He is no more communist than William Green. Working inside the capitalist social order, he aims so to build up the bargaining power of labor that the "going wage" will approximate the market worth of labor as determined by supply and demand. He thinks the "going wage" here is not over half the true "market worth" of labor. Sinhalese laborers, he reports, are much more organizable than those of India. The one unorganizable element here is the imported contract laborers from India.

Now I came upon something poetic and lovely. The new temper of labor prompts the nearest laborers to *pile onto and thrash the bullying Briton who kicks or cuffs an in-offensive native laborer*. When the incident appears in the newspapers the Briton poses as the victim of an unprovoked assault, suppressing, of course, his own part in bringing it on.

Reader, if you don't feel this new manliness of the Sinhalese workers to be fine, know that your heart is corrupt!

In Egypt I met with the same mania for numbers that crops up among nationalists everywhere. By various irrigation and drainage works a fifth may be added (they say) to the cultivable area; but while this is being achieved population will have expanded a third! So the standard of living will have to be lowered. Not a soul perceives that disease conquest has brought in "a new dispensation," under which no advanced people dares indulge in its full natural fecundity.

The educated Egyptians notice a marked difference between the English and the Americans. The former are more haughty and standoffish, loath to speak with any one unless they are sure he is their social equal; the latter are democratic

and sociable in manner, will talk with any one. The British would have the Egyptians believe that we Americans are their social inferiors—and are conscious of our inferiority!

I found two systems of education operating in Egypt. One was traditional and religious; its schools were in the ten thousand mosques. Mostly the pupils were memorizing the Koran, not reading, writing or figuring. Crown of the system was *El Azhar*, founded A.D. 970 and last of the medieval universities. It was so antiquated that its graduates met a tapering demand. Probably by now it has either been mended or ended. The other system is governmental and was set up under the British Occupation. There is a four-year "primary" school and a four-year secondary school; the whole apexing in schools—of agriculture, law, medicine and teacher-training. The object is to provide material for the Civil Service.

The system *presupposes* ability to read Arabic and do simple arithmetic, so two years of private tutoring or private school are called for before the child can even enter the "primary" school! Ever see a neater trick for cutting out the children of the masses from access to government service without letting the world notice?

Then at all school levels tuition fees have to be paid. The pupils in the secondary schools are all intent on government jobs. They realize that the state's examination for these jobs will relate to the topics in the syllabus prepared for the schools by the Ministry, so they object vigorously to having their minds cluttered up with anything not provided for in this syllabus. Library work is anathema to them. They have no idea of pursuing knowledge for its own sake or acquiring culture, they are after a ticket to a salaried post. What they are getting is readily distinguishable from real education.

Out of Egypt's fourteen millions a *hundred thousand* are in the "primary" school when there ought to be *two millions*. The illiteracy rate is very high. Since the British left the planting of schools has been speeded up. The spirit of New Egypt is that education is the key to their problem.

The ratio of girls in school to boys is 1 to 40. Boys and girls are everywhere in different schools. In Cairo, city of a million, there are only three girls' secondary schools, two "finishing"

schools and one for teacher-training. Islam so secludes woman that it is hard for her to break into industry, business, the professions, or society. Only since the World War will a Moslem woman appear on the street without a thick veil. Egypt is much more conservative than Turkey is; Istanbul leads Cairo in the freedom of woman.

A sociologist here told me that this is a dreadful atmosphere in which to bring up a boy. There pervades juvenile circles a folklore about sexual gratification and perverse practices, which is extremely corrupting.

From much dealing with those who don't care what they pay and with bulliable women the Egyptian tourist-handlers have arrived at the summit of impudence. A camel man at the Pyramids offered to take Rosamond and me to a certain point for five piasters, but when we dismounted he demanded eight. I just laughed at him. The bootblack who shined my shoes yesterday for one piaster asks me two. I refuse and he comes down to one. Yet five minutes later, when he has done my shoes—a scamped job—he demands $1\frac{1}{2}$ piasters! The educated Egyptians, realizing that it hurts them in foreign eyes, are deeply mortified by the rascality of these fellows.

Ascending 417 miles to Luxor I saw about all of Egypt save the Delta. I was always in sight of the tawny cliffs or hills bordering the Nile trough seven to fifteen miles wide. No other country can thus be overlooked out of opposite car windows.

The Palestinian peasants are tall and slender with full eyes, noble brows and well-cut features. Conditions have made them servile and tricky, but as the terrible Turkish régime recedes these traits will disappear. In a couple of generations these people should be athletic, manly, intelligent and proud.

An evening with American Zionist leaders in a Jerusalem home opened up for me the situation they face. The Jews, once a tenth, are now a fifth of the 800,000 population. Only 6 per cent of the budget of Palestine, mandated to the British, goes for education as against 19 per cent of that of the Philippines. British administrators have no such enthusiasm for popular education as Americans have. With the £20,000 allotted them for Jewish elementary education the Zionist Committee puts eight times as much, so that *all* the Jewish chil-

dren are getting education as against *a seventh* of the Arab children.

Agriculture may be made to flourish here not only by draining marshy lands along the coastal plain and irrigating from wells by means of gasoline-pumps, but chiefly by substituting for bread grains money crops like oranges, dates and grapes. Then the successful extraction of potash might convert the saturated waters of the Dead Sea into a liquid goldmine.

Since the close of the War about a hundred thousand Jews—mostly from Eastern Europe—have been settled in Palestine. [The 1933-36 wave out of Hitler's Germany is another story.] They get only a lease on their plot, so that the increment in the value of the land will go to the whole people (Zionists know their Henry George!). The settlers are provided with the animals and equipment for farming, then they must fend for themselves. The value of the advances to them is to be repaid on easy terms without interest. Before he is settled on a plot the immigrant must have made good here as an agricultural laborer for several years.

As I drove about Judea I saw clearly that the hill country is no longer good for much but tree-growing. Thanks to careless tillage most of the soil that once mantled these slopes has been washed away, so that more and more the limestone crops out. If instead of plowing with a crooked stick faced with a strip of iron they had had our steel plow turning a furrow seven inches deep, they would have lost their soil a thousand years sooner.

In my first visit to Athens I passed most of my time about the Parthenon seeking the soul of the people who built it. A professor in Athens College told me there is still in Greek character a penchant for trickery and chicane which was established in them during their long subjection to a foreign yoke. A century of national freedom has not sufficed to eradicate it. American schools and colleges are very popular with parents here because they have a reputation for building character. The Greek schools teach "religion" (of the dogmatic type) but do not turn out straight-forward truthful youths as do the American schools. In the latter there is an

intimacy between pupil and teacher which gives the latter opportunities to "get across" to his pupil his own notions of the honorable and the dishonorable.

The educated, self-conscious parts of Hellenic society have turned their backs on Asiatic culture and are altogether Western in tastes and aspirations. But among the uncultivated out in the rural villages survive many vestiges of the "Oriental," such as want of freedom of choice in marriage, family solidarity, male domination, patriarchal authority, clannishness, distrust of the state.

From Brindisi on I was impressed with the vast superiority of present European civilization over the Asiatic. No squalid, mud-built rural villages, no tiny reed-huts, no gaunt, gray, abject peasants, no narrow, crooked, rutty highways, no public stench, no mad endeavor to cultivate slopes too steep for tillage, little murderous deforestation, few evidences of ruinous erosion.

The antiquated Asiatic culture holds no promise and should be scrapped as soon as possible. Throughout the Orient Westernization should be the order of the day. It is idle to make-believe that the "Oriental" has still certain points of superiority. It *had*, but Western culture itself is being swiftly transformed in the new light coming from advancing Science, and is losing its accidental traits. Appreciation of the great historic rôle of the Oriental culture should not blind us to the fact that Asia needs the emancipation and elevation of women, less parental domination of grown children, more freedom of matrimonial choice, schooling for all children, a new type of education, collective combatting of disease, acquaintance with birth control, a more socialized type of religion, lessening of the jurisdiction of religious authorities, closer acquaintance with Science and Technique, the encouragement of capital-building, credit agencies, the modern State, responsible government, a belief in the efficacy of human effort and faith in the rich potentialities of human life.

A pretty large program!

I revisited Italy, revisited Berlin, which I hadn't seen since my student days, and saw Vienna. Here I was taken over the Karl Marx Hof, a huge building providing decent apart-

ments for working-class families. Little did I foresee that four years later shells would be tearing through these families in order that Social Democracy might be crushed.

Yet I should have seen "the handwriting on the wall." With a professor of economics from the University of Vienna I was looking at a huge wall-map of post-war Austria. "Now, show me," I said, "just where are the great landed estates."

"There are none left, they have all been broken up and disposed of to the peasants."

I ought to have foreseen that, once the revolutionary demands of the peasants had been met, the next move of city capitalists, militarists and clericals would be to arm the peasants' sons and use them in crushing the urban proletariat.

In Paris some of our pampered youths rushed into the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* with complaints of the management of the Cruise. I had had nothing to do with management, but in the cause of justice I published a letter in which I observed:

The hardest kickers are among those who, when we were too far around the globe to send them back, slid out of study and classes and devoted themselves to basket chairs, cooling drinks, moonlight auto-rides and seeing the night life of great cities. It is to laugh when they belittle the educational side of the Cruise. In every country the greatest authorities were glad to come and give conferences on the economic life of their country, its social conditions, education, public health problems, politics, etc. Educational visits of all kinds were made to monasteries, temples, schools, universities, museums, coffee orchards, rubber plantations, botanic gardens, etc. It is chiefly the score of loafers who sat around sipping iced drinks and consistently passed up this feast of opportunities, who are now making the noise.

CHAPTER XXVII

I ARRIVE AT A WORLD VIEW

AFTER having observed many peoples, not as careless "globe-trotter" or curious sight-seer but as a serious student of society, I have arrived at what I may call a "world view." I have come to realize that there is no foretelling where the finer human traits will crop up. From Brittany I have fragrant memories of simplicity and rare courtesy met with in wearers of *sabots*. On foot-journeys in the Harz, the Black Forest, the Thüringian Forest and Saxon Switzerland, how often I was touched by the pains the forest-guards took to make sure we greenhorns should not meet with mishap or lose our way! Ah, the *Biederkeit* of the simple folk in the woodland huts! Sometimes I have "let on" to be more helpless than I really am just to see how much trouble they would take to set me right.

Not soon shall I forget the much-enduring soldier-boys from the crumbling Russian front who crouched wearily in the vestibules and corridors of the weekly express which in the midwinter of 1917 crawled across the vast snowy plains of Russia and Siberia. Some of them were with us a whole week without one opportunity to doff clothes and lie down. They were armed and could have turned us out of our state-rooms and slept in our beds had they pleased, for the country was in the mill-race of revolution; yet I heard of not one rough word or gesture from any of them.

On the fifth floor of an apartment house in Rostoff I talked one evening in 1917 with a Russian professor of ecclesiastical law whose world was collapsing in revolution. There was only one candle in the study and not once did I see his countenance clearly, but what he said drew me strangely to him.

How often, in Southern Europe or in Latin America, my heart has skipped a beat at glimpsing in the face of some young

friar the rapt look of one who loves and pities men! Always the sight stirs in me an inner protest against the religious vow which dooms such to leave no offspring to inherit and hand on their golden traits.

Hobnobbing with all sorts and conditions has made me extremely tolerant. Just as I am catholic in *diet*, having found that every national diet has its good points, just as I am catholic in *manners*, having discerned that the accepted postures and gestures are the best means of manifesting my good-will; so I have come to be tolerant of queer religious faiths, eccentric cultural traits and strange social institutions. To be sure, I lost all patience with Chinese foot-binding, the Oriental veil, bull-fighting and Hindu caste; but I came to realize that there are various ways of interpreting a human relation and other ways than ours may give fair results.

Difference of race means far less to me now than once it did. Starting on my explorations with the *naïve* feeling that only my own race is right, all other races are more or less "queer," I gained insight and sympathy until my heart overleapt barriers of race. One Sunday in a tiny mission chapel on the coast of Fokien, there being but twelve persons in the congregation, I noticed a young Chinese with the face of a St. John. Our eyes never met, but I felt he and I might be comrades for life. In a Buddhist monastery on a mountain-top in Szechuan there was a monk whose transfigured countenance stopped me in my tracks—I wouldn't hesitate to trust him with my life. In Ahmedabad I was shown about Mahatma Gandhi's home by his son Devadas, a youth of twenty with eyes as tender as ever were in human countenance. Sometimes from a window of my train I have looked into eyes that gave a sudden tug on my heart-strings. For a moment I have felt a wild impulse to quit the train and seek out that man; he should have something wonderful to say to me. So far I have met with no such a mute appeal in the eyes of a red man or a black man; their faces are a script I have not yet learned to read.

Far behind me in a ditch lies the Nordic Myth, which had some fascination for me forty years ago. My "wild oats!" But in time I shed all my color prejudices. I have seen blue eyes that glowed with a Divine light but I can say the same for

brown eyes and black eyes. Again, I have looked into blue eyes as cold and inhuman as the eyes of a kobold.

I recall with emotion the fair, flushed face of a slim, blue-eyed young bride at Chiddingfold, England, who let us a room and served us meals. She was so anxious lest her accounts be wrong that often I had to intervene to save her from cheating herself! Some of the English have so seraphic a look that they bring back to me Pope Gregory's pun on seeing the sweet-faced English captives offered for sale in the slave-mart at Rome. "*Non Angli sunt, sed angeli*" (Not Angles but angels). But, lest I should link human goodness with fairness of hue, there rises in my memory the noble face of the swarthy young Italian monk who welcomed us student wayfarers when we stopped at the Hospice on the Great Saint Bernard, the beautiful brows and large lustrous eyes I saw in some of the peasants turning the furrow in Palestine.

I blush to confess that nearly two-thirds of my life had passed before I awoke to the fallacy of rating peoples according to the grade of their culture. I had assumed that if a people cleaves to its low culture that is about all it is fit for. Slowly I came to see that many factors beside disparity of natural endowment explain why *this* people has a high culture while *that* people has a low culture. It dawned upon me, too, how difficult it may be for a people to rid themselves of their inherited culture and adopt a higher culture.

In an article I published in *The Independent* for November, 1904, "The Value Rank of the American People," I characterized some of our immigrants from Eastern Europe as "the beaten members of beaten breeds." I rue this sneer. Since coming to know the Slavs in their homeland I realize that their cultural backwardness is due not to any deficiency in themselves, but to their having been overrun again and again by mounted barbarians from the Asiatic grasslands and to their living beyond the reach of such powerful stimuli as our ancestors had from the Crusades, the Renaissance, the Geographic Discoveries and the Rise of sea-borne Commerce.

Inferiority has been imputed to the Negro race because no Negro people has been found in possession of a high culture. This, however, may come from the fact that when, at the

close of the last Glacial Age, the great ice-sheet which blanketed half of Europe retreated, the Sahara turned desert. Once it had been well-watered and populated, but now the folk to the south of it were cut off by 800-1000 miles of impassable waste from the wonderful civilizing developments about the eastern Mediterranean—Egypt, Babylonia, Crete, Greece, Rome. Lost amid the overpowering luxuriance of nature in the Torrid Zone, they were unable to achieve any notable cultural advance.

Meanwhile, long subjection to a hot climate caused their skin to become darker, their hair more woolly, their nostrils more open, their sweat glands more abundant, their body hair sparser. When, after several thousands of years of separation from the rest of us, they were discovered by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, their race traits made them ideal for converting into slaves and carrying off to work the American plantations.

So the Negroes in the New World lost most of their simple African culture, but of our culture they could take over only such parts as leached down to slaves. They are free now, but it may take a century for them to rid themselves completely of their slave heritage and appropriate the higher culture about them. In the meantime, the palpable backwardness of most of them will continue to be interpreted as proof of their mental inferiority. Actually, we cannot yet be sure how this race compares in mental endowment with our own.

My world outlook does not lead me to take a rosy view of the near future. For two or three generations, a large part of mankind is doomed to increasing distress and to needless international struggle because they will not cut down their births at the same rate that their deaths have been cut down. Three-fifths of humanity are in Asia and it will take, I fear, a long time to rid Asiatics of their patriarchalism and their contempt for women. As their population pressure mounts and the Asiatic peoples become restless, demagogues like Hitler will arise in their midst who will egg them on to seize some weaker people's territory. Neighbor states will feel obliged to arm in self-defense, so that ere long the silly and costly Western game of armament-capping will be in full

swing among the Asiatics. Peoples that had been taught by Buddha the way of peace and have followed it with profit and happiness for thousands of years will be brought to see the height of wisdom in being "prepared" to loose upon one another the most frightful agencies of mass murder.

Thanks to international traders, holders of investments abroad, scheming munitions makers, rabid nationalists and warped militarists, at humanity's feet yawns a veritable Hell!

CHAPTER XXVIII

FIFTEEN WEEKS IN PARADISE

February, 1932—May, 1932

LATE in 1931 my heart so resented years of constant whip-up, that I was ordered to go far away and vegetate; so at the close of the first semester I made for Tahiti, where I tarried 107 days. At Levinson's hotel ten miles out of Papeete, the one town, I had a one-room cabin with veranda a few steps from the lagoon and a bath-house out over the water. Six such outfits and a large dining-room with kitchen constituted the hotel.

The thermometer on my porch at no time registered above 78°; I suppose the temperature, even in July—midwinter—never falls below 57–60°. The copious rainfall is said to be due to the evaporation from the many vast, shallow, well-warmed lagoons of the Paumotus, which lie far to the north-east and charge with moisture the trade-winds which later are milked by the mountains (up to 7345 feet) of Tahiti. Save for a little market-garden stuff grown by the Chinese, the food of the inhabitants comes out of the sea or off trees. There are no large clearings, hence, there are no great blankets of heated air to smother one.

About sixty clear creeks and little rivers dart out from the mountainous interior and in places this flow of fresh water makes gaps in the coral-reef which belts the island at a distance of from ten rods to one mile. This reef is from thirty to fifty paces wide, just awash, a bed of living hydrozoa. The silver girdle it encloses, the "lagoon," is characteristic of the South Sea islands. Grown sharks, mantas, sword-fish, bill-fish and other dangerous sea-prowlers never venture inside the reef, so that in the warm water of the shallow lagoon bathers may sport in perfect safety. You drift in your canoe (a slender

dug-out log steadied by an outrigger) for endless happy hours and watch overside the ever-changing submarine fairyland a fathom or two below you. One coral head will be haunted solely by little scarlet fish, another by grass-green fingerlings, another by minnows striped like convicts.

O the inexhaustible treasures of beauty!

I never wearied of the mild airs which gently caressed my bared torso, the tall feathery palms, the smiling clear coral-studded lagoon, the incessant booming of the breakers on the reef, the dark rising front of the oncoming billow, its toppling as its toes struck the coral, its crest pouring down its green front like a toy Niagara, its frothing into white foam as it rushed across forty yards of fretted reef, and the immense white columns of spray the billows sent up at the outer front of the reef when the sea was unquiet. Then there were the troops of cotton-wool clouds along the horizon glorified toward sunset into gold and crimson, the stir of the trade-winds in one's hair, the comely brown bodies of the men and boys at our point fishing in the surf with long bamboo poles, the native boys and girls swinging happily hand-in-hand along my beach, the occasional yacht or ship passing us some miles out, the lovely warm swimming-parlors of white coral sand found in among the big scratchy dangerous coral heads.

Thanks to the absence of cultivated fields, even in summer the air circulating among the trees is fresh and agreeable. *Bougainvillæa* abounds and every native hut has a screen of rich red hibiscus between it and the highway. As I motored about the island, ever ahead of me etched on the white road were the lacy shadows of tree-tops. Looking up the frequent little valleys which open from the mountain masses of the interior, my eye encountered numerous bridal-veil waterfalls, clinging and swaying about the steeps.

"Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn."

Tahiti holds out a new rapture—the emancipation of the skin. Instead of being smothered in fabrics and dulled to insensitivity by everlasting contact with woven stuff, one's skin is permitted to come alive, inhale, thrill, transmit myriads of delicious sensations from sunbeams, breezes and currents.

Offer your skin freely to the suave airs and waters of Tahiti and you discover an unsuspected sixth sense.

I fear the early missionaries did the natives no kindness teaching them that the body is shameful and must be quite covered. In this land of frequent quick showers and small access to dry clothing, letting the wet garment dry on the body is an invitation to tuberculosis and rheumatism. Just why working or playing out-of-doors in these gardens of Hesperides should call for more than a loin-cloth or "shorts" is not apparent to me.

In Tahiti one has a house for shelter from rain and for privacy—not for warmth. Hence sheathing is of the slightest, plastering is needless, the windows are without glass, and there is no chimney save over the cook-stove.

The native dances so build up from childhood the walls of the abdomen that one never sees a swag-bellied native. What a sight many elderly Americans would present in mere loin-cloth! Our horror of nudism comes, of course, from the natural repulsiveness of the human body below the neck and above wrists and ankles; but a little of it *may* be due to nudism's threat to disclose how dreadfully many of us neglect or maltreat our bodies. So let us drape our pot bellies, fat rolls and spindle shanks in the name of "modesty"!

A dozen fishing families dwelt within four minutes' walk of my cabin, fisher-folk were continually passing me along the beach, knots of four or five would be netting minnows or sprats for bait right in front of my place. At every cast of the net they got two or three double-handfuls. A boy followed with a wicker container in which the catch was kept alive by being sunk in the water. These fisher-folk were anything but slaves of toil and seemed to enjoy life as much as we idlers did.

The French, possessing social insight, govern Tahiti with much tact. Were the British or Americans in charge, there would be a social ban upon the blending of whites with natives. The French see no point in it, so the natives are not poisoned in soul by doubts as to their own worth. Indeed, if there is good reason why whites and browns, branches certainly of the same race, should not pair, I should like to

know what it is. The Caucasians in Tahiti do not look down on the Polynesians, nor do the latter fear and hate the former. The Tahitians realize that their culture is millennia behind ours and feel no resentment over their public affairs being managed for them; but they *would* be sore if they felt themselves under a taboo.

In the old days of "enterprise" coolies were brought in from China to work the sugar-plantations that began to form on the island. Fortunately none are admitted now, but there are some thousands of Tahiti-born pure Chinese. They do all the market-gardening, monopolize the petty trades, multiply madly, as Confucians always do, and by their competition make life harder for all. The French see how these progeny-loving ancestor-worshippers fasten the curse of toil upon the rest, but cannot find a pretext for deporting them.

The proverbial "charm" of the Polynesians comes from their having held off population-pressure by free resort to infanticide. Marooned on their little islands, they caught the point of human over-fecundity, whereas the continental peoples missed it quite and evolved the bloody war-and-conquest life-pattern. Even *with* infanticide Tahiti was supposed to have 150,000 inhabitants when first visited two centuries ago; now there are not over 20,000 Polynesians and the interior, once growing cocoanut and breadfruit, is nearly abandoned. The cause is, of course, the infectious diseases unwittingly introduced among a people who in long isolation had lost many of the resistances their ancestors had when they left the Asiatic mainland. The worst seems now to be over and there is no longer fear lest the natives die out.

The Tahitian girl is proud to be the sweetheart of a decent white man, and her family are willing to help her raise whatever "half-caste" children may result. The foreigner is considered a model if he is loyal to her so long as he remains on the island. No one, not even the girl herself, expects him to take her with him when he departs. Imagine subjecting a daughter of Paradise, accustomed to wearing behind her ear the white flower of the *tiare*, to one of our winters!

In a drive around the island I witnessed Douglas Fairbanks and his party "shooting film" on location. He had combed

out from our local Polynesians a collection of Apollos such as my eyes had never rested on. One more puncture in the Nordic myth!

As between the glamorous and the "debunking" literature produced about the South Seas, I am for the former. These emeralds in the cobalt really *are* as enchanting as Loti, Stevenson, Maugham, Grimshaw and O'Brien led me to expect. The perfect climate, the gorgeous sunsets, the "coral strand," the blue lagoon, the graceful palms, the under-water fairy-land, the handsome natives, the easy-going existence, the pursuit of love, are not literary inventions for "best-sellers." Tahiti casts a spell. If middle-aged Americans, arriving here under the impression that the charm of the South Seas is opportunity for unlimited boozing, come to an early unlamented end, is Tahiti to blame? This climate, of course, is not one in which you can alcoholize with impunity; it takes zero air quickly to oxidize excess alcohol in the lungs.

The "remittance man" is a queer and distressing type. Here was Sam Olcott [a pseudonym] of a rich old Boston family, a man of thirty-six, Harvard graduate, lawyer and born gentleman, yet a thrall of liquor! From his cottage he would come down to Levinson's twice a week with his new bride, daughter of an Irish-American politician, to swig cocktails and drink champagne until both were tipsy. She would try to dance the *hula-hula*, announcing with great dignity, "*I am Mrs. Olcott.*"

The handful of "nature men" among us find what they came here for. They escape the competitive tread-mill, no longer strain to "keep up with the Joneses," cease to tremble for their jobs, slip the yoke of silly social conventions and spend most of the day in *pareu*, their skins rejoicing in the soft, scented airs. Each has his native girl, rears children, lives from the fruits of a moderate amount of outdoor labor on some little clearing on a mountain shoulder and spends hours clad in nothing looking out over the enchanting scene. These gymnosophs well forget the world and let the world forget them. Twenty to fifty dollars a year is all the cash they require; if they aren't fortunate enough to have a bit coming in from a family or investment in the outside world, they

clamber down the dim trail with loads of *copra* or other forest product. The worries which torment us pass them by. If they keep their health and meet with no mishap, they ought to relish every day. No winter, no east wind, no social vying, no Mrs. Grundy, no incessant prick of advertisements, no wheedling shop-windows, no high collars, tight shoes, "bosom" shirts or derby hats, no "holy" Sabbath or you'll-be-damned theology, no flag-waving, hectic nationalism or compulsory military drill!

[I beg readers who, kindled by what I have just set down, are fain to settle in Tahiti, not to write me for information, but to inquire of the French Embassy in Washington.]

I noticed that those here "to get away from it all" stay as long as they can. Within half a dozen miles from me in either direction are settled a rare lot of cultivated and interesting "refugees from civilization." What eccentric and vivid characters! And how they have to shun one another! What can a young Mormon missionary from Provo and a middle-aged remittance man from Charleston have in common?

Terms on which the idler can share this Paradise? I was told that a man with his wife can get a small furnished house on the lagoon for \$15-\$25 a month, which means they could live here a year for \$800. With a maid their year might cost them \$1,000. A single man can live here, a gentleman of leisure, on \$600 to \$800 a year.

Of course, one isn't going to find peace and happiness even in this Arcady if he brings with him his private hell. Tahiti has no cure for drunkard, dope-fiend, syphilitic, paranoiac, or paretic. The victim of a bad inheritance, the sufferer from glandular imbalance, inferiority complex, split personality, melancholia, habitual grouch, delusions of grandeur, envy, jealousy, greed, or ambition, ought to be barred from Tahiti as a public pest, like the Hessian fly or the English sparrow; for Tahiti cannot heal him while he *can* poison the social atmosphere.

The tragedies among the mutineers of *The Bounty* on Pitcairn Island shows how any Paradise can be converted into a Tophet by the unrestrained operation of the passions. Tahiti ought to be reserved for the true élite, none should be

allowed to settle here who has not given evidence of possessing a social character and personality. Is it too much that a hundred-thousandth part of the land of this globe should be reserved for the superior and sound?

Experiences of utter contentment roaming and camping in the wilderness have begotten in me the suspicion that I have a well-adjusted personality and my sojourn in Tahiti confirmed it. Although far from my dear ones I never tired of the supernal beauty of the island; in my fifteenth week it held as much charm for me as it did in my first week. I became a *sunlight-addict*, as much intoxicated by the play of light as some are by opium or hashish.

The "dark forces" must have overlooked me when I was conceived. Self-doubt, feeling of inadequacy, sense of frustration, compulsions, obsessions, bad conscience, are strangers to me. I am extrovert not introvert, live outside my head, have no secret inner life apart from my visible existence. Of course, I have an ego, but I have tied it up and thrashed it until its demands are very modest; not twenty minutes a year do its murmurs give me unease. I do, indeed, crave recognition, but regularly I get as much of it as I require. What chiefly I want is opportunity to do something that I imagine to be of importance to my fellow-men; and indeed I have not been so disregarded but that I allow myself to dream that I am, say, a twenty-thousandth of the forces shaping our age.

Although in Tahiti I faced the risk of sudden heart-failure, the thought of dying left me strangely uninterested. I was deeply concerned as to the destiny of my children and grandchildren, of peoples and races, of institutions, causes and reforms, but I gave little thought to my own fate. Although I had only casual acquaintances for companions and was debarred from canoeing and swimming, chief pastimes of the visitor, still I was happy in Tahiti. When one has an enjoyable physical life, is tormented by no repressions or inner conflicts and dwells in the midst of perfect beauty, one may have such rapport as the Christian saints and the Moslem Sufis testify to.

In Kislovodsk, the great watering-place in the Caucasus, I saw in the summer of 1934 a very beautiful thing. Still, as

under the tsarist régime, about a hundred thousand came each season to drink the mineral waters and enjoy the wonderful walks and views. But, whereas formerly this was a watering-place for the dissipated or pleasure-seeking rich, now it had become a place of rest and recuperation for exhausted shock-brigade workers (*udarniks*) from every part of the Soviet Union. It was the worker-groups that decided which of their members best deserved a fortnight or a month at Kislovodsk as guests of the U.S.S.R.

Now I dream of Tahiti as some day the site of hundreds of furnished bungalows, built and looked after by outside agencies, and the award of the use of these bungalows for three or four months will lie in the hands of responsible groups over here—the railway brotherhoods, the labor unions, the churches, the universities, the organized professions, municipal departments and government bureaus. Each will control a bungalow and will decide which of their number is most deserving of a vacation without expense.

No people is so ripe as are we over-wrought Americans to respond to such an idea and no people is so well qualified as the clairvoyant and esthetic French to administer Tahiti in accordance with it.

My Paradise, alas, was invaded by the shattering message that my gentle and beloved Rosamond had suddenly passed away from heart-failure; so I took the first boat for home.

CHAPTER XXIX
THIRTY YEARS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF
WISCONSIN

1906-1936

THE story of sociology at Wisconsin sounds like a Paul Bunyan yarn. The first year I taught only sociology (1907-08) I enrolled 176. In three years my enrollment doubled. The next year, with 400 on my hands, Dr. John L. Gillin was called but at first he gave us only half his time, the rest going to university extension. In 1929 a Department of Sociology and Anthropology was set up which now includes six professors, two associate-professors, four assistant-professors, two lecturers, and one instructor.

In 1907-08 each thousand students here furnished fifty-seven takers of a sociology course; twenty-seven years later they furnished 262 takers—4.6 times as much interest! A like growth has been registered in scores of other universities. With instruction in the social branches growing like a mushroom in colleges and high schools, there is a good chance that whatever changes will eventually have to be made in American society will be adopted after rational discussion and not after breaking heads.

Spies

More than half a hundred times at Stanford and in my early years at Wisconsin, spies of one sort or another have sought to beguile me into some utterance which might later be used to my hurt. Generally I catch their scent in a minute or two and get huge fun out of them. I meet my caller with a disarming *naïveté*, respond to his questions artlessly and with seeming frankness. Usually he leaves pleased, only afterwards

does he realize how much of my self-disclosure depended on a counter-question, a twinkle, a lift of the eyebrow, a wave of the hand—and how can he cite these? Little does he ken that for years “They can’t quote my shrug” has been one of my private maxims. I have found it a tactical advantage to let people take me for more kinds of a fool than I am.

For some years mysterious, unintroduced visitors would slip very casually into my classroom. I am afraid that in their presence I took a malicious pleasure in stressing the historical or theoretical aspects of the topic of the day, so that all they brought away with them was a headache.

The extending of business-control over scholars called forth a new type, *i.e.*, the University sneak. I mean the professor who seeks to “make a hit” with the President or Trustees by reporting that colleague So-and-So talks to his classes about labor unions, puts Marx’s *Capital* on his reference lists, even sets it out on the “reserved shelf” in the reading-room! Of course, the sneak professes to be actuated by purest patriotism. What stories of sneak exploits have been brought to me! Were we scholars roused and bold how quickly we would freeze these reptiles out of the faculty!

A Hair’s-breadth Escape

A Chicago man of varied business experience in Mexico and elsewhere gained a social vision and for some time pestered me with broadsides, clippings and letters. Finally, in 1909, I let him come up and present before my big class some original educational proposals, which were not without merit. Promptly Chicago sources supplied the Wisconsin capitalistic newspapers with certain half-baked proposals of his regarding marriage, which had not come to my attention, and their readers were told, “This is the sort of man Professor Ross allows to address his class! Your sons and daughters at the University of Wisconsin run the risk of being corrupted!” About this time Emma Goldman came to town to lecture on Anarchism and on my way to class I learned of infuriated patriots tearing down her posters. This struck me as not quite

sportsmanlike and, since the topic of the day was Tolerance, I characterized such manifestations as anti-social and un-American, thereby calling attention to the Goldman lecture.

I did not attend it, but the next morning Miss Goldman called on me at my office, and I took her over the campus pointing out its beauties. Promptly the newspapers shrieked that I was an anarchist; and then certain financiers and capitalists on the Board of Regents (clever team-work!) solemnly shook their heads and gave it out to the newspapers as their pondered opinion that I was not fit to remain at Wisconsin. This was sheer pose, for President Van Hise told me my real offense was publishing *Sin and Society*, and that for more than two years certain Regents had been looking for a pretext to oust me.

In February according to plan I left for China. At Vancouver and again at Shanghai, cables from Van Hise led me to expect the worst. Naturally I didn't sleep well, for I foresaw a return home in August with no academic chair in sight and nothing to support my family on. How could I negotiate for a new job 10,000 miles away in Central China? A fortnight after landing I attended a Union Missionary service in Peking and one of the hymns given out was Luther's "A Mighty Fortress is our God." As we sang I recalled *his* daring and compared what *he* faced with what *I* faced. Luther's fighting spirit rose in me, I worried no more but from then on gave my whole attention to studying the Chinese. In April a cable from the staunch Van Hise notified me that the motion to oust me failed. Playing for time he had been able to gather protests from so many liberals out in the state that some of the hostile Regents lost their nerve and an adverse majority was converted into a minority.

This underhanded attempt to destroy me for writing *Sin and Society*, which pillories no individuals, left on me a far deeper impression than did my Stanford dismissal. Although autocratic, Mrs. Stanford was no hypocrite. I perceived now that I had to do with antagonists quite devoid of truth, honesty, and justice—skulking wire-pullers perfectly capable of having me murdered if I stood enough in their way. To look for decency or chivalry in them was as childish as to look for

fastidiousness in a hyena. Henceforth I trusted only those working for the same objectives I have.

Does the sense of being always ringed by wolves ready to spring at my throat if my foot slips depress me? On the contrary, it has lent zest to life, given me the thrills of the big-game hunter as well as many anxious hours. Pipe down? I should say *not!* Wrathfully and defiantly I devise tactics to make my foes powerless to harm me. By many addresses I have made myself widely known in the State; there must be 150,000 citizens of Wisconsin who have some first-hand acquaintance with my ideas and are not to be stampeded by the editorial opinions of a Hearst or a McCormick. Then tens of thousands of my former students are scattered about, many of them in positions of influence—and they *really know* what I stand for. With such a clientele I can walk up to the *Chicago Tribune* and kick it in the jaw. Scores of times before big classes and public audiences I have piled up evidence of what a news-twister it is—and it can't do a thing to me!

On a New Tack

I put out in 1910 a little book, *Latter Day Sinners and Saints* (68 pp.). More and more I am critical of our developing social order. Production for home use is shrinking, factory product bids fair to sweep the field, dealer competition is being abandoned for coöperation in consumer-squeezing, crooked advertising is penetrating everywhere, newspapers are coming to be the "kept women" of Business, the preachers are being curbed and ridden, more and more the party organizations are secretly taking money and orders from the "Big Fellows." Under the surface much is going on which the newspapers will not print but which I think the public ought to know about; and it just isn't *in me* to hold my tongue. Yet, had I gone on divulging a few years longer, even Wisconsin would not have been able to keep me.

What saves my academic life is my getting off to the hinterlands—China, South America, Russia, Mexico—and seeing how much worse things are out there than they are here. At the time I don't at all realize the significance of my

going off to explore China; I am merely indulging a jaded man's craving for something fresh and strange. But the outcome is that I find a new line, which I have followed with success for a quarter of a century.

The line is this: Some of the ugly developments among us are but the attending shadow of certain shining social gains. Big Business is taking such pains to bend the newspapers to its will *because the public educational system, the public libraries, and government investigations let out so much truth*. The Moneyed Interests are resorting to desperate measures to fool the public *because every adult has a vote and the votes are counted as cast*. Then the clear advance we have registered over certain other societies and over our own past demonstrates that it is possible to progress without making the Great Change—from *private* capitalism to *public* capitalism—which, the Marxians insist, is the *only* thing that will count.

Take the railroads. Forty years ago at Stanford I was giving more instruction on transportation than any other man in the country—three hours a week for an entire year. At that time half our economic troubles had to do with the railroads. Well, in 1910, twenty-three years after it was set up, the Interstate Commerce Commission was finally clothed with the authority it needed for its job and for nearly a quarter of a century now the "railroad question" has been obsolete.

There's progress—big, solid, unmistakable!

Take elections. As a boy I saw men line up before the ballot-box while party-workers handed them "tickets"; any one could see which ticket the man voted. The head of the railroad shops told his men which ticket the company wanted them to vote and stationed a watcher at the polls to see that they obeyed. The vote-seller who put the right ticket in the box went around to the saloon and got his two dollars.

Contrast with this the polling of to-day!

"Pussy-footing?" Not a bit, I disclose evil as freely as ever. But the public doesn't object after it has heard me contrast politics here with what I found in South America or Mexico, compare the treatment Russian labor got under the tsars with the experience of American labor in the same period.

One mustn't get the name of "chronic kicker," but the public doesn't resent having our shortcomings pointed out by a speaker who has demonstrated that he is perfectly aware of our successes. Preaching the Wardian doctrine of "the efficacy of human effort," I can send my hearers home in a glow.

Wisconsin's Political Atmosphere

After the great clean-up led by the virile La Follette, I have found the political atmosphere of Wisconsin wonderfully pleasant. This sea breeze—how refreshing after what I breathed in California! The officials in the State House strike me as just as enlightened, conscientious and public-spirited as the professors on University Hill. I can't recall one of them uttering a note that sounded to me "off-key."

Despite his hosts of co-workers, the credit for this high ozone content should go to Robert Marion La Follette. No doubt, there was initially just as wide a citizen opposition to machine-rule in Ohio, Illinois, or Iowa as there was in Wisconsin. Why then was Wisconsin the one state in which it moved on to complete triumph? Is there any reason other than La Follette's extraordinary energy, courage and generalship? If so, I don't know what it is.

I deem La Follette the greatest of the American political reformers of my time; superior to Theodore Roosevelt because he worked out a definite and adequate program and carried it into effect; superior to Bryan because he won political power and used it to realize his reform projects.

In 1918 I signed a manifesto of the University of Wisconsin faculty against La Follette's war record. Absent in Russia for seven months I was "out of touch," so I refused to sign until I could acquaint myself with the Senator's motions and speeches. But I was so busy writing and speaking on Revolutionary Russia that I could not find time to review the Senator's war record. Finally, yielding with misgivings to what I was told, I signed. I now regret it. Whatever one may think now about our being taken into the World War, La Follette's patriotism cannot be brought into question.

Of the Senator's sons I know well Philip, the younger,

now our Governor. I see in him the best traits of a born executive—honesty, fearlessness, plan and decision. He should go far.

President of the American Sociological Society

In 1914 and 1915 as President of the American Sociological Society I shaped the program of the annual three-days meeting just after Christmas. For 1914 I chose as topic, "Freedom of Communication," and we assembled at Princeton. My address was entitled, "Freedom of Communication and the Struggle for Right." Freedom of Assemblage, Speech, and Press had each a session and there was one on Academic Freedom. One paper was read on each occasion and was discussed by persons of national fame. I lured onto our program as many "whales" as I could get. My critics justly complained that this endeavor to mold public opinion in a big way did nothing to make sociology more scientific.

The next year, when the World War filled the thoughts of all, I chose as our topic, "War and Militarism in Their Sociological Aspects," and the meeting was in Washington. The paper of the first session, "Social Values and National Existence" was by Theodore Roosevelt, but it was understood that he would not have to present it in person. As soon as I announced that Mr. Roosevelt was not there but his ideas were, and that his paper would be read by our secretary, about half of our audience of a thousand immediately left. More spats left than stayed. This interest in the Great Man, but not in his ideas, must be the "height" of something or other!

Arabia?

In the winter of 1922-23 Dr. Paul W. Harrison, an adventurous American medical missionary of large Near-East experience, revisited me and the idea sprouted in me of having a look at Arabia in 1924 on my way home from India. He had devised a caterpillar tread for a motor-cycle and believed it would get us over desert sand better than a camel. To win to Riadh, the capital of Nejd, and hobnob with

Sultan Ibn Saud, who is about my stature and (but for his desert tan) might well pass for a Highland Scot! To get on to a man-to-man footing with this big Arab! To circulate among his Bedawi and observe the nomadic mode of life!

Ten weeks after Harrison visited me I wrote him:

I have spent many evenings in recent weeks with the books of Doughty, Palgrave, Hogarth and Lady Ann Blount. My visualization of Central Arabia has been greatly sharpened and I am more than ever enthusiastic over our project.

Don't you think that we ought, by all means, to sample the life of the Bedawi? Missing that, Palgrave never appreciated the virtues and poetry of the nomads. What a stunt, could we visit the Widyān Dawasir, about a hundred and fifty miles S.S.W. of Riyadh, which no white man has ever seen and described! In case you have success with the motor-cycle it should be easy for us to run down to that series of villages right at the edge of the terrible Red Desert.

How about the Great Nefud to the north of Hail? It looks like a serious proposition. Between the wells Jubbe and Shakak there are 160 waterless miles. Then the authority of the Emir of Hail no longer extends north of the Nefud. From Jauf to Damascus we should have no protection unless we wait to go with a caravan.

Crazy? Well, I have put through schemes about as "mad."

After a disconcerting silence of twenty-one months Harrison wrote me from Kuwait on the Persian Gulf explaining how the Government of India had created difficulties and announcing that the motor-cycle was on its way to him. But at the moment he wrote I was in India. Portuguese Africa absorbed the time that I was going to spend in the Nejd.

A Bit of Make-believe

One morning just as I took up my necktie the baby downstairs let out an awful yell; he had pulled over on himself his high-chair. I rushed to his aid and, by the time I had soothed him, breakfast was announced and we sat down. An hour later on my way to lecture to a class of two hundred, I happened to catch sight of myself in a glass door and was

horrified to perceive that I was without a necktie! What to do? The bell would ring in a minute and students will not wait long. Dashing into the faculty wash-room I seized a folded hand-towel, wrapped it about my neck and pinned it. By harshening my voice for the first two minutes of my lecture I gave the impression that I had a bad case of sore throat. At the close the students gave me a round of applause for delivering my lecture despite the state of my larynx!

Folk Depletion

In September, 1911, Clark Hetherington, a former student of mine, now California's Director of Physical Education, and I went on a fortnight's walking-trip through selected parts of New Hampshire and Vermont. I was preparing four studies on "The Middle West" for the *Century Magazine* (see my *Changing America*) and I needed this look-in for comparison. The counties we visited were those which for sixty or eighty years had been declining in population. We talked with everybody likely to throw light on our problem and took full notes. All the thoughtful recognized that the community was not up to its former standard. Their reasons for thinking so may be found in Chapter III of *The Social Trend* (1922); the title is "Folk Depletion and Rural Decline" and I presented it before the American Sociological Society in December, 1916. I cited, "communities which remind one of fished-out ponds populated chiefly by bullheads and suckers," a characterization often gleefully cited by "colyumists."

Many of my informants, noticing that in energy, initiative, resourcefulness and "grit" the young people were not up to the standard of their parents and grandparents, deemed there had been "degeneration." I saw no cause for degeneration, so I explained the slump as the result of *folk depletion*, i.e., *the continual abstraction from a normal population of too many of that handful of born leaders which is needed to leaven the social lump*. This hypothesis has given rise to an immense amount of discussion among rural sociologists and now forms a part of current theories regarding "selection" of a population by rural migration to the cities.

Tracing the Social Effects of Isolation

In August, 1923, Jerome Dowd, professor of sociology in the University of Oklahoma, and I spent three weeks, mostly afoot, in southern Appalachia, dipping into the roughest settled mountain parts of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee. We sampled three million old-line Americans who illustrate the "valley-closet" pattern almost as vividly as the tribes of the high Caucasus. We plunged in intending to study local types; we emerged realizing that we had witnessed the social effects of physical isolation. We came upon things amazing, incredible! Those interested should consult my paper "Pocketed Americans" in *The New Republic* for January 9th and 23rd, 1924, reprinted as Chapter IV of my *World Drift*.

In thoughtless outsiders these fine mountain people excite derision by their old-time ways and beliefs; but any of us would behave as they do were we equally isolated. It was borne in upon me that the only thing that keeps us from being *barbarians* is culture; the only thing that keeps us from being *savages* is culture; the only thing that keeps us from being *animals* is culture. All over the world certain races, peoples and classes swell with pride, fancying themselves to be of finer clay than others because they are in possession of a higher culture. But most of this culture they borrowed and there may be a hundred reasons why one human group acquires a certain culture while another misses it. I doubt if any race or stock is incapable of taking over a higher culture when the conditions are right.

Looking for Presidential Timber

In the winter of 1924-25 a new President was being sought for us and I created so much sentiment in favor of Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School that I was authorized to sound him out. I was in Boston but before I could get the idea before him in person, his faculty had taken alarm and had brought their influence to bear. One of my delightful recollections is of the loyal Professor Felix Frankfurter

bearding me in my hotel and arguing that Pound wasn't suited to the university presidency because he hadn't the gift of delegating his responsibilities—knew no other way of getting the thing done than to do it himself. He made me feel like a full Supreme Court.

Pound—probably wisely—decided to stay where he was, so Dr. Glenn Frank, editor of the *Century Magazine*, became our President, and has for a decade given us wise and sympathetic leadership.

Platform Work

The fresh light the sociologist can shed on familiar things has caused me to be in demand as a lecturer in educational institutions. I delivered the Henry Ward Beecher lectures at Amherst (1911), the Gates Memorial lectures at Grinnell (1916), the Weil lectures in the University of North Carolina (1923), the Walker lectures at DePauw, the Stuckenberg lecture at Pennsylvania College (1916). For the first half of 1914 I had four lectures before the Graduate School at Princeton, three addresses before Goodwyn Institute at Memphis, two before the South Dakota Teachers' Association, a paper before the National Conference on Training for the Public Service in New York City, an address before the General Federation of Women's Clubs, commencement addresses before Alabama Polytechnic and Oshkosh Normal, and addresses before the Chicago Critic Teachers' Club and the Milwaukee Congregational Club. Two years later I reported having addressed the State University of Iowa, Brown University, Grinnell and Pennsylvania Colleges, Normal schools at Emporia and Bowling Green and the Montana Teachers' Association; also groups in Minneapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Atchison, Rock Island, Oak Park, Freeport, Sheboygan, Watertown, Prairie du Sac, Oshkosh, Sycamore, Markesan, and Hartford.

Some years I have refused two invitations out of three so as not to hash my teaching schedule. In 1918, when I was just back from revolutionary Russia, I could easily have filled all my time with engagements.

Why should a speaker with little of grace, charm, fire, or art, be in such demand? Two reasons. Sociology can invest trite things with a fresh interest. Then I let out TNT truth—in earfuls! All the time reports are coming out—from officials, bureau chiefs, commissioners, special investigators, legislative and Congressional committees, committees of the organized churches, of the professions, of the Foundations. Newspaper, screen and radio let out very little of the truth thus dug up, so we do not lack material for giving our listeners strange thrills.

Books

Of my *Principles of Sociology*, 42,000 copies have been absorbed; condensed as *Outlines of Sociology*, 23,000. Of my *Civic Sociology*, a high-school text, 90,000 copies have been sold. Altogether the American public has bought upwards of 300,000 copies of my twenty-four books and has paid for them more than two-thirds of a million dollars, of which sixteen per cent got to me. These royalties made possible my costly social explorations.

An Accidental Hit

In February, 1926, I made inadvertently a splash *apropos* of the many throw-outs at the end of the first semester. To a newspaper man I observed:

There is too much social life here. It is becoming more and more difficult to keep this a place for imparting knowledge. The strain on professors of extracting honest-to-goodness work from a growing element in their classes is steadily increasing. The number of students to whom the university "would be a delightful place to spend four years if it weren't for the professors," is coming to be a regiment.

I haven't the slightest doubt that there are a thousand young people here who was wasting their time and ours besides seducing from work many of their fellow-students who might be cajoled to study. There are perhaps two thousand more who might be persuaded to study if the first thousand were off the campus.

We can't rid the University of the first thousand because outside influences won't let us. We could save the people of this state

\$500,000 a year if we could eliminate the young people who care nothing for ideas, loathe knowledge and are intent only on having a good time.

If I were President of this University—I am sure I wouldn't last in that position three months—I would eliminate the loafers if it took out fifteen hundred. Also I would "can" the "boozers," the "hip-flask toters," and the gay convivial fellows who think it smart to violate the laws of their country. When I got through there might not be more than five thousand students here, but we might again have the atmosphere of earnestness and hard work.

The reaction was astonishing. A host of important newspapers carried my remarks. College presidents endorsed them. Preachers took them as texts for sermons. The *Kansas City Star* remarked:

Perhaps the trouble is with Professor Ross. Apparently he has no real understanding of what a college is for. He assumes that students go there to study; whereas everybody knows a fellow goes to college because his parents want him to, because it is "the thing" to do. Doesn't Professor Ross see that close application to lessons would keep a student from those major activities of social life which are so important and which make college years tolerable? Doesn't he comprehend that attention to scholarship would tend to create habits of industry that might seriously handicap a man or woman in later years? Doesn't he appreciate that the vocabulary a serious student might acquire would cramp his style in the free use of "I'll tell the world" and "So's your old man"? . . . Professor Ross may be all right on Sociology and such foolishness; but why doesn't he get up-to-date?

The *Dallas News* editorialized:

What's the matter with President Ross for some American university now overtaxed with matriculants and undermanned with students? He says he wouldn't last three months. He might not. But, on the other hand, in this day of signs and wonders, he might actually make such a dent upon the consciousness of the American tax-payer in some tax-supported school that he would last a good deal longer than that. One thing is sure, if President Ross really succeeded in reducing attendance at an American college to those who were in deadly earnest to learn

something worth learning, he would not lack for fame, no matter what happened to his job and his fortune.

The Fundamentalists Attack Me

When in March, 1923, I was to speak in the West High School of Minneapolis on the topic, "Is the World Growing Better or Worse?" (*World Drift*, Chapter I) twenty-three Fundamentalist clergymen of the city protested on the ground that in my *Social Psychology*, published fifteen years before, I had shown myself "a scoffer at the Christian faith."

The high-school authorities stood fast. After my lecture the *Saint Paul News* said:

Instead of an anticipated attendance of 300, there were over 1000 who crowded to hear him. . . . In the course of his talk in which he put certain ideas in his own arresting manner . . . Professor Ross did not even refer to the things upon which the clergymen based their demand for the refusal to him of a public hall.

The *Saint Paul Pioneer Press* observed:

The objection which the embattled clergymen raised was that Professor Ross privately believes in evolution. But, as evolution . . . had nothing to do with the case, their position was more than faintly suggestive of futility. . . . He has long been recognized as a sociologist with definite moral preoccupation. Some of his books have virtually been sermons. . . . The shock in learning that the latter-day saints have in their excess of virtue become so selective must have been stunning to such a man.

A pamphlet circulated afterward by the foiled pastors to justify themselves characterized my lecture as "uninteresting, almost dull." It complained that in *Social Psychology*, "Professor Ross gives no positive hint as to whether he believes in a personal God. We insist that to teach children 'Social Psychology' without so much as a hint as to whether he believes in a personal God is godless teaching."

So my offense is not what I *said*, but what I *didn't* say!

This incident gave me food for thought. Is there a hidden

tie-up between Fundamentalists and the business-control System? Would these preachers have made such a nasty fight on me—never once in a public address have I grieved the devout—had I not made myself obnoxious to the dominating ring in our society?

"To See Ourselves as Others See Us"

In the *Wisconsin Alumni Magazine* for January, 1928 an article by Florence Pharo described my graduate-senior seminar, "Population Problems":

Conducted as a "round-table" conference, actually three long tables are required for the 25-30 students. Towering above others in height, always wearing a white necktie, and exemplifying the gentle though forceful mien of the cultured, Dr. Ross sits at the center table. At his right, a scholarly dark-skinned Hindu regularly takes a seat. He speaks fluently, especially when the Orient is mentioned. At his left side a clean-cut Korean sits, silent but observant. A German girl with a strictly boyish haircut shows a lively interest in the discussion. A Russian, with military bearing speaks slowly to offset his accent. Two Chinese students, bespectacled and studious, also speak slowly. A quiet Swiss, who has been in this country only a short time, says little, for he is not yet at home in English.

Among the American students is an economics professor on leave of absence from one of the Western colleges. A former woman member of the Wisconsin State Board of Control is taking her seventh course with Professor Ross. A graduate of the College of Agriculture, coming to the University of Wisconsin from a small college, says that he has never been in a class like this one before—and he likes it.

Every so often Professor Ross brings into class a sheaf of assignments. After they are distributed, he holds a sort of auction. "Who wants assignment number one?" he asks. Several students pledge themselves for each assignment, and thus act as a check—and a stimulus—upon one another when the time comes for them to read their individual reports. Each topic or question assigned has a number of references indicated, which may be found in the library. Not one of the members considers the student offerings as anything but preliminary to Professor Ross's own comments.

"When my mind gets soggy," said Professor Ross somewhat whimsically one day, "I take down a Census volume and wander around in it. It is a shield and a buckler. When people ask me where I get certain extraordinary statements I tell them, 'In the United States Census Reports.'"

Little Jets of Poison

The New York *Commercial*, business mouthpiece, published in 1925 a long series of articles under the title, "Are Our Colleges Teaching Subversive Philosophy?" In the sixth it reproduced a passage from my *Social Control* (p. 85), showing that the tenor of social control reflects the psychology of whatever element, if any, dominates society—patriarchs, priests, military, moneyed men, the learned, the élite, etc. Now this innocent generalization, to which President Theodore Roosevelt and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes made no objection, was thus interpreted by the *Commercial*:

There is only a difference of degree between the scheme of class rule advocated by Professor Ross and the theory of class struggle and of class rule proclaimed by Karl Marx, under which the right of private property would be destroyed.

In the nineteenth number the reader was told:

The Socialistic genesis of the theory of "social control" is admitted by most educators. The two American sociologists whose names are most prominently associated with the Comtean system of "social control" are Professor Lester F. Ward of Johns Hopkins University and Professor Edward Alsworth Ross of the University of Wisconsin.

It would be hard to pack more falsehood into a paragraph. I did not get my idea from Comte and Lester F. Ward never saw the inside of Hopkins. In order to "smear" Dean Pound of Harvard this Wall Street puff-adder strikes again:

The influence of sociological theory permeates the teaching in many of the other departments of the university. The teaching of such doctrines, however, is by no means confined to Wisconsin. Professor Ross has dedicated his "Principles of Sociology" to a Harvard Professor in language which implies that sociologi-

cal theory has taken root in the law schools of the country. The dedication reads as follows:

"To Roscoe Pound, Dean of the Harvard Law School, Prince of Law Teachers and Builder of Sociological Jurisprudence, This Book is Dedicated."

In another number the *Commercial* strove to besmirch me in this manner: It cited a passage from Lester F. Ward in which he denounces the suspicion and belittlement of the state in which Americans have been reared, then it reproduced a dedication of my *Social Control* to Lester F. Ward and suggested that I must share any view expressed by Ward. Since at this time twenty volumes of mine were out, one would expect me to be convicted out of my own six thousand pages. But no, from these pages the smirchers could not glean enough "subversive" passages to make a decent showing; so they bolster their weak case by holding me responsible for passages from another man's book!

The Ross Clan

Unusual sons have made our family life exciting. Frank Alsworth (born 1901) played carefree in the neighboring woods until he was seven and a quarter. Then his Aunt Sarah taught him his letters and when he found what windows into fairyland they opened he read for himself. Within three months he was devouring Roosevelt's hunting stories in *Scribner's*. Then he found a big coverless book which he deemed "great stuff," read through; it was the old Ross family Bible! His first term in school he caught so many colds in an overcrowded class-room that Rosamond took him out after Christmas and taught him at home. He had my old study to himself and when he could recite to his mother the lessons she had assigned him, the rest of the day was his. He gained such concentration that forenoon study sufficed to carry him through two grades a year! At eleven he was admitted to the newly opened Wisconsin High School. One day he piped up brightly at lunch, "Daddy, I came out first in the bean test!" "Did you?" I replied absently, supposing that he was referring to some experiment in his biology class. That afternoon I



FRANK ALSWORTH ROSS, GILBERT ROSS, LESTER WARD ROSS

happened to meet Daniel Starch, professor of experimental psychology. He stopped me and said, "It may interest you to know that we have just applied mental tests to the seventy-one pupils in the University High School and that your son Frank has the highest intelligence quotient." So *that* was the "bean" test!

During my absences in China and in South America Frank worked in the "life" classes of the Corcoran Art School in Washington and showed such a gift that he was urged to devote himself to art. His mother over again!

Otherwise he was so much a replica of myself at the same age that often I would surprise him by saying, "You're feeling (thinking) thus-and-so aren't you, Frank?" "Yes, I am, Daddy, but how do you know it?" A conversation with him seemed to me more like a soliloquy than a dialogue. Just after he was fourteen he "made freshman," having covered twelve years of school in seven, and for that was much noticed in national magazines. At bare twenty-one he possessed degrees from the University of Wisconsin and from the Harvard Law School. He practises law in Madison, lives next door to me, has four children and is an A1 out-door man.

Gilbert (born 1903) with his mother was living in Washington in 1910 while I was in China and took up the violin because his cousin Sylvia was starting it under her father's tuition. Like his cousin he showed great talent, so we bent everything to his musical education. After he was thirteen he went alone to Chicago every week (130 miles) in order to study with Sametini. He had no elementary schooling whatever, but carried part-time work for three years in the Wisconsin High School.

When I went to Russia I was to look into the feasibility of Rosamond's presently taking Gilbert to Petrograd to study under the world's premier violin teacher, Leopold Auer. I was dubious, but lo, a great cataclysm, the Russian Revolution, hurled him within our reach. From 1920 to 1922 Gilbert and Rosamond lived in New York City in order that he might take lessons from Auer (at \$30 each). In 1922-23, with his mother and Frank he visited Germany and gave thirteen concerts there. Playing a concert is now "all in the day's work"

for "Gil," but I still get a rare thrill hearing a thousand music-lovers wildly cheering my son's performance.

Gilbert has come into possession of the "Joest" Stradivarius, one of the world's renowned violins. For four years Gilbert was assistant-professor of music at Cornell University, is now professor at Smith College. He has two children.

By the time Lester Ward (born 1906) came along it was accepted in our family "No Ross needs grade school," so, despite his having received no teaching at home, he was let into the Wisconsin High School. Reading he picked up in this wise. When one July Aunt Sarah began teaching Gilbert to read, Lester, nearly three years younger, sat opposite quietly listening. By the time Gilbert was reading Lester, too, was reading, but we found to our horror that he could read *only when the book was upside down*. I pictured him to Rosamond having to stand on his head every time he wanted to read a sign! It was a year before he could get over this habit, acquired from facing his aunt with the open reader in her lap! With Gilbert playing the violin, Frank the piano and Lester the 'cello the Ross boys constituted at one time a promising little orchestra; but when as freshman Lester traded his 'cello for a saxophone that was the end! Like Frank, Lester at twenty-one had degrees from the University of Wisconsin and the Harvard Law School. He went around the world with me as a member of the Floating University, then settled down to the practice of law in Chicago. He has one child.

My sons gave me delightful daughters-in-law and the tale of grandchildren is seven. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth," has never found echo in our household. I give Rosamond the credit for weaving the strong bonds which unite our little clan of fourteen in perfect affection and harmony.

CHAPTER XXX

I AM ANALYZED

SINCE no one can see himself as the expert sees him, I have induced my amiable colleague Dr. William F. Lorenz, M.D., Professor of Neuropsychiatry in the Medical School of the University of Wisconsin and Director of the Psychiatric Institute, to dissect my *psyche*. He writes:

MY DEAR NED:

You request a psychiatric operation. Does nothing daunt you? You know that few illustrious persons have escaped some form of psychopathic designation. Even Lincoln was not spared. Perhaps, knowing that I believe psychiatry becomes an absurdity in the hands of some, you feel safe. Be that as it may, I am complying with your wish and will weigh you in the same sort of psychiatric balance that I use in my clinical practice.

Fortunately, I have two avenues of approach. First of all, you are well known to me. The many pleasant hours spent together in our Dining Club have given me ample opportunity of sizing you up. Then from your partly completed autobiography I get information of your earlier life which was not only very interesting to me but also significant from a psychiatric standpoint. After perusing it I find myself coming to one definite conclusion. You have the unusual ability to see yourself as others see you. From your own account and my knowledge of you I find myself quite able to weigh you—the personality, the totality, in so far as such can be surveyed in the light of mental reaction.

Every psychiatric approach must take into account ancestry, early environment, physical health, and possible dominating influences both favorable and unfavorable. In this respect you score well. While being orphaned may bring adverse influences to bear during childhood, in your instance, because of the rather rigid but simple, kindly and stable folks that nurtured you, you received decidedly good impressions. You appear to have passed successfully through certain crucial periods of early life. Cer-

tainly there are no conscious memories of thwartings, or difficulties, or unsolved situations in your mind to-day.

Very early in life you manifested a healthy mental pattern. You appear to have enjoyed thoroughly the realities that surrounded you. You showed a gastronomic interest which has persisted and which is often referred to in a jocular way in our Club. I refer to your "fond recollections of recesses and long sunny noons when we hunted blackberries, mulberries, hazelnuts, hickory-nuts and walnuts—catching fingerlings and cooking them on hot stones." This trait, which has remained unaltered, has the significance of healthy realistic adjustment to physical environment. It is this trait which I regard as fundamental in your make-up. It prepared you ideally, as it were "conditioned" you, and, I suspect, motivated you quite definitely into following the scientific line that became your life's work. I refer to sociology.

You mention in considerable detail, including the applause, handclapping and the "sweet thrill of exultation" that was associated with your early success at a "spelling bee." This and probably other somewhat similar early experiences, may have planted the seed of self-satisfaction from public performance which is certainly not absent in your subsequent adult life. On the other hand, the recalling of this incident may merely reveal an existing emotional state which tends to guide your attention toward similar experiences in childhood. In any case, a well-developed sense of joy from success, *i.e.*, achieving through combat with persons or situations created by people, is a personality trait you have had throughout your adult life.

My first conclusion, therefore, is, *You are a fighter*. But you appear to be wholly free from seeking to fight yourself. Moreover, your interests are external. Your whole pattern is that of the extraverted individual. This is revealed in your comment, "I learned the inexorable properties of things"—"if you don't tackle them as they really are, you are never able to manage them." You have always made yourself an integral part of your physical environment, never, mentally at least, lived apart from the factual world. You were never given to narcissian contemplation.

Apparently you never viewed yourself as *alone* or *lost*. You seem always to regard yourself as just another member of a large family, closely knitted together with common interests as human beings. The extent to which you externalized yourself is not only revealed in your chief interest, *i.e.*, sociology, but

in your love of the wilds, where you "never receive or send a letter or see a line of print." I do not regard this as an effort of escape, nor does it remotely resemble the wish for a cloistered retreat. On the contrary, it is an example of your urge to contact the realities about you. Your behavior is decidedly different from that of the so-called "shut-in" personality, which supports my second conclusion that *You are a healthy extravert.*

Now I come to the third trait which, incidentally, brings us somewhat near to the borderline of psycho-pathology. Before long I will have you hanging on some peg. You say that you are entirely free of any so-called "inferiority complex." Here you are on thin ice. The Adlerian view gets you "going or coming." There is no escape, but you brought it on yourself. You proudly point to the complete absence of any feeling of inadequacy. Adler would see in this the very best evidence of an inferiority complex. Your extraordinary sense of adequacy or superiority is more than a compensating reaction; he would hold that you are over-compensated. The more vehemently you insist that you have no sense of inferiority, the more dynamic is the hidden specter of inferiority!

It is perfectly true that you show no humility; you feel competent; you do not falter in the face of opposition; in fact, you frankly enjoy a fight. You are ever willing to enter the ring, to find a challenge at every turn in the road. You even go so far as regretting that you have not yet fought, to a conclusion, a bout with champagne! In short, nothing daunts you; your sense of adequacy is supreme. The drive and energy that maintains such an attitude is regarded by the Adlerian as a stimulus which comes from a powerful inferiority complex, so powerful that over-compensation is necessary to maintain a balance.

Since you invited a psychiatric scalpel, certainly we would be guilty of being old-fashioned if we failed to bring Freudian psychology into the operation. And so, to be really modern, one must be "psychized," dissect away the conscious envelop that appears to shade like a mantle our deep but tremendously dynamic unconscious life. This, of course, has not been done in your case. Your unconscious can only be surmised by viewing the projected individual. This reveals nothing suggestive of any repressions or submerged complexes that are seeking an emotional outlet through some devious pathway. You have no oddities or attitudes that are not readily accounted for on the basis of your expressed personality.

You recognize a form of unconscious thinking in your "dæ-

mon." Apparently even that phase of your thinking appears to be related to realities. Your autistic thinking (Bleuler) continues to struggle with problems which have been put aside for the time because no solution offers itself. And then, as you put it, from this unconscious thinking is "handed up" a solution.

Somewhat related is your self-observation, "far from holding my mind unleashed, I allow it to roam, poke its nose into every hole and thicket—I look into vacancy or out of my window and indulge in free association of ideas." "Often when problems baffle me I just poke them down into my mind and forget them." "Presently when . . . or strolling after my golf-ball . . . an invisible hand reaches up and lays the right answer before me."

This may account for your golf score that held you, in spite of your physical advantages, within the range of us dubs.

One's physical endowment leaves its stamp on personality. In your case, because you depart so much from the average, this influence was greater than is usual. Very likely it gave you an early sense of mere physical security in relation to others; not that you paraded this advantage. The probability is that the feeling of physical competence was tucked away in your unconscious self as having no great usefulness but, nevertheless, promoting a comfortable sense of security. I believe this sense of yourself has operated throughout your life and partly conditioned your attitude toward a number of things. For instance, you are deliciously unconscious and unconcerned about dress. You conform to conventions, but you make no studied effort in that direction. This is decidedly different from the man who suffers from a lack of stature and seeks to compensate by meticulous dress habits, not infrequently resorting to color adornment, gardenias and other subtle ways of making physical presence more noticeable, like a bird with a gorgeous plumage. I have in mind that you never sought or felt the need of a "uniform," "flashy" dress or any window-dressing whatever.

You say, "We sociologists have so much fresh light to throw on public questions, we are not shy." You ascribe your sense of self-assurance to yourself as a sociologist. I believe sociology has nothing to do with that feeling. You simply *could not* be shy. You would be the same had your field been geology, theology or even medicine, and very decidedly so had you found yourself in big business or in command of a field army where your deeply rooted urge to deal with concrete and factual situations would have brought forth the same aggressive approach.

Your autobiography, like all the rest, does not entirely reveal

the writer. After all, it is and can be only an account of yourself, your own objective analysis of interests, ambitions, thoughts, feelings, subject to revival by memory. Nevertheless, you succeed in being very objective evincing in that very performance a mental reaction that is utterly incompatible within a psychosis or tendency to psychosis. To put it very plain, you are not, never were and never will be mentally disordered excepting only as the result of organic changes that may come with age which, incidentally, is no where in sight at the present time. At no time in your life could you have suffered a mental derangement. Your type of biological make-up, your type of personality is so constituted as to make a so-called "functional psychosis" utterly impossible.

In your extraversion you focused upon *man* as the most interesting feature of our environment. You found in man, in institutions and relationships developed by man, a field in which your extraverted self could enjoy life as an interesting and intriguing adventure and this interest also gave you an outlet for a goodly measure of emotionalism. You are not an apathetic type. I believe you are strongly endowed with feelings. Very likely these serve to drive you in the active life that you have experienced. In your case, emotionalism found no outlet in cheap sentimentality, self-commiseration and other selfish forms. Your earlier emotionalism found an outlet in composition and drama. You still are sensitive to, if not productive in such esthetic fields. This is born out by your account of how you respond to music and the ring of poetry and also the expression, "leaving for undirected mood the selection of either an article for the *Century Magazine*, a chapter of a travel book or a scientific paper." You call it "leaving it to him."

Knowing you as I do, I can testify that you have faithfully portrayed yourself as we see you. In other words, you appear to have clear insight. You do not view yourself differently than the person you are. All of which might be summarized in the brief statement, *You are not self-deluded.*

It is said that Freud himself is highly complex and the least psychoanalyzed of any. He who can so readily find the conflict between the id and ego is strangely immune from applying the same scrutiny to himself. It possibly emphasizes the impossibility of realizing that trite self-delusion, "Know thyself." However, in your instance, because of your extremely extraverted self you appear at least to have achieved a very practical end of "knowing yourself as others know you."

I conclude that your id, ego and super-ego in the Freudian sense are in harmonious adjustment. And, my dear friend, the psychiatric verdict is, "Not guilty." You are very sane; too sane in fact to serve as any exhibit in a psychiatric museum.

Your life's output is not a vehicle for the release of pressures engendered by hidden interests or longings; from my viewpoint you represent a healthy, normal, vigorous mind. That is the category into which you fit and the only distinction which a psychiatrist can award you is, "Ross is merely normal."

CHAPTER XXXI

I AM INVESTIGATED

1935

So many hold-over Tammany Democrats and "Stalwart" Republicans are in the Wisconsin Senate that in the 1935 session of the Legislature one of their first moves, after long lobbying by one of Hearst's hirelings, was to order an investigation of "Communistic and atheistic influences in the State's educational institutions." As the tone of the Committee's inquiries proved extremely malignant, shrewd observers became convinced that the motivating idea behind the investigation was so to discredit the State's educational institutions that more parents would be inclined to send their sons and daughters to church-controlled institutions.

Before I was put on the stand there was much talk about the intention of the Committee to "get Ross." There are a dozen of my colleagues in the social sciences here whose views are as advanced as my own, but I seem to have the fatal gift of exasperating the scheming greedy interests, although I live in amity with my conservative colleagues. I suppose the reason is that, despising and defying those fellows as I do, I let pass no opportunity to excoriate their methods and show my contempt for them. The tenor of my one hearing before the Committee may be gathered from the account which appeared in *The Capital Times* of April 18, 1935:

Professor Ross declared himself a "100 per cent old-line American." He said he is not in favor of Communism in America, although he can see how it has made many improvements in Russia.

"My people have been in this country for 200 years," Professor Ross said. "I believe in free speech, free press and free organization."

Senator E. F. Brunette (D), Green Bay, committee chairman,

appeared irritated several times at answers given by Professor Ross. Brunette spoke sharply to Ross a number of times, after the latter had released witticisms which drew gales of laughter from the crowd of students and townspeople who jammed into the room to hear the testimony.

Professor Ross offered his criticism of the committee and the investigation after the way had been paved by a question from Senator Frank Panzer (R), Oakfield.

Following is Senator Panzer's question and the subsequent testimony:

Q. Do you think there is any cause for alarm about radicalism at the university?

A. I am perfectly certain there is no cause for alarm.

Q. Do you see any reason why any group should spend money and time to investigate these charges?

A. If you won't think I am a contumacious person, I would like to answer that question.

SENATOR MORLEY KELLY—Go ahead, Professor Ross; the committee has no objection.

PROFESSOR ROSS—Well, I would like to say that if a man has a daughter, a perfectly modest and ladylike girl, and someone accused her of being at a wild party, and if then the village church should decide to investigate the matter, even if they find there was nothing to it, would she be cleared? No. The very fact that she had been investigated would ruin her reputation.

Drawing a parallel between the girl's case and that of the university, Professor Ross continued:

The mere fact that the university is being investigated is a serious damage. I had assumed before coming here that the Committee had affidavits from students who had heard Communism taught by instructors. I had supposed the Committee would be careful to be sure of its ground before compromising the university in the eyes of the public and parents.

Questioning of Professor Ross was continued from this point by Senator Brunette. Following is the testimony:

Q. You knew didn't you that many charges were being spread which compromised the university? Don't you think the university should be cleared if the charges are untrue?

A. To dignify unsupported charges, to which no names have been signed, by setting up a committee of five, each of you representing about 90,000 citizens, is unfair to an institution which is 80 years old, and which ranks among the 25 greatest universities of the world.

Q. That's your opinion.

A. You asked for it.

Q. Did you know that on Apr. 29, 1934, there was a meeting in the Memorial Union?

A. No.

Q. I'm telling you that.

A. Thank you.

Q. And that they sang the Red marching song and the Soviet Internationale in that building? And they didn't sing "The Star Spangled Banner" or "America" or any other patriotic song. Do you think it was appropriate to use a building dedicated to the men who died for our country in war for that sort of a meeting?

A. I don't see that it harmed any one whatever. It did maintain the university's majestic tradition of freedom.

Quizzing of Professor Ross then was taken over by Senator Shenners. Following is the testimony:

Q. Do you believe the government has a right to force any citizen to defend his country?

A. Surely.

Q. Do you believe it is right for any organization to go out on the street corner and agitate trouble and destruction?

A. I don't know of any such organization.

Q. You read the papers, don't you?

A. Yes, but I don't believe them.

(At this point Professor Ross explained that he was referring to what he termed the "gutter press," which he said was agitating for "red" probes in schools throughout the country.)

Following is testimony obtained from Professor Ross during questioning by Senator Kelly:

Q. Do you think it is right for young men to refuse to fight for their country?

A. The refusal of these young men to defend the nation doesn't mean a thing. If there were an actual wanton invasion of the country they would fight like any other young American.

Q. What happened to the Russian noble families of the old régime after the revolution?

A. Why some of them stayed in Russia and fitted themselves in with the new government. Some of them escaped.

Q. What did they escape from—beheading?

A. No, they escaped from having to go to work.

Q. Do you believe in a socialized state?

A. I believe in state management of public utilities and I

also believe in private enterprise, which has done some things better than the state could ever do.

Q. Do you believe in socialized medicine?

A. I lean that way.

Asked if he would favor a proletariat dictatorship for the United States, Professor Ross said:

"The proletariat in this country is a different proposition from the Russian proletariat. Our splendid democratic education has resulted in the drawing upward into the capitalistic classes of the best in our working classes. The proletariat in this country doesn't know enough to handle production. I'm for American democracy and the American ballot system, and I will fight any attempt to change it in either direction, Fascist or Communist."

Professor Ross said he opposes military training at the university because he believes national defense in the United States is largely dependent upon air and sea forces, where equipment is a larger factor than personnel.

Early in his testimony the professor introduced letters from the late Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, expressing appreciation of some of his twenty-four books.

Five months later appeared the report of this Committee and only 3 per cent of it related to me. The passage is as follows:

The majority of the testimony given by Professor Ross was worthless, from the viewpoint of your committee's reason for the investigation. The only matter which really threw some light upon the Communistic activities at the university is given in the following excerpt of his testimony.

Q. (Senator E. F. Brunette, questioner) You know, professor, that on April 29, 1934, they held a meeting in the Memorial Union building, don't you?

A. (Professor Ross) I don't remember.

Q. Well, I'm telling you that. At that meeting they had a program, and they sang the Red Marching Song in that building. They also sang the Internationale, and they listened to some talks. They did not sing, however, the Star Spangled Banner, or any other patriotic song at that meeting. Do you think it appropriate that in this building, which is dedicated to the memory of the university men who lost their lives in defense of their

country, that any one should conduct that kind of a meeting, and sing those kind of songs?

A. I don't think that procedure hurt anybody, whatever, and the university, in the meantime, maintained its position of independence and academic freedom.

[This version of my reply is not quite correct. I recall saying what the newspaper report has me say.]

The Committee criticized nothing in my teachings, my twenty-four books, my public utterances, my affiliations or my conduct; its only stricture relates to my offhand answer to a question of propriety.

No other faculty man was put on the stand. Discouraged apparently by their failure to "pin" anything on me the Committee turned away and looked for signs of radicalism among our students.

The Committee brought in a number of recommendations, urging that "individuals or societies offering or expounding un-American doctrines be expelled from the University," and that the "University of Wisconsin coöperate with any organization or society whose purpose is the furtherance of Americanism." In reply the Board of Regents said in part:

We affirm our belief in the full freedom of expression of honest opinion on economic and political matters where such expression does not go beyond the bounds of law or good morals. We believe students should have and do have the right to study social problems and should not be suppressed from expressing or advocating doctrines in which they sincerely believe, provided always the bounds of law or of decency are not exceeded. This is the rule which has prevailed in the University and we here re-affirm it.

For thirty years I have been branded as "a dangerous man," although not once by tongue or pen have I advocated, even suggested, the overturning of our present social order. The fact is, "defense of American institutions" has come to be the favorite pose of the grabber cohort. My actual offense is that I do not whitewash the monstrous things the business régime has been putting over on the American people, but relentlessly show them up. My calling attention to certain

grim aspects of our economic order, as against its brilliant successes (e.g., *the automobile industry*), is shrieked at as an act of treason, deserving expulsion from the university world.

The simple truth is, the business element here is out not to suppress the handful of "reds" among us (no real menace there!), *but to destroy on one pretext or another every one of influence who stands in its way.*

With strict consistency I have held to the scholar's rôle. I have looked upon advocating an untried social order as outside the competency of the genuine social scientist. I conceive that my job is to search out, detect and report upon underlying processes and tendencies; to devise and popularize and apply appropriate remedies is the job of the statesman. I aspire to *be*—literally—what every sociologist *claims to be*, viz., an honest seeker out, interpreter and declarer of the actual social reality.

Not at all do I hold with the communists that private enterprise and private capital can be dispensed with over most of the economic field. As I wrote in 1925 to the distinguished Boston merchant and philanthropist, Edward A. Filene:

My close examination of Bolshevism has left me with a very definite social program. . . . I reject the "dictatorship of the proletariat"; I reject public capitalism and accept private capitalism. . . .

But it is a question whether we can keep private capitalism without subjecting ourselves to the veiled dictatorship of the capitalist class. I am against both dictatorships, the one on my left and the one on my right. It is because you like myself regard successful business men as well-rewarded public servants, and have no desire for them to grab the steering wheel of society, that I am so strongly attracted by your ideas.

Business has managed to climb into the saddle owing chiefly to the apostasy of the newspapers. In my boyhood two-fifths of their receipts came from the sale of advertising, now it is three-fourths or four-fifths; therefore the bulk of them are telling their readers what the advertisers want them to tell and hiding what the advertisers want them to hide. The great majority of the universities stand up for American democratic traditions. Since most of the newspapers are preparing minds

for business government, *i.e.*, Fascism, they try to sow in their readers' minds suspicion of the universities.

I get suspected of socialism because I do not rush to the defence of capitalism, but rather fling a harpoon into its bloated claims. However, I never gird at private economic enterprise in a competitive field, which respects its obligations to its workers and its customers. But why should I sing the glories of private initiative while we are beleaguered by this monstrous business-control System which has boosted "profits" and "returns to capital" far beyond what is necessary for activating production, while consumers, workers and unorganized producers (farmers) are gouged and gypped in a great variety of ways?

There is no extricating ourselves from business-control by means of a single sudden telling stroke; we are in for a long hard fight. There is nothing for it but to strengthen our public educational system, promote adult education, make "academic freedom" a reality, multiply labor unions, co-operatives and credit unions, build a "labor" press, and fight along the familiar lines of the platform, the hustings and the ballot-box.

CHAPTER XXXII

HAPPY DAYS

REALLY great sport I first met in 1894 on Lake Tahoe in the California Sierras. A mile and a quarter above the sea and fed by the run-off from vast rock faces, no silt from humus or plowed field stains it. The water is so clear that I could watch a speckled Lake Tahoe trout engulf my bait sixty feet below me and jerk my copper trolling line at just the right instant to hook him before he ejected it. The Tahoe boats are built with a tank in the middle, the water being kept fresh through holes in the bottom. After I had impounded a dozen undamaged lake trout I would lift the lid and feast my eyes, reach in and enjoy the feel of the lovely creatures slithering past my forearm!

Above Tahoe are several little lakes in mountain cups at 7000 to 8000 feet. They were accessible only by foot-trail and the boat on each had been brought up in two parts, each a horse's load. The halves were bolted together, butt to butt, to make one boat. One windy day I was fishing on one of these lakes and, to keep the boat from blowing ashore while I was casting, I had a big stone on thirty feet of bailing rope to serve as anchor. Frequently I went astern, hove anchor and shifted in order to whip new waters. Both halves of the boat held two or three inches of rain-water to which, naturally, I paid no attention. Suddenly I was aghast to discover that the other end of my boat was filling fast. In heaving anchor my knee had loosened one of the boards across the stern.

I seized the oars and rowed for my life. No use, I was held by the anchor. With opened knife I went astern and slashed frantically at the rope. Again I pulled on the oars. In vain, I had cut only trailing ends, not the anchor rope, which was drawn under the boat. Again I crawled to the stern and this time managed to cut the throttling rope, but at the moment I lunged my end of the boat actually went under water! I

regained my oars, rowed desperately and had gotten within an oar's length of shore when the boat foundered. Five seconds earlier and I should have drowned, for I was in heavy clothes and couldn't swim!

When I went to build a fire to cook my lunch, I looked for shelter from the gale and noticed by the lake a huge redwood stump, hollow but still alive. Creeping in I found myself at the bottom of a chimney eighty feet high and a yard across at the base. There, in perfect comfort, I had my meal and smoked my pipe. Shortly after I had resumed fishing a roar caused me to look up and, behold, the redwood had caught from my little fire! The draft was that of a tall chimney and sixty feet of flame shot from the broken top. I was aghast, fearing lest the tree burn down and I should be blamed for the loss of a living landmark. I did not know then that redwood has such a reputation for reluctance to burn that a house sheathed with redwood shingles pays less for fire insurance than other houses! In a couple of minutes the fire died down leaving only a fresh char on the interior.

The wise fisherman will never ignore Lady Luck. In California it is not supposed to rain in summer so we never took a tent on our fishing-excursions—just a rubber poncho in which to wrap our blankets and extra duds. Now one July tales of wonderful trout-fishing led a party of us to make for an almost inaccessible stream that has its birth in the vast snow-fields on the southern slopes of Mt. Shasta. Our "jumping-off place" was a ranch where we overnighted and whence, the next morning, we were taken with horses and pack-mules over two ranges to our destination. But it soon set in to rain and at noon we four drenched men found ourselves in a "box canyon," Shasta towering two miles above us, rain coming down steadily and no roof within miles! The packer had been let go with instructions to return in ten days. We contrived to get a brisk fire going and through the interminable afternoon we stood steaming by the fire while the skies poured. Come evening we laced our ponchos together, spread them over a stretched rope and under them slept dry. We expected colds but, thanks to the magic of mountain air, we awoke with not a snuffle.

Thenceforward we had nothing but halcyon weather, but the rain had washed down from the flanks of Shasta so much volcanic ash that our stream ran milk-white and for a week the trout gave no sign. The biting was just starting when our packer returned for us and with a sigh we took the homeward trail having had virtually no sport.

Here, too, I came within a hair's breadth of losing my life. When you are casting for an eager trout and your line snags behind you, your behavior becomes utterly reckless. Trying to dislodge my cast of flies, which had caught on a bush on the steep bank above me, the rock ledge I was clambering suddenly gave way and I fell backward eight or ten feet against a huge log. Nothing but my wicker creel—which was crushed flat—saved me from a broken back.

On a bright day in the high Sierras the trout take a siesta between eleven o'clock and three. Shortly after sun-up I would leave camp with a tin of raisins, a pinch of salt and some brown paper in the pockets of my hunting coat. When some hours later the fish had lost interest in my lures I sought out an inviting nook, cleaned my largest trout, wrapped him in several folds of brown paper and laid him in the stream. Then I built a small fire and after it had died down made a bed in the embers, deposited therein my trout in his sodden jacket and covered him with coals. After the parcel was well charred I took it out, broke it open and there was my trout broiled in the steam of his own juices, untouched by grease, water or flame! His skin had adhered to the wrapping paper. I removed his upper flesh, lifted out his spine, sprinkled on salt and lo, two slabs of the sweetest meat ever tasted! No club grill ever served a fish so delicate. After a dessert of raisins I would stretch out on the moss with a clump of rotted wood for a pillow, look up at the azure through the lacy redwood branches, smoke and dream. When lulled by the murmur of the brook I became drowsy, I pulled my hat over my eyes and slept. By the time I was back from slumberland the fish were biting again. At dusk I joyously hallooed my camp with a half-creel of trout to show proudly. A perfect day for a fagged intellectual!

Shall one fish up the brook or down? How this is mooted

about the camp-fire! I have found that, fishing downstream, you have at times to wade; this roils the water and presently notifies the trout below you that some large creature is astir and they had better lie low. Then, too, at the foot of a riffle the trout lie with heads upstream and they spot you as you climb down past a fall or whip the water above. If you come from below they don't catch your moving figure against the sky and you come up on the tails of the fellows lying at the foot of the riffle waiting for edibles that may come down. Then how to manage one's flies? I have found drawing them upstream against the swift current useless. The *little* fools, of course, will jump at anything that moves, but the bigger and wiser fellows know that their prey never behaves like that. A thousand hours on trout streams in ten states have taught me to cast straight out over the brook, then draw the cast *down and diagonally across* to my side.

To succeed you've got to adapt your technique to circumstances. Late one forenoon after rather poor luck I located something on the far side of a deep pool. If I cast against the big rock, and my flies dropped to the current and were sucked down under some overhanging bushes, I got always a gentle pull; but the wary creature refused to take the hook. After many trials I saw that I should never get that beastie on an artificial fly, so I looked about for bait. Presently I discovered a patch of ripe grass as big as a desk-blottedter and in it found *two* grasshoppers. I don't suppose there was another 'hopper within a mile. I put one on my fly-hook but my cast snapped him off. I put on my last one, cast against the big rock, he was sucked under the bushes and in three seconds I was tussling with a 1½ lb. trout—which I landed!

On a stretch of quiet water which betrays your every move, the fisherman welcomes a sprinkle of rain. The troubling of the surface makes you and your shams less visible, so that the oldsters grab your flies incautiously. Ten minutes of light shower in the Yellowstone enabled me to pull in five two-pounders! Long experience has made me doubt the need of a great variety of flies. I have had thirty kinds in my fly-book but few of them ever caught me anything. Most of them are for certain waters or for certain seasons. The flies that have

served me best are coachman, royal coachman, professor, brown hackle and gray hackle. You may keep the rest.

Sweet as have been my summer days on high brooks, I never knew perfect wilderness bliss until I quit pack-horse for canoe. You can't navigate mountain-waters in a canoe, yet the canoe is the most poetical of conveyances. Its grace is that of a swan. Just as no flapping bird can match the effortless movement of a swan, so no aircraft with its roaring propeller can vie with a gliding canoe.

On the waters of Canada west and north of Port Arthur, where I have passed my outings for the last score of years, one paddles everywhere save for an occasional portage between lakes or around a *chute*. Hundreds of rapids have we shot with never a spill or a smash. If the water ahead looks wild, one of us lands, reconnoiters and picks the safest course. Canoe follows canoe at intervals so that no two shall be in peril at the same time. Nothing stirs the pulses more pleasantly than a stretch of swift troubled water down which your canoe darts like an arrow. You can come through whole all right but you have to look sharp, think fast and handle your paddle well. For a few glorious seconds you have the sense of being *intensely, triumphantly alive*.

Or our highway may be a series of lakes connected by portages. And what ordeals some of these portages are! The "Devil Portage" into Mountain Lake requires you to get your stuff along a goat-track over a "saddle-back" 700 feet high. "Hell Portage" near Long Lac is two miles long and calls for toting your canoe along fallen logs across rocky ravines. As the days pass the formidableness of a portage lessens. When we are soft from study and class-room and our food-bags bulge, four carries may be required to get everything across. With three returns that means *seven times* over the trail. A fortnight later we can get everything across in two carries, which means thrice over the trail, *i.e.*, four-sevenths of our trouble has disappeared. A neglected portage-trail is a terror on account of the leaning and fallen trunks you have to get your canoe over or under. Nor is it any fun when, bowed under a hundred weight of baggage, on a boggy trail, you come upon a tree lodged across it at the level of your

breast. As a rule, of course, some Indian, trapper or forest ranger will have cut out the trail afresh before you happen along in July.

It is a poor sleeping-potion to know that after breakfast we shall have to get our stuff over a half-mile portage before we can push off; so it is our rule to make camp *at the far end* of a portage.

When for the first time we visit a series of water naiads "that lift to the sun their burnished shields," we don't know when we disembark whether we are in for a furlong of carry or a mile. When we are plumb played out with getting our canoe across swamps, over giant logs and under lodged trees, one's head hooded in the bow and not over a yard of trail visible in front, what heavenly relief to feel the trail abruptly dip and to find one's feet splashing into a silver mirror!

Lac des Mille Lacs, which takes three days to traverse in a leisurely way, is broken into innumerable sheets by wooded islets and tongues of land. Does earth offer a purer joy than, after a quiet night in a sleeping-bag on an air mattress over a balsam bed and a breakfast of fried trout, flapjacks and coffee, to shove off on a bright morning and speed over sparkling wavelets into the heart of this labyrinth? In late August a light haze hangs over the scene softening and blending all outlines, so that at times you have pictures like landscapes seen in a dream. You skirt an island and lo, at your left a ten-league vista of water lanes between eyots and headlands, while the shimmering middle distance seems forecourt to the Land of Beulah.

This terraqueous region is luminous as no land area can be. The light that falls upon the countless water-mirrors rebounds until the clear sky is not azure but near-white. The whole firmament glows and palpitates with living light. The wooded ridges and hills are doubly illumined—from the sun and from the neighboring water. In early morning or late afternoon, when most of the sun's rays are reflected from the lake surfaces back into the sky, you seem to yourself to be floating like a feather in an abyss of light.

In this watery wilderness halcyon days pass without our meeting a human being unless it be a canoe-load of Ojibbe-

ways. Rounding a point we spot a moose up to his middle in the shallow water at the head of a bay feeding on the lily roots growing on the bottom. Do we crave his life? Not we. This is not the "open season" and, besides, we love the wild-wood too much to take out of it anything we cannot replace. The bow man unlimbers the camera. While the moose has his head under water groping for a mouthful, we paddle hard; the moment he lifts his head, we "freeze." When the moose, noticing us, turns in a panic and makes for the shore, we're after him, paddling like madmen and yelling like demons. The canoe that gets the better snapshot of his lordship as he leaps up the bank into the woods is the winner. Sometimes we come near enough the wildly swimming beast to spank him with the paddle. The beauty of hunting with a camera is that it leaves the majestic king of the woodland scared but unharmed, ready to cheer the heart of the next sportsman who comes along. I am thankful that in a single trip I came upon *forty-three* moose.

In time we enrich our equipment until we can defy any weather. Provided with rubber raincoats and a tarpaulin to spread over the baggage, we can paddle all day in the drizzle with no dampening of body or spirit. With pack-sack, food-bags, and sleeping-bag all waterproofed, making a portage in a shower is a jest. Under a tent of paraffined balloon silk and within a dry sleeping-bag we care not if it pours all night. But making camp in the wet or cooking a meal in a downpour is never a joke; when your fire drowns or your skillet of wall-eyed pike splutters and ceases to sizzle, you sigh "O for a roof!" The only recourse is for two fellows to hold a stretched tarpaulin above the fire to keep off the rain.

Nothing haphazard about our commissary. Time was when we toted a crate of eggs; now we carry egg-powder. In place of condensed milk and Carnation cream we take milk-powder (Klim). There is a sack of loaves, for bread will not mold on us for eight or nine days; for flapjacks cartons of pancake flour. Our larder contains rice, beans, split peas, onions, macaroni, tinned butter. For fruit we have evaporated prunes, peaches, apricots; then on the trails we pick bucketfuls of blueberries. For the brief noon halts there will be cheese, savory summer

sausage, "rye crisp" and cakes of chocolate. A few tubers are taken and, after experience with "French fried" on all the continents, I can testify that never have I tasted such delicious "shoe-string" potatoes as I have had in the wilderness.

Then always fish—brook trout, lake trout, wall-eyed pike. We catch Great Northern pike up to twenty pounds but always we gently put them back as not tasty enough. On a certain sunny noon we come to Birch Narrows, a Grand Central for pike. We can tarry but twenty minutes. In that time we catch on four rods twelve pike which will average ten pounds! We unhook and release these whales always with the wet hand in order not to disturb the slime which protects the pike from bacterial infection.

The little fish we fry; the bigger ones we broil, bake or "plank." We cut the boneless slabs from a four-pounder into two-inch squares and drop them into hot deep fat where they cook like doughnuts. Best of all and our own invention is "pail fish." We lay stones in the bottom of a pail and cover with water. Then line with a sheet of bacon rind on which you pile fish slabs interspersed with rashers of bacon. The fish is cooked by steam, acquires a nutty flavor and should be eaten with a sauce of drawn butter. Nothing is surer to sink a party into the ignominious torpidity of over-repletion than a mess of such fish.

We stop at the first good camp-site that invites us after the middle of the afternoon. By five o'clock at the latest our habitation-for-a-night is well under way. Each tent is pitched by two men while cook and cookee unpack the food-sacks on the clean ledges of rock near the water, hustle up fuel, bring squarish stones together for a fireplace and unfold the grating which supports the pan of fish, the pail of evaporated fruit and the pot of coffee. By the time the tents are up the spruce boughs laid and the mosquito-netting placed, the welcome call, "Come and get it," brings all to the foreshore. Each seeks himself a comfortable seat and the cook passes about filling and refilling each plate. While the dinner things are being washed the food-sacks are tied up and packed in the duffle bags which are stowed under the overturned canoes.

In utter ease of body and mind one stretches out lux-

uriously, lights his pipe and watches the play of light from the sinking sun over the mirror-like waters. After toil and hunger, rest, repletion, contemplation of beauty—what a menu! Trout jump, loons laugh, little winds sigh in the tops of the pines, aromatic whiffs from the cut spruce play about us. We turn ruminative, philosophical, argumentative. When the stars appear the campfire is lighted and we tell stories, sing, listen to a ukelele. By nine o'clock all are abed and asleep.

Sprawled on a couch of pine-needles at close of day, my back supported by the spreading roots of a great spruce, my head on a bed-roll, I practise involution of consciousness. "What," I ask myself, "must life be like for that duck quacking off the point, that leaping pike yonder?" My book-weary mind folds in upon itself like a disturbed sea anemone. After a spell of sheer wilderness I drop analytic thinking as one drops a chafing garment. I come to dwell in sense impressions, live in sounds, scents, above all, in *sights*, for in this world of mirror magic the sun from dawn to dark treats to a program of *symphoties* (symphonies of *light*), water being the leader of the orchestra. Cut off from papers, letters, telegrams, phone calls, conferences, there is nothing to key me to my wonted eager, high-tension, intellectual life. I become a gentle savage attentive only to the drift of smoke, the moods of water, the ways of fishes and the flight of birds.

Crown of all my outing memories is sweeping down Steep-rock Lake homeward bound one sunny August afternoon, three canoes abreast, with my Gilbert, stripling of fifteen and violin artist, sitting on the baggage of the middle canoe and playing bonny airs from Sarasate, Tschaiowsky and Kreisler. Never since time began had that shaggy wilderness vibrated to such music. The high clear notes echoed between the cliffs until one could imagine a Lorelei on every crag. The deer by the forest pool lifted his dripping muzzle, startled to hear sounds sweeter by far than had ever trickled to his ears from the throat of any bird.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

ANTHROPOMETRIC DATA

By Charlotte Gower, Assistant Professor of Physical Anthropology
(Measured in November, 1934)

Measurements

	<i>Mm.</i>	<i>Ft. In.</i>
Stature	1942	6 4.5
Span	1987	6 6.2
Sitting height	1035	3 4.7
Shoulder breadth	423	1 4.7
Hip breadth	362	1 2.2
Length of head	211	8.3
Breadth of head	152	5.98
Height of head	150	5.9
Total height of face	134	5.2
Breadth of face	143	5.6
Breadth of forehead	115	4.5
Height of nose	56	2.2
Breadth of nose	39	1.5
Weight	215 pounds	

Indices

Span, stature	102.3
Sitting height, stature	53.29
Shoulder breadth, stature	21.7
Hip breadth, stature	18.6
Head breadth, head length	72.03
Head height, average of length and breadth	82.64
Average diameter of head	171.
Facial length, facial breadth	93.4
Average facial diameter	138.3
Average facial diameter, average diameter of head	80.9
Breadth of face, breadth of head	94.08
Breadth of nose, length of nose	69.1

Comparison

In stature, Dr. Ross is to be classed as very tall, lacking only a little more than two inches of what is considered giantism. The tallest men of the white race are found in Scotland, and even there only four men per thousand attain or surpass his stature. Comparing him with Harvard men of his own generation, he is more than eight inches taller than the average, and falls very close to the top of the range.

Coupled with very great stature, Dr. Ross has very long arms, but not disproportionately so, since his span relative to his stature is very close to the average figure for the Harvard men.

His legs, however, are not as long as is usual in persons of his height. His trunk-leg proportions are very near the median for all mankind.

His shoulders, while absolutely broad, are relatively narrow when considered in relation to his stature. His hips, on the other hand, bear about the same relation to his height as do those of the Harvard men measured by Bowles.

His head is very long and relatively narrow (dolichocephalic), and is large, not only in relation to the general population but to men of comparable stature as well. It is also high, absolutely and relative to its other diameters.

As is to be expected with tall stature and a long narrow head, Dr. Ross has a long and narrow face, of moderate proportions in relation to his head. However, when he is compared with the Old Americans measured by Hřidlička, one finds that only 2.55 per cent show greater dolichocephaly, while 8.9 per cent have faces relatively narrower. The relatively greater width of the face extends to the forehead, which in Dr. Ross is broad both in relation to the width of his head and the width of his face.

Dr. Ross's nasal index falls at the upper (wider) end of the leptorrhine range, being somewhat higher than the average for Old American men. His nose is short relative to his stature and to the height of his face. Its width, on the other hand, is somewhat less, relative to his stature, than the average in Old American men. When compared to the average diameter of his face, it is a little wider than the average for the Old American series.

Conclusion

Dr. Ross is exceptionally tall, not only in comparison with the general run of mankind but also when compared with the

tallest members of the white race. His height, however, is not due to an extraordinary length of leg, but is distributed equally between long legs and a long trunk. In relation to his stature, his hips are about average width, but his shoulders are somewhat narrow. His head is large in all dimensions, but very narrow in relation to its length. In this, as in his tall stature and rather light coloring, he corresponds very well to the Nordic type. His face and nose are likewise long and narrow, but less markedly so than is his head. It is only in these features, in the brown pigmentation in his eyes, and possibly in his general proportions that any indication of mixed, possibly Alpine, ancestry can be detected.