

## CURRENT MAGAZINES

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**Chicago Convention—Normalcy—Then the Oil Scandal:**—Mr. French Strother in *The World's Work*.

**Woodrow Wilson, 1856-1924:**—Dr. Charles W. Eliot in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

**Intellectual Currents in Contemporary Germany:**—Prof. Kuno Francke in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

**When the Negro Comes North:**—Mr. R. L. Hartt in *The World's Work*.

**The Ghost of Austria's Dead Grandeur:**—Albert von Trentini in *Current History*.

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AN article of arresting interest is that by Mr. French Strother in *The World's Work*. It argues that the United States' oil scandal is due to that lowered national spirit which sent the late President Harding to the White House. A succession of great Presidents, says Mr. Strother,—Presidents like Cleveland and Roosevelt and Wilson—had brought intellectual and moral force to the task of Chief Executive. But in 1920 the American people had wearied of a leadership that was insistent. They decided that a President *need not lead at all*, that he need be "no better than the rest of us," that the thing most desirable was a return to "normalcy." So they elevated to "exercise of the duties of the most powerful throne on earth" one who was just "a small town publisher, with no theoretical grasp of the great issues of his position."

President Harding, the writer goes on to assure us, was not corrupt, nor did he connive at corruption. He was amiable, easy-going, accommodating, a man of "too familiar good-fellowship." And he was placed in an office for which such qualities were fatal. Everybody loved him, but nobody "loved him for the enemies he made." Yet a President of the true quality must make enemies. As soon as he is installed he will hear the "yelps of the hungry party pack behind him," and the incessant cries of "ingratitude" if he does not reward those who have put him where he is. Only the higher kind of man can withstand all this. And in 1920 the United States declared that it had no need of the higher kind of man for the White House.

The trend of events was seen at the Chicago nominating convention of the Republican party. It was shown in the interview rightly or wrongly recorded of the now notorious Harry M. Daugherty, in which that "obscure Ohio politician" was quoted as

predicting the outcome. His prediction was that on the last night, about two o'clock in the morning when the tired delegates would be worn out and anxious to get home, a dozen hot and tired men would meet in an upstairs room of a Chicago hotel to agree upon a compromise candidate, and that candidate would be Warren G. Harding. The forecast came true. When the name of the compromise candidate was communicated to waiting editors of important newspapers, it was received with "varying degrees of diminished disappointment"; and "with varying degrees of reluctance" support was promised. Anti-Wilson and anti-Democratic feelings had swept the country; so a man was chosen whose only known policy was that the President should not attempt to be a leader, and whose only platform was a promise of return to "normalcy"! One influential editor satirized the whole proceedings by announcing that his paper would support for the Presidency of the United States—Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, of Canton, China.

True to his pledge, President Harding did not lead. He brought together a Cabinet with some exceedingly able men. But he excluded some others—friends to whom he was under personal obligation, but men who should have been admitted to friendship by no President of the United States. He chose Hoover, Hughes, and Mellon. But he chose also Daugherty, Forbes, and Fall. Why? Because he felt personally and politically obliged to them. And because, as captain of the ship of State, he simply did not know where he was headed, and his one idea of the port to be reached was "an impossible land of calm, called Normalcy." Roosevelt had been derided for speaking of "my policies." Harding fell under no such reproach, for he had no policies at all. He drifted with the stream, as he had been appointed to drift, and as his most trumpeted qualification was just such capacity for drifting.

Americans, says this mordant critic, fell four years ago into the mood of Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters," ready to cry out: "We have had enough of action, and of motion we" . . . "What pleasure can we have to war with evil?" . . . "There is no joy but calm." Let the electors of 1924 learn from their sharp warning:

You and I—the American people—in 1920 relaxed our standards of what we demanded of our public officers. You and I are responsible for the oil scandals. They flowed from our lowered ideals, our returning to the flesh-pots. We had "had enough of action." We were asking "what pleasure can we have to war with evil?" We had "declined on a lowered range of feeling" and had declared "there is no joy but calm." Mr. Harding's voice was but an echo of our own when he cried "Onward—back!—to normalcy!"

A suggestive commentary on all this may be found in the article on Woodrow Wilson by the venerable Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President-Emeritus of Harvard. From youth, this writer says, Wilson was "a solitary-minded man." When at the height of his power he would receive letters of suggestion or advice from friends, and acknowledge them with the significant words "You have helped me to clarify my own thought." He did not enjoy criticism, rather cooled in friendship towards those who differed from him, liked to be admired, and could treat without due consideration those who opposed his opinions. Feeling passionate resentment against those who—he thought—had maligned him, he roused in them a corresponding hatred. These are some candidly admitted defects which Dr. Eliot sets before us as tempering the enthusiastic tribute he has to pay to a man he loved and honoured. They are defects of his qualities. For, as his kindly critic sums it all up, "Woodrow Wilson, like most reformers and pioneering folk, had a fierce and unlovely side." Mr. French Strother shows us what may be expected if we select as public chieftain one who is free from the dictator's faults, and also from the dictator's virtues.

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**P**ROFESSOR Kuno Francke, of Harvard, recently re-visited his Fatherland, and has much to tell us about the "intellectual currents" he found flowing there.

That which struck this observer most unfavourably was the mood of defiant pessimism cherished and even recommended by the "intellectuals." As in Nietzsche's famous judgment, they have no to-day, only a day before yesterday, and a day after to-morrow. Professor Francke deplores the fact that university professors and school teachers did not whole-heartedly accept the changed order, pledge themselves to the popular government as defined in the Weimar Constitution, and thus take a lead in "enlightened internationalism." Instead of this, most of them are bearing no part in the creation of that new political consciousness which should fill the place of the played-out régime. They ascribe all the national misfortunes to "Socialist misrule" or "Jewish conspiracy." They rail at reforms, clamour for a return to the principles of Bismarck, and are prepared to acclaim even the methods of a Ludendorff.

This critic can, of course, feel a measure of sympathy with his fellow-countrymen who look back in wistful despair to the bygone splendours of "the Wilhelminian age." For it was a great age, and in the minds of those who helped to create it the remembered glories will long live. Professor Francke recalls once more how

not a decade ago German industry and commerce circled the globe, how notable was the efficiency of German civic administration, how productive were the German universities and polytechnics in every line of research. *O tempora, O mores!* The idol was worth worshipping, though it had feet of clay. All that brilliant civilization was put to the service of a programme which ignored the highest human values.

The pessimism of the present hour has been expressed in a new book, *The Doom of the Occident*, by Oswald Spengler. This is a work of extraordinary learning, and it has fascinated German readers as no other such book during the last five years. Spengler has no belief in the promise that a new and better Germany will arise from the ruins of the old. He is no prophet of faith and courage and hopefulness. It is his conviction that the death knell of western culture has been struck, that all higher aspirations and strivings must be renounced, that the only rational word is now one of fatalistic contempt for the world. The popularity of such a book is a sign of the times.

Yet in Germany the efforts actually put forth to preserve the cultural values remain a refreshing denial of the creed of cynicism which this writer preaches with such zest and which his readers accept with such apparent composure. Professors of many different German universities were unanimous in assuring Professor Francke that they never in the past had students with so great enthusiasm, with so feverish a thirst for learning, with so dauntless a spirit of work amid the many hardships to which they are exposed. Large museum buildings are being carried forward towards completion. Artistic and literary movements are vigorous and productive. This winter even the smaller German cities offer a regular repertoire of drama and opera, far exceeding in seriousness and dignity theatrical conditions in Boston and Chicago."

The writer was present twice during the last few years at the "Great Autumnal Week for Art and Science." It recalled memories of the old celebrations and naval displays at Kiel which the emperor instituted as a German counterpart to the English "Cowes Week." But it is no longer an imperial naval review and a sporting event. It is "a feast of science and art," with no flags flying from the masts and no festive crowd on the streets. There are academic addresses, relating for the most part to the age of the Renaissance and the Reformation. There is music and drama and all that symbolizes pacific as contrasted with military culture. Such academic efforts, however, struck this observer as make-believe and diversions, containing nothing essentially new, but

deriving their strength from the ideals and achievements of former generations.

Three men, unknown even by name to most people abroad, stand forth in Professor Francke's view as German apostles of a new ideal of life,—Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, Rudolf Steiner, and Count Herman Keyserling.

Foerster teaches that the salvation of Germany is to be reached by complete abandonment of the Bismarckian tradition. This he holds to have been from the first "un-German," for in the classic age of German culture it was citizenship of the world—not the narrow centralized nationalism of France—that marked his countrymen's special type. The policy of the future must everywhere unite and adjust, instead of splitting up and intriguing. And the tribal individualities, once crushed into uniformity by militarism, must regain their independence.

So too it is the gospel of Rudolf Steiner that the German State undertook far too much, that its attempt to control and direct all industry had made industrial development itself a source of international friction, that schools and universities and academies of art became—under the baleful centralized guidance—mere "breeding-places of a particular set of political views." And Count Keyserling has a like message:

Perhaps never before was a people, as a thing of the past, so entirely done for as the German people to-day. The heroic figures of its great tradition are gone; the representatives of its most recent past have proved incapable of satisfying the demands of a new spirit of the times. Neither the Prussian officer, nor the official, nor the professor, nor even the technical expert, as traditional types, can be depended upon as leaders in the work of reconstruction.

All this sounds like a change of heart. And however one may suspect that it is the blows of circumstance which alone have made such a change possible, it is none the less to be welcomed. There are few of us whose motives to repentance are wholly un-mixed.

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**T**HE enormous rush of negroes to the northern States within the last few years has reached a total of 750,000 migrants. When America entered the war and thus withdrew four million men from civil life, coloured labour was naturally attracted to the great industrial centres. But the tide continued to flow after the peace. For example, during January, February, and March,

1902, a single Pittsburgh firm transferred negroes northward at the rate of a thousand each month. Mr. R. L. Hartt has made a sociological study of the underlying cause, and has written for *The World's Work* an account of the chief influences to which this change must be attributed.

He has found the chief impelling force in the editorial office of a Chicago newspaper called *The Defender*. It is edited by a half-blooded negro, born in Georgia, who has known how to play upon the spirit of his race. *The Defender* has spoken much about the coloured man's grimy cabin and unglazed window-frames, writing in contrast the northern bathroom with hot and cold water all the time, the steam heat, and the glistening hardwood floors. These refinements of civilization are indeed plentiful enough in the South, but known to the black man only when he has to polish the palatial residence of "Mr. Charlie." And the paper tells its million of coloured readers how by stepping on a train and riding "for a day and a night to freedom" they may reach places where there is no need to tip one's hat to a white man, where there is no colour line to divide one part of the sidewalk from another, where the "red necks" will start no pogrom against black people who seem to be "getting along too well."

In parts of the South this vigorous organ is, as one might suppose, placed under ban. Sellers of *The Defender* have to "boot-leg" their wares, and in Georgia a negro who buys the sheet is risking his life. Yet some are ready to pay fifty cents a copy for it. And there are two hundred and fifty other negro papers which preach the same gospel.

These race publications received a great impulse during the war, when the blacks were unwilling to trust other sources for news of the doings of coloured regiments. To-day, says Mr. Hartt, the average negro home receives two or more, while the exceptional home receives a dozen. It is to this cause, rather than to the much emphasized ravages of the boll-weevil on the cotton fields, that the exodus northward is to be ascribed. For the boll-weevil need not have driven the migrants northward. There are many industrial cities in the South to which they might have gone, and to which many of them actually went. It was the ideal of "equality" that sent so many elsewhere. They wanted, for example, to take their seats on equal terms in theatres "among the white aristocrats," and *The Defender* sent them to places where "one man's nickel is as good as another's. They made their way in great numbers to Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Detroit.

For the first time during the Great War, said the editor of the



Pittsburgh *Courier*, these black people encountered the word "democracy" and began to wonder what it meant. Their soldiers in France had seen with amazement how the differently coloured sat side by side in a Paris restaurant. So this was the "democratic ideal" for which they were at war! Truly it was worth a war, and when peace should come they meant to establish it. Woodrow Wilson expressed their purpose for them. He said in an address to coloured preachers:

With thousands of your sons in the camps and in France, out of this conflict you must expect nothing less than your full citizenship rights, the same as are enjoyed by any other citizen.

But those rights were plainly not to be enjoyed in the South.

On the contrary, in southern States the sway of lynch law was still rampant. *Even Germans* were given more consideration and more opportunities to become prosperous and respected citizens than negroes who never betrayed their trust. From every spot where a lynching outrage occurred there came a swarm of the "inferior race." In Georgia, they declare with pride, "the exodus has done more mischief than ever Sherman's army did." In that State to-day there are 46,674 vacant farm dwellings and 55,000 idle ploughs. A like tale is told of the Carolinas, of Alabama, of Mississippi, of Florida. After the Japanese earthquake a negro magazine called *The Messenger* published countless letters expressing hope for a like visitation in the South. And in the deserted areas the coloured folk say with delight "It will be a fine thing for the southern white man; now he'll have to close his own sun-shade umbrella, get down off his pony, and go to work." They talk in Biblical language about "Canaan" and "the flight out of Egypt."

Special trains, with "club rates", are being run to cope with the traffic. Cleveland's negro population has increased by 300 per cent., that of Detroit by 600 per cent. Nor, says Mr. Hart, has much success attended the efforts to lure them back again. An enormous campaign for this purpose in Chicago recovered "twelve tattered converts, ranging in age from forty-six to seventy-two years." So much for the hope grounded on the idea that "they won't be willing to stand the climate."

Grim predictions of a colour war are heard, and there has been some evidence of increased crime. One can sympathise in a measure with those who have had to live in daily fear of nameless outrage when one reads in the negro paper called *The Crisis* such a paragraph as this:

No race ever gave passive resistance and submission to evil more piteous trial. To-day we raise the terrible weapon of Self-Defence. When the murderer comes, he shall no longer strike us in the back. When the armed lynchers gather, we too must gather armed. When the mob moves, we propose to meet it with bricks and clubs and guns. If the United States is to be a Land of Law, we would live humbly and peacefully in it, working, singing, learning, and dreaming to make it and ourselves nobler and better. If it is to be a Land of Mobs and Lynchers, we might as well die to-day as to-morrow.

These are circumstances and arguments which, as the French say, "give one furiously to think."

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GEORGE Meredith once spoke of Austria-Hungary as "an Empire bound with iron hoops." The hoops have broken, or fallen off. But there will always be an historical interest in recalling what has been, as Lord Frederick Hamilton illustrated to us some time ago in his book, *The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday*.

No information is given us about the writer, Albert von Trentini, who has been set musing upon fallen greatness by the spectacle of the old Imperial Palace at Vienna. We may guess at his nationality. But he is no worshipper of those Teutonic majesties that Professor Francke sums up under "the Wilhelminian Age." Franz Josef was the last monarch that was a real Austrian Kaiser. His domain comprised a vast area, stretching over the Tyrolean mountains, the Istrian harbours, the villages of Galicia. To-day nothing of all this remains "except a small strip of land in central Europe." And it has no longer a Kaiser, but a President,—a man of plebeian origin and a plain citizen. Just a little, humble republic!

Nor does anyone in Vienna resort with even a show of reverent recollection to the Capuchin church where the body of Franz Josef lies entombed. How men used to bare their heads when his carriage drove past them on the streets! One recalls here a like remark by Carlyle about the French people, so alarmed in 1744 for the health of Louis XV, but, when his final sickness came, merely mentioning it to one another as an item of news. The Austrians of to-day are very different from those of eight short years ago.

This writer finds a suggestive clue to the significance of the change in a glance round the gorgeous Imperial apartments. There are suites of halls and chambers monotonously alike, a continuous perspective of purple, white, and gold. The private garden of former Austrian emperors at Schoenbrunn is now one of the public parks of Vienna, but what may be splendid as a public institution



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This writer finds a suggestive clue to the significance of the change in a glance round the gorgeous Imperial apartments. There are suites of halls and chambers monotonously alike, a continuous perspective of purple, white, and gold. The private garden of former Austrian emperors at Schoenbrunn is now one of the public paths of Vienna, but what may be splendid as a public institution

can be oppressive as a prison for one lonely individual. And what was the emperor himself but an institution, a girl around by a hedge of prickly imperial etiquette? When he died, who felt that any human touch had been lost?

Franz Josef has often been described as a Philistine. But the mere fact that for sixty years he saw no other walls but these adorned with purple and tapestries embroidered with mythological figures, no other ceiling but this one of stucco with golden embellishments, no other picture but an historical scene or a family portrait, no other furniture but a Louis XV sofa or writing table, a bookstand or a prayer-stool of pallisander wood with bronze bosses, and did not either lose his mind or become a criminal, contradicts this accusation.

The writer wonders how Franz Josef managed to live through sixty years of rule, wandering through "this vast dehumanizing clinic," foregoing every personal and vital relation of human life. He must have had, in unprecedented strength, a belief in the divine mission of royalty!

Just imagine: for sixty years, night after night, to sleep with one's face turned to a damask purple wall, which with diabolical irony displays only a small copy of a picture by Raphael, and beyond this only a waste of purple!

No doubt there is a great deal of truth in this explanation both of the late emperor's state of mind and of the indifference with which his former subservient subjects now recall his memory. That monotonous vista of purple walls may well typify a certain maddening monotony of isolated grandeur. The picture reminds one of a famous drawing of "the millionaire's breakfast"—a little crouched figure in the centre of a vast dining room, seated alone before a sumptuously appointed table, with so many lackeys stationed at different points as might make a reasonable human being want to flee to the comfort of a tenement house. There are indeed many who would like a chance of trying such "afflictions" for themselves. But they have no experience of what it means, and the shade of Franz Josef might well bid them be content.