

# CROWDED

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

WHEN I was a little boy reading American history for the first time there was a paragraph in one of my books that struck me as offering the most delicious bit of humor ever printed. It told of a group of pioneers who pulled up stakes and moved hundreds of miles away because ten or twelve additional families had recently settled in their State, thus crowding it beyond human endurance! These settlers were not yet numerous enough to be safe from Indians, they had almost no roads, and all of them, pooling their knowledge, couldn't have made a decent map of the State; yet some of them felt crowded and cramped! The whole story of mankind, I thought, could furnish nothing funnier than that; it seemed so obvious to me that the primary need of those pioneers was not fewer neighbors, but more. But in the years that have followed their point of view has become somewhat clearer to me. Crowded is a relative term and every man's definition of it will depend upon his experience, or, more accurately, upon the environment in which he spent his boyhood.

Like millions of other Americans I spent mine in what I now realize were relatively wide open spaces. Not until I was about thirty years old did I know life in big cities, and I have never ceased to be puzzled by it. My first impression of New York was pop-eyed amazement at the patience of crowds under insults, indignities and outrageous discomforts, many of which appeared to be inflicted with callous, wanton contempt for the victims. Yet they were not only patient, they actually laughed. For example, I found that the subway jammers amused them. I had been told about

the subway jammers but I didn't believe the story until I witnessed their performance, which is, briefly, to use their knees, shoulders or whatever parts of their anatomy may be most convenient for jamming customers into already crowded subway cars.

I have lived in Mexico and I stand ready to bet ten dollars against a plugged nickel that a subway jammer wouldn't last half a day anywhere below the Rio Grande. Someone would casually cut his throat, and, if subsequently charged with murder, would be horrified. Our Latin-American cousins know very little of political liberty and generally make a botch of it, but they have an instinctive passion for personal liberty and as fine a sense of the dignity of the individual as the modern world can show. Almost all of the ancient world had this sense. But we are losing it, largely because we are becoming crowded, although sometimes we seem to be trying to make a virtue of the loss, as if we would boast of the disaster and call it progress.

In this connection I think of that astounding institution, the American traffic cop. With what incredible assurance he goddams an offending driver! And if the driver objects to being goddamed he will find himself arrested. In that event there will be only two witnesses, the cop and the defendant. The cop's testimony will be accepted at par, and the defendant, by an already well established and nationally accepted tradition, will come before the bar of justice branded as a perjurer before he opens his mouth. This is neither sound law nor substantial justice. The only excuse for it is that our highways are over-crowded.

In the emergency something must be done, so we strip the individual citizen of his rights and kick his shins. To Hell with him! There are too many of him anyway.

I have been present when Texas rangers arrested dangerous killers—in fact, I have known Texas rangers all my life—but I have never heard one goddamming anybody. They had elbow room and their nerves weren't jumping.

## II

To me one of the greatest mysteries and monstrosities of the modern American city is the business office "equipped with all modern conveniences." I occupied one for three years and maintained, or attempted to maintain, communication with about a dozen others. In less than a month I had discovered that it was impossible to do business in my office, so when I really had to confer with someone I took him to lunch or to the club. If I had to prepare a document or read one—and this made up the bulk of my work—I came back after dinner or took the papers home with me. Sunday was the most welcome day of the seven; frequently I could clear up a whole week's work between ten in the morning and half past six in the evening, because on that day none of the "modern conveniences" was working. For five or six months I said nothing about my methods, lest someone discover that I was a poor, benighted country boy who didn't know how to use city equipment, but in due time I observed that nearly everyone else worked just about as I did.

The trouble with a modern office, however, is not so much its "modern equipment," although some of that is bad enough, but the fact that it is a target for literally thousands of people whom one does not wish to see and could not, by any remote chance, help in any way. And yet they will employ fraud, force, or any other means to enter. Their excuse is: "We've got to live." But there are so many of them that I have often been tempted to reply: "Why, not

necessarily." One spends a staggering sum to make their approach easy, and then must double the sum to support an organization for fighting them off. But the trouble and expense do not end there, for the barbed-wire entanglements designed to stop them at the outer railing may also stop someone you really want to see. I have been most effectively and permanently stopped in that way after having been urgently summoned.

There was a man who had written me five letters asking me to call at his office. I knew in a general way the nature of the business he would propose and it didn't interest me very much, so I put off the call longer than I should, for I had great respect for the man himself. Eventually, however, I presented myself at a little slot in a pane of frosted glass, labelled "Information," and gave my name and the name of the man I wished to see. The young woman behind the glass wrote these names on a card and then asked me to state the nature of my business. That, I judged, might be confidential, at least so far as the man was concerned. As for me, I wasn't greatly interested, but I told the young woman that he would recognize my name. She hesitated. "You won't state your business?" she asked.

"No," I said. "It isn't necessary."

Evidently that struck her as highly improbable in view of the fact that I was asking for the head of the firm, so she repeated her original inquiry: "Whom do you wish to see?" Again I told her and this time added: "Just between you and me and the switchboard, young lady, my heart wouldn't break if I fail to see him. He wants to see *me*. I know that because he wrote me several letters in which he said precisely those words. Now if you will give him my name I'll bet that he tells you to bring me in. But if he doesn't recognize the name, why, I will go right away from here and never bother you again."

"I don't recognize your name," she said.

"No," I agreed, "I didn't think you

would. The correspondence was not between us."

She disappeared and presently returned with reinforcements. I confronted an extremely angry little man who fired at me: "Who are you and what do you want? I don't know you." It wasn't the boss at all. That young woman had simply summoned help to get rid of a lunatic. My first impulse was to bump their heads together, but after all, why? I'd been in their situation and understood it.

"I had some business pending with Mr. Blank," I misinformed the angry little man, "and he made me a proposition, so I came around to tell him that I don't like his proposition and the deal is off. If you will deliver the message, that's all."

There ended what might have been at least a cordial acquaintance, if not profitable business, for I respect the man; but life is so complicated that I have never seen him, although he pays for excellent elevator service to transport callers up to his office. No doubt shoe polishers, typewriter repair service salesmen, necktie peddlers, and many others appreciate it.

Among my associates during the period when I occupied an excellently equipped and continuously bombarded office was a remarkably capable international lawyer who had the misfortune to be named Wilson. There are so many Wilsons! Consequently his name, when presented, was seldom instantly recognized. Moreover, he could very seldom state his business. For one reason, it might have required half an hour and given Information brain fever. In consequence, he failed many times to break through the barbed-wire surrounding corporation executives who paid him retaining fees adequate to hire an army of Informations. With delightful indifference he would return to his office, and later, when an excited client telephoned, he would say: "Why, I *did* call, Jim. I called at eleven o'clock but I couldn't get in." They finally had to evolve a special arrangement for him; it could just as easily be employed in every office every day. The chief executive

would leave word with his barbed-wire that he was expecting Mr. Wilson, and "Don't let him get away!"

It was the general opinion among Mr. Wilson's clients that his insistence upon this arrangement was very amusing, but I never thought so. After all, it strikes me as in the last degree boorish to request a man to visit your office and then subject him to interrogation as though he were suspected of foul designs. But we are crowded, and most of those who call are nuisances, so everybody has to appear before the bar of Information, convicted in advance, and there try to prove his innocence.

Business of quite large proportions was carried on in this country before the office arrangements of today had been invented, and the same old informal offices would still serve if the hordes of barbarians intent upon invading them could only be poisoned.

### III

My start in life in the year 1905 took the form of a job as cub reporter for the *Daily Express*, a morning newspaper of San Antonio, Texas, and I was very shortly thrown into contact with the wise, the wealthy and the powerful of that community. Obtaining interviews with them proved to be no more difficult than getting central on the telephone. Nobody of any importance maintained barbed-wire entanglements in front of his private office. Many of them didn't have private offices. One of my very first assignments was to get information from five or six very wealthy ranchmen. I found four of them playing dominoes in a big office that they used jointly; it was on the ground floor and wide open. There was no office boy, but a newsboy had wandered in and was watching their game. Please don't fall under the misapprehension that this was the wild and woolly, primitive Southwest; it was not. Two of the men sitting in that game were directors of national banks. The stakes of the game were four glasses of iced lemonade, which they were then sipping.

At desks nearby sat their stenographers, accountants and other office assistants. Over in one corner of the room a cattleman was engaged in a long-distance telephone conversation with his agent in St. Louis. Parked at the curb outside were their automobiles, one imported.

These men represented wealth and big business but the era of the leisurely conduct of affairs had not yet quite gone. It was going fast enough, but I remained happily unaware of the fact and assumed that all the world was just about like this; indeed, that it always would be. Everyone I had ever met assumed that everyone he met was all right until he proved himself unmistakably otherwise. The Southwest is properly proud of that tradition, but privately I doubt that we invented it or owned the copyright. Unless I am very much mistaken it was the common American attitude toward human contacts everywhere, except in a few congested places. For the thousands of men who, like myself, grew up with it the subsequent changes have been very confusing.

Now let's skip a few years; ten will be about right. They were very busy ones for me. One day it occurred to me that more than anything else in the world I wanted to go swimming. Fortunately I was within fifteen minutes of salt water, so I asked the hotel clerk for directions and started out. At the beach I stopped, appalled. There must have been not less than 5,000 people in swimming, and for no logical reason that I can think of I couldn't go swimming with 5,000 people; not even with the whole Atlantic Ocean furnishing the water. It was simply too many people for one swimming hole, and I left.

Some months later I discussed this difficulty with a friend and he immediately suggested a solution, which was that I should join his club. They had a wonderful swimming-pool, he said; moreover, he would be delighted to present my name, and just as soon as he returned to my office he would telephone the secretary to send me an application blank. I received it the

following day and learned with interest that I had to be sponsored by three members, investigated by a committee, and finally voted on by the entire membership; all of which, of course, is perfectly natural, customary and right, but it was the first time in my life that anyone had proposed investigating me and I felt that they ought not to do that unless I were charged with a crime. Moreover, I had been invited to join. It was an inevitable and essential part of my pride that I didn't need investigating; the whole procedure clashed with everything in my background. Reason argued, but emotion balked. However, I think I might have won that fight, eventually, but for one line in the application blank. It asked if I believed in a Supreme Being. Assuming that I did, it struck me as putrid to be testifying to it for no better reason than that I wanted to go swimming. Still vivid in my memory were those beautiful, clear Texas streams, the Comal and the Guadalupe, with swimming holes every twenty yards. To have to sign anything at all, or pay anything, or even wear a bathing suit in order to go swimming has always seemed to me ridiculous. But it isn't any more.

A few years ago I went out to see Coney Island and the other nearby resorts for the first time. Row after row of men and women standing in line, waiting for bath houses. Some of them had been there three hours; the lines were a city block long. On account of the rush, prices had gone up and I was told that some of those people would have to pay \$5 for the use of a bath house. As for me at that time, I wouldn't have stood in a line for admittance to Heaven. Now I can, on occasion, stand in line for ten minutes. In New York it appears to be the favorite pastime, and one finally compromises; but at first it seemed to me that anyone who would stand in a line for more than two minutes ought to have a ring put in his nose and a nice little chain attached to it. When people become that numerous in one small space, the sight of them causes an angry lump to come into my throat, and I want to see how fast I can get away from

there, and how far. That is the principal reason why I no longer think those pioneers who emigrated from one wilderness to a newer one were altogether incomprehensible.

In New York I know at least six men who love swimming just as I do, and have precisely the same difficulties trying to find water, although the map says there is a lot of it nearby. Only one of them has really solved the problem, and he and I go swimming together once a year. He has an ocean-going yacht, and when it finds a place in the Atlantic that isn't too crowded he signals the engine-room to cease firing; then we hang our bathing-suits on the flag-pole and plunge over the bow. I have often wondered how many thousands of dollars our annual swim costs him. But while he still insists on swimming without a bathing suit, regardless of cost, he has made much more progress toward adjustment to the modern urban environment than I have, for he not only drives his own automobile but even has a hunting license. I have never owned any kind of license except a marriage license and I used that one only once. I nearly had a hunting license one time, but it turned out that I hadn't been in the State long enough, so the trip was called off. Good Lord, how times change! Scarcely anyone seems to bother nowadays about this complicated multitude of licenses. Why, I haven't been wearing long trousers twenty-five years, and yet so many changes have been forced upon us by the enormous growth of population within that tiny period of time that already I begin to think of Davy Crockett as a boyhood contemporary and reach for a white beard three feet long!

#### IV

During those happy years when I used to laugh at the pioneers who emigrated I did not realize how near I was to their day. Indeed at the time they seemed closer to George Washington or even Julius Caesar than to me. Trolley cars passed in front of

our house at five-minute intervals; mail was delivered twice a day; automobiles were chug-chugging over our paved streets, and nearly everyone agreed that San Antonio was an up-and-coming modern city. If anyone thought otherwise it was certainly most ungracious of him, for we followed the New York fashions as to clothes and eventually applauded nearly all of the Broadway successes in our Grand Opera House.

That I had advantages other than these did not occur to me until long afterward, but they were vastly more important in coloring my point of view than the modern conveniences of which we were all so proud. For example, it was my custom on Friday afternoons in Winter, as soon as school was dismissed, to stroll out across the prairies and shoot a few rabbits, quail and doves. Ranches and large farms extended not only up to the city limits but actually crossed them. Within an hour after I had closed the front gate my hunting expeditions were yielding dividends. I have shot literally hundreds of rabbits and other small game within the city limits of San Antonio.

There may have been a prohibitory ordinance, but if so I had never heard anything about it; anyway, no amount of game would have tempted me to shoot near a house nor in the general direction of cattle. There was no need for any such asinine recklessness as hunters now commit every season; broad, open acres beckoned, and since I did not bother anyone I never encountered complaints, although a great deal of my hunting was done between my eighth and twelfth years. Within fifteen miles of San Antonio there were quite a number of farms and ranches where I was welcome to spend the night. Frequently I would make a trade with my hosts on the basis of one shot-gun shell for each bird or rabbit in my game-bag. Thus they obtained an unexpected treat for supper and I renewed my supply of ammunition, which enabled me to prolong the joyous outing over the week end.



Among both hunters and fishermen there were codes of honor that must have been very old before I was born, because everyone seemed to be acquainted with them and no one that I ever knew disputed the fact that they were fair and just. Hunting and fishing seasons opened and closed by general consent almost as definitely as the doors of a national bank. Shooting birds on the ground was indecent, and disturbing their nests ranked with the unmentionable crimes.

I shall not attempt here to recite the whole code because it is not essential to the point I wish to make. Suffice it to say that we had a code; all of us knew its provisions and I honestly believe that at least 95% of us followed it, no matter whether we lived in the city or the country, and regardless of our ages. Now all of this is regulated by law, but the game is about gone and so are the fish. State and national hatcheries send out millions of baby fish every year, but even that isn't a success. The hothouse minnows, it seems, don't survive.

I almost went fishing about five years ago, but a freakish turn of luck put me down for the count even after I had been warned that I would need a license and had agreed to go through the ordeal of obtaining one. The official who was to issue it maintained headquarters right at the water's edge and I marched up to him feeling proud of myself for being in such a sensible and pleasant humor. There were three other men ahead of me, so I waited, and during that little interval everything went wrong. The three prior applicants, it developed, had the wrong kind of tackle. It was illegal tackle and the deputy game-warden, or whatever he may have been, was outraged. He proceeded to give the offenders a bawling out that ought to have lasted them a lifetime, and they took it with stolid indifference. Scenes such as that are puzzling to me. If the men violated the law I couldn't understand why he didn't arrest them. And if their error was innocent, surely a warning was sufficient.

In either case I saw no occasion for delivering a philippic and nearly bursting a blood vessel. At last he turned to me and barked: "Let's see yours," meaning my tackle.

"I'm not going fishing," I said. "I'm with my friend here who wants to show you his license." And then I said to myself: "Now, what on earth made you do that? There's nothing wrong with *your* tackle." But fishing, just at that time and place, had suddenly become too complicated and crowded. I prefer to conduct mine in a leisurely, haphazard manner. The essence of the sport, as I see it, is a contest between me and the fish. When the game becomes three-handed, with a game warden in the third corner, I would as soon play solitaire. That part of me which you may identify as a grown man can find plenty of things to do besides bait a hook; the fisherman in me is a barefooted boy about thirteen years old, who never saw a piece of illegal tackle and wouldn't know what to do with it if he had a boatload. When he went fishing it was usually with other kids like himself; they were not accustomed to joining gangs from which the goats had to be sorted before the sheep could play. For that kind of game and that kind of gang we had an appropriate insult: "Down the alley for you!"

It was my intention about two years ago to take up automobile driving in a serious way, because walking now comes under the head of hazardous occupations; in fact, this is much more true out in the suburban countryside where I now live than in the heart of a city, where traffic gets a red light signal once in a while. I decided that I would drive at least one hour a day, and pursuant to that resolution bought a car.

"We'll stop here just a minute," the agent said, "and get you a temporary permit." And I said "Oh," because I hadn't thought of that phase of the matter. Being the special and particular kind of a fool I am, it had not occurred to me that I wouldn't be allowed to drive my own car without the sovereign State's permission. My intention had been to drive for an hour or so

along about midnight, that being the hour when I usually quit work. If there was enough traffic on the road to offer even a small probability of accident I wouldn't care to drive, anyway, but of course the State authorities didn't know that. Anyway, the agent got the permit for me; and I, without realizing it, lost my enthusiasm for driving. Some two weeks later he had to get a second permit for my third driving lesson, for it seemed that permits were good for only ten days. And then he brought me a pamphlet containing all of the State traffic laws. I would be examined, he said, to see if I knew them; also, I would have to prove to an inspector that I could drive. Then I would get a license. Now all of this, I know very well, was just as it should be, but I have never touched the steering wheel of an automobile since. These preliminaries simply brought home to me the fact that driving an automobile is another of the overcrowded sports.

While agreeing that they are absolutely necessary, nearly everyone finds such regulations oppressive and that is why they are so persistently evaded. It is difficult for a busy man to memorize all the traffic laws of his State and municipality, so he doesn't. As a matter of fact, he cannot become a safe driver in ten days. He applies for his license just as soon as he can turn his car around; and, as a rule, he gets it through the influence of the dealer who sold him the car. That dealer knows which examiners are strict, and avoids them. Also he cultivates friendships among the examiners and thus obtains influence which he exerts to place incompetent drivers on the highways as rapidly as possible.

Now, it happens that I am just old-fashioned and bull-headed enough to prefer not to have a license to drive a car until I am absolutely entitled to one. That is not due to excessively high regard for the law, but to concern for my life and limbs. I should prefer not to be one of our annually slaughtered twenty thousand. For anyone who takes that position it is not a simple matter to take up driving.

## V

Whenever I read a book or magazine article in which the importance of wholesome recreation and exercise for men in sedentary occupations is stressed I wonder if the writer knows the real reason why so many men neglect to do the things he advises. The writers usually ascribe our carelessness to ignorance and address their arguments to our intelligence, seeking to enlighten us on physiology. My impression is that fully 90% of the city-dwelling men of my acquaintance who fail to take adequate, pleasant exercise are checked by the same obstacles that floor me. Finding a place to play is now a bewildering task. The sort of exercise that appeals to men and women who grew up in some comparatively uncrowded place seems a simple thing, and they think it ought to be obtainable without difficulty. When they find it hedged about with all sorts of unexpected conditions their interest lags.

Not long ago I made a solemn compact with a friend that we were to go swimming together once a week. On the following Friday we set out, pleased with ourselves because we had both remembered the day and hour. This, we thought, augured well for the future. But it didn't, for we had selected ladies' day at that pool, or perhaps it was just ladies' afternoon; I don't know. Anyway the thing seemed to be more complicated than we had expected and neither of us has ever mentioned the compact since.

"Don't go to your golf club once a week and play your head off," a friend of mine was advised by his doctor. "Go often, and take it easy; nine holes will do you more good than eighteen."

Well, my friend travels two and a half hours to get to his golf club. Golf means a day for him. No wonder he overdoes it! And still less wonder that others commercialize their club memberships. Golf is expensive.

For millions of people in New York City and quite a number of others just to go

swimming means a day. On Summer nights I have seen hundreds of them sound asleep in trains returning from the beaches, sweating, snoring, and utterly tired out, not because they had been in swimming but because there is such a lot of hard work attached to a modern holiday.

During the Summer swarming thousands from the cities trickle along the highways through the Ramapo Hills of Northern New Jersey where I live. They are in search of fresh air and the exhaust pipes of their automobiles spread a stench for miles around. Then they complete the desolation by littering the landscape with the débris of picnic lunches. Even the front lawns of cottages in small communities are not immune. They have no respect whatever for private property. They raid little truck-farms, orchards, and even flower gardens. One of my neighbors, a woman, went out one Sunday morning to discover two men, three women and four children harvesting everything on the place—berries, flowers, beans, tomatoes; nothing was overlooked.

"This is private property," she informed them.

"Go to Hell!" was the answer.

"I am going to call the police," she threatened. And she did call the police—while the intruders laughed. Before the cops arrived the place had been sacked and the vandals were on their way. They didn't even hurry. Evidently old offenders and able to estimate the rapidity of police movements. Such outrages as this are now common all over the United States. The

explanation is: crowded. There was a day when a householder attacked in this manner would have shot to kill. But if anyone did that now the country wouldn't be considered safe for democracy.

In view of what has happened to the privacy of city homes, however, it is unreasonable to ask city people to respect the privacy of any other homes. Their telephones, door bells, speaking tubes, dumb waiters, and mail boxes are bombarded daily from morning until night by strangers.

"I wish to speak to you about your son, Harold," says a voice in the speaking tube. It is a woman's voice and pleasing; it recommends her. Mrs. Smith touches a button that unlocks the door. She is expecting Harold's school teacher or Sunday-school teacher or music teacher or, at the worst, some other mother who may wish to report that Harold has given one of the boys in the neighborhood a sock on the jaw.

The lady enters, seats herself, and states that she has learned by careful inquiry that Mrs. Smith loves her son, Harold; presumably, then, she would not permit him to grow up a moron. This danger, however, confronts the little darling unless he is supplied with Smooch's Simplified System of Synthetic Science, one dollar down and fifty cents a week.

The energetic woman who makes this call believes that she has a God-given right to do it. She's got to live, hasn't she? But, Lord, there are so many millions of her!



# THE FUNDAMENTALISTS' CASE

BY MAYNARD SHIPLEY

THE illustrious author of one of the earliest of modern prophecies of "The Collapse of Evolution" is Professor Luther T. Townsend, D.D., S.T.D., M.V.I. This revealing masterpiece of iconoclasm is, so we are told, "the outgrowth of a lecture delivered in Boston, December, 1904, under the auspices of the American Bible League." Dr. Townsend exults in the fact that while "commendations from many persons" have been received, no evolutionist so far has had the hardihood to offer "any criticism of it."

He deeply regrets, in his "Introductory," that until the Darwin-smashers came upon the field, "the theory of evolution was quite as often presented with about as much reverence and certainly with as much unction as the doctrine of vicarious atonement." But from now on things will be different, for evolution has been exposed as a fraud on a par with the late Dr. Abrams' oscilloclast or the late Dr. Wilshire's magic horse-collar. As Dr. Townsend says:

The leading word in our topic, *collapse*, describes a thing that has tumbled into such ruin as will scarcely permit reconstruction. There is, too, suggested by the word the idea that there has not been given sufficient support, as when a poorly-framed house goes to the ground, or that there had been too much inflation, as when an over-blown bladder or something else bursts.

Professor Townsend admits that "during twenty years, or more, beginning near 1880," the "superstructure builded by advocates of evolution" was rather imposing, and that until Fundamentalist experts began to examine its specious claims it "seemed as impregnable as those of any human invention or speculation that ever

had a name in science or philosophy." But conditions now, "in the present stage of scientific inquiry," are quite otherwise. The stately edifice of evolution is now seen to be only "a poorly constructed affair, supported by not one single well-established fact in the whole domain of science, philosophy, or religion."

This conclusion had the unqualified support of that once renowned biologist, Dr. William Jennings Bryan, who declared that "there is not one fact in nature that supports the Darwinism hypothesis. All the facts of nature are against it." "The Bible," said Dr. Bryan, "not only does not support Darwin's hypothesis, but directly and expressly contradicts it."

And as if these highly competent authorities had not sufficiently crushed the Darwinism hypothesis, the Rev. Dr. Theodore Graebner, professor of theology in Concordia Theological Seminary (St. Louis), adds something more: "It is evident that the evolutionary theory not only contradicts the Bible story of creation, but, if true, deprives Christianity of every claim of being the true religion." In brief, the trouble is, as Dr. Bryan himself was quick to grasp, that "Darwin does not give God a chance." "Never," declares Dr. Philip Mauro, editor of the *Last Hour*, "has there been a doctrine so audaciously proclaimed in direct and defiant opposition to the truth of Creation, revealed in the Holy Scriptures."

Evolution, already tottering, was doomed to certain "collapse" when to the assaults of the savants I have quoted was added the invincible verbosity of Dr. William Bell Riley, one of the founders