

# HANDS ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE

BY JOSÉ MIGUEL PETERSEN

IN THE days when the Emperor Porfirio reigned in Mexico, the least likely idea of trade extension to occur to the go-getting Americanos of the border was that of wooing the Mexicans by organized invasion and back-slapping. In that remote era even the business of sending train-loads of Mississippians armed with bands, snappy ditties and local products to make friends with the Oregonians was still in its infancy. Besides, good-will between the two great republics was already in being.

All classes which had contact across the border—and, providentially, these were not too numerous—were bound together, if not in bonds of conscious brotherhood and passionately sincere personal affection, at least by ties of perfectly understood mutual interest. The concessionaires and their highly paid agents at the court of Don Porfirio loved the Mexican grandees and cultivated them because there was something to be got out of them. And the Senators, Cabinet ministers and professional fixers in or near the Castle of Chapultepec were charmed with the insinuating aliens because, for the small services of arranging new deals in copper or mahogany, or merely for seeing to it that old arrangements worked smoothly, there was something to be got out of *them*. Consequently, the polite world was full of compliments and *abrazos*, and many Nordic impresarios of capital stayed in Mexico so long that they learned how to bestow the former in correct Castilian and the latter without a too bear-like fervor.

Relations, too, were much the same among the lower orders. The peons had a natural affection for American bosses who

paid them as much as a peso or even a peso and a half a day, and paid off weekly instead of presenting them annually with a list of debts sufficient to bind the next four generations of their families to the soil, as happened on the *haciendas* under native management. On the other hand, the visiting Yankee technicians, from shift bosses to mine managers, developed kindly feelings for employes who, unconscious of the labor movement raging in the outside world, considered such wages as wealth, and who, furthermore, treated the superior Nordics with the deference due to feudal barons and could be relied upon for innumerable personal services and devotions apart from those included in the formal contract. I know, for instance, a former expatriate who can never get over his tenderness for all elderly Mexican women of the working class because once, when he asked his mining camp laundress to round up a few handsome *muchachitas* for the entertainment of a group of visiting sportsmen from the States, he found himself confronted two hours later with the agreeable task of picking out the handsomest from a bevy of no less than 115.

The *entente cordiale* even extended to that most sensitive of all international contact points, the border. Down to 1910 the American towns along the boundary were for the most part smaller than their Mexican neighbors, and seldom less than half Mexicanized. The biggest *bailes* and most of the local fiestas, lay, clerical and military, were held under Mexican auspices, and from Matamoros to Nogales the slightly superior Mexican social and official leaders rejoiced in the fact that on such

occasions there were plenty of waiter-fearing Americanos on hand to spend their money freely. On the other hand, the ex-cow rustlers, saloon-keepers and professional gamblers, the frayed lawyers, doctors and remittance men who were then on the verge of founding the Southwestern country-club sets, were overjoyed that such distinguished *caballeros* as generals and provincial governors, with names reaching back to Cortez, were willing to overlook the social deficiencies which often caused them to be scorned by the bell-hops of Kansas City, and to accord them instead whole-hearted parlor recognition. A further bond was created by the fact that the republics did not then differ materially in moral idealism. The Mexicans came over to our side to do their hell-raising quite as often as our own men about town returned the courtesy, and touching amenities were cemented between the leading citizens of the border towns by the obvious advantage of having powerful friends when thrown into jail on a foreign strand.

There was no need of excursions and organized get-together efforts to extend these happy relations because they already extended wherever they were needed. The idyl of international understanding was running for the most part on its own momentum. To be sure, once every year or so Don Porfirio hitched up a few private cars to one of the Mexican government railroads' best locomotives and had a party of American capitalists or publicists taken for a joy-ride. But the object was not so much mere good-will and brotherly happiness, which, with a dozen cases of champagne a day for each day's ration more or less went without saying, but loans or propaganda.

Less advisedly and about as often the American railways, in the name of the exotic delights and sophisticating sympathies of wider travel, conducted excursions from St. Louis to Mexico City with a six months' stop-over, all for the sum of \$65. But this, though sometimes advertised as a means of enabling Americans to get better

acquainted with their Mexican neighbors, usually had less fortunate results and at times threatened to sour the idyl. Retired rustics from Kansas humiliated the permanent American colonists by wandering sweatily in shirt-sleeves and suspenders through Mexico City's most exclusive *avenidas*, afflow with tobacco juice and demanding of punctilious tellers at the bank windows that their American cash be changed into "monkey money."

Small town sports would spoil the shine service in the plazas for weeks at a time by tipping the bootblacks twenty-five cents *oro* instead of five cents Mex because of their deferential manner and the fact that they said "God damn" with such a charming air of innocence. Beauty-loving school-teachers annoyed the regular American patrons of Mexican shops by buying inferior *serapes* for twice their normal price to keep mamma's frail shoulders warm in the Autumn damps of Centralia, and generous druggists from Dubuque infuriated them by telling the landlady of the tavern at Cuernavaca that she ought to get a dollar for a six course breakfast instead of only fifty cents Mex.

Hence for the next six months after each tourist band's departure, the permanent residents of the Mexican towns would busy themselves explaining to their friends and acquaintances that these peculiar guests were American peons, that they were, through God's anger with the race for its sins, a lower type of peon than existed in any other civilized nation, and that society only managed to exist north of the Rio Bravo by occasionally loading them in sleepers and sending them out of the country to a place where they might conceivably become impregnated with the seeds of good manners.

It is not likely that the Mexicans wholly believed this fable. Still, it gave them a lasting impression of excursionists from the North.

But the idyl, like all other sweet and lovely things, came to its end. Certain captains of finance who had thought in 1911

that a little friendly backing of Don Francisco I. Madero's revolution might get them closer to the inside of the concessions business discovered to their horror by the end of 1913 that what they had released was a revolution against all concessions and capitalistic privileges. Naturally, these disappointed entrepreneurs followed the lead of the American mourners for the Diaz régime which they had just helped to upset. That is to say, they exploded with an indignation which could be heard from the Antarctic to the late Dr. Wilson's White House prayer closet, and thereby boiled the blood of all the professional anti-American and anti-capitalist leaders who were just then in arms under Carranza and Villa.

## II

So where the air had been soft with the murmur of compliments, it suddenly became harsh with Anglo-Saxon demands that the brigands and destroyers be put down by intervention, and with the responsive suggestion of Mexican patriots that all the robbers and despoilers from Yankeeland be eliminated by firing squads. Indeed, as the horde of resident cultivators of good-will made their way out of Mexico in the wake or as the advance escort of Dictator Victoriano Huerta, some of them actually were so eliminated. Thereafter, save for distant exchanges of approval between the Mexican Red publicists and the admiring intellectuals of the *Nation* and *New Republic*, good-will between the two republics ceased to exist.

In the next six years the situation got steadily worse. The apostles of ill-feeling on both sides had such incidents as the Vera Cruz occupation, the Santa Ysabel massacre, the Columbus raid, the Pershing punitive expedition, the burning of a score of interned revolutionists in the El Paso jail's delousing tank, the Carrizal skirmish, the 1919 "invasion" of Juarez, the Carranza administration's pro-German policy, and Senator Albert B. Fall's pro-annexa-

tion philippics to feed upon. Tempers were further soured when Mexican refugees, herded in the Southwestern metropolises, found themselves placed in the social scale barely above Chinese and Negroes, or, visiting the movies for relaxation, saw their fellow nationals pictured as the most barbarous and treacherous of criminals. Patriotic animosities were equally stirred when more adventurous American capitalists and their agents, penetrating Mexico, found their properties pillaged or expropriated and themselves insulted by mobs and all grades of officials, if not shot and deposited permanently in Mexican soil by the Villistas.

Consequently, by 1920, practically every form of abusive expression and bellicose threat had been uttered by representative spokesmen of the two nations, ranging from the leading statesmen down to peons, within each other's hearing and with sincere and successful intention to give offense. Even consciously false good-will gestures were usually discouraged during this era lest they interfere with the morale of two neighbors kept constantly screwed up to the fighting pitch.

But in May, 1920, practically overnight, a typically Latin-American political earthquake produced a situation in which, from the gringo point of view, good-will cultivation again had sales power. The Obregon revolution did away with the anti-American Carranza régime so thoroughly that the lately detested neighbor seemed assured of several years of relatively stable government. And this happened precisely at the time when the impending collapse of war and post-war prosperity warned the border commercial experts that something should be done to bring the Mexican customer back to a mood of sweet and neighborly understanding.

Thus within a week the cannier border communities ceased shouting for blood vengeance, punitive expeditions and annexation, and began whooping for the Obregon régime's recognition, which the moral Dr. Wilson had chastely withheld.

The Mexican was about to be forced to submit to proof that his fair-haired Northern brother loved him.

The results need not have been disastrous if the new sentiment had been confined to a little tactful trans-frontier oratory and to a few state dinners on proper occasions, as when Gen. Obregon went his triumphing way to Mexico City *via* El Paso. When the Mexican is told he is loved, he does not become indignant because he does not believe it. He is an accomplished blarneyist himself, and he rather respects his neighbor—or even his enemy—when the latter proves that he can give as good in the way of sweet nothings as he takes.

In the 1920 re-alignment he had certain things to get out of the good-will revival—namely, recognition and credit—and was thus open to all reasonable superlatives. But the Nordics, with their Puritan consciences and their usual miscomprehension of the Latin-American, apparently could not bear the thought that, after the Mexican had been told he was loved once more, he might continue to doubt it. Obviously he must be made to see that it was so, and the border Nordics, organizing themselves in bunds of reconciliation, could think of no better way than to go into Mexico and show him. Hence, the good-will excursion.

There were two of them as early as the Fall of 1920, and since then there have been so many that only a check on the files of all local newspapers from New Orleans to San Diego would yield an accurate count. Including all types, from the one day flivvercades to honor some local bull fight or inauguration near the border with American patronage to the expensive junkets in which the high-powered friends of Mexican progress have toured the republic *de luxe* for weeks at a time, they probably have numbered considerably more than 100. As a result of them more Mexicans have had the privilege of viewing Anglo-Saxons in herd formation than at any time since Gen. Winfield Scott's lamented invasion. In fact, if the frequent visits of Rotary delegations, the American Summer

student colony at Mexico City and the art-loving colonization at Guadalajara are added, even the military precedents are definitely exceeded. The Mexican highways and byways now know the Americano in his glory almost as well as a county seat that has entertained an Elks' State convention.

But though the purpose of this intensive penetration has been laudable—namely, sales promotion—the results on the whole have been less happy than in the Porfirian age, when economic relations were allowed to take their course as an ostensible side issue of natural social contacts. There are various reasons of price, foreign exchange and geography which force the Mexicans to do the bulk of their import trade with the United States, more or less regardless of their sentimental attitude toward the gringo. But in general it has been difficult for the Mexican mind to see why the republic, after having to trade extensively with a nation whose culture it does not admire extravagantly, should have to play host to its trade-promoting excursionists, too.

For the good-will excursion, new style, is all that the old tourist excursions were plus organized noise, tactlessness and blatancy and a disposition to sponge free liquor and meals. The picture rarely varies. The train crosses the international boundary at Nuevo Laredo, Juarez or Nogales with 100 or more merry passengers, well supported by American potations, singing raggedly, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." During the stop at the border, the local or nearest brewery contributes a night's supply of beer as an international courtesy, but may be, in the manner of the sub-tropics, a few minutes late delivering it. Meanwhile, within the hearing of the inevitable English-speaking functionary attached to the train as an official chaperone, the mutter, or frequently the shout, is raised: "Where the hell's our free beer?" Then, if by some oversight, no beer is immediately forthcoming, he will be forced to listen to the judicious American opinion

that this is a hell of a brewery and a hell of a town, since, as is well known, it celebrated the arrival of the San Antonio invasion less than six months ago with a donation of two dozen cases.

The beer arrived, however, the gringos observe the restoration of their ancient liberties with a night of revelry. During it the official chaperone will be informed by four different groups of alcoholically argumentative publicists that Mexico would be all right if she'd only "get on to the American way of doing things." He will be forced to join in "The Old Gray Mare" chorus and have half a dozen booster badges pinned on him by enthusiasts who confuse his Latin dignity with that of a mascot or a drum major. He will be insulted at least once by the losing side after being commandeered to settle a drunken poker argument, he will gravely assure perhaps fifteen nervous Babbitts that there really is no danger from bandits, and he will hurt the feelings of several optimistic rumor victims by informing them there is error in the report that the government has presented the train with a supply of champagne. Perhaps by 5.30 A.M. he will crawl into his berth—provided he does not find one of his country's soused guests in it—to meditate, until aroused by question-askers at seven, on what a charming tale of gringo manners he will have to relate to his intimates along the route.

Comes the dawn, and the Americanos detain in some Mexican metropolis such as Monterey or Chihuahua for a parade. There are the usual mutters of annoyance if the reception committee is not on hand to greet them, and two or three professional irrepressibles always manage to shout, "Where do we eat?" when the committee arrives. But eventually the official greetings are over and in ragged order, flaunting badges and waving ten-cent cane pennants with civically loyal sentiments, 150-odd good-will pilgrims move through the dust behind their band to make a pageant for a Mexican Main Street.

Witticisms are tossed back and forth on

the march concerning the local street cleaning methods and architecture. Songs and cheers are executed celebrating the mission of the visitors and the virtues of their city. A dozen or more of the convention-attending type of ladies in the caravan flash gold-filled teeth in smiles of camaraderie at occasional groups of faintly grinning natives on the sidewalks.

Follows breakfast, usually at the Foreign Club, where ham-and are certainly procurable, and from then on the party diminishes. The official leaders and the more conscientious sightseers make the round of official visits to the mayor, the governor, the Federal and military authorities, making fun the while in chuckling undertones at the frayed Second Empire furnishings still popular in Mexican official reception rooms and at the undoubtedly bad chromos of distinguished local patriots with which such salons are excessively decorated. Meanwhile, a good half of the delegation demonstrates the fraternizing spirit of the expedition by settling itself at the Foreign Club for a round of bridge, poker, and drinking until it is time to see "what the Mex is coming across with in the way of a banquet."

Curiosity is not unbearably deferred, since Mexican banquets usually happen at mid-day, which has the additional advantages of producing an afternoon holiday and allowing plenty of time for the speeches. But as the good-will promoters gather in the lobby of the casino, or the leading hotel, or wherever the function is to be given, the murmurous question arises among the Nordics as to what kinds of liquor will be dispensed and how much. Little knots may be overheard by their Mexican hosts—and, indeed, invariably are—arguing this matter somewhat as follows:

**OPTIMISTIC PERSON:** Sure, they'll give us champagne. I know a fellow was here with the Houston bunch two years ago, and he says they give it to them by the bathtub. Lemme tell you when it comes to hospitality these Mex boys know their stuff.

**CONGENITAL PESSIMIST:** Aw, don't kid yourself.



That was at Guadalajara, not in this hick poor-house. I got that from my brother-in-law who was with 'em. Besides, one of these Mex club boys told our car porter this morning all we was going to get was warm beer.

REALIST: Well, what the hell do we care? Scotch is just a dollarannahalf a pint at the Foreign Club, an' just to make sure they won't put anything over on us I gotta pint on my hip. . . . Just like old home week back home, eh? (*Exposing it*).

DEBATERS AND SIX OTHER AMERICAN CABALLEROS, ATTRACTED BY THE ARGUMENT: You li' old rascal, you! You're going to buy us a drink right now. (*The bottle is passed around while Mexican eyebrows are lifted.*)

### III

Day after day, when the trip is prolonged, these brotherhood-invoking ceremonials are repeated. What happens in Parral today is repeated in Torreon tomorrow, in Zacatecas the next day, in Irapuato soon after, in the capital eventually, and so on home by way of Tampico and Matamoros, or possibly by way of Guadalajara and the West Coast centers, partially preserved until 1926 by their lack of through railway connections. Even the southwestern ports are not safe from the more eager good-will spreaders, and only Vera Cruz stands in happy isolation because the invader hears that his reception there may be mingled with unpleasant memories of 1914.

Also, as time goes on, each expedition contributes to the outstanding collection of unfortunate incidents. The heavy boozers of the party have of course been poured on the train regularly by exquisitely mannered Mexican plain clothes police detailed for this hospitable purpose. But one fine evening these gentlemen have the pleasure of protecting one of the officially distinguished pilgrims, possibly a mayor or a Congressman, from the effects of his baser appetites, and the matter becomes at once a spicy State-wide scandal. Somewhere else, the honors of war have been paid by the pilgrims to the commander of the State militia instead of to the head of the Federal military department, and though this error has possibly been engineered by local political factions, both sets of rivals unite

behind the visitor's back to rejoice over the Yankees' deficiency in *savoir faire*. Again, a gringo courting cosmopolitan development has set himself studying Mexican manners and has overdone it as usual by being obsequious in public to a hotel porter. Or at the other end of the scale, a visitor has demonstrated Anglo-Saxon masterfulness and produced a difficult social fracas by giving orders to some inconspicuous Mexican who turns out to be the president of the governor's council.

Always, too, the woman question leads to complications. That the gayer blades of the party make frequent pilgrimages down the line in the more luxurious Mexican metropolises would not locally be regarded as curious, but that the gringos, after being bilked in the charges for beer and social entertainment, customarily depart with their virtue unsullied is taken as a peculiarly humorous sign of the Americano's lack of virility. The Mexican's gift for international understandings does not go to the point of comprehending that a gringo party down the line usually consists of one terrified thrill-seeker to fourteen male gossips.

But while the *hetærae* question causes only amusement, the nice women on both sides frequently make real trouble. At the grand *baile* one of the more cheerful drunks is bound to offend by trying to lure the governor's wife or the carnival queen to the bar for a Scotch high-ball. Elsewhere another rash spirit, presuming on a two-drinks acquaintance with a Mexican cotillion leader, will proceed to slap him on the shoulder while he is dancing with the town's most popular señorita, and then become publicly indignant when, instead of having the girl delivered into his arms according to the cut-in system of Peoria, he is treated like a barbarian who has attempted familiarities in his host's parlor.

As for the American ladies, they are fairly certain to produce discord by their indiscretions. Two of them, perhaps, have come to the governor's wife's reception in the slightly but discernibly crooked con-

dition which is considered the height of feminine charm at American country clubs. Another has vamped some cavalry colonel in the audacious manner of a thirty-seven-year-old flapper, and the officer and gentleman, having taken her in the Latin manner at her invitation's worth, has had his face bashed in by an irate husband of Ku Klux extraction. The official chaperone patches it all up somehow, and wonders if for a reward he can't at least get one of the fatter American consul-generalships.

Always, too, and worst of all, is the oratory. It is as if the Mexicans, feeling that their genteel obligations as hosts require them to feed and liquor up the invaders, regard themselves honorably entitled to prove that, whatever the gringo may be as a go-getter and industrialist, he is less than a peon when he talks on his feet. And for approximately four hours to each banquet, Mexico, to its fascinated satisfaction, proves it.

Generals, governors, mayors, senators, Chamber of Commerce presidents, Rotary leaders, high-school principals—the Mexican part of the programme flows on in a poetic torrent of Castilian sound, indorsing, with all the improvisations possible to polite language, the charming theme of "two fraternal nations, two diverse but sympathetic cultures, united forever in the sacred bonds of friendship and coöperation for progress." Then the Americans arise to reply and the fun begins.

"Things are changed since the days when nations estimated the distance between each other by the time it would take their armies to march across each other's borders. . . . We wish to pay a silent tribute today to your gallant Lieut.—or was it Captain?—Carranza, who died so bravely trying to do what our Lindbergh did. . . . Don't think for a moment that we don't want the right kind of Mexican immigrants in the United States. Why, right in my own home town we've got a candidate for city council today—and if I lived in his ward I'd vote for him myself—who was born right here in this beautiful city. That

shows how we can appreciate the type of Mexican immigrant who adapts himself to our institutions. . . . I don't hesitate to say before this great and representative audience that, although we have had our disagreements in the past, as friends and neighbors will, our people, in all these little friendly squabbles, have been actuated solely and sincerely by a desire for Mexico's good."

At these high words of amateur diplomacy, the Mexicans look at each other with the faint sparkle of cynicism in their eyes. They are reflecting that a Mexican adapting himself to American institutions must be a tool of the imperialists and that, anyway, the main argument for the Box bill is that most Mexican immigrants to the United States wind up in jail. They are solacing themselves for the expense of the party with the thought that the people who, while eating their hosts' grub and drinking their liquors somewhat excessively, would launch a sales propaganda, brag of Lindbergh's superior luck and throw out sly, hypocritical innuendos about all the American depredations in Mexico from the Texas rape to the Pershing expedition, must be barbarians beyond cure. So for months after the good-will ambassadors vanish, they are exceptionally nice to our rivals, the English and Germans.

As the expedition advances and strange diets, climates and beverages get in their deadly work, digestions falter, tempers sharpen, fatigue increases and the speeches get worse, while the untoward incidents grow more frequent. Usually there occurs some really climactic scandal. Some guest has paused in the reception line at Chapultepec and tried to sell something to El Presidente himself. Some incompetent imbibor has been sick on a Chapultepec rug, or started a fight in a notorious brothel that broke into the newspapers. As these rumors reach the towns on the homeward journey, already worried as to whether they can afford to put up liquor enough to satisfy their Spanish pride as hosts to inferiors, the scandals, as promoters of good-

will, become even worse in the telling than they are in reality.

So some fine morning when the excursionists disembark for one of their last parades before the eupaptic feeding grounds of the good old U. S. A. again enfold them, the few who understand Spanish may hear the murmur running down the line of peon spectators standing at their tactful, but not necessarily respectful distance: "Mire los Judeos qui vienen para vender."

Which may be freely translated: "Look at the heathen coming to sell us something."

#### IV

Hog-tied as they are by their un-American aversions to visiting the neighbors uninvited, the Mexicans as yet have conducted no good-will expeditions to the United States. But once or twice the gringos, having need of a few "spik" excellencies to give an international tone to their more ambitious civic festivals, have boned up on the correct modes of engraving and delivering formal bids to Latin dignitaries and lured a Mexican delegation across the line to taste the clotted cream of Yankee hospitality.

On such occasions the first citizens of the northern Mexican States and metropolises which have periodically gone broke feeding and liquoring the good-will tourists have been privileged to discover what good-will means on the giving rather than the selling side of the gringo's mouth.

For instance, the governors of the northern Mexican States were invited to share the revels a few years ago of a Southwestern trade capital celebrating the anniversary of its founding. A number accepted, with the result that a week before their expected arrival the resident Mexican consul was asked to hurry over to the celebration committee's headquarters for an important conference. Arrived, he found the celebration treasurer kicking that he had no warrant to pay the visiting governors' hotel bills and swearing he would issue no

vouchers. After the consul had heard all sides of this singular squabble among the official hosts, he was supposed to be mollified by the information that private individuals would try to take up a collection, and that he could let his governor friends know the result in two or three days.

In three days the consul was tactfully informed that civic pride had met the challenge. He was properly grateful but took a certain Latin pleasure in producing identically worded telegrams from the governors regretting that unanticipated pressures of public business would keep them at home. To be sure, the subscribers to the hotel bill fund did not get their money back. Official State representatives were sent in the governors' stead—evidently minor local personages being punished for political insubordination—so that their arrival might produce another and almost equal blunder. No banquet was planned until the Mexicans, assuming in their innocence that a civic festival without a banquet to the visiting *distinguidos* would be as impossible as asking a house guest to eat at a boarding house, inquired of their hosts when this climaxing feature of the social programme was to take place.

Civic energy scared up the banquet, letting the Mexicans in on the open secret that they had suggested it. Meanwhile, there was a semi-public squabble as to who was to pay the hotel bill for the presidential band sent by El Presidente's special orders. Finally, the morning after the town's week of international courtesies was over, during which it had enjoyed the best free music in Southwestern history, the band, finding it six blocks to the station and no conveyances present, walked. Also, it carried its traveling bags and its heavy instruments, not to mention its impressions of the gringos' grateful spirit.

Such experiences, however, are educative. When good-will emissaries from this metropolis descended on a Mexican capital in the Fall of 1928, the banquet was duly delivered, but it was announced in advance that the price would be three dollars.



# THE WEST POINT OF FUNDAMENTALISM

BY WILLIAM COBB

THREE years ago the Liberal Students' Club of the up-and-coming University of Chicago sponsored a debate on Evolution. The Rev. Dr. W. B. Riley, the patriarchal Pooh-Bah of Fundamentalism, took the side of God, with this text: "A litter of pigs may show varieties, but no pig ever gave birth to puppies." The reporter covering the debate for the *Chicago Tribune* recounted glowingly the enthusiasm of the audience:

The interest in the debate was intense. Dr. Riley was greeted with such boisterous and repeated applause during his opening speech that Dr. Burt [his pro-Evolution opponent] referred to the evidently large crowd of Fundamentalists present. Then the friends of Prof. Burt rallied and it was difficult to tell which of the two contestants was cheered the more vigorously. It came near taking on the character of a Northwestern-Chicago football game.

The "large crowd of Fundamentalists" in the audience was made up of the pious students and faculty of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, founded in 1886 by Dwight L. Moody, and still in full blast. The cadets and co-eds at this West Point of Fundamentalism are taught to cheer at all hours and on all occasions for their Maker and His infallible Book. The debate was just a picnic for them; they testify for Fundamentalism in their classes all day long and from the tail-end of gospel motor-trucks every night. The Institute aims "to educate, direct, encourage, maintain and send forth Christian workers, Bible readers, gospel singers, teachers and evangelists competent to effectually preach and teach the gospel of Jesus Christ." Since 1886 it has sent forth 64,458. They have labored valiantly, and above all, efficiently. Effi-

ciency is the key-note of the institution. One of its advertisements says:

SOULS SLIP AWAY

from untrained

Christian workers

The Harvest is To Those Who Are Prepared

"The Open Door to Fruitful Service"

Just Mail the Coupon Now.

As an alumnus has said, "Every Christian should be a salesman—sell the gospel!" The cadets show the world the efficiency of their training in this art. They spear their victims with the unerring accuracy of an old-time whaler harpooning a whale.

One night one of our students in the Bible Institute was going down West Madison street. He saw another young fellow going along, and stepping up to him he said, "Are you a Christian?" "No sir, I am not." "Why are you not a Christian?" "Because I think the whole thing is a humbug—there are so many hypocrites in the church." "Look here," said the student, stepping under a light and opening up his Bible to Romans xiv:12, "Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God." That went like an arrow to the young fellow's heart. He dropped on his knees right there on the sidewalk and accepted Jesus.

Many citified infidels have the idea that Fundamentalism is a craze financed by the greasy nickels and dimes of yokels and confined in influence to rural adenoidiacs who believe that the Pope has cloven hooves. Let such misinformed scoffers get hep to the facts. Every year the Institute needs, over and above its income from endowment, \$450,000 to meet its operating expenses. And every year it gets that amount and more in voluntary contributions from opulent believers, mainly in the big cities. Its property, real and personal, is valued at more than \$4,500,000. It owns thirty-six buildings just outside the Loop district in Chicago. It owns and operates a 5,000-watt