

# Chimes

## *A Novel in Six Instalments — VI*

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### CHAPTER SIX

#### I

**A**FTER the Armistice they came back, slowly, even reluctantly, as their different war "services" terminated, from camps, from Washington, from "the other side", came back to the university. Not all. Some of the younger men having enjoyed the tonic atmosphere of the competitive life, the freedom and delight of male companionship outside the campus, found other promising avenues into that new world every one talked about those days. Day, a promising instructor in Clavercin's department, stayed on in France, organizing instruction for the troops left there; Bard in chemistry was employed by some crafty men who had bought up German patents cheaply; one of Sanderson's best men was hired by a New York bank. But the older men returned to the academic nest, discarding regretfully the uniform, their honorable khaki and spurs, feeling somehow that the great vacation of all their lives had ended, with the freedom of being "under orders"! Now they must enter the treadmill once more and give orders to themselves. They must resume the dull tasks of study and classroom, get out of the desk drawer the old lecture notes, which looked more dingy and lifeless than after the usual vacation. Caxton, who refused to consider the Armistice as final, stayed on in Washington until the following spring. He had made an astonishingly good intelligence officer mitigating regulations with a little common sense, and after his experience with some thousands of undergraduates had acquired a shrewd judgment of men. To go back to his dusty office in Founder's Hall every morning and get at the text of Chaucer had not the same reality it had had before 1914.

So gradually they got back to the common level of the old daily task, in a world not so new and "reconstructed" as they had fondly dreamed it would be, thanks to

their exertions in beating the Hun. For a time some of the glamour of the war hung about their minds: they swapped experiences over luncheon in the faculty club, held reunions, revived old animosities and disputes, criticized the roster of club members who had done war work. Once more they revived the pleasurable emotion of an unrestrained hate over the Reds, the terrible Bolsheviks and their unpatriotic sympathizers at home. But this aftermath of the dear, delightful war spirit also wore off in time under the steady grind of the old mill and the grudging reminder of the scholar's conscience to remain skeptic and try to see the other side. The talky ones, the propagandists and speechmakers, kept up a chatter over the peace treaties; for Eureka had its representatives in that grotesque assemblage of academic "experts" at Versailles. Chittering, the head of the history department, boasted for a time, "I made the Polish corridor!" And Dolittle had something to do with the Turkish treaty. For a couple of years after the Armistice they carried on their verbal warfare, defending the treaties, and felt that they had had a hand in molding destiny, at several hundred removes from the centre.

For once the university had been in touch with actualities. To be academic, with a professor or doctor before one's name, had not been a cause of tolerant contempt on the part of the "men who do things". To be academic had not been a reproach, often a recommendation. Faculty members felt, "They had to come to us with some of their problems, — they did not know, — and on the whole we did our part well, certainly as well as, or better than, those cheeky men of affairs who bungled ships and aëroplanes and grafted scandalously." The university, they felt, had acquitted itself handsomely in the national crisis, had proved its worth, its importance, and they meant that never again should the university slump back into insignificance. In this new world,

which they had helped to make, their place should be both more honorable, with enhanced prestige, and more comfortable, with higher salaries. Just how they did not know.

And first of all they were overwhelmed with students, their classes crowded beyond endurance. For the youth of the country had flocked into the universities in astonishing numbers after the war. "We showed them we had something here they would need," the professors thought complacently. Also, it was true that there was less for them to do, now that its youth, having been made into good fighters, the world suddenly decided to settle back into peace. "You might as well go back to school for a few years," parents said, "and prepare yourselves," — for what? For that new world. Besides, parents had the money, much easy, cheap war money, and the boys, girls too, deserved a vacation, a little petting and loafing and bragging. So back in floods they had come to the pleasant walks of academe, to the halls of learning and the sound of chimes, the rah, rah of football, and jazz and bootleg liquor and all the rest, — to the university.

Now what should they do with all this promising, clamorous youth, — what should they teach them? They were a bit tarnished, some of them, by their war experience, disillusioned, frustrated, with a nonchalant "show-us" air they had never had before. The old question, but more urgent with this mob of disillusioned youth. At the first full faculty meeting many of the old faces reappeared, singularly freshened and fattened by the war. Mallory who had come back from Washington with a medal, — some said to take over the presidency, others said to leave Eureka for a much more important post, — was there, sitting beside old Bayberry, gaunter and homelier than ever and a trifle unsteady on his thin legs. Also Clavercin, whiter, grimmer, burning to speak out at last in behalf of a new university. Beckwith was there, in worse repute than ever since his connection with the imprisoned pacifists, the communists, and all the other "down and outers" as Mallory mockingly called his protégés, and beside him Walter Snow with a fresh repertoire of the foolish doings of his colleagues with the map of Europe. And of course Sanderson came, more self-assured and provoc-

ative than ever, his moustache thicker in the centre, shaved back at the sides like the youth of the day, full of the "splendid record of my department," — every man in it having "served in some useful capacity the duration of the war." In this new academic world as in the new outside world there would be coming for him a suitable place, a very responsible place, nothing less than the presidency of Eureka, at last.

For old Donothing, in spite of his talent for publicity, for pronouncing authoritatively the current commonplace, had reached the end of his long academic tether and was about to retire, "as soon as a suitable successor could be found."

Past seventy, in this new, newest of old worlds, there was obviously nothing more for him but a harmless old age spent in writing his memoirs. His good friends in the British propaganda service had invited him to join one of those eminent junketing parties popular after the war to look into the Chinese situation, which would occupy him, thanks to the leisurely and luxurious manner of such excursions, with its official entertainments at least a full year. So this might well be the last full university function at which he would preside. (He had already officiated in the giving of honorary degrees to French, Italian, English dignitaries, civil and military.) As he sat on the platform dais at the end of the bare faculty room, surrounded by his minions, deans, and secretaries, his little green eyes blinking out on the faces below him, some of whom he could remember for over a generation, listening to the lisping secretary of the curriculum committee read the long delayed report on the reorganization of courses, he might well conclude that the "safe policy" had succeeded. Eureka was "sound", ready to leap ahead to those new "opportunities for service" which luncheon club orators were so fond of celebrating. In the report furbished up by the glib secretary there were paragraphs about the "quickened sense of service", the position the university should take in "our reconstructed world". Those two honorable words, "service" and "reconstruction", were so much overworked that Beckwith, suddenly leaning forward, remarked to Mallory, "We are in short to remake the universe and serve everybody

from charwomen to God; we are it!" Finally the secretary's lisp died away, and Dolittle, coming back from a long reverie of China and boards and banquets, mumbled, "Gentlemen, you have heard the report of the curriculum committee, which has been delayed due to the interruption of the war. What is your pleasure?"

"I move," Beckwith said in flutelike tones, "that the committee be discharged and that the report be laid on the table until we know more about that New World the report seems so familiar with."

A dozen members of the faculty rose nervously from their seats, and there was the usual mess of motions, counter-motions, amendments, withdrawals, points of order characteristic of Anglo-Saxon procedure applied to faculty meetings. Dolittle sat in puzzlement, while the wrangle proceeded with acrimonious exchanges that displayed temperaments rather than convictions about the curriculum. At last after an hour's waste of time, as the sun was disappearing behind the lofty campanile, the faculty got at the report itself, and the debate began acidly, tempers having been strained by the preceding futilities. Heads of departments had their say. Sanderson, recognized leader of the committee, made a brutal attack on the "futilities of culture", to which Caxton retorted sneeringly against "business colleges". Bayberry rose waveringly from the rear of the room. The President, who had been dozing as if from his seat of vantage he had already passed beyond all this academic patter into the larger life of international conferences, recognized the Professor of Greek with relief, shutting off the eager youngsters who were panting to speak. Bayberry so rarely spoke in faculty, although he was punctilious in attendance, that he was always listened to respectfully. The room settled into quiet, curious to hear what one so remote from life in subject and thought might have to say on the burning question of the great future.

Although he represented, he said, one of the least practical branches of learning, one that attracted least the modern mind, nevertheless it was traditionally the oldest culture on the globe; something might be said for the Greek point of view even in a world of tanks and aëroplanes and publicity bureaus. "We know that these

ancient sages were concerned with the same puzzling question, — what is education? Nobody knows — that is the simple truth. It is like asking what is nourishment or clothing! One thing for one man in one time and circumstance, another in a different time and circumstance. There is something both ironic and pathetic in this recurrent strife among us doctors of learning, each working for his own subject, his own craft, trying to make out of the scraps of knowledge we have an ideal balanced ration of education, like an ideal suit of clothes, standardized for all youth. It can't be done, gentlemen! You will take another unit away from English or Modern Languages and give its place to some form of science or business administration.

"That will not make education. For education is within! You talk of the new world, of reconstruction and all that. I venture to say that to our successors here it will be found to be much the same old world we have known, essentially, with the same problems, the same enigmas, because it will be a world of men and women. I shall vote, therefore, as I voted when the question of curriculum first came up before this faculty in President Harris's time, as I voted ten years later when the existing arrangement was introduced, — I shall vote 'no!', not because I am opposed to change, to experiment, but because I do not believe that we or any similar academic body of men can establish arbitrarily an ideal of education, of life for the coming generation, by taking a pinch of this and a dash of that and combining them with something else in so many units and thus make a suitable intellectual ration for all spirits. Let us leave the eternal problem to the generation now entering the university. Let them choose from the feast we offer whatever they happen to want!"

He sat down as abruptly as he had risen, and there was a squirming in the room, whispered conferences among the leaders, interrupted by the tired, droning voice of Dolittle, "Are you ready to vote, gentlemen? Let the secretary read the amended proposal as it now stands," and the Little President lisped for a few minutes. Then the faculty proceeded to vote without much confidence in what they were doing, and the President announced more briskly

than he had spoken hitherto, "The measure is carried. A motion to adjourn is in order."

Thus the new world was ushered into Eureka.

## II

Efficiency was the watchword of this new world, with "reconstruction" and "service" hanging vaguely in the background. Everybody realized that a brand new curriculum recognizing "functional subjects" did not make a new educational world. That was the screen behind which the "new forces" must operate. What men talked about among themselves was a new president and the drive. The two went together. The new world demanded an immensely increased endowment, and to procure this it was necessary to secure a "magnetic" personality for president. Mallory was persuaded to lay aside his other ambitions for a time and accept the leadership of the "Fifty Million Dollar Endowment Drive", which was to recreate Eureka, give it the equipment and the "Plant" to meet its obligations in the new world.

"Why fifty millions?" Clavercin inquired plaintively.

"Because it is a big round number. You must think in large terms, Clavey, these days. Pretty soon they will be asking you to declare your needs for prosecuting your studies, and you must be prepared to ask for five millions,—for that theatre; you were always talking about a library of dramatic literature,—at least five new instructors, and a perpendicular rise in salaries, say twelve thousand for you, Clavey."

"I don't want it," Clavercin replied sombrely, unable to respond at once to Beckwith's facetious acceptance of the new world. "I think we are paid pretty nearly enough for what we do as it is. What we need —"

"For heaven's sake, man, don't talk that way in public: they will think you crazy," Beckwith warned. "Dick Caxton is head of the publication committee to get out our literature of needs. He and Mallory will show you what you want!"

Indeed, a new wave of enthusiasm began to run through Eureka, for "the bigger, better, best of universities," and

members of the faculty who had waited anxiously for a five hundred dollar increase in salaries now talked in millions. Every one was doing it. The "drive" had become one of the most popular features of university life. Under Mallory's inspiring leadership, with his genius for organization, a new method of getting money for the drive was introduced. Instead of dropping into some rich man's office or lunching with him privately and tickling his vanity until he consented to become a donor, there was an army organization of drive leaders, whose business it was to "cover" every possible contribution to the fund. "We are not going after the philanthropist class," Mallory announced. "The day of individual benefactions, of a rich man's buying himself into respectability and social consideration, has largely gone. Of course," he added hastily with a humorous grin, "we'll not refuse any tainted money, but there isn't enough of it! To accomplish what we are after we must make the smaller people contribute.

"We must make the comfortable middle classes feel that this is their university, not only our own graduates but all earnest men and women who believe in better things. We must make it a religion to give to the university, not a social gesture!"

And that was the note of the new world: everybody who counts must support the things that count.

"You are selling the university to the public this time," Beckwith carped, "instead of a war! It will do less harm."

"Precisely!" Mallory agreed readily. "And you, Norman, are one of our best assets, if you did but know it. Your radical friends are so disturbing to all decent-minded, prudent citizens that they want something done to prevent the curse of communism and chaos. So they are sympathetic to the claims of religion and education, as they never were before; they see that we are the cement of society, and if they wish to leave their money to their children in peace, or even enjoy an orderly death, they must contribute to the cement fund, must patch the crumbling walls of society. So instead of discouraging you in your efforts to get the wabblers out of jail, to stir up insurrection in India, to recognize Russia, and all the rest of the radical program, I tell you to go right ahead and get all the publicity you can for



your activities. Every column you receive works for us, and means thousands of dollars to the drive fund."

The two old friends laughed amiably. Probably Mallory had a better understanding of Beckwith than any one in Eureka, and for his part Beckwith respected Mallory more than he did any other conservative mind. In essential character they had much in common; it would be difficult to account for their divergence in action and belief.

"I see your point, Edgar, but I can't help you rake in the endowment. Would you like my resignation?"

"Never!" Mallory laughed tolerantly. "Of course you are a reproach to the university in some quarters, not so important as they once were. But you are an invaluable asset to us in other ways than I have just mentioned. When we are told that you are dangerous and subversive to the social order we reply that we do not agree with your views, of course, and deplore your present activities and associations. But a university should be tolerant to heretics. You are our foremost heretic! So we point to you and say to any critic, 'Eureka tolerates Beckwith because we know he is sincere and able and stimulating to students. Our students are too mature, too sane to be carried away by his social vagaries!'"

"Thanks, Edgar, for your frankness," Beckwith grinned. "Now that I realize my usefulness to the institution as a horrible example I can prosecute my radical activities with an easy conscience. And you might help me with Heune's case. Some of our witch burners want to deport him. It is outrageous!"

He related forthwith at length the history of the Russian student, who had been peaceably working his way towards a degree when he fell into the net of Federal and State authorities spread to catch the seditious.

"He was working in a bank up town. Somebody in Washington discovered his name in the rolls of the communist party and had him clapped in jail. That was a year ago. Snow and I bailed him out, and he found another job, with the Federal Reserve branch. Thinking he was safe from further persecution he sent for his old father, who is now on the way over. An order has come through from Washington

ordering him deported in the next boatload of aliens that this land of the free is shipping back to Europe. A word from you to the proper authorities in Washington might very likely get him a reprieve until his case has been thoroughly looked into. He is no more a communist than you or I, Edgar. What do you say?"

Mallory's smiling face sobered.

"I'd rather it were a contribution to one of your down-and-out funds, Norman," he said at last. "I'd gladly give you a cheque. But in my position, with all the liability to misrepresentation —"

"I see! You don't want to be compromised."

"It isn't so much myself as the university," Mallory said hastily. "I have no right to involve the institution in such a controversy."

"One might think that the business of a university is to champion the victims of intolerance," Beckwith suggested with gentle irony.

"You can't antagonize the community. We depend on the community for our support, our influence," Mallory protested.

"And for the success of the drive!" Beckwith added. "So instead of getting loose from the prejudices of big donors by going to the public for support, the university places itself under stricter bonds than ever not to offend the ideals of its supporters. The philanthropists of the last generation to whom Harris appealed were often liberal-minded men, willing to keep their hands off the university, but henceforth we are to be bullied by the opinions of the middle class, the conservative, well-to-do citizens! God help the university if that is to be its destiny."

"Oh, you take too gloomy a view of the well-to-do citizen," Mallory protested. "He isn't such a bad fellow. We molded him at any rate. He graduated from some college, for the most part, and it is his recognition of the good he got from it which is making him loyal to us now," and he ran on in the style of the drive literature, being turned out to the tune of busy typewriters in a nearby office.

"I know the song," Beckwith interposed. "Even old Dick Caxton has turned his hand to 'Scholarship and Citizenship'. Flynn did 'Eureka, the City, and Eureka, the University, — Shall They Advance?'"

I suspect you, Edgar, of being the author of the 'Dialogue with a Dean'!"

"No, no," Mallory laughed. "That was the Little President; didn't you recognize his style in the up-to-date man of the world Dean?"

"Well, then, you turned off 'The Quest of Truth', celebrating all the services to humanity that the university has accomplished."

"That was a composite. Dexter helped," the new president admitted, laughingly.

"And 'A New Epoch at Eureka'," Beckwith continued pitilessly enumerating the titles of the drive literature, "with a ten million laboratory for business science."

"We had to give Sanderson that, he's so infernally successful in bringing in money!" Mallory explained ruefully. "But we are going to build Caxton a special library and —"

"And a new faculty club house, I hope? And raise salaries all around so that every professor can own a sedan and keep a smart young lady secretary with a typewriter? Oh, the new Epoch at Eureka will be another crop of buildings and facilities! Hope you'll get a better architect than Harris had, by the way! Well, your drive is running to plant and equipment, true to form. Good luck to you! I hear you have forty of the fifty millions in sight."

"Not quite that," Mallory corrected cautiously. "But we hope by the end of the year to make some interesting announcements on the drive."

"The women are in it too," Beckwith went on, "it isn't safe to go down town in the train unless you have pinned to your coat 'I have done my bit and more for Eureka'! Quite right, Edgar," he continued his banter as he groped for his hat. "Customer ownership, every student a stockholder, — that's the slogan! The community's university, for upholding the community's ideal of service with profit. Well, I must be off. I am lunching with Jessica, trying to interest her in my kind of university, my labor college. We can't rival your plant, but we have a large field, — ten to fifteen millions of labor families."

Mallory's face assumed a curious expression at this last sally.

"Perhaps you will be more successful

with Jessica than with me," he remarked dully as Beckwith disappeared from the president's office.

The outer office was no longer the cold, somnolent place it had been under Dolittle. Mallory had insisted when he assumed the responsibilities of Eureka that if he were to conduct a successful drive for fifty millions he must delegate the various functions of the president. To the Little President had been assigned routine administration, with a corps of young deans under him. Caxton had been given charge of the literature of the drive, Sanderson the social activity of the drive, and so on. Office room for all these had been found in convenient proximity to the President, so that this wing of the big Administration Building resembled closely an army headquarters in full blast, with a noisy chorus of typewriters all day and far into the night. Chairmen and chairwomen of the many committees to which the active field work of the drive had been entrusted now sat around in the outer office waiting for a few words with the drive leaders. Beckwith, as he passed among them, observed that the personnel of the drive was much the same as that of Penniman's Vigilants. Just as the most active propagandists for war had been drawn from the ranks of "our social leaders", so now the most active workers for a new epoch at Eureka were from the same aspiring class. "After all," he reflected, ducking his head to Louise Clavercin, who was chatting with big Mrs. Grant and Constance Fenton, "it is their world. The war hasn't altered that fact!"

The women were all in it! They had got the habit of "doing big things" during the hectic war months and were loath to slip back into obscurity and dinner parties. The women were behind all the university drives in the country, and Eureka women, who had been prominent in selling war bonds and running war charities, fell upon the big drive as a heaven-sent opportunity. Louise Clavercin had discovered a pleasant individual niche for herself at last. She had become liaison officer between the city and the university, which involved a great deal of dining out and lunching and interminable conferences. She had become very intimate with Maida Grant, who had promised Mallory to "get Eureka society behind the drive". Louise was her adju-

tant and obeyed orders, collecting the more presentable members of the faculty to be infiltrated into dinners or to offer parlor lectures at the homes of important people. Often she had an informal sort of committee meeting at her house so that Clavercin formed the habit of lunching always at the club. "Poor Beamen is so delicate," she would say in explanation of her single appearance at a dinner. "You know I think he has never recovered from his war work, poor dear!" The tradition grew that Beaman Clavercin was a victim of melancholia and extremely trying to his charming wife, who was an angel, "and so clever." In this affair of the drive which brought her into close relation with the President of the university, Louise Clavercin at last achieved the rôle originally designed for her by Jessica Mallory as Edgar's official wife. They telephoned each other a dozen times a day, avoiding so far as possible personal interviews. When a meeting was imperative, it took place either in the city or by chance at tea at Constance Fenton's, rarely at the Clavercins'. Jessica humorously noting this effort to avoid gossip suggested as she departed on a winter trip to South America, "Do ask Louise to come in here while I am away. It would save you both so much time."

Mallory put this down to his wife's peculiar sense of humor and did not reply. Jessica, who was now enjoying full control of her father's estate, had insisted on contributing generously to the drive before her departure.

"I gave Beckwith the same amount for his labor college," she explained. "I don't believe in either, you see, and it is only fair to do for you what I did for him, to be impartial. When I come back maybe I'll give you some more. The money seems to pile up and up at the bank, — I'll see which educational enterprise shows the best promise!"

No wonder Jessica Mallory had finally achieved the reputation, not only among the college wives, but in the city, of being "queer". "If she would only find some one on the way to South America," Louise daringly suggested to Constance, "and never come back!"

"Oh, they say she has found 'some one' before, several times," Constance retorted with an amiable laugh, "but she always

comes back. That's her kind," she mused, with a certain girlish cynicism which she had never lost over the vagaries of human love. She had never married and still lived in a wing of the big brick house, the main part being occupied by the university crèche and kindergarten. Some said it had been Clavercin who kept her from marrying, others Mallory, from the necessity of having a romantic explanation.

She herself explained frankly, "I just don't care for men, having to look after them I mean. I like babies, and nowadays one doesn't have to marry to have all the babies one wants! I've thirty in there every day, besides my own specials."

Her specials were the four orphans, all girls, whom she had adopted from time to time, as occasion came and the helpless child appealed. Clavercin remembered the night when he was dining with Constance Fenton in the big house with a merry company, — she was only twenty then and loved gaiety, — a servant whispered in her ear, "Long distance." She had excused herself, and when she returned a little flushed she announced, "You'll have to play by yourselves to-night. I'm off for Michigan. Beaman, do look up the train for me. Yes, it's a baby, — parents just killed to-day in a crossing accident, and some friend has telephoned me about their child." That was the first one Maude, who was now in the university Clavercin who had kept warm his affection for Constance through all the vicissitudes of his career now received over a cup of tea after his late class the latest gossip about the women's end of the university drive.

"Maida Grant is clever," Constance gurgled confidentially. "She's worked off that Women's Hospital she used to organize balls for, you know. She got bored with it, — it was always in need of money, — and so she has handed it over to the university. She's very able, Maida, an important person in the city. They can't put over any big thing from a reform mayor to a university drive without her help. I wonder how her husband likes it! Or Edgar Mallory for that matter," she added with a chuckle.

"Marriage is no longer woman's destiny," Clavercin observed tritely.

"Oh, it never was, — merely an arrangement for having children," Constance volunteered hardily. "How much better

off we'll all be when we don't make that natural desire so painful socially!"

"You talk like Jessica Mallory."

"You know, I like that woman!" Constance observed triumphantly. "I didn't used to, — thought she was a prig and fearfully selfish."

"She is a prig," Clavercin sighed.

"But she is a wise woman all the same. She never fools herself long."

"I wonder if that is the highest praise a human being may aspire to?" Clavercin remarked sentimentally.

"Oh, yes, for a woman it is!" Constance rejoined positively, bending a smiling face over the tea tray. "Of course men must be able to fool themselves with one thing or another, — and we women have to help them in their make-believes! That's our lubrication function as Jimmie Flynn says. And we perform best when we aren't fooling ourselves! There's dear old Uncle Tom coming across from his house to get his tea," she remarked, pulling down a shade in the front window of the big room, which made it seem more livable. "I always give him a signal when I am to be home, by leaving up this shade!"

Presently the Flynn's dropped in on the way from the city, each with a small child by the hand. Clavercin realized that pretty Mrs. Flynn had lost much of her good looks. "Getting old like all of us," he commented, "all but Constance! and Jessica Mallory! They will never grow old, Constance because she was born radiant with the simplicity of a child, and Jessica because somehow she has achieved peace with her mind. One is purely instinctive, the other purely mental, and both have rounded out themselves somehow as no men I know have done. They have filled out their characters and got into adjustment with life, — one by plunging into it breathlessly, the other by withdrawing from it discreetly!"

They were talking about the drive. Jimmie Flynn had been addressing a gathering of women in a house on the other side of the city.

"We have too many rivals in the field. Vassar has just combed the city, and Elmwood is beginning. However, we have the biggest body of graduates, and ought to beat 'em to it! Besides Eureka is the home institution. Let the East look after its own colleges, I told 'em."

"Patronize your *neighborhood* druggist," quoted Bayberry with a chuckle.

"Sure! We are as good as any of 'em!" Flynn rejoined with the imperturbable complacency of Eureka. "The missus and I want to get that trip to Europe when the drive is over. Mallory has promised it!"

"The drive will never be over," Clavercin observed.

"Oh, sure," Flynn rejoined. "We've twenty in sight already, and Mallory expects to wind it up by Christmas in a whirl of last hour pledges. I think he has some special gifts in reserve, to announce when the proper moment arrives."

Flynn was enjoying Constance's good bread and butter and tea, hungry after his exertions in the city. He took the drive optimistically, naturally, as he had taken the war, the university, Eureka, life. There seemed to him nothing derogatory or unseemly in a university drive for money. That was the way one worked these things. The technique of arousing the community had been immensely improved by the experience of the war, and Eureka was employing the last wrinkles of salesmanship learned in the bond-selling drives. They were receiving pledges on the instalment plan, — so much a week or month, — also writing endowment insurance, on a scheme that Sanderson had worked out. "You give the university so many thousands, and we guarantee you a fixed income for life. Our tables are much more favorable than those of the best insurance companies, and so forth." Another plan was "the favorite professor endowment". A prospective donor or a group of donors could select one of the popular professors and contribute a fund for his endowment, also for his retirement allowance. That scheme was "taking like mad".

"Adopted orphans!" Bayberry chuckled, wrinkling his thin face ruefully.

"It gives the individual touch. Lots of folks want to see the object of their benevolence. If they can't afford to give a building that they can look at, they can take pleasure in their own professor!" Flynn chatted on amiably. "Our most dangerous competitor is the church movement, endowment for poor ministers. That is just getting started. It's a pity we can't come to some sort of arrangement with them, division of the territory or a per-



centage basis. There's a danger in overworking the community. They may go on a gift strike if they are teased too often."

"Not while they are in fear of the Reds!" Clavercin suggested as he rose to leave. "They are your best friends, as they were to the bitter enders in the war. Anything to keep out the Bolshies, — that's your winning slogan!"

"Oh, we are working that! We tell them no educated person will stand for communism. The church and the university are the two great bulwarks of society as it is," Flynn purred, quoting from the drive leaflets.

The Flynnns were in the thick of the drive, in the ranks, trying to secure hundred dollar subscriptions from young graduates and ambitious households that expected to send their children to the university some day. They left "the big graft", as Flynn would put it, to Maida Grant, Louise, Mallory, and the other drive leaders. They belonged to the democracy of the university and functioned there happily.

On either side of Constance Fenton's kindergarten home were fraternity houses; also across the street all the houses once known as "professors' row" were now occupied by these colonies of the new rich youth that flocked to Eureka. They had driven out the faculty, who had retired either into more economical flats or block houses on quieter side streets. On a warm spring evening like this a clamor of youth came from the open windows, the noise of musical instruments badly played, shouts, and songs. Up and down the street on either side motor cars were parked close, expensive cars often in which boys and girls packed tightly rushed back and forth on aimless business. When a fraternity gave a dance the noise kept up far into the night until occasionally the good natured police on the beat intervened on behalf of private citizens who lived in the neighborhood. At last Eureka had become not only popular but even fashionable. Moneyed people from the surrounding States sent their children here rather than to eastern colleges. The community had become rich in the war, and this was its flowering.

Clavercin asked himself if they were the same sort of youth he had encountered first at Eureka, with merely another veneer? These boys and girls whom he

encountered on his twilight walks in parked cars with curtains drawn, on lonely drives in the parks. While their elders were bickering over the right sort of education for a reconstructed world, they went gayly to jazz, bootleg gin and whiskey, and sexual freedom, with a new note of scorn or frank indifference for the old commandments. "Get the dough!" "Put it over," "You have but one life to live," were the profound truths they seemed to have brought back from Armageddon. It was to provide this youth with more commodious quarters and to pay their instructors more highly that the great drive for the fifty million fund had been organized. That was unfair, the sour prejudice of age, Clavercin knew well enough, for behind this noisy façade of the fraternity houses was the great mass of the student body, hungry and eager, poor rather than rich, seeking life.

### III

The Snows had acquired a tiny piece of the bluff on the opposite side of the lake, where they went week-ends and vacations with their friends. They picnicked in the little shack Snow had built beside a gaunt pine and on the beach below the bluff. Behind the tumbled masses of sandy bluffs along the lake a flat country stretched off in misty miles of orchards and farms. "The Shack", as they called the place, had been a refuge during the war and after, an escape from the passionate chatter of the city and the university, where one could quickly revert to a primitive simplicity of instincts. There Snow was working on his *Lessons of History*, an ironic commentary on the war and its aftermath, and there he had sheltered on occasion some of the victims of the red mania, stray communists and labor journalists, until bail could be secured for them, and there Beckwith brought his friends of the new labor party.

One warm October afternoon as the university drive was nearing its close Clavercin came out to the Shack with Beckwith and Palli, one of Beckwith's graduate students, whose Italian father was a coal miner and who had dug in the pits himself as a boy. Short, thick-set, black-eyed, Palli listened saturninely to the conversation of the older men in regard to a meeting of labor leaders and com-

munists to be held the next day in a little village on the lake shore. Beckwith was to attend the meeting, which was expected to formulate plans for a new political party.

"Lester will be there," Beckwith said, referring to the leader of an abortive strike in the steel works.

"I've read his book," put in Alice Snow, poking her head from the closet kitchen. "He's a corker! Will you take me, Norman?"

Clavercin noticed that Palli smiled quietly and shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you think of the new party, Palli?" he asked.

"Nothing doing!" the Italian replied succinctly. "I know labor. I've worked in the mines," and he stretched forth two hard fists. "They are all the same as the rest, capitalist at heart. They want the money, nothing else."

Snow laughed ironically.

"We'll ask them to subscribe to the university drive!"

Palli laughed softly.

"That's more likely," he said. "No, this country won't become communist, not even socialist, not now, too rich!"

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"A new world! No, same old world, always. The only way to live in it is not to depend on it too much," and he smiled sympathetically at Alice Snow, who had paused in her effort to provide food to listen to him. "Mr. Beckwith offers me a job teaching students, but I'd rather dig my living out of the earth, when I have to. What is best is to be free, to move about, to see and try to understand. One is tied down in a university to certain ways of looking at things, same in Russia, same in politics. Just keep your baggage light and move about and depend on yourself, that is all the wisdom my education has given me!"

He rose from the floor where he had been sitting with his big arms laced across his stomach and began to help Alice Snow handily. Clavercin watching his deft movements felt that judgment had been delivered, the judgment of the coming generation. Neither Mallory nor Beckwith had discovered the true way: it was neither revolt nor conformity, neither the revolution nor the drive. It was a clear-

sighted individualism. In the end the revolution would become as tyrannous, as boring, as sterile as capitalist society, with its own conventions, its own futilities. And it would "do things", much the same things as now.

After Beckwith had left them to attend his meeting (which although supposed to be quite secret was under close observation by a score of secret service agents) they lay on the beach watching the sun set across the placid lake, in a great orange band, content and peaceful.

"All the same," Alice Snow remarked after a time of rumination, "I like Norman Beckwith's spirit better than Mallory's!"

"Of course!" Palli grunted. "One likes a fighter, a clean fighter, always. They ought to make him the next president of the university!"

Snow laughed hilariously.

"Lots of the younger men think so," Palli said, "the ones who write and think. That's the kind of man they'd follow."

"Well, after Mallory finishes up the drive there may be a chance," Clavercin remarked in jest. "I hear Mallory is to be called to some place in the East."

"Another drive! He's the new kind of evangelist. After one community is sufficiently stirred he moves on. Our educational Billy Sunday!"

"And he has a good time too," Alice Snow laughed. "Beckwith has a good time with the Reds and Mallory with the Whites."

"That's it," said Palli, "and Mr. Snow can tell us that it has always been so, — the Whites and the Reds, those who get their fun conforming and those who get their fun revolting. Well, friends, I'm off, tramping back to the city."

"To-night!"

"Yes, why not? I like the night. One sees less and can think!"

And presently he disappeared into the darkness softly padding along the edge of the beach. After Palli's departure Walter Snow built a fire on the beach, and the three lay there talking desultorily of the past, recalling the early years of Eureka under Harris, contrasting the bustle of that era with the bustle of the present.

"All the difference, at any rate the most obvious difference, between the Harris days and these is size. There are more buildings, more students, more courses,

and more money to-day than then. The essential motives remain the same!" Clavercin mused. "I wonder if that is not true of all human history: what seems so peculiar, so dramatic, so important at one time quickly loses its special character as experience and merges into the whole."

"But one has to live the present as if it was singular and significant. Those who are most convinced of its importance are the ones who make the best use of it, are most thoroughly vitalized. Harris in his time, Mallory now, and Beckwith."

"I wonder," Clavercin mused. "Do you know that they are rejecting most of the new discoveries in medicine, about contagious diseases? Dexter tells me his famous pneumonia serum is worthless, probably never saved a life?"

"Will somebody get me a blanket!" came sleepily from Alice Snow's corner of the fire as the drone of an aeroplane sounded from above their heads.

"The eastern mail,—it's late to-night," Snow remarked, as once he might have noted the whistle of the night express.

#### IV

Again the academic procession wound across the Eureka campus following the old trail of the cement walk first laid out in the Harris days. It kept on past Founder's Hall, out through the gap between the burly Administration Building and the Modern Language Hall, crossed the Boulevard, in considerable disarray due to the speeding traffic. The black mortar boards and flowing gowns, a few silk, many of less luxurious material, with the doctors' colored hoods, bobbed into the sunken roadway, and reappeared on the other side before the excavation for the new College of Business Science. There a small gathering of people in the neighborhood, attracted by the students' band and the gowns and hoods, watched with momentary curiosity the ceremony of laying a corner-stone. There were three addresses. Mallory quite imposing in his gown, tall, square-shouldered, pale, smooth-shaven, alert, spoke briefly of the recent effort of the university to enlarge its facilities and provide for the needs of the new world. "In dedicating this great building to the service of business," he said, "the university recognizes the signif-

icance in modern life of the economic factor." Pliny Lucas, who had given the building, next spoke panegyrically on the civilizing influence of trade from the time of the ancient Phœnicians to the present day, and somewhat floridly sketched the dawning future of mankind when "under an improved and extended system of commerce all peoples should be as one," and the will to fight would be forgotten. Sanderson who concluded the speech-making emphasized the peculiar contribution of ideas and ideals which the university had to offer business life. "We are all in business!" he concluded.

Tom Bayberry's thin lips moved in an ironic quaver as he murmured to himself, "Yes, the business of life!"

There was some confusion over the affair of cementing in the box of prepared documents (which contained among other things a copy of the Versailles Treaty and a complete set of drive pamphlets, together with the day's "Thunderer" and the World Almanac). The audience tittered with relief over Sanderson's somewhat plethoric handling of the trowel and applauded mildly Pliny Lucas's deft way of splashing in the mortar, not realizing that his introduction to the business life had been as a mason's assistant. This ceremony over, the caps and gowns wandered back in little groups to the campus, passing on the way the site for the new medical buildings to be erected about a large hospital. That corner-stone was being saved for another occasion, thriftily.

At the luncheon which followed in the university commons there were a number of "snappy speeches" in the "lighter vein", for which Mallory still retained his taste. The theme of these was of course the success of the great drive. The big gilt hand of the drive clock on the face of the campanile had been pushed to the thirty million mark that morning, which was considered the present goal, although as Mallory warned the trustees facetiously, "This is but the end of the first half!" From the drive the speakers moved naturally to "superpower", a word then just coming into common use. Pliny Lucas described enthusiastically the effort being made to link up all the little scattered units of industrial power throughout the nation into one great system of superpower, and likened it to the movement in

the church and the university to enlarge the scope of their influence by drives and amalgamations, "so as to canalize efficiently the stream of idealistic purpose."

Beckwith, who had come in with some others after the luncheon and was leaning against the rear wall of the commons, shouted "bravo", so loudly that the audience craned their heads to discover who was making a disturbance. Pliny Lucas subsided abruptly into his seat next the President, and Mallory tactfully started the band to play Alma Mater. Then Maida Grant, who with Louise Clavercin was seated at the speaker's table, rose massively to speak on behalf of "Women in the Drive and in the World", and paid some pretty compliments to the ability of the President, and the generous response of big business represented by Mr. Pliny Lucas. She took occasion in referring modestly to her own efforts to shy a rock at Beckwith and "the malcontent minority; we used to call them traitors during the war, — and they are traitors still." She said that she was proud to be a woman helping to create a man-and-woman world; one thing women could never be converted to and that was communism in any form. Some flighty persons had been flirting with communism even within the walls of the university, theorists merely, but dangerous theorists. The best answer to them was the magnificent college of business science. It was considered the speech of the afternoon. Once again the band played Alma Mater, and the audience joined in singing, a bit uncertainly, the academic hymn and then broke up. As they trooped through the cloisters to the street the chimes from the great campanile rang out, "Oh, be joyful!" The repertoire of the chimes had improved during the present administration, but this touch was not unpremeditated. The lively carol rang gayly into the winter twilight, and many heads craned upward to the belfry, beneath which extended the gigantic hands of the drive clock, pointing to the illuminated figure thirty.

Students lined the street about the base of the campanile and cheered as the distinguished guests and faculty appeared. It was felt everywhere that this was a great day for Eureka, a more imposing, more dignified triumph than the univer-

sity had witnessed since Dr. Harris had bestowed the doctorate on the lumberman Larson or the football team had beaten Yale ten to nothing in the home stadium. All were smiling, joking, as they pushed through the crowd of students and motors on their way homeward. Jimmie Flynn was confiding to Constance Fenton and Tom Bayberry the itinerary of that long anticipated excursion to Europe. Caxton in a fresh silk gown with a brilliant purple band was sketching a magnificent scheme for coöperation between European and American universities in the exchange of facilities. Maida Grant sipping a restoring cocktail at the Clavercins' sighed, — "That's over! Now the next will be — "

"What?" Louise Clavercin demanded hungrily.

"The new President."

"You think Edgar will leave us?"

"I know it," Maida said, closing her eyes impressively. "He told me as much at the luncheon."

Louise Clavercin had already received from his own lips this information, but she discreetly permitted Maida to think that she was hearing it for the first time.

"It will be a fearful loss to Eureka!"

"We couldn't expect to keep him long, he's so splendid! What will Jessica do!"

"Oh, Jessica is beyond such trifles. She will write a new book or organize another expedition to Asia or Africa!"

## V

Shortly after the triumphant climax of the drive the news spread over the university campus that the efficient Mallory, having fulfilled his promise to the Trustees, was about to be translated to some mysterious post of responsibility in the East under the auspices of the Larson Trust. Some said it was philanthropy, others education, — a new kind of educational survey of the world, — at all events a position highly paid and extremely important, which would necessitate a great deal of travel and public speaking. The trustees were already considering presidential material in the faculty and outside and had asked certain influential members of the faculty to coöperate in the selection of the new President, an innovation that created a very happy impression on the campus.

And yet when this informal committee



representing the faculty canvassed the situation they could come to no agreement about a candidate. Of course Sanderson was in the thought of all, but as one member put it, "We have had about all of Sanderson we can stand,—he has his College of Business Science." Poor Jorolman of Education was no longer even considered because of his marital griefs. Odd as it seemed the name most insistently mentioned on all sides was that of Norman Beckwith. No one denied his ability and his devotion to the university.

The voices of the thousands of young men whom he had taught were coming back to the campus in no uncertain tone. "Beckwith is no Red; he's just alive. The world is moving; move with it!"

Eight years before Beckwith had been burned in effigy in the oval of the campus because of his pacifism. But many of those who were most vociferously for war in those days had become devout pacifists by now. Even the red of the Russians no longer seemed so gory or so dangerous as it had just after the Armistice. As remembered, many of Beckwith's most hated remarks became merely caustic common-sense, premature in utterance, perhaps. Whereas, as his partisans pointed out, "The spirit of the man is more truly modern than that of any of us!" The movement for Beckwith, at first taken as a joke, rapidly gained ground, eliciting the support of all the so-called "progressive" and liberal spirits in the community. His enemies,—and he had not avoided making enemies where possible,—under the leadership of old Dolittle, who had come back to Eureka to write out the memories of his wonderful experiences, became alarmed and laid their lines of battle "against radicalism in Eureka". The matter threatened to become acute, for it had been some years now since the pursuit of the Reds, and people's emotions were hungry for a rousing fight. The trustees were supposed to be about evenly divided between those who would rather resign than allow Beckwith to become president of Eureka, and those who admitted guardedly that they would vote for any candidate who had the support of the faculty. But the faculty thus appealed to was helplessly divided and uncertain. In the height of the campaign Beckwith

characteristically went off to Europe for six weeks, saying, "I am not a politician looking for votes." This indifference whipped up the ardor of the young supporters of his candidacy, and when he returned the fat was still in the fire, sizzling.

"Do you really want it, Norman?" Mallory asked Beckwith when the two met by chance in New York.

Beckwith colored like a youngster.

"Sometimes I think I do," he admitted, "but not unless the better part of the faculty and the trustees want me unreservedly."

Mallory shook his head soberly.

"You know that could never happen. Not for years! It would be a long and a petty fight to maintain your leadership. The majority of faculty and trustees can't understand what you are after, and would suspect your every move."

"I suppose so!" Beckwith admitted, a little wistfully.

"Wait another ten years!" Mallory urged.

"Oh, hell, by that time our labor college will be running Eureka off the field!"

They laughed companionably.

"Not so soon as that, Norman! It's more likely Eureka will be affiliating your labor college."

"See here, Edgar," Beckwith said after a time, "Sanderson is not to get it?"

Mallory shook his head.

"Not a chance. Every one is fed up with business administration and business science."

"Who is your dark horse?"

"What would you say of Dexter? Now that his wife has died he has no encumbrances. He is in science, and it is along that line the university can advance most easily. He doesn't make enemies. He is not brilliant, but everybody respects him,—his professional reputation is sound."

Beckwith nodded approvingly.

"Good man, old Dexter!"

"Neither radical nor conservative, just a hard-working, clear-headed, good-tempered scientist!" Mallory pronounced eulogistically.

"You ought to marry him to Louise Clavercin or Maida Grant, and he would be perfect!"

"Perhaps that can be arranged, too," Mallory concluded.

THE END



*The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

## Alien Restriction

*The debate in the March issue of THE FORUM on the subject of registering our aliens has brought to the Editor many letters of which the following two are representative:*

*Editor of THE FORUM:*

It is difficult and perhaps unfair to attempt any comment upon Dr. Fairchild's arguments in support of the registration of aliens without having his full statement before me. I take it that he would approve of the Ashwell bill (H. R. 5583) now pending before Congress. I have studied this bill and have tried to consider with an open mind all that its friends have to say in its behalf. I am still thoroughly convinced that the proposal is impractical, un-American, and full of danger.

The sufficient condemnation of the measure is the hardship and injustice it would inflict upon the millions of aliens who have lawfully entered the country and who have a legal right to be here. A most unfortunate stigma would be attached to an industrious self-respecting element of our population. Serious handicap would be placed upon efforts that are being made to encourage in our alien neighbors such a respect for our institutions and traditions as may lead them to seek naturalization. It would deepen the lines of cleavage between native Americans and foreign groups, already a matter of serious concern to thoughtful citizens.

But apparently Dr. Fairchild would justify this obnoxious measure on the

ground that it would "prevent bootlegged immigration". Does he really believe that the immigrant who has been shrewd or unscrupulous enough to evade the present ample regulations will voluntarily seek registration under this law, or that he will not find numberless ways to evade detection if he does not wish to register? And how will government agents refute the claim of an unregistered alien who declares that he is a citizen? The measure could not be enforced unless, indeed, a Government that seems already to have troubles enough in securing proper respect for its laws, is prepared to adopt the unthinkable expedient of requiring every American citizen and all his minor children above sixteen years of age to register annually. Will our people tolerate for themselves the requirements which Mr. Ashwell holds to be necessary for the effective registration of aliens? Do they wish to report to the post-office every change of address, of name, of physical appearance, or any temporary absence from their place of residence? Do they wish to be compelled to show on demand to any one of a host of government agents or police officers an easily lost or misplaced certificate bearing their photograph or finger prints? Until we are prepared to subject ourselves to such intolerable annoyances the proposed registration of aliens will prove to be a farce more disgraceful and humiliating than the Volstead Act is now held to be by its opponents.

CHARLES K. GILBERT.

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