

Chimes

A Novel in Six Instalments — V

ROBERT HERRICK

CHAPTER FIVE

I

WHEN Jessica Mallory looked out from the platform of the immense auditorium into the sea of white faces that filled every corner of the big building and heard the clamor of those outside trying to force their way into the "pacifist" meeting, she had a flutter of emotion long unfamiliar. It had been some years since she had addressed any large meeting, and then only decorous academic gatherings whose reach of emotion covered boredom and intellectual interest. Never such a seething mass of men and women! She reflected with a characteristic detached irony that here before her eyes, as in a vast laboratory, was the raw matter of her recent studies in war psychology, also that the simple truths which she intended to present to them as a result of those studies would be like snow scattered on a hurricane sea. As she told Beckwith, when he had urged her not merely to assist this anti-war protest with her money and her name but also to appear on the platform, — "Stand up and be counted with the other yellow dogs, pro-German and pacifist," he put it, — she felt that the project of a big meeting was an empty gesture.

"You will convince nobody," she said, "and you will give more powder to the war people." Yet she had agreed, after Senator Ryder had prudently refused to speak and other well known people had withdrawn from the unpopular movement, to mount the platform with the little band of pacifists and radicals that Beckwith had collected and "be counted." Something grim within her Puritan stock responded to the challenge, — a substitute as she said to Beckwith for the militarism now so rife in the world. She too could fight, in a losing cause, the perpetual fight of reason against unreason! As she composed herself in her chair in the front row she glanced at the little band on the

platform and smiled at the inequality between them and the hungry mob beneath and up above in the great auditorium. So few against so many!

"Kind of noisy, ain't they?" the man next her remarked. His bony, livid face leered out disdainfully at the crowd. He was a radical, a "labor" lawyer, of unsavory repute among the conservative citizens of Eureka. Jessica divined that his presence on the platform was due as much to a thirst for notoriety as to ardor for the cause of peace. The war had been championed by the "respectables", his usual foes. Beyond the lawyer sat Beckwith, looking worn and troubled. Jessica knew that the publicity caused by his activity in the present affair was intensely distasteful to him. "I accepted the chairmanship," he told her, "because if I didn't the thing would get into sinister hands, and I could keep it to its legitimate end, — a protest against our being rushed into the war by a hired press." Beckwith, of course, knew what would be said of him at the university, that he was "pro-German" (already a hateful epithet) and guilty of involving the university in an almost unpatriotic cause. To which he answered, "We are not at war — quite yet!"

Beckwith's ardor for lost causes, for struggling weakness, for unpopular people and movements was almost as inexplicable to Jessica, keen psychologist that she was, as was Edgar Mallory's easy conformity. To one, whatever "leading people" did or thought must be right, while to the other it must be wrong! That peculiar spring of tenderness for the oppressed, for the under dog, which was Beckwith's moving force, was entirely unintelligible to her. She could be roused by injustice, once, many years ago before she realized that injustice, so-called, was but one of the component factors of life, and she could fight as now for reason against unreason, but not like Beckwith for the little, the weak, the downtrodden. The sub-

merged did not appeal to her. Beyond Beckwith sat Marion Eave, the head of the university settlement, who had won a national position from her wise, unsentimental championship of social causes, which she was now bravely risking in behalf of pacifism. "Lady" Eave, as she was called by her feminine admirers, sat with closed eyes, gray-haired, bent, tired. How many abortive efforts to lift humanity had she not spent herself upon! She had said to Jessica Mallory, "One is compelled to be an opportunist, to lend a hand to this or that movement as human interest gives the chance." So she had lent her reputation to this forlorn effort to keep the country out of the war. What a faith — in something!

Behind the speakers sat a small group from the Labor Council, a few of Beckwith's students who had come in anticipation of a scrap, Walter Snow, smiling and cheerful as usual, and stray persons who liked to sit on platforms even in unpopular gatherings.

The great organ which was always out of tune was rumbling forth patriotic airs, and a resolute group of men and women immediately beneath the stage were trying desperately to keep in step through "My coun-try, 'tis of The-e-e" while the tramp of newcomers in the aisles kept up. The clamor about the doors became so bad that Beckwith rose and went outside. After a time he returned and whispered to Morarty, a well known labor leader, who picked up his hat and coat and disappeared into the wings. Beckwith leaning across Mrs. Eave whispered, "Must have some one to keep them quiet outside — overflow meeting in the park." There was a gleam in his tired blue eyes. He had expected that the protest would fizz out in a half-filled hall, and instead the meeting promised to be huge, unwieldy. Jessica smiled, realizing that even with lost causes numbers were heartening. Presently Beckwith stepped to the front of the stage and raised his arm for quiet.

It was obvious that not all in the hall had come in the sacred cause of peace. There were cat calls, whistles, and jeers from the outset.

"The Kaiser's secret agent," some one shouted from the balcony. Another, "Put him out!" And so for a few deafening minutes the sea of people agitated itself

until after a row in the balcony stopped by a policeman a voice sang out, "Let the professor speak!"

Beckwith seized his opening.

"Thank you! I did not know that I should have to take refuge in my cloth," he said pleasantly, and plunged into a statement of the purpose of the anti-war meeting. The United States had not yet been dragged into the gulf of war, — "because of rats like you", — Beckwith nodded and went on. Both sides were exerting every energy to get the country into the war, openly and secretly. There were sinister influences at work throughout the nation, and it was time before it was too late for sober reasonable folk, if there were any left, to demand a hearing and ask why and how their country should be led into the war. "What are our war aims?" Beckwith demanded. "Let the president put before the country the facts —"

"Everyone knows them!" a red-faced, close-cropped man interposed insolently from below the platform.

"I do not know them!" Beckwith retorted. "Suppose, Mr. Penniman, that you come up here on the platform and tell this audience why your newspaper has suddenly changed its tune and begun to urge America into the war."

Penniman, one of the owners of the Eureka "Thunderer", a young man who had recently become a trustee of the university, rose and stepped into the aisle.

"I don't have to get on any platform to tell the professor that," he shouted. "I am an American, I believe in my country, I —"

The storm broke from every quarter. Cries of "Pro-German — coward — traitor, put 'em out, the Wobblies," filled the air. At its height it seemed as if a riot would end the meeting, as if the waves of faces would overflow to the platform and sweep the speakers into the wings. Beckwith remarked hoarsely, "Penniman has packed the place with his Vigilants!" (An organization for running down "German plots" that had already begun to terrorize the city.) The police either made feeble efforts to quiet the disorder or looked on smiling. It was not until the settlement worker, Marion Eave, had risen and stood patiently waiting to be heard that the sea began to subside into

something like calm. For the moment the passions of the audience had been assuaged; many there recognized the worn face of the settlement worker for whom they had a latent respect and were willing to hear.

She spoke quite simply, quietly, of the conditions in Europe from which she had just returned; the misery, the infinite misery of the little people in all the belligerent countries, the horrors of a modern war behind the front. "You don't get those," she said, "even in the most vivid despatches. You have to go into the people's homes, see the lines of black-clothed women applying for help, the huddle of fatherless children in the refuges. I've seen all that, and that is why I am asking myself, 'Is it necessary to add to this mountain of human woe?' If it is necessary no honest man or woman would avoid the issue, but many of us cannot persuade ourselves that it is necessary for our great country to add its weight on either side to this load of misery. We do not believe that anything can be accomplished by more fighting."

There was comparative silence when the next speaker rose, the radical lawyer Simon Drought, but the calm produced by the settlement workers' dispassionate speech did not continue long. Drought was keen, ironical, contemptuous. He spoke of the money made in the United States out of the war, the debts contracted by European governments. "Those same fellows want to make more money as well as get back what they have loaned to England and France—that's natural enough—I would myself if I were in their boat. But I don't want our sons to fight for their money," and so on,—words that were received enthusiastically by the majority in the hall. When he got to an exposition of the way in which public opinion in favor of the war was being created, the opposition led by Penniman became noisy again.

"Why," Drought said slipping a wet tongue over his dry lips, his hands thrust deep into his trouser's pockets, "our friend Penniman here who is trying to make things lively to-night with his Vigilants could tell you, no doubt, just how England is selling us this war! Talk about the Kaiser—"

He got no farther. The meeting was

again in wild uproar, the majority trying to throw out the members of the Vigilants, who seemed to have the support of the police. Beckwith leaned over to Jessica Mallory.

"Stand up," he said, "just stand!"

She rose obediently, a sense of the ridiculousness of the whole situation steadying her nerves. She stood there, singularly girlish, slight, between the small group on the stage and the glare and blare of the audience. She had intended to speak on the psychology of war, using some of the familiar data of her new book on which she had been working the past year. As she stood calmly, placidly, as in a lecture hall an idea came to her. Seizing a moment when the noise fell perceptibly, she spoke. Her voice came out with surprising clearness, each word distinctly enunciated.

"Children," she said and waited. In the next pause she shot out in a lower, more conversational tone, "For you know you act more like bad children than anything else! Like noisy, quarrelsome children. You should be put on bread and water." She waited, pleasantly smiling until the audience, startled into silence, was ready to give attention. "Observing your conduct in the mass here this evening, while the speakers were trying to reach your minds, I realized better than I ever had before just why the peoples of the world still fight. It's that child mind which you show most when you get together. It's that child mind which skilful people are playing on to get all of us into this bloody nonsense going on in Europe. Try for a few minutes to-night to lay aside your childishness and figure out just what it will mean to a hundred and ten millions of us if we go on the loose and add our force to the unreason of the world."

She talked on easily, slowly, of the psychological laws involved, of suggestion, imitation,—of war psychology, finding illustrations in the cries and actions of the meeting. Soon she heard a laugh, a detached, unconscious laugh.

"Ah," she remarked, "the first note of reason. Thanks!"

She sat down abruptly when she had finished and received some scattering applause. Beckwith, taking advantage of the calm, read the prepared resolutions calling upon the government to declare the aims

of war. "They all know over there what they are fighting for—they have the booty divided already in their secret treaties. Let us understand what we are fighting for—let us go into this thing like men, not children, with our minds clear about what we are doing!"

Bedlam broke loose once more, fights occurring in the aisles until Beckwith declared the "resolutions" carried, and the little group on the stage scattered hurriedly into the wings. Jessica, much amused at the belligerent temper of this pacifist meeting, floated out along with Beckwith into the street, which was one black surging mass. If the emotion inside the hall had seemed childish, futile, outside the churning mass of humanity was more like moving matter than something with conscious will.

"Come on," Beckwith shouted into her ear, "Drought is speaking in the Park!"

At the end of the side street, the strip of park was black with massed thousands, struggling to get nearer the raised pedestal of a civil war general that decorated one end of the Park. There Drought, holding his soft hat in one hand and waving it back and forth to emphasize his words, was haranguing all within sound of his shrill voice. The thin lips in his livid face were distorted with the effort to make the surging mass hear.

"Friends," he yelled, "they call us traitors, pacifists, cowards. I'd rather be a pacifist than any . . ." and there followed a stream of obscene profanity which was greeted uproariously by those in the mob near enough to hear. Jessica absorbed in the spectacle of Drought's passion, — a bitter, vindictive hate although voiced in behalf of peace, — became separated from Beckwith, who presently took the lawyer's place beneath the bronze figure of the civil war general and began to speak. He had lost his hat in the crush, his loose silk tie was torn from its place and waved in the air. Head very erect, shoulders braced, he too looked like a warrior, not unlike the stern-faced man in bronze above him.

"They tell us that this war is a crusade for the right, but the statesmen on both sides keep on trading lands and peoples yet to be conquered. The only crusade I will fight in is one for peace. They tell us that this country wants to go to war with

Germany. Look around you! If every citizen in this country could—" the rest was drowned in a roar as a platoon of mounted police sent to dispel the crowd came slowly down the avenue. The last words heard by Jessica far away as from a fading scene were, "They have to call out the police to keep us quiet!"

The stream of hurrying people fleeing before the mounted police swept Jessica Mallory towards the railroad station where she arrived with flushed cheeks and beating heart. "I wonder if I, too, am getting the disease," she said to herself. "It's contagious, a real germ, the germ of hate, I believe. Beckwith has it too, working in him—only he hates hatred and injustice and war. And I hate unreason!" Then she dozed off in the suburban car filled with peaceable lethargic men and women, reading the last war extra with its broad band of display type, "Defeat of the Italians — Débâcle". She woke automatically at her station and descended with others into the quiet side street. "I wonder if it could get them as it has the others," she mused. "Of course! They are just the same sort of people who were howling at that meeting." Then her mind turned to Edgar who had cabled that he was on his way home, having been abroad on a Red Cross mission to Bulgaria. It was lucky that his arrival had been delayed. Although she had given the reporters her professional name, Dr. Jessica Stowe Mallory, no doubt Penniman had recognized her on the platform and would see that she got all the publicity possible from her connection with the pacifist meeting. Hitherto, she had avoided anything that might give her husband annoyance through publicity of her views, but to-night she felt indifferent.

"He'll have to stand it," she said wearily, as she turned up the path to her home. "We can't think alike about so many things!"

The previous summer she had insisted on taking the children out to the cabin in the Colorado mountains that she had bought for a retreat, to keep them away from the mounting war fever, especially in the East where the two older children were at school. Young Edgar, barely fifteen, talked wistfully of the boys in St Stevens who had left school already to enter the ambulance corps and "see the war".

Jessica realized with a pang that in this first great public crisis her children felt much more with their father than with her. "Mother is queer," they said among themselves, sensitive as the young always are to any divergence from the norm of action or belief.

Mallory on his way to Eureka read the lurid account in the "Thunderer" of the pacifist meeting, which had ended in street riots and the dispersal of the mob by the police. "The leader of this pacifist and pro-German group," so the account ran, "was Norman Beckwith, the well known socialist professor at the University, and among the speakers was Dr. Mallory, wife of the former Dean," and then in true newspaper irrelevancy followed a personal account of the Stowe family and her marriage, ending, "Dean Mallory is at present in Europe on a Red Cross mission to Bulgaria, under the auspices of the Larson Foundation —"

When husband and wife met at the breakfast table they greeted each other amiably, calmly, as was their wont, as if they had not been separated for six months.

"How was the crossing?" Jessica asked.

"Comfortable enough — after we got out of the submarine zone. The Sheimers were on board, coming out here."

"So he wrote me," Jessica replied equably.

"I believe he is a German agent!" Mallory exclaimed.

"Oh, don't get that mania!" Jessica said wearily. "You know his wife's people live here. Very likely she wants to see them and get away from the war for a while. I should think she might!" After a moment she added, "I cabled them to visit me."

Mallory gave his wife a long, searching look. "That is going pretty far, Jessica," he said in a low voice. "We shall be in the war, if what I hear in Washington is true, before the month is out, and you have asked a German spy —"

"See here, Edgar! We are not in the war yet, and you don't know that Rudolph is a German agent."

"He has all the marks of it," Mallory fumed.

"You never liked him," Jessica continued equably, "and if I had known you were coming back so soon I should not

have asked them here. Anyway they may not find it convenient." She rose to leave the room for her morning hours of work as was her custom.

"Jessica!"

Something unaccustomed in her husband's tone arrested her, a note of appeal, almost of pathos, in his usually matter-of-fact voice.

"What?"

"Can't we get together on this?" he said, stressing slightly the "this", indicating how momentous to him the present crisis appeared. He made the unwonted demonstration of putting his hands on her shoulders and drawing her slightly to him.

"Why on this more than on other things?" she asked crisply. Nevertheless, she made no effort to withdraw from his tentative embrace and smiled slightly into his sober, eager face.

"Because it is so — fundamental!"

"To you, not to me, Edgar. I don't see the war as fundamental to anything, merely a demonstration of perverse unreason. I let you take the war your way and don't interfere, and you must let me take it my way — and not interfere. With the children, either," she added more seriously. "They are not to be inoculated with the disease if I can help it."

"You can't!" Mallory said firmly.

"Perhaps not, but I shall do what I can to keep its suggestions out of their lives."

"There are some things, Jessica, beyond reason, deeper than reason. That you have never discovered."

"Fighting isn't one of them," and with that retort the two parted.

It was the first and the last open discussion of the war which they had. As Jessica sat down to the proof of "War Psychology" she reflected on the breakfast table conversation, trying as was her wont after any experience or human contact to relegate its meaning to some category of her own thought. "Edgar believes in the state, in patriotism, in war, and all that," she mused. "I don't. Furthermore, he wants his own tribe to believe with him, to act with him, to feel with him. That is the solidarity of the family he talks about so much. And I suppose that his egoism receives a blow when he discovers that he hasn't imposed on the tribe, on his immediate dependents, his own beliefs and convictions — just as

in religion. Because we married and shared our lives to a certain extent, have the children, he feels that we should share our beliefs and ideas. I wonder how much of it is mere pride on his part in not having the world know how we don't agree about such things?" And with that query unanswered Jessica turned to her proof.

That evening Beckwith came in with Walter Snow to talk over the pacifist meeting and settle some accounts. Mallory's presence obviously caused a restraint that amused Jessica, who let the others talk. Snow gave a hilarious account of the turbulent meeting.

"They all wanted to fight," he roared, "the pacifists worse than the others, and they weren't happy until they got out into the street and had a free-for-all with the police to finish it off! Oh, you ought to have been there, Edgar!"

"Hum!" Mallory commented glumly, and to Beckwith he said abruptly, "What possible good could it do, Norman?"

"Not much — but it was worth doing!"

Beckwith's face still bore traces of the strain of the previous night. There had been a disturbance in his lecture hall that afternoon caused by outsiders who had come there to make trouble. He had received threatening letters and felt that he was followed by men, probably agents of the Vigilants, spying on his movements.

"I can't see that," Mallory observed coldly, "and you ought not to involve the university in such a controversy."

"Why not?" Beckwith snapped. "You and Doolittle and a lot more are involving the university in the war as fast as you can, aren't you?"

"See here," Jessica interposed, "if you men are going to wrangle over the war you can go somewhere else. Out there!" — and she pointed to the campus where an unusual crowd had gathered around a big bonfire.

"I wonder what they are celebrating to-night," Mallory said. "Let's go over and see."

"It's an anti-pacifist demonstration," Snow laughed. "I heard they were going to hang you, Beckie!"

"I want to see that!" Beckwith said heartily.

While Jessica hunted for wraps the men stood watching the fire and the crowd across the street. Jessica coming back into

the room perceived that the old friends who had seemed so antagonistic a few moments ago had forgotten their differences and were joking with each other over the scene below. "Children," she thought sardonically. "There's war for you!"

The vacant oval in the centre of the Eureka campus, reserved according to the building plan for a Gothic chapel, was the scene of student celebrations organized in haste after a football victory or other athletic event. To-night a huge pyre had been built of packing cases and broken chairs, and around this was gathered a rapidly swelling circle of students and many who were not students. Strung upon an electric light pole on the edge of the oval was a scarecrow figure clad in cap and gown and labeled, "The Pacifist Pro-German Professor."

"There you are, old man!" Snow gurgled genially, pointing to the effigy.

"They might have given you a better likeness," Mallory jeered.

"I wonder where they got my cap and gown," Beckwith observed placidly.

"That moth-eaten old rag?" said Jessica. "It was time it was burned!"

"Quite likely I'll not need another!" Beckwith said.

While they stood on the outer circle of the oval commenting on the effigy, a short, thickset man harangued the crowd, gesticulating fiercely, pointing to the suspended figure to emphasize his remarks. It was Gagnon, the university chaplain, who made it a point to address the students at all their celebrations and thus "get near the young people" as he put it. He was one of the most ardent of the pro-ally members of the faculty, breathing fire and slaughter (for righteousness) in his weekly sermons and short daily addresses.

"Such a professor is a disgrace to the university!" he shouted, "a humiliation to us all, as members of Eureka. I would that every pro-German in this country was swinging there in person. There are enough lamp-posts for them all!"

"Pretty strong," Beckwith remarked.

"He ought to be stopped," Mallory said.

"A fighting parson," Snow commented. "There aren't many students in the crowd, — those fellows are high school boys!"

He referred to the gang about the effigy who were now throwing it, cap and gown and all, onto the blazing pyre.

"Come back to the house!" Mallory urged, fearing that some one might recognize Beckwith, and Jessica sobered from her amusement at the incongruity of the scene turned away, slightly nauseated over the performance.

"No, no," Beckwith exclaimed, with a cold irony. "Let's see how I'll burn. Do you remember, Snowball, when I used to lend you that magnificent cap and gown because you couldn't afford to buy one?"

While they watched the effigy crumble in the flames, its straw bowels sending forth a cloud of murky smoke, from the Campanile at the corner of the campus floated above their heads the evening hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War!"

"Gagnon must have ordered that," Beckwith said. "Our fighting parson!"

In fact, happily inspired by the chimes, Gagnon was singing the hymn, and those about the fire in the centre of the oval joined in, — "Marching as to War."

"It's too bad," Mallory remarked, as they turned away from the campus.

"Oh, it's not every professor gets himself burned in effigy on his own university campus," Beckwith retorted. But beneath his ironic tone Jessica felt the hurt.

"Children!" she murmured to herself.

"How Mrs. Crandall would have enjoyed that!" Beckwith laughed. "Can't you hear her going for old Gagnon — poor old fool! It's the first real emotion he's ever had. How much do you suppose suppressed sex has to do with the belligerency of the clergy in this war?"

"Suppressed sex won't account for all the belligerency," Jessica replied thoughtfully, "although I suppose it is a considerable factor among the arm-chair fighters. That's an idea I must put into my book!"

"You people can't take anything seriously," Mallory complained. "If you had seen what I have seen in Europe!"

"We don't want to see it here, Edgar!"

II

Clavercin's articles in the Eureka "Thunderer" had been a great comfort to those with allied sympathies all through the early months of the war. They had

largely retrieved the disfavor caused by his play *Why?* which had long since been forgotten. Caught in the backwash of the Marne tidal wave he had witnessed many harrowing scenes among the refugees and the gangrened wounded slowly brought into the improvised hospitals by crawling trains, and had ardently embraced the cause of the invaded. The war presented itself to him with a dramatic simplicity and intensity, which he translated into those early articles, incorporated afterwards in a book, *The Great Cause*, much read especially in the East by those who felt their country's hesitation in taking sides a personal disgrace.

"Clavey's got it bad," was Norman Beckwith's comment when he read these fervid denunciations of the devastating Hun.

"He's too near to see it," was Snow's apologetic explanation.

Almost imperceptibly the tone of these weekly articles changed during the second year of the war, and rumors came back to the campus brought by stray workers in the American hospitals that Beama Clavercin had become a "defeatist" something almost worse than German at that time.

"He's beginning to see," was Beckwith's comment. "Poor Clavey! By the time his eyes are wholly opened the country will be mad for the war!"

On the entrance of the United States into the conflict Clavercin's articles disappeared from the editorial page of the "Thunderer".

"His stuff is too academic," Penniman explained when questioned. "Now that we are in the scrap we need more close-ups, not argument. Anyway he is too literary. What people want to read is eye-witness stuff!" And the great Penniman, who with his close-cropped hair looked more than ever like an ex-thug, went to "the front" in person and sent back lurid if illiterate accounts of what he saw there.

Meanwhile Clavercin's friends learned that he was ill in Switzerland, and then late in the spring of 1917 he came home and appeared once more on the university campus. He came back like a silent ghost to a strange, empty home, — for already the university had "got into the war" with a zeal that threatened to leave the abandoned classrooms and laboratories

to the care of janitors. As he walked slowly up the side street towards the campus it seemed to him that he was returning after death to the spot where he had begun his life. He remembered that other morning so many years ago when he had approached the new university from the same direction, his heart filled with such tremulous expectations. At the corner where he had hesitated before crossing the river of mud, in place of the "temporary library and gym" soared the great campanile, from which at this mid-morning hour the chimes were sounding softly, cheerily, "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War", — in these war times the one selection rendered. He paused beneath the campanile to listen to the bells, recalling Edith Crandall, Harris, old Harlen, other ghosts of the campus, the hopes and fears and struggles of all those years while the university was forming. What would they say to the khaki-clad young men of the R.O.T.C. now performing with considerable alacrity their evolutions in the centre oval of the campus around a few pieces of light artillery that the government had sent from its storehouse for local color? "Right fours! — Halt! —" and a stream of professional profanity from the tough ex-army sergeant in command. The youth of the university, so indifferent as he remembered them, were now "all in it" with the same zest they had formerly shown about their athletic games. Many had already "gone over" in one formation or another.

The faculty also had been "mobilized", and every member who could obtain a place in the war machine had fled to Washington or was preparing to depart. Already many of them had donned khaki, which had an odd, humorous aspect on their thin legs, on the aging narrow shoulders of the "scholar-soldiers". Clavercin dropped into Dexter's laboratory and found the biologist engaged in carefully measuring out his precious anti-pneumonia serum to be forwarded to an army encampment.

"It came through right just in time for the emergency," he told Clavercin gravely. "We are getting the best results from its use. I had a chance to join one of the ambulance units and go over, but I feel this is more necessary. Of course you'll be going back?"

"No, — I shan't go back," Clavercin said shortly.

"Washington?"

"No, I am going to teach if they want me — and there's anybody to teach."

Dexter looked at him with curiosity.

"What's the matter? Malaria? Flu? Oh, they'll want you. It is almost impossible to keep anyone here."

From Dexter's laboratory he sought Caxton, who was cleaning out his desk preparatory to leaving for Washington. Caxton was in uniform with a captain's stripes on the collar of his tunic.

"Military intelligence service," he explained to Clavercin, "in Washington, — training applicants, you know. I've quite a staff. Want to come?"

Clavercin shook his head with a little wry smile.

"I've seen all the military intelligence I can stand!"

Caxton, who was too much preoccupied with his own affairs to ask questions, continued to talk as he emptied drawers and shoved piles of student papers into the waste basket.

"You won't find many left in the department. Flynn is in charge. Poynter has gone with Red Cross; Organ is teaching meteorology over in France; and Lambert is helping Mallory on the intelligence tests in Washington. They are drawing heavily on the universities in every line. Sanderson is running a bureau in the Loan Department," and he ran on enumerating the members of the faculty who were serving in one branch or another. "The war will last a long time, I think, perhaps another five years. I hardly expect to be back before that — who knows?"

It was apparent that the war had touched the stagnant pools of the university to life. Caxton with a lifelong experience of thwarted powers had found in it a responsible and active post. The inferiority of the academic life, so coarsely voiced by Aleck Harding at the last Wind Bag, was about to be disproved. The country in its crisis needed trained minds, the special knowledge of the university. Clavercin mused over the irony of the situation that he should now be returning as to an asylum to the university, while his fellows who had functioned in it so much more contentedly were fleeing its

seclusion into the din of war. It was as if all the long years of abstractions, of repressed ambitions, of classroom routine and unreality were now revenging themselves in the glorious release of energies that the war offered.

"Beckwith is here," Caxton remarked, with a slight reserve in his voice, "and Snow."

"Yes, I am lunching with them. Won't you join us?"

"No," Caxton refused briskly, "I am lunching with General Bord and some of his staff at the Eureka Club."

There was a touch of superiority in the scholar's voice, quite pardonable, a little amusing, indicating his sense of importance. His was one of the best minds in America, Clavercin reflected as he left Caxton's office, not merely in his own narrow line of scholarship but as a mental machine, and it took the bloody insanity of a world war, a chaos of misery, to awaken its possessor to a sense of importance and dignity! A Caxton to be proud of lunching with a few stupid army officers, to be inflated by the task of educating young men how to read codes and collect information from spies and prisoners!

It was the close of a class hour, and about the entrance to Founder's Hall, which already was assuming the dinginess of age, together with a thin coating of ivy, students were congregating as usual, smoking cigarettes, chatting with each other between classes. There were noticeably more women among them than men, and some of the younger girls were also in khaki, with insignia pinned to their coats. The great game of war had penetrated to Eureka, with its thrills and excitements and pretenses. Eureka was actually more warlike in appearance than Paris, Clavercin reflected. A few thin, white-faced youths walked briskly off in the direction of the library, graduate students no doubt, to whom the din of war meant nothing except that it had removed from the classrooms those teachers whose courses they desired in order to complete their work for the higher degrees. They were pacifists by temperament and occupation.

Clavercin met old Tom Bayberry on the path to the Administration Building and stopped to chat with him. His thin

legs looked unsteady, and his bony face was more twisted than ever. He was puzzling over a letter written in childish script in French. "One of my orphans," he explained to Clavercin, "I've adopted three. This one lives near Nancy. She writes very nicely to her American *grandpère*. I suppose the village schoolmistress corrects her letters! Here is her picture," and he fished from an inner pocket a small photograph showing an indeterminate little French girl. "Classes? I've got four in one and two in the other!"

Thus even Bayberry participated in the war through his "orphans". That had become a practise especially among bachelors, too old for any form of service, to "adopt" French children, sending them gifts, exchanging letters. "I've taken on another," one would say to a friend. "How many have you?"

The pleasant spring sunlight filled the open places of the campus, falling full on the oval where the R. O. T. C. were still performing evolutions directed by the barks of the old sergeant. Clavercin realized in one swift perception how much of Dr. Harris's grandiose program had been filled in, how large the "plant" of the university had become, — all now turned into an army camp to "help win the war".

The President's office was quieter, more retired than ever. The smiling young woman who reigned in the outer office beamed happily on Clavercin.

"Yes, the President is expecting you!" and she disappeared.

Portraits of General Foch, of Marshall Joffre, of General Pershing had been hung on the walls, also a few garish war posters. Clavercin recalled that the university had given an honorary degree to Joffre recently, a great ceremony by which the university acclaimed the war. How Dr. Harris would have enjoyed that occasion!

Clavercin did not have long to wait in the empty outer office, and his reception by Dolittle was in happy contrast with his last interview with the university president.

"So glad to see you back, Clavercin!" Dolittle exclaimed cordially, extending a spotty hand which shook less than formerly. It was one of the many odd accidents of this world cataclysm that it had fastened Dolittle upon an American university for another five years, but it was

as remarkable that it had actually rejuvenated the old man. He was expansive, genial, brisk, and authoritative.

"Oh, of course we had to go in. I knew it would come, prepared for it I may say. An impossible situation, — our remaining neutral. Yes, the university I may say is ninety per cent mobilized for the war: our men are entering all branches of the service. We have had to cut down greatly the number of courses, but they are not needed. May never be needed again, many of them! This war will make vast changes, vast changes! I have enjoyed your articles in the 'Thunderer', Mr. Clavercin, splendid work. It was needed to wake us up to what was going on over there. A great opportunity with your gift of expression to be so near the scene of action. I congratulate you. And now what are you planning to do? More writing? Intelligence work?"

"No," Clavercin said briefly, "I was thinking of resuming my teaching, if the university wants me."

"Of course we shall be glad to have you back. The departments are greatly undermanned."

There was a note of surprise, of disappointment in the old man's voice. It was astonishing that when so many opportunities were open for national service a man who had achieved the reputation that Clavercin had with his pen could find nothing better to do than teach literature to undergraduates.

"Yes," Clavercin said lamely, feeling the impossibility of making Dolittle comprehend his motives, "I am not so much interested in the war as I was. After all, some day there will be peace again, and the university has to go on, the new generation must be educated for that new world you speak of after the war."

"Oh, of course, of course," the President responded vaguely. "Nobody can tell what that will be like. But the lessons of this great conflict can't be ignored. Efficiency, preparedness, the solidarity of the English-speaking peoples," and he went off on one of his little luncheon addresses on "University Service in Time of War". Clavercin, one of whose most vivid recollections was a night spent with some French officers at Salonika with the shells dropping in now and then to punctuate the talk while they discussed that

post-war world in very different terms, smiled to himself. Would the war teach America anything? As he listened to Dolittle's smoothly flowing periods he doubted it.

"Well, Mr. Clavercin, glad to have you back. Anything I can do for you let me know. I am leaving this noon for Washington, a very interesting mission, I don't mind telling you," and he explained in confidential tones the nature of the very interesting mission, which was nothing less than to organize a staff of historians to accompany the American Expeditionary Forces overseas, "to take down the facts of history as they occur, first hand historical observation, — unique, like so many developments of this war. By the way, would that interest you? Your literary ability, your large experience the last eighteen months?"

Clavercin, smiling, shook his head.

"I am not an historian," he said. "Why not Snow? or Beckwith?"

At the suggestion of the last name Dolittle's manner changed abruptly.

"No pacifist can properly write the history of this war!" he snapped.

"Perhaps the real history of it will have to be written by a pacifist," Clavercin remarked vaguely.

But Dolittle was off on another expansive period about the service the university was rendering the nation, suggested by the evolutions of the R. O. T. C. on the campus oval. "Every department almost is able to contribute something of value to the common effort! It is a great demonstration to the community of the usefulness of our higher institutions of learning!"

And he believed it, Clavercin reflected, as the president ducked his silk hat into the waiting limousine and with a little nod to him wheeled away in that peculiarly nervous rush that the war was cultivating in every activity. The war had rejuvenated Dolittle, not merely given him an added tenure of office. He was once more feeling his own importance, which was the psychological basis of youth. So it was with the scholar Richard Caxton, with the scientist Dexter and his pneumonia serum, the physicist who was teaching young men how to adapt artillery fire to the weather, to Maxwell who was engaged in calculating the cubic contents of ships and how to pack away in each boat the maximum

load, to Mallory who was putting into practise those theories of testing human adaptabilities hitherto worked out in laboratories with the aid of questionnaires. To all these and many more the war had given a sense of reality to their work, to their lives. Odd! In him the war had developed a sense of human futility the longer he had stayed in Europe, the nearer he had come to its myriad manifestations. Long since the fables about the issues of the war circulated by statesmen and writers had ceased to stir him; it was with a sense of ironic humor that he discovered their renewed potency in his own country. So he was returning to the university as to an asylum, just as his fellows were escaping from it into reality!

In the months that followed while the country "got into the war" deeper and deeper, Clavercin felt the healing of his academic task. He entered his rather empty classroom with a new sense of repose, of enjoyment, as to a temple in which enduring verities might be considered instead of fretful temporalities. Outside the student band might blare out "It's a Long Way" and other martial ditties, while the thinning ranks of the undergraduates showed more and more khaki, within his lecture hall with its long shadows at twilight he could forget for a time the din of unreason in the world and attach his mind to the fundamental truths of the spirit. For the first time he thoroughly enjoyed his teaching, although the material in his classes was unusually mixed, graduate students, women auditors, undergraduates. In the dearth of courses students took what they could get. For the first time his task had a dignity, a meaning to it. Because of the absence of so many instructors he had taken the general survey course of literature, usually designed for first year students, and made it over into a brief history of the human spirit, with its currents of fundamental impulses and aspirations. He felt that he was not teaching literature,—something stored away in books on library shelves, pawed over by dull minds, annotated, and explained,—but life itself. All the emotions, all the experiences of his own life, especially of the recent years, went into his interpretation of the human spirit, as expressed in the written words of the old texts. As he came down the cen-

turies into modern times, drew near the contemporary maelstrom of the world, the currents merged into a roaring cataract, diverse and blended. Often he wished that he had the special knowledge of the biologist, of the psychologist, of the historian, so that he might trace more surely the multiform weave of the human spirit. To teach literature properly one should be equipped with all the sciences and all the philosophies!

At the end of his lecture he came away from the classroom exhausted, but at peace, assuaged, having given all that was within him for his hearers to take or leave, to assimilate or reject as they might. He came out into the cool twilight of the autumn or winter day while the chimes were softly calling across the campus, and realized for the first time the meaning of the university. It was, it should be, the home of the human spirit, removed from the merely passing, the fluid, the accidental, the one withdrawn place of modern life where all the manifestations of humanity could be gathered in essence and — handed on! So the feverish activity of the war passed through its portals as irrelevant as the athletic games or the noisy trucks that clattered by his lecture hall at all hours. These gray stone walls, feebly symbolic of age, tradition, eternity, tried to express this conception of apartness and yet coöperation in the life of the day. The windows of the faculty room where so many wearisome hours had been spent in useless wrangles over curriculum and "methods" were now dark: nobody cared about faculty meetings these days. Clavercin saw that all the causes which had seemed momentous at the time, all the bickerings of little minds that had taken place in that darkened room, all the selfish plottings and schemings for departmental privileges, for promotions and prestige, were like the crumbling leaves of the ivy on the walls. The enduring, the significant thing was—the Idea, the university itself! Men made universities as once they made great temples, blindly, not conceiving the ultimate ends to which they would be devoted, out of some inner necessity of their spirits, as Harris, that great hearted combination of prairie boy and prophet, had built Eureka. Temples! Caravansaries of the human spirit,—that was what universities were. Often

fantastically employed, according to the necessities or the whims of the moment, but always preserving their indestructible, indefinable, inner purpose for the human spirit. Students came and went, as men and women frequented ancient temples, listened, admired, rejected, and went away; but the temple itself endured, because it was an idea, an aspiration. So it was foolish to worry over what the youth of the day picked up from the university, whether they stored their minds with this or that information, cultivated this or that facility, so long as the university gave them the desire to understand, to grope onwards deeper and deeper into the mystery of existence. And every true teacher tried to give them this inspiration.

"Rather deserted, isn't it?" Jessica Mallory's pleasant, cool voice aroused Clavercin from his meditation. With her was Rudolph Sheimer, whom Clavercin had not seen since that unpleasant visit he had made to the villa on Lake Constance where the Sheimers were living the first year of the war.

"I like it so," Clavercin said with zest. "Somehow it seems to have returned to its own, all the noisy children gone!"

"I do too," Jessica agreed. "It's about the only place where one can get away from the war, here and in the mountains."

"And this is what they are blowing to bits over there," Sheimer added, "all the slow accumulations, the grains of sand that men specially devoted their lives to gathering, — and now your people have joined the dance!"

His voice had an undercurrent of bitterness, as it had in that memorable revelation of his sympathies with Germany in the villa. Clavercin, who unaccountably disliked the man, replied coldly, "Maybe we shall stop the dance before it is too late! What are you doing over here?" he asked bluntly.

"I am an American citizen," Sheimer observed, ironically forgetting his slip "your people". "My wife wanted to see her children, — they are all in school here, and so we came across. I am going presently to Washington; it is most amusing there."

"I should think so," Jessica laughed, "from what I hear, — the best field for behavioristic observation we have yet had."

She recounted some entertaining episodes among the swarming patriots at the capital. Latterly her interests had shifted from psycho-analysis to a new stripe of psychological theory, "behaviorism", and she used the patter of her new cult. To Clavercin it seemed that she had reduced the universe to a series of mechanical categories into which she fitted every human impulse and emotion, satisfied with having classified and assigned it. The world had gradually become to Jessica Mallory a vast store house of phenomena for the use and entertainment of superior minds like her own that had cast off all illusions. Life had no meaning and not much savor beyond the intellectual satisfaction she took in discerning its many appearances.

"We are dining downtown and going to the theatre — won't you come?"

Clavercin shook his head. Alone with Jessica he might yet penetrate to that gentler corner of her nature which had opened to him wistfully once before, but in company with Sheimer only the sinister and cynical aspects of her would appear. The pacifism of such intellectuals appealed to him as little almost as the trivial excitement of a Dolittle.

III

Meanwhile Beckwith's militancy had turned into new fields. The conscientious objectors, of whom there were a few among the students, appealed to Beckwith for advice and protection. One rather talky, white-faced young man with literary aspirations made himself their leader and hung about Beckwith's apartment for weeks, undecided whether to attempt flight or to go through with the rôle of martyrdom recommended by his mentor. Finally he surrendered to the authorities and was shipped off to Leavenworth. He was succeeded by a furtive little cockney whom Snow had discovered and bailed out of prison on the charge of sedition for his editorial utterances in a little labor sheet. Then came stray Hindus, who had escaped from India and were being pursued by the British secret service.

Clavercin after listening to these representatives of revolt protested to Beckwith, "They aren't worth it, Norman, the risk and trouble you take for them. That Duncan lad is a plain shirker. He's the

kind that would wobble through life anyhow, and it is only his ingrowing egoism that has landed him in Leavenworth."

"Oh, you are hard on the boy!"

"And as for the cockney, according to his own story he has welched on every job he ever had. Dass I don't wholly understand, but he is using the war I suspect as an opportunity for revolt."

"Of course! Why not? Others are using it,—the big capitalists especially,—as an opportunity for exploitation. They are buying organized labor by high wages and exemptions, and combining against unorganized labor."

It was this growing intolerance, this tyranny of the majority over the individual, over the minority, that especially aroused Beckwith's flaming protest. In his championship of the cause he lost sight of the individual who might represent the cause. To Clavercin, on the other hand, it was the quality of the individual that counted most. Sincerity, honesty, steadfastness appealed to him. The tricky players of the game, the self-interested and the trivial, aroused his contempt. Nevertheless Beckwith had reacted unerringly to the gangrene of the war spirit, its intolerance, and almost alone here in the temple of the university he fought every manifestation of the hateful spirit which was spreading its poison throughout the world.

"You must do this and that, you must think as we do," the triumphant majority shouted in chorus. "Why?" Beckwith demanded imperturbably. "In all times of crisis like the present the majority has been found to be wrong in the end. I deny its authority!"

So he organized committees, drubbed up meagre sums from sympathetic persons to maintain his protégés in their revolt.

"I don't like what your friend Beckwith is doing," Louise Clavercin said to her husband censoriously. "Maida Grant was talking about him at luncheon to-day and said if the university authorities didn't shut him up the army intelligence office would. He's on their lists, you know."

"So am I," Clavercin replied amiably, "because of my favorable review of Barbusse's book last spring. So are a lot of our leading citizens for one absurdity or another. That doesn't mean anything!"

"It was a horrid book," reflected Louise, who since she had joined Maida Grant's bond-selling committee had grown strictly orthodox. "It isn't the time to air such views when everybody is doing his bit."

Clavercin, visualizing the large impressive Maida addressing gatherings of applauding citizens in her bond-selling campaign, remarked, "What a lot of fun you women are having with the war! Even Constance Fenton has shut down her crèche and is running about speaking on food conservation. What will you do after the war?"

"Go into business!" Louise retorted, "and make some money."

She lighted a cigarette and, drawing on her driving gloves, departed in the gray-painted Ford that stood outside the front door when it was not careering wildly hither and thither in some war work. Clavercin mounting to his disorderly study collected books and papers for the afternoon lecture. He realized that to Louise, to Maida, even to dear old Constance his assiduity in teaching classes in literature at the university "while we are all doing our best to win the war" seemed quite unmanly, betraying a native impotence of character. The emancipation of women, they felt, had come through the opportunity the war had offered for their public services. So they scurried over the country selling bonds, talking at luncheons, encouraging humbler housewives to save food. They had compelled the orchestral associations to discharge old Gluck because he had neglected to obtain his citizen's papers thirty years ago when he came to America. "Besides he's horrid, you know, with girls." "But you never found that out before the war," Clavercin had protested.

When they gathered after their exhausting labors at some pleasant dinner party where the food regulations were ingeniously evaded, they talked gravely of the reconstruction of society after the war. "One will have to do things to get social position, not merely be rich and give nice parties," they said. Then drifted into the usual gossip about jobs . . . Oh, yes, the war was doing much for women, and they were mostly for it heart and soul.

TO BE CONCLUDED

OUR ROSTRUM



JOHAN BULL

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

A privilege which one may claim on a birthday is to depart from the normal routine. Seizing upon this privilege, THE FORUM presents in these columns, in place of the customary letters, two short essays which seem to indicate that the modernity we prate of is more a matter of manners than of opinions.

O Temporal!

Magazines must publish "timely" articles or editors will be damned, — at least by the would-be writers thereof. Timely articles the public apparently wants; so timely articles it apparently gets. Forty years ago when THE FORUM was created, the United States was, we had imagined, a frightfully antiquated country, interested in problems which don't exist for the people of this enlightened and happy day. That's what we imagined until curiosity prompted us to see what problems the original subscribers to THE FORUM were interested in. And what do you suppose they were? Well, here are the titles of a few articles in the first bound volume of this not venerable, but comfortably middle-aged magazine:

Prohibition So-Called

The Present Outlook for Christianity
College Athletic Sports

Are Women Fairly Paid? (A Debate)

The Future of Arctic Exploration

What the Roman Catholics Want

Shall Our Laws Be Enforced?

How I was Educated

Why I am a Presbyterian

Faith and Physical Science

What We Know About the Weather

The State and the Criminal

Florida

It was hard enough to believe on glancing through the table of contents that our late grandfathers, the quaint old things, were vitally concerned about topics which are such part and parcel of national discussions in 1926. "Ah, yes, — but," we said to ourselves, "their views about these matters were of course the naive views of that remote period, when progress hadn't really got a good start." So we turned to the articles and read paragraphs here and there.

What did they think of Prohibition, for instance, in 1886? This:

"I have," wrote Leonard Wolsey Bacon, "for some time been settled in the conviction that the best hope that good citizens may have of effective legislation, and execution of law, against the abuses of the liquor traffic, must lie in their cutting loose from any attempt at co-operation with these rule-or-ruin Prohibitionists, whose motto is, Let us do evil that good may come; whose damnation is just. . . . It will be a happy and a hopeful time for the interests of public morals when this Pharisee of the statute-book shall have been compelled to step down from its pedestal of superior and essential virtue, to be judged like the rest of us, by its fruits."

The Outlook for Christianity in 1886?
This: