

imagination from those who have not. The unimaginative ones should be encouraged to take the laboratory workers' short course. Let them become chemists by themselves if they can. But the imaginative ones, the boys and girls who are gifted with the glory of fancy, who have not sloughed off their curiosity during the years at school, as so many of them do, these should be entitled to the privilege of becoming chemists. They must have a sense of history, of people, and of things, because nowhere is nature inanimate; and if we do not understand the ways of people we cannot understand the ways of stuff. They must have good diction and facility of expression, because whoever lacks in this respect is an offender against his profession. He degrades it by his own shortcomings. And without facility of expression his most useful faculty, his imagination, is crippled.

Of course, men will call themselves whatever they please. We cannot legislate titles. But it seems to me of vital importance that only those students of to-day should become chemists who are properly equipped to meet the great responsibilities which are there to encounter. It is the coming profession. It must determine for us in the future what we shall eat and drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Whether we grow as an industrial nation or sink into decrepitude is in large measure dependent upon our chemists. If we grow, it will be because they are men of vision, of childlike curiosity and unspoiled fancy; men of taste, of discrimination, who are familiar with human reactions

and with the graces of life. They will be men whose long-range view is glorified by imagination. They will carry the subtle art of the teacher into the works and lead the men and women engaged there into the paths of understanding and delight. Then work in the factory will cease to be drudgery, and good housing conditions and fair wages will cease to be the maximum of merit demanded of employers—when this enlightenment prevails.

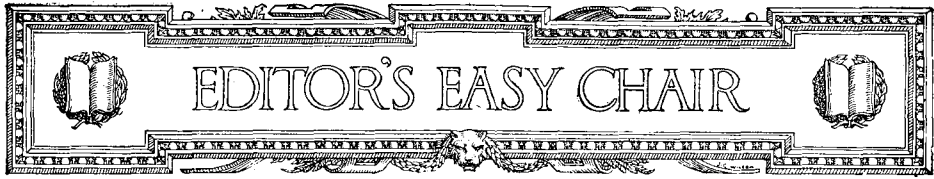
There is one great quality that was enjoyed in medieval days that is lost to us. It was that which made their cathedrals so beautiful, their fabrics so rich, and their every product so enduring and strong. Men sang at their work, because they found joy in it. Now we have different customs, different conditions, different problems, but in the very measure that our men and women who constitute parts of great industrial organizations do not find pleasure in their day's work, we have degenerated. If we would be great in industry we must make our industries great by making our workers intelligent and ambitious and fine in understanding. We must make it possible for them not only to produce things, but to see that they are producing. Therefore, if our chemists and engineers, who are to direct our industries, are wise men and so illuminated that they can show a light ahead to those who work under them, we may look for the dawn of a new era of peace and good will. That will be the day—and may God speed its coming!—when ideals of service will rule in our hearts.

The Débutante

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

BEHIND the door of Winter
The Spring, on tiptoe, stands,
With daffodils and crocuses
And tulips in her hands.

She trembles on the threshold;
Then bravely lifts her chin,
As if to say, "I'm not afraid!"
And, laughing, rushes in.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

“WELL,” the younger octogenarian said, with an air of sprightly challenge, as he halted before the elder where he sat basking in the deceitful sun of the very earliest spring, on a bench in the Park, convenient to the blended honking of the motors and the clatter of the roller-skates, “what have you been reading now?”

The elder put together the voice, face, and figure before him for the purposes of identification, and ultimately knew his friend. “Well, not a popular magazine, exactly.” He poked out, with the help of his stick, a gray pamphlet which had fallen to the ground between his feet, and let his junior pick it up for him. “Oh, thanks. But it’s very good reading, all the same, if you haven’t seen it.”

“Oh, I’ve seen it, and it is good reading, though there’s not much ‘love interest’ in it. I don’t know that one could reasonably expect that in the report of a Secretary of the Interior.”

“Why, it’s as hopeful for the future of the race as the ‘love interest,’ I suppose. Here’s an author who deals as attractively with a human interest, of sorts—as ‘grippingly,’ so to speak—as if it were the affair of two young people who had just discovered heaven in each other. But what are we coming to, if a public official of this secretary’s standing speaks as justly, clearly, sanely of an imminent public duty as if it were the personal affair of every citizen?”

“You mean the duty of making the world safe for the democracy which has been helping free it from autocracy, by suggesting a means of livelihood for each of the citizens our government took from their civil employment and made into soldiers? I don’t know that I should expect everything from making them farmers at the national care and cost. We hear a good deal about the fellows not wanting to go back into the shops and offices after their camp life; but

perhaps some of them do, and small blame to them. We’re not all born to live in the open, or to long for it.”

“Of course not, and the Secretary doesn’t imply that. At the worst he doesn’t do anything worse than recognize the fact that the men would hate to turn the women out; and no doubt he’d let the women take up farms, if they preferred to give back their places in the shops and offices.”

“And no doubt some of them would, if they could take up the farmers, too.” The junior appeared to enjoy his joke, and the senior let him have his laugh at it before he took the word. “I suppose the worst we could say of him is that he speaks humanely of a most pressing human affair, and the best is that he speaks earnestly and urgently. Our public land is all gone—went sixty years ago—to locate the land warrants of our Civil War veterans; but in our oldest states there are waste acres enough to give every veteran of our World War for Democracy land enough to live on in comfort. The Secretary wants the government to give this land to the soldiers who want it—black and white—home-born and every kind of alien-born. He wants them all taught to read and write English which they will need as much in civil as in military life. I like his specific suggestions, but what I like still better is the tone of his report. Now that the war is apparently over, he allows us to feel again that peace is not altogether a guilty thing, or the love of it treason, as it was before the signing of the armistice. He lets us imagine that it is the greatest thing in the world, and that the best thing in the universal bedevilment of the race driven to battle was that the horror *had to be*. This is what that Unspeakable Wretch taught his people and what his people proved to the other nations. But his instruction has been sufficiently bettered; and we