



## The World and Its Control

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE protracted dispute in Ireland between the men of the Free State and the Irregular Republicans is a lesson to all observers. It is not accurate to call it a dispute; it is rather a mutiny, being the effort of a fanatic minority to force its will on a majority that has all there is of law and order on its side. But whatever one calls it, it is bad enough, and it has been working these many months for the physical, and considerably for the moral, destruction of Ireland.

And all about what? About a form of words; for the Free State agreement gave Ireland self-government and freedom to live. It opened the gate to her, a gate through which she could go to almost any distance her imagination invited. So it looks to us observers, and so it looked to General Smuts. Ireland has everything to hope for, and no serious hindrance to achieving it, except the fallibility of the Irish mind or the persistence of Irish habits as exhibited by the Irregular Republicans, who would destroy the country rather than agree with an agreement.

And that is the way men do far too much, not the Irish alone, but all men. They dispute about possibilities, to the prejudice of the actual chances they have in hand. There are irreconcilables in every country, reaching for the moon of abstract political perfection, and opposed to anything they can get, and resolute in denying the attainable to their fellows. That is the sort of

opposition which has foiled so far the efforts to bring the United States into the League of Nations. It is very much the same sort of fight that Mr. Bryan leads against the theory of evolution, a fight that does not concern the opportunities of men to better their characters and their position either in this life or the next, a mere fight about the origin of man and how he came to be what he is; a fight about something that no human effort can change, and about which men might disagree with as much impunity and harmlessness as they might disagree about a good many things in the creeds of the Churches. Mr. Bryan is for prohibition, for the World Court, for the League of Nations, and against the theory of our descent from monkeys. It matters not to him that no scientists of standing hold that we are descended from monkeys. What they hold is that man has evolved from a primeval ancestor which was probably a relative of the ancestor from which the various monkeys have descended. But even that would not suit Mr. Bryan, who would think it contrary to Scripture, and must have a ready-made man with no evolutionary process behind him.

All that is amusing, but at the same time it is too bad, since the more background that can be provided for man, the more prospect there is of his continued advancement. If he is a ready-made creature, no more no less, it may be argued that he will remain what he

is to the end of time, which in Mr. Bryan's mind probably coincides with the Judgment Day; whereas if he is an evolutionary creature who came along up developing from some kind of protoplasm, he is on a journey of which no one can see the end, and we are entitled to expect an improvement in him that has no visible limit. The evolutionary theory about man is really just as pious as Mr. Bryan's Scriptural theory, and neither one of them will work without "a shaping and compelling hand" back in the invisible to make it work.

We ought to be more contemplative about theory, and reserve our more positive opinions for matters which our actions can affect. The question of the League of Nations is a matter of the latter sort; so is the question of prohibition. If we have opinions on those matters we can act on them, vote according to them, give support to one side or the other, but on such a matter as evolution we ought to be contemplative, watch the growth of the theory, consider the discoveries that support it, let it win or lose as it can, but not try to crush it out by violence. No great truth can be crushed out in that manner, but any truth can be delayed. Even prohibition, though it is something we can vote about, is a matter proper for some degree of contemplative treatment. A great many of us have reached no final conclusion about it. We have an opinion about the evils of rum, but may not yet have made up our minds how good an agent prohibition is to correct them. So far it has done much good, but also an amount of bad not easy to estimate. Miss Ida Tarbell, who goes about the country a great deal, reported in April for *Collier's Weekly* her impressions about prohibition as she saw it in operation. She had a great deal of good to say for it. She thought that on the whole it was successful, but she wound up her article by saying:

Prohibition looks to me like an episode in our struggle to develop a temperate peo-

ple. Temperance is our goal: conscious control of appetite, not prohibition. Prohibition is a means, not an end. Like all revolutions, it is but an episode in an evolution.

That is the right idea. We want to be a temperate people. We want to cut down the damage from rum, but we do not want to be a people to whom too many things are prohibited. We like freedom of choice, which is part of the endowment our Maker gave us. For whether we were produced by evolution or came ready-made by a single effort of the divine will, we did have a Maker and his mind did work on us, and there is pretty general agreement that he intended that we should have as much free will as we could handle, and probably more. For it is our effort to handle the divine attributes in us that get us into most of our troubles. The trouble in Ireland is a clash between wills. The Irregulars do not recognize the validity of any mandate that they must submit to the government of the Free Staters. They elect to destroy or be destroyed. Consequently, destruction goes on, and government languishes, since government, even the freest of free governments, depends upon a certain amount of submission by the minority to the will of the majority. The Irish, being little practiced in government, are somewhat slow to recognize that, and indeed it is a pretty hard lesson, but they will have to learn it and doubtless they will. The cure for the inconvenience of submitting to the will of the majority is that when that will insists upon too many things that are irksome or impair the joy of living, the majority fades out, losing numbers and power until presently the other side controls the government. That is an automatic cure. When majorities get too fussy, too expensive, too prohibitive and too unreasonable, they lose control.

In matters like acceptance of the theory of evolution, success, when it comes, comes by unconscious persua-

sion. A lot of people get to know more or less about evolution. In a generation or two all the more intelligent people come to have knowledge of the theory. If they do not read the books in which it is set forth, they pick it up from one another and from allusions to it in the books which they do read, and from newspapers and periodicals. Great ideas cannot perish so long as there are enough reasonably good newspapers looking out every day for the chance to print what somebody wants to read, and dependent for their existence on finding it. That is one advantage we have over older times and the one that most offsets the various afflictions which the art of printing has brought upon us. When printing abounds so enormously, of course, we read too much and get far too many circulars in our mails, but it has made it almost impossible to keep even a good thing hidden. Mr. Bryan tries to shut out the teaching of evolution from the colleges that the taxpayers support, but supposing he should succeed, what has he accomplished but to advertise the theory of evolution! Nothing so promotes search as the knowledge that something is hidden.

We look on nowadays at a world trying to find the control that belongs to it, which is only another way of saying—trying to find itself. It will not find itself until it discovers this evasive something that can control it. It may be men, it may be ideas. More likely it is ideas working through men. When somebody who has established a business dies, we see the same process work out. The business, whatever it is, has to find a new control, a new directing mind, a new power to say yes or no. Sometimes important concerns fail to find such a control, but usually if they are sound enough they work along through more or less tribulation and loss of dividends until they discover whom they belong to—who has the brains and the will and the knowledge to make them prosper and do their

work. That same process now is going on all over the world, these States by no means excepted. Responsible travelers come home from Italy and report an improvement so great as to make them think that under Mussolini and his Fascisti, Italy has found itself. Mr. Paul Cravath says the rehabilitation of Italy was not a political revolution but a spiritual revival. Maybe so. Mr. Cravath is a fairly well practiced observer and has seen, first and last, a good deal of the world and of the people in it. We need not tie up to his opinion of Mussolini's achievement, but we shall do well to record it. In efforts to find a new control, men are tried out and usually a good many are found wanting. Some start big and end small, others start small and end big. We shall do better not to rush conclusions about the Fascisti in Italy, but certainly, so far, the results of their operations look good and are admired, and in a world where everybody is looking for a new man, and where the old hands are mostly jaded if not worse, Mussolini is a figure that stands out, and Kemal is another.

Miss Tarbell said, as quoted above, that prohibition looked to her like an episode in a struggle. The struggle of the world is full of episodes and they contribute to the expected results. Kemal and Mussolini are not yet out of the episodic class, but at least they are in it, and in it, so far, with a record of success. Senator Lodge and his associates in the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate were an episode two years ago, one that has been working out ever since and is still unsettled. The invasion of the Ruhr is an episode and one that has not, at this writing, arrived anywhere. So, the fall of Lloyd George, the new government in England, the rise of the Laborites, the British agricultural problem, and divers other things that concern Great Britain. The greatest episode of all and as yet the most incalculable, is the one in Russia that slowly works along to what

conclusion no one can foresee. It is as though mankind were dough in the pan, the yeast working in it and making bubbles. We see the bubbles, we infer the yeast, but the complexion and the quality of the bread that will come out of it is still matter of speculation.

One thing is sure about this world. It is going to have managers. Given the dough and the yeast, there must still be hands to shape the loaves and bake them. But when the demand for bread is active, that need is bound sooner or later to be supplied. The contemplative people, as distinguished from the active partisans, are those who are waiting for their chance. They do not want to make a false start, but wait until some course shall disclose itself which they feel to be worth supporting. There are a great many of them, all of them sensitive to the facts of life, to the cost, the strain and the anxieties of living, watchful of the day's news, watchful of the markets, more or less unsettled in their habits of living and desirous to know where they are coming out. They have children; some of them have grandchildren. They wish the world to continue to be habitable. When they see a chance to contribute to such continuance they are going to take it. What they do not want is unnecessary destruction in the meantime. Unlike the Irish Irregulars, they are willing to take orders from the existing management until they have a chance to replace it with a better one. That is the spirit that makes continuous government possible and minimizes revolution. It is the spirit that the English have above all other people. Their revolutions, as a rule, are not destructive, though they are often searching and potent in their results. The last destructive civil war that England saw was in Cromwell's time and that was nearly three hundred years ago and a lot of reconstruction has gone on there since then.

The amount of change in the habits

of men and in the conditions of human life which this world will see in the next half century stumps the imagination to conceive. The progress in mechanics, in chemistry, in the application of electricity, in medicine and surgery, in transportation, even in agriculture, goes on unabated. We learn every day more about keeping well, getting about, and providing ourselves with food and shelter. If we can make the improvement in conduct keep up with the possibilities of the improvement in other things, some of our grandchildren may hope to have pleasant lives.

That is the great matter: improvement in conduct; more sense, more patience, more courage, more faith, more reasonableness, less violence and heat. We need these things vitally. We need a better understanding of life and what it is about, what is its purpose, what destiny we are heading for, how we may best achieve it. For a great many people nowadays life is very difficult and anxious, especially in this and in some other countries, for the people who have carried the responsibility for keeping its machinery going. Taxes are high. The cost of living is extremely high. There is a dearth of habitations in cities, and the cost of adding to them is preposterous. In the country there is dearth of farm labor and what there is costs so much that farmers and market gardeners, as a rule, cannot afford to pay it.

What we see therefore is an immense capacity for production coexisting with acute difficulty on the part of certain groups of indispensable producers to make both ends meet, and other groups we see getting out of the community more than they are entitled to but quite unaware of it, and concerned mainly to get still more with less work. That is the kind of a situation that calls for control, the control that the world in general is seeking and which it presently will find because it cannot go on without it.



## The Babe and the Youngster

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

I WENT to see the Yankees at the Polo Grounds one day,  
And I got in some time before the game was under way.  
The Yanks were showing up darned well—in truth, the solemn fact is  
The home team always shows up well—provided that it's practice.  
And one Yank hurled the horsehide, as the sporting writers say,  
While other Yankees walloped it in quite a Yankee way.  
But one man in particular—you'll know this is the truth—  
Was walloping so fearfully I knew that he was Ruth.

Now stationed out in right field was a lad of nine or ten,  
Who chased the balls the batters hit, and threw them back again.  
He'd throw 'em back to pitcher's box with all his pounds and ounces,  
And once or twice they got there—though on twenty-seven bounces.  
He had a fielder's glove on, and he certainly was proud  
To be playing on the Polo Grounds before a record crowd.  
He thought the crowd was watching *him*—alas! to tell the truth,  
The crowd had eyes for just one kid: that infant called Babe Ruth.

And Babe was worth the watching: he was pounding that there pill  
As the Yankee troops had pounded those who fought for Kaiser Bill.  
He swatted it to center and to left and to the fence—  
In brief, his batting was the kind the rooters term “immense.”  
And once he hit the ball way up—it went so very high  
I thought for just a moment it had climbed into the sky.  
It went so far up in the air it almost passed from sight,  
But underneath it when it fell was that wee chap in right.

And everybody saw the catch, and cheer rang out on cheer;  
And everybody prophesied about the kid's career.  
And I—well, I threw up my hat and never got it back  
(But though I bought a new one, I did not regret the jack.)  
I went back to my boyhood, and I knew I never had  
A day—an hour—so wonderful as came to that young lad.  
Oh, I had had a merry time through boyhood and through youth,  
But I had never caught a fly from off the bat of Ruth.