

## METHOD IN SENATORIAL MADNESS

It would be a very simple-minded Muse that would respond if called upon to sing the wrath of a tariff-making Senate. There appear to have been, it is true, some sublime exhibitions of celestial rage. Senatorial courtesy has taken on the odd form of "You're a liar!" and the exquisitely polite and witty retort has often been heard: "Yah! You're one yourself." There have been terrible "encounters" with the safe weapon of the tongue, and fearful "collisions" at the convenient distance of the width of the Senate chamber; but the attentive observer cannot help feeling that there is something very theatric about all this. He sees that Aldrich and his obedient followers, at all events, in the very torrent, tempest, and, as we may say, whirlwind of their passion, are able to make it "smooth" in a sense of that word unknown to Shakespeare.

What we mean is that behind the scene of all this petulance and flurry, Senator Aldrich, Senator Hale, and their aides and confederates are quietly perfecting in secret the bargains by which they hope to make the last tariff state of the American people worse than the first. Significant evidence of this came out the other day. Senator Brown of Nebraska asked when the Finance Committee was going to report its proposed duty on wood pulp and printing paper. Aldrich replied that the amendment was not quite ready. He could assure the Senate, however, that this schedule would be reported soon, and would contain duties somewhat higher than those of the Payne bill, but lower than those of the existing law. Now, why has this schedule been held back all these weeks? Why are the duties on coal and coke—products which the House voted to put on the free list—still held "subject to modification by the Senate"? Obviously, in order that the tariff-traders and log-rollers may have material with which to do their nefarious work. They have kept some of their cards under the table, to be produced when it is necessary in order to win the game. While the oratory and the anger have been displayed in the public sessions of the Senate, the real work of distributing tariff favors and ratifying tariff bargains has been done behind closed doors, in committee rooms, or hotels or clubs. That is the method in all this Senatorial madness.

Nowhere is there any pretence that the Senatorial cabal gives a moment's thought to either the interests or the desires of the whole people. The tariff is the private business of Senators. They will attend to that. They talk vaguely, it is true, about consulting the wishes of their constituents, but they mean only that handful of manufacturers or chiefs of corporations who are rich enough to spend weeks in Washington lobbying, who have financed party campaigns and Senatorial elections in the past, and stand ready to do it again if they are allowed to write the clauses of the tariff which mean money in their pockets. A good typical case is that of the New Jersey Senators. They are ever to be found among Aldrich's fine brute majority, voting for all the high and higher duties. Yet Messrs. Kean and Briggs know perfectly well that New Jersey is a low-tariff State. It gave its electoral vote to Cleveland three times, largely on that issue. The sentiment even of the Republicans of New Jersey is unquestionably in favor of President Taft's recommendation of a revision downwards. Yet the two Senators continue to misrepresent their party and affront their State by always counting with Aldrich's high-tariff cattle.

They furnish only one illustration of the way in which a powerful "hog combine" in the Senate has been scheming and plotting, and buying and selling votes, in order to defeat the House, thwart the President, and cheat the country. As the success of these Senators becomes more evident, their effrontery increases. The mask which they discreetly wore for a time, they are now throwing away. At first, they gave out that they were entirely with Mr. Taft. Then when they were found destroying the free list and going for outrageously high duties, they explained that they knew this was not what the President wanted, but that they would see that the conference between the two houses made a tariff to suit him. But now they are saying that, so far as they know, Mr. Taft is well pleased with their out-Dingledy bill, and that there is no reason why he should not sign it. Evidently, somebody is deceiving or deceived. As the hero asks in Beaumarchais's play: "Qui trompe-t-on ici?" There are signs in the Washington dispatches that the President is awakening to the double game which certain Senators have been

playing with him. Their protestation that, though they were working tooth and nail to make a very bad bill, they really intended to make it a very good one before they finished, was all along suspicious, and now plainly appears as a mere trick. To meet it, Mr. Taft's friends in Washington are saying that he will soon make his position known publicly—by speech or letter. The time is rapidly coming when he must do so if he would not see the extra session worse than wasted, his hopes dashed, and his promises flouted.

## INTERNATIONAL BAD MANNERS.

We do not know which Germany will regard as more insulting—the attacks upon her by our high-tariff Senators, or their later eulogies of her. Either, we should say, would be pretty hard to put up with. That particular display of bad manners has no great importance in itself. Foreigners have, by this time, come pretty well to understand the playful ways of our Congressmen. And as they are more and more taking up with high tariffs themselves, they see better what a provocation of anger, malice, and all uncharitableness the system of protection is. Trade wars may be the bitterest of all; and in the matter of offensive epithet applied to foreign commercial rivals, neither the German nor the English pot can call the American kettle black. From laying a prohibitory tax on foreigners' goods to charging him with trickery and deceit, is but a natural and easy step.

The evil, however, does not stop with tariffs and taxes. In all the relations between countries, there persists a vast and wholly unreasonable amount of suspicion, dislike, and latent antagonism. The Prime Minister of England recently confessed that this kind of international exasperation appears to be growing. "We live," said Mr. Asquith, "in a scare-mongering age." And the scares, of course, are all concerning the wicked designs of unscrupulous foreigners. Frank Dr. Johnson said that all foreigners seemed to him to be fools. And knaves, we add to-day. They are all the while scheming to trick and cozen us; while we, of course, are merely seeking by lawful and honorable means to take our rightful place in the world—simply to "sit in the sun," as the Germans phrase it.

Two statesmen have recently borne striking testimony to the extent and

harmfulness of this spirit of international misunderstanding and animosity. Senator Root's speech at the Peace Dinner had a passage of manly protest at the ignorant and barbaric attitude of many in this country towards the Japanese. And the other day at Mohonk, Ambassador Bryce uttered some forcible words about the urgent duty of removing "the atmosphere of suspicion" which now seems to envelop all the great Powers of the world. It is commonly said that reckless and sensational newspapers are to blame. Doubtless, they have their share of the guilt to bear, and it is a grievous one, but Mr. Bryce affirmed truly that irresponsible editors vilify foreigners only because they think the public craves such attacks. The British Ambassador added:

Thus we come back to the people—that is, to ourselves, the ordinary citizens who are the ultimate masters both of the government and of the press. Why do we like to have other nations placed in the worst light and their defects exaggerated? Why is it thought patriotic to defy other nations and unpatriotic to indicate any faults in ourselves, any weak points in our own case?

The answer to these questions is—"pure ignorance." Bad manners go with defective education. The boor would behave better if he only knew how. And these recurring displays of international ill breeding simply show that millions of people have not emerged from that sunk condition of ignorance when every tribe thought that the men over the river or across the mountain range were natural and inveterate enemies, always lying in wait to burn and kill. To that kind of barbarism, trade jealousies and the mad competition in armaments seem to be carrying the world back with a temporary lurch. But it will be only temporary. The means of spreading knowledge are too varied and invincible to permit the darkness to settle long upon us. There is no way of laying a protective tariff on ideas. Free trade in them will go on, and will in the end scatter the anarchs and Old Night.

In all this matter, we have to discriminate between the international bad manners of public men and of private citizens. If the former are more dangerous, the latter may be more netting. Peace may be imperilled by the statesman, but by the traveller complacency is upset. The amount of ill-will created by English writers about

the United States is proverbial. But that, too, is passing away. We are not so thin-skinned to foreign critics as we used to be. If they can teach us anything, so much the better; if we can catch them ludicrously tripping, that heightens our joy. The composure with which Ferrero's criticisms have been received, as compared with those of Mrs. Trollope and of Dickens, speaks much for our gain in good nature and in philosophic calm. To take in good part even the sharpest pen-thrusts of a foreigner, is getting to be a world-trait, a form of international good breeding. An American, Price Collier, has, for example, published recently a book on the English. It is filled with briery comment, but the English reviewers seem to write of it good-humoredly. Thus the *Westminster Gazette* quotes what the author says about the English diet:

Meat, meat, meat, and no alleviation. The vegetables are few, and even they, as Heine phrased it, "are boiled in water, and then put upon the table just as God made them." . . . The eternal round of eggs, bacon, sole, beef, mutton, ham, tongue, and chicken, with potatoes, and cabbage, and cheese, is the familiar diet of the Englishman. Nor does he complain. He wants nothing else.

But it immediately adds:

Of course, he does not!—especially when, together with his eternal round of eggs, etc., the gods occasionally send him, among his mental food, such books as Mr. Collier's. Then he complains less than ever, but rejoices exceedingly, and reads the book from beginning to end.

That is both good sense and good manners. If all international pin-pricks could be dealt with in like fashion, the peace of the world would be more secure.

#### MAKING SCHOLARSHIP RESPECTABLE.

President Lowell's address at Columbia University last week carries with it the interest that always attaches to the first pronouncement of policy under a new reign. What will the young King do? Will he follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, request his Cabinet to retain their portfolios, and declare his firm adhesion to the treaties and alliances entered into by the late monarch? Or will he dissolve Parliament, clap the Minister of Finance into jail under charges of defalcation, hang the chief groom of the bed-chamber, and announce his intention to make a radical change in his country's foreign relations? The latter course has been followed, but only

by hot-headed young princes. The wise ruler, upon assuming the crown, will come out for no such open break with the past, however strong his determination to govern in accordance with his own ideas. He will promulgate his complete agreement with the policies of his predecessor, but will let it be known that no rough riders, heroes of the hunting-field, and famous halfbacks need apply. He will declare for the strict enforcement of the law, but will draw the line at brass bands. He will assume responsibility for the success or failure of his reign, but will refrain from calling up his ministers on the telephone at 2 A. M. And in the end he may have built up a fairly satisfactory policy of his own out of his slight exceptions to the policies of the preceding reign.

Some such procedure is forecasted in President Lowell's Phi Beta Kappa address. The development of the elective system is the policy with which Dr. Eliot's name is commonly connected. Of the elective system, Harvard's new president has drawn up a sharp arraignment. It is true that he approaches the subject from a single side, from the point of view of one who believes that it is a powerful function of the university to foster expert scholarship. Our graduate schools are not a success, if we compare the progress of scholarship in our country either with our advance in material welfare, or specifically with the excellent work done by our professional schools. And the trouble is not that our graduate schools are deficient in the machinery of specialized training, but that they are compelled to work with unpromising material. "The graduate school," he says, "can train scholars, it cannot create love of scholarship." Such love of scholarship should be imbibed and cherished in the college, but is not; and the fault lies in the lack of the stimulus of competition. In the preparatory school we have the stimulus of discipline, of a prescribed programme. In the professional school there is the powerful stimulus of fitting one's self for earning one's livelihood. But in the college, under the elective system, there is compulsion neither from without nor from within. There is none from within, because the elective system, in breaking up the uniformity of undergraduate training, has done away with the stimulus of rivalry