

never come down; that all those solemn pledges of benevolent intentions on our part, given by McKinley and others, will be forgotten, save by a handful of New England cranks, with their mouthings about national honor and duty. Unfortunately for Mr. Forbes's ambitions—we would not, of course, for an instant suggest that his motive is other than a sincere, though in our eyes mistaken, desire to aid the Filipinos—the organic law of the Philippines, a noble and enduring monument to the late Senator Hoar, is a fatal obstacle to the plans of capitalistic exploiters, in that it forbids the selling of more than forty acres of land to an individual and of more than 2,500 acres of land to a corporation. And this was made the organic law for the *express purpose* of preventing that very capitalistic exploitation of the islands now desired. It has prevented such exploitation, because 2,500 acres is too small a holding of land to make possible sugar planting on a sufficiently large scale to attract a syndicate or Trust.

As the National Progresista Party of the Philippines recently declared in convention assembled, the majority of the Americans in the islands, besides wishing these land restrictions removed, maintain that a declaration of perpetual American sovereignty is also essential as an inducement to that foreign capital which the Filipinos themselves have no desire to see entering the islands. Why should they? To exchange their present situation with all its limitations for a tense industrial system with overbearing foreigners—and Americans are the most hated foreigners in the Philippines—driving them to their tasks, is a thing that in no wise appeals to them. They, in their blindness, do not long for greater comforts of life and for higher standards of living at the cost of lives spent at arduous factory or plantation labor. They make a livelihood, bare at times, and why must they do otherwise at the behest of outsiders? To this has come a sharp reply from the United States Government headed by William H. Taft, the man whom, of all the Americans sent to them, the Filipinos loved best, because of his freedom from race-prejudice and his insistence upon the doctrine of "the Philippines for the Filipinos."

This reply is the sale in one lump of 55,000 acres of Friar lands to one pur-

chaser. Unable to upset the organic law, the Administration has seized upon the opportunity afforded by the acquirement of Friar lands to declare, through an opinion of Attorney-General Wickersham, that the Friar lands are outside of the organic law. Indeed, the Insular Bureau asserts that "it has never been the understanding of the Philippine Government that the Friar lands were public lands in the sense in which the sale and lease of public lands was legislated," and avers that it would have had to dispossess tenants of long standing, if it did not permit them to purchase the lands they have rented. Mr. Wickersham as a lawyer of eminence would, of course, be indignant at any suggestion that he would write opinions to please the Government. It is surprising how many times the law happens to fit an Administration's desires! In this case, his opinion has been strongly assailed by able lawyers like Moorfield Storey of Boston. And it is a striking fact that the Senate Committee on Philippine Affairs has approved a repeal of the organic law. "Come in," the Administration can say to the Trusts, if this bill passes, "and help yourselves to the Philippines. We pound you at home, but will make it up to you in the Philippines"; and, of course, approval of the act will salve the consciences of those who, to our mind, have been acting under an interpretation of the law which, good or bad, is heartless, a betrayal of confidence, and essentially a violation of national faith.

There lies the meat of the matter. Whether the Sugar Trust is or is not the purchaser, whether the Henry W. Taft law firm is or is not involved, the sale of the 55,000 acres is indefensible morally, a shocking violation of trust, incredible from Mr. Taft's Administration, in view of his attitude when Governor-General. Of the repeal of the organic law, which Mr. Lodge is now moving for, we can only say that if it comes to pass, it will reveal anew how firmly the Republican party is in the grasp of the corporate interests. As for the Filipinos, the repeal of the organic law and the sale of the Friar lands would be enough to implant the seeds of revolution in the hearts of all who learn of it. It would mean a new motto: "The Philippines for the land-grabber, the exploiter, the Trust, the conscienceless corporation."

#### CULTURE AND DEMOCRACY.

The letter from President Woodrow Wilson which appears elsewhere in this issue it gives us particular pleasure to print. We hasten to add, however, that we were not in need of the assurance with which it closes. "I beg you will not believe," says Mr. Wilson, "that because I seem incapable of stating more than one side of a question in any one speech, I do not know and appreciate the other side." It is not the state of President Wilson's own mind that has caused us to criticise one or two of his utterances. On the contrary, it is because he is the very kind of man who inherently stands for the value and dignity of learning and culture that we regretted to see him, whether consciously or not, adding force to a current that sets strongly against them. There has been in recent years a remarkable spread of the idea that the only result worth caring for in the work of our colleges is what can be measured by definite external achievement; an idea which, though it may be but the exaggeration of a sound and laudable sentiment, is nevertheless doing serious mischief. Were it to become dominant it would sap the vitality of our colleges in the performance of what has been, and ought to continue to be, one of their chief functions. There is room in the world, and there is need in the world, for men of quiet tastes and of keen intellectual interests; men who modestly and faithfully fulfil their duties as citizens, neighbors, friends, but who are not by nature gifted with either the powers or the inclinations necessary for leaders in the world of business enterprise or of political struggle. Nor can we easily imagine a more serious loss to the life of a nation than would come from depriving such men of a recognized and respectable place in it.

The view against which we are protesting has been prompted, above all, by the great preacher of strenuosity. Mr. Roosevelt has omitted no opportunity to impress upon the young men of the country the doctrine that any life not chiefly concerned with "doing things" is a life to be looked upon with contempt. Properly understood, we should probably all agree with the ex-President. But there is no mistaking the sense in which he has meant to be understood and in which he has been

understood. The "mollycoddles," whom he never tires of belaboring, are not creatures of the imagination. When he holds them up to public scorn, he means something definite. It is not a harmless recluse here and there that he has in mind; these extremely rare birds of our American human fauna would certainly not be worth the great hunter's powder and shot. He means, and he has been understood to mean, a somewhat considerable class in our American citizenship; a class which, we are free to admit, could be dispensed with at less sacrifice of the primary requisites of the national life than could the more strenuous type of which Mr. Roosevelt himself is the extreme specimen. But we contend that our country is not so poor, not so hard-driven by fate, that it must confine its desires or its expectations to the fulfilment of the primary requirements of national life. Nor have we ever been able to see that the multiplication of men devoted to intellectual interests has been going on at so dangerous a rate as to constitute an imminent peril to the nation.

Of a type as nearly opposite to that of Col. Roosevelt as can well be imagined, President Eliot has nevertheless given a curious illustration of the influence of the prevailing current. At least, no other explanation seems so plausible of his extraordinary doctrine of the five-foot shelf. It is scarcely possible that Dr. Eliot should have seriously believed that everybody could become a liberally educated man by a half hour's reading every day of a list of books prescribed once for all. But he could not even have fallen into the momentary error of making such an assertion had there not taken place in his mind some sort of undermining of the position of a liberal education. That nothing is of very much consequence which is not accessible to everybody; that the peculiar, the remote, the thing that calls for special exertions and special tastes and special spiritual endowment, is a thing scarcely worth considering among the important acquisitions of life—this is the sort of view which, alien as it must seem to the whole of Dr. Eliot's life and character, must yet have been at the bottom of the five-foot shelf escapade. And it is of a piece with the Rooseveltian levelling strenuosity; of a piece with the new cult which would make democracy and self-

contained individuality mutually exclusive terms.

The great danger that threatens this Republic, we are all agreed, comes from the concentration of interest upon the accumulation of wealth, from the love of luxury, ostentation, and plutocratic power. That has been the prolific source of corruption in politics and business; that has been the prolific breeder of discontent, of class antagonism, of socialistic and anarchistic agitation. The dangers thus arising must be fought by a sturdy citizenship arrayed against it under the inspiration of strong and aggressive leaders. But it is idle to attempt to recruit every man into active service in this war; it is still more idle to exhort every man to fit himself for the post of a captain or a general in it. We hold no man exempt from the faithful performance of the ordinary duty which, by common consent, falls upon all the citizens of a republic: the duty of forming a conscientious and intelligent judgment, and fearlessly acting in accordance with that judgment. Those who do more shall be duly appreciated; those who do most shall be held in the highest honor. For the great majority, however, there is no question of a life of notable and strenuous service for the community. The question for them is, what they are going to make out of life in the pursuit of one or another of the ordinary vocations of mankind. And of all the ways of meeting this question, there is none that can be more useful, in this very struggle against the dangers of materialism and plutocracy in which Mr. Wilson is so brave a leader, than that which contributes to holding up before the eyes of all men some other goal than the possession of power or the boast of pecuniary success.

#### TWO FRONTIERSMEN.

It is an odd reflection that the future literary historian who seeks the greatest American writer of the end of the nineteenth century will pretty surely have to choose between Mark Twain and Henry James. None of their contemporaries, we feel, has so fully realized his native gift. Mark Twain and Henry James have apparently gone as far as it is possible to go in diametrically opposite directions. Yet there is a point at which their talents meet. Both are essentially frontiersmen. Mark

Twain is the chronicler *par excellence* of the palpable frontier of robust America; Henry James is the scrupulous analyst of that spiritual frontier which unrobust and nostalgic America established in the old country. Each has brought to his chosen material a singular expertness and fidelity. If Mark Twain has stretched his muscles and spent his sympathy from the Mississippi to the Sierras, Henry James has no less lived strenuously through the more sombre spiritual adventure of the American in Europe.

Sooner or later, sociologists will take account of a significant reciprocal movement. Just as America has attracted the alert, muscular, and hopeful hordes of Europe who seek material prosperity, so Europe has obsessed the gentler, more discursive, and brooding imaginations of a certain type of Americans. It is easy to dismiss them, once for all, as bad Americans. A careful reading of Henry James's novels would prompt a more pitying judgment. Through their lack of simplicity and of constructive energy these people are aliens in their own land. They long for certain fruits of leisure and joys of reflection that it supplies in rather short measure. They are oppressed by the sense of a relentless activity the value of which they are forced to question. Whether they go to Europe or stay, they are in a manner outlanders, and where they settle in numbers there is a spiritual frontier.

It is needless to say that Henry James is their prophet. That he is their advocate, it would be hazardous to assert. With them he shares the habit of suspending judgment in favor of simple observation. Their minds and his are possibly never made up. A kindred destiny forces them to seek a lodging-place amid the graceful forms and complicated allurements of relatively finished civilizations.

Now, the characteristic of Mark Twain's people is that their minds are made up on all main issues. They laugh at themselves and their neighbors, but they never ask the paralyzing question *cui bono*? For them anything and everything is worth while. Their extreme exemplar is the Yankee at King Arthur's Court. It never occurs to them to see the other side. Why is "Innocents Abroad" an infinitely diverting book? Partly, we think, because the innocents are so supremely unconscious of the fact