

## Chautauqua as Usual

APPEARANCES to the contrary notwithstanding, the Chautauqua Institution—to give it the name which no one ever uses—is not only doing business at the old stand, but is doing the usual kind of business. It has not resolved itself into a debating society upon burning questions. All that has happened is that, as proof of its patriotism, it has given way for a week to the “oratorical Plattsburgh.” From Monday morning of last week at nine o’clock until the following Saturday evening, men and women expounded the mysteries of nations and of spellbinding. Mr. Wickersham’s Independence Day address had hardly ceased to wake the echoes when the audience was invited to listen to a discourse upon “Neglected Aspects of Public Speaking.” Doubtless no relation between the two numbers was in the minds of those who framed the programme, but the remark is often heard at Chautauqua, “How well things fit together here!” This oratorical week may have been a little more stirring, a little more in the newspapers, than other weeks, but mark the cunning of the Chautauqua managers. They opened their summer assembly, the forty-fourth, with a week of regular exercises—addresses on subjects like “The Man by the Side of the Road” and “Reading as an Asset and as a Liability”; a reading hour, devoted to “Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children and How to Tell Them,” and, of course, motion pictures. After thus establishing the proper atmosphere, they allowed the oratorical Plattsburghers to come on—for just one week, to be followed immediately by an “Arts and Letters” week, a “Business Efficiency” week, a music week, “The Church with a Message” week, and so on.

These precautions will have the approval of all persons who wish to see something saved from the destructive touch of war. Not that Chautauqua does not condescend to a passing nod to Mars. She even does him the honor of setting aside a week in recognition of his place in the sun. But with characteristic horror of becoming so absorbed in one thing as to impede ready shifting of attention to something else, she intersperses her lectures upon “Historical Backgrounds of the Great War” with readings upon “Famous Actresses and Their Plays,” concerts, organ recitals, and “Woman’s Federation Day.” Nor does she place this week at the end, as would a less experienced maker of programmes, but in the middle. If the war comes to Chautauqua, it must come like any other phenomenon, to wait in line until its turn arrives to enter the amphitheatre and show what it can do to make the spectators glad they put forth the exertion to “take it in.”

It is this blending of old and new that proves Chautauqua still herself. Her secret ambition has always been to cover everything in the heavens above and in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth, in six weeks. This unhappily being difficult, she has resorted to the device of giving samples of everything. As a consequence, she is wedded to variety, how irrevocably is shown every time she tries to specialize. Here is the programme for August 8 of this year, “Denominational Day”:

10:00—Devotional Hour: “Ezra, the Organizer of a New Epoch,” Dean Shailer Mathews.

11:00—“The Spanish-American Woman,” Madame Baralt.

2:30—Concert: “The Piper of Hamelin,” by A. Cyril Graham, Chautauqua Orchestra and Junior Choir.

4:00—Denominational rallies.

5:00—“The Library in Home and School,” Superintendent F. D. Boynton, Public Schools of Ithaca, N. Y.

8:00—Lecture on the Gyroscope, Prof. B. L. Newkirk, University of Minnesota.

A “Denominational Day” which begins with Ezra and winds up with the gyroscope, and which devotes exactly one of its six hours to denominations, may strike some logical-minded persons as a bit strange, but it isn’t. It’s just Chautauqua.

But Chautauqua stands for a more precious thing than variety. The stranger who is daunted by the prospect of being entertained steadily from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M., except only for intermissions for lunch and dinner, has still to understand the Chautauqua spirit. The programme is made long for the purpose of discouraging any one from attempting to swallow all of it. If the forenoon were filled and the afternoon left empty, any one would conclude that he was expected to spend all his forenoons profitably. But with almost every hour of the entire day offering something, it is manifestly impossible for the most ambitious visitor to go to everything. This arrangement subtly but powerfully stimulates the habit of selecting and rejecting, a habit not too common among Americans who find themselves in the vicinity of an Old World art gallery or a New World sight-seeing car. Deliberately to leave out a link in an itinerary is too great an undertaking for the unaided tourist, who is thus condemned to seeing life unsteadily because he must see all of it. If Chautauqua persists in this rare but highly commendable course, the day may come when Americans will hesitate to say that they have visited Lexington and Concord when they have only the guide’s word for it as they were whirled past in a cloud of dust.

## Americans Fly in France

THE President of the Inter-Allies Aviation Service in France, M. Flandin, invited a dozen American correspondents resident in Paris to visit with him the Army Aviation School at the Camp of Avord near Bourges. Of the 600 men who are constantly in preparation there for active service at the front, there are already seventy Americans and more are coming each week, while many more are expected. The air is likely to be one of the most active fields of American enterprise in France, now that the United States has become one of the thirteen Powers actually waging war on Germany. The time is past when a hazy German philosopher lamented that Frenchmen commanded the land and Englishmen the sea, leaving only the air to his countrymen. The philosophers are lamenting more now.

The distance from Paris to Avord is more than 150 miles. This we were to cover from nine o’clock in the morning of one of the hottest Sundays of this hot summer to some hour of the afternoon, in comfortable and powerful motor cars put at our disposition by the military authorities. In my own case, what with a late start and three tires bursting from heat on these interminable stretches of shining roads across country, we arrived at the Camp only at half-past six of the evening. There were still two good hours in which to be taken over the immense aviation grounds before sunset—for the Sunlight Saving act begins our day in France one hour earlier than the sun.

Ten years ago I visited this Camp of Avord, which has

always been one of the largest French instruction camps. There was no aviation then. There are still 3,500 men belonging to other arms, and I was touched to see memories of present war in the new names they have given to ramifications of the camp—Place de l'Yser, Place des Dardanelles, and so on.

Our visit was not for these memories which are already historical and past, but to see what is open for the future to our American lads. They are expected to be like Sandalphon, the angel of glory—in the limitless realms of the air. By the time this is printed, enough will have been said in America of the need and the use, the moral comfort and physical certitudes bound up with the aircraft of this war. Whether the advantage of countless aeroplanes in the offensive which shall terminate the war, and whether numberless Americans shall be the observers and bombardiers as well as the pilots of such aeroplanes, time will have to tell. The fact that the American correspondents of Paris were taken to visit the greatest French school of military aviation—perhaps the greatest school of the kind in the world—is a sign of the hopes which are placed in Americans.

This school of Avord is one of many in France, and its graduates go on to other more special schools for certain technical war work. From raw beginner to safe pilot at the front, three months and a half is the curriculum. There is no manufacture, but repairing of every kind, tooling and regulating and overhauling—whatever the airmen flying at the fighting front may ever need to know and do. Of the average number of 600 under preparation, 300 pilots, finished and complete, are graduated each month. Such figures—and the figures of the French air-service, in which they merge—have to be taken into account when we speak of preparedness and war.

Americans who have come here so far had first to enlist in the Foreign Legion, that they might have a local habitation and a name in the French army. They have formed a "Lafayette squadrilla" which ought to be a squadron by this time. They have their "aces"—their wounded and their dead.

In the cool of the night, I was able to circulate and talk among the Americans now under training at Avord. Any illusion I might have had that words of mine would be needed or effective to confirm and comfort was soon brushed away amid all this young, virile, undoubting, confident life. It is I who am comforted.

Our visit came in the days immediately following the arrival of Gen. Pershing and his staff in France. News of other arrivals came daily. On the coast one hundred hydroplane pilots had been landed to strengthen the sea-front patrol against submarines. An entire British base hospital had been taken over by American doctors, nurses, and auxiliaries four hundred strong. French ports whose names it was not allowed to mention had been given over for American naval bases, and land bases had been chosen. What any one could see for himself in Paris was the opening of headquarters and offices for a United States army in France. At the rate things were happening, it was as good as landed. All this, very naturally, had been stimulating young and easily reactive cerebral cells—and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

Quite as naturally, the currents of patriotic sentiment and sympathy were flowing somewhat criss-cross. All these young Americans had come to fight for France—and with

France. Then their Lafayette squadrilla, in whose name they were preparing to fly and fight, is their pride and the object of their hopes and affections. And, as is also natural to young minds—for whom, as for ancient Pistol, the world's their oyster, and with their plane they'll open it—many were wondering if all the time and training they have had in France would not count for American army rank. And this, too, time will tell—justly and gently.

At the very late dinner, Capt. Max Boucher, commandant of the school, seated me, as the oldest of the American correspondents, beside Madame la Générale de Chavannes, whose husband is in command of the region. To my astonishment, I learned that this gracious lady had served for a year and more with American nurses in the Red Cross hospital at Pau. She asked of them by name—and now the American Red Cross under Government organization is all but invading France. No, there is no danger we shall be forgot when war is over and done.

At table, Lieut.-Col. Girod, who is general inspector of all these military aviation schools, and Capt. Gallet, "chef de Pilotage," were kind enough to tell us about their different kinds of war aeroplanes, their complete shops, and their organization of training. I was glad to hear these competent instructors explode the rather elementary legend that, while American aeroplanes are thoroughly made in wood and iron, the motors which keep them alive are not up to war mark in precision and for fighting necessities. "We have had ourselves to learn—during war—the imperative demands which war makes on such motors. Americans are learning, too."

At midnight, we started back to Paris in our motors. For three hours I could follow our direction by the North Star—and then the day began coming slowly. At eight o'clock we were in the great city, with men and women going forth to their work in the morning even unto the evening. And a Zeppelin had been brought down in England.

STODDARD DEWEY

Paris, June 20

## The Russian Duma

IN the manifesto of October 17, 1905, the Czar promised Russia a constitution which would give the nation a popular representation in the Government. But the fundamental laws promulgated by the Czar on April 23, 1906, greatly limited the rights of popular representation. In these laws were woven the most harmful elements of the worst form of constitution on earth—the Prussian. No measure was overlooked to make of the Duma an inefficient and uninfluential body; but in spite of all this, the effect of the mere existence of a popular representative body was so great that the Duma became a factor of vast importance in Russian life.

The "Fathers of the American Constitution" realized that, with the ever-increasing strength of legislative bodies, the representatives of the people would be vested with more and more power. The authors of "The Federalist," Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay, declared that the Legislature should be a literal whirlpool into which the other forces of Government are drawn. That is why a system of checks and balances was devised for the Constitution. Similarly, in spite of all the obstacles in the fundamental laws, the tendency towards increased