

# The New Order at Juniper Hill

By WALTER A. DYER

JOEL CUTLER scratched his head, replaced his old felt hat, took a few extra puffs on his pipe, removed it from between his thin lips, and squinted shrewdly up at the gilded ox that serves as a weather-vane on my barn.

"Wal," said he, "I don't pretend to know much about such things, but it sounds to me 's if there was a good bit o' humbug in it."

I was disappointed. I had hoped for better things from Joel. What I needed at that moment was a spiritual and intellectual prop, not a broad sweep of the sponge.

I had just returned from New York, and my mind was still unsteady from the effects of a variety of stimuli and impacts. The lobes of my brain which house my logic, my apperceptive mass, my convictions, my ideals, and my will to do had been attacked in turn by a red radical of Greenwich Village whose traditions and lineage were Russo-Semitic; by a Republican who was also a bank treasurer, a Presbyterian, a patriot, and a good husband and father; a professor of economics with liberal ideas—in a purely academic sense; and a learned editor who had graduated with honors at Harvard and had never discovered any reason for regretting it.

I am peculiarly unfortunate in my reactions to such things. I consider myself something of a socialist—until I talk with a real red Bolshevik. My New England ancestry crops out in the form of a steadying conservatism—until I meet a genuine reactionary. I suspect myself of a certain background of religious belief—until I listen to a sermon in church. I am an insurgent in the arts—until I read *vers libre*.

My brain, I say, still oscillated from the effects of the hustling and jostling I had received, and I looked to Joel Cutler for something clarifying, judicial, conclusive. In most respects he is about the wisest man I know. His philosophy of life is not exacting, and it seems to work. But Joel failed me. I sought for uncontaminated common sense, after my kaleidoscopic vision of theories and programmes and scientific solutions, and I found only scorn. I asked for an argument, an illuminating epigram, and he handed me an evasion.

I presume I made the mistake of a too rapid presentation of the data. I smothered him, perhaps, under a barrage fire of ideas on the industrial crisis, social democracy, economic readjustment, internationalism, conciliation, the single tax, and the ideal republic, so that his only recourse was to dig himself in and draw the word "humbug" over his head. I resolved to be more patient.

"Look here, Joel," said I, "it's all very well for you to cry 'humbug,' but there are a lot of people who are thinking very earnestly about these things, and we may wake up some day to find that their thoughts have been translated into action. Leaving out of consideration for the moment Russia and Germany and Armenia and other foreign parts, what do you make of the fact that there are several million socialists in this country, some of whom honestly believe that the time has come when the capitalists must be toppled off their pedestals by force and the people given a chance to make their own laws regarding the holding of property and payment for labor?"

"Let 'em fight it out among themselves," said Joel, a little bored.

"Meanwhile," I persisted, "the workingman is demanding more wages and the investors bigger dividends. That's why we have to pay so much more for everything. You can't get away from it, Joel, even up here in Lisburn. The thing touches us, and will touch us more if the revolution gets started. The question is, shall we do what we can to help bring about the new order, so that every man shall start at scratch and be given a square deal, or shall we try to block it for fear the radicals will prove to be the worst tyrants of all?"

"I should think it was up to the Gover'nment," said he. "What did we send Charlie Nicholl to Congress for, I'd like to know?"

"Joel," said I, "you're not helpful. I'm worse mixed up than I was before."

I used to be rather proud of my judicial temperament, of my ability to see both sides of a question, but I regret to say that it hasn't got me anywhere. It hasn't even made me happy, and if happiness isn't one of the ultimate human aims, I declare I don't know what is. I sometimes think I could be happy if I were only cocksure. Everybody appears to be cocksure but me. The folks I met in New York were all cocksure. The socialist was cocksure, the professor was cocksure, the bank treasurer was cocksure (so was his wife, by the way), the editor was very cocksure. And now I perceived that Joel was cocksure. With a sigh I turned away to feed the chickens, who were giving unmistakable evidence of their cocksure conviction that the one overwhelming need of the hour was scratch feed and dry mash.

To revert to my stay in the city. The socialist I met in a restaurant. His name was Torski, or Toyorsky, or something like that. He was tall and dark, with eyes that glowed feverishly, and he talked so earnestly that he did not notice when his coatsleeve dipped into his soup. He talked of free speech and free press and free everything, and I think he was the most intolerant man I have ever met. He proved to me that there wasn't a free and fair newspaper in the United States, not one that had dared or been able to publish the truth about Russia, not one that was not under the domination of capitalist influence. I say he really proved this, and I was genuinely disturbed. As for him, he read nothing but *The Call* and *The Liberator*.

"But don't they give you a one-sided view of things?" I asked.

"They are right," he said with finality.

"Undoubtedly," I rejoined, "they hold a torch, but it is used more often to inflame than to illuminate." I thought that rather clever, but it only served to enrage my companion.

"The torch must be used to inflame before it can illuminate," he asserted, and went on to show me that no middle ground could be tolerated, that only the revolution could start things off on the right tack. The other methods had all failed, he said.

"Look here," I rejoined, "let's get at the bottom of this thing. We must admit that the working people are the

victims of an unjust social condition. Will they be happier under the new régime?"

"Of course," he cried. "All they need is to have their class consciousness aroused."

"Is class consciousness desirable?"

"Of course."

"Among the aristocracy, also?"

He only snorted. He seemed to suspect that I was trifling with sacred matters.

"Well, then," I continued, "let us admit that they will be happier, and that happiness is a primary aim. Is that any reason why I should be a socialist? I have gone to live on a Massachusetts farm in order to be happy, and thus far I like it. Do you want to force me to give that up for the sake of an experiment in happiness that doesn't appeal to me personally?"

"You have no social vision," said he, and left me.

My bank treasurer is, as I say, a Republican who believes that all righteousness was confined to one side during the Civil War, who dates all his political beliefs from that period, to whom the efficacy of high protective tariff is an axiom, who holds that Grover Cleveland was a scourge sent to chastise a nation which showed an inclination to follow after strange gods, and who, even if these things were not so, would still experience a warm sense of righteousness in voting the straight Republican ticket. If he had lived in 1776 I think he would have been a tory. His political, social, and economic god, in whom he feels a sublime confidence, is the *status quo*. Otherwise he is a very likable man, with a discriminating taste in cigars.

His conversation was rather commonplace and quite polite. I was able to listen without excessive irritation to his exposition of the quaint old formula of the tariff as a producer of prosperity—for the manufacturer first and, through his generosity, for the workingman. He held it to be self-evident that the average citizen was better off to have his laws made for him by men of proved ability. And I remember speaking of the effect of the war on wages, past, present, and future.

"All that," said I, "refers to the miners, factory workers, and other classes of labor. How about clerks? How was it in your bank, for instance?"

"Oh," said he, with a beneficent smile, "our men have all been taken good care of."

Taken care of! Paternalism incarnate! In a flash I was an ardent socialist again.

"What do you think of socialism?" I asked.

"It's a menace to society and to the stability of our American institutions."

"But suppose the socialists are right. Isn't truth more important than institutions?"

"But they are wrong. Of course, I don't pretend to know anything about socialism, but I have no patience with trouble makers."

"Perhaps you ought to know something about it. Perhaps you will be obliged to, one of these days. It can hardly be denied that there is at present an unfair distribution of wealth, due to the protection that is furnished to capital. The workingman feels that he is not sharing sufficiently in the product of his labor. You may not agree with him, but he is raising the question most insistently, and the time is coming when he is going to attempt to control all our affairs. It is foolish to order the tide to roll back. The time may come before we die when great economic changes

will be forced upon us, when great inheritances and great accumulations of private capital will be made impossible, when there will be no more stock-brokers, neither promoters. There is an element of justice in all this which, it seems to me, no honest, intelligent man can afford to ignore."

The bank treasurer favored me with a look of suspicion. "The Government ought to prohibit the publication of that sort of stuff," said he.

My professor's cocksureness was, I think, the most solid of all, for he had worked out his theories broadmindedly on a scientific basis. He professed a great catholicism of taste. He read authors and publications representing all shades of opinion, and was proud of the fact, I believe, that no one of them caused any more alteration in his views than another. He believed in the education of the masses—strictly in accordance with his own pedagogical formula. He said he believed in the social revolution, though I doubt whether he would have revolted against anything himself. He had worked out a beautiful scheme for an ideal republic and he had an interesting theory regarding the eight-hour day.

"How can the masses ever hope to rise above the economic pressure if they are working all the time?" he demanded. "We must give them more hours to develop in."

"Have you any reason for believing that they would not spend their leisure time at the movie theatre?" I inquired.

"We can make the motion picture an educational instrument."

"Then where would they go?" I persisted, but I think he failed to follow me.

I obtained even less comfort from the editor, who announced himself as a *laissez-faire* economist, whatever that may be, and who showed me clearly that he pinned his faith to the intellectual aristocracy, to which he unquestionably belonged. He did most of the talking. He believes, I think, that statesmen will be raised up to guide us in the future as they have in the past, and meanwhile he warns us to take no European vipers into our bosoms. I don't think I got hold of his philosophy very completely, but I got some very catchy phrases from him which I hope to use sometime.

All the other people I talked with knew little about the coming order and cared less. They appeared to classify all questioners as unsafe. I left New York with a confused sense of mighty changes impending which most men refused to take seriously. The war had been upsetting enough; now let's settle down to a period of industrious peace; that seemed to be the general attitude. And yet I was nervously aware of powerful forces bubbling up from beneath, forces which, so far as I could bring my chaotic mind to judge of them, were backed by fundamental right and justice, however ignorant and wrong their methods might be. What should I, a citizen and voter in Lisburn, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do about these things?

I think Juniper Hill never looked so good to me as it did on that sodden day in March when I mounted the rise that brought into view my young Baldwin orchard, with the big gray barn and the little white house beyond, still sleeping beneath its lofty elm.

"Here," said I, "is peace. Soon I shall be making a garden and fussing over a sick heifer and cursing the man who promised to fill my woodshed during the winter and didn't. I shall forget all about these questions of social democracy. Seen from a distance, in their proper perspec-



tive, they will resolve themselves into the childish effervescence of minds made feverish by many noises and too much human contact. This getting out into the world to guard against stagnation, this rubbing elbows with your fellow men, this seeking for intellectual stimuli, this so-called touching life on many facets is all right in theory, but in practice it produces mental indigestion. I'm glad I'm back."

But I had rubbed the lamp and summoned a spirit that I had not the magic to put back in its place. My daily paper kept me in touch with the affairs of men whether I would or not, and I was still oppressed with doubts and questionings. If I had only been born cocksure!

Finally I sent for Dr. Radnor. It wasn't my fear of the influenza, though I had caught a slight cold. I simply wanted the doctor. I told him the buds were beginning to show on the maples and that the skunk cabbage was poking up its vulgar, aggressive head in the swamp. Didn't he need a walk? He might bring along his pipe if he didn't like my cigars.

Dr. Radnor came, and together we climbed up over Juniper Hill and penetrated the spongy woods, already fragrant with the elusive breath of coming spring. Here and there patches of snow still lingered in sheltered spots like scraps of fine old Puritan tradition in the midst of a warring world, and the Doctor liked it all.

I have always found him soothing. Perhaps it is his experience as a physician of the body and as an allayer of physical apprehensions that has given him power to exert more than once a healing influence on my mind. I gave him a minute inventory of my symptoms and asked for a diagnosis and the remedy.

"This is a day," said he, "when many infections are prevalent which were unknown a generation ago. I perceive that you are suffering from a malady which probably never troubled your grandfather. You have congestion of the social conscience, aggravated by an overdevelopment of the judicial temperament."

"And the cure?"

"Let me first give you a little therapeutic theory of my own," he replied, "and then I may venture to prescribe. Allow me to state that I am a bit of a socialist myself, though I doubt if most socialists would recognize me for one. I am in sympathy with the under dog, not so much because he happens to be under as because I love all dogs. I would not choke the upper dog until I had used all other methods of making him get off. I feel no wrath against him. He doesn't know any better; he must be taught. And I have no patience with the under dog's evident yearning to get on top and bite.

"I believe in the education of the masses, including those lofty ones who have never recognized the fact that they also belong to the masses in the eyes of God. Such education is necessary for the anarchist who puts his faith in bombs no more than for the smug American who believes in the pernicious doctrine of the divine right of the successful business man to rule.

"I believe in removing all artificial props and privileges for all classes. I am coming to believe in the scientific taxation of excess profits, big incomes, and bulky inheritances. I do not believe in confiscation, but I do believe in making it difficult for any man who does not labor to get more than ten per cent. on his investments. The amassing of great fortunes should be made practically impossible, while the chance for reasonable economic progress should

be denied no man. The unearned increment should be abolished, while a reasonable earned increment should be made secure.

"I believe in greater political equality—woman suffrage and proportional representation of all shades of opinion. The rule of the minority, masking under the rule of the majority, is a political falsehood that the new order cannot tolerate.

"I believe in industrial coöperation, not the alliance of exploitation.

"But I am a Fabian rather than a Marxian socialist. I believe these things can all be brought about through an encouraged evolution rather than a revolution. I still have faith in democracy. I still have faith in the New Freedom. Give them a chance. The best medicines do not always work the most rapidly. I believe in a democracy wrought on broad lines by the labor of many hands, not in a democracy evolved by a single class for its own betterment and based on an inelastic formula.

"I want no revolution, and I base my belief that there will be no revolution on my faith in the inherent common sense of the Anglo-Saxon race, which still has something to say in these matters. Since the time of the Magna Charta, the Anglo-Saxon peoples have accomplished more toward the obtaining of personal and political freedom than any other race in the world, and with less bloodshed. Ours is not a history of class revolution.

"Now about you and me. What can we do? What ought we to do? I have a notion that we won't accomplish any more by joining a group than by raising lone voices in the wilderness. There is rather too much grouping going on, anyway. For my own part, I am inclined to talk less of theories, and practice more personal democracy. For democracy is, after all, not a political institution, but an attitude of the human soul. Make a comrade of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and the plow-boy within your gates. Let us spread the doctrine of personal equality and fraternity; that, as I see it, is about all you and I can hope to do in our neck of the woods. Let us spread the doctrine of personal democracy, and in so far as we are able to get it across, just so much better will the world be made, and just so much clearer will men be able to think.

"And now for your prescription. It is a very old one—older than pennyroyal and nux vomica—but I think, taken thrice daily for a period of years, it will help your particular case. It reads, 'Fear God and love thy neighbor as thyself. Mix well before using.' And if you wish to know who your neighbor is, I have an old medical book at home, not much used by these modern sociological doctors, that will tell you."

### Contributors to this Issue

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## The Plot Against Mexico—II

By L. J. de BEKKER

RECENT efforts of *The Sun* (New York) and other dailies to whitewash Francisco Villa and his lieutenant, "General" Angeles, who, it is now pretended, is "Provisional President of Mexico," while Villa is merely his Secretary of War, shift the limelight for the moment to the State of Chihuahua and the international boundary. *The Sun* absolves Villa of the Columbus massacre on the ground that he was not in immediate command of his men at the time. No doubt the American people and the British Government have been equally misinformed regarding the murder of Thomas Benton in Villa's office, at Juarez, on April 9, 1914, and of the score and more of Americans whom Villa is officially charged with having slain. Conclusive evidence of the moral purity of Villa will be found in the fact that the American oil interests maintained a financial agent and a press agent with him for three years, which of course they would not have done had he not been as angelic as Angeles himself. And he is Mexico's foremost military leader. That was established at the Battle of Celaya, where General Obregon defeated the Villa army of 40,000 with a force half as large, and drove him back, with a handful of the men who survived, to the northern mountains, where he has since skulked, only re-appearing from time to time for a cattle raid, until a few weeks ago. Villa's break with Carranza took place in September, 1914. Chihuahua has an area of 90,000 square miles—nearly three times the territory of the Kingdom of Ireland—but its population numbers only 227,000.

But how has Villa maintained himself through all these years? Partly by stealing cattle, which find a ready market on the American side of the border, despite the efforts of the border patrol, and partly by robbing ranches and mines; but chiefly through the charity of his American friends. "Innocent, well-meaning, but utterly deceived Villa!" writes, in 1915, the charitably minded Carlo de Fornaro ("Carranza and Mexico"). "If he only knew that the *cientificos*, whom he accuses of having affiliated with Carranza, are really pulling their wires from New York, and using him as a tool to eliminate Carranza, and this because the First Chief intends to carry out all the radical reforms of the revolution!"

Mr. de Fornaro believes, and rightly, that the American press, though it cannot be bought, can be fooled. He tells how British oil interests spent 7,000,000 francs to corrupt the Paris press when Huerta was seeking a foreign loan, on the authority of Dr. Atl, now Director of the Mexican National Art School, who exposed the facts in *L'Humanité*. He throws some interesting light also on the press campaign for Villa in 1913, when "the Villa publicity reached its zenith," and "as much as two hundred dollars was paid to a writer to get a story on Villa into a New York Sunday paper." "Even the Aguascalientes Convention became a Punch and Judy show," he asserts, "managed from New York, and it was used as a convenient lever to oust Carranza and place a puppet in his stead. . . . In fact, all the interviews passed through the hands of an American press agent of Villa, and his manifestos, proclamations, and letters were written by the agents and signed by Villa, who was absolutely ignorant of the contents of the documents."

In the midst of a new campaign against Mexico through

the press, one wonders how intelligent editors can be deceived so easily. Melville E. Stone said a few years ago in the course of an address at the Pulitzer School of Journalism: "I once had luncheon with the editor of the Paris *Figaro*, Gaston Calmette. That day his paper had contained what purported to be a cable message from New York, recounting in thrilling phrase the story of a massacre of a large company of people by Indians on Broadway. I asked him why he published so absurd a tale. 'Ah,' said he, 'there are sixty thousand brainless women in Paris. They are the *demi-monde*. They read *Figaro*, and these silly things amuse them!'" "This sort of journalism," Mr. Stone added, "is not the most profitable sort of journalism"—a statement with which one may agree and still wonder why such journalism should be blazoned to the world by certain American newspapers in their efforts to please the anti-Mexican propagandists.

Perhaps even the great and powerful news-gathering association of which Mr. Stone has been so long and with such distinction the directing genius is at fault. The Associated Press serves several newspapers in Mexico, and has its main office in the editorial rooms of *El Universal*, a daily with correspondents in all parts of the republic. Yet its dispatches from Mexico are meagre and far between. On March 3 of this year, a Mexican official, at a dinner given to visiting newspaper men in Mexico City, announced on the authority of the present Mexican Secretary of the Treasury that the petroleum controversy would be solved by eliminating the retroactive features of Article 27 of the new Constitution. The representative of the Associated Press took the floor and asserted that he would not wire this statement until it was made in official form, and criticized the Mexican officials for their lack of system in communicating information to the press. Not wishing to duplicate, but believing that the information should be cabled to New York, I asked the Associated Press man late that night if he really meant to "spike" the story, intending to cable it myself. "Certainly I'll 'spike' it," he said. "It's plain propaganda, and I've been warned from headquarters to let propaganda alone. There's too much of it on both sides."

It is merely the purest coincidence that the oil, mining, and other interests now opposing the Mexican Government should have chosen as their chief press agent in New York a former superintendent of the Associated Press office in New York, Mr. Charles Hudson Boynton, whose father held a similar position before him. Mr. Boynton came to New York nearly ten years ago to engage in the brokerage business, and has been president of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce. In a characteristic letter covering anti-Mexican oil propaganda, Mr. Boynton tells an editor that he has now assumed the direction of affairs for the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico, and that he seeks "information as to the individual with whom we should deal whenever we have information which we think would be of news value." He concludes by a reminder of old Associated Press friendships: "As my new capacity will bring me in touch with many old acquaintances, I hope that you will permit me in the near future to renew ours." Frank J. Silsbee is associated as