

highwater mark. There are strong hopes for the twentieth century; it is beginning with such a powerful swing—or cresting, whichever metaphor you prefer. But I doubt if it will reach the age of

Arthur. I cannot but believe that it will stand through all generations as the lost golden age which can never return.

HESTER A. HOPKINS.

Albert the Male

IN college Albert achieved the right club after many nights of worry, and a rather strenuous campaign conducted by his mother. I saw something of Albert in those days when we were freshmen together, and he was always cordial when we were alone. In public he did not know me so well, and there were times in the month before his election when he did not know me at all. I did not mind, for I knew that election to the club meant all the difference between success and failure. Albert could have lost his degree and laughed about it with the feeling of a good loser, but the club he required to give meaning to his life. He "made" it, and was never afterwards seen without the striped necktie which was its mark. No other ambition troubled Albert in college. Though he had a fair musical aptitude, he never joined the student orchestra because members of his club had never joined it. The orchestra as a matter of fact was composed of earnest and declassé nobodies.

After graduation Albert entered his father's bank and was elected to the right club. From these two foci Albert gathers all the opinions he displays. Of course he has never known it. Albert is not the sort of person to admit that opinions, like people, have a birthplace, a family tradition, and a basis in income. Whatever Albert believes he believes to be self-evident. There is not a touch of insincerity in him, for it is entirely beyond the range of his mentality to realize that what everybody says at the bank and the club is not a norm of sanity and decency.

When everybody at the club cursed Roosevelt as a socialist, Albert cursed him. Now that everybody at the club admires Roosevelt, Albert is wondering whether to join the reinforced infantry division for service in Mexico. One public man Albert has consistently admired. He speaks of Elihu Root with awe. Albert says Elihu Root is the ablest living statesman, but I am prepared to stake my fortune on the assertion that Albert cannot name and describe any event, good, bad, or indifferent, in Mr. Root's career. Albert knows no more about the life work of Mr. Root whom he reveres than about Viscount Haldane whom he has been sneering at the last year or so with extraordinary bitterness.

He calls Haldane pro-German and suspects Mrs.

Asquith of coddling the German prisoners in England. I tell you this to indicate that the great war has not found Albert wanting in imagination. As he says, Civilization is at stake. The war has done much for Albert's opinions. When it began he spoke of democracy as the hope of the world, and cursed the docility of the German Socialists. He advocated revolution in Germany and everlasting peace on earth. War, he said, was nothing but murder—cold, brutal murder and rape. As the months dragged on he met a number of Englishmen and Frenchmen at his bank and his club. Albert felt a little out of it. He took to hating Josephus Daniels. He began to believe that the Germans were about to capture and hold New York for ransom, and his mother registered both the motor cars with a society which was prepared on the outbreak of war to carry gold deposits and virgins away from the coast cities. Soon a stream of expatriated Americans began to return telling how America was despised in Europe. This worried Albert and he began to talk of American honor. By reading the New York *Herald* steadily he gathered the impression that outside of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York the country consisted of money-making cowards, pacifists and pro-Germans. It irritated him beyond measure to think of Iowa farmers buying Fords. He called it materialism, and blamed Woodrow Wilson for it.

At cotillions and bazaars, and at the horse show, he discussed the loss of American virility, the love of soft ease, the incorrigible pacifism of the American workman and farmer. He felt troubled about America. Then came Albert's trip to London and Paris. I fear that I cannot do it justice, for those two weeks mark Albert's crystallization as a leader of thought and action. In London Albert went out to dinner four times and to a week-end party, and this experience convinced him that America was a cheap place. He could not phrase it exactly, but he missed the noble touch. These new countries, full of money-makers, thought Albert. . . . By force of imitation he read Oliver's "Ordeal by Battle," and of course he read the London *Times*—*The Times*, he called it. Then he knew the remedy, and when he returned home he preached it.

What America needs is universal service. Platts-

burg for everybody most of the time is his ideal, and a complete philosophy of life it is. Prepare for war because war is God's purge for the degeneracy of peace. Prepare for peace because only the invincible nation can insure peace. Hard physical work, says Albert, will educate for citizenship, industry and morals. All perplexities have left Albert, not a very surprising thing, however, when you remember that he has never had many perplexities to trouble him. Now at least he feels himself competent to formulate a diplomatic policy, an educational system and a moral discipline. A professor who has studied banking thirty years Albert regards as a theorist about banking. But a rookie who has nursed sore feet thirty days at Plattsburg is now a mystical authority on foreign affairs, national destiny, and on the obligations of citizenship.

This is Albert to-day, and with this equipment he faces the future. He is going to be very rich and his power is sure to be very great. He will be quoted in the newspapers. He will dine with editors and statesmen. Albert is one of those men who have power thrust upon them, and his opinions will carry more weight than a million humbler men's.

As I look back upon Albert's education I can't help trembling a little. Those nurse girls, valets, chauffeurs and butlers who encased his youth, that school where the ideal was a gentleman who had brushed against dead languages, the college course insulated in the best club, the bank where he met his own kind, the dances and week-end parties where the social inbreeding is almost incestuous, have given Albert a sense that his world is all the world. I worry at the thought that he will grow up to govern, whether in office or out of it, to govern industry and to influence politics, to command the loyalty of America. It is distressing to think that he and his kind will have the power to cause antagonism or friendship with other nations, and that his stubbornness and blindness may turn the coming revolution into a disaster. I have no great faith in Albert. I think it is the Alberts who ruled Europe and brought it to ruin. I think it is the Alberts of Eton and Oxford who have compelled England to muddle in blood, as it is the Alberts of Prussia who thought blood and iron were the instruments of destiny.

I know Albert for what he is, a charming, well-mannered, unconscious snob, who knows nothing of men outside his class, an uneducated, untrained, and shut-in person who has been born to power by the accident of wealth. You see I don't think with the socialists that Albert is a malevolent, intelligent conspirator with a hard heart. He is not malevolent, and he is not intelligent.

W. L.

The Apotheosis of the State

WE are the creatures of authority and there is thus something of splendor in a defiant challenge to its power. Rebellion, for the most part, hardly enters into the categories of our political thought, and it evokes bewilderment rather than sympathy. For rebellion, after all, is fundamental. It goes to the root of our philosophies of the state. Where we have placed that society outside ourselves, have made the rejection of its authority treason, and death the penalty for its failure, there can be no argument save upon the basis of belief.

Samuel Butler has somewhere remarked that it is only the small things of life men are prepared to investigate, and certainly the student of political theory will not feel disinclined to avow the allegiance of that genial satirist. For we have been frank and unquestioning worshippers of the state. We make our Popes infallible, nor can our kings do wrong. Before them we prostrate ourselves in speechless admiration, deeming their action for the most part beyond our concern. The result has been the implicit acceptance of a certain grim Hegelianism. The lack of unity bewilders us, and it is an integrated community that we demand. That is admirable so long as the integration confines itself to purpose. The difficulty comes when it seeks its translation to the sphere of institutions. For then we are led to deny the goodness of all who are not ourselves. The state, to take the most obvious example, becomes a kind of modern Baal, to which the citizen must, unheeding, bow a willing knee. It has not been seen, or perhaps has been too truly seen, that the death of argument is in genuflexion.

The attitude is very manifest in Germany at the present time. Unquestioning acceptance of government command has become the first rule of self-preservation. Good, even if it involve the torpedoing of passenger ships without warning, is that which the state ordains; and variation from so uncritical a mean seeks a vain permission to exist. At bottom the suggestion is a too fatal certainty of rectitude, a confidence that there is no other good but one's own. And the danger becomes the greater when doubt is felt lest a varied civilization may have its possible value. For the difficulty implicit in such a view lies in the fact that we are given variety and scepticism as the basis of international relations. We have not, as in some ghastly human sheepfold, a pathetic and unprotesting uniformity. Englishmen belong to England, and the constancy of the Irish racial type has lately found tragic verification. So we would have Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, work out their own