

mobilization to the cantonment or post nearest their point of original enlistment. It is also possible that men will be returned to large cities and county seats under military discipline and supervision.

It must be constantly kept in mind that prostitution is both an economic act and a capitalized institution characteristic especially of cities. It is less likely to affect soldiers mustered out in small groups in or near their home towns, and receiving their final pay in cash form only at such points. This can be accomplished by having transportation issued only in special tickets, and pay in checks good only at destination. The administrative effort and expense of this work will be justified, and the resulting slowing down of demobilization will of itself be a good.

"Is the home-coming to be, then, a gloom-procession attended by long-haired reformers?" Not at all. Celebration at such times as this is a necessity and a desirable one. The United War Work Agencies have proved the indispensability of clean recreation for morale, for relaxation, for the outlet of "high spirits," and, therefore, for the prevention of prostitution and venereal disease. These same agencies, together with others interested in the welfare of demobilization (Labor, War Risk, Health, Law Enforcement, Councils of Defense) have now been informed in advance of the chief demobilization centres. Through the Councils of Defense, plans are being urged in five thousand communities, so that celebrations may be organized, orderly, memorable, and free from debauch. This "safe home" movement may be further promoted by surplus army officers detailed for the purpose. It has also been urged that the local "boards of instruction" organized by the Provost Marshal General's Office can serve valuably in such work officially and unofficially.

Under war stimulus and army leadership the United and individual States have grappled with venereal disease in the first concerted, consistent, comprehensive, continuous and intelligent drive against venereal disease that has ever been undertaken by this or any other nation. Eighteen months of active law enforcement and educational and recreational activities have proved that commercialized vice can be controlled, under war conditions, even in civil communities. Will the same be true with the return of peace?

If America were sufficiently a true democracy, army measures and local initiative would be sufficient to control the existing menace of a "tilting lid." In the present emergency, however, steady and vigorous guidance by federal agencies is desirable. Some of the additional demobilization measures above suggested are already being actively considered and put into effect.

It would, however, be too optimistic to imagine that this greatest of public health campaigns has been finally won by the excellent but primarily military measures of the army over-seas, by the Surgeons General, or by the Commissions on Training Camp Activities.

Nor will it be won even if the best civilian intelligence is applied to the problem of demobilization; nor even if Congress and the states continue their appropriations for the work, as it is to be hoped. Reconstruction in social hygiene must take the form of consolidating gains rather than of new measures launched. The forces opposed to venereal disease will be fortunate if they can hold the ground won and repel the counter attacks. And those counter attacks are inevitable so long as men's lives are subject to thwart and so long as society is unorganized for free normal self-expression.

Chicago

SOME time ago Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor published a volume on Chicago. It was reviewed in the New Republic by Mr. Francis Hackett, who spent several years in the city, and may be said, though he will repudiate the statement, to have become a prominent citizen. Certainly he had his effect upon the life of the city. But so far as an older citizen (I said an older, not a better) can judge, the impress of Mr. Hackett on Chicago was more accurate in outline than the impress of Chicago on Mr. Hackett.

The latter objects, by implication, to the "puritanism" of the city, a puritanism on which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor laid stress. Mr. Hackett loves Chicago for "the large freedom from caste and cant which is so much an essential of democracy, the cordiality which comes with fraternity, the access to men and life of all kinds." In other words, he loves it for what is eminently his own most striking characteristic; sees in it most clearly the reflection of his own ideal; just as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor sees in it the reflection of another idea, "the possession of a New England conscience."

The inference is plain. Chicago is a sort of museum, in which those of its frequenters who are interested in anthropology discover specimens of one sort, and the theologically inclined, specimens of quite another.

In fact, at present, it seems to me Chicago is distinguished among the great cities of America by having no personality at all. New York is a headwaiter and Philadelphia a tired business man and Boston a doctor of philosophy who has abandoned his profession for the bond business; but Chicago is a congeries.

It was not always so. It was not so, for instance, in the eighties or even in the nineties. Then Chicago was the acme of unsophisticated vigor, a great blundering credulous fighting town, self-conscious and self-confident, loosemannered and generous, always ready to pay its money to see any sort of Royal Nonesuch, and throw dead cats at the actors if the Royal Nonesuch turned out a fake; the Scotty Briggs among municipalities, a desperado and Sunday-School teacher. What Mr. Chatfield-Taylor said of its strain of propriety is true; but was that propriety Puritan, arising from idealism, or was it rather conventional, arising from that feeling of bondage to a social code which is particularly rigid because it is particularly naive; the kind of thing which is really superstitious? Those were the days when every Chicago politician wore a silk hat. Chicago carried her morality not like a sword in her hand but like a chip on her shoulder; the chip itself has no value, but knock it off once and see what happens to you!

In certain outward respects Chicago has not changed. Physically it is much the same. We have a new city hall, but the signs in its corridors, desiring cooperation in a well known sanitary ordinance, are as they were. The grade-crossings are gone, but the automobiles have kept the pedestrian from becoming otiose. The Blackstone is a mere excrescence; the symbol of our civic hospitality is still the Palmer House. The three great scenic features of the city—the lake, the Illinois Central, and the Rush Street Bridge—are obviously permanent. The grinding roar of the cable-cars did not change in pitch or volume when electricity was substituted as a motive-power. Some few new office-buildings have differentiated the skyline of Michigan Avenue, but seen through the same old pall of smoke they do not alienate our recollections. Gone are Kohl and Middleton's, the Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, and the Eden Musee; but how infinitesimal the substitution of the movie-houses and the Strand! Put down a prominent citizen of the nineties anywhere in the Loop, or Lincoln Park, or where you please, and he would be at once at home; it would be his own house, he would ken by the biggin' o' it; and if he had a momentary doubt, the instant his clothes or his finger touched an exposed surface that doubt would disappear.

But the citizens, that is the leading citizens, of Chicago have lost the old sharpness of outline. In the old days, when the city counted its population triumphantly by hundreds of thousands instead of mechanically by millions, the Chicago big business man had about him a kind of aura, or golden glow, which is somehow lacking in his successors. Quite as great fortunes, perhaps even greater, are being accumulated now; indeed, some of the giants of

those days were not particularly interested in money; but the ferocious individuality of the former generation has been somehow dissipated. The city's most successful men nowadays show a tendency to sink into the pattern. Either some camouflage, inevitable or intentional, has been practiced, to hide them from the social bombardment; or else they are more created than creating; made by their times, instead of making their own times, like those of old whom I have mentioned. They of old stood forth like Goliaths and challenged the world. They felt themselves citizens of no mean city. They had Chicago, not Calais, stamped upon their royal hearts. They neither asked for quarter, nor gave it. Of sociological theories, in the current sense, they were as innocent as babes. They stood on their own feet, ran their own businesses, dispensed gifts like princes; they did not whine over governmental control, or put out explanatory statements; they damned what they did not like, and took what they did. "What's an orchestra? By God, we'll have one!" was their motto, not this piffing generality of the present, "For Chicago, I will!" Some of them read widely, some could hardly read without moving their tongues from side to side in a sort of palatal accompaniment; some kept art and music like mistresses, others thought of them with contempt, as hussies, no better than they should be; not a one of them but thought of Chicago as his city, and realized with honest self-congratulation what a hole would be left in its foundations if the rock which was his nature were removed.

Their sons are more agreeable fellows, on the whole. They went to college; they went younger to Europe, and so became cosmopolitan. I would not wish to insult anyone; but they are, in their vast tolerance of life, scarcely distinguishable from professors. They take things as they come; sometimes they take more, sometimes less, but in no case are they rough-handed about it. They feel an aversion to, not a delight in, being conspicuous. They paint, and collect first editions, and compose; art is to them very often neither a mistress nor a harlot, but a wife. They are not exactly ashamed of being Chicagoans, but neither are they particularly proud of it; it is just an incident, like being born. Their liberality is actually greater than their fathers' was, but not so free handed; as if their cloaks were ampler, but less magnificently purple. They shrug their shoulders instead of stamping their feet. They play auction, which requires cooperation, instead of poker, which requires assertion. They are an orchestra without the drums.

The old sense of individual responsibility for the city's reputation is gone. There are scores of thousands of citizens who are filled with a sense of social responsibility; but their chief interest is no

longer in having Chicago appear well before the world. "The" Auditorium was dedicated by a president of the United States, the only instance on record of such a dedication of a privately-owned building for commercial purposes; now moving pictures are shown in it. The orchestra was once a challenge; now it is a convenience. Our development is more rapid, our tolerance more intelligent, our civilization more approximate. But alas! we are conscious that these things are equally true of Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Louis. In losing so much of our grossness, we have lost half our splendor.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

A Private of the Lost Legion

A CERTAIN Sunday evening early in 1915 is still fresh in the memory of some hundreds of people in New York. A full audience had gathered in one of the theatres to hear a debate on the rights and wrongs of the war, which then had been going on for just half a year. The innocence of Germany was upheld by a young man whose name has since been somewhat noised abroad—George Sylvester Viereck. The case for the Allies was presented by an Englishman who to that crowd must have seemed astonishingly out of the picture. Certainly he bore no resemblance (except perhaps in one mental attitude) to the Englishman of the novel or the stage or to such presumably typical Britons as later came to speak in behalf of England at war—say, John Masefield or Ian Hay. He was short and round. He was untidy. He was extremely fluent, saying many smart things and some acute things in a voice that gave way oddly at the end of the sentence. He showed no disposition whatever to placate his audience, the majority of whom it was evident were in violent disagreement with him. Among the minority which took his side were some who, having read the announcement carelessly, had gone in the expectation of hearing a man of genius with the same surname. But this was not Gilbert Chesterton: it was his younger brother. During that visit to America he lectured and debated many times. And on the 26th of December, in a Catholic church off the Strand, before a congregation reflecting many diverse elements of London life, literary and legal, political, ecclesiastical and indefinable—a solemn mass was said for the repose of his soul. He was Private Cecil Chesterton, aged 39. He had died of trench fever in France after some two years' service in the British army.

Cecil Chesterton was both an individual, a most emphatic individual, and a portent. Six years younger than his brother Gilbert—like him born in that most reputable of West London parishes, Kensington; like him too, uneducated at the renowned West London public school, St. Paul's—he possessed not a spark of Gilbert's singular and fascinating genius. But in his way he was uncommonly able. He was widely read in fields unknown to the elder. He knew, at a moderate estimate, twenty times as much about public affairs. He had a prodigious literary

memory. He was an incessant writer, an indefatigable debater. He had, what his brother has not, a talent for editorial work. G. K. C. is the wondrous contributor; an inexhaustible fount of special columns, essays, letters, fantasies, reviews, satirical verses, cartoons; an incomparable controversialist. Cecil was a blunt and heavy-handed fighter. He pounded hard and everlastingly in the same place. Week by week he pursued his victim. He gave himself and his invective no rest. He wrote, as Robert Louis Stevenson would have said, with a poker instead of a pen. He railed, denounced, insulted. Above all, he repeated himself. He addressed a small constituency, half of whom, probably, were irritated beyond measure by his opinions and ways. That for him was at least half the fun. It was not fun like that generated by his brother Gilbert, who, until 1914, inhabited a region of jovial strife. The mighty thwackings dealt out to his foes were drowned in the shouts of his own laughter. Cecil was not jovial, though he did his best to maintain the family tradition. In the journalistic world of England there was hardly, in my judgment, a more curious mind; I don't think there were many opponents more perverse and unfair, than Cecil Chesterton. But equally, I am sure, there was not to be found a braver or sincerer man. In peace or war he said what he thought. He said it in the hardest and straightest words, taking every kind of risk. He wrote of men, whether dead or alive, as he believed them to be. And now that he is dead, at the end of the war which was to him, simply and literally, a holy war, he would not ask or wish any different treatment for himself.

He was, as I have said, a portent. Of what manner and significance? For its complete exposition we should need an analysis of Great Britain during the years that lie between the decline of Gladstonian liberalism and the catastrophe of 1914, with the Boer War as the central episode. To ordinary modern observers that war seemed to have ended in a relative defeat for imperialism and a sharp rebound to sane progressivism. Such people saw nothing to fear in the drift of the Liberals toward collectivism. They thought of the lustrum separating the Lloyd George budget of 1909 from the outbreak of the world war as a good and vigorous time. On the whole they asked, was not England making satisfactory progress towards a condition of social health?

Not so, replied the Chestertons; modern progressive England is simply heading straight for the Servile State; the new tyranny and the new serfdom. In announcing this they were echoing the ally upon whom they depended mainly for their philosophy and history. The ally, of course, was Hilaire Belloc, whose exact place in the intellectual history of England during the first quarter of the twentieth century will one day be determined by a post-graduate student of the University of Oregon or Oklahoma. Her sparkling thesis will demonstrate that Belloc alone, for all his gifts, would not have carried far as an apostle; and it will show that seldom, if ever, has the realm of letters and ideas known a comradeship in arms more effective than that of Belloc and G. K. C. And indeed, anyone who today should take the trouble to examine the evidence can see for himself how much the comrades