

youthfulness of outlook, as of a people in the confident prime of their morning and with all the tasks and possibilities of the day before them. In the presence of this tumultuous life, with its crudeness and freshness and violence, one looks back to Europe as to something avuncular and elderly, a mellowed figure of the late afternoon, a little tired and more than a little disillusioned and battered by the journey. For him the light has left the morning hills, but here it still clothes those hills with hope and spurs on to adventure.

That strong man who meets you on the brink of Manhattan Rock and tosses his towers to the skies is no idle boaster. He has in his own phrase, "the goods." He holds the world in fee. What he intends to do with his power is not very clear, even to himself. He started out, under the inspiration of a great prophet, to rescue Europe and the world from the tyranny of militarism, but the infamies of European statesmanship and the squalid animosities of his own household have combined to chill the chivalrous purpose. In his perplexity he has fallen a victim to reaction at home. He is filled with panic. He sees Bolshevism behind every bush, and a revolutionist in everyone who does not keep in step. Americanism has shrunk from a creed of world deliverance to a creed of American interest, and the "100 percent American" in every disguise of designing self-advertisement is preaching a holy war against everything that is significant and inspiring in the story of America. It is not a moment when the statue of Liberty, on her pedestal out there in the harbor, can feel very happy.

Her occupation has gone. Her torch is no longer lit to invite the oppressed and the adventurer from afar. On the contrary, she turns her back of America and warns the alien away. Her torch has become a policeman's baton.

And as, in the afternoon of another day, brilliant, and crisp with the breath of winter, you thread your way once more through the populous waters of the noble harbor and make for the open sea, you look back upon the receding shore and the range of mighty battlements. The sun floods the land you are leaving with light. At this gateway he is near his setting, but at the far gateway of the Pacific he is still in his morning prime, so vast is the realm he traverses. You are conscious of a great note of interrogation taking shape in the mind. Is that Cathedral of St. Woolworth the authentic expression of the soul of America, or has this mighty power you are leaving another gospel for mankind? And as the light fades and battlements and pinnacle merge into the encompassing dark there sounds in the mind the echoes of an immortal voice—"Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth!"

And with that resounding echoing in the mind you bid farewell to America, confident that, whatever its failures, the great spirit of Lincoln will outlive and outsoar the pinnacle of St. Woolworth.

A. G. GARDINER.

Bruised Patriots

WHEN I saw the list with only fifty-two passengers, I said to myself that on this voyage we should know everything about everybody. There were a score of foreigners, a bishop, a doctor, and three professors; the rest were all business men. It turned out that we were to know everybody by one single thing. They were all bruised patriots returning to our native land.

These men were the kind of Americans that had made a clean sheet of the war. Most of them had worked on committees for one thing or another; their wives had knitted acres of sweaters; they had sent sons and friends to Europe as well as money; they had gone the lengths in believing everything bad about the Germans and everything good about England and France. And then, doubtless, when the war was over, these men had crossed

the Atlantic not displeased with themselves, though full of generous enthusiasm for the Allies. And now they had been told everywhere that America had done very little.

According to the class of people they had met America had done very little in the war, a final bit only, or nothing at all. They had learned that America had not known there was a war. Nobody in America had suffered any sort of privation. What America loved was money. All the way home they talked of these wrongs.

I reflected. Childish idealism makes childish cynicism. The wholesale and thoughtless, though finely generous enthusiasm for the Allies with which these countrymen of mine had rushed into the war, might be expected to be followed by thoughtless pessimism. But that passes in time. Americans

have suffered so long from the combination of "a megalomaniac tongue with a shrinking soul, anxious to live up to every standard in sight," as Mr. Johnson so happily put it. Now at least the anxiety about foreign opinion was lessened.

Some of the conclusions must now be hard and sweeping; but nature must take its course. At any rate I had been in Italy for six months and some little in France; and had never met anywhere, in parlors, trains, or newspapers, one single word of recognition or thanks or even a casual mention by way of narrative of the work and the money and the workers contributed by America to Europe. So that I had no arguments to meet my sweeping countrymen, even if I had wished for them. I could let it go as a sort of principle, a new gospel—with plenty of horse sense in it—and I could also take it as a study in personality.

There was a buyer of cherries, a placer of agencies from Pittsburg, a contractor, the foreman of a foundry, agents for electrical machinery, for automobiles and other industries. They were mostly uneducated men but very much alive. They knew that they had read most eloquent tributes from foreign statesmen but they also knew what they had heard and seen themselves as they went, rather defiantly I fear, about their business in Europe. Each man put the case his own way.

Before we struck anchor congratulations began: We were going home! No more of this! America for Americans, God's country!

Mr. S., the placer of agencies from Pittsburg, was already making an American of an Egyptian gentleman, a prince. "You see we've become friends," he said, speaking through his nose and with an accent, a sort of Pittsburg Yiddish or Yiddish Pittsburg. "I tell him he's going to the greatest country in the world. He wants to study medicine and we got the best schools in the world, no doubt of that. He says it's rotten in his country. Why, he says, he never puts his shoes on in his life. And no matter what time o' night he comes in from carousing, there's got to be somebody at the door to take his shoes off, we got nothin' like that stuff! I'll just tell you them people don't know what progress is, they're in the dark ages. Look at the tubes in London, little round holes, ours in New York are square, big enough for three tracks. I had my contract for a year, but I wrote, I says, see here, six months of this is enough for me. You send another man out, I'm through, America for me, you said it."

He went from group to group with these threatening monologues. Before we reached New York even the hottest patriots found Mr. S. a little strong.

"Why," he said, "look at Spain. That country possitively ain't civilized yet. I met some of the greatest men in Spain, they were presidents of telegraph companies. And I just says to them your country ain't civilized, I mean through the interpreter, if they hadn't learned English. I don't speak their jow. They had to admit I was right. Look at their theatres, opening at ten o'clock at night and over at two. What makes me tired is their shops opening at ten o'clock in the morning. I like to get up early and do something. Look at their big families. All a big family is they don't do no work and expect the laborers to support 'em. In America we don't have no big families, all are equal. I can go right in Mr. Vanderbilt's office and talk business any day I please. What's ruining Europe today is nobody wants to work. Look at Spain. What's ruining Spain today is that café life, spending every damn day in cafés drinking, that's what it is. Same with them islands of Sorrento and Cappriar, nobody's working. They don't even have running water in the hotel rooms over there, England as well."

Every one of Mr. S.'s stanzas began with what was ruining Europe today, but the refrain was always running water in the rooms.

The cherry buyer, a handsome man from Ohio, said that he had two thousand kegs of cherries in brine or ought to have, no telling how many the Naples dagoes stole before we sailed. But he could stand losing a few cherries if they cut out the mandolin in the steerage now. He was sick of their tinkly-tink around the hotels, begging for money when they ought to be at work. No more opera for him; he was certainly going to tell his wife—and so on.

The strongest patriot on board was a man whose parents had brought him over to New York when he was twelve months old. He told everyone his story. Well, the old folks talked all the time so much about the old country, he thought he and his wife would go over there for a rest. Had had a busy winter with city contracts, and thought he'd see what the old country was like. Well, they landed. He knew when he saw all that garbage on the wharf steps he wasn't going to like this place. Well, first thing, they went into a restaurant opposite the wharf, to get lunch. They stuck him 147 lire for lunch. He hadn't asked prices and just had fish and steak and a bottle of wine and ice cream and salad. And look how cheap they'd said Italy was. But he must say the manager at the Vesuvio was a swell chap and had done everything he could to please. But by the time he was settled there the government sent around the way they had done with so many fellows since the war

and tried to arrest him and put him in the Italian army, because he had been born in Italy. Just imagine, him going to America when he was twelve months old, and then these guys — —!

Well, they thought they'd go out and see the little town where the old folks come from. Jeese, you ought to seen it. Up on a hill, all rock. They had no water in the houses, no electric lights.

"No modern improvements," his wife added.

Absolutely nothing. And the cooking had to be done over one little hole, with charcoal; and his cousin had to work three hours to get them a lunch to eat. But you couldn't stand it that place.

Well, then they had a friend who made a lot of money on contracts last winter and come with an automobile to tour around. He wanted them to come to *his* birthplace. That was worse than the other town. They stayed there one day. A strike was on, but they come back to Naples in a truck, had the bruises yet. Nothing, absolutely, in this town there hadn't been even a piazza. And you went about the streets at night by God, with a lighted stick.

And then everybody in Naples kept wanting them to go to the San Carlo, aw, you got to go to San Carlo, greatest theatre in the world! So they went. And Jeese, they didn't even have no music!

They cut out the four months and got the first ship to New York. He'd like to have seen Rome, but heard the hotels was full up.

I suggested tamely that it was really a pity not to see Rome, it was magnificent.

"Aw, yes, you mean the buildings and all that," Mr. S. from Pittsburgh broke in. "But look at their government. What's ruining Italy today is their government. I'd rather be a lamp post on Broadway than King Victor Emanuel, I can tell you that."

Across from me at the dining-table sat a foreman of a foundry. He was a fine old giant of a fellow, with natural taste and a good heart. He had never had a chance at an education and wistfully regretted it, but he had made his way. His young stable steward and I loved him.

"Son," he used to say to his steward, in a tone of the snuggest confidence, "could you get me another cup of that coffee. That stuff's worth five dollars a cup to me. I swear it's the first real coffee, I've had since I left the States, honestly. My wife says I'll founder myself yet on that dope, but honestly—thank you, son."

"Lady," he said to the contractor's wife, "I've been over since March. Never again! They got some fine things over there, of course they have; that Milan Cathedrale, tell you that's some place.

I went up on the roof. Lady, there's one thing there that impressed me somehow. It's a picture of St. Bartholomew being skinned. Now, I says, there's a man that knew Christ, and if he'd let 'em skin him for his faith, I ought to be a-thinking. But them Italians, just like them Frogs in Paris, they don't care nothing about all that. I tell you after I've been in France, I'd fight for the Germans before I'd fight for them Frogs again."

"That's right," the lady agreed. She had never been in France; but everyone was agreeing to everything; on the principle, perhaps, of Molière's doctor who said to another that if he'd agree to an emetic for this patient he himself would agree to anything you pleased for the next.

There were two things my friend would really like to introduce into the States. One was that Marsala wine—"say, that's some stuff, say, if I was a drinking man I could sure set my cork a bobbin' on that stuff. And the other was orange juice on the strawberries. Say, that's great. I'm agoin' to tell my wife about that dope. Just a little orange juice and a little sugar; and I know what she'll say: 'All right, you got more things in your old head than the comb'll take out, haven't you?'"

What got him, though, was the vineyards everywhere. Why in the name of Sam Hill didn't they get to work in Europe and raise some wheat, instead of expecting America to feed them while they set around drinkin'! He'd given his last cent, he said. The next man that came in his office wantin' contributions for over there, he wasn't goin' to show him the door, he was goin' to throw him out of the window.

"Son, can you give me a little more of that jam. A good kid that boy. Son, why don't you come to God's country, we'll get you a job."

"Well, say, gentlemen, even the waitress at Liverpool, by George, she didn't like the Americans either. Know why she didn't like the American soldiers? Because they put butter on their bread as well as jam. Now that's a hell of a reason, ain't it!"

"I told her to save up her money and come on over to the States and we'd give her a square meal."

So on, over and over again, for the twelve days.

The bishop had to be prudent. He had been instructed by an Italian lawyer in the perfidy of America and told by an eminent Frenchman that America had done nothing for France. Still he must be prudent. I used to report the talk to him. He said they were fine, clean, manly American fellows and he loved them all.

STARK YOUNG.

Where Democrats Vote Republican

A NEW alignment of political parties may seem a long way off as the young Farmer-Labor party tries to make itself heard in its first campaign. But here in the Northwest we have seen evidence of that new alignment. Democrats and Republicans are moving towards a coalition. The force driving them in that direction is the Nonpartisan League. Under the force of their own blows, the foes of the League have all but destroyed the Democratic party as a political force in North Dakota and Minnesota. In North Dakota the Democratic vote for governor, in the recent primaries, was almost negligible. In Minnesota the real struggle is yet to come, between the "regulars" (Democrat-Republicans) and the "independents" (Farmer-Labor).

The strategy used by the foes of the Nonpartisan League in the primaries was similar in North Dakota and Minnesota, though in each state tactics were dictated by differing local conditions. In each instance that foes of the Leagues sought to make capital out of the progressive character of Nonpartisan legislation in North Dakota (though it has been declared constitutional by the U. S. Supreme Court) by crying socialism and anti-Americanism. In Minnesota, the blow against the Leagues was delivered from without; in North Dakota the attack was from within. In each case it was a failure. In North Dakota the League's program was given a blanket endorsement. In Minnesota, though they did not nominate their candidate for governor, the two Leagues had marked success in many counties.

The contest in Minnesota lay between Jacob Preus, backed by the Sound Government League, and Henrik Shipsted, endorsed by the Nonpartisan League, and the Working People's Nonpartisan League, Farmer-Labor coalition. The issue was an equitable tonnage tax. This issue has been alive in Minnesota politics since 1907, and revolves, like most political questions of the present, around the method of bringing vested interests under control of the community. In the past, the Steel companies of the state have annually paid only about one per cent tax upon their vast returns. As an expression of ten years of public impatience at this corporate delinquency, the two Nonpartisan Leagues boldly declared for the net tax, defeated in the legislature of 1919 by sharp practices, which would elevate the tax on steel ore close to the ten per cent mark.

Mr. Preus did not dare to accept the real issue. He ambiguously declared for a tonnage tax, and

then, playing his part in the strategic plan of the League's opponents, sought to confuse the real issue by crying socialism and red flag. Expensive posters in pink, in giant letters, spoke for Mr. Preus from every street corner and cross-roads. "Help Save Minnesota from Socialism." "Do not Exchange Old Glory for the Red Flag of Socialism."

In spite of these blatant spokesmen, it is questionable whether Mr. Preus would have carried the state, had not the Democrats come to his rescue. Several mornings after his election, the Minneapolis papers, all of which supported him, carried editorials culled from state Republican and Democratic papers, which attributed Preus's victory to a coalition of the two old parties. This quotation from the Fremont Daily Sentinel suggests the character of these comments:

Not only in the "silk stocking wards of the cities" but, so far as we are able to learn, a goodly percentage of the Democrats everywhere voted to save the country from the menace of Townleyism by putting an X after the name of J. A. O. Preus.

The Democrats did a similar thing two years ago, but our Republican friends never showed any appreciation of the patriotic sacrifice. Shortly after his election the governor in a speech at Chicago gave the Democratic party a terrific castigation, evidently forgetting, for the time being, that he owed his position to the men whom he was holding up to reprobation.

Republicans with gratitude in their souls should lift their hats to the mule.

Herein the Minnesota primary has a lesson for those who believe that the two parties now dominant open for the voter any really substantial alternatives. Faced with a new and genuine alternative, the two old parties telescope with all the rapidity of wooden cars in a train wreck. It seems likely that the Nonpartisan Leagues will have enough votes in the next legislature to pass an equitable tonnage tax over a governor's veto. The two Leagues, though they did not nominate their state ticket, nevertheless carried fifty-four counties in the state, which may give them a substantial majority in the legislature next fall.

In North Dakota the foes of the Nonpartisan League united behind William A. Langer, a former League supporter, twice elected to the office of attorney-general by League votes. Mr. Langer became estranged from the League about two years ago, and has since been its bitter opponent. In his campaign, Mr. Langer acknowledged the value of the League program; he declared himself in favor of that program; he often announced that he was just as good a Leaguer now as he was two and four years before. The farmers, he contended, were being betrayed by their leaders.