

now consent to the plan. It is also reported that some Germans themselves are seeing that it is practicable. Mathias Erzberger, former German Minister of Finance, has even put forth the idea of labor conscription for raising reparation as an idea of his own. It is true that he would use these men in Germany and let the product of their work be disposed of in the way of reparation. But the idea of using conscript labor for repairing the damage that the conscript soldier has done is the essential thing. And Erzberger believes that the life of the conscript laborer will be much more attractive than the life of the conscript soldier, and could be accompanied with a large measure of freedom, education, and self-government.

In some way, whether in kind, in money, or in labor, Germany can be and should be made to pay.

ON THE WISDOM OF FOOLS

SAID the Young-Old Philosopher: "The world, I think, is divided into two classes of people: those who want to have a good time, and those who are afraid to have a good time.

"The self-consciousness of so many of us is one of the characteristics of an Anglo-Saxon people. We fear ridicule more than the guns of war almost, forgetting Stevenson's clever phrase about Shelley, 'God give me the young man with brains enough to make a fool of

himself.' That should be a justification, if one is needed, for the right kind of mirth, the right kind of periodical escape from the deep, underlying seriousness of life.

"I speak of this because only the other day a friend of mine was arranging a charming little evening at his home, wherein tableaux were to be presented, and several men and women were asked to do harmless 'stunts.' Was it easy to find them? It was not, indeed! They wanted a happy time—there was no doubt of that; but they were fearful of putting themselves on exhibition, as they phrased it. It was undignified for the Vice-President of the So-and-So Bank, for instance, to be a droll, even for ten seconds. And surely Mrs. F. could not think of lending herself to a satire on grand opera! What would her children think of her?"

"My own point of view is that her children would have been delighted, and could say that mother had not lost a particle of her youth; that she possessed the inward vision, if not the outward seeming, of Peter Pan, and that life was all the richer not only for herself but for her friends, when she came down from her exalted and lonely pinnacle for a little time, and romped and played. 'A little nonsense,' you know. If the great minds of the world could occasionally indulge in whimsical limericks—I recently dipped into a Nonsense Anthology, and was amazed to find how many brilliant men and women had written jingles that seemingly meant

nothing at all, but which meant everything—why should not we lesser folk permit ourselves the glorious luxury of being utterly silly now and then? Lewis Carroll found higher mathematics a bore, no doubt, at certain times; and he fled to an imaginary world far from practical figures that he might relieve the tension of his solemn days. Think what the world would have lost had he failed to give in to that divine impulse! Serious-minded judges, I am told, frequently read, in secret, the most trivial books, that their brains may be diverted from the melancholy business of meting out justice. This is an indulgence to that playboy spirit dormant in all right-thinking, healthy people. To kick up our heels just once in so often is only downright sense. No normal man or woman should be ashamed of cavorting now and then; for we can lend a curious dignity to that which is honest, and behind every real clown's simulated gladness lies the mysterious pathos of the grown-up who craves some remnant of his lost youth, and is determined to get it at any cost. I am not alarmed for the adult who has the wisdom to be foolish once in a while; I am far more concerned over the tragedy of the too-serious person who refuses even for a second to jump down from his high horse and become a philosopher with the crowd, no matter how important, seemingly, his station may be.

"For it is good and wise and beautiful to laugh. It is even better and wiser and more wonderful to make others laugh."

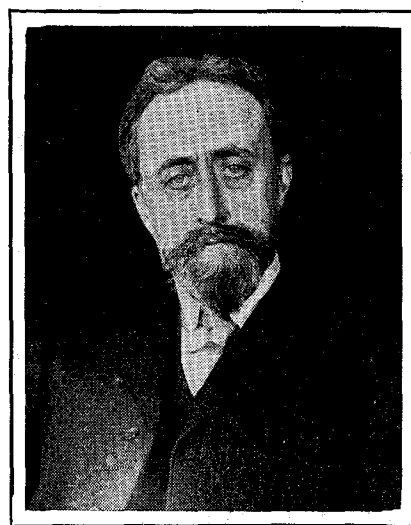
ANONYMOUS CREATORS

I—A STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear.*

IT is sometimes cynically said that this is the age of self-advertisers, of pushers, climbers, and publicity seekers, that no man can achieve success unless he constantly thrusts himself into the spot-light.

Unfortunately, American life furnishes too much evidence in support of these allegations of the cynics. Nevertheless there occasionally come to light singular instances of men of great public worth and great public service who have neither sought nor received public recognition. They are content to do their far-reaching humanitarian work and pass away unwept, unhonored, and unsung save by their intimate associates who have leaned upon their stability, have been guided by their wisdom, and have been strengthened by their courage. They are not like comets dashing madly with a rush and glare from nowhere into the unknown, the momentary wonder



(C) Bain

STARR MURPHY

and admiration of the gaping crowd, but like fixed and distant stars unseen and unnamed by the world at large yet

depended upon by scientists and navigators as the very bases of their investigations, discoveries, and inventions for the good of mankind.

Such a man was Starr Jocelyn Murphy, a New York lawyer, who recently died at the age of sixty. I dare say that not one in a hundred of those who read these lines ever heard his name before. And yet every one of the hundred has either directly or indirectly benefited by the work he accomplished in behalf of scientific and medical education. His influence reached every State in the Union and as far around the world as China. How did this happen?

Starr Murphy was the son of a clergyman, was born in Connecticut, was graduated from Amherst College in 1881 and from the Columbia Law School in 1883, and had been for some years a successful and respected but unheralded member of the New York bar when, in 1904, he was selected by John D. Rockefeller as his personal counsel and representative in the great and systematic plan of benev-

olence which he had established. Mr. Rockefeller had the genius to apply to philanthropy the administrative methods of modern business. We hear of railway systems; the Rockefeller benevolences are a system. This system comprises among other works the General Educational Board, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the China Medical Board, the Bureau of Social Hygiene. Murphy was a member of each of these Boards. He was an officer and director of many important business corporations, but the greater part of his time and the chief part of his energy was given to the work and administration of the Rockefeller Boards, in which he exercised a quiet but profound influence by reason of his wisdom, knowledge, tact, and ability to work with all sorts and conditions of men.

The Rockefeller Boards probably constitute the greatest and most extraordinary example of organized and constructive philanthropy that the history of civilization has ever known. By their co-ordinated and co-operative work they have sustained and developed popular education, scientific agriculture, the prevention of disease, and the improvement of public health. Perhaps their discovery of the hookworm and the campaign for its eradication have most appealed to

popular imagination, but in innumerable ways they are steadily at work improving the standards of sanitation and hygiene. They are successfully fighting the scourge of tuberculosis and are carrying on, under the direction of the most eminent scientist obtainable, an elaborate plan of research to find the cause and prevent the ravages of that most mysterious and dreaded of diseases, cancer.

In all these enterprises for the public welfare Starr Murphy was a veritable star and of the first magnitude. But he kept on shining without appearing to know it or caring whether others knew it.

He was one of the highest honor men in his class at college, but he never sought nor received an honorary academic degree; he was a highly respected citizen of his home town and was relied upon in all good civic movements, but he never held public office; he was one of the most popular and delightful of companions at a college reunion or dinner, but I am surprised to find, on consulting "Who's Who," that he is listed as a member of only one New York club; he had a lively sense of humor without being frivolous, a gay spirit without lacking sympathy for the suffering; he was scholarly without being pedantic, upright without being didactic, a home

lover without ignoring his duties to the community. I knew him for more than forty years, having been his classmate in college, and, while I saw him only infrequently in later life, I never met him and talked with him even for five minutes without being refreshed and cheered on my way by the contact.

Such is the power of a clean, clear, genuine, sympathetic, and modest personality. But it is a power of which the possessor is generally totally unconscious. I have no doubt that if "Murph," as his old friends always liked to call him, could know of my sense of gratitude for the tonic effect of his acquaintance, which perhaps he scarcely thought of as other than an early and boyish friendship, he would be the most surprised of men.

One of the fine and hopeful things in American life, and I dare say in other countries too, is that there are thousands of men and women who are doing their duty modestly and quietly, without public applause or newspaper fame, and yet whose personalities radiate a warm and benign influence wherever they go. I suppose this is what the poet Gray meant when he wrote the stanza the first lines of which have seemed to me to be an appropriate beginning to this personal tribute.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

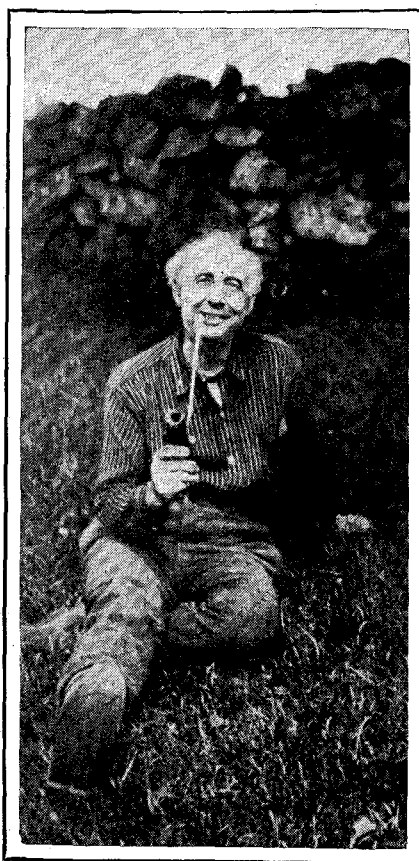
II—BROADWAY'S KING OF COUNTERPOINT

FRANK SADDLER had been dead for more than a week before I learned of the passing of, to me, the most interesting man on Broadway. I read the New York newspapers every day, but did not see a line in them about Saddler; the news reached me from Dayton, Ohio, from Theodore Stearns, conductor of "Apple Blossoms." Silent about Saddler in death, the newspapers had also been silent about him during his life.

But if the newspapers were silent about this extraordinary musician, there was hardly an orchestra on earth, hardly a musical comedy stage, surely no piano or phonograph, that was silent about him. Frank Saddler's countless compositions have been played for twenty years, and yet, as far as I know, the name Saddler has never been signed to a score.

Saddler was known on Broadway as an orchestrator. Producers, composers, stars, came to him sometimes with only vague fragments of tunes and Saddler made music out of them. For years there was hardly a musical comedy success on Broadway the music of which Frank Saddler had not fashioned into its finished form. Over the many hundreds of musical shows he genially bent his ear for music.

"Call in Saddler!" was the cry whenever there was something wrong with the music; and Saddler would set it right. You have heard it said that the music of nearly all Broadway shows was alike. How could they help being some-



FRANK SADDLER, BROADWAY'S UNCROWNED KING, HAD BUT LITTLE TIME TO TAKE HIS LEASE ON HIS FARM AT FOGGINTOWN

thing alike when Saddler put together and in part actually composed many of them?

Saddler worked himself to death; millions of notes streamed from his untiring pen; but he never became a hack, never became a mere blacksmith of composition. It was rather the composers whose names appeared on some of the scores who were usually the hacks. Some of them could no more than drum out a limping melody on the piano with one finger, and it took Saddler to change it into a lively hit. Ragtime he wrung into satin texture and velvet measures.

"Here are a couple of bars; can you make a song of them?" men with noted names have said to him in despair; and the grizzled warrior of counterpoint always could. In his little office in the Lyric Theater Building, its window open to the glare and roar of Broadway, he would work for fourteen, eighteen, twenty-four, and sometimes thirty-six hours at a stretch, until he fell asleep before his clefs, but no one ever accused him of declining into a blacksmith of composition; smith he was, but a goldsmith.

Jerome Kern, whose magic musicianship is responsible for eighty-nine successful musical comedies, on nearly all of which Saddler worked with him, tells me this: "Frank Saddler was far more than an orchestrator or arranger. He was one of the geniuses of the century. His death is a tragedy. No one had the routine of the orchestra as greatly at his command as Saddler.