

under the direct system of legislation, by interested minorities. But upon any issue of importance the opposite has proved true; for in no instance yet where an initiative measure has been passed have the wishes of the people of California been betrayed merely because of their own ignorance or apathy. It seems certain that the minority control of Legislatures is as easy as, if not easier than, the minority control of the initiative.

The Anti-Alien Land Law, passed in November, 1920, illustrates one of the defects attendant upon the present initiative system. Its summary read as follows: "Alien Land Law. Initiative Act. Permits acquisition and transfer of real property by aliens eligible to citizenship, to same extent as citizens," etc. There was not a word in regard to the Japanese in this measure; its sections were filled with legal intricacies which the casual voter, without study, would not conceivably connect up with the Oriental. Anti-Japanese as well as pro-Japanese protested against its vagueness. Many, wishing to vote *against* the Orientals, voted "no" on the measure, which was a vote in their favor; while many, wishing to cast a vote in their favor, voted "yes," which was a vote against them!

The experience of California with these methods of legislation seems to warrant these conclusions:

(1) The people have been conservative

in the passage of direct legislation, and, in fact, no such legislation has been passed contrary to the wishes of the majority.

(2) The educational value of these instruments has been untold. During the election campaign thousands of organizations studied these measures with the deepest interest and intelligence. In fact, this more than anything else is driving out the old crowd consciousness which the boss so mercilessly exploited, and is putting in its place a group consciousness with an independent will of its own.

(3) The effect of direct legislation upon the State Legislature has been to make it more responsive, perhaps, to public opinion; but in so doing its own energies toward social progress have been stultified. The responsibility for reform has been shifted back on to the people.

(4) The number of the measures placed upon the ballot has been too numerous to permit intelligent voting. They have averaged eighteen an election. Various suggestions have been made to curtail this freedom which so easily may become license. In the 1920 election a measure was defeated which provided that if the proposed initiative measure related to matters of taxation, twenty-five per cent instead of eight per cent of the voters should be necessary to place it on the ballot. As it now is, eight per cent of the voters is about 80,000; to raise the percentage to twenty-

five per cent would mean about 250,000 signatures—nearly an impossible number. Such a figure would place a premium on organizations backed by liberal funds. To increase the percentage to fifteen per cent would be more reasonable and produce the desired effect. The measures on the ballot might also be limited by prohibiting the reappearance of a measure for a certain number of years after it had been defeated by a certain percentage of the votes—say three to one. Or the number to be voted on at each election might be arbitrarily limited—say to the first ten which are filed with the Secretary of State.

(5) Finally, direct legislation is expensive. Merely to circulate the petitions for the necessary signatures to place a measure on the ballot involves the expenditure by private organizations of thousands of dollars. The expense to the State in preparing the sample ballots, the arguments for and against the measures, and in counting the ballots is immense. But it may be worth it. The chief advantage of the direct system of legislation is that it does interest and educate the people in affairs which should be of vital concern to them. This advantage cannot be measured in money. However, there are abuses attendant upon the system as a whole—the over-abundance and the intricacy of measures—which other States, in copying its major benefits, may do well to avoid.

## THE GUNGA DIN COMPLEX

BY KINGSLEY MOSES

**I**F the purchasing agent of "Sunlight Signals, Inc.," did not want to buy my line, he made a tactical mistake when he asked me home to dinner with him.

The very fact that he did ask me would indicate that he was trying desperately to avoid being jammed into buying, for it is old stuff to choke off a salesman with an excess of courtesy. Not all of them know it; true. Some executives keep on trying to get rid of salesmen by rudeness, sarcasm, outright refusals. But the wiser ones—I'm talking of the fellows in the big plants now, rated H Aa and higher—most of them realize that putting a salesman under social obligations is the most effective way to smother him.

But the man who controlled my prospective sale to Sunlight Signals, Inc., was wavering, and I knew that perfectly well. He wanted to buy; I saw that in his interest, in the way he followed my talk, anticipated me upon several occasions. But back of that belief that the buy was a good one was the fear for his own standing, for his tenure of the new position he prized so highly. Times were bad; buying anything, for any reason, was frowned upon by the gentlemen who had once drawn,

and who hoped soon again to draw, fat dividends. To sum it up: the purchasing agent of Sunlight Signals didn't dare sign an order now, but wanted to leave things with me so that he could at any moment of the future sign an order upon the most advantageous terms I had made him. So he invited me home to dinner.

His apartment was in a walk-up flat house in a pleasant but not fashionable district. Inside were comfortable quarters—roomy, simple, immaculately neat. His wife was a charming woman, apparently somewhat older than her husband. She served the meal herself. The furniture was the ordinary substantial mission oak; the silverware polished but plated. Briefly, I got the idea that the establishment ran along on a budget of about \$4,000—maybe less.

I carried this idea home to my hotel that night. The next day, with the assurance of a man making a lot more than \$4,000 myself, I tackled my host with all the confidence in the world; literally walked over his objections, and got my order.

Later of course I discovered that my hospitable friend's salary was about three times what it appeared to be.

Nevertheless I had secured my order;

I had overcome my difficulty—the difficulty of believing that the other fellow is a very much more important personage than am I. I had felt that way often before. For want of a better description I had called that feeling "the Gunga Din complex." You know:

Din—Din—Din  
You're a better man than I am,  
Gunga Din!

There is a whole lot more to that feeling than most people admit. In this land of the unquestionably brave and substantially free we make a shibboleth of equality. We incline even to "being as good as the other fellow—and a little better." But I wonder how many of us, deep down in our hearts, really believe it. Myself, I don't believe in equality in anything—or any one. The psychological tests developed during the war, and now in use in several of our universities, demonstrated the differences in capacity between men of equivalent educational opportunities. In a most interesting article recently, by Harvey O'Higgins, I think, the inequality of men physically was pointed out. It was demonstrated that in the mere detail of stature only some forty men out of twenty-five thousand were six feet two inches in height or over. That, since I happen to be one

of those forty, struck me in my most sensitive and self-appreciative spot. But it didn't inflame me unduly with any arrogance as to other claims to distinction. I recall too vividly those telling and popular advertisements: "Not how strong are you, but how much do you know?"

The old Gunga Din complex keeps boring in on you all the time. And why shouldn't it?

Say what you will, business is still based on the time-hallowed *caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware) theory. No matter how presentable the salesman, he is still opposed by every conceivable obstacle in fact, if not in theory. The telephone girl at the door will, if possible—and in my case, having two surnames instead of a reasonable first and last name, it is possible—get the name of the caller twisted when she announces him. Follows frequently a rather heated and painfully unappreciative discussion as to who this Moses Kingsley or Kingsley Moses is, anyhow. Then comes a more or less protracted wait either on a hard bench or on an almost invariably feeble chair, frequently so located that one's feet must be kept carefully tucked away so as to avoid obstructing the busy traffic of the main artery from executive offices to the shop.

Ultimately one is ushered in to the Big Man.

Now it doesn't matter how many hundred times you've been through all this, the effect on any reasonably tense temperament is depressing. You come in the front door all keyed up and ready. Then you wait. If you have had to wait long enough, you may get mad; and that is a fine stimulant. Personally, I wish that every executive would order me admitted immediately or else keep me lingering in the outer office for half an hour. It takes me about that long—a round thirty minutes—to get provoked; and then I am in fine shape. But it's the ten, twelve, fifteen minute hanging about that allows the first zip of steam to ooze out and trail dismally away.

And when one is actually admitted—that is where the old Gunga Din complex bobs up strong! No matter how carefully and expensively dressed you may be, you know—if it be later than 10 A.M.—that you are just a trifle dirty, that your collar is a bit soft round the rim, that your hands and nails are not as perfectly immaculate as they should be; street cars and trains these days aren't run on the "Phoebe Snow" principle.

But the man across the desk is speckless, cool as a brook trout, manicured, scrubbed, and polished. The office is usually a large, silent, impressive place. The desk is likely to be one of those enormous glass-topped affairs, with the only chair in sight placed as far as geometrically possible from the one in which your prospective buyer sits. Of course if a stenographer has left one of those light, rattan-seated things at the end of the desk, that's fine. But generally she hasn't. The good buyer, wary, carefully cultivating his *caveat emptor*

atmosphere, has seen to that. He knows—even better than does the hardened bachelor—the perils of propinquity. So you sit down where you can, and begin to talk. Yet all about you is that  $x$  million dollar atmosphere; while you know yourself for naught but a  $y$  thousand dollar man.

What salesman has not felt it?

I am dead certain that not one of us who reads this will not confess that often it has struck him just that way, and struck him hard. It's the Gunga Din complex.

Of course the feeling is all wrong. The other man may indeed be a better man than you are, a more successful man, a richer man. But in your own field—concerning the subject you are discussing—how about that?

There is not one chance in a hundred that he knows as much about your particular business as you do. You have specialized on that single line. He, from the very fact that he is a wise man, a big man, must have spread his attention out over many lines. Isn't it so?

Think it over. Whom do we pick as the big men, the wise men, of to-day? Dr. Eliot, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Schwab, Mr. Baruch, Secretary of State Hughes, Mr. Root, Secretary Hoover.

All right. Let us see.

Dr. Eliot knows books. But could not any competent professional librarian stump him in a contest of authors and titles?

Mr. Wilson knows American politics. But it's a safe guess that a Tammany district leader would come nearer to the correct figures as to the majority, Republican or Democratic, in any Manhattan assembly district.

Mr. Schwab is perhaps America's greatest executive; yet he would consider the judgment of one of his chemists better than his own in a matter concerning the formula for producing a certain grade of steel.

Mr. Baruch is a great theoretical as well as a practical banker; unlike many other pre-eminent financial lights, he knows the "why" as well as the "how" of business. But if Mr. Baruch contemplates buying, say, Italian Government securities, don't you think he'd ask the clerk in his office who handled Italian exchange to give him the facts, and that he would listen pretty attentively while that mere clerk talked?

Secretary Hughes is not scornful of an official in the State Department whose salary is about five per cent of what Mr. Hughes may be supposed to have made out of his private practice. Mr. Root, Secretary Hoover—Do you see?

Well, that is exactly the case of the salesman. He is a specialist in his particular line. He knows *that line* far better than does the man across the glass-topped desk, for all the Turkish carpets and tapestry portières.

I confess to severe sufferings from the same old Gunga Din complex. Yet every once in a while I am amazed to discover how much more than the other fellow I know, *in my particular line*.

For instance:

Within an hour three gentlemen, all heads of plants rated at a million dollars, told me that they conducted an "open shop." And every one of the three really meant to say that he did not employ union men.

A plant normally doing an export business of about three millions complained of being unable to do any export business to-day on account of the disparity of foreign exchange values. I suggested the possibility of establishing a trade or barter arrangement; showed the executive head of the concern how it was, in one case at least, actually being done. He had never heard of that.

The advertising manager of a big National concern making—let us say, because it isn't—harvester machinery couldn't see why his employees had struck shortly after the local newspaper had carried a full column, front-page statement that wages in the factory, but not in the office, where all the executives were, must be reduced. I asked: "Would you publish an ad telling the farmers who buy your machines that you intended making as much money as in the past, but did not intend that they should make as much?" He scowled. "Of course not," he said; "I'm not quite such a fool as that!"

Mebbe not.

Another great manufacturer who once did a fine business in Europe couldn't quite see why he didn't get orders now from such countries as were not seriously affected by the fall in exchange. I didn't understand either, until he let slip that he had cut off his shipments to his foreign customers during the war because for the time the home market happened to give him a greater profit. And yet if that man went to his regular tailor, a tailor with whom he had been dealing for years, and ordered a suit of clothes, and were met with: "I can't make you any suits for three years now. I'm too busy with some new customers who pay me twice as much as you do." Well? Do you think the manufacturer would buy any more clothes from such a temperamental tailor?

Considering these instances, thinking back over your own experiences in the field, isn't it pretty apparent that it's about time to overcome the Gunga Din complex so far as it interferes with your own job? And yet for new man and for hardened old veteran of many Pullmans and more bad hotels the feeling must always exist to a certain degree. It's true certainly of the salesman who will tell you the truth, the salesman who does not, as the current phrase so aptly puts it, "just talk telephone numbers."

I think ninety-nine per cent of the men on the road will agree with me.

Of course there may be some pop-eyed idiots who have never felt this, who can butt their way in anywhere with perfect assurance. But there's no use worrying about them—they'll never read this article. They never read anything, save perhaps the captions at the movies—and they read those out loud.



# SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

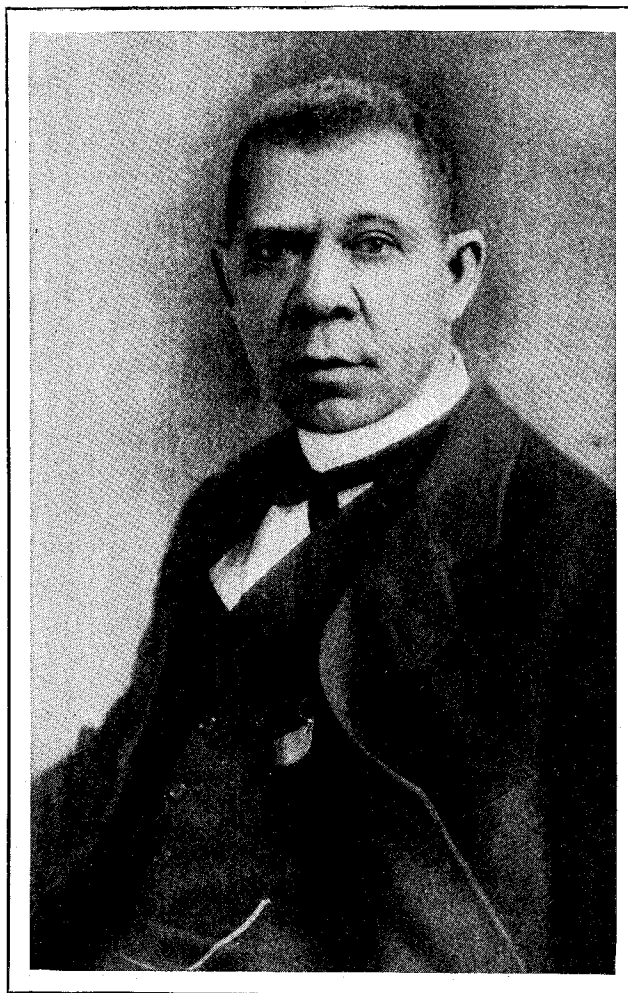
## BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

**L**IKE all great men, Booker T. Washington had great reserves—chambers in his experience with which his best friends were not familiar. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve; but neither did he keep it stored in a safe-deposit vault. One could not know him and not realize that he had a warm heart, and guess that he had a passionate nature. But he always had himself under absolute control. His reserve was probably in part temperamental, but I think it was also conscientiously cultivated. He was, throughout his life, dealing with questions on which the men of his time differed widely and passionately; on which prejudice was strong and feeling was intense. He dealt with these questions frequently and courageously; he was never obscure and never evasive; but he could not but know that a single mistake in word or deed might bring disaster to his life-work.

Only once did I ever know him to “let himself go.” This was at the graduating exercises at Hampton Institute. He and I spoke on that occasion on the same platform. The senior class certainly—if my memory serves me right, all the Institute students—were gathered on this platform, while the visitors, mostly white, were seated upon the floor of the great building. The speaker’s task was a difficult one. He had to stand at one side between the two audiences and play the part of Mr. “Facing-Both-Ways.” Mr. Washington turned first toward one, then toward the other, of the two audiences as he spoke. He appealed to the members of his race to secure the respect of their white neighbors, not by demanding it, but by deserving it. In an eloquent appeal to their self-respect and an eloquent portrait of what the race had done since emancipation to justify self-respect he swung himself around as on a pivot and, speaking with unaccustomed vehemence to the white portion of his audience, cried out: “I tell you, we are as proud of our race as you are of yours.” It was like a flash from a before silent and supposedly unloaded gun. How the Negroes on the platform cheered him!

I heard what I suppose was the last speech he ever made, an address at the anniversary exercises of the American Mission Association in New Haven, where, with that quiet humor so characteristic of him, he satirized the prejudice against his people. “A member of my race,” he said, “wanted to go from New York to San Francisco. He wanted to travel first class in a Pullman sleeper. He bought a red cap—fez, I think you call it—forgot the English language, and went as an East Indian; and no one objected. It appears that it is not the color of the skin, but the color of the cap to which you object.”

I have heard critics say that Mr.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Graduated from Hampton Institute in 1875. Founded Tuskegee Institute in 1881

Washington was not a religious man and that his school was not a Christian school. Such a critic has either an extraordinary conception of the Christian religion or an extraordinary misunderstanding of Mr. Washington’s character and career. The Bible School attached to the Tuskegee Institute has sent out hundreds of graduates who are teaching the Bible, most of them in this country, a few of them in Africa. Mr. Washington in his autobiography pays a deserved tribute to the Christian churches in America: “If no other consideration had convinced me of the value of the Christian life, the Christlike work which the churches of all denominations in America have done during the last thirty-five years for the elevation of the black man would have made me a Christian.” He tells his readers that, no matter how busy he is, he makes it a rule to read a chapter or a portion of a chapter of the Bible every morning before beginning the work of the day, and that he never goes before an audience, on any occasion, without asking the blessing of God upon what he wants to say.

A simple incident in which I was a passive participant illustrates his skill in arousing the emotions of his audience in order to secure their sympathetic reception of his teaching. He had come to Cornwall, at the invitation of a Citizens’ Committee, to speak in a temperance campaign which we were waging under local option against the saloon. He wrote me that experience had taught him that the best way for him to reach the members of his own race was to address them in a separate meeting in one of their own churches. We therefore arranged for him an afternoon meeting in a colored Methodist meeting-house, which would accommodate about one hundred hearers. The pastor of the church conducted the opening service, read the Scripture, offered a prayer, and called for two or three hymns, which were rather languidly sung to the accompaniment of a reed organ. When Booker T. Washington was introduced, he said: “There is one thing we Negroes can do a great deal better than the whites can do; we can sing our own ‘spirituals’ better. Is there some one