

recrudescence of the leadership of Roosevelt progressives. Without it, the Republican cause would seem hopeless in a number of important States. The return of Beveridge was at first an awful blow to the regulars of Indiana, but they have reason for bearing up under it.

Colorado and Michigan are two other States where the Republicans might welcome an infusion of the same sort of blood. Both these States seem to hang doubtfully for the Republicans. In Michigan Senator Townsend has made a gallant fight and has been favored by a number of his opponents in the primary who split a majority vote between them. But Townsend is a minority candidate, with stiff uphill work before him over the Newberry issue. The Middle West is against large expenditures of money at elections. The Middle West thinks that large expenditures are both unnecessary and dangerous. This may be Main Street morality, and it may make far more difficult some critical contests for the right which demand greater expenditures than Main Street is willing to stand for; but it is a phenomenon that is to be reckoned with in all parts of the country. In Colorado the Republicans are facing the general country-wide reaction, and something else. "Billy" Sweet, wealthy ex-bond broker and radi-

cal thinker, is running on the Democratic ticket for the Governorship. He was very critical of the street railway strike in the city of Denver two years ago, and was instrumental in having published a report of outside investigators upon the strike which bore heavily upon the good sense and good faith of the railway operators and managers. He represents quite exactly the political freedom of the West as it has manifested itself so frequently in a State like Colorado. He is also helped by the strong feeling on the part of the labor element in that State against what labor regards as the unconstitutional treatment of one William Z. Foster during the recent hectic strike crisis. Colorado authority has always been rough with labor radicals, and the riot and the bull-pen have been in that State confused with synonyms of progress. Foster seems to have been cornered in a hotel room in Denver and marked for deportation. When the prospective deportee inquired for authority under the law to be thus summarily dealt with, the strong arm representative of State authority is alleged to have replied that he hadn't looked for any law, meanwhile gently patting his gun in his hip pocket. Whereupon William Z. was spirited away into another State and left five miles from a town, with instruc-

tions to hobble in, following specific declarations as to what would happen to him if he should return to Colorado.

Speaking of free speech and free coming and going, this is perhaps as good a place as any to say that the Middle West is restive under the meticulous phraseology of oppression in the Daugherty injunction against the railway strikers. It seems to be the overdoing of a good thing that makes more trouble for progress than anything else. The Middle West is not as critical of the use of the injunction for labor disputes as Mr. Gompers, by any means; it is not that there is any great amount of love lost on railway labor; it is that it seems monstrous to the Middle West to deny by court injunction rights of the free speech of entreaty, one man to another, rights of social assemblage, one man at another's home, for the purpose of entreaty. The Middle West seems to think that the Daugherty-Wilkerson injunction went even farther than Congress itself would have the right to go. The Middle West seems to fear that some day in America, if we are not careful, a radical class may come to power that will have been taught by previous un-American example how to treat their foes. At that, the Middle West is a long way from a farmer-labor entente.

## KEEPING IT DARK

BY WILLIAM McANDREW

"THERE are a number of teachers on board, but they are keeping it dark."

This is a sentence from a letter written on a transatlantic steamer by a lady on July 6, 1922.

I'd like to write a history of the contempt for teachers. You would see the slave called "paidagogus" whipped like the others when his master pleased; the same name in the Middle Ages shortened to "pedant" and retaining the saturation of scorn it has brought down the centuries. You would see Shakespeare and Shensone and Goldsmith molding their contumely into verse; Scott and Dickens and the early novelists plying their muck-rakes to collect the ugly, despicable, mean ingredients of mankind and molding the mess into the creature called schoolmaster. You would see our own first literary genius, when searching for a vessel to contain, without suggesting the improbable, a mixture of cowardice, selfishness, pettiness, and conceit, select a receptacle, call it teacher, and name it Ichabod Crane.

I remember a teachers' convention in Elgin in 1887. Will Ray, a cheerful memory, was our principal. There was a group of us who felt that our clothes and personalities were rather like those of young business men and nice girls. Some one proposed a trip through the watch factory. We abandoned the educational meeting for this more interest-

ing adventure. Every girl and every man took off his little association ribbon and hid it safely away. Thirty-five years later, 1922, I attended a National Education meeting in Boston. I saw hundreds of nice girls and attractive-looking men, fully as stylish as any of our old Chicago party which went to Elgin, but they were wearing their association badges everywhere. I used to fold over my "Journal of Education" when reading it in the street car for fear some one would know I was in the business. It doesn't bother me a bit, now. When any ill-bred, new acquaintance asks, "What's your line?" I don't say "Books" any more, nor "Tanner," but "Teaching," without blinking an eye. That is not because I dislike dropping down in one's estimation any less than of old. It is because my business ranks higher in the world's eye than it did. We had an art exhibition here in 1898. We wanted all the children of our school to see it. They must be convoyed two blocks. Out of twenty-eight school-teachers two were plainly willing to take their children over. The others hated to be seen with classes on the street. Last fall, New York presented in a central armory an exposition called "America's Making." Opportunity was given the schools to visit it. So many teachers asked for tickets for their children that the management could only cut the privilege down to a fraction of the de-

mand. For fifteen days, mornings, afternoons, and Saturdays, sixty-two thousand children came in street cars and on foot, each twenty-five accompanied by a teacher, naturally, willingly, apparently with enthusiasm.

It seems only yesterday that a woman suffrage parade marched up Fifth Avenue. There were detachments of women lawyers, interesting; actresses, not so good to look at without footlights; business women, well worth while; nurses, fine. Then a multitude of women teachers, all in white, heads up, step firm and rhythmic (they had drilled themselves on armory floors all over town), faces intelligent, reliable, unafraid, and as of those who give and get affection. There had been approving clapping of hands as other detachments passed, but as this army of gentlewomen swung up the Avenue, the masses on the curbs instinctively, spontaneously, irresistibly, paid a tribute that grew to a roar of approval. You realized that the crowds welcomed these as their own, a fine piece of America itself, as distinctly as any body of military troops ever is. You felt that the man of the crowd was saluting the memory of his own favorite teacher of Litchfield or Johnstown or Carpenter's Corners. Even the reporters, case-hardened against enthusiasm, glorified this section of the parade to the limit.

We have arrived. Our comic-valentine

days are past. We have cur Edward Eggleston, D'Arcy Thompson, Elbert Hubbard, and Otis Poole. Even when we were boys, a popular drama, "M'liss," gave the leading man's part to a clean, virile, lovable fellow, a schoolmaster.

It is suicidal stupidity to look down on teachers. The eminent spirits who conceived the Republic—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Madison, Monroe, Jefferson—made clear expressions of conviction that the Nation must be preserved by schools adopted as an integral part of governmental service. The great historic law enacted even before the Constitution, that "Ordinance of 1787," gave legal authority to the idea. De Witt Clinton got it into New York's Constitution as "an essential" of government. Lincoln called our public education "the most important question we as a people can be concerned with." To carry over from a muddy-brained past the fashion of ridiculing the teacher and to continue it in a new government which had specifically selected the teacher's work as that which should, in Washington's phrase, be "promoted as of primary importance," was as blind as the corn-law legislation of those witless landowners who ruined themselves and starved their country in an effort to keep matters as they were. We have a thousand towns in which school boards have discovered that to try to own the teacher and to legislate the distance between the ground and the hem of her skirt, or the question of her dancing, is only to exclude bright, cheerful, wholesome girls and to keep in a constant state of resentment towards its unnecessary and foolish restrictions the ones whom necessity drives into teaching. We have a hundred towns in which maidenhood is no longer made a stigma by an artificial ban on a woman teacher's marriage. We have cities in which the consideration of employment is not a question of charity, engaging those who most need the money, but a matter of efficiency, securing those who do the service best.

A teacher has no need to "keep it dark" in 1922. In fact one may feel pretty sure that "keeping it dark" is now an invitation to contempt. The late Walter Hines Page, whose inclinations kept him intimately acquainted with school people, while his work as editor and publisher threw him with a wide variety of other folk, remarked ten years back that the general public now regards teachers more highly than teachers do.

To keep one's identity dark may mean that the keeper is ashamed of it. To try to do a big work while being ashamed of it is, of course, psychologically and physiologically absurd—like tying weights on one's feet before climbing, dirtying one's food before eating it. To be ashamed of one's own work is to rob one's self of a natural birthright of happiness. Other men don't do that. Watson comes breezing in with the most wonderful life-insurance policy ever conceived. It's a beauty. Wilson is selling a car that's simply a dream. Wrightson

has a list of houses to offer that will make your life a heaven on earth. Any man who is worth his salt is enthusiastic about his business, no matter what it is. He may be all for the Spintz motor to-day; but if the Sputz Company hires him, there's no machine on earth can compare with theirs.

Goodness me! Why should anybody poison his own delight with a mental treatment that has been repudiated by progressives for years and years? Mother says, "Don't cry, dear," not "Do cry."

Children learn to praise their toys and be happy; boys learn to brag about their fathers; sweethearts tell each other each is the most wonderful being ever released from paradise to gladden the world. The language has no word contemptible enough to apply to the wife or husband who doesn't call her spouse the finest example of the blue-ribbon class. Why not? What's my business is so large a fraction of my life, now, that I must either put into it the zest of happiness or I must go into such available business as will permit of such zest. But even while I am looking and hoping for such business I must so regard my present calling as to make it yield me that satisfaction and joy which sane men know is the natural accompaniment of any worth-while work well done. Unhappiness in work is a sort of laziness. Gounod had it until he found out that, if he made up his mind regarding any distasteful task and determined to see how well he could do it, the drudgery became interesting and enjoyable. Pitacus, of the Greek sages, had the answer to it, for he told his disciples that "the greatest good is to do what you are doing at the moment well." The Preacher had it, too, when he said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do"—not do it half-heartedly, as if you believed you were going to be married some day, but—"do it with thy might." And Solomon had it when he said, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." Come, you Latin teacher, what is "diligent"? *Diligo, diligere*, to love ardently. Seest thou a man that loves his business with a glowing passion? What is the delight of kings compared with his? He stands before them. This is my birthright. My heart is mine. Gounod, Thales, Solomon, and Ecclesiastes have no monopoly. I command me, "This is thy business, love it;" and whether it be piling stone or making mousetraps, it gives me my enjoyment due. I shall wrestle with it as Jacob with the angel until it blesses me. I have no need to be ashamed of a business inherently so important, interesting, and varied, that is stamped with the highest approval of eminent men from Washington to Harding and is adopted as a function of the Government itself.

Perhaps the tendency to "keep it dark" is due to a recollection of unlovely personalities bearing the name of teachers and a wish to avoid being thought

like them. When I recall some of the long-faced, harsh-voiced, dowdily gowned women of old school days, or ungainly, ill-mannered men the powers-that-were used to permit to vitiate the company of children, I can't help commending as praiseworthy any attempt to keep from being thought like them. But, bless me! where can you find that type predominating? San Antonio teachers assembled look like Texas élite; Geneseo teachers need not strain any efforts to supply a beauty show; Sacramento teachers, constituted as a welcome committee, are deemed by the municipal authorities proper representatives of that beautiful city. Our own men and women, here in the metropolis, as you survey them at the evening school banquet, or the dinner to Charl O. Williams, or on any of the occasions that bring them together, look like people you would regard as good company anywhere.

Oh, pshaw! no one is justified in keeping his teachership dark on the ground of not wanting to be set down as of a calling of which the majority is despicable. Almost all of us have been lifted by teaching so much above the grade we should otherwise now be in that we would be justified in carrying with us a spotlight to throw upon ourselves, as who should say, "See me? I'm a teacher. Say, where would I be if I weren't?"

"There are a number of teachers on board, but they are keeping it dark." What were the other people doing? Were the lawyers on board proclaiming their business? Were the women shouting, "I'm a housekeeper," "I'm an accompanist," "I'm a secretary to a railroad president"? In fact, when you are on board ship, or at the Governor's reception, or at any non-business event, isn't the well-bred and proper thing, with regard to your occupation, to say nothing about it? Well, then, why need any one make a fuss about our not wishing to advertise our connection with our important employment? Every naval officer I ever knew appeared to me to regard the service with sincere respect. But if one was given shore leave, did he want to wear his uniform? Not one. Was he ashamed of it? I imagine not. But he had the gentleman's distaste for advertising his employment or for prying into that of any other gentleman.

Therefore, after all, you agents of the Republic do not have to carry any marks on you designed to make it easy for you to be spotted as teachers. In fact, a soft veil of mystery over a stranger is an element of charm.

No great moralist has, as yet, deplored the fact that teachers have lost the distinctions observable in the Ichabod Crane era. One of our New England members of long service on the school board of his little city indicated the situation when he remarked, day before yesterday, "It's come so ye can't tell the difference between a school-teacher and any other nice girl when one gets on the car."



# IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE THREE YEARS AFTER THE WAR

BY THATCHER T. P. LUQUER



THE OLD TILLEUL TREE AT ST. DIÉ

It stands in front of the Cathedral with the sign upon it, "This was a famous tree in the year 1400"

**L**AST May we motored, my sister and I, from Menton to Paris in a little French car that we bought in Menton and were fortunate enough to sell the day after we arrived in Paris. This gave us an opportunity not only to see the objects of interest along the route and the scenery, but also to observe something of the life of the people of the country away from the main routes of travel as well as in the cities. This was of special interest to me for the chance it gave of gathering an impression as to the actual conditions obtaining in those regions three years after the great war, and the trip was undertaken largely in order to revisit easily and comfortably the places in northeastern France with which I had become familiar while serving with the A. E. F. in 1918 and 1919.

Along the Riviera, through Provence and northward by the Valley of the Rhone everything appeared normal. The peasants were cultivating for the spring

seeding and the townspeople seemed busy, the shops doing a fair business, and superficially no evidences of the after effects of war, except for the evident scarcity of men between the ages of twenty and fifty. Prices were reasonable, particularly when translated into American money, and nowhere, even in Paris, did I encounter any disposition to profiteer at our expense because we were Americans. Bargaining is no longer as customary as it used to be, for the "*prix fixe*" is greatly used and goods in the shops are tagged and marked and the prices are seldom lowered. In places frequented by those of our fellow-countrymen whose one ambition seems to be to spend money and show huge rolls of bills and drink champagne for breakfast there probably is advantage taken of the opportunity to make large profits, and, of course, such persons are the ones to make a dreadful fuss when they find it out.

Lyons, one of the great industrial cen-

ters of France, showed no extraordinary symptoms of unemployment or poverty, although a close investigation might have revealed conditions not apparent to us, while all through the country regions the people, and particularly the children, seemed well fed and happy.

Going north from Lyons we entered a region more affected by the war. The national highways still show the effects of the heavy truck traffic of those times, although some sections have been repaired. The site of the A. E. F. University at Beaune is still littered with debris and marred by the remains of the foundations of the buildings, but the city has resumed its old quiet aspect and the khaki-clad students no longer throng its streets.

Dijon is again normal, and we spent several days of great enjoyment there, studying the quaint bits of architecture in the old streets and visiting its interesting museum and churches. Few travelers visit the city, but it well repays a day or two spent among its treasures.

Here began the portion of our trip which was its main object, our visit to the old battle front in the Vosges, around Verdun and the Argonne, Rheims and Château Thierry to Paris. Cold, rainy weather had pursued us from almost the beginning of our trip until we left Dijon, but there the sun came out and the beautiful region of the Côte d'Or began to justify its name.

Our first objective was Chatillon-sur-Seine, which was the central town in the area where my Division, the 81st, had been billeted for the winter after the armistice. The town itself was in those days wholly given over to the Second Corps Army Schools, but all the surrounding villages had been occupied by the "Wildcats," as the soldiers of the 81st Division were called from the badge which every man wore on the shoulder of his blouse.

My regiment, the 306th Engineers, had been billeted during that winter in three little villages in the valley of the Seine at the extreme southeastern border of the area assigned to the Division. The valley at this point, like most of the valleys in that region, has been furrowed deeply in the general plain by long years of erosion by the river, and as one motors over the smiling, rolling landscape, along a road like a white ribbon on a green table, one comes suddenly to the crest of a hill and looks down into the fertile valley beneath with the little villages clustering beside the stream.

Aisey-sur-Seine, the village in which regimental headquarters had been located, is a quiet, pretty little village, a summer resort in quiet times for Paris-