

That was an answer worthy of the "Times" at its best. Delane was speaking greatly of a great trade. I am quite content not to put it higher than that. I do not claim to be engaged in an art or a profession.

In a similar way, Lord Northcliffe, while he was successful—that is, up till middle life—was a true trader in news, even if not one who could claim to be very well inspired or very thoughtful or very reflective. The moment, however, that he began to use the great lever he had forged for other purposes than those for which it was meant he got into difficulties and began to lose his influence. Curiously enough, in some confused way Lord Northcliffe seemed to have realized this himself. Only a few months ago, in a wild pamphlet which he wrote about millionaire newspaper proprietors, he made a vehement attack on men who owned newspapers, not because they wanted to carry on a successful trade, but because they had ulterior motives. With a good deal of his invective on this point I found myself in agreement. Un-

fortunately, however, Lord Northcliffe was like the lady of whom Congreve wrote in his famous poem:

She is the thing that she despises.
He was all the time doing the very thing that he was denouncing—i. e., the man who used his papers, not for trade, but for other purposes.

Before I end this sketch of Lord Northcliffe and the journalistic lessons of his career I want to say once more that, though I have had to speak plainly about him, I am strongly touched by the tragic irony of his end. I should have been only too glad if I could have honestly said, "At any rate, he succeeded in doing what he tried to do." Respect for the truth will only let me say that he succeeded in this up till the middle of his life, and then that the abundance of his success led him to failure. How this came about is easily seen by any one who regards the facts of his life. When still a very young man, and without experience—he was not one of the people who possessed an intuitive knowledge of life and men—he reached a position in

which he was toadied, flattered, and cajoled by the majority of those with whom he came in contact.

Considering the temptations to which he was exposed, and considering also the facts of his career, one might very well say that the wonder was, not that he suffered a kind of intellectual shipwreck, but that he did not do a great deal more harm than he in fact did. That, in my opinion, is the just view, and, being so, I feel bound to record it.

I have a word to add by way of postscript. My readers may think it strange that I have said nothing about Lord Northcliffe and the part he played in the war. I have not dealt with his war record because I believe that his influence on the war was absurdly exaggerated. If, then, I had touched the matter, I could not have avoided being strongly polemical. Also, I must have spoken more harshly than I want to speak. Finally, I wanted to put what I think is a true account of the man before the American public, not to plunge into an infructuous controversy.

SHEER ENVY

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I NEVER camped in all my life. I hated exercise. I was afraid to sleep with my windows open. So now when I see a husky, salmon-colored American camper, proud of his fresh sun-blisters, I look at him resentfully.

Tents with wooden floors! Real gas stoves! Portable phonographs! And—the crowning glory of it all—folding bathtubs! And he calls this camping! Why, if a Russian housewife laid her eyes on all the American camper's kitchen outfit, she would unhesitatingly forsake her city house for the "wild" life in the open.

"To rough it"—you call your camping! You luxury-swamped sybarites! And you have the nerve to call the poor Russian city-mole an effeminate person!

In Russia we seldom camp of our free will. And it is not because we are more effeminate than you. If we do not open our windows at night, even if it overlooks the sheltered street in the city, it is because we cannot afford to waste so much heat. To sleep with the windows wide open in winter—why, it would call for steam heating, or at least for all-wool underwear! No average Russian was ever as rich as that!

And to move to the country with all the array of canned food, stoves, cameras, Victrolas, and—above all—with a bathtub! The luxury of ancient Rome had nothing on you, modern American campers!

When I saw for the first time the famous tent city of San Diego, on Coronado Beach, I thought almost with tears: "If one-tenth of our peasants could afford a tent dwelling with a

screened porch, a swinging hammock, a gas-stove, and a rubber bathtub, we would consider ourselves a nation of millionaires!"

Sheer envy is and will be the predominant feeling of a foreigner gazing at all these camp luxuries until you be-

gin sharing them with the great barren camp called the after-war Europe. We need your trading in portable bungalows, little stoves, hand showers, cheap articles of hygiene, and scores of civilization's substitutes for immediate use, because the war-ridden countries cannot be rebuilt at even a year's notice. To make the beggar-like conditions of life less painful many a European country should be put on a camping basis. Temporary homes, with at least a ghost of comfort—this is what we need immediately. What you mean by reconstruction is a thing far too solid for us.

You want to rebuild us at once and thoroughly; to put us firmly on our feet; to give us modern electric fixtures, fine railways (provided you obtain profitable concessions for building them), up-to-date plumbing (provided we can pay millions of rubles, marks, or kronen to your engineers). Wonderful task, and well worth spending your and our energy and money! But, as the ancient Slav proverb goes: "A golden plate is of no use to the hungry."

Do not give us a golden plate alone. Don't start a wonderful system of plumbing without giving us in the meantime cheap water filters—to save us from cholera and her sister epidemics. A tent erected immediately is better than the most comfortable house next season.

We have to live somehow in the meantime. We have to camp, not for pleasure, but for the sake of saving our lives, to "rough it" in the severest sense of the word. And who, if not Americans, campers *par excellence*, will teach the world how to camp?

THE DREAD TYPHOON

Do you remember the island of Yap? It figured not long ago in the press despatches as a center of international discord. But Yap is not young as a disturbing factor in the world; it is the nest from which the dread typhoon arises to carry death and destruction to eastern Asia and the ships of the Pacific.

LIEUTENANT CLIFFORD A. TINKER recounts the family history of the typhoon in a forthcoming issue of The Outlook.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER II—LAW AND LETTERS

MY brother Nathan at this time carried through a bit of youthful business enterprise which added greatly to his joy and mine. Having collected some old hemp rope, which was very scarce at the time, he received enough money for it to enable him to buy a handsome bay pony. This became our joint and most treasured possession. Nathan in later years became noted as a horse fancier, a driver of trotters, the owner of a fine stable. It is an old axiom that the man who really knows horses knows men also. Nathan knew both. But few things ever gave Nathan and myself as much pleasure as the possession of that pony. So it was a hard blow for us when he became a Yankee prisoner of war.

On April 16, 1865, General James H. Wilson, commanding 15,000 Federal soldiers, marched against Columbus. Lee had surrendered nine days earlier, but this was unknown to General Wilson and to our citizen soldiers, composed chiefly of superannuated men and school-boys. There was a feeble defense, and Wilson's army took possession. Soon afterwards the rabble from the factories commenced looting. Led by drunken Federal soldiers, they burned the cotton warehouses. Lost were the savings of many, including most of my father's. All horses were seized, our little pony among the rest. I never saw him again, though I still retain a vivid mental picture of him. Frequently since, when I have met that fine old veteran, General Wilson, who is still among the living, hale and hearty, I have jestingly reproached him for taking my most treasured possession.

"Go South" had been good enough advice in 1852, but "Stay South" under what was known as Reconstruction—stay there under conditions serious enough to break the strongest and discourage the most enterprising—this was not suitable to my father's enterprise. Again he forced a situation analogous to that after the '48 Revolution—much more serious, though. He was older.

The North offered an outlet for enterprise. There, too, my father could more readily dispose of the remainder of his cotton. His idea was to pay off pre-war debts contracted in New York and Philadelphia and make a fresh start. Isidor was able to help him considerably. A youngster of nineteen, but already a sagacious man of experience, a stay of two years in London had netted him several thousand dollars. Sent there as secretary of a commission to buy supplies for the State of Georgia, he had turned to brokerage when the effective blockade of Southern ports stopped shipments. He had made his profit selling

Confederate bonds. Returning, he used part of the proceeds to purchase a house for his mother and added the balance to his father's money, with which they established a wholesale china and glass-ware business in New York City.

When the Confederate Government canceled the commercial obligations of Southern merchants to Northern creditors and ordered this indebtedness paid to the Government instead, the debtors regarded themselves morally free from paying their creditors. My father, though, was true to his original obligations, saying:

"I propose to pay my debts in full and leave to my children a good name even if I should leave them nothing else."

The dry-goods house of George Bliss & Co. was his principal New York creditor, and the sum between four and five thousand dollars. When my father called about the debt, Mr. Bliss was amazed, asked many questions, and even then found it difficult to grasp how this man of fifty-seven, with four children, stood ready to plunge into a new venture and handicap himself at the start by paying off an old debt.

"I don't think you are fair to your family and yourself," said Mr. Bliss, "to deprive yourself of the slender means you tell me you possess by paying out your available resources. I will compromise with you for less than the full amount, in view of the hardships of war and your family obligations."

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE

Isidor arranged for my schooling. A picture of Columbia College in my geography text-book set me to thinking how wonderful it would be to study there. Being only fourteen and a half when we came to New York, and not having the entrance requirements, I was instead enrolled in the Columbia Grammar School. It was my first experience with a high-grade school. The teaching was much more thorough. It seemed to me I had to learn everything anew. Considering the modest income of the family, the tuition fee and the cost for books were large, but my father, economical in all other respects, was liberal beyond his means where education was concerned. My brother, moreover, was desirous that I should have the advantage of the college training which circumstances, notably the war, had withheld from him.

I appreciated to the full the privilege I was permitted to enjoy, and applied myself wholeheartedly to study. The school regulations required that the parents should fill out a blank each week stating, among other things, the number of hours we studied at home. Three or

four hours were the average for most students, but, as my average was fully double that, I felt rather ashamed to give the exact number, so I stated less.

The school was at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street and our home was in West Forty-ninth Street. I always walked both ways, saving car-fares and at the same time conserving my health.

Despite my hard work, I made a poor showing, though on one occasion I shone with accidental glory. It was the custom when a question was asked to pass it from pupil to pupil, and to set the one who gave the correct answer at the head of the class. It so happened once that I gave a fortunate answer and moved forward to occupy the seat of scholastic eminence. I sat there enjoying a near view of the teacher's countenance, wondering how long I would thus remain distinguished, and looking back occasionally to note how the last row looked. At this moment a visitor entered who was none other than the inventor of the telegraph, S. F. B. Morse, whose grandson was in my class. Knowing the custom and observing me in the seat of honor, he remarked upon my having a large head in comparison with my body, something like himself, and added that I must be a bright boy. There was humiliation rather than elation in being thus praised when I, as well as the rest, knew I did not deserve it.

The principal, Dr. Bacon, encouraged us individually when the time for college-entrance examinations approached in the spring of 1867. For me he had consolation in addition to encouragement, for he feared that because of my lack of early training I might not pass. There were still two weeks before the examination. I crammed night and day. I knew that I could not expect my father to keep me in school another year when after two years of preparation I had shown myself deficient. That thought was my spur, though I am quite sure that both Isidor and my father, knowing I had done my best, would have insisted upon my taking another year for preparation.

I was not prepared, therefore, for so surprising a result as to be the only one in my class to pass all examinations without a single condition. "Lucky dog!" said the others who flunked; and I could not but admit it was luck rather than brilliancy. The professor who examined my classmates in ancient geography was the author of the text-book upon which the examination was held. A meticulous pundit, he regarded that book as supreme and absolute. A good answer, if not exactly according to that book, was as good as no answer at all.