

judge in a case where a man's personal liberty is at the judge's disposal, Congress should amend the law to make it explicit.

## A Stealer of Trash and Honor

Who steals my purse steals trash . . .  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

**S**HAKESPEARE may have been right, but Dr. Cook has had some evidence to the contrary. When he attempted to steal from Admiral Peary the honor of discovering the North Pole, he secured some temporary if transient honor, quite a little cash, and he also kept out of jail. When he tried to steal by a fraudulent promotion scheme the money of guileless investors, he landed in prison with a fourteen-year term to serve. Judge Killits, who passed sentence on Dr. Cook, delivered his opinion on this strange combination of vanity and mercenary crookedness in language which seems to have established a record for judicial indignation:

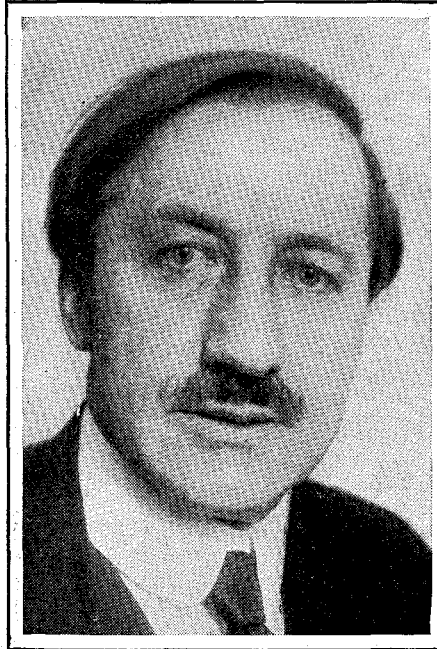
"Stand up, Cook. . . . You have come to the point where your peculiar personality fails you. The twentieth century should be proud of you. History gave us Ananias and Sapphira. They are forgotten, but we still have Dr. Cook.

"Cook, this deal of yours is so damnable rotten that it seems to me your attorneys must have been forced to hold their handkerchiefs to their noses to have represented you. It stinks to high heaven. You should not be allowed to run at large. I know that you have your ill-gotten goods put away, but your wife and daughter should not be allowed to touch them. . . .

"I am not going to do justice in this case, for I think that you will get it somewhere else. You ought to be paraded as a practical warning in every State where you have sold stock."

Even lawyers, who may question the manner in which Judge Killits imposed sentence, must certainly sympathize with his feelings.

The whole history of Dr. Cook affords an amazing and an absorbing chapter in the study of human psychology. Dr. Cook, when he came back from his venture near Mount McKinley, and when he returned from his more northern exploit, must have known that discovery of his



(C) Keystone

**Dr. Frederick A. Cook, famous as a fake explorer, now convicted of fraud**

fraudulent claim was as inevitable as the rising of the sun. The weight against this consideration was the hope of immediate financial gain and of international notoriety. A strange mind, indeed, which in the face of such facts could make the decision chosen by Dr. Cook!

Dr. Cook's return to America from the North divided the country into two camps. There was a creditable, if a too generous, willingness to give Dr. Cook every benefit of the doubt until he should have time to get his records into shape. For many weeks after his return, it will be remembered, the country received no more information than was contained in a superficially journalistic account of his trials and travels. Even from this incomplete information, however, the falsity of Cook's claims was evident. Practically the first and perhaps the best analysis

of Dr. Cook's claims appeared in The Outlook from the skilled and experienced pen of George Kennan. Mr. Kennan took Cook's statements of the length of the time which he claimed to have been absent from a base of supplies, and his statement of the amount of food which he carried, and proved conclusively that Dr. Cook must have starved to death before he could have accomplished half of the journey over the Polar ice which he claimed to have completed.

Any study of the psychology of Dr. Cook's rascality would in no wise be complete without a study of the psychology of those who, contrary to all evidence, still maintained (and perhaps some still do maintain) the belief that this adventurer reached the Pole. Certainly the promoters of fraudulent oil stock who saw value in the name of Dr. Cook as an advertisement of their project must have placed a cynical reliance upon the power of the human mind to ignore reality. To pick as the head of a fraudulent project a man whose name was a byword and a hissing, and to find that this selection was justified by its power to draw money from credulous investors, must have made them feel that the limits of human credulity had never been plumbed. Ireland's forgery of a play of Shakespeare's, George Psalmanazar's description of the island of Formosa, which he had never visited, and the Count de Rougemont's vivid lies about the Great Barrier Reef of Australia were minor items in the book of human roguery when compared with the fabrications of Dr. Cook.

Among the great knaves of history, if that is any comfort to him, Dr. Cook has won a front place. His story will not soon be forgotten.

## Some Notes on Foreign Affairs

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

**A** GOOD many men who are not isolationists and who would be glad, if they could, to do something reasonable and effective to help Europe out of her slough of despond secretly wish, I imagine, that Senators Hiram Johnson and Medill McCormick would show them how they might avoid entanglements in the chaos and convulsions on the other side of the Atlantic and yet maintain their self-respect. The trouble is that the more the isolationist

Senators talk, the more clear it becomes that we are already entangled. It grows daily more apparent that we must do something besides talking, and do it quickly, if we are to save ourselves, to say nothing of saving the people of Central and Eastern Europe, who are rapidly sinking deeper and deeper into the mire. The most serious obstacle in the way of an effective foreign policy is the great divergence of views as to what ought to be done. It is perfectly useless to hope

for unity of action without unity of thought. I have been so confused and perplexed by the conflicting advice of trained and competent observers who have been to Europe and have come back with diametrically opposed diagnoses and cures for the trouble that I have sometimes been tempted to adopt as my "Desk Motto"—to use Christopher Morley's happy phrase—the quatrain written, I believe, by Charles Kingsley,

Do the work that's nearest  
Though 'tis dull at whiles,  
Helping when you meet them  
Lame dogs over stiles,

and let it go at that. Unfortunately, this simple motto will hardly serve Secretaries of State, Prime Ministers, and Ambassadors. They are so constantly meeting with lame dogs that they have to prepare carefully beforehand and always carry about with them a kit for administering first aid.

The other evening I was a guest at a private dinner of about a dozen gentlemen in a New York club who had no special reason for meeting except pleasant friendship. When the coffee and cigars were served, the conversation naturally turned to the Franco-German situation in the Ruhr. One of the guests was a Government financier and an officer of one of the largest and most influential banks in the United States; another was the president of an important railway system; another was an executive of very large shipping interests; another was a distinguished manufacturer who has European connections and has been closely associated with the progress of American mechanical engineering; another was a prominent New York merchant who knows from practical experience the intricacies of imports and exports; another was a lawyer whose family name is well known in international matters. All had been ardent in their pro-Ally sympathies and activities during the World War.

The banker and the lawyer felt that Germany cannot pay the thirty-three billion dollars of reparations required from her, because, whatever may be her apparent domestic prosperity, she has nothing like that amount of movable wealth, and it is said that reparations, of course, can be paid only in movable wealth.

The railway president, on the other hand, who has just been in Germany and France, advocated the permanent occupation of the Ruhr district by the French

and thought that, in order to avoid a repetition of the Alsace-Lorraine struggle, every German should be deported and the territory filled up with Frenchmen. When it was objected that the French birth rate would not permit of such a policy, he asserted that if the French were made secure against future German aggression their birth rate would increase by leaps and bounds; for, said he, the French are really the most fecund people in the world and their population has been restricted since the Franco-Prussian War chiefly by fear of the future. "You mean," commented one of the guests, "that they have been frightened into impotence." "Exactly," was the response.

The shipping master, although his financial relations are largely with the British, was strongly pro-French in his views and inclined to agree with the railway president.

Thus the conversation went on, frank but amicable. At the end of two hours we were apparently no "forrader." On rising from the table the host remarked: "Well, gentlemen, if twelve of us with many interests in common can't come to some agreement as to American foreign policy, how can we expect Cabinets at Washington to do much better?" This incident does not throw much light on the course which America should take with regard to Europe, but it does illuminate very distinctly the difficulties in the way of any Government which attempts to adopt a consistent and persistent plan of action.

IT is announced that the Committee in charge of what is known as the Bok Peace Plan has been overwhelmed with the manuscripts of competitors for the prize of \$100,000 which Mr. Edward Bok offered some months ago for the best plan to establish world peace. The prize is a sort of double-barreled one: \$50,000 is to be paid for the scheme which is adjudged to be the best by the Committee, and \$50,000 more will be forthcoming when it is adopted by the world or at least by enough nations to make it effective. No doubt Mr. Bok has achieved the purpose he had in mind when he made the offer. He has turned the attention of thousands of people to the problem of world peace who would otherwise have thought of it only in the vaguest fashion. But there is considerable skepticism as to whether he will ever be called upon for the second \$50,000.

The great constructive advances of mankind in the upward struggle of civilization have not been made in response to prize offers. A friend of mine tells me that he had some thought of entering the prize contest, but was discouraged from the undertaking by a dream. He dreamed that he died and found himself in paradise. As he walked about inspecting that pleasant land he ran across an old man talking to a knot of auditors, and found that it was Moses complaining that no one had ever offered *him* one hundred thousand dollars for the Ten Commandments.

A little farther along he observed a group of very perfect knights in helmets and coats of mail. They were barons of Runnymede, and were discussing the reasons why none of them had received twenty thousand pounds for Magna Charta. They came to the conclusion that King John must have surreptitiously gotten the money. As he was not in paradise and as there was no means of communication with the lower regions, they were much annoyed that they could not tax him with this new evidence of his characteristic perfidy.

Still farther on was a gathering of men in Continental costume, who proved to be a number of signers of the Declaration of Independence. They were debating how they would have divided the money if Mr. Bok had happened to live in Philadelphia in 1776 instead of 1923. The oldest and most dignified of them, who had taken no part in the argument, which was growing a little acrimonious, brought the discussion to a close by saying: "Gentlemen, if our work on July 4, 1776, in Philadelphia had been measured by money, I think you will agree that the prize should have come to me. For in 1755, twenty years before our Declaration, I proposed a plan at Albany for a Federal Union of the Colonies. But I have never believed that prize money makes a good citizen, for, as Poor Richard says, *He that lives upon Hope will die fasting, and there are no Gains without Pains.*" The dreamer, being a journalist and familiar with the benign features of the great father of American journalism, did not need to be told that the speaker, for whom the debaters showed the utmost deference and respect, was Benjamin Franklin.

When my friend returned from his dream journey, or, in other words, when he woke up, he woke up to the fact that Leagues of Nations cannot be created by



one mind or designed in the mere hope of pecuniary reward.

ON August 6 last, at Lausanne, Switzerland, the United States negotiated a treaty with Turkey. The American Committee for the Independence of Armenia, under the leadership of ex-Ambassador Gerard, has prepared a protest against this treaty and proposes to send it to the United States Senate, urging that body to exercise its Constitutional right and annul the treaty by refusing to ratify it. The names of fifty or more distinguished Americans of various parties, creeds, and professions have already been appended to the protest.

The complete treaty has not yet been made public, but a synopsis of it has appeared which shows that under this proposed treaty we have not only abandoned our official promises of protection to the Armenians, but have surrendered the legitimate rights and interests of American citizens in Turkey. In making the

protest the Committee believes that the inducement leading to this sacrifice of American rights and American ideals was the so-called Chester oil concession. I have been asked and am glad to join in this protest, and hope it will be effective.

I am opposed to this treaty between the United States and Turkey, however, not because it fails to protect the Armenians, not because it acquiesces in the abolition of the Capitulations which have for many years been the almost sole protection of American citizens in Turkey, not because it appears to be based upon property rights rather than human rights, but for a very much deeper reason.

For the five hundred years that Turkey has been a European Power she has been an obstructor and an enemy of civilization. Human progress has withered in every land her hand has touched. I am told that individual Turks are delightful. Perhaps they are. I am not sure but that in a social club I might prefer the companionship of Turkish

gentlemen to that of Armenian patriots—but not in a democracy. Nothing in Turkey's course during the World War or since the World War has convinced me that her character has changed one iota since the days of Sobieski. One cannot make a treaty of general amity with such a people and maintain one's self-respect. Turkey outgeneraled us in the World War, and we said nothing; she has outgeneraled us since the World War, and we say nothing. It will be time enough to make treaties with her when she shows some definite desire to enter international and human relations totally and radically different from those she maintained in Hungary, the Balkan Peninsula, and Egypt until she was driven out by force.

I wish Secretary Hughes would say to Turkey what he has so effectively said in substance to Bolshevist Russia: We will not enter into any kind of government relationship with you until you show credible evidence of a decent respect to the opinions of mankind.

# British Fiscal Policy at the Crossroads

Special Correspondence from England

By J. D. WHELPLEY

Author of "The Trade of the World"

THE war has done what the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his faithful band of tariff reformers failed to do twenty years ago—it has converted the Conservative party to a policy of protection for British industry.

The tariff proposals made by Mr. Baldwin are of a purely business character. There is nothing in them to awaken any great enthusiasm or to make an appeal for emotional support. There is much in them, however, to suggest pessimism as to the immediate future of the foreign trade of the world, and possibly as to the future power of Great Britain in international affairs. It is impossible to escape the feeling that in a way it is an admission of defeat. For several generations in Great Britain it has been held as axiomatic in British industry, first, that foreign trade was the basis of all prosperity, and, second, that foreign trade was dependent upon cheap production, cheap food, and free trade.

Twenty years ago the British pound sterling was the standard measure for the money of the world, British foreign trade far exceeded that of any other

country, the British deep-sea shipping industry was supreme, no other country had any undue advantage through the payment of labor in cheap money, and the landowning and industrial magnates of the country were in absolute control of the political situation. There was every reason then for Mr. Chamberlain being asked to give good reasons why the existing system should be changed for something else, necessarily experimental.

The conditions with which the country is now faced are in sharp contrast to those of twenty years ago. The pound sterling is no longer the money standard of the world; British foreign trade is considerably less in tonnage than it was ten years ago; British shipping is idle for want of cargoes; in Germany, France, Italy, and Belgium the cost of production by reason of cheapened money is so low as to bring goods of all descriptions to the English market at prices with which the British manufacturer cannot compete. That this is not merely a temporary state of affairs has become more evident with each passing day. That the so-called return to normal in the imme-

diate future, so long expected and so long deferred, is an iridescent dream has been beaten in upon the British mind.

That the more radical element in politics is gaining strength as present conditions are prolonged is all too evident to the more conservative class. With unemployment maintaining a more or less stable figure of a million and a half of workers, business slack and getting slacker, foreign competition within the former strongholds of British industry becoming more serious every day, the British agricultural industry in the doldrums, it has become absolutely necessary that some form of constructive change should be proposed as a political plank to which the voters could cling in the confused and dangerous sea resulting from the waiting policy which has prevailed for so long.

No one factor has contributed more to the present depression in English industry than the rapidly increasing competitive power of France. With improved facilities, increased supplies of raw material, plentiful food, and labor paid for in money worth in the international ex-