

the André Lebon in a boat paddled from the stern like a fish's tail, and that an old man with two teeth which did not hit helped to hoist my limp body to the ship's ladder. Harry Horton, one of the boys I know best, watched him fight his way through the jam of sampans to the ship's side. Twice his boat was pushed back by some excited ruffian. The third time they tried to stop him Gran'pap joined in a furious quarrel with his perse-

cutors. Only a few words were intelligible to Harry, but he heard Gran'pap shout something about a mosquito net, and after that the sampans opened up for him to pass.

It is almost six months since I was brought to Kobe. Yokohama is still an abomination of desolation, shaken by earthquakes every day. Her people have scattered to the remote ends of the Empire. Sickness and death have taken a

heavy toll. "The master" has gone twice and searched the ruins anxiously. We do not even know that Gran'pap survived that dreadful week after I was safe on the French Mail liner. Day and night I can see an old, old man patiently digging orange peel out of garbage-boxes, and shivering in the wintry wind as he makes his "medicine." And yet, what can we do? Eighteen years of association, and we never knew his name!

The Dreamer

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

As Love went past me,—there
In his arms a child lay sleeping.
"O Love, child-bearer," I said,
"Why in sleep is he weeping?"

Love said: "'Tis only a dream:
When he wakes, it will be ended."
"What is his dream?" quoth I.
Quoth Love, "That he goes unfriended."

"How in your arms, O Love,
Comes such a dream, heart-breaking?"
"Sleep is sleep," said Love;
"And the dream will vanish with waking."

"And when he wakes, what truth
To him shall daylight discover?"
"That dreams are over," said Love;
"And that I, in dreams, was his lover."

Hell an' Maria—Revised

A Sketch from Life

Special Correspondence by STANLEY FROST

CHARLES G. DAWES is in a fair way to become a myth—very prematurely, for he is a solid person. But the fireworks which attended his revelation to the public, the picturesque appeal made by his personality, the need of story-tellers to have some one on whom to "hang the good ones," and the clever or malicious distortions and caricatures which go with our political life have already made of him something never really seen on land or sea.

It happened that I never talked with Mr. Dawes until after his return from the Reparations Conference, but I had constructed a mental picture of him which was probably not far from that commonly held. I saw him as a swash-buckling, hell-roaring, two-fisted, hard-boiled fighter, a sort of Light-Horse Harry Lee brought up to date, with a genius for finance and a greater genius for the limelight, whanging impulsively away at whatever roused his half-cocked wrath, smoking (upside down) a brier loaded with poison gas, and conversing chiefly in profane terms, the most frequent of which was "Hell an' Maria."

It was movie material; yet, since Mr.

Dawes is not in fact an incarnation of Jove the Thunderer, it may be as well to separate the man from his myth. It happens, fortunately, that the loss is not great, for the man himself is interesting enough.

Self-Restraint

THE picture changed swiftly in my first minute's talk with Mr. Dawes. An opening jolt came when this "self-advertiser" refused to be interviewed for publication, which is conduct unbecoming in any self-advertiser. Another jolt was his quiet, courteous, restrained, and almost indolent manner. The third was his almost complete avoidance of profanity; he uses less than most active men, and did not say "Hell an' Maria" once.

The disappointment was not complete, of course. The pipe is bad enough; not exactly poisonous, but belonging by rights in the great open spaces, such as Death Valley. But even that is not wrong side up. It is made that way, with the bowl hanging from the stem instead of perched upon it. It seems to be a Dawes invention in the interests of efficiency, and intended to overcome the perverse tendency of ordinary straight-bitted pipes to upset themselves.

As to "Hell an' Maria" there is a story. He not only didn't say that to me; he never has said it! What he did say was, "Oh! Hell! Maria!" and this is a throwback to his boyhood days near Marietta, where that expression was current slang. It is supposed to have come out of a story about some early settler who, on some occasion of stress, addressed his wife in those terms. It was considered very funny. The story is long forgotten, but the phrase remained, and can still be heard at times in those parts. When Dawes used it before a Congressional Committee, some meticulous but soulless editor tried to make sense by writing in the "and." Thus Dawes got his nickname and the great Dawes myth its start.

The occasion on which all this happened, however, is no myth; and is doubly important, since it is the high spot in his career so far as his public reputation and popularity are concerned. Incidentally, when properly understood, it is more characteristic of the real man, and throws more illumination on his ways and works, than any other that has come to hand. I heard it from a close friend; after spending some futile time in trying to get him to tell about himself, I

turned to his acquaintances, and found they had plenty to say.

It was shortly after the close of the war, and a Congressional committee was muckraking the A. E. F. The petty fault-finding had been going on for weeks. General Dawes, just back from his service as purchasing agent, was to be a witness.

"He determined to do something to offset all the slime that had been thrown around," his friend told me. "He was boiling mad, for one thing, and he wanted to attract attention, for another. Also he wanted to be as emphatic as he could. He figured the whole situation over carefully, and decided just what he was going to do."

He did it. He challenged every statement that had been made against the A. E. F. and dared the critics to prove any word of their charges. He outraged the dignity of the committee and he caught the eyes of the reporters. His vigorous statements and, above all, his profanity got him the attention of the public. His testimony got first page in every paper and completely and permanently buried everything that had gone before. He was the last witness before that committee, and the twenty-three volumes of testimony it took have never been heard from since he left the stand!

First a Purpose, then a Plan

THERE you have an almost complete picture of Dawes. In the first place, he went into action to defend both a sentiment and his sense of justice. He wanted fair treatment for the men who had worked and fought in France; he was determined not to permit a crowd of fly-speck hunters in mahogany chairs to smirch the glory of an achievement which had been worked out in mud and cold and hunger, amid poison gas and flying lead and steel. He was furiously angry. But he did not lose his head for a moment; his plans were calmly worked out in advance, the effect he wished to produce was carefully calculated, the means to be used were just as carefully selected. There was nothing impulsive about it. Every move was well planned, direct, forceful, and effective. That it was unconventional was merely because that method seemed most effective.

In other words, this incident shows Dawes as one of those terrible persons who, having determined what is to be done, does that thing in the way which seems most likely to succeed, regardless of the appearance he makes or the consequences to himself. He was not troubled by the certainty that he would become unpopular with those eminent Congressmen, nor that he was being undignified and unconventional and spectacular.



Underwood

Charles G. Dawes; his aunt, Frances Dawes, who has been his lifelong counselor; and his wife, Mrs. Caro D. Dawes

Such a man is dangerous; he is also delightful to our more timid souls, and it is no wonder that we have started to make a myth of him.

Thoroughness and Fervor

ANOTHER quality stands out of this performance of Mr. Dawes's—his thoroughness. It is a more than intellectual thoroughness. There is an emotional fervency about it which is awe-inspiring. He is never lukewarm, never seems to do anything with less than his whole might.

"Charlie Dawes, more than any other man I know, puts a hundred per cent into everything he tackles," another Chicago banker told me. "He may not be interested at all in a thing till some accident forces him to take it up—then he's hardly interested in anything else till he masters it. I knew when he took charge of the Budget that he'd do a thorough job; he couldn't do any other

kind. That's what made him so successful in reorganizing public service outfits; he always knew more about them than any one else. It's the same with anything he takes up—currency, banking, purchasing for the A. E. F. One gets to have a queer feeling about getting in his way."

Just now Mr. Dawes has undertaken the job of winning the dissatisfied farmers back into the Republican fold. Since it is generally conceded that this will be the crux of the campaign, it will be interesting to watch him at work, in view of this estimate.

A Passion for Facts

His constitutional hostility to "bunk" of every description was made clear in Mr. Dawes's first public appearance. It is almost a passion with him, and is entirely in line with his habit of straight and uncompromising thought. He has a