

leadership and control. The danger must remain until the organization itself is changed. From seeing many Klansmen I know that a very large proportion have joined in spite of these features of the Klan, not because of them. That they have joined at all is proof of the power

of appeal of the present purposes and programme. Dr. Evans is right when he says that the strength of the Klan to-day is in the ideals of the Klansmen.

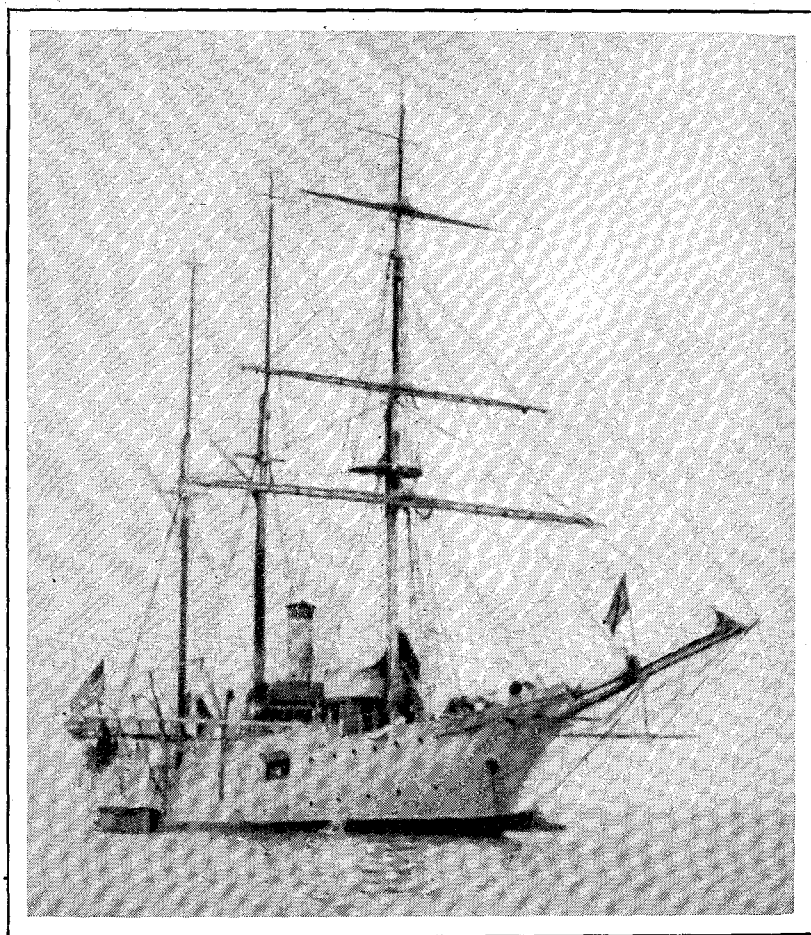
The next article, "The Crusade of the Fiery Cross," will take up those ideals and the purposes and policies of the

Klan as they have been revised by the new régime. That article will be based on the first discussion of the Klan which Dr. Evans has ever held with a writer outside his own following, and so will give the world its first chance to see the Klan through his thought and hopes.

The School on a Ship

By FELIX RIESENBERG

Sea training that has stood the test of time—that is what awaits the lad who seeks an education on such a schoolship as the Newport. How many Americans know of the advantages that come to those who learn their lessons to the tune of wind in the rigging and salt waves over side?



U. S. S. Newport, the New York State Nautical Schoolship

WE are so accustomed to bad news, especially when ships are concerned, that a few hopeful facts about a typical American system of sea schooling, a system that goes back to 1875, may be of interest.

"But do we have sailors, let alone train them?"

The answer is, "We do." Man for man, the smartest merchant sailors afloat are Americans, and now we speak of the pre-war men and those who survive, for a goodly number of these unknowns

perished in the early stages of the World War, when they dared the dangers without prospect of honor or reward. Through these men America entered the war on August 4, 1914.

"But the stories we hear—the Shipping Board?"

Yes, of course. All of a sudden America was called upon for ships—and more ships, to quote the classic line. For a time no one bothered about the manning of these craft or the management of them. Then suddenly it dawned upon

those in authority that merchant marine officers were needed. The Shipping Board evolved a brilliant plan to turn them out by the thousands in a few months, using a cramming system whereby any one who had served two years at sea was eligible. The kind and value of this service were not too closely scrutinized. This resulted in the issuing of Government licenses as navigators and engineers to many thousands who have left behind them a sweet-smelling trail of disaster of all kinds. But even these near-officers were not enough for our mushroom fleet, and the laws were altered to allow any foreigner holding a certificate from his own country to walk up to a Steamboat Inspection Service wicket and, on the strength of his foreign papers, receive an equivalent American license without examination or investigation. A great many excellent foreign officers came into American service in this way, but with them also came practically all of the blacklegs and bad eggs of every foreign service owning ships. These men also did their part in the great fiasco of American shipping, helped along of course by the political non-nautical experts who have largely been in charge of our Government-controlled merchant shipping.

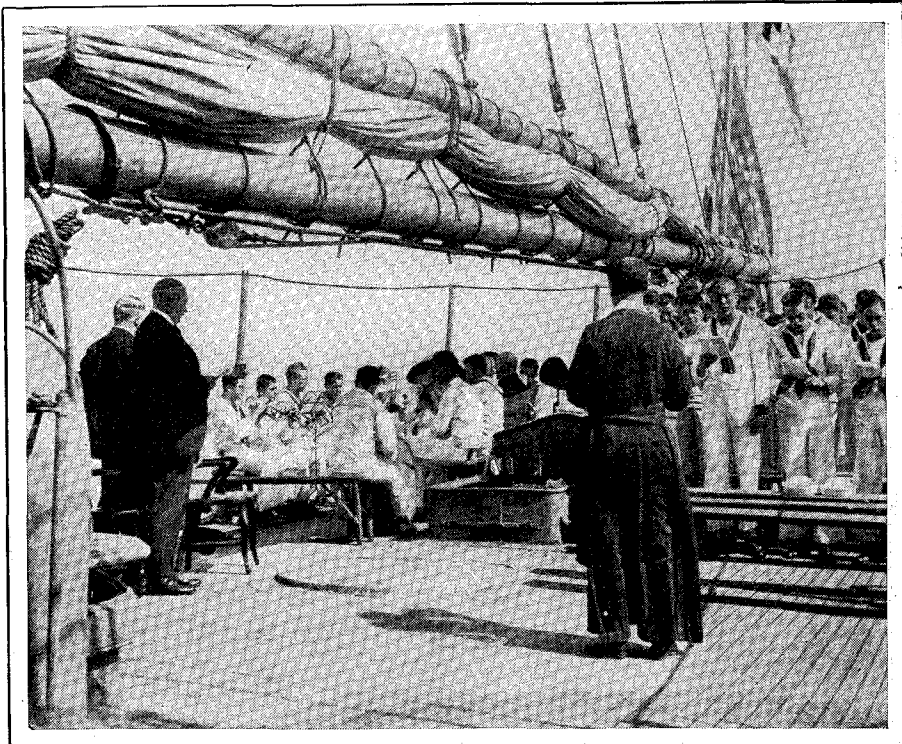
This will give some of the reasons underlying the accepted belief that Americans are not sailors, and the general idea that Americans are unfitted for the sea, combined with the almost utter lack of knowledge by the public of the three greatest sea schools in the world—the State Schoolships of America.

A great many of the seasoned pre-war merchant service officers and the most wide-awake and progressive juniors, both on deck and in the engine rooms, are graduates of the three State schoolships—the Newport of New York State, the Nantucket of Massachusetts, and the

Annapolis of Pennsylvania. These schools grew out of the Schoolship Act of 1875, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to assign suitable vessels, their charts and apparel, to certain ports upon the establishment of nautical schools:

Schoolship Act—June 20, 1874.—The Secretary of the Navy, to promote nautical education, is hereby authorized and empowered to furnish, upon the application in writing of the governor of a State, a suitable vessel of the navy, with all her apparel, charts, books, and instruments of navigation, provided the same can be spared without detriment to the naval service, to be used for the benefit of any nautical school, or school or college having a nautical branch, established at each of the following ports of the United States: Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Seattle, San Francisco, Baltimore, Detroit, Saginaw, Michigan, Norfolk, and Corpus Christi, upon the condition that there shall be maintained at such port a school or branch of a school for the instruction of youths in navigation, steamship-marine engineering, and all matters pertaining to the proper construction, equipment, and sailing of vessels or any particular branch thereof.

A sum not exceeding the amount annually appropriated by any State or municipality for the purpose of maintaining such a marine school or schools or the nautical branch thereof is hereby authorized to be appropriated for the purpose of aiding in the maintenance and support of such school or schools; Provided, however, That appropriations shall be made for one school in any port heretofore named in



Sunday services. Note, at the upper right, part of the cross on the Church Pennant, the only flag that ever flies above the Ensign

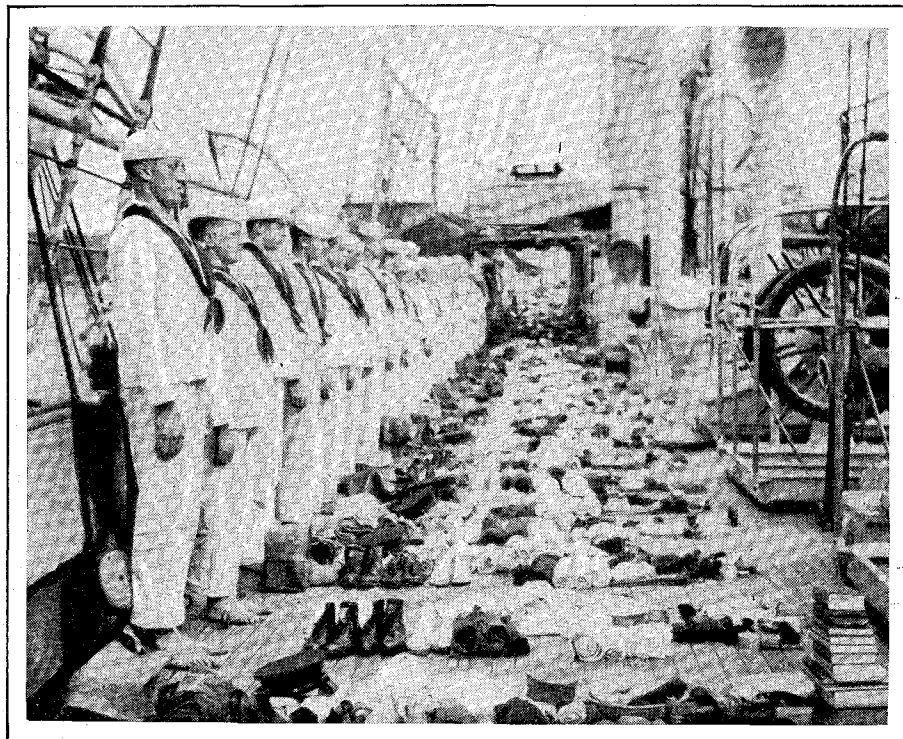
section one and that the appropriation for any one year shall not exceed twenty-five thousand dollars for any one school.

The fostering of these schools is one of the fine things the Navy has done for the merchant marine, one of those unheralded and unadvertised activities typical of real sailors and their universal sympathy with one another. For twenty years or more these schools were officered by active naval men; then, as the gradu-

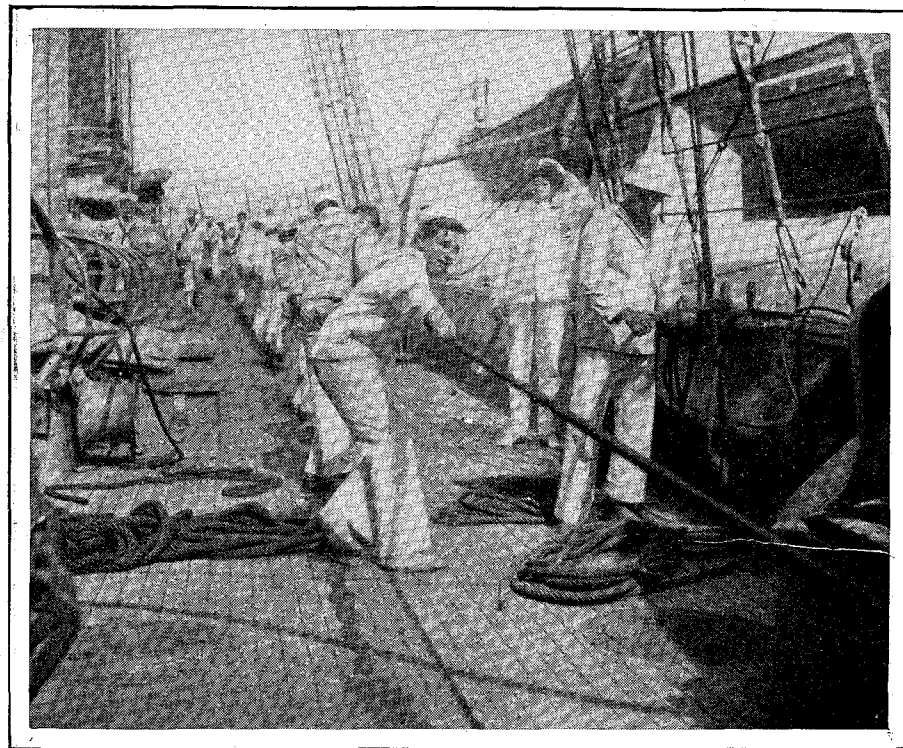
ates became masters, the commanders and a large proportion of the officer personnel were selected from those graduates of the schools who seemed best fitted to perpetuate the kind of sea training that has stood the test of time.

Now what happens to an American boy fortunate enough to live in the State of Massachusetts, New York, or Pennsylvania who is between the ages of seventeen and twenty and has a real call to the sea service of the merchant marine? Does he stand on the stringpiece of a wharf and beg for a job as mess boy in the forecabin (cabin boys are out of date)? No; he applies for admission to his State schoolship, and passes a strict physical examination and a fairly stiff mental test, for he is destined to become a navigator or an engineer and must be grounded in simple mathematics.

Two years of solid training on board a ship is what he gets. The nature of this youthful ordeal, for it is somewhat of an ordeal, is such that in two years he has more things done to him, body and mind, than falls to the lot of the four-year college man ashore. In the first place, he is under severe discipline during the twenty-four hours. He begins his day with the stirring sound of a bugle ringing through the close-packed gun deck of the schoolship, and, with the agility of a monkey, he jumps from his hammock, "lashes and carries," and scrambles into his simple clothing with incredible speed. He lines up at formation, springs into the rigging and up the shrouds and over the masthead, as a



Bag inspection. Cadet kits out on deck



"Haul away, foretops'l halliards!"

mere matter of getting the fresh morning air into and out of his lungs.

Then he learns the important lesson of obedience to lawful orders, the respect due superiors, the sailorlike "Aye, aye, sir," that many landmen imagine lingers only on the stage ship *Pinafore*. But the crowded life of the schoolship, with its white decks, its tall masts and sails, and its boilers and machinery, its boats and gear, provides the ideal surroundings to a youth who has real sea blood in him and longs for blue water. And these boys on the schoolships do see blue water. This is the important and valuable part of the American training. They do not remain at anchor always, but each summer, when spring days wind up the academic term, the ships are put into seagoing trim, largely by the boys, and long cruises carry them over the ocean to Spain and Portugal and the Western islands of the ancients. For nearly half a century the annual visits of the American schoolships have been an event in the Azores, the Madeiras, and the Canaries.

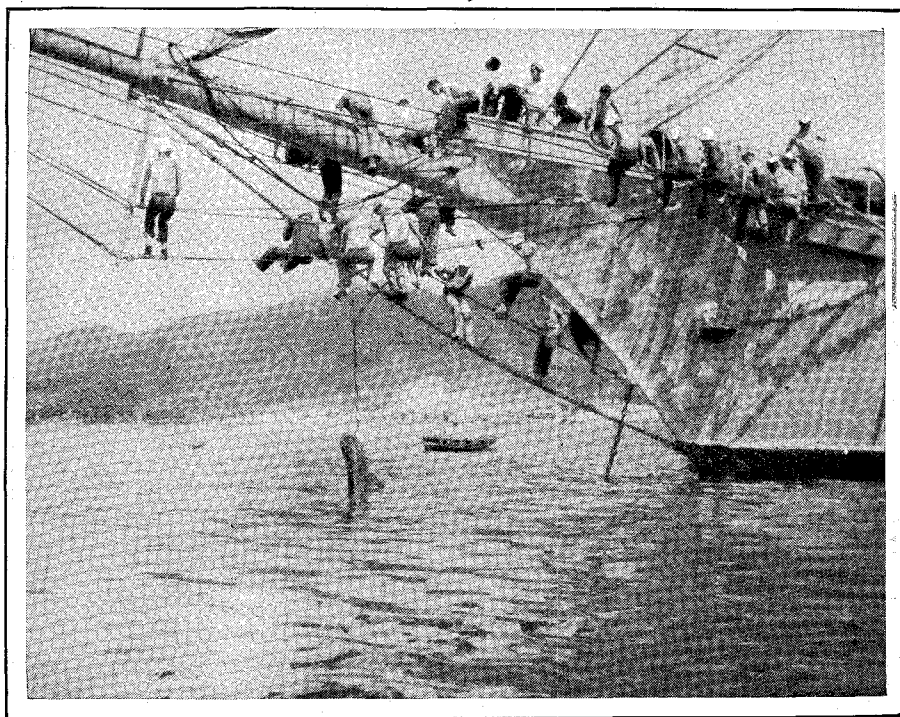
Then the custom is to sail back over the historic route of the trade-wind passage of Columbus, winging westward before steady northeast breezes while the final examinations are given the senior or first class, and on arrival at the home port the young mariners who have qualified are graduated with ceremony. In New York this always takes place on the floor of the Maritime Exchange. The bronzed, self-confident, clear-eyed youngsters are welcomed on the great steamers of a dozen lines. They are regarded as prime material, for they combine the practical with the theoretical. The first-

class man, in addition to being a good navigator and a well-founded seaman, has also had the responsibility of carrying on the work of the ship under the direction of officers who check him up on every turn. He comes to the steamship with a developed sense of responsibility and the advantage of being broken to ship life such as exists nowhere to-day but on these schoolships. From the schoolship he carries with him the same old tradition of American ability at sea that sent the clipper ships over the world with the Stars and Stripes leading all rivals in daring and speed. Boys six

years out of the schoolships are now captains of large vessels. Boys a few classes behind them are chief engineers and chief officers. Everywhere these quiet, efficient, seaworthy youngsters carry on, to the great credit of the States far-sighted enough to support this form of training and to the credit of the Navy for its fostering support. Most of the graduates are also officers in the Naval Reserve, and many of the highest officers in the Navy—men like Admirals Coontz, Sims, McDonald, Bristol, and Long, former officers on the schoolships in the early days of their inception—are now the watchful and valuable friends of these almost unknown schools.

No rich man could spend money enough on his sons to equal the training given to all who qualify in age and physical and mental condition, all at a cost that calls only for the purchase of uniforms and a very limited allowance for pocket money. The sham is ironed out of life on the hard decks of the schoolship; lads stand squarely on their merit, the confidence of youth asserting itself on the high yard-arm at night in a squall, at the throttle, or in the fire-room under stress, or at the old-fashioned wheel, steering by hand, with an ugly following sea curling over the taffrail.

Each year from a hundred to a hundred and fifty new juniors join the growing ranks of the competent in the American merchant marine. These men also form the material from which we will eventually select our marine executives ashore. Many of the older graduates of the schoolships already hold positions of great influence and importance in the shore end of marine affairs.



Hooking a shark

The Butterflies

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD

At morning when I lie awake
And wait for lingering day to break,
A thousand lovely verses rise
Like many-colored butterflies.

They float aloft on airy wings,
Impalpable, fantastic things,
And with my half-awakened sight
I revel in their transient flight.

But when, beneath the garish sun,
I try to count them, one by one,
Their grace is gone, their glamour fled,
And I find ghosts of songs instead.

The Return of M. Caillaux

By ERNEST DIMNET

Banished from Paris for three years, this leader of the Defeatists again rises
in the troubled sea of French politics. It is a dramatic story which
M. Dimnet tells of Caillaux's policies and ambitions

M. CAILLAUX, although banished from Paris for three years and deprived of his political rights, has never ceased to travel, speak, and write as if he had never been condemned by any High Court. But he had refrained so far from addressing an audience in his once familiar tone of leader of the Radical-Socialist party. It was not till the other day that, speaking at Denain, a strong mining center in the devastated regions, he left the country in no doubt at last that at the next election he would resume command of his troops. His three years will be up in April, when the general election takes place. He is still popular in his constituency, even with the clergy, whom he zealously protected against the very anti-clerical laws he was championing in the French Chamber, so there is little doubt that he will be re-elected; and as he is hampered by no exaggeration of modesty, and as his party is hard up for leaders, we can expect to see him promptly push his substitute, M. Herriot, back to his place as a second fiddle. It will show once more how different the French political atmosphere is from

that of sterner nations, how prevalent tolerance, based on an idea of freedom, is in France.

M. Caillaux has become quite a personage in America and England, as well as in some South American countries, owing to the articles in which he serenely criticises his own country before foreign opinion as if he had every right to criticise. On the whole, his influence is far from being good, not merely because his judgment is well known to be frequently warped, but because his statements are apt to be amazingly incorrect. It was only the other day that he wrote in the London "Fortnightly Review" that M. Poincaré's characteristic is "a fear of responsibilities"! His British readers must have stared, but, as usual, they probably made up their minds that "a distinguished Frenchman like that must know." A little investigation into his political past would make things much clearer.

M. Caillaux is the son of a good family, which he is a little inclined to imagine even better than it was. His father was a well-off banker who dabbled in politics on the safe and sound conserva-

tive side. The boy was brought up according to the approved canons of elegant financial milieus, was educated at a smart Jesuits' school, went to the École des Sciences Politiques, which, apart from its own sterling value, attracts the scions of all the old families, and finally competed for an inspectorship of finance, which he brilliantly secured, for he early showed that capacity for mastering figures which will always be his chief asset. He was well dressed, dashing, impertinent, and conceited. People who used to complain of his *hauteur* gradually became accustomed to it, as he impressed on them that he thought himself, on the contrary, extremely condescending. In a short time he went into politics, on the paternal side, naturally, and stepping in the shoes of a duke. He made his mark as a financial expert and a master of lucid explanation of what can be clear only to a few and at best deceives the rest into imagining they see it clearly. Specialists both in the financial science and in foreign affairs were so scarce at the time that they were sure to attract attention. Long before he was forty M. Caillaux found himself a Cabinet Minis-