

legislative body. Mr. La Follette's proposal to submit to the people an amend-

ment to that effect will not arouse enthusiasm among thinking voters.

Heredity in Politics

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OF course heredity was one of the pronounced factors in the Republican nomination of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the younger, for the office of Governor of the State of New York. Like his illustrious father, the present Theodore served creditably in the New York Legislature, achieved an honorable reputation for efficiency and bravery in war, and, if elected, will graduate, as his father did, from the Assistant-Secretaryship of the Navy into the Governorship.

This interesting parallel calls to mind some other notable instances of heredity in the statesmanship of the English-speaking peoples. Of course hereditary monarchy and hereditary nobility are as old and as widespread as civilization. The inheritance of political leadership, however, is a result, not of custom and laws, but of nature. There have been two outstanding instances of such inheritance in English history—one persisting through many generations, the other appearing in only two.

Lord Salisbury, whose family name was Cecil, became Prime Minister of England in the reign of Queen Victoria. Three hundred years earlier his direct paternal ancestor, William Cecil, had been Chief Minister of Queen Elizabeth, and William Cecil's son, the first Lord Salisbury, had been Chief Minister of James I. Prime Minister Salisbury's grandfather was Lord Chamberlain to George III, and his father was a member of Prime Minister Derby's Cabinet. Thus England had a Robert Cecil as governing Minister in the sixteenth century and a Robert Cecil of the same family line as governing Minister in the nineteenth century. It is true that the Cecils were helped on their long political journey by inherited wealth and patents of nobility, but if they had not also possessed an inherited genius for politics they would in three hundred years have passed into obscurity, as so many other ennobled English families have done.

The second striking instance of English political heredity is found in a family of English commoners—the Pitts. "The family of Pitt," says a contemporary English historian, "is undoubtedly the

most distinguished in the political annals of England. Modest in origin and little aided by wealth or connection, it gave the country two Prime Ministers of its own name. . . . For two generations it dominated the fortunes of England. It doubled the House of Lords and controlled half the House of Commons. Its policy acquired much of the British Empire and withstood the assaults of her fiercest foes. It initiated parliamentary reform, religious toleration, and modern finance."

William Pitt the elder inherited from his grandfather, an East Indian nabob, some wealth and a great deal of gout. He became Prime Minister when England was struggling with France for supremacy in North America, and so he is associated with some of the great crises in our own history. George Washington as a young officer of twenty-six years served in Pitt's army, which fought the French and Indians in the wilderness of the Ohio; and Pittsburgh, the site of which was visited and commended by Washington as an officer of British troops, bears the great Prime Minister's name. The elder Pitt was an opponent of Lord North and an advocate of justice and liberty for the American colonies. "If," he once said, "I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms—never! never! never!"

Doubtless the younger Pitt was elected to Parliament because he was the son of his father, but, once in the House of Commons, his native talents were so manifest that his rise was rapid and he became Prime Minister—that is to say, the virtual ruler of the British Empire—at twenty-four, an unprecedented achievement. He died at forty-six, by some historians called the greatest of England's Premiers. In comparing him with his father, Edmund Burke said that he was not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.

But England has not a monopoly of political phenomena like those appearing in the lives of the Cecils and the Pitts. The United States has produced at least two families in which political heredity

has been a pronounced characteristic. The singular history of the Adams family is a familiar one, but the Harrisons are sometimes forgotten, although they deserve to be remembered. Benjamin Harrison, a Virginian aristocrat, whose ancestors, says Senator Beveridge in his *Life of Marshall*, "had been Virginians even before the infant colony had a House of Burgesses," who dressed elegantly in blue and buff, tied his white hair fashionably in a long queue with a black-silk ribbon, and wore knee-breeches and high boots, was a member of the Continental Congress and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In the Continental Congress his executive work as President of the Revolutionary War Board was meritorious. When Virginia became a State, he was chosen one of its first Governors. Altogether he was a distinguished figure in the Revolutionary period. His son, William Henry, was an accomplished soldier, Territorial Governor, United States Senator, Foreign Minister, and was finally elected ninth President of the United States. Benjamin Harrison the second, great-grandson of the Virginian patriot, grandson of President William Harrison, and son of a very respectable Congressman of the Whig Party, became a general in the Civil War, was cited for signal bravery, at forty-seven years of age was sent to the United States Senate, and in 1888 was elected twenty-third President of the United States. His dignity and undoubted ability in international law and relationships were very likely greater than his popularity, but he certainly did not tarnish the family name to which a reasonable luster had been given by his grandfather and great-grandfather. Thus in the Harrison family there is a record of political service in four generations.

It is hardly necessary in pursuing my theme to speak in detail of the Adams family, whose members in the domains of politics and the history and literature of politics have to their credit achievements unequaled by any other family in any other country or any other epoch. For continuity and effectiveness of political influence they are not outranked even by the Claudian family of Rome. John Adams, Revolutionary patriot, Ambassador, President, and man of letters; his son, John Quincy Adams, Ambassador, Senator, Secretary of State, President. Congressman, and man of letters; his son, Charles Francis Adams, the incomparable Civil War Minister to England

and man of letters; and his four sons—Charles Francis, a publicist and man of letters; John Quincy, a lawyer and legislator who was offered and declined a seat in President Cleveland's Cabinet; Henry, a Legation secretary and a political historian and essayist; and Brooks, an un-

usually gifted writer on topics of sociology and political economy:—such is the merest outline of the intellectual inheritances of this remarkable family. The list sounds like one of the "begat" genealogies of the Old Testament!

Biologists can trace the perpetuation

of physical characteristics through heredity. It seems to be true that there is a biological law in the intellectual life by which a family strain is handed down from father to son, especially in the field of political thought and action.

Baiting a Marine

Special Correspondence from Philadelphia

DEVIL-DOG Butler, at present of Philadelphia, he who has been putting the fear of the Lord into evil-doers thereabouts, took an envelope from his desk, opened it, and drew forth an ordinary half-page of newspaper. On this was written boldly, in heavy black crayon:

YOU ARE FIRED

The Mayor

General Butler's strained expression relaxed. There was a roar of laughter, joined in by the burly Superintendent of Police. "Interesting," said the latter, "but hardly official."

And the pity of it is that behind that anonymous joke there was an impending tragedy—the wreck of one of the most successful campaigns against crime and vice any American city has known for many a long year.

It is an amazing situation. Mayor Kendrick, it seems, has been on the point of dismissing his notable Director of Public Safety, and yet it was this same Mayor who obtained the General for Philadelphia in the first place, and then backed him to the limit, to the horror of the political machine that had supported Kendrick for Mayor. And there is no doubt that both men are bitterly chagrined and wonder how on earth they ever got to such swords' points. Make no mistake. The Machine is not forcing the Mayor to dismiss the General, though it would like to do so. It is really a conflict of personalities, though there is little doubt that the Machine has made the most of it. In fact, one would think the Mayor and the Marine had become marionettes, moved by a malign demon, the part of the demon being played by the self-same Machine.

There were reasons why the Machine wanted to "get" Butler. First of all, he was entirely too successful in his war on offenders against the prohibition laws. They did not mind so much his driving brigandage out of the city. Imagine it, if you please. For four or five months there has been no large hold-up. Butler has made it uncomfortably hot for all kinds of thieves and very expensive for liquor-sellers. Though this last aroused



(C) Underwood

General Smedley D. Butler

the ire of many minor politicians, some of the better ones thought well of it. It gave them a better standing to have their wards cleaned up.

And the Machine was not angry when Butler reorganized the police force, from spirit to uniforms—and these latter are very *chic*, if you get what we mean, even to the use of Sam Brownes, of large holsters at side, and of obviously well-filled cartridge belts. And the mounted police look like cavalrymen. "And that's exactly what they are!" exclaimed Superintendent of Police Mills.

Of course a police force is not a Marine regiment. You cannot duplicate army discipline, because conditions are different. But the General went as near to Marine standard as he could, rigorously dismissing the unfit and just as rigorously promoting the able. The rank and file may not love the General, but they respect and admire him, and that means something. As for Philadelphians in general, they swear by the General and declare he has done just what he was brought to do. As this seems to be true, other matters should not be permitted to become significant.

With law and order on the road to effective establishment, the General, warmly supported by the Mayor, reduced the number of police precincts by about a half. These precincts had been identical with the city wards, giving the ward politicians a strong grip on the police organizations in their bailiwicks. But the new arrangement effectively broke this grip, for now a police precinct might contain parts of several wards, and no one ward boss could exert much influence on any particular police lieutenant. This was the last straw. Threats against the General now became more open, despite the popular indignation they aroused. But there was only one way to "get" the General, and that was by breaking down the friendship and co-operation existing between him and the Mayor.

This has been accomplished. Certain people saw to it that every possible small difference between the two was magnified a hundred times, and the press—which should have known better—made stories of these half trumped-up differences. Every kind of expedient was used to egg on one against the other, to try the other's patience and temper, and to breed suspicion and resentment. And to make matters worse, by temperament the General is too outspoken and the Mayor needs a little more of the saving sense of humor. So co-operation came to an end.

And so it came about that the General began to talk about their having to "fire" him, because he would never resign, and the Mayor to remark that as he had nerve enough to bring the General to Philadelphia, he also had nerve enough to get rid of him if necessary. Truly a lamentable state of affairs! And what a fiasco—when one considers how gallantly the two started their campaign and when one remembers the brilliant accomplishment to date!

At this writing the General is ill, and a letter the Mayor has prepared for the General has not yet been delivered. Perhaps it may never be, or it may be changed a great deal. Both, you see, have a breathing space in which to think it all over. For there is much to be said for both sides. And, after all, it is no