

finite hands. They toss their cloudy torches into the night, and by their momentary flares seek to catch the gleam of unknown battlements and unseen constellations.

Of those who venture forth, only a few return with the dust of eternity upon their garments. Prophets, poets, and seers—they are strangers to the life that gave them birth. Only with the passing of the ages shall the memory of their courage and their vision find its place in the lore and legends of the hearthstones about which men have gathered through the immemorial years. When they are dead and gone, then shall their dreams be blood and bone of our ancient wisdom.

The dwellers by the hearthstone and the far venturers have all parts to play in the mysterious drama that we call Life. There shall be understanding between them on that day when all men know that they cannot know all. When faith is wise enough and brave enough to find comfort in truth and when truth shall look understandingly upon the fires of faith—in that day there shall be patience and peace.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER.

China in Eruption

PARENTS in too many cases, politicians generally, and the Western Powers almost invariably are indifferent to questions of justice that concern those who are dependent upon them until their neglect proves too costly. Like a fractious child that finally gets the attention of his parents or a threatening constituency that arouses a politician to act, China has been making herself heard by the Western Powers, particularly by Great Britain and the United States, and by Japan. The Shanghai riots and what has followed them cannot be disregarded. Something will have to be done if the anti-foreign movement in China is not to grow into a serious danger.

The first thing for Western nations to do is to try to understand the Chinese mind. To that end we are printing in this issue two articles from China. The first of these two unusual pieces of special correspondence describes the outbreak in Shanghai, and the second describes the mental attitude of the people among whom it occurred.

If, however, the Governments of the Western Powers wait until the peoples of

their nations understand the Chinese before action they will continue the delay that has led to trouble. Indeed, one of the obstacles to action for the removal of causes of friction has been created by the sort of people who think they know China so well that they are dogmatic on the subject. Long residence in the Far East does not necessarily enlighten prejudiced minds. Those who, out of their experience, declare that the only way to get along with the Oriental is to brow-beat him speak out of a knowledge that is almost as dangerous as ignorance. Fortunately, that kind of knowledge of the Far East is becoming discredited.

It should be said on behalf of the Western Powers that they made a great advance when they signed the Nine-Power Treaty at Washington in 1922, and that it has not been easy for nine Powers to act jointly, as has been shown by the long time that it took to have that treaty ratified. A month ago France completed the ratification, and the treaty is now in force. What remains to be done is to put that treaty and other agreements into effect, and that requires a further conference.

It has been argued that no conference with China should be further held until order is restored and secured; but that seems to put the cart before the horse.

The purpose of such a conference would be, in part at least, to provide means for maintaining order in China. At present the dealings of the Powers are with the Central Government at Peking, and yet that Central Government lacks the means for enforcing its will. To delay a conference for backing up the maintenance of order by means of a Central Government until that order is established is absurd on the face of it. It may be necessary to withhold certain concessions to China until the Government at Peking, profiting by other concessions, has proved its power and trustworthiness; but there are certain matters that must be settled by the Powers before the unrest in China can be allayed.

In particular, it is incumbent upon the United States to take a position of leadership. America has a higher interest to maintain than can be expressed in dollars and cents. She has probably in a greater degree than any other nation the confidence of the Chinese, or perhaps it may be better to say that she is the less distrusted by them than any other. American policy should be directed chiefly toward the maintenance of that confidence; and in furthering such a policy the President—who will encounter conflicting interests—should have the support of American public opinion.

A North Dakota Experience

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

I SHALL long remember the pleasant little city of Minot, North Dakota. When I first reached it early in July, after a railway journey of nearly two thousand miles from New York, I felt as if I were literally at "the jumping-off place." Passing through it a few days later on my return from Glacier Park, which is some six hundred miles farther west, my feelings were quite different. It had become, from my point of view, a community of hospitable friends and an agreeable center of culture and civilization. Such is the effect upon a provincial from the Atlantic seaboard of a journey into the far Northwest.

The men and women whose lives revolve around New York or Boston or Philadelphia, with an occasional visit to London or Paris or Rome, are lamentably ignorant of the romantic past and

the almost boundless future possibilities of their own country. And when I say this I speak for myself. With every year of my life my admiration for the splendid records of biography and history grows stronger. But the knowledge of human endeavor and achievement derived from books, no matter how loyal and discriminating a reader one may be, is not comparable to the incisive and effective education which is obtainable from personal contacts. No matter how vivid may be the pictures of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England inscribed on the printed pages of history, they are still merely pictures of the dead past. In the great Northwest one may touch shoulders and have converse with living Pilgrim Fathers. At Glacier Park I took supper with a man of western Montana who went out there as a boy more than

half a century ago in a "covered wagon" migration. Sixty families and three hundred single men formed the company of his caravan. There were, of course, no roads and no bridges. When they came to rivers too deep to ford they swam their animals across and ferried their women and children and goods over in the wagon boxes lashed together, two by two, to make boats. Indeed, the wagons were built in such a way that they might serve this very purpose. If, in the long haul across the hot and dusty plains, the wagon boxes became warped so that the seams opened a little, they were soaked overnight at the edge of the streams in order to make them watertight for the short but often perilous voyages. The destination of the caravan was a rough and almost unknown mining camp, Helena, which has now become the capital of the State, a center of political, educational, commercial, and social life. As I talked with this gentleman it seemed almost incredible that I was talking with one who had heard with terror of Indians on the war-path and who had suffered with thirst and hunger much as Columbus did. This living pioneer is now Librarian of the Historical Society of Montana.

But to return to Minot. My visit to this lively little city was made as a pseudo-historian. I was a guest—although I regret to say that my limited historical scholarship did not entitle me to the courtesy—of "the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition," organized by Mr. Ralph Budd, President of the Great Northern Railway, in co-operation with the historical societies and the Governors of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana. I shall have something more to say about this unique expedition in a later article. The main purpose of the expedition was to awaken public interest in the dramatic achievements of certain great explorers of the Northwest, such as sieur de La Verendrye, the Frenchman; David Thompson, the Englishman; and Meriwether Lewis and John F. Stevens, the Americans; and to dedicate appropriate memorials in their honor. The expedition traveled, not in "covered wagons" and along rough and faintly marked trails, but in a perfectly appointed special train on the modern steel highway of the Great Northern.

The first official stop of the special train was made at the little hamlet of Verendrye, a little town named in honor

of a big man. We stopped at the roadside, as it were, and in a little green park prepared on the rolling plains stood a great granite globe, six feet in diameter, marked with meridian lines and bearing on its base the name of David Thompson, the astronomer and geographer who explored that region of Dakota for two of the great commercial associations of fur traders in 1799–1805. David Thompson was born in London in 1770, received his "book-learning" at Christ's Hospital, the famous "Blue-Coat School" where Charles Lamb was a pupil in 1782. Lamb and Thompson may possibly have known each other. If so, think of the curious connection between the frontier town of Minot and one of the most sophisticated and gifted of English essayists.

At the dedication of the Thompson granite globe, a most appropriate memorial to a geographer and explorer, I got my first glimpse of Minot. For the dedicatory prayer was offered by a Minot clergyman, the Rev. T. F. Gullixson, who, on inquiry, I found was of Norwegian ancestry and minister of the Lutheran Church of that city. The beauty of language and the spirit of reverence in which this prayer was expressed so impressed us all that I venture to reprint it here:

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Eternal and all-seeing God, beneath whose mighty hand unfolds the history of nations and of peoples, we acknowledge thee and praise thy holy name.

The wilderness trail of the explorer and the wagon train of the pioneer were not hid from thy sight. Thou hast sustained the woodsman hewing for his cabin and his brother breaking at the prairie's sod. Thou hast heard the evening song of the host of pioneer mothers in frontier homes of poverty lulling their babes to sleep and the prayers of little children awed by the vastness of virgin forest and plain. Thou hast established the work of their hands.

The faithfulness of one generation thou hast requited unto the next and lo! we stand in this latest year rich in our heritage.

O God, we thank thee for America! For all who have served thee in giving to us this new "promised land," for those in each generation and every honorable field who fearlessly have pushed forward their endeavors, for the explorers, for the missionaries who with the gospel of the Cross pushed on and witnessed and died, for builders and for leaders, for all the graves of good men and women between here and Plymouth Rock, for the influence

of noble lives wrought into the very fabric of our National life.

Gracious Father, sustain us who have so rich a heritage. Our many transgressions in mercy forgive. Pride and wild pagan tongues, remember them not in the day of reckoning. In our thinking and our doing be the unfolding of that righteousness which exalts both man and nation. In prosperity save us from fatness of soul and in riches from the temptations thereof.

And, dear Lord, when the last night camp of our pilgrimage is made and one by one we stand at the breaks, at the rim-rock of eternity, grant to us faith's sure vision of Him who explored life for us and left the trail of his footprints so plainly in human history, who tasted death for us and mapped the valley of the shadow, who waits to walk with us across the new land—the hills and valleys of eternity.

In the name of our Lord Christ we reverently invoke a blessing upon this occasion and this day. Amen.

Following the dedication there was a farmers' picnic, arranged by the citizens of Verendrye and the Minot Association of Commerce, in a grove of trees below the knoll on which the monument stands. At this picnic I had the pleasure of lunching with Governor Sorlie, sitting opposite to him astride a bench, which we thus used both as a table and a settee. If all the women of North Dakota are as good cooks as the hospitable ladies who served this *al fresco* luncheon, the men of North Dakota are to be congratulated. Governor Sorlie, by the way, in presiding at the Thompson dedication, spoke of himself as "the head of a great public service corporation," and in this capacity welcomed Mr. Budd as "the head of another great public service corporation"—a happy augury, I thought, of the day when partisan factionalism in politics and selfish manipulation in industry shall give way to the spirit of promoting common welfare. Later in the afternoon the people of Minot and the members of the expedition changed places—the Minotians taking the special train and the expeditionists taking the motor cars of the people of Minot. Thus we drove twenty-five miles through the fertile and prosperous-looking farm lands to the little city, where a banquet was given in our honor in the evening at the excellent Leland Hotel.

My automobile host was a young merchant of Minot. When I told him that I had dropped my watch out of my berth on the floor of my compartment of the train, and had knocked off the hour and second hands, which were sliding around

under the unbroken crystal, he volunteered to help me. On reaching Minot we at once went to a perfectly appointed jewelry and silverware shop, which I wish might be moved bodily to New York, and while my host and I were driving through the unique zoölogical garden and the city park, with its most refreshing-looking municipal swimming pool, the proprietor of the jewelry shop

had his watchmaker repair my watch, a valued keepsake, and it has been running perfectly ever since. The most surprising thing about the incident was that the jeweler, as a courtesy to the historical visitors, refused to take any payment for the repairs. If this is the way historians are habitually treated on their expeditions, I ardently wish I were a historian! My watch in the forty-two years that I

have carried it was never so expeditiously or inexpensively or, let me add, so hospitably mended before.

My readers will be as grateful as I am to this Minot jeweler, for I see by my watch, which lies before me as I write, that it is time to stop. I must therefore postpone a continuation of the story of this unique historical expedition until next week.

Drinks, Drugs, and America

By the REV. G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY ("WOODBINE WILLIE")

In which a distinguished English clergyman offers both
frank confession and keen observation

I HAVE been asked so often since my return to England from the United States what I thought of prohibition over there, whether it was succeeding or would succeed, whether it seemed to be wise or unwise, and I have been asked the same question so often by my American friends, that I feel I must attempt some sort of an answer. I do so with reluctance. It is a queer business, this prohibition. I never saw a drunken man in America after the first night until I went to look for one. I saw one the night I landed in New York. He was fighting mad, and was being bundled into a taxi by two enormous traffic men. I asked my friend if it were a common sight, and he said he had not seen any one drunk for months. It is indeed a queer business. I know of no issue upon which it is harder to decide definitely one way or the other. I am a total abstainer, and so my bias, if I have one, has to be taken into account on that side.

We English are ridiculous about American prohibition, as we are ridiculous about most things American. We sit up in a state of perfectly satisfied stupidity, and pretend that America does not matter, and that prohibition is more or less an absurdity. This attitude is the result of blank ignorance, as many another typically British attitude is. The enormous power of the drink traffic politically and through elaborate propaganda keeps us in a chronic state of blindness to the havoc that drink has played and is still playing with our national life. According to Professor Marriot, of Oxford, we spent £469,700,000 on drink in 1920. That is £10 per head of the whole population—men, women and children—or £16 16s. per adult (over twenty-one). When you



Courtesy of the "Forum"

The Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy
("Woodbine Willie")

allow for total abstainers and very moderate drinkers, it is evident that there is a very real disease of drink in these islands. Of course, a great part of that immense sum goes to the state in taxation, but, allowing for that, the facts are terrible enough to make our self-satisfaction absurd. If we go behind money to what money means, as we always ought to do, it is obvious that we expend a tremendous amount of energy in providing ourselves with alcohol. Can we afford it? Can we afford it materially or morally? Any man who loves his country, whether he be an abstainer or not, ought to ask himself that question seriously. I never knew the American saloon. I have no facts upon which to estimate the gravity of the evil against which the prohibition movement is a

protest. But it is to the public credit of the American people that they did see the evil and grapple with it. We may think that their methods are mistaken and unsound politically, but they constitute a definite and determined effort to cut a cancer out of the country, and for that reason are entitled to respect and careful consideration.

Any one who has worked as I have in the slums and the shameful areas of our great cities must have gone back home again and again well-nigh broken-hearted by the tragedies which crop up in every mean street due to excessive drinking. One need not be a fanatical total abstainer fiend to feel the horror of it; one only needs to be acquainted with the facts first hand, and not merely through statistics, and to be a reasonably thoughtful person. Many a decent, comfortable moderate drinker who talks glibly and airily about the impracticability of prohibition would alter his tone, if he did not change his opinion, about the necessity of dramatic measures if he were brought into daily contact with the actual facts. In this respect, as in many others, it appears to be necessary that Christ should be crucified afresh in every generation in order to redeem those who have no imagination, and even the re-crucifixion does not seem to penetrate the double protection of stupidity and vested interest.

Ought every thoughtful person, then, to advocate prohibition in England as a matter of practical politics? Does the American experiment make one feel that it is worthy of imitation? Of that I am not sure, in spite of my recognition of the tragic importance of the question. To begin with, it is perfectly evident that any prohibition law is intensely difficult, if not impossible, to enforce unless it