

cisive as a surgeon's knife. It is not a pleasant commentary upon American audiences that so many of those who visit it seem so utterly to misunderstand the dignity of its theme and its dramatic integrity.

## The Crowded Colleges

**A**N editorial in a prominent weekly magazine estimated in 1920 that "if college enrollments increase by the same number of students annually they will have 417,000 in 1930 and 831,000 in 1950." The facts have made this prediction of only five years ago seem almost frivolous. The Biennial Survey of Education, 1920-1922, of the United States Bureau of Education estimates the 1922 figures as 618,555. Since 1890, the report states, the growth in college enrollments has been about five times as fast as the growth in the general population.

Many educators look at this educational elephantiasis as something gravely menacing. They say that colleges are turning out mass products; that thought and action are being standardized; that the overcrowded secondary schools are becoming less and less efficient; that the colleges are lowering their entrance requirements because of the inferior training of the secondary-school graduates; that huge numbers are devitalizing, by depersonalizing, the whole process of education; that students, prompted to enter college for the gratification of social and material desires for the future, are demanding a practical and simplified curriculum.

In some of the Eastern colleges the policy seems to be one of rigid selection of candidates and an attempt to graduate a sifted group whose individuality has not been standardized by the mass production system in existence elsewhere. On the other hand, some Western colleges which show phenomenal growth uphold a quite different policy. These great State and municipally supported institutions attempt to disseminate knowledge throughout the masses. Their representatives say that a Western university is not satisfied to close its doors at dusk, that when the offices and factories close the Western universities blaze with lights and students who cannot attend during the day attend at night. They may never complete an entire college course, but they study along lines in which they have a natural interest or proclivity. College subjects are even taught by mail

to those who cannot attend either the day or night classes, and a definite percentage of credit is given for such courses on a bachelor's degree.

No matter how many tests and restrictions and bars are placed upon college entrance, the knocking of the multitudes at the doors of higher learning will not cease. Americans are clamoring for education to a far greater extent than any other people have ever done before them.

In this situation of discrepancy between supply and demand as regards colleges and students it is well to remember that the college is not the only edu-

cation. Life educates, experience educates, reading educates. In an earlier generation the real education of Americans was obtained on the farms and in the forests, and the college was regarded as an offer of privilege for the exceptional and gifted. The question is not whether every boy ought to go to college just as he ought to go to school, but whether a boy is fitted by inheritance and native talent for a higher technical or scholastic college training rather than for some other form of mental activity. It is as naïve to think that every boy should go to college as that every boy should strive to be a painter or a statesman.

## "Muddling Through"

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of *The Outlook*

**I**T may be that the British Empire is going to pieces from internal degeneracy. The Englishman may have lost his supremacy in finance owing to the fall in value in the pound sterling; in industry through the coddling of Communistic workers by the system of doles; in statesmanship by the super-taxation of the landed gentry, from whom have sprung, for many centuries, the great political leaders of England. All these things are said by pessimists in England and by jeerers at Anglo-Saxon civilization outside of England. It is pointed out that Englishmen first discovered coal, upon which the whole system of modern transportation and manufacturing rests, and first taught the world how to use it; and yet because of muddling politics since the war coal has been imported into England from France and Germany. An Englishman, George Stephenson, was the inventor or father of the locomotive and the steam railway; and yet when the English wanted one of their great railway systems put on a sound basis they came to the United States and got a graduate of the Pennsylvania Railroad to do the job. This American was Henry Thornton, now Sir Henry Thornton, chief executive of the National Railways of Canada.

This "grouching and grumbling," as it is called by a distinguished Englishman now visiting this country of whom I shall speak a little later, may have some basis of fact. But there is one department of life—and a very important department it is, perhaps it may be said a fundamental department—in which the Eng-

lish have not lost their supremacy. I mean the use of the English language as a vehicle of literary expression. But why shouldn't Englishmen be supreme in this respect? They invented the language and have developed it from the days of Chaucer to the days of Sir Edward Grey, or, to use his latest cognomen, Lord Grey of Falloden. Cultivated Englishmen still employ this vehicle with an unsurpassed facility, grace, and suppleness in spite of the fact that some of the best of them say "hee-yah" for "hear" and "yurr" for "year." But Americans have nothing on them in this respect, for in New York City, which has a free school system undreamed of in London, a common pronunciation of "bird" is "bold" and of "girl" is "goil." To be sure we Americans have contributed some improvements to the use of English as a vehicle for the interchange of thought—one being that we have made it universal, while in Great Britain they still suffer from varieties of *patois*. In this country there is a kind of linguistic flivver which is driven all over the United States. In England the Oxford undergraduate employs what might be called a Rolls-Royce version of his mother tongue—that is to say, the language in its most refined and elegant form—while the Yorkshire farmer still rolls along in a kind of verbal gig.

Some years ago a young Oxford man, the son of a canon of a well-known cathedral, told me the following story. A friend of his was out shooting hare, or some such English game animal, in Yorkshire. His attendant was a farm

boy. As they crossed a turnip field the boy remarked, "There's a vahst o' cloomps here." "Cloomps! What are 'cloomps'?" said the sportsman. "Whoy-a 'stoonts' mahks 'cloomps,'" was the reply. "'Stoonts'! What are 'stoonts'?" "Whoy-a some fowk ca's 'em 'mowdie-wops.'" It turned out that the boy was trying to say that there were a lot, or a vast number, of mole-hills in the field, "cloomp" being the local term for these excrescences and "stoont" and "mowdie-wop" being the vernacular for moles. There is no such pleasing variety in "English as she is spoke" in this country, although William Allen White pointed out to me the other day that what would be called a ravine in New England would be known as an arroyo to dwellers in the Southwest; and a Southerner present—for we were indulging in that pleasantest of all games for the middle-aged, table-talk—reminded us that what a New Yorker would call a brook a South Carolinian would be likely to refer to as a branch. Nevertheless a Harvard professor of philosophy and a Montana cowboy could carry on intelligibly and with pleasure a conversation on current politics. I take it that the same kind of conversation would need an interpreter if it should be ventured upon by an Oxford don and a Yorkshire agricultural laborer. This is what I mean by the universality of the version of the English language which we speak in this country. In this respect it is superior to the English language of Great Britain.

Consider the effect of vernacular in poetry. Anybody who knows English at all can easily read Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" or John Hay's "Pike County Ballads" with ease and perfect understanding, but one must have a glossary at hand to wholly grasp the dialect of Robert Burns or of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" or the Dorsetshire poems of William Barnes. There is a kind of spell, as St. Loe Strachey, the distinguished editor of "The Spectator" of London, has said, in "the enchanting 'Evenen, an' Maids out at Door,'" by William Barnes. But, although this poet, a graduate of the University of Cambridge and a clergyman of the Church of England, lived and wrote in the nineteenth century and used a vernacular current in his day and still current, his poems, as will be seen from the two following stanzas, are as foreign to most readers of English as the language of Chaucer:

## Trailing Uncle Sam Around the World

MR. ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE, sailing this week on a world tour, will write for The Outlook a series of articles on "Trailing Uncle Sam Around the World."

The idea of such a series first suggested itself to Mr. Maurice last winter when a vessel on which he was traveling about the Mediterranean stopped for two days at Beirut, Syria. There, in defiance of the Kipling line, "Never the twain shall meet," East and West, superficially at least, were meeting at last. At every turn the traveler was confronted by signs that told of the restless activity of his countrymen, moving about the world, urged on by business interests, by curiosity, or by the spirit of adventure. The setting was the setting of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment;" the voice of the story-teller in the bazaar was raised from time to time against the honking horns of American-made motor cars. Sinbad the Sailor, relating his adventures, was garnishing the narrative with bits of United States slang, picked up in the course of his six months as a rug merchant in Chicago. In a nutshell, it is with Uncle Sam's far-flung battle-line of peace that these articles will deal.

Mr. Maurice, a former editor of the "Bookman," and more recently the last literary editor of the old New York "Herald," has written much of cities and scenes, his published books including "Fifth Avenue," "The New York of the Novelists," "The Paris of the Novelists," and "Bottled Up in Belgium," the last-named a narrative of the author's personal experiences as a member of the American Relief Commission for Belgium and the invaded departments of northern France.

But when you be a-lost vrom the parish, zome more  
Will come in your pleäzen to bloom an' to die:  
An' the zummer will always have maidens avore  
Their doors, vor to chatty an' zee volk goo by.  
For daughters ha' mornen when mothers ha' night,  
An' there's beauty alive when the fairest is dead:  
As when one sparklen wave do zink down from the light,  
Another do come up an' catch it instead.

Having mentioned the name of St. Loe Strachey, I really come to the text of this article. Mr. Strachey is now in this country, as a kind of unofficial literary ambassador, and in his delightful public and private talks is helping us to understand the situation of the country—I refrain from calling it the mother country, for fear of the maledictions of Senator Borah—but at least the country from which we derived our language, most of our law, and many of our fundamental political institutions. Mr. Strachey is an Oxford man, a descendant of an old Whig family, and a Liberal in the best sense of that often abused word. He combines in his person and in his viewpoint the most desirable qualities of the Whig and Tory as implied in the saying of Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. In the middle of the last century, when the Whigs were what might be called the Progressives of English politics, and had the zeal as well as some of the less agreeable social amenities that are often characteristic of moral and political reformers, a young Oxford man, going up to London to enter active political life, came to Dr. Pattison for some advice. Pattison answered: "My advice to you is, Vote with the Whigs but dine with the Tories!" It is wise to vote with Strachey and a pleasure to dine with him.

No English newspaper, and therefore no newspaper on the other side of the Atlantic, more clearly understands or is more sympathetic with American life and progress than "The Spectator." It is a singular fact that Mr. Strachey reverses the ordinary experience of the American university graduate. Most American students of economics and philosophy are radical when they are young and grow conservative with age. Mr. Strachey, who read for the bar when leaving Oxford, began his journalistic work on the ultra-Tory "Saturday Review," but



later in life by conviction became editor of that sane and courteous Liberal organ, "The Spectator." He is the marked antithesis of that type of aristocratic indifferencist described so amusingly by Walter Bagehot in the following passage in an essay on Gladstone:

The "Saturday Review" is remarkable as an attempt on the part of "university men" to speak on the political topics and social difficulties of the time. And what do they teach us? It is something like this: "So-and-so has devoted himself to a great subject, and we would observe that the interest now taken in great subjects is very commendable. Such-and-such a lady has delicate feelings, which are desirable in a lady, though we know that they are contrary to the facts of the

world. All commons persons are doing as well as they can, but it does not come to much after all. All statesmen are doing as ill as they can, and let us be thankful that *that* does not come to much either."

Mr. Strachey does not take this hopeless view of English affairs. He reports that the Commons are in earnest, that the statesmen have the welfare of the whole nation at heart, that the dole is a form of insurance and not of almsgiving, that high taxation is not a bar but an incentive to industry, that the average Englishman believes that he is as much in honor bound to pay his war debts as he is to make his personal check or note of hand good, and that in spite of char-

acteristic "grouching and grumbling" the English people, high and low, are in good courage and carrying on. "There is life," he says, "in the old dog yet."

To those Americans who believe that our historical and literary inheritance from the land of Alfred the Great, Queen Elizabeth, Chaucer, Shakespeare, John Hampden, Sir William Blackstone, Sir Matthew Hale, Burke, Wordsworth, and Keats is precious, Mr. Strachey's message is a cheering one. The English do occasionally muddle things, but, as we have learned from the letters and memoirs of Walter Pater and Sir Edward Grey, somehow or other they muddle through—with the accent on the "through"!

## Queen Alexandra

By P. W. WILSON

**D**EATH has at last claimed Alexandra, and with her there vanishes the latest and perhaps the last of the great queens. Born to be a picture, not a potentate, Alexandra fitted perfectly into her appointed landscape. For over sixty years of public life her prestige was maintained, an achievement the more remarkable because her calling as Queen is hard indeed to fulfill without offense. Unless a queen is un-

distinguished, she is usually unfortunate. Of Bathsheba the less said, the better. Jezebel was thrown from a window and eaten by dogs. Vashti was deposed. And Esther only became a heroine after she had submitted to be a slave. Queen Zenobia was led to Rome a captive and died a humdrum matron, while Boadicea bled from Roman rods. Queen Cleopatra committed suicide, Catherine de Medici was guilty of mass murder, and Catherine of Russia executed her lovers. Mary, Queen of Scots, like Marie Antoinette, was decapitated; Queen Caroline was divorced; Eugénie was exiled; the Empress of China terminated the Manchu Dynasty; and even Victoria was only glorious in the long loneliness of widowhood. To be a queen is to take the big chance.

But with Europe rent by repeated war and convulsed by revolution, Alexandra's career was remote and serene. A thousand fell at her side—her dethroned sister, the Empress Marie; her nephew the Czar and all his family; her other nephew, Constantine of Greece—but it did not come nigh her. A devout churchwoman, Alexandra lived each full day as it came, and, simple as may have been her sagacity, it enabled her to survive.

She was the kind of princess who under attack would have rallied all the romanticists to her defense. An Alexandra under the guillotine would have been avenged by countless novelists. But she was never allowed to become a political problem. It is true that her marriage, like Helen's elopement, launched

a thousand ships. But the guns only fired salutes. Over the seizure of Schleswig-Holstein by Prussia Alexandra wept at the breakfast table. And when the infant Princess Beatrice consulted her as to what present she should ask from a generous visitor, Alexandra said to the child, "The head of Bismarck on a charger." But, while England sympathized with the young Princess of Wales, she reserved her intervention for the case



Underwood

Princess Alexandra at the time of her marriage to the Prince of Wales



Underwood

One of the last portraits of Queen Alexandra