

based upon facts. International politics, like domestic politics, rests upon differences in policies, which in turn depend upon conflicting national interests. The expert in international affairs is to be respected in proportion to his accuracy in understanding and reporting those conflicting policies; but his opinion as to their respective merits is not necessarily valuable. He is as likely as any one else to be swayed by consideration of the interests of the nation for whose policies he is consciously or unconsciously an advocate.

In the second place, the managers of such an institute should be on their guard against the assumption that nationalism is necessarily an evil and internationalism always a virtue. There are, in fact, three kinds of internationalism. One is that which would do away with all national boundaries and erase all national distinctions and blend the whole world in one universal economic or political organization. Those who favor this are so few and so theoretical that they may be practically disregarded. Then there is the internationalism which recognizes the necessity of international differences, but so affects the minds of its believers that they regard their own nation as presumably in the wrong on every disputed point. Internationalists of this creed applaud race patriotism in every other race but their own, and encourage national patriotism in every other nation but their own. They plume themselves on their "international mind," and believe that their adoption of foreign points of view is proof of their membership in the exclusive class of the *intelligentsia*. It was noted by Rear-Admiral Huse that at the Williamstown Institute attacks on American politics constantly elicited laughter and applause from the American audience. This form of internationalism is neither intelligent nor wholesome. It is wholly unscientific because it is wholly sentimental. There is a third kind of internationalism, which ought to be cultivated. It is that which recognizes the conflicting interests of nations, enables one to see those conflicting interests from different points of view, and by the very process of clarifying those conflicting interests makes clear the obligation which each nation owes to its own citizens or subjects as well as to the other nations with which it has to deal. As that man cannot be a good citizen who does not recognize his fundamental obligations to his own family, so that

man who does not recognize his obligations to his own country cannot be a good internationalist.

According to plans announced at the close of the session, the Williamstown Institute of Politics is to be put upon a permanent financial basis. It is therefore

What's Wrong with the Railroads?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

I AM not sure whether this article will ever be read by more than two people—the pleasant lady who is taking it at my dictation and myself who am writing it, largely to relieve my feelings. For it is about the vexatious railroad problem, and the managing editor of The Outlook, while generously giving me a free hand in my weekly contributions, has laid down only one rule for my guidance. He has asked me to avoid all controversial political and economic questions on the very reasonable ground that The Outlook is constantly dealing with such matters in all sorts of articles, and that its readers are entitled to some relief from disputatious argument. He has delicately intimated that my job, if I have any capacity for so doing, is to afford them such relief.

Now, there is no more tender or irritating subject of political economics before the American people to-day than railroad transportation. The railroads are the arteries of the Nation. If they harden, clog, and cease to function, the country will suffer an apoplectic stroke which will result in a paralysis of our social, industrial, and political life that will make the panics of 1873, 1893, and 1907 look like minor ailments. And yet Alexander D. Noyes, the foremost contemporary American authority on financial history, says in his book, "Forty Years of American Finance," that "the panic of 1873 left the country's financial and commercial structure almost a ruin," and that "the panic of 1907 . . . resembled . . . intimately the panic of 1873."

All sorts of remedies are being proposed for the disease of arteriosclerosis from which the railroads appear to be suffering—higher rates, lower rates, cut-throat competition, uniform pooling, compulsory consolidations by law, voluntary consolidations prompted by the legitimate ambitions of capital, strengthening the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and limiting its powers. Some of these remedies are quack

likely to outgrow some of the crudities that have characterized its infancy. It has done good service in providing an open forum for a broad discussion of international questions. There is no reason why at the same time it should not be in spirit and purpose American.

nostrums, some of them are proposed by experienced experts who have sincerely at heart the welfare of both society at large and the railroad builder and investor individually. The sum total is that all concerned are anxious and perplexed.

It is no wonder that railroad owners and operators, harassed by burdensome and often unjust taxation, by multiplicity of conflicting laws, by the rising costs of materials and labor, and by the animosity of shippers, farm blocs, and legislators (who are often as selfish as the old-time railway king), are in a state of confusion.

I do not propose to add to this confusion by suggesting any remedies of my own. A good and sufficient reason is that I am not competent to do so. But I am convinced that one way in which railway managers can successfully meet the rising tide of opposition and avert what I agree with them in regarding as the dangerous social and economic fallacy of Government ownership and operation, is by developing and extending a genuine policy of service. Some railway managers, especially of the younger school, are living up to this conception. Unfortunately, there are still left some powerful operators who appear to think that railroads can be run on the take-it-or-leave-it principle. I propose in this article to note some of the little pin-pricks, coming within my own ken and experience, which irritate the users of railways. For I am inclined to believe that much of the public opposition of which railway managers not unjustly complain is based upon irritation rather than upon reasoned objections.

I do not suppose that Mr. "Pat" Crowley, the very efficient president of the New York Central, who literally knows railroading from the ground up, will ever see this article. If he should, he might be surprised that I feel a little irritated against his railroad, in spite of the fact that it is one of the greatest,

soundest, and most successful systems of the United States. I have lived on his railroad, or, rather, on one of its subsidiaries—the West Shore Railroad—for nearly forty years. I say nothing about its dilapidated New York City terminal, with its rain-beaten train platforms, which no Western city of one-tenth the size would tolerate for a week, because the building of a new terminal would take a large amount of capital, and railroad stockholders deserve consideration as well as passengers. Possibly, too, he may be waiting for the foolish city of New York to build a bridge across the Hudson, so that thousands of daily commuters and automobilists may not have to depend on fog-bound and ice-thwarted ferries.

But I have a real complaint. The tracks from Cornwall to New York are used jointly by the New York Central and the New York, Ontario, and Western, tickets being good on all the trains of either line. The other afternoon I took an Ontario and Western express, hurrying to keep an engagement in New York City. When about twenty-five miles from New York, we began to slow down and stop, slow down and stop, thus dragging along until I finally asked the porter what the trouble was. He replied that a "local," which stopped at every station, was just ahead of us. Of course, under the very commendable block-signal system every time the "local" stopped at a station we stopped by the green fields of the roadside. The porter further added, with some irritation, that this particular idiosyncrasy of train-despatching was not of infrequent occurrence. Now, no one has greater admiration than I for train-despatchers. They are skillful and hard-working officials, with a terrible burden of responsibility resting on their shoulders. But I submit that time-tables ought to be arranged so that accommodation trains do not make express trains, frequently, if not habitually, half an hour late. At all events, I know that I was half an hour late in keeping my engagement, and I am afraid the next time the Inter-State Commerce Commission renders a decision adverse to the New York Central Railway the natural and unregenerate man within me will chuckle a little—as he did when he heard the story of the little branch line that ran into the country from Essex Junction, Vermont. The train was creeping along when a traveling salesman, in a hurry, hailed the conductor, saying: "Can't you

go faster than this?" "Oh, yes; much faster." "Why don't you, then?" "Because I'm under contract to stay with the train!"

Another complaint. Last week I wanted to escort a favored guest to my home, a distinguished elderly judge for whom I think nothing is too good. In order that he might see for the first time the picturesque Bear Mountain Suspension Bridge across the Hudson and the incomparable Storm King Highway, I took the main line of the New York Central to Peekskill, where an automobile met us and carried us the rest of the way across the bridge and over the highway twenty miles or more to Cornwall. I wanted my guest to travel in the utmost comfort, so I tried to get seats at the Grand Central Station for the parlor-car. But they could give me places only in the sleeping-car. These I took because it gave my guest a chance to smoke in a comfortable smoking-room. When we got into the smoking-room, some fifteen minutes before the train started, the electric lights were so dim that my guest could not read his afternoon newspaper in the darkness of the bowels of the magnificent Grand Central Station. I called the porter and asked if he couldn't give us more light. "I am sorry, sir," he courteously answered, "but the batteries are run down." "Well, what are the poor passengers on this sleeping-car going to do when night comes," said I. "Bless you," he answered, "nobody ain't going to sleep on this car. It's going to be taken off at Albany and the batteries 'll be recharged there."

Now, here was a sleeping-car made to do duty as a parlor-car on a daylight journey, and, to make the matter worse, the lights were defective. The judge took the annoyance good-naturedly, as he always takes discomforts of travel, and said it reminded him of an experience of his brother, a prominent New York lawyer who, many years ago, had his summer home on a branch line of the New Haven Railway under the notorious Mellen régime. His New York train almost invariably missed connections at the junction, the branch-line train often pulling out when the main-line train was in sight. This necessitated a long and tedious wait for another train. Finally the New Yorker decided to do something. The next time the connection failed he hired an automobile to complete his journey and, with a courteous letter explaining the matter, sent the bill to the rail-

road. No reply. He wrote a second letter. No reply. A third time he wrote, saying that if the bill were not promptly paid he would bring suit and have the matter tested in the courts. He was a man of ample means and meant what he said. The bill was paid. But the branch-line train went on ignoring the connection indicated in the time-table. Finally the lawyer repeated his protest and sent a bill for the automobile that was necessary to complete the journey. Again no reply, again a second letter, and, finally, a third letter, threatening a test in the courts. The second bill was finally paid. Not long after this second experience his New York train was five minutes late, and he asked the conductor if they would make connections at X junction. "You bet we will!" replied the conductor with emphasis. "We have orders!"

This anecdote encourages me to hope that I may accomplish some good by recording the annoyances related in this article. In one sense they are, of course, unimportant. They do not affect the safety of passengers, but they do affect their comfort, and comfortable customers are much more likely to be friendly to an industry than uncomfortable ones.

Statistics of ton-miles and of the low percentage of accidents per thousand of passengers carried do not always allay irritation. Twenty-five years ago I crossed to England and back on the two crack steamers of that summer belonging to a transatlantic line whose slogan, in answer to any complaint was, "We never killed a passenger." On the westward voyage one evening some meat was served which our olfactory nerves decided was older and more firmly established in the dignity of maturity than the company itself. The gentleman sitting next to me at the table happened to be a British army officer of high rank. He called the chief steward and, putting his monocle in his eye, dryly remarked, "Steward, I wish you would kill a passenger occasionally and give us fresh meat"! This bit of satire reached the ears of the management and, doubtless combined with the keen competition of the Germans, caused the company to change its attitude a little. It is just as safely managed as ever it was, but to-day it lays emphasis on the attention which it gives to the comfort and happiness of its passengers, in which feature it may truly be said that no line surpasses it. *Verbum sat sapienti!* as Terence once remarked.

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Cricket in Song and History

A London Literary Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

TO each country its national game:
to England cricket, at Lord's
and the Oval, where the great
matches are played, and on village greens
throughout the land.

A lush green field. Upon a shaven
patch,
Stolen from daisies and buttercups,
was played
The Saturday match.

These three lines, the opening of a
cricket poem of the day, may be taken
as a hint that this Literary Letter deals
with cricket in song and history.

But first let me refer briefly to two
great cricket functions that have helped
to make this summer month glorious.
One was the two days' match between
the boys of Eton and Harrow, a society
gathering, a dress affair; but, in spite of
silk hats, white spats, and the smart
dresses of sisters, sweethearts, and moth-
ers, a function in which cricket is
treated with the highest respect. Looking
at the keenness of the young cricketers,
at the wicket and in the field, and the
unwritten law, which is the beginning
and the end of cricket—"Play the game"
—many a veteran must have murmured
the old tag, "The Battle of Waterloo was
won on the playing fields of Eton."

The annual two days' match between
Eton and Harrow is—promise. Some of
these young cricketers may be champions
of the future. The annual three days'
match between Gentlemen and Players
is—performance. Here you see the great
Hobbs (he holds the place in cricket that
"Babe" Ruth holds in baseball), and
when he is batting there is not one of the
twenty thousand spectators present but
longs to see him make another century
(one hundred runs in an innings) and so
equal the number of centuries made by
the great W. G. Grace during his famous
cricketing career.¹ That black-bearded
champion still lives in spirit on every
cricket ground in England. Here, for
this is a Literary Letter, I may interpo-
late a poem by Wilfrid Thorley that I
take from the "Observer" of a week ago.
It is called "A Ghost at Cricket:"

A tall man with an eye of flint,
An arm that never fails
And cuts the bowler through the slips
Or drives him to the rails.
He drives him to the rails, my boys,
And strokes a beard of black,
Or pats the turf along the pitch
Until the ball comes back.

¹ Since this was written Hobbs not only
equalled Grace's record on August 17, but
on August 18 surpassed it by one century.

A tall man and an easy man
That takes a little run
And sends opposing batsmen back
Ball-beaten one by one.
And keeps his ten good men in heart
With cheery nods and grins,
As though his softened eye should say
"We outs will soon be ins."

A tall man and a mighty man,
Nor heart nor thews remain,
But in the mind of thousands more
He plays the game again.
He plays the game again, my boys,
With ten good men and brave
Above the grass that cannot hold
His spirit in the grave.

In the pavilion of the Oval, the Surrey
Country Club ground, there is a monu-
ment to the Surrey cricketers and
groundsmen who fell in the War. Fol-
lowing the names is this, "They Played
the Game."

THINKING of "W. G."—so W. G.
Grace was always known—that
ghost at cricket, one's mind dwells on the
early stalwarts of this great national
game—the Hambledon Club, on Broad
Halfpenny Down, who about 1780 could
beat all England at cricket. John Nyren,
who "kept the pub" of the Bat and Ball,
was the historian of the Hambledon
Club. He is enshrined in "The Diction-
ary of National Biography;" his book is
called "The Young Cricketer's Tutor." It
was edited by Charles Cowden Clark
in 1833. Winchester School has just
performed the great service of purchasing
Broad Halfpenny Down, which is
twenty-five miles from the School.
There, last month, a match was played,
to signalize the event.

But cricket is older than the Hamble-
don Club. In 1733 the Prince of Wales,
a lover of the game, gave to each mem-
ber of the Surrey and Middlesex County
teams one guinea, at a match at Molesey
Hurst, near Hampton Court. How
about the amateur-professional distinc-
tion then? Some day the annual match
at Lord's between the Gentlemen and
Players will be called Amateurs vs. Pro-
fessionals. These meaningless distinc-
tions die hard in England.

Is there, I wonder, enough to make a
cricket anthology? Francis Thomp-
son's cricket poem will certainly be in-
cluded. He was no cricketer; he fol-
lowed the games in the papers only. It
should be explained that Francis Thomp-
son was a North Countryman and that

Hornby and Barlow were famous Lanca-
shire players whom he saw in his youth:

AT LORDS

It is little I repair to the matches of
the southern folk,
Though my own red roses there may
blow;
It is little I repair to the matches of
the southern folk,
Though the red roses crest the caps, I
know.
For the field is full of shades as I near
the shadowy coast,
And a ghostly batsman plays to the
bowling of a ghost,
And I look through my tears on a
soundless-clapping host
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro:—
O my Hornby and my Barlow long
ago.

"Sportsmen in Paradise" would, of
course, be included. It was published in
"The Westminster Gazette" during the
War, signed "Tipuca:"

They left the fury of the fight
And they were tired.
The gates of Heaven were open quite,
Unguarded and unwired.
There was no sound of any gun,
The land was still and green;
Wide hills lay silent in the sun,
Blue valleys slept between.

They saw far off a little wood
Stand up against the sky.
Knee-deep in grass a great tree stood—
Some lazy cows went by.
There were some rooks sailed overhead,
And once a church bell pealed.
"God! but it's England," some one
said,
"And there's a cricket-field!"

And Sir Henry Newbolt's—
There's a breathless hush in the Close
tonight—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned
coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder
smote.
"Play up! play up! and play the
game."

And "The Cricket Ball Sings," by
E. V. Lucas, which he prints in "The
Open Road." In that delightful anthol-
ogy he also includes a passage by John
Nyren beginning, "There was high feast-
ing on Broad Halfpenny during the so-
lemnity of one of our grand matches.
Oh, it was a heart-stirring sight—!"