

a big industrial city cannot easily be understood by people who have always lived in the suburbs or in country towns. To close recreational centers on Sunday, whether they are concerts, movies, art galleries, or libraries, merely because those who patronize them will not go to church is, to say the least, a sign of mighty poor sportsmanship on the part of the churchman, and yet that is frequently the principal argument used against having people enjoy Sunday as they prefer to spend it. The fairer thing

is to make the church so attractive and appealing that men and women will see that it is better to go to church on Sunday than anywhere else.

At Chautauqua, New York, where I was speaking one day, Bishop John H. Vincent the founder of the mother Chautauqua, presided at the meeting. In answer to a question from the audience, I said that I favored the hiring of a string of big barges and having the working people in the intolerable tenements during the summer taken for a trip

out on Long Island Sound, where they might spend Sunday instead of sweating and swearing at home. It was most refreshing to hear the clapping of the Bishop's hands.

To a preacher who protested against a Sunday program which I had set up in the tenement district, saying that I was not justified in doing these things on the "Lord's Day," I once replied:

"It may be the 'Lord's Day' up where you live, but it's the devil's day down where I work."

In the course of the next installment Mr. Stelzle tells what happened when a sheriff summoned him to appear before the grand jury

Porto Rico Asks for Self-Government

And a Chance to Help

By WINTHROP CHAMBERLAIN

Associate Editor of the Minneapolis "Journal"

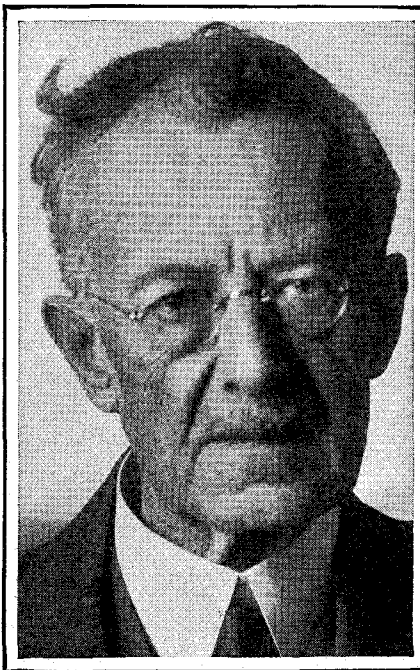
THE ancient quarrel of England and Spain, settled long ago in Europe when the Great Armada was destroyed, has somehow persisted down through the centuries in the Americas. The New World is half Anglo-Saxon and half Latin, and neither quite understands or really likes the other half.

The North American and the South American—who can bring them together in amity and mutual understanding? Who can interpret one to the other? Who can break down the barriers of dislike that shut off from each other the two cultures, so dissimilar, so distinct in origin, and so diverse in their modern manifestations?

If we of the great Republic listen intently, we shall hear a small, clear voice coming up from the West Indies, saying, "I can." It is the voice of Porto Rico.

Consider this island, smallest of the Greater Antilles, separating the Atlantic and the Caribbean, holding the densest agrarian population in the Western Hemisphere. Of all the islands that the great Christopher discovered, this alone flies the Stars and Stripes to-day—a significant and useful fact, if rightly used.

Let us see about Porto Rico. Spain held it four hundred years, colonized it, fortified it, exploited it. Here was one seat of her empire in the West Indies. Hither came swart Spaniards, touched with Moorish blood, from the south of Spain. Here were raised the "gold crops" Spain wanted—coffee, sugar, tobacco. The slavers brought Negroes, too, but not in such numbers as to the other West Indies, so that Porto Rico to-



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Governor Horace M. Towner

day is more predominantly white than some of our Southern States. About thirty per cent of her million and a third population are black or mulatto. The remainder are pure whites, some of the Hidalgo blood and many more of Spanish peasant origin. The aboriginal Carib Indian blood has almost completely disappeared.

General Nelson A. Miles occupied Porto Rico in the Spanish-American War. The Spaniards had gone, and there was no resistance—rather did the Porto Ricans welcome the invaders with flowers and wine. The Treaty of Paris gave Porto Rico absolutely to the United

States. There was no setting up of a limited independence, as in Cuba.

But just before the Spanish-American War began the man upon whom the Porto Ricans look as their George Washington, Luis Muñoz Rivera, had gone to Madrid and, by taking clever advantage of the political situation, had secured for his islanders a grant of partial autonomy. It was Madrid's reply to the "Cuba Libre" attempt to gain autonomy by revolution. Porto Rico was the good child, and Cuba the bad one. But scarcely had Muñoz returned to San Juan to set up the new governmental machine, when the explosion that sank the Maine made the war with Spain inevitable. The fortunes of that war threw Porto Rico into the lap of the United States, which had neither the experience nor the Constitutional machinery for governing insular possessions.

When General Miles assured the people of the fertile little island he had captured that "the Constitution follows the flag," they rejoiced. The flag arrived in 1898, and still waves over El Morro and the Government House. But the Constitution stays on the continent. Having, indeed, been made expressly for continental uses, it is not a good sailor. It does not operate in our insular possessions. Upon Congress has fallen the task of providing substitute constitutions for that "American Empire" which the founding fathers did not foresee, or, at any rate, provide for.

The first attempt of Congress in Porto Rico's behalf was the Foraker Act of 1900. It made the fatal mistake of providing an upper house in the Legislature

made up of chiefs of departments, who were thus called upon both to legislate and to administer. Congress amended the Foraker Act in 1909, but the patchwork was not much improved. Then Muñoz took up again the work of seeking autonomy for his people. At the age of fifty he came to Washington as Porto Rico's Commissioner. He was able to speak scarcely a word of English. But he quickly mastered the language, in order that he might make before the committees of Congress an argument so masterly that in 1917 the Jones Act, which forms the present Constitution of Porto Rico, was passed.

Briefly, it granted American citizenship to all Porto Ricans, established manhood suffrage, and set up a government in which the islanders were permitted to elect their own bicameral Legislature, but in which the Governor, appointed by the President, is almost supreme, since he has the appointive and veto powers. He names four of the six departmental heads, subject to confirmation of the insular Senate, and the President names the other two and an auditor, subject to the approval of the United States Senate.

The Jones Act was a long step toward autonomy for Porto Rico, but it went only part way. It was the best Muñoz could get, and he returned to his beloved island, only to pass away within a year,

his work half done—a Moses who had twice viewed the promised land of autonomy, but had not been able to lead his people into it.

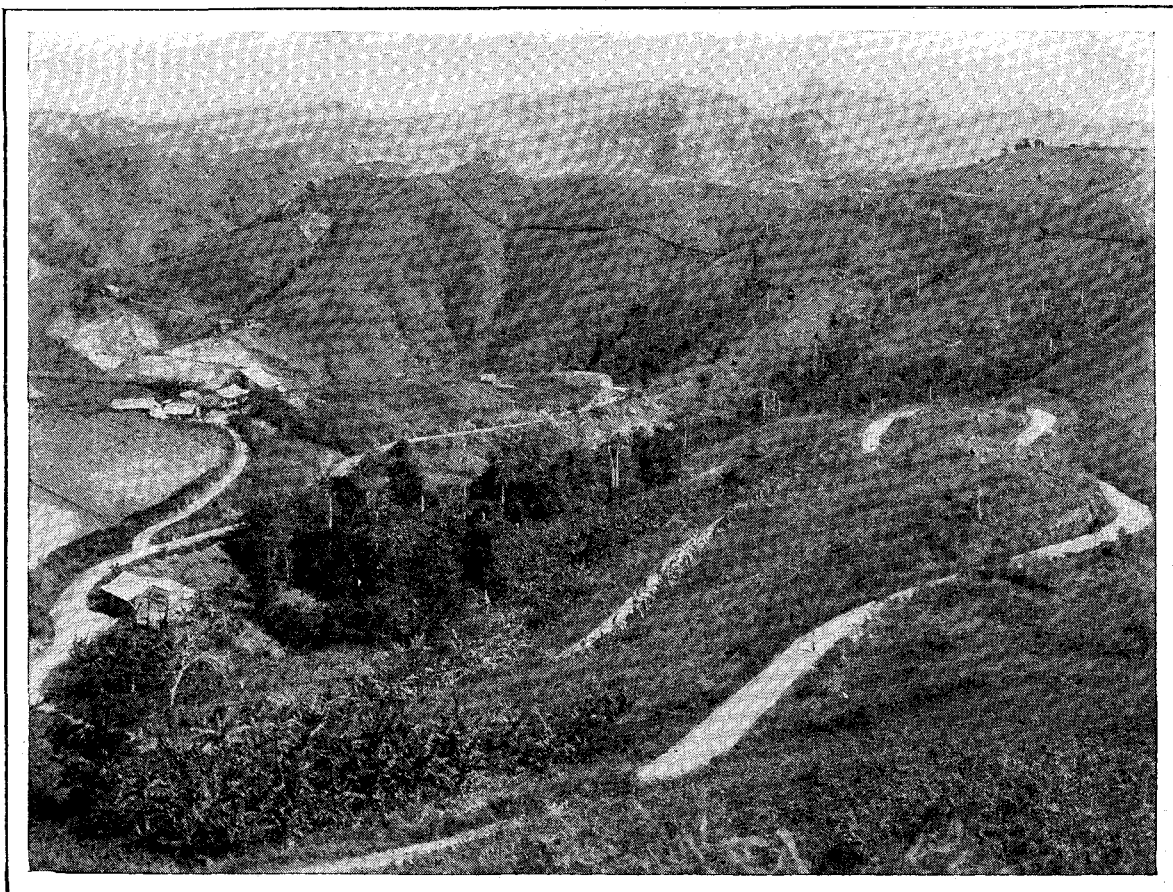
Obviously, the quality of Porto Rico's government now depends largely on the kind of a Governor sent from Washington. If he is named to pay a political debt, as E. Mont Riley, of Kansas City, was named by President Harding, and looks on the job merely as an opportunity for selfish exploitation, it will be a pretty bad sort of government. But if an able and honest man is sent, such a man as the present Governor, Horace M. Towner, of Iowa, whom President Harding sent to correct his first mistake, it is likely to be an efficient, progressive government.

The people of Porto Rico are proud of their American citizenship and eager to show themselves worthy of it by undertaking to govern themselves. They want to elect their own Governor. So they have buried their political and party differences to unite in that request. They have shelved the independence movement, and have brought all shades of opinion, whether Unionist or Republican, together in the "Alianza." Only the Socialists remain outside, and their strength is negligible. The Alianza does not ask Statehood, which is a luxury Porto Rico cannot afford, but which remains the dream of the Republican or minority

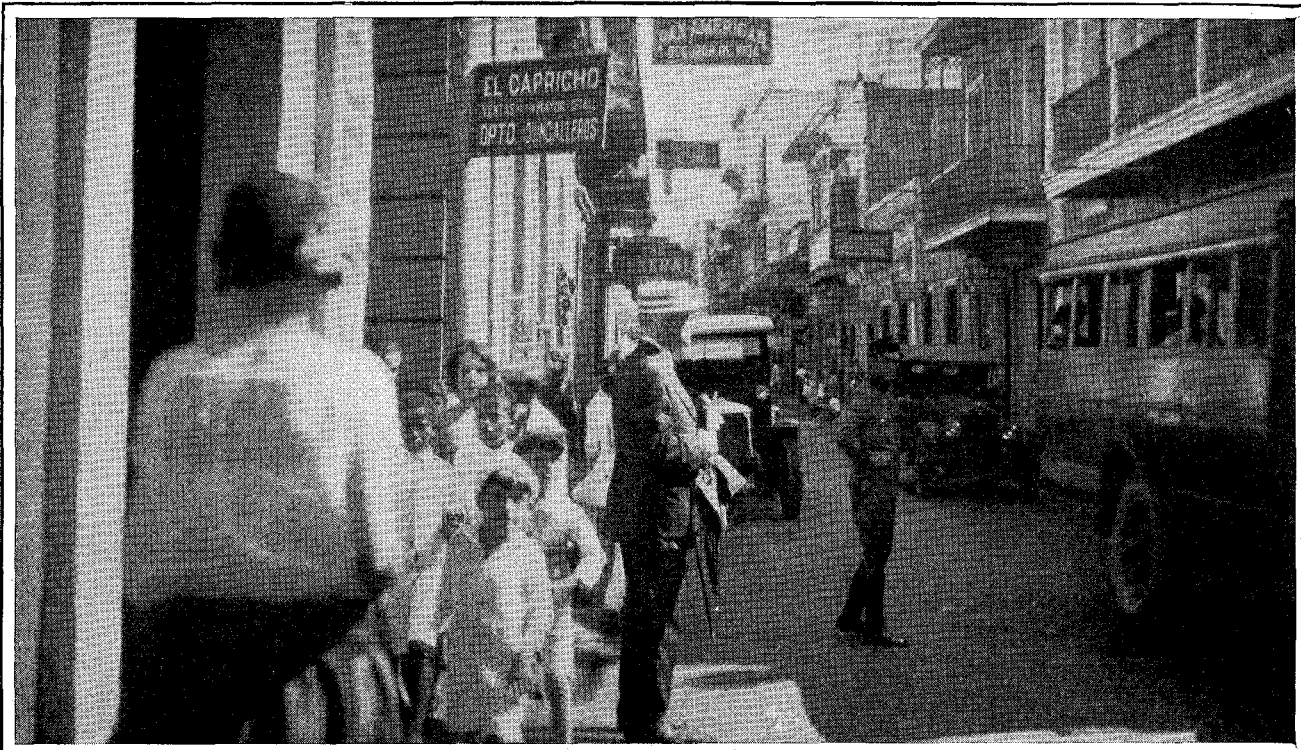
wing. The Porto Ricans do not want the strings that bind them to the United States cut, not only because of sentiment, but because they must continue to send us their sugar and tobacco duty free or suffer economic disaster. Indeed, they want the American connection maintained in good working order.

Uncle Sam now handles their mails, collects their customs, runs their lighthouses, furnishes their postage-stamps and their currency, maintains their army garrison (which is recruited, however, entirely from the natives), helps solve their agricultural, health, educational, and economic problems. If a fuller measure of autonomy were granted, these and other similar connections between the island and Washington would be maintained. And then there are the American millions invested in insular enterprises.

Judge Córdova Dávila, who succeeded Señor Muñoz as Porto Rican Commissioner in Washington, introduced a bill in the last Congress granting Porto Rico the right to elect its own Governor. It was, unselfishly enough, favored by Governor Towner himself, who to his long experience as a member of the Insular Affairs Committee of the House had now added a close first-hand knowledge of the island and its people. The bill passed the Senate, but failed of consideration in the House, although recommended for



A Porto Rican Highway



A street scene in San Juan, the bustling capital of Porto Rico

passage by the Committee on Insular Affairs. It has been reintroduced in the present Congress, and Governor Towner, after two more busy years at San Juan, tells me that he is more than ever in favor of it.

This change is the dearest wish of the Porto Rican people. It is to them the touchstone by which to test the sincerity of the American people, the value of their American citizenship. If Congress will make this *beau geste*, the pride of Porto Rico will be touched, her heart will be won.

When I visited Porto Rico recently and motored all over the lovely valleys and verdure-clad mountains, covering nearly half of the fifteen hundred miles of fine hard-surfaced roads that have been built during the American occupation, this was the favorite topic of native leaders with whom I talked everywhere—of Señor Antonio Barceló, President of the Senate, editor of “La Democracia,” a leading daily of San Juan, and Unionist leader; of Walter McK. Jones, of Villalba, the only American-born member of the Legislature, and a thorough-going Porto Rican by adoption; of Señor E. Georgetti, sugar millionaire, financier, and bosom friend of Muñoz; of Mayor Guillermo Vivas, of Ponce; of Senator Martínez, coffee magnate, of Mayaguez; of Senator Aponte, leading lawyer of Arecibo; of Señor Adriano González, successful contractor and builder of irrigation works, also of Arecibo; and of many others of similar types. Men like these said to me, in effect:

“If Congress should grant this boon to Porto Rico, it would be a striking dem-

onstration of justice and generosity to the only Spanish-American people under North American rule. While binding us Porto Ricans to you with ties of gratitude, you would be at the same time giving convincing evidence to Latin America that it had misjudged you, for here would be a gesture of friendship and confidence surpassing in some ways your freeing of Cuba.”

What could not Porto Ricans do for us Americans of the Northern Continent in bringing about a better understanding with the Americans of the Southern Continent? What would they not do? Already our State Department, I am told, has found educated young Porto Ricans invaluable as attachés of our legations and consulates in South and Central America. Heirs of the ancient Spanish culture of their own island, educated in our colleges, understanding North American precipitancy and forthrightness, as well as South American postponement and indirection, these young liaison officers of diplomacy have already proved their worth.

But could the Porto Ricans govern themselves well? Have they the temperament and gift for it? I am convinced that they have. What the peoples of Argentina, Chile, Peru, and other republics to the south can do Porto Rico can do. But an Anglo-Saxon type of rule is not to be expected. The Porto Ricans, like other Latin peoples, are accustomed to follow their leaders, to take their policies and measures from their leaders. They have not the Anglo-Saxon bent for individualism, for government based on local political units. The police

force of the island, for example, is under the control and direction of the insular Government, and not of the various cities and villages.

Thus we should probably have in Porto Rico, as in the South American countries, a government of the best people, of the trusted leaders. But the arbitrament of the ballot-box would be peacefully accepted, and in the main it would be fairly obtained. Porto Rico has among its million and a third population far less of the unruly and lawless element than Cuba, for example. There would be the clash of parties and of rival leaders, but there would always be the watchful eye of Washington upon them, and they would, I verily believe, “behave.” For the ultimate power would remain in Congress.

At bottom, the problems of Porto Rico are not so much political as economic. They arise out of over-population and under-education. There is the almost universal hookworm disease, and there are the maladies for which it throws down the barriers—tuberculosis, sprue, and malaria. There is the problem of nutrition, which the famous Dr. Bailey K. Ashford, arch-enemy of the hookworm and head of the Porto Rico School of Tropical Medicine, says is the most fundamental problem of all. But that is another, and a mighty interesting story.

But just because the political problem is sentimental, it looms large. The United States has been generous to Porto Rico in everything but this. It has taken no tribute, imposed no tariffs, but has made things easy for the insular Government. The stimulus of American

occupation has pushed Porto Rico, which before the Spanish-American War was about on an equal footing with Jamaica,

so far ahead that it now exports nine or ten times as much annually as that British-owned island.

Shall we not now give Porto Rico the boon she so yearns for—self-government?

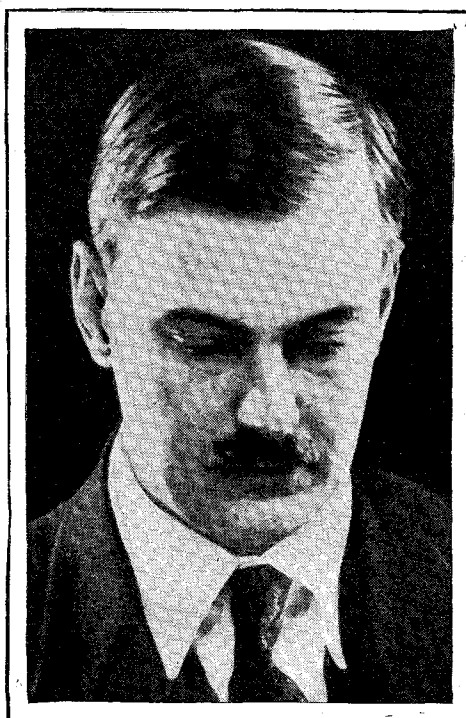
The Molding of Michigan

A State University Aloof from Politics

By GEORGE MARVIN

MICHIGAN, the State and the University, thinks greatly of Marion Le Roy Burton, "the great man who gave the best of his great life to Michigan." President Burton died in February, 1925, at Ann Arbor, after only four years of work on his dedicated tasks for the University and, through the University, for the State of Michigan. He was a great builder. And yet nothing in his four years of what came to be a valedictory service hurt him more—hurt his own sense of the value of his service more—than a statuette, intended to honor his constructive work for the State University, representing him with the hammer of a material builder in his hand.

Under President Burton the University of Michigan was materially recreated. The process began in 1919, and is still going on. Hardly any other educational institution of the same age has undergone a similar transformation in its adaptation to the popularizing of "education." The very great and general increase in university enrollment that followed immediately after the war created conditions of unprecedented difficulty that each institution had to face as best it could. In a measure these conditions were aftermath of the war, but the war did not produce the big problem of adaptability; it merely brought to a head prematurely processes which had been developing for twenty years or more. The State universities suffered most from the inundation of students; their bars were down for the native-State born and most of them were debarred from adequate selective requirements affecting non-resident applicants. It was not only easier to get in, it was far cheaper to remain in; tuition was either remitted entirely or commutable in a variety of ways. The bare subsistence in food and lodging obtainable in university communities under-bid by a large margin living expenses in other communities. Tributary streams to the flood were back eddies created from hundreds of thousands of discharged young men in an olive-drab state of mind, geared to war excitements, and without a stimulating occupation; an upshooting realization of



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Clarence C. Little

the supposed advantages of co-educational institutions for women's ever-widening ambitions; and, permeating the entire post-war polity, the social motive driving unprecedented hordes to storm academic strongholds for the convenient badges that pass in this land of the free and home of the brave for class distinction.

Particularly hard hit by this Visigothic immigration were the State universities of the Middle West. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Indiana had conservancy problems on their hands closely paralleling those of the Mississippi River Levee Boards. In the last ten years the student population of Ann Arbor has more than doubled; three thousand extra applicants for admission, a whole college in themselves, struck the University of Michigan in one year. On the crest of this post-war flood Dr. Burton rode into office in 1920. Of necessity his immediate job was one of expediency; it was not a question of repairing the levees, but of impounding and utilizing the flood waters. Under similar stress on the Pacific coast a delegation of Japanese students at Berkeley applied for admission to Leland Stanford University, stating

that they had pursued their studies for two years at the University of California standing up, and would appreciate a chance to continue them sitting down.

Burton's first task at Michigan was to find a place for the excess enrollment he was obliged to accept to sit down in. Conceding nothing of his educational theory, he nevertheless subordinated it during the necessary interval in which he was called upon to face the condition of material response to urgent demand. He set to work to build a bigger University of Michigan. Money for war memorials flowed patriotically into enduring structures; alumni loyalty started other streams. Private endowment needed suggestion and co-operation, and then a harmonizing with the general plan of expansion. He touched the rock of legislative appropriations, and it gave forth a cascade of nine million dollars from the people of the State. So Dr. Burton, indefatigably and wisely, made his greater mold wherein he hoped to fashion a finer clay. While building a far bigger university, he never lost sight of his appointed task—to mold a better one. Then came the Angel of the Darker Drink and called him. In a very literal sense he gave himself to the University.

The beneficiary was and is worthy of such a gift. Sharing many of their characteristics, Michigan is nevertheless to be distinguished from the other institutions of supposedly and nominally "higher learning" belonging to the States carved out of the original Northwest Territory, namely, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Chartered in 1837, it is the oldest of them all. This is a venerable foundation for the Middle West, although the State Universities of North Carolina and Virginia, on the Atlantic seaboard, antedate it by several years, many institutions privately endowed in the original thirteen colonies are much older, and Harvard College, the oldest of all surviving educational institutions in the United States, began its long life at Cambridge just two hundred years before. Partly because of this comparative antiquity Michigan is in flavor the most Eastern of the Western universities. One of the largest of all