

young men and women from the United States have responded—an adventure that has resulted in physical, mental, and spiritual benefit to an isolated people. Dr. Grenfell writes about Miss Strong's recent article in *The Outlook* on Marshal Feng, and adds:

I feel myself that one of the greatest tragedies of history is being enacted by the endeavor of outside agencies to destroy Marshal Feng, who is the one stable influence in China.

I visited his home at Paotingfu; I saw all the people who had known him from his youth; I saw the ministers and others who had been instrumental in his baptism; I stayed three weeks at the Rockefeller Institute, looked up all the records of him and his soldiers in the cold light of medical records; I saw his personal friends from this country, some of whom are well known to me and are men of high ideals and fine judgment; I inquired about him from every missionary that I knew from Bishop Roots, the well-known Chinese leader of the Episcopal Church, to the Commissioner of the Salvation Army, and their officer in charge at Kalgan. I went to Kalgan myself personally, and saw Marshal Feng, and I have been kept constantly in touch through the Chinese Labor Bureau in Boston direct from Peking of the opinions of men like C. T. Wang as to the confidence that the outside world can have in this great man. I can only say that the study has more than convinced me that a great injustice is being done to this man by the outside world who only accord him the title Christian when it is in brackets, and who murder him with their tongues, calling him Bolshevik and traitor. We felt that he was far the greatest man in China, and that his influence is far more likely to stabilize the country than that of any other man.

What Are You Proudest of in Our Civilization?

LAST week *The Outlook* proposed the creation of a museum of modern antiquities—a museum blasted out of the heart of some great mountain in which would be preserved for archaeologists, who would regard us as we regard the ancient Egyptians, the flower of our present civilization.

The Outlook asked its readers to make a list of ten objects which they would like to see preserved in such a museum.

Already the returns show a wide diversity of interests. Arranged in alphabetical order, the following are some of

the objects which have been nominated for preservation:

Airplanes, antiseptics, automobiles, canned food, chemicals, clocks, collar buttons, electrical machinery of many kinds, eye-glasses, fishermen's reels, flash-lights, fountain pens, Kodaks, life insurance reports and statistics, model of

Museum Candidates

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Name

Address

Mauretania, monkey-wrenches, motion-picture machines, narcotics, oil paintings (copies); photographic materials, powdered milk, printing machinery, radio instruments, sewing materials, speedometers, steam trains, stereopticons, surgeons' instruments, telephones, watches.

Later on, if the returns continue as they have begun, we shall be able to present a summary of the replies showing the objects which our readers consider most representative of modern civilization. For the convenience of our read-

ers, we print herewith another blank in order that those who have mislaid their last week's Outlook can take part in the poll.

If you did not fill out the blank last week, write, in the order of their importance, a list of the ten objects which appeal to you as most representative of current life and send it to the Editors of *The Outlook*, 120 East 16th Street.

Owls

THAT portion of the executive grounds which stretches southward from the White House to the Ellipse is, in all essentials except distance, among the most remote spots in the East and the loneliest. No sound jars upon its silence. No movement ever is to be discerned in it save that of the branches of the old trees, wind-tossed. Once, in an Administration now becoming a part of the long ago, a few aimlessly browsing sheep might be seen to emerge from the clustered bushes, graze their way across an open space, and disappear again behind a bank. But in recent years it has known neither footprint nor mark of thing more alive than a lawn-mower with the man and mule, half animate, who propel it.

Still, in that wilderness devoid of any sign of life there are things that live and move. Out of it, deep in a recent night, a form came silent and swift to a window of the White House, entered and, still silent as a shadow, circled and settled upon a post of the President's bed.

It was an owl.

An honor rarer than any he had previously won had come to Calvin Coolidge. Twenty-eight other men have been President of the United States, but, with biographers pawing among their papers and prying into the memories of their intimates, it has never been written of any other of them that the symbol of silent wisdom came and perched above him. Indeed, we cannot recall that a similar thing has occurred to any other great man in any station. An owl there has been on desk or mantelpiece of many a man, but it came by way of the taxidermist's shop. Only this one came of its own accord to sit by the side of a man as rarely vocal as itself, as oracular when moved to speech.

What sort of owl was it? Unfortunately, nobody knows. The White House staff has never acquired an ornithologist.

This owl may not have been habitually a silent owl, though the President says that it came quietly and went without noise. There are misconceptions concerning the silence of owls, as there are concerning the silence of Coolidge.

Was it a long-eared owl? There is not in this world a living thing whose vocal cords are used with greater effectiveness on those rare occasions when they are used at all. The fortunate ones among men who have lived for long periods deep in the woods may recall a startled awakening from a dream of dogs flying through the air, their barks rising to not unmusical crescendo—awakening to find a flock of long-eared owls circling about the shack.

The President's owl may have been a barred owl. If so, he was honored by a bird whose deep-toned, questioning voice is among the most impressive of big-woods sounds. There is no more striking melody in nature than that which carries far through the woods when two males of this species meet and sing a duet, the bass hooting just half as often as the tenor and both displaying considerable range. A few men have heard, too, their musical but mirthless laughter.

Could it have been—the utter solitude of the south grounds suggests it—that tiger among birds, the great horned owl, whose deep, far-carrying Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo surpasses in volume the voice of any other bird, whose rarely uttered, piercing scream is the most blood-curdling sound of the night and the depths of the woods?

Or was it a screech owl, little lover of

nearness to the dwellings of men, frequenter of old apple orchards, the castanet-like snapping of whose bill has frightened many boys and men not a few—whose tremulous and warbling whistle, weird and melancholy, has sent shivers down so many spines? Or a barn owl, that bird of the monkey face, so furtive even in abundance that it is rarely seen, whose only note is a strange, startled scream? Or a saw-whet owl, whose voice is the rasping of rusty saw-teeth?

If there is significance in the perching of an owl on the President's bedpost, the measure of the significance is in the kind of owl it was. But there is no means of knowing, and every man superstitiously inclined will attach to the incident the significance that would go with the kind of owl which, in his opinion, accords most nearly with the Coolidge character.

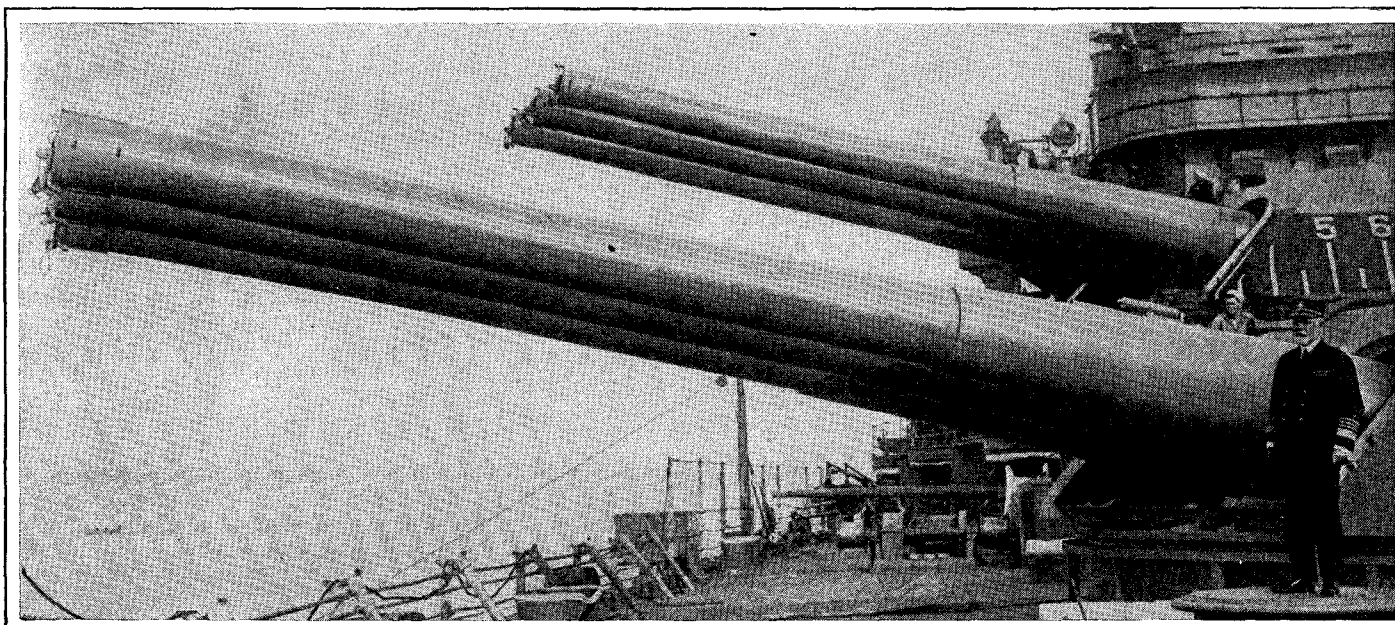
Any or all of the species might come out of the loneliness of the south grounds.

Gun for Gun and Man for Man

SOMETIMES we wonder whether, in the discussion of naval armament, too much emphasis is not being laid upon guns and tonnage. The 5-5-3 ratio governing the battleship power of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan was arrived at by purely mechanical methods. What would the ratio show if the imponderables of character, training, seamanship, and understanding of strategy could be taken into account? No man knows!

Time and again in naval history victory has deserted the heaviest artillery. With material power equal, victory has invariably gone to the fleet whose commanding officer exercised the highest degree of skill and manifested the greatest understanding of the purpose of naval combat. If this was true in the time of Nelson, it is a thousand times as true to-day. In Nelson's time the ship of the line was a comparatively simple engine of war. The truck guns which peered from the ports of the Victory were utterly simple in construction and control. Their range was short, their arc of fire limited, and their offensive power, as opposed to the defensive bulwarks confronting them, less than the power of modern artillery.

In the days of the Great Commanders the battleship generally moved towards its foe under shortened canvas at a rate of five or six miles an hour. To-day the situation is changed. Battleships approach each other at a speed of twenty or thirty miles an hour. Their captains must exercise command over huge floating fortresses of a complexity beyond the power of a layman to grasp. A single salvo from the guns of a modern battleship may put its opponent completely out of action while the opponent still lurks on the horizon. The ability to make instantaneous decisions and the ability to correlate the control of complex forces that is demanded of the modern naval commander makes the task of a Nelson, a Suffren, and a de Ruyter seem almost like child's play. Principles of naval combat remain the same; the



International

Guns of the Flagship Florida