

the white woman—of the Northern cities. In very large measure the Negro problem has ceased to be a Southern problem. In its most vexing phases it has been solved, not in all communities but in many, by two generations of friendly living side by side since emancipation. The Negro problem has become, in tremendously large measure, a Northern problem, and nothing substantial has as yet been done toward its solution. The existence of the problem, indeed, has hardly been realized by the white people of these cities. Perhaps in no single one of them has it gained general recognition as a community problem. It is, however, just that in all of the cities where great numbers of Negroes have come to find work and to make homes.

There are large Negro communities, grown up within a few years, in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, all of the large industrial cities of Ohio, and elsewhere. The largest is in New York City, in the Harlem section of Manhattan Island. More than two hundred and fifty thousand Negroes are quartered in what is said to be the most congested section of any city on earth. Practically all of them have arrived in Harlem within the past fifteen years. They have come from all parts of our Southern States, from the West Indies, from other islands and countries to the south of the United States. A community isolated, segregated, set apart from the life of the city as a whole, it has in addition to the problems that confront any Negro community an intense alien problem. American Negroes, whatever else they may or may not be, are Americans. It is said that many of those who have come from the West Indies and elsewhere are not only not Americans but are not disposed to be Americanized according to the standard of the American Negro.

The Harlem community has a problem in Americanism to solve, and it admittedly lacks leadership for the solution. Indeed, it is not quite genuinely a community. It is a conglomeration. When Negroes, men and women, came from the South to find jobs in New York, they left their leaders behind—their preachers, their teachers, their wise old patriarchs of the common life. In a new environment, lacking the old stabilizing influences, not many have been able to pull themselves together in neigh-

borhood kindness, consideration, and co-operation.

The Negroes in this and other Northern colonies realize their problems, their needs, their dangers. Have they called for help to the "white folks" near them and not been heard? Perhaps not. Rarely does the Negro reveal his heart to strangers. But their cry has gone "back home." Fisk University, at Nashville, is sending out an appeal. Leaders, it says, must be trained for work in the Negro colonies of the North, a new kind of training for a work hitherto unknown.

They need that, those Negroes in the Northern city colonies. But, more than that, they need the friendliness of their white neighbors. Do those neighbors know how to be friendly with a Negro? The desire to uplift him for the sake of society and civilization will not suffice. Sympathy will not suffice. The one thing that will suffice is human friendliness.

The North has long educated the South, often when the South felt no particular need of education and was inclined to be either resentful or amused.

Might the North not, for a while, go to school to its pupils? For the Negro problem in the Northern colonies is the white person's problem. The Negro colony is not isolated, really. If it goes far wrong, the whole city—even a city so large as New York—will feel the effects. Sensible selfishness bids the Northern city learn.

Besides, there is large reward in the tribute that the Negro pays to those who genuinely befriend him. One of the religious leaders in the Harlem colony recently told a member of The Outlook's editorial staff of having sent some of his co-workers South to secure aid for some things that need to be done. "They are working," he said, "with a group of white women, and they will succeed. Nobody else understands us quite as well as the Southern white women do. And those Negroes are safer in anything they undertake than if they were guarded by a regiment of United States regulars."

Can Northern white men and white women afford not to be genuine friends to the Negroes who have come to live beside them?

Books for Workers

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THERE is a remarkable industrial city in the State of Washington called Longview. It is only about three years old, but it is already thriving and prosperous, and is of peculiar interest to the student of the modern art of city planning because it has been laid out and developed on virgin soil in accordance with a carefully prepared design. One of its most attractive features is a beautiful public library. The librarian, Miss Helen Johns, has written me the following letter:

In order to encourage good reading, some of the friends of this library have offered prizes to the winners of a contest in which the entrants agree to read eight volumes of history, biography, travel, drama, poetry, or fiction, and to write an essay on the books read or on the style of literature exemplified by the books read. The contest is open to children in the grades and high school, as well as to adults.

The committee in charge of the contest wants to make a careful selection of titles to be read. Will you please help us by giving us the names of

books which have proved especially stimulating to you?

This is a large order. One of the most complicated and cantankerous of indoor games is to make a list of the best books. Sir John Lubbock (later Lord Avebury), the famous English banker and naturalist, invented the game, I believe, by publishing many years ago a list of a hundred so-called best books. Various other experts have competed with him. Theodore Roosevelt entered the lists with his "Pigskin Library," which may be found in an appendix to his "African Game Trails." President Eliot, of Harvard, is also a competitor with his "Five-Foot Shelf." But, as there are no general rules for the game and it is manifestly impossible to create any, nobody can tell who is the victor. It is like a contest in "Alice in Wonderland," in which everybody runs as he pleases—forward, backward, or sideways. Voltaire has come nearer stating the general principles of the game than anybody else. One hundred and seventy years ago, in writing to a young lady who

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asked his advice about reading, he said: "Read only such books as have long been sealed with the universal approval of the public and whose reputation is established. They are few. But you will gain much more from reading those few than from all the feeble little works with which we are inundated."

One of the charms of this game of book lists is that, like an open tournament in golf, anybody can enter it, whether he is a distinguished professional like President Eliot or an inexperienced amateur like myself. So I shall venture to submit a list in response to Miss Johns's request. As her library serves a community of workers, my list, jotted down extemporaneously and without any consideration of the relation of the titles to one another, is made with the worker in mind. It constitutes a list of books which at least have entertained, interested, and encouraged one worker. The prime object of a list of books for a worker is not, I conceive, to give him a survey of literature, but to help him to understand how other men have dealt with and solved, or partly solved, the problems of life. The list:

Either "The Golden Treasury," or "The Oxford Book of English Verse." No work can be well done without imagination, and poetry is a food on which imagination thrives.

"Oxford Lectures on the Civil War," by James Ford Rhodes. A masterpiece in cameo form of American political, military, economic, and social history.

The famous third chapter of Macaulay's "History of England," which gives a vivid and picturesque survey of the conditions of the workers in the period of the great English Revolution of 1688, out of which the United States has got much of its own freedom.

"The Biography of Benvenuto Cellini," which tells how artisans lived in the old days of the Italian republics—a glorified period of artisanship, if there ever was one.

"The Reminiscences [*Mémoires et Récits*] of Frédéric Mistral," the great Provençal poet of France. All delightful stories of French folk-lore and French farm life.

"Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison. Complete in their details of the "submerged tenth" in London, but not without some cheering qualities.

"Personal Memoirs," by General Grant, which should be read, not merely because they are important military history, but because they are the self-revelation of a plain American who, without suspecting it, had a touch and more than a touch of literary genius.

"The Bible in Spain," by George Borrow. One of the best books of travel in the English language and a literary classic; the book is not half so pious as its title sounds, and it is intensely human.

"My Prisons" (*Le mie prigioni*), by Silvio Pellico. If anybody thinks that the "Reds" in this country have suffered injustice in prison, he ought to read this record of a patriotic Italian revolutionary.

Theodore Roosevelt's "Letters to His Children." Modern literature does not contain a more beautiful picture of family and child life than these letters, which are sure to become an American classic.

"The Country of the Pointed Firs," by Sarah Orne Jewett, a too often forgotten literary artist of New England. This book is a series of detached stories of New England farm and village life, sometimes somber, sometimes cheerful, which I am inclined to think will have a place in our literature when Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" is forgotten.

The poems of Emily Dickinson, another New England genius of an extraordinary type, a pure product of America; her poems deserve a place alongside those of Walt Whitman.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the greatest book ever written by a workman—a tinker.

The Lives of Pasteur, Dr. Trudeau, and Dr. Grenfell, three scientists who gave themselves to the cause of extricating their fellow-workers from the most agonizing problems of life, sickness, and death.

"The Siberian Exile System," by George Kennan. I wonder why people do not more often read this incomparable account of the despotism which was the direct cause of Bolshevism.

"The Memoirs of a Revolutionist," or perhaps "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," by Prince Peter Kropotkin, one of the most romantic as well as intelligent opponents of the now overthrown Romanoff industrial and political despotism.

"The Story of France," by the late "Tom" Watson, of Georgia, which con-

tains a colorful but on the whole accurate picture of the French Revolution, written in what H. L. Mencken would call "the American language;" no Englishman could ever have written such a book, and therefore it may fairly be called a genuine product of American literature.

"Seven Great Statesmen," by Andrew D. White. The worker needs to know something about the various periods of history, and Dr. White makes history a very human thing; among the vivid pen portraits in this volume is one of Cavour, who liberated Italy, and therefore liberated the Italian worker.

Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Put Yourself in His Place." The first is a thrilling narrative of the life, adventures, dangers, and joys of the worker in Europe in mediæval times; the second describes the vices and the justifications of labor unions when they were first founded in England more than seventy-five years ago.

"Coniston," also "Mr. Crewe's Career," by the American Winston Churchill. Stories which go far to explain the popular hostility to the railroads—a hostility which still survives, although the railroads themselves have remedied the abuses that caused it.

If not Senator Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall," at least Magruder's one-volume life of that statesman, who literally gave to the United States permanency as a nation and without whose courage and determination as Chief Justice of the United States there would be no American workers to-day, because there would be no American Republic.

Thoreau's "Walden," which is not only a master work of English diction, but shows that happiness consists not in the possession of things but in an attitude of mind.

Either Lord Charnwood's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" or Rothschild's "Master of Men." The first by an Englishman, the second by an American Jew, give the best one-volume portraits I have read of the great patron saint of workers.

The foregoing will doubtless seem to experts to be a haphazard list; it is certainly made on no principle of classification. But the books it names will, I think, give the reader some pleasant hours as well as some comprehension of the problems of the worker from mediæval times to the present.

Dodge Would Not Keep "Blood Money"

By CHARLES W. VICKREY

General Secretary, Near East Relief

WHEN a philanthropist dies the world may find some slight compensation for its loss in the discovery of events in his career hitherto known only to close associates. The modesty which hedges about many of our most generous captains of industry was a marked characteristic of the late Cleveland H. Dodge. Few, if any, American business men gave more liberally than he to the enormous funds expended during and after the war by the Near East Relief, the American Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army and kindred organizations, or played a more important part in their wise expenditure.

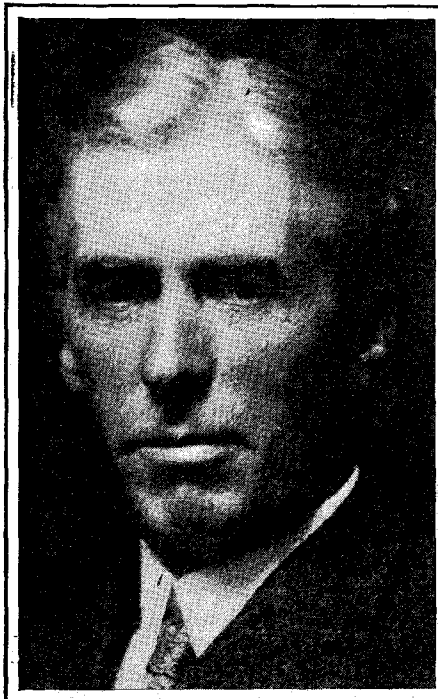
There probably would have been no such organization as Near East Relief had it not been for Mr. Dodge; and there certainly would have been no such rapid and far-reaching development of the organization had it not been for his inspiring leadership and financial generosity.

In 1919 a test came. The war had left practically the entire Armenian population exiled from their homelands, stranded in the impoverished, famine-stricken regions of southern Russia without food, clothing, or friends. They were, in the autumn of that year, dying of starvation at the rate of a thousand or more per day. A million lives were at stake. A minimum of \$15,000,000 would be required to see them through the winter. Generous and unstinted as Mr. Dodge's provision for campaign and administrative expenses had been, \$15,000,000 could not be raised in a few weeks or months without a larger campaign organization. No one dreamed of asking Mr. Dodge to do more than he was then doing. I, however, went to him to ask if he would object to my placing the situation before one or two other men with a view to asking them to supplement what he was doing toward campaign expenses.

"Don't speak to any one else just yet; let me think it over," was his reply. A few days later, in his office, he said: "Don't ask any one else for that additional campaign expense money. I'll provide the extra \$100,000 or whatever else is necessary to see the thing through."

I thanked him, and said: "I, of course, know practically nothing of your business or financial resources, but I do know that you recently gave at one time \$1,000,000 to the American Red Cross,

that you are the Chairman and perhaps the largest contributor to the Young Men's Christian Association and to the United War Work Fund, that you are paying all of our campaign and administrative expenses, besides numerous other



The late Cleveland H. Dodge

charities. We naturally marvel that you are both willing and able to do it."

"Vickrey," he replied, "when this awful war broke out I knew that we would all have to do our bit, and among other things I resolved that, whatever else happened, I would not allow myself and my estate to profit by it. Some people call us profiteers. We cannot help it. The Government needs copper. We have copper. The Government fixes the price on copper, we don't. We profit at the price fixed by the Government. But I have resolved that *not one red cent of this blood money shall stick to these fingers.*"

The first meeting on behalf of the subject races and war sufferers of the Near East was held in Mr. Dodge's office September 16, 1915. At that meeting he, with a small group of friends, pledged the first \$60,000, which was cabled immediately for the relief of the orphans and refugees. Mr. Dodge was not only one of the organizers of the early Committee for Armenian and Syrian relief that later evolved into the corporation chartered by special act of Congress as Near East Relief, but for

several years he paid all the campaign and administrative expenses, enabling the Committee to advertise that "one hundred cents of every dollar go for relief—none for expenses, which are met privately."

He was easily the largest contributor to Near East Relief and to the work of saving a million lives, educating tens of thousands of orphan children, and laying the foundation for a new Near East and a better world. But vastly more important than all his large gifts of money, he gave himself. It was his faith, sympathy, courage, inspiring personality, and leadership even more than his money that made Near East Relief and that for generations to come will continue to make a better world.

Some of us can never forget two experiences in the Executive Committee meetings of Near East Relief when the skies were dark. The Smyrna Disaster had thrown a million refugees out of Asia onto the shores of the Aegean Sea. Our relief workers had used reserve supplies to save life, and thousands of lives had been saved, but the treasury was empty. In fact, the balance-sheet showed a deficit. There were those of the Committee who felt that the American public was tired of giving and would not continue the support. Some favored early, rapid, though honorable liquidation of the orphanages of Near East Relief. A resolution was presented that called for the discontinuance within six months of the largest branch of our work, involving the welfare and future of 10,000 children. It seemed that the resolution would pass and America's helping hand would be withdrawn from these children on the assumption that the American people would not continue the necessary funds. Mr. Dodge arose to speak. He referred to a recent and memorable drought which had threatened the water supply in certain cities in New Jersey and New York. He said that some one proposed that the people pray for rain. Some questioned whether it would do any good to pray for rain. Mr. Dodge did not pass judgment upon whether the prayer brought rain, but the rain came—not two inches, but four inches. "And now," said Mr. Dodge, "I propose that this Committee arise from this very helpful discussion of financial problems and join in singing

"Faith of our fathers, living still

In spite of dungeon, fire and sword."