

June 9, 1926

up their cargoes of cash. Nobody steals from the Federal Reserve. There are fractional losses by minor errors, and these are charged off instead of being hunted for—at the rate of about \$4,000 a year.

Unlike Nicholas Biddle's United States Bank, which Andrew Jackson destroyed, the Federal Reserve can func-

tion only through member banks. With their defects or methods it has nothing to do. Nor is it in any way a charge upon the public Treasury. The customers of the banks support it. That the ægis of the Government is over it is a theory, not a condition. As a servant of the banks it is enormously useful, yet less than one-third of them belong, and

it has been losing membership. The two-thirds that are out represent, however, only about thirty per cent of the banking assets of the land at large. It costs \$3,600 a year to belong outside of the value of service. This is more than the little fellows feel they can afford. So they stay outside, and all too frequently "go broke" as a consequence.

Fragrance or Fruit

By GEORGE MARVIN

Quantity Production at the University of California

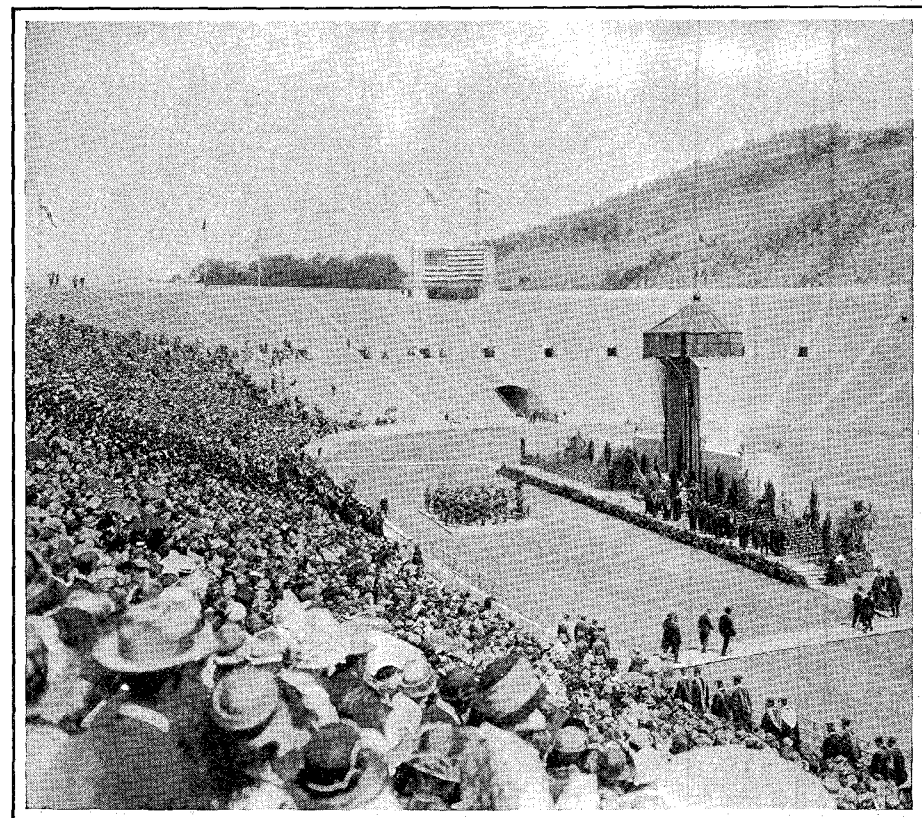
THE main entrances to colleges and universities are chosen and, in some measure, hallowed ground for the erection of memorial gateways. California is no exception to a custom which has become almost a rule. Through the Sather Memorial Gate, which bears no inscription other than its name, throng in and out the ten thousand young men and women who people its campus day by day. President Emeritus Benjamin Ide Wheeler often paused here when showing visiting plenipotentiaries over the University to contemplate what he saw as the tides of youth flowing eagerly and ebbing productively through the grilled iron portals. But on one occasion, not so very long ago, the visitor balked at the bromidic simile:

"Do you know," said he, reflectively, "this place puts me in mind of a trade wind blowing steadily through an enormous orchard. It comes out laden with fragrance, but no fruit."

About the fragrance there is no manner of doubt. Afar off you can smell it. When the Key-System ferry-boat leaves the Market Street slip in San Francisco, convoyed by its flock of wheeling hungry gulls, you can mark your destination across the bay by the white Campanile of the University standing clear against the green hills of Berkeley. To the foreign-looking shores of the harbor it adds another Old World touch—

An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

And when the ferry has shouldered on the other side into the projecting haven of the long trestle that runs far out over the shoals to meet it, and when the yellow trolley has continued the voyage ashore and wound its way up the contours of Berkeley town to Telegraph Street; when you have detrolleyed and made your way with Benjamin Ide



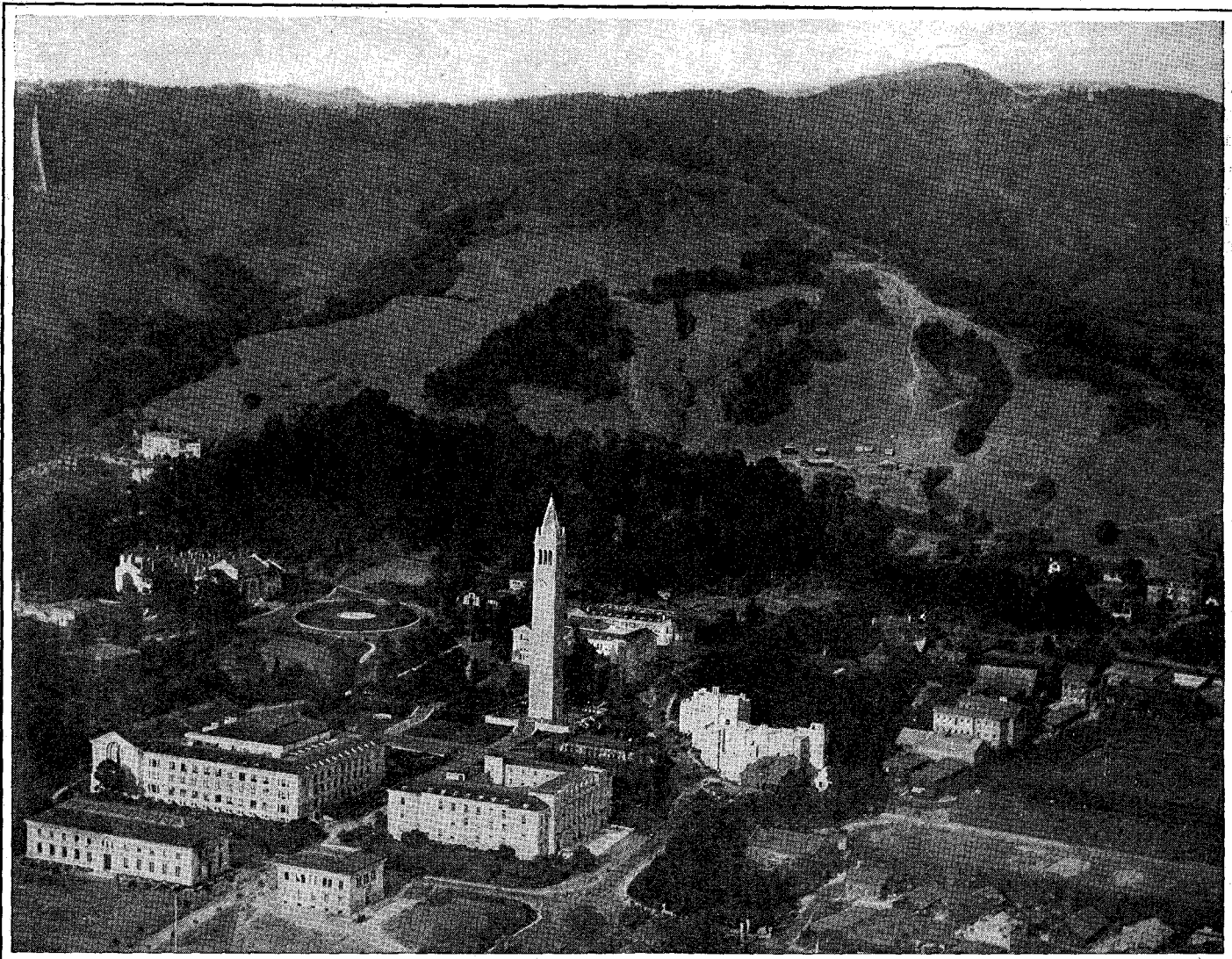
Graduation Exercises in the Stadium at Berkeley

The pavilion in the center is the amplifier by which all the thousands present hear every word clearly

Wheeler's tides of youth through the memorial gate and over the memorial bridge into the academic precincts of the campus, there still more poignantly to the nostrils of the spirit comes the fragrance of California.

Architecturally this University aspires. Stanford, flat and fat, seems to be growing vegetably and fruitfully out of the rich soil of the Santa Clara Valley. More fruit than fragrance there, more substance than soul. California is built upon the hills, climbs upon them, lifts with them in bright morning airs, seems to partake of the quality of hill regions by the shores of adventurous waters. Shot across with sunlight, the last of the

sea fog drifts away or ascends in smoke of sacrifice from this fair shrine, and the whole place seems to smile as though awakening from a dewy sleep. Tall clumps of eucalyptus trees and shadowy aisles of oaks, invaded by glades of smooth-shaven lawn, make vistas like "misty summers of Watteau" or old pictures by Gustave Doré in Dante's "Paradiso." Most of the buildings are built of white stone, conforming in type and in grouping to a consistent scheme, interrupted here and there by vine-covered red-brick structures, like Bacon Hall and the Chemistry Building, of an older régime that was humbler and poorer. All together they urge upwards and culmi-



Copyright by G. E. Russell

The Campanile of the University of California stands up like a white beacon, relieved against its dark background, visible far across the sky—a symbol and a sign. In its belfry chimes ring out three times a day, a sound as of the old England from which they came

nate in the towering white Campanile, also the memorial gift of Mrs. Sather, who built the gateway and the bridge in enduring memory of her husband. White and shining buildings, embowering trees, velvet lawns, vivid red flowers in beds and climbing vines—all sharp, clean, clear, against a vigorous green setting of verdant hills close behind and above, edging a deep sky.

Fragrance unmistakably—of fruit also there is abundance quantitatively. At the sixty-second annual Commencement exercises of the University of California, conducted in the memorial Stadium in May this year, over two thousand graduates received their degrees and were sent out into the world, to the extent of the sign-manual thus placed upon them, guaranteed for diversified service. The “parchments,” signed like bond issues in multiplicate, were wheeled on to the platform in cars pigeonholed alphabetically. Thus, *en masse*, was the 1926 vintage crop delivered f. o. b.

In these days when one must be born in a hospital, take nourishment through life in filling stations, be indexed and

Bertillon finger-printed, psycho-analyzed, society-brand clad, crowned “in the New York manner,” machinery-entertained by the million, and at length innocuously buried in a decent crematory, education and graduation by the wholesale is in keeping with what we call civilization. Just as the success or failure of Christian missionary activity in the Orient is judged in bulk by scientific audit, so the great universities of this country are coming to estimate their places in the educational hierarchy by the size of their establishments and the quantity of their output. Some glory in the rush and the bigness, the boom and the boost and—one is sorely tempted to add—the “bunk;” some are drunk with it, some accept it resignedly, some deny it hypocritically, a few regret it sincerely; here and there an individual institution fights it heroically.

To assign motives is no part of a chronicle of this sort, but the impression that California makes upon a fair-minded visitor is that of an institution which accepts its size and the sheer magnitude of its partly imposed and partly assumed

mission with a cheerful spirit. Resignation at least would befit a State university which is in varying degree throughout this country the creature of legislatures, necessarily obedient to the sources of its appropriated funds. It cannot becomingly restrict or select so long as the money is forthcoming for more public education. There was a time, twenty-five years or so ago, when a university degree was a mark of distinction; it meant something and it implied much. An alumnus of Harvard or Yale, a graduate of Virginia or Princeton, was a marked man in his own or other communities, and there was an impression widely current that in each case the Alma Mater left her brand unmistakably and ineffaceably upon her sons—there were few daughters in those benighted days. Nowadays, when “universities” multiply over the land and money flows in rivers from legislatures, invested properties, and private endowment—when “Trinity” succumbs to “Duke” for the price of forty million—nothing “sells” better than education. The advertising fraternity admit that the country is

"sold" on health and education. And the consequence is that education, like periodical journalism, is bulking into the commodity class with coal and sugar and chewing-gum. It has ceased to be a distinction. Very arguably this may be a good thing. No more "salted drawings" for leadership in America; no more refinement in citizenship. But the smatterings of Shakespeare and the musical glasses spread out wide and thin; kilowatts and radioactivity for all.

With the shortcomings of quantity production go certain advantages; which are considered shortcomings and which are considered advantages depending upon the point of view. In spite of the excessive load of undergraduates—besides the Berkeley plant, the Southern Branch in Los Angeles, soon to be relocated as the central inducement in a huge real estate "development" at Pasadena, is geared to the ten thousand speed—California does maintain the standards of its graduate schools, the personnel of which is recruited all over the world. And by the innovation of junior colleges the heavy semi-preparatory work is being diverted from the freshman and sophomore years of the State University, with the result of making enrollment heavier in the junior and senior years of supposedly more intelligently directed and defined preparation for specific ends.

The working out of the co-educational idea by exuberant thousands in such ideal out-of-door surroundings makes for a wonderful *camaraderie* and an enormous disillusionment. The propinquity, the constant tantalization of sex emphasized by every inducement for physical expression, is freely admitted to be a

continuing distraction from academic work. The whole trend of such masses of youth herded together is towards standardization; the fraternities put all their neophytes through the same courses of sprouts, individuality in neckties or in hair-cuts is discouraged by a public opinion far more effective than rules; in their clothing and the way of wearing it, in their speech, their manners or lack of manners, their amusements, their love-making, California in its young and healthy thousands conforms to settled styles.

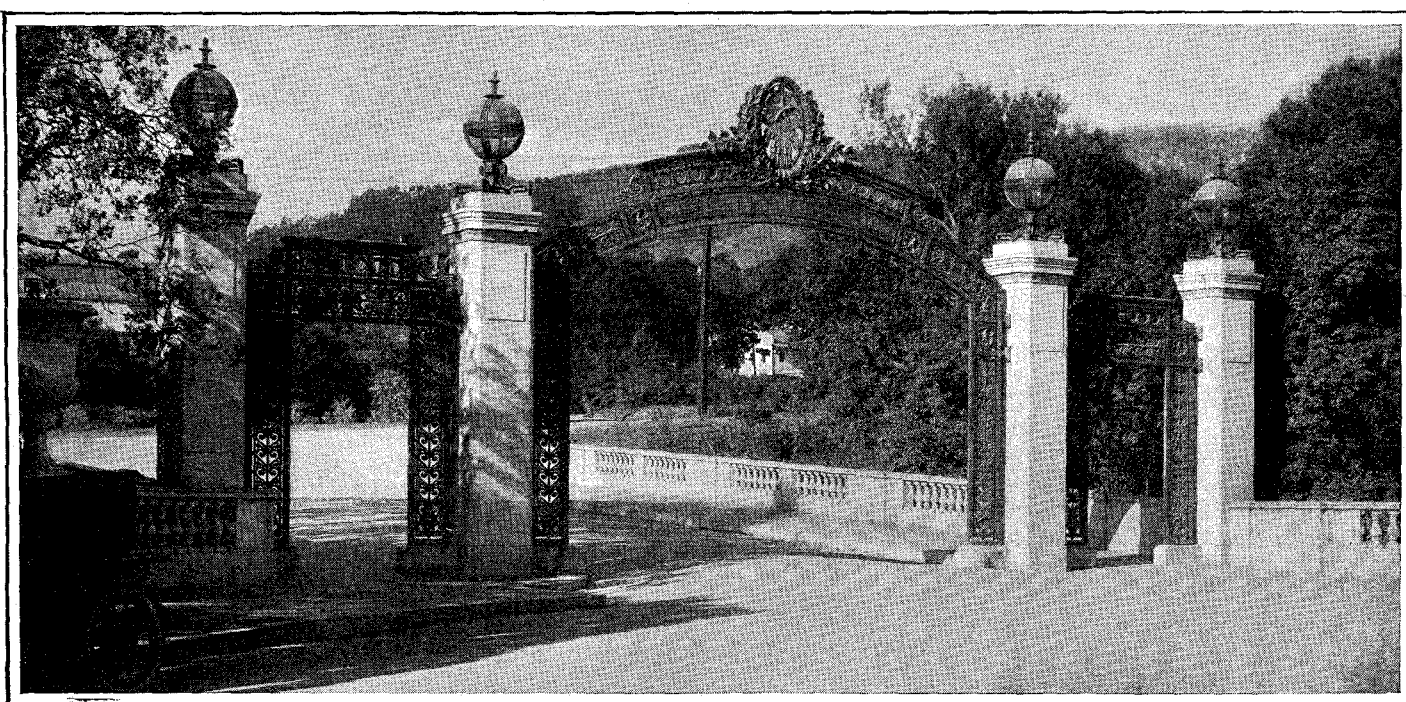
By contrast to Stanford, California is, for want of a better phrase, an academic experience rather than an academic life or existence. It is not a régime of years so much as it is a place to go by semesters and get whatever you want to buy in the way of education. There are no dormitories at all, no communal life, as at Stanford, though sixty fraternities and about half as many sororities split up the mass into social designations by Greek letters. The personnel converges daily in the mornings from Oakland, San Francisco, and other localities round the bay, and from the lodgings of Berkeley, and sprays back again home as night draws on. Oakland, with only half the population of San Francisco, sends twice as many students to the University in its next-door municipality.

The Executive Committee of the Associated Students, on which one alumnus and one Faculty member regularly serve, governs and directs the body academic and politic. It decides social matters—has a given fraternity exceeded its financial credit? directs athletic policies—shall we send a team to Philadelphia or

Seattle? and runs the University Book Store, with an annual turnover in the hundreds of thousands. Under its supervision an Undergraduate Student Committee functions as an investigating body, its findings, corresponding to those of a grand jury, forming the basis of recommendations to the President for his action.

In simple justice to California, it cannot be said that the entire University, with its background of alumni and adherents, is altogether "sold" on size. A minority opinion which has had informal and rather confidential expression through the utterances of an administrative officer who has spent the best years of his life in the service of the University, finds a bitter experience in numbers. Size, this opinion admits, is the most obvious way to get public attention and the money that follows. But sound development cannot be unless intensive growth keeps pace with the bubble or the shell. These loyal sons are devoted to the foundation that began as an expression of the great heart of California, visioned and established by a group of pioneers on the old classical lines they had brought with them from the East and by them supported until, by the charter of '68, State lands were set aside for the maintenance of the University of California.

Something of that spirit lingered still that day in the Campanile, so ardent white and high, so crystal sharp against the Berkeley hills, its shaft filling an up-sloping vista of white flanking halls, with the one bright flaming note of a crimson sweater swiftly mounting there—the spirit of California, unboisterous, unclamorous, very goldenly alive.



The Sather Memorial Gateway to the University of California



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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh¹

Review by FRANCIS de N. SCHROEDER

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, the Sir Walter Raleigh whose letters have just been published, died at Oxford on May 13, 1922, sixty-one years of age. He was born in London, the fifth child and only son of Dr. Alexander Raleigh, a Congregationalist minister and author of devotional works. He went to University College School in London, taking his B.A. from University College in 1881, and that autumn he entered King's College, Cambridge, an enthusiastic youth, six feet six inches tall and particularly thin. Here he played golf for the University, became President of the Union, and, reading history in a very desultory fashion, missed a First in the History Tripos, and graduated at the head of the second class with a young man by the name of Austen Chamberlain.

Leaving Cambridge, he accepted a position as teacher of English literature at the Anglo-Indian College of Aligarh, in India. He was there for two years, until bad health forced him to return to England. They were two years that he never forgot, strengthening the love of strange places and strange people that was his through life. In England he married Lucy Jackson, only daughter of the then editor of the "Illustrated London News" (who has prepared these volumes), and held in succession the chair of English Literature at Liverpool, Glasgow, and Oxford.

The war was the turning-point in Walter Raleigh's life. His three sons were in it from the start, and a month later he himself was drilling and marching with the Territorials, in the interval of lectures and pamphlet writing. It is no marvel that the war impressed him so; the man would be something less than human who could live through those years so close to the middle of things and think as he did before. The wonder is that he could see so clearly and think so straight at that time. In 1915 and 1916 he was writing things about the Germans, without favor and without hatred, that we, cooling off for eight years, realize are true. He was as proud as a peacock when, in 1918, the War Office chose him as the official his-

torian of the Royal Air Force, and from then until his death the Air History was always in his mind. In 1922, when the first volume had appeared, he fulfilled one of his earliest ambitions, and went to Bagdad by airplane. On his return to England, six weeks later, he was not well. Possibly from the water of Bagdad, possibly as a result of a forced landing in the desert, sleeping four nights under the plane, waiting for relief, he contracted typhoid fever, and on May 13 he was dead.

That is the story of Sir Walter Raleigh, new series. His well-meaning parents had burdened him with a great name, one of the greatest in English history. To-day people are beginning to realize how well he lived up to its responsibilities. He was fortunate in his friends. From one of them, Mr. H. A. Jones, who helped him with the Air History, I shall copy this short description:

I shall remember him best pushing open the door. He always came in the same way. A gentle tap, a slight fumbling with the handle, and the door would open and he would be there, slightly bent, because of his great height, a smile of welcome on his fine face, the collar of his inside coat sticking out above his outer coat. He would pause for just a moment as if to take in the occupants of the room, and then he would come quickly forward to shake hands, and at once his rapid, witty, bubbling conversation would flow. You listened amazed. Barely had you caught one choice bit of wisdom before he was off on another. He seemed to await you with his next effort. As it shaped itself in his mind and fell almost at once from his lips he would sometimes look at you, hold you with his eyes for a second as if to say, "Are you getting that? I'm getting it!" And then when he saw you had, you would both break into laughter. He stood, it almost seemed, on one side and enjoyed with you his other self.

It would be vain to attempt to reconstruct his conversation. His gestures, the moods which passed across his face as he spoke, the play with his enormous pipe—all these are essential. He would be talking. The pipe is out. Out comes a box of matches. He strikes one, and applies it to his pipe. As the flame touches the bowl a thought strikes him. The thought will not keep. Off he goes into conversa-

¹The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh. Edited by Lady Raleigh, with a Preface by David Nichol Smith. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$7.