

inks had been in some manner "spirited way" to save the Government. All the possible jokes about "High Jinks in the Irish Parliament" and "the jinx of the Irish republicans" were made by editorial writers and other persons able to scape responsibility. But when John inks turned up as usual the next morning, he explained that he had seen how things were going, changed his mind about voting against the Government, and just slipped out of the chamber. And so home and to bed, it may be supposed—having failed to record the most decisive vote that any Irishman ever did or cast.

Jewish Rights—and Duties

A CONFERENCE on Jewish rights has been in session at Zurich, Switzerland. According to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, from which a despatch has been printed in the New York "Times," a resolution, introduced by a deputy from Warsaw on behalf of the Committee on National Rights, makes sweeping demands for the recognition of states within states. We quote from this despatch:

The resolution formulates the demand for internal autonomy of the Jewish communities in countries where large Jewish masses dwell. It urges that the organs of the Jewish communities be recognized by the respective governments as legal bodies created through election for the purpose of administering the internal affairs of the community; that the rights of Hebrew and Yiddish be recognized by the states and that the governments allocate a proportionate amount of the state school funds for the Jewish schools.

Jews frequently complain that they are treated as intruders, made to feel unwelcome. But those whose views are expressed in this resolution evidently do not wish to take pot-luck with the rest of us. Their attitude is explicable, but it also explains the attitude of others. One of the wisest pieces of advice President Eliot, of Harvard, ever gave was that which was elicited by a young Jewish undergraduate who asked why Jews were unpopular in college. President Eliot, in reply, advised all Jewish undergraduates to take part in college athletics and to join the militia.

These Jews in Zurich isolate themselves and insist that their isolation be recognized. There is no sign there of any recognition on their part that they have duties to their neighbors, to the community, to the state. There will be no in to cease to be a Jewish problem

when, instead of Jewish conferences on Jewish rights, we have Jewish conferences on Jewish duties.

Surplusaires

JOHN SMITH looks up from the wheel of his flivver as he hears an imperious horn at his rear. He edges to the side of the road and watches the long snout of a Rolls-Royce swing into his line of vision and then disappear down the highway. "There goes Mr. Smythe-Smythe," John Smith says to his wife. "Well, I don't envy him. Wealth doesn't bring happiness."

So far as our observation goes, there are only two misstatements in Mr. Smith's remark: (1) He knows very well that he would like to be behind the wheel of the Rolls-Royce. (2) Wealth does bring happiness.

All of which sounds frightfully materialistic until we start to look to our definitions.

What is wealth, anyway, except a matter of surplus above requirements? What is luxury provided by wealth except a margin beyond what we are accustomed to?

Mr. Smythe-Smythe derives no special satisfaction from the possession of his Rolls-Royce. It is as much a part of his customary routine as Mr. Smith's flivver is of his. He might feel lost without it, but so would Mr. Smith if the sheriff should gather in his perambulating as-

sortment of squeaks and knocks. Mr. Smith having attained to a flivver and Mr. Smythe-Smythe to a Rolls-Royce, they both start from taw in their hunt for the sensation of being luxurious.

After all, luxury and wealth, so far as the attainment of that object which according to our Constitution we are all generously granted an equal right to pursue is concerned, is a matter of relative unimportance beyond the bare requirements of a roof and three meals a day. Wealth is a matter of disposition rather than possession.

Possibly in time we may speak no longer of millionaires, but reserve our accents of awe for our surplusaires—those whose possessions are beyond their actual needs.

In that day Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, when her Rolls-Royce passes Mr. Smith's flivver on the road, may turn to her husband and say: "I wish, my dear, that you and I were more successful socially. You know, we've lived here for ten years and Mrs. Smith has never called on us." "We'll have to do the best we can with what we have," Mr. Smythe-Smythe will reply, passing a troubled hand over his anxious brow. "Mr. Smith is one of our biggest surplusaires. He has twice as much as he needs, while you and I are struggling to make ends meet on \$100,000 a year. I suppose as long as the world exists we'll never get away from these terrible social inequalities."

The Puzzles of Political Biography

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE difficulty which a fair-minded jury has in sifting the evidence of credible but conflicting witnesses is slight compared with that which confronts the reader of political biography who wishes to form an intelligent and impartial opinion of the great personages of history. It is easy enough to accept somebody else's assertions in eulogy or condemnation, but, after threading one's way through a maze of contradictory testimony, to arrive at one's own judgment of the essential character of a famous man is not so easy. Was Napoleon, for instance, a mere political parvenu, an incarnate devil of unscrupulous ambition and selfishness, as the English thought him when they exiled him to St. Helena? Or was he, in spite of admitted vices and even crimes, "one who more than any other man has influenced the destinies of the world," as Fournier, the Austrian historian, pronounced him?

The English historian Froude said

that he "seriously believed" Henry VIII to be one of the noblest princes of England, and the moralist Carlyle, with his customary cynicism, told Sir Charles Gavan Duffy that "Henry, when one came to consider the circumstances he had to deal with, would be seen to be one of the best kings that England had ever got . . . ; it was likely that he did not regard himself as doing wrong in any of those things over which modern sentimentality grew so impatient." Yet Huxley compared Henry VIII to Judas Iscariot, Cataline, and Robespierre.

This biographical difficulty confronts us not only in connection with classical heroes like Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, or even Nero, and transatlantic rulers like Charles I of England, Philip II of Spain, Metternich, Bismarck, Palmerston, and Disraeli, but involves the reader in perplexity about some of our own statesmen.

The best example of this perplexity in my own experience is found in the politi-

cal fortunes of James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland. From 1876 to 1890 Blaine was the idol of a large section of the Republican Party. Accused of dishonorably accepting money for political services—an accusation which he always vehemently denied—he was beaten for the Presidency in 1884 by Cleveland. His supporters called him “the plumed knight” and followed him with a kind of passionate chivalry. His opponents left the Republican Party, formed a body of independents, called “Mugwumps” in derision, and were the dominant factor in Cleveland’s election. A young Republican voter, I became a “Mugwump” myself, and so distinctly remember the bitterness of that era. It was not surpassed, I think not equaled, by the bitterness of the “Progressive” campaign between Roosevelt and Taft in 1912, in which the “Progressives” were the political descendants and heirs of the “Mugwumps.” At that time Blaine’s opponents sincerely believed that he was a representative of the most sordid forces in American politics; his followers, that he was the noblest statesman of his day, a martyr to pharasaism. The general opinion to-day is, I should say, that his worst fault was a lack of a nice sense of scruple and that, like Grant in his second Presidential term, while personally honest, he justly suffered from the taint of a too intimate association with corruptionists. It is certainly true that as Secretary of State he began the *rap-prochement* with South and Central America and promulgated the doctrine of “reciprocity,” which is the only tenable economic ground for a protective tariff. But it is not likely that his fame will ever reach a higher point in the future than it has reached in the past.

On the contrary, Cleveland’s name as an American statesman is growing in luster. A witty critic might retort that this is because it had no brightness at all at first. It is true that Cleveland had none of the qualities of personal magnetism that gave Blaine so loyal a following. He was rugged and uncommunicative. The only quality which friends and foes both admitted that he possessed was uncompromising and blunt honesty. It was that quality which led to his election in 1884, to his defeat in 1888, and to his re-election in 1892. All that his opponents could attack was his manners. And that they did with a vengeance.

Towards the close of Cleveland’s first term the “North American Review,” a periodical with a long history of high traditions, admitted to its pages a con-

tributor who said that Cleveland “had never uttered a word for his country, nor lifted his hand in her defense higher than a hangman’s rope—a man of brutal manners, of stolid instincts, of vulgar associations, a stranger to polite society, a man who, in the language of another, is but a wooden image of dull self-sufficiency and cold stolidity; as incapable of receiving impressions as of returning warmth.”

How far this was from expressing the final judgment of Cleveland’s countrymen may be inferred from the opinion entertained by Senator Elihu Root, a stalwart political opponent of Cleveland, who in 1923 published the following deliberate opinion:

He had strong common sense, simplicity and directness without subtlety, instinctive and immovable integrity, perfect courage, a kindly nature with great capacity for friendship, and with great capacity also for wrath, which made him a dangerous man to trifle with. There was nothing visionary or fanatical about him, but he had a natural hatred for fraud and false pretense, and a strong instinct for detecting the essential quality of conduct by the application of old and simple tests of morality. His official judgment was never disturbed by any question about the effect upon his personal fortunes. He had an exceptionally good mind; a still more exceptionally rugged strength of character; altogether a powerful and attractive personality. When the Presidential nominations of 1884 came to be made Grover Cleveland in his various offices had done more of the honest and courageous things which good government requires and which decent people like to have done than any other Democrat. That made him the available candidate to change the current of American politics. His election upon that record practically closed the old era of politics dominated by the past and began the new era of politics looking to the future. The strength and courage of his Administrations as President confirmed the new departure. No thoughtful and patriotic American, to whatever party he may belong and however much his opinions may differ from those of Mr. Cleveland, can read the story of those Administrations without admiration and sympathy, or without a sense of satisfaction that his country can on occasion produce and honor such a man as Grover Cleveland.

When Macaulay’s New Zealander, having finished his sketch of the ruins of St. Paul’s from a broken arch of London bridge, crosses the Atlantic to investigate the heap of stones that may then mark the site of the Woolworth

Tower, and perhaps finds these contradictory estimates of Cleveland in a vat of the Public Library, overgrown with moss and weeds, he will be puzzled to decide just what were the characteristics of American political civilization in the dim and primitive nineteenth century.

If the case of Cleveland puzzles him he will be still more confused by the story of Andrew Johnson, seventeen President of the United States.

Johnson’s history is a romantic one. At ten years of age he did not know the alphabet. He learned to write and to do simple figuring in arithmetic after his marriage, his young wife being his teacher. A journeyman tailor, he became by successive stages a State legislator, member of Congress, Governor of his State, United States Senator, and Vice-President in Lincoln’s second term. As President, following Lincoln’s assassination, he was impeached because of his headstrong quarrel with the Senate over reconstruction—a quarrel in which the best historians now regard him as having been right in theory, although offensive in practice. On his impeachment many of his official colleagues and thousands of plain citizens regarded him as a traitor. A famous Methodist bishop in a public address which was widely applauded called him “a drunken inbecile.” Yet a trustworthy member of his Cabinet, who had served previously under Lincoln and later under Arthur said this of him:

It is not often that kindly mention is made of him upon the platform or in the press. Among those who have filled high places with ability, or rendered distinguished services to their country, his name is rarely classed; and yet when the history of the great events with which he was connected has been faithfully written, there will appear few names entitled to greater honor and respect than that of Andrew Johnson.

The man who made that strong statement, written some twenty years after the impeachment, was Hugh McCulloch, one of the wisest, ablest, and most patriotic in the list of Secretaries of the Treasury, a list at one end of which stands the name of Alexander Hamilton and at the other the name of Andrew Mellon. That Mr. McCulloch was able “to tell a good man when he saw him,” which, according to William James, is one of the highest tests of wisdom, appears in his estimate of Abraham Lincoln, under whom he served: “I never think of the manner in which Mr. Lincoln performed the most difficult and responsible duties that ever devolved

upon mortal man; of the enormous labors which he performed; of his faith in the right, his constancy, his hopefulness, his sagacity, and his patience under unmerited and bitter criticism, without feelings akin to reverence."

It is curious that the feelings of Mr. McCulloch—whose reminiscences, by the way, entitled "Men and Measures of Half a Century" are among the most readable and enlightening of the Civil War period—should have been as lukewarm about General Grant as they were ardent about Lincoln. Grant he praises for "indomitable resolution, perfect self-possession, dauntless courage," but this is not enough to "entitle him to a place by the side of the great captains of the world." McCulloch pays a tribute to Grant's conduct as "a true soldier and a gentleman" towards General Lee at Appomattox, but thinks that Lee was finally beaten by the power of men, money, and munitions, and not by superior military genius.

This is the view of some British military critics, but not of all. Captain Charles Francis Atkinson, a British scholar and soldier, author of a technical study of the great Battles of the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, wrote for the Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the article on Grant's military career. He concludes it by saying:

Grant . . . was universally regarded as the savior of the Union. A careful study of the history of the war thoroughly bears out the popular view. There were soldiers more accomplished, . . . but it would be difficult

to prove that these generals, or indeed any others in the service, could have accomplished the task which Grant brought to complete success. . . . If in technical finesse he was surpassed by many of his predecessors and his subordinates, he had the most important qualities of a great captain, courage that rose higher with each obstacle, and clear judgment to distinguish the essential from the minor issues in war.

The greatest solvent of biographical difficulties is good autobiography. A hundred critical essays will not reveal the qualities and powers, mental and moral, of Benvenuto Cellini as well as his own account of his acts and thoughts. Nobody can tell perspicacious readers anything about Samuel Pepys which he does not tell them himself. Fortunately, in the case of Grant we have such an autobiography, a work of as simple but assured genius as Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Two simple passages in it—*obiter dicta*, as it were—are worth remembering when any question of Grant's intellect and wit arises.

First: During the siege of Vicksburg Grant repeatedly urged Rosecrans to move against Bragg at Murfreesboro. Rosecrans, says Grant, "had constantly failed to comply with the order" on the ground "that it was a military maxim 'not to fight two decisive battles at the same time.' If true the maxim was not applicable in this case. It would be bad to be defeated in two decisive battles on the same day, but it would not be bad to win them."

Second: Before the battle of Chattanooga Grant relates that Bragg was

weakened because Jefferson Davis sent Longstreet to attack Knoxville. "It was known," he writes, "that Mr. Jefferson Davis had visited Bragg on Missionary Ridge a short time before my reaching Chattanooga. It was reported and believed that he had come out to reconcile a serious difference between Bragg and Longstreet, and finding this difficult to do, planned the campaign against Knoxville, to be conducted by the latter general. . . . It may be that Longstreet was not sent to Knoxville for the reason stated, but because Mr. Davis had an exalted opinion of his own military genius and thought he saw a chance of 'killing two birds with one stone.' On several occasions during the war he came to the relief of the Union army by means of his superior military genius."

I have just finished re-reading Grant's "Memoirs"—a fascinating book to the student of biography even if, like myself, he knows nothing of military strategy. It is difficult to see how any fair-minded man can read it and not agree with Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson that it is "a book better worth reading than any military autobiography since *Cæsar's Commentaries*," or with John Fiske that its author, "in spite of some shortcomings, was a massive, noble, and lovable personality, well fit to be remembered as one of the heroes of a great nation."

Such are some of the puzzles in the great volume of biographical writings. There are no answers to them in the back of the book. Each reader, clearing his mind of cant and prejudice, must study and answer them for himself.

Unity and Uniformity

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

IN the little village where I live, when fortunate enough to be in America, there is one very flourishing Roman Catholic church. There are also Baptist, Christian Scientist, Episcopal, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches. If these five latter were united, their congregation would make a very good one; their Sunday schools ought to be united, anyway.

Why so many divergences among Christians? And especially among those not Roman Catholic? Perhaps it is because the attention of some men is fastened upon a visible Church, upon an actuality, while the attention of other men is fastened upon an ideal, an invisible Church. At all events, there you

are—a great Christian life split up in its expression and a consequent feeling that the expression of a common life would have a proportionate impact.

These thoughts have been for many ages in men's minds, and there has been, happily, an increasing movement to call on Christian people to confess penitence because of church disunion and to make some kind of effort toward greater unity. Mind, I do *not* say uniformity.

OF late certain conferences toward this end have attracted merited attention—in New York, at Stockholm, at Winchester, and now right here in this pleasant Lausanne—just the place for a conference; for the site of Lausanne is

inspiring, on the shore of Lake Léman and commanding a glorious view of the Savoyard Alps. Lausanne is ready for the several hundred delegates here, for there seem to be more hotels and pensions in proportion to the size of the place than any other town I know, and, what is more, there seem to be hotels and pensions for every purse.

This is, of course, not the first conference of Lausanne. A dozen years ago the Italians and Turks conferred here and agreed upon a treaty settlement of the Tripolitan War. Again, in 1922-3, I spent three months here listening to the arguments which led up to the better-known Treaty of Lausanne—a treaty which, in its wisdom, our Senate has now