

the Parks are included, and irrigation, for which this particular region in a National Park is desired. There could be no more authoritative spokesman for the cause of turning National Park territory over to private interests.

As Representative of the Second District of Idaho, the Honorable Addison T. Smith has among his constituents the people, said to number some 30,000, who would profit by getting water cheaply by the proposed diversion of public Park land from its true function; but he is not only a representative of these constituents, but also a member of the National House of Representatives, and as such he is one of the trustees of those lands that belong to the whole American people. He has chosen to be the spokesman for 30,000 instead of being the spokesman for 115,000,000 Americans.

As their spokesman, the Honorable Addison T. Smith represents these 30,000 people as retrograding. He does not mention the fact that in the irrigated parts of that section—the very parts that claim to need more water—land is worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre, and that in the unirrigated part, where crops are cultivated by what is known as “dry farming,” land is worth from thirty to forty dollars an acre. The picture of an abandoned farm is apparently a mute appeal for water. As a matter of fact, it is more likely to be a mute appeal for common sense. An abandoned farm often tells the story of some one who started a venture without sufficient capital or without sufficient experience. There are people who will rush into the desert and fail. In his pamphlet on “Federal Reclamation: What It Should Include” Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner of Reclamation, prints the picture of an abandoned homestead with the caption, “One of the results of not selecting settlers on the basis of approved qualifications.” If abandoned farms are argument for Government aid, New England might have something to say; for there are plenty of abandoned farms there. But under no circumstances is an abandoned farm argument for the perversion of public parks.

In his article Mr. Smith points out that the pending bill in Congress for the adjustment of boundaries between the Yellowstone Park and adjacent National Forests will exclude some land from the Park, and asks, “Why do you propose this elimination, if you wish to be consistent?” Mr. Smith very well knows the answer. That bill does not propose to turn Park land over to commercial purposes against the will of the Park Service. On the contrary, it improves

the boundaries of the Park, taking nothing from the public domain, but adjusting territory between the Parks and the Forests to the great benefit of Yellowstone Park. It leaves the land the property of the American people. It ought to pass. It is in the interest of the people, and not of an irrigation company and of land speculators.

Mr. Smith inadvertently, we are sure, makes an incorrect statement. The lake which he says was excluded from a National Park for irrigation purposes was in fact an irrigation reservoir already in use of which only a part was nominally within a Park boundary. Half of this reservoir already lay outside the Park.

Even if there were no reservoir sites available for the people of Madison, Fremont, and Jefferson Counties in Idaho, the issue would remain unchanged between those who want to commercialize our Parks and those who wish to keep them unspoiled. But there are reservoir sites. Let Mr. Smith turn to the Hearings of the House Committee on Public Lands, of which he is a member, and on page 211 he will find a Government engineer's report of a reservoir site providing for the impounding of more than twice as much water as would be stored at the Bechler Meadows. There are other dam sites. The objection to these is that the building of reservoirs there would cost more than a reservoir in the Park. Mr. Smith complains at the lack of frankness and fairness on the part of those who are opposing the spoliation of the Yellowstone. Should not those for whom he speaks be frank and fair?

Mr. Smith refers to the Bechler Meadows as low, swampy land, and cites as proof the markings on Government topographical maps. Early maps of this region are notoriously inaccurate. We have maps before us as we write that are totally inconsistent even as to the flow of streams. For some reason, the Honorable Addison T. Smith seems to be unacquainted with the most recent topographical map of that region, revised by C. H. Birdseye in 1921 from the Geological Survey Atlas sheets. From that map all swamp symbols in the Bechler Meadow region have been removed. As a matter of fact, the Bechler Meadows are not a swamp. Of the 8,000 acres, there may be, all told, two or three hundred acres of patches of swamp, some created by beaver dams. Of course the grass that grows there is not swamp grass. It is forage for browsing animals, as Park rangers can testify who have guarded that part of the Park against those who would like to use it for grazing purposes. The fact that the timber

there is not of commercial value, even if it could be proved true, has no bearing upon the question, as Park forests are not used for commercial timber.

It is considerate of the Idahoans who want these Meadows for themselves that they do not intend to inundate any cascades. What bearing has that upon the question? We have not even hinted that the waterfalls would be inundated. It is no defense against conspiracy to seize a meadow that there is no plan to seize a waterfall. If the meadows go, be sure that the waterfalls will follow. Those who want to make commercial use of the National Parks will not stop with meadows or any other treasures of beauty. They have not even stopped at Yellowstone Lake. The whole Park is full of treasures that commercial interests crave. Their attorneys in Congress and out would never cease their pleas for more once they got their hands in.

We are sorry that the Honorable Addison T. Smith has chosen to speak for those who want to take land from the Park for the purpose of making money; for to those interests he might have chosen to declare that he was elected to serve, not merely some of his constituents or all of his constituents, but the people also of the whole Nation.

Americans, keep the looters out.

Radio Legislation

ELSEWHERE in this issue our Washington correspondent reports the discussion in Congress concerning Federal regulation of the radio.

That there has been little public commotion over this discussion, in spite of the popularity of the radio, is partly due to the fact that the American people have largely lost their old fear of big corporations. This in turn is due to several causes:

First, the conclusion, gradually reached by public opinion, that in business bigness is not necessarily badness;

Second, the growth of the democratic spirit in industry, particularly through the democratic ownership, management, and methods of some of the greatest corporations—notably the American Telegraph and Telephone Company;

Third, the recognition that in certain spheres of activity, especially in communications, monopoly is inevitable and, properly guarded, desirable.

At the same time there is no longer the resistance to the principle of Governmental regulation that once made the great corporation a political issue.

Now with the rise of a new industry, communication by radio, the old issues

do not have to be fought over again. But some things, it seems to us, should be settled now while the industry is young:

First, the door should not yet be shut, if ever, against possible competition between wire and wireless communication;

Second, in providing regulation Congress should avoid encouragement to bureaucracy;

Third, executive functions should be retained in the executive branch and not made subordinate to the legislative.

Student Crusaders

SOME day the "student crusaders" whom Mr. Van Kirk portrays in his article in this issue will assume the responsibility of mature men and women. Some of them will be managers in industry and face problems of labor and of property as they arrive in concrete form. They will be vexed by unreasonable demands. They will be careworn by the effort to reconcile apparently reasonable demands that are conflicting. They will have assumed obligations to others who have no sense of obligation in return. Some of them will be called to help in conquering stubborn nature, and will find that theories which seemed workable on paper are strangely contradicted by experience. Some of them will respond to the summons of adventure, and will learn the value of recompense for risk. Some of them will become acquainted with the difficult art of directing the household and governing the family. Some of them will face the practical question of reconciling mutual good will between those of different faiths and joint action for the common good with the maintenance of religious liberty, untrammelled by the compulsion of authority. Some of them will enter the public service and face the problems involved in both carrying out the will of those they serve and at the same time maintaining their own integrity of conduct and conviction. All of them will be sure to find that the ideals to which they now hold will have to be subjected to the severe test of life.

It is virtually certain that none of those who participated in the National Student Conference at Milwaukee will hold unchanged the views they now profess. But what they hold to-day is a sign of what they will hold ten, fifteen, twenty years hence. Perhaps we of to-day can catch a glimpse of the future by scanning what these student crusaders express as their hopes and beliefs. That some of them will lose their hopes and abandon their beliefs is perhaps inevitable; but most of them will still hope and still believe, though what they hope for

and what they believe in will change with the years.

Their elders will do well to recall their own early ideals and to make sure that in the process of testing them by experience they have not lost the power to believe and to hope.

A Columnist of the South

FRANK L. STANTON was not quite the first of the daily newspaper editorial page column conductors. He was not quite the last. But he was among the first contingent of them, contemporary of Eugene Field and Robert J. Burdette. He outlasted them all, saw generations of new ones come and go. When he died the other day, the harness marks still fresh upon him and clear forty years of daily column-making behind him, it might almost have been said that the newspaper column as he knew it died with him. The column as an institution in American journalism had changed almost beyond recognition. His alone remained the same.

There were in this simple, kindly man—last survivor of Henry W. Grady's editorial staff, most noted protégé of Joel Chandler Harris—many unusual qualities. That he could turn out practically every day for forty years a column of verse and quip and homely philosophy, that he could make it unfailingly cheerful and keep it always free of slap-stick, was a revelation of qualities that few men possess. That he was able always to resist the temptation to the mediocrity of "syndicate stuff" and to put individuality into one newspaper, the Atlanta "Constitution," was a revelation, perhaps, of something lacking. He had not the ability, apparently he had not the desire, to turn his art to the making of money.

There are those who will say of Stanton that he was a sentimentalist. Sentiment was chief among the metals in which he worked. But those who have been touched by "Just A-wearyin' for You" or "Mighty Lak a Rose," two of his poems that were set to music, will agree that his sentimentalism was of the worthier kind, the sentimentalism of reverence and idealism. Some one has said of him that he continued to sing "Sweet Little Woman" through an age that reveled in "Red Hot Mama."

There may be those among the moderns who will deny to Stanton the title of humorist. But it can be said of him that such humor as he had never cut with a frozen lash, never seared where it fell, never left a scar.

Perhaps it is not to be claimed for Stanton that he was a poet in the stricter sense, but no one who has closely followed his work can doubt that among his thousands of verses there were some poems. In his "Bells of Saint Michael's" there was a cadence that has found an echo in the poetry both of Masfield and of Kipling. In a small thing that was printed in his column in its early days he painted as perhaps no other man has done the stark horror of lynching—of the corpse swinging in the wind at dawn, of the wife and children, half clad, cowering in a cabin by a cotton field, of the debased avengers slinking home. We hazard the guess that these lines of Stanton's have exerted through three decades and more a profounder influence toward curbing lynching than have many more pretentious efforts. As to the essential poetic quality of them, those who are interested may satisfy themselves by turning to them in Stedman's "American Anthology."

Stanton was a home body. Not often in the forty years that he worked in Atlanta did he stray many miles from the Five Corners. As age came on, he became more and more rooted to his office and his home. Ten years ago a man who is now a member of The Outlook staff made a trip to Atlanta for the purpose of urging Mr. Stanton to attend a meeting of column conductors—the American Press Humorists. Mr. Stanton, who had always written a letter to be read at the annual meetings, took kindly to the idea of attending one, and said that he would do so unless something wholly unforeseen should prevent. The messenger, delighted that the oldest of the column conductors was to be present at the next meeting, shook hands and said, "Until then, good-by." A member of the "Constitution" staff followed him into the hall. "I am going to tell you the truth now," he said, "to keep you from being too much disappointed later on. It is all right to let Mr. Stanton think that he is coming to your meeting, but he is not. He couldn't stand the trip. Two or three years ago we permitted him to go up to Chattanooga, and it nearly killed him."

Home body—and an exile from home! A lowland South Carolinian chained to his work in the Georgia hills! There are few more pathetic expressions of the human longing for the old home than Stanton's "Harvest Song"—"I shall not see the fields of Lee or reap in them again."

Though he gave pleasure to thousands of readers by many kinds of writing, he was at his best when he wrote little verses in the Negro dialect. And it is a