

tive, though I realize he may fit somewhere in the picture of life. His discussion begins and ends with the statement that wars are hell and should be abolished at any price. He does not trouble to make an analysis of war and peace and discover what effect they have on the onward march of the human race.

I want to say here with emphasis that one of the first and most essential things that must be done to tackle the problem of war is to make a scientific analysis of it so as to know how it has affected progress, how it may affect progress now and how it may affect the race in the future. Has it helped progress in the past? If it has, is it not unnatural that it should have done so. In the state of nature, animal eats animal. The strong and swift survive. Cruelty is the rule. By this ruthless method nature produces fine, stalwart species and noble races. This method is hard for the individual but necessary for the races—cruel to the living but beneficial to the future. To-day has always been sacrificed for to-morrow.

But we must not forget that the whole effort of civilization has been to build a wall around itself to keep out this state of cruel nature and to find substitutes for ruthlessness and to organize so that the cruel method of progress is not necessary. That, I repeat, is the very essence of civilization.

Is it not possible that our substitution and increasingly delicate mechanisms of civilization are gradually not only making war unnecessary but inefficient for purposes of progress?

I cannot say that that time has come. Such changes come about gradually. It is clear, however, that at some time in the future wars will be vestiges of useful phenomena—just as are appendices and extraordinary acquisitiveness and vengeance of primeval man.

If Commander Byrd were a mere visionary, his words would lack force. If he were merely a skillful aviator, his deeds would lack significance. But he has shown himself capable not only of doing great deeds, but also of holding before himself an ideal toward which these deeds are leading. It is the man who is willing to give himself in war, if need be, for the sake of an ideal who is most likely to be able to direct the thoughts and ways of men to the achievement of that ideal without war. Mere fear of the horrors of war will never drive war from the earth. The only thing that will abolish war is that development of good will, understanding, and reason which will enable men to adjust their clashing interests and harmonize their conflicting wills by other means than combat. And when war will

have become, to use Commander Byrd's phrase, "not only . . . unnecessary, but inefficient for purposes of progress," the world will find that its happier state is due chiefly to the men who, like Commander Byrd, have combined vision with achievement.

Selling Democracy to the Voter

IN the November elections of 1926 two-thirds of the possible voters of the country stayed at home. This is the more remarkable because for the two previous years an active campaign to prod voters up to do their civic duty had been made by several large non-partisan organizations, hundreds of meetings to "sell democracy" over again to the American people had been held, and countless tons of literature had been sent out to enlighten the voter.

Puzzled at the negative results of all this effort, its inspirers sent out a questionnaire to their own members asking its recipients to tell frankly whether they had or had not voted; and if not, why not, and what ought to be done about it. Sixty thousand answers were received. They have been analyzed and commented upon by Mr. John Hays Hammond, Chairman of the Department on Political Education of the National Civic Federation.

Among the comments summarized in this illuminating document is one very short one which stands out like a lighthouse: "Have a real issue that every one cares about." Most of the other remedies proposed say, in effect, "Punish the non-voter," or, "Coax the voter," or, "Bribe the voter to vote by giving him a tax advantage." One energetic reformer advises: "Hound people out and drag them individually to the polls. Also suspend railroad service to the suburbs for the day."

But the man who asks for a real issue is the one who sees what General Apathy really means. In a non-Presidential year, when things are running smoothly, when most of the political ideas the voter is interested in are not up for discussion, when locally, despite the primary, there may not be any real contest at all, the average citizen must be stirred up by something stronger than an appeal to party loyalty.

Mr. Hammond recognizes this and proposes in its next campaign to employ intensive, individual effort rather than platform oratory and pamphlet publicity. Study of the things which should be vital in each State legislature and municipality will be put before the non-

voter. In a Presidential campaign it is easy to arouse interest and even excitement; but two years later, although many Congressmen are elected, the non-voter just yawns and later abuses the Congress to better which he was too lazy to walk a few blocks.

One thing is certain. You will never force a man to vote by making a law to punish him if he doesn't—or rather, he will vote once just to overthrow that law. Neither can you coax him with buttered party slogans. You must interest him! If you don't, he will laugh in your face. And if you get him "good and mad" as the children say, while it may not help the particular political policy you advocate, it will for once outflank old General Apathy.

Congested Highways

A PRESSING American problem is the congested highway. With one automobile to every five in our population, if all our cars were in line they would form a procession approximately 50,000 miles long, which, allowing for scant head-room, would reach twice around the world! Automobiles choke the streets of cities and popular routes from city to country. Connecticut, a pioneer in road-making, is constantly widening her roads, only to find them ever narrower. The speed advantages of the automobile are being lost in the delays due to crowding.

What can be done about it? There is only one reply: More roads and wider ones, plus special highways for trucks. By moving at night trucks make some gain, yet this relief has been taken away by the expansion of bus lines. In some places the busses have replaced trolley cars, but in many others they are newcomers and add their long, wide bodies to the crush. They also increase the dangers, hiding, as they do, the vision of motorists and usurping with the insistence of giants the right of way. They are particularly dangerous when drawn up to the curb. But they have come to stay. It is not the busses or the trucks that are at fault, but the roads.

New road extension is a costly item, but it must come. Convenience has to be served. To delay a legion of motor cars for lack of facilities is to make their use more costly than the carrying charges for further construction. The world is on wheels. It insists on moving.

Perhaps in time the air will relieve the earth of some of its transit burden, but for the moment the solution is in the hands of road-builders, and these are more than full.

The Grand Old Man of St. Andrews

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

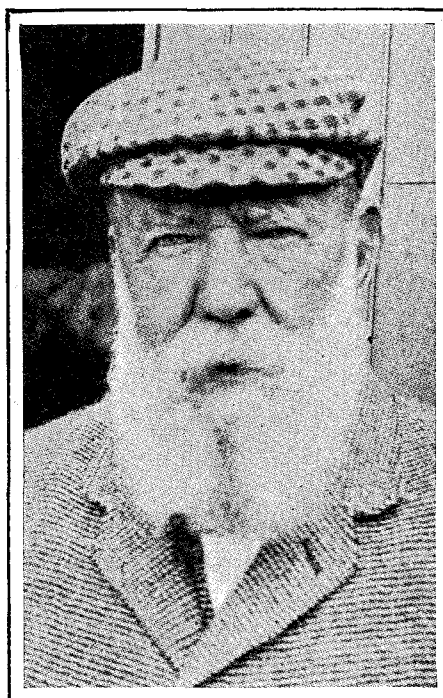
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AT the present moment the battleground of St. Andrews is as well known to all golfing Americans as Thermopylae, Bunker Hill, or Waterloo. Thermopylae may have its Leonidas, Bunker Hill its Prescott, and Waterloo its Wellington, but what is their glory or their patriotism compared to that of "Bobby" Jones who has just won an unprecedented victory at St. Andrews—unprecedented because the victory makes this young American amateur champion of the world at golf for the second consecutive year. Heretofore none but a Britisher has achieved the honor of winning this blue-ribbon championship twice in succession, and less than a handful of amateurs have ever won it since the contest was inaugurated in 1860 as an annual event. It calls for the highest skill since it is an "open championship," that is open to professionals and amateurs alike. If my memory is not at fault the only other amateurs who in a span of sixty-eight years have succeeded in beating the professionals are John Ball, Jr., and H. H. Hilton, both Englishmen. But neither of them equalled "Bobby's" feat of both capturing and in a successful defense retaining the highly prized cup.

No sporting contest has such a delightful literature associated with it, not even cricket or prize-fighting, although George Bernard Shaw in "Cashel Byron's Profession" and George Borrow in "Lavengro" have paid their glowing and readable tributes to the "manly art of self-defense." But the ancient and honorable game of golf is played at St. Andrews in an atmosphere reeking with literature and biography. The cricket oval at Lord's is no different, in point of play, from that at Canterbury, and Dr. W. G. Grace could make his centuries on one well rolled and sodded pitch or crease as well as another. The tennis courts at the English Wimbledon or the American Forest Hills are as alike as two peas and the aces served by Helen Wills or William Tilden at Wimbledon, beautiful as they may be, are precisely similar to their aces at Forest Hills.

On the other hand each of the eighteen holes of the old course at St. Andrews has its own traits, topography, allurements, and difficulties. Each shot is *sui generis*, calling for a special application of wit and skill, unlike in some detail any shot that ever has been played or ever will be played. What are

sins for the ordinary player, such as "hooks" or "slices" or "tops," may be turned into sublime virtues by the deliberate intention of the golfing genius like "Bobby" Jones. No wonder that regiments of St. Andrews citizens followed him on his triumphant round of one hundred and eight holes which he



T. Werner Laurie, London

"Old Tom" Morris
He made a 94 at 83

played with scarcely an error during the five-day contest. No wonder that "Andra" Kirkaldy, one of the old veterans of the school of Tom Morris, exclaimed: "Mon, he's nae gowfer at all. He's juist a machine. In all my sixty-seven years I hae never-r-r seen such gowf."

St. Andrews is a small but ancient city of about ten thousand souls on the east coast of Scotland midway between the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Tay. Its vocation is golf; its avocation is education. It might boast, if it cared to, of the oldest university in Scotland founded in 1411, about three hundred years after Oxford and two hundred years before Harvard. But what it really boasts of, and justly, is the oldest golf club in the world, the "Royal and Ancient." It is an historical fact that the royal line of Stuarts were golfers, and there is a tradition that the beautiful but wretched Mary Queen of Scots neglected some of her more serious duties for the fascinations of the game. The old course, over which "Bobby" Jones has just won his

glistening laurels is municipal property and anybody can play over it on payment of a fixed and very moderate fee. But woe betide the player who does not strictly observe the rules, regulations, and etiquette established by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club! This venerable and reverend body occupies a comfortable stone club-house near the first tee and is the fount of all golf legislation not only for St. Andrews but for golfers of every nationality in all parts of the earth.

The golf democracy of St. Andrews is almost utopian. There peers and plowmen are ranked by the skill and character—character, mind you, is an important element in the ranking—which they display on the links. The long mid-summer twilights of Scotland enable the artisans and clerks of the little university city to play after their work is done. Seated in a bay-window of the Marine Hotel which stands near the course I have seen at nine o'clock at night some of these artisans finishing their round of eighteen holes

Two golfing incidents may here be related which illustrate the democratic spirit of St. Andrews—one came my way by hearsay, the other by experience. "Andra" Kirkaldy (pronounced in broad Scots, Kercawdy) was one day playing with the Bishop of London, a very great personage. The Bishop got his ball into a terrible sand pit known by everybody at St. Andrews as "Hell Bunker" or "Hell" for short. By a masterly stroke with his niblick the Bishop extricated himself in one shot, a very creditable feat. Elated at his un hoped for prowess, the Bishop called to Kirkaldy: "Andrew, did you see me get out of 'Hell' with my niblick!" "Yes, my Lord," promptly responded the professional, "and I'd advise ye to tak' that niblick wi' ye when ye dee!"

My own experience justifies the reputation of the St. Andrews professional for unabashed frankness. Just before the World War I was playing a match over "the old course." I was dormy when we came to the tee of the seventeenth hole—known in St. Andrews literature as the "station master's garden hole" but called to-day by the newspaper correspondents "the greatly dreaded road hole"—and I needed only a half to win the match. In spite of the odds of half a stroke which my opponent was giving me I missed a twelve-inch putt and lost the hole. My caddie, a white-haired ex-professional of seventy years, said nothing but unutterable disgust gleamed in his eye. He probably had a small wager on the match with his colleague, my opponent's caddie. At the