

too. Veterans of the World War will recognize in these men who flocked to the camp at San Antonio their "buddies."

In particular, there has been preserved in this picture for all time an extraordinary reproduction of actual historical incidents. In *The Outlook* for the 27th of last October Hermann Hagedorn, from whose brain sprang the story that is here written in light and shadows, told the incident of the party in the beer garden which Carl Beck, the bandmaster, innocently broke up by having a man fire a shot behind the big bass drum. In the play this incident is depicted more graphically than it could possibly have been if a motion-picture machine had been on the spot at the time it occurred.

In the second place, the chief character of the epic, though perhaps not of the story, is presented with a fidelity that will add to the lasting value of this screen play. Of course, those who knew Theodore Roosevelt, not only in the days of '98, but later when he became President and after, will naturally be struck by the differences between him and his impersonator. But to the great mass of those who will see this picture these differences will not matter. They may be assured that the impression they get of Colonel Roosevelt from Frank Hopper is not misleading. And in both Mr. Hopper's acting and in the part that he is given to play there is commendable and appropriate restraint.

In the third place, the picture conveys, so far as it goes, a true impression of the history of those days. It does not camouflage this well-meaning Nation's propensity to certain kinds of blunders. It gives a true glimpse of a good but circumspect and dangerously unimaginative Secretary of the Navy. It shows just what inadequate transport means to the men whom the Nation calls to service on the field of battle. It pictures, almost to the sense of smell as well as sight, the meaning of "embalmed beef." It translates into terms of human hardship, suffering, death, the words "red tape." It is a film for people to see who forget how readily America has entered every one of its wars unprepared. And yet it is not in any wise a sermon on the subject. It simply preserves the balance of history with no loss to what is essentially heroic in it.

In the fourth place, Hugo Riesenfeld's music, built largely on the popular songs of the day—notably "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night"—is an appropriate accompaniment.

Finally, the sub-plot, which at times tends to shoulder the real story of the *Rough Riders* into the background, is

better than such love stories in the movies usually are. Its characters are real people who belong to their times. The exaggeration that goes into the making of the comic characters as well as into some of the dramatic situations of the two heroes is no greater than that in which all playwrights indulge, and is partly an inevitable result of the process of selection of incident for dramatic purposes. There are blemishes which might be corrected by pruning; but they are blemishes which an uncritical audience, accustomed to slapstick, will perhaps account virtues. What is especially welcome in this sub-plot is the fact that it is built upon a development of character in the two men about whom it revolves.

In spite of its shortcomings, "*The Rough Riders*" is a play not only worth seeing but worth preserving.

## Rebecca and the President

CREDULOUS persons are likely to injure themselves by taking to their hearts things which do not exist. Skeptical persons, on the other hand, miss much of the joy of life by rejecting as mythical things which are very real. If the credulous are in need of protection, the skeptical are doubly in need of it. Therefore these lines.

The newspapers recently printed a story concerning the President and a pet 'coon. The animal, not long ago, was sent from Tennessee to grace the White House table. But the President, New England bred, has not a palate attuned to the peculiar flavor of roast 'coon. Possibly he has no competent cook. Very likely, the little animal so appealed to him that he could not bear to have her slaughtered. Whatever the reason, she was not slaughtered, but adapted herself to the White House, and established herself in its grounds and in the heart of its master. When, recently, the Coolidge family moved from the White House to a temporary residence on Du Pont Circle, the President so missed Rebecca—that is her name, whether brought with her from Tennessee or acquired at the White House—that he went back for her and she rode with him, quite chummily, on the rear seat of the Presidential car to the new residence.

Now persons skeptically inclined are in danger of rejecting this pretty story as mythical, believing that no wild animal could thus speedily become the pet of the President. To all such we offer the assurance that the story is, or reasonably may be, perfectly true. The

raccoon is the most adaptable of all animals and, according to all who have had experience, makes the best of pets.

The adaptability of this little bear—for the raccoon is a member in good standing of the bear family—is truly remarkable. Deliberate of movement, even clumsy as compared with most woods dwellers, the raccoon has suited itself as no other animal has to the ways of a settled country. Where practically all of the others have disappeared, the raccoon has not only held its own but has increased in numbers. It has even moved on beyond its original range to occupy the territory from which the others have fled, and thus within quite recent years has become fairly common in New England, the President's own country.

The naturalists Witmer Stone and William Everett Cram not long ago expressed alarm over this latter fact—not that the 'coon would do more injury in New England than elsewhere, but that it would never be loved there as it always has been in the South. The raccoon, they said, has a peculiar affinity with and for the Negro, who invests him with a personality and a measure of wisdom quite remarkable. The New Englander, they reasoned, can never have any such feeling, and the poor raccoon must be in that region merely vermin, to be persecuted and exterminated.

The naturalists might have spared themselves these pangs. They might have known that the raccoon is amply able to take care of himself—or, as in this instance at the White House, herself—anywhere. They might have reflected that he was but following the Negro northward. But perhaps they could not have been expected to know that Rebecca, by appealing as she has to so typical a New Englander as the President, would establish the raccoon in the affections of his section.

There are, however, many reasons why the President and Rebecca might have been expected to get on well together. The raccoon, quite as much as the President, is the embodiment of thrift. Other animals must have a particular kind of food. The fox will have nothing but flesh, the marten little but fish, the woodchuck nothing but vegetables. Not so the raccoon. He can feast on fat fowl when the occasion offers, fish with the marten when the fishing is good, but, when the need arises, can live comfortably on roots and scraps of vegetation that would not suffice for even a woodchuck.

Haste must be made to say that the raccoon does not feast on flesh with the fox or on fish with the marten. No meat

of any kind passes his lips until it has been thoroughly washed. So abnormally is this trait of cleanliness developed in him that he takes not only his Latin name but his French and German names from it. It is a trait that ought to get sympathy for him among New Englanders.

Candor, however, compels the confession that the washing of his meat is with the raccoon not so much hygienic as it is ritualistic. If clean water is not at hand, he washes his meat in very dirty water and is apparently content. Indeed, there is no evidence that he distinguishes between clean and dirty water when both are at hand. He adheres to his ritual, that is all. But this should not prejudice him in the eyes of New England. There are those who contend that the cleanliness of New Englanders is ritualistic or religious rather than practical. George Washington, brought up in the reputed slovenliness of the South, evidently had some such thought when he cried out upon the Massachusetts militia as "an extremely dirty and filthy people." But out upon these ancient sectional prejudices!

All of that, however, is somewhat far afield from Coolidge and the Coolidge 'coon. Mr. Coolidge, they say, is a politician. The 'coon is not without political traditions. His skin, in conjunction with a log cabin, carried one Presidential election—that of 1840. It may be guessed that Rebecca will be no disadvantage in that of 1928, even though she has gone to the Washington Zoo for a time.

## An Adventure in Industrial Democracy

**M**ANAGERS of industry have been proving that industrial democracy, in the degree to which it is made operative, is not only a safeguard against friction with labor but also a means of increasing production. When workers, by their own right and not by mere generosity from above, are to participate in increased profits and in enhanced credit for public service, the result is plain: they will not strike, and they will work harder; and the management gains, altogether apart from any humanitarian considerations.

Industrial democracy is the new era of business, with its manifest advantages, and perhaps with certain disadvantages inherent in the setting of industrial society in a new mold. It seems worth while to survey one of the most interesting experiments in the new order.

Mitten Management, the organization

which operates the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, is outstanding for the successful basis on which it has admitted its employees to an interest and a voice in the progress of the company. The Philadelphia Rapid Transit workers have equal power with the management in all matters involving wages, working conditions, or discipline—by means of branch committees, departmental com-



Keystone

Thomas E. Mitten

mittees, and, finally, central committees, of men and of management. Corresponding committees of men and management meet together, each with equal power, and with no superior veto power threatening to undo the actions assented to by both committees. In case of failure to agree, issues are presented to arbitration.

Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company wages are the highest in the country for urban transportation employees. Furthermore, they are distinguished because they have been made subject to the index of the cost of living. If living costs go up or down, as shown by prices in the districts where the employees live, wages go up or down accordingly and automatically.

Employees participate directly in increased production, thus: Mitten Management receives 4 per cent of each year's gross revenue as its operating fee; one-half of that is paid to the employees in the person of elected trustees, who buy Philadelphia Rapid Transit stock on the market with it, issue certificates for the stock to the employees in amounts proportionate to their various wages, and pay them dividends in cash each quarter. In this way the employees have accumulated 220,000 out of the

600,000 shares of voting stock in the company. Voted as a block, these shares give them practical control of the company, through their members on the Board of Directors.

These definite, incontrovertible, and unique powers of the employees are the resultant of fifteen years of development of employer-employee relationships that began with a strike and the failure of the company, by a large margin, to earn its fixed charges, and that now pertain to an efficient, dividend-paying company. It should be said that the third party to interest in the Rapid Transit Company, the public of Philadelphia, is not unanimously content with the Philadelphia Rapid Transit situation—even though 40,000 Philadelphians own shares of stock in the company. The citizens value the exemplary employee relationship of Mitten Management; but—whether with good reason or not we shall not discuss—the charge is heard that the high wages and the employees' share of the management fee are paid by the citizens in the eight-cent fare and in inadequate financial responsibility of the Rapid Transit Company to the city. Both adequate wages and a just payment for management are legitimate charges which the users of transportation must in the end pay in fares or taxes. Whether the arrangement between the city and the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is reasonable is not the point here, as it is chiefly of local interest to Philadelphia, whereas the principles and operation of the Mitten plan for the relations between management and men are of National interest.

The Mitten idea is especially interesting in the light of such events as the recent joint study by Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish social service bodies of the strike in existence on the Western Maryland Railroad since the fall of 1925. The report of the study lays blame on the stockholders of the railroad for undertaking to "divide their losses with labor," although labor did not have any means of sharing in profits.

In addition to the rights which they enjoy in management and ownership, the employees of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company benefit from life insurance, sick benefits, and pensions, financed in equal apportionment by the management and by themselves; and they have at their service a saving fund, administered by elected employees, which now has deposits of \$2,600,000, on which 5 per cent interest is paid.

Now T. E. Mitten, the guardian angel of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit