

OUTLOOK

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►► The Little Giant ◄◄

Some Notes on Dwight W. Morrow

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

ABOUT a month ago, Mr. Morrow inadvertently became a leader of the wets. At the beginning of his campaign for the Republican nomination for Senator from New Jersey, he advocated the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The next day there were editorials in almost every newspaper in the country. This disconcerted Mr. Morrow.

He hadn't intended to stir up fresh controversy. He doesn't enjoy fights. He likes to get people to agree. If the Eighteenth Amendment should be done away with, then each state could decide for itself what it wanted to do about prohibition; whether to keep it or try something else. Prohibition wouldn't be a national issue, politics would be more peaceful.

Three years ago, many responsible people thought that war with Mexico could not long be avoided. Mr. Morrow thinks war is foolish and wasteful. He thinks it is always possible to find a basis of agreement. He went to Mexico City as Ambassador, and today the Mexican government is the best friend and staunchest ally we have.

Last March, the French were on the point of walking out of the London Naval Conference. The British and American delegations had decided the situation was hopeless. They were prepared to see the French go, all except Mr. Morrow. He badgered his own colleagues, and the British, until conversations were reopened. France, instead of leaving the Conference a frightened and suspicious enemy, left as a nominal friend of the two Anglo-Saxon powers.

With 250,000 votes more than his nearest opponent in the New Jersey senatorial primary, Mr. Morrow adds another achievement to his long list. Mr. Mitchell presents here-with some notes on Mr. Morrow's talents—and peculiarities. One associate of his banking days insisted that America's most interesting public figure "knows everything, absolutely everything"—"he's the ring-tailed wonder"

Dr. John Grier Hibben of Princeton, and ex-Governor Ed Stokes of New Jersey, share the honor of being the original "Morrow-for-President" man. They nominated him, to Mr. Morrow's vast and visible embarrassment, at the same meeting at Trenton, two weeks or so ago. We have had plenty of unique political characters in this country, but no one anything like Dwight Whitney Morrow. "Morrow knows everything, absolutely everything," explained one of his banking associates. "He's the ring-tailed wonder."

MR. MORROW was not discovered by Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Morrow's friends are a little bored with the story that Mr. Coolidge, remembering the days when they were both at Amherst, lifted him from semi-obscurity to make him Ambassador to Mexico. The reverse is more nearly true. In 1920, Mr. Morrow was already an international figure. He had been a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company for six years, had been confidential advisor to General Pershing during the War, and knew every important person in Europe and America.

Mr. Coolidge was then Governor of Massachusetts, and had had a few days of dubious publicity during the Boston

police strike. Mr. Frank Stearns, an Amherst trustee, persuaded Mr. Morrow to go to the National Republican Convention at Chicago with him, and there Mr. Coolidge was nominated for Vice-President. When Mr. Coolidge ran for the Presidency in 1924, Mr. Morrow's nephew, Richard Scandrett, raised money for the campaign.

Mr. Morrow is very short of stature. He has a fine head, an enormous forehead, gray-blue eyes, and a wide, kindly mouth. He is one of the few small men, apparently, who has never tried to identify himself with Napoleon Bonaparte. He is an intense admirer of M. Aristide Briand, the ablest negotiator and peace-maker of Europe. Mr. Morrow brought back an inscribed photograph of M. Briand from the London Conference, and shows it to visitors.

MR. MORROW's general sloppiness in appearance fascinates every one who meets him. People who have known him for years still talk about it. It isn't merely that his clothes do not fit him; they look as if they belonged to some one else entirely, and Mr. Morrow, because his luggage hadn't arrived, or because he had just fallen in a river, or because of some other catastrophe, had temporarily borrowed them. Several years ago, Mr. Morrow received an honorary degree from Harvard, and a photograph was taken of the academic procession. It shows Mr. Morrow beside President E. M. Hopkins of Dartmouth, who is very elegant in formal dress and boutonniere. Mr. Morrow it shows wrapped in a huge overcoat, with a felt

hat held rather timidly behind him.

For years a struggle has gone on to get Mr. Morrow's hair cut regularly. He isn't opposed to the scheme; he forgets. His hair is very thick and wavy, and is usually half down over his forehead. A pair of small, gold-rimmed pince-nez sits perilously on his nose, and he doesn't remember to wipe them. In the course of a day, they get pretty well smudged up.

When Mr. Morrow is engaged on some problem—the probable financial future of Mexico, let us say—piles of books and papers grow in a disorderly fashion on his desk, on chairs, on the floor. One of his associates explains that on these occasions, "he gets very silent." Hour after hour goes by, and there is no perceptible movement behind the barricade of books. He has to be reminded about lunch, dinner and appointments.

A good part of the now rapidly growing Morrow legend concerns his absent-mindedness. What is perhaps the classic absent-minded story of all time has been fastened upon him. Mr. Morrow is on a train, half-hidden in the depths of a Pullman chair, and rummaging desperately through his pockets. The train conductor stands patiently by. Mr. Morrow discovers a number of unexpected things, but no railroad ticket. The conductor, happy to oblige a member of the House of Morgan, tells him never mind, it will be all right.

"It may be all right for you," Mr. Morrow mutters, still burrowing in his pockets, "but how am I going to find out where I'm going?"

Mr. Morrow, despite years of meeting and dealing with all sorts of people, is shy. His manner is very simple and direct. It is obvious he would like to be friendly, but he isn't at his best before strangers. He didn't enjoy campaigning very much, although he religiously did almost everything he was supposed to

do, rode in processions, waved his hat, spoke from the back seat of his automobile. His campaign manager, Douglas G. Thomson, fairly worshipped him, but some of the Republican machine leaders were dissatisfied. They turned out the boys for all his meetings, and Mr. Morrow's speeches largely concerned basic economic and political theory. There wasn't much chance for the boys to cheer, stamp their feet, or otherwise do their stuff. Mr. Morrow occasionally interrupted himself to tell a story, but his stories are the kind that begin: "Once

including America, very militaristic.

As a matter of fact, Mr. MacDonald's speech lacked the sanction of his delegation, was merely an expression of his own enthusiasm and horrified the British Admiralty. There was a far greater disposition among the Americans in London to do away with battleships, or at least reduce their number, than there ever was among the English. Mr. Morrow thought this ought to be made clear. He strongly urged Mr. Stimson to call in the press, and make a statement. Mr. Stimson refused, and for many weeks

England enjoyed great, and completely undeserved, prestige as the moral leader of the Conference.

In his recent Senatorial campaign, Mr. Morrow was faced with an exceedingly delicate problem in publicity. Mr. Morrow is, after all, the most famous father-in-law in the world, and the Republican organization wished to emphasize this. Mr. Morrow's first idea, it is said, was for Colonel Lindbergh to go to California on urgent business and stay there. Apparently

calmer judgments prevailed, for Colonel Lindbergh did not go, was seen around Englewood and took Mr. Morrow riding in his airplane. At the landing field Mr. Morrow led up a startled and delighted youngster to be photographed with Colonel Lindbergh. It was a spontaneous and charming act, Mr. Morrow modestly kept out of the photograph, and it made a grand newspaper story.

MR. MORROW is fifty-seven. He was born in Huntington, West Virginia, the son of a remarkable father. James Elmore Morrow had fought in the Civil War, married and come to Huntington to take charge of Marshall College, succeeding Champ Clark, the man who in 1912 nearly became president. The elder Morrow remained a school teacher all his life. While Dwight was still small, he moved with his family



Acme

Mr. Morrow takes time out in his recent campaign in New Jersey

there were two Irishmen . . ." They are not very funny.

Mr. Morrow has no flair for personal publicity, doesn't approve of people dramatizing themselves. At the same time, he knows the value of newspapers and how to use them. Three years ago, almost every newspaper here was hostile to Mexico. When Mr. Morrow became Ambassador, he set about changing this. Since then, Mexico has had an enormous amount of favorable publicity. As one entirely unexpected result, tourists are beginning to go there by the thousands.

Shortly after the London Naval Conference began, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made a speech in which he urged the total abolition of battleships. It created a tremendous sensation, and was cabled to the ends of the earth. It made England sound very magnificent and peace-loving, and all the other nations,

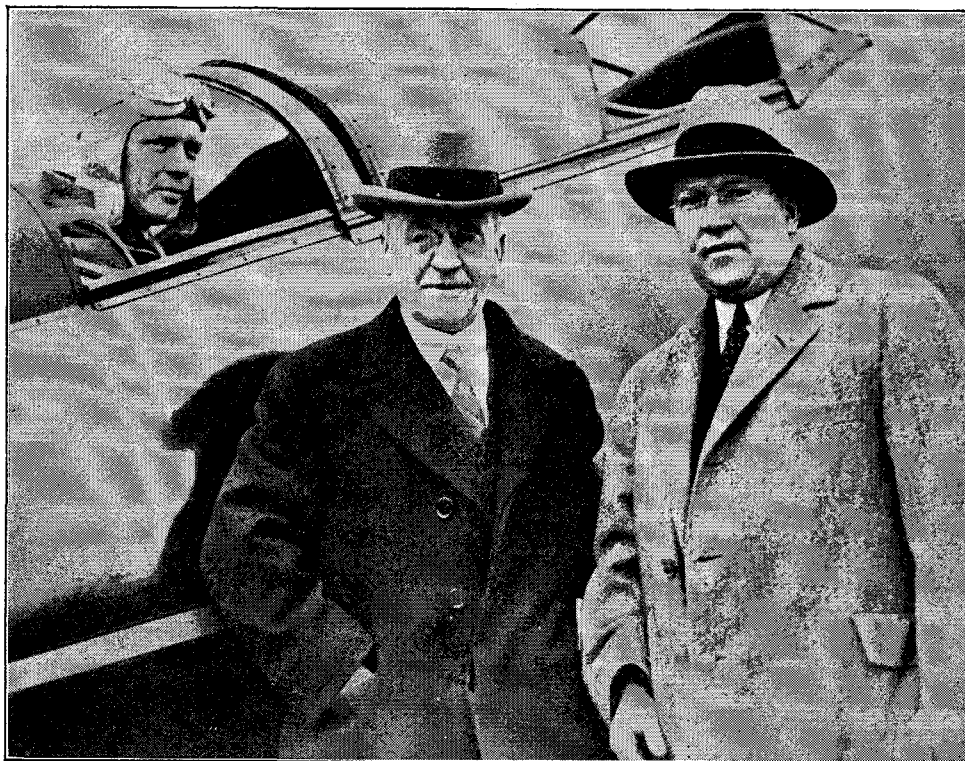
to Pittsburg. There he taught in the public schools and made a profound impression on his pupils. Whenever today Dwight Morrow does anything especially imaginative, or says anything especially wise, these former pupils say: "That is like his father."

Dwight Morrow represents something peculiarly and characteristically America. This is respect for learning, the faith that

knowledge will make men free. Luther's Reformation, you remember, began with the demand that common people be allowed to study the Bible. When the Pilgrims came to this country, almost their first concern was to found the school which later became Harvard University. Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards were revered not because they were gentle, kindly men, but because they could read the New Testament in Greek.

No group of people has ever valued learning as highly as the men and women who founded this country, but they had no use for learning which could not be made useful. They had no sympathy for the medieval scholar who stayed in his monk's cell and pored over manuscripts. James Elmore Morrow had been trained in the classical disciplines, but he welcomed the advent of modern, practical curricula in the Pittsburg schools.

Young Dwight never knew the humiliation of being a poor boy. His father never at any time made more than \$1800 a year, but none of the Morrows considered themselves as belonging to the really poor. It happened that they didn't



Wide World

The most distinguished father-in-law in the world

have much money, but they belonged to the aristocracy of the country. Their father was a professor, and all the neighbors looked up to him.

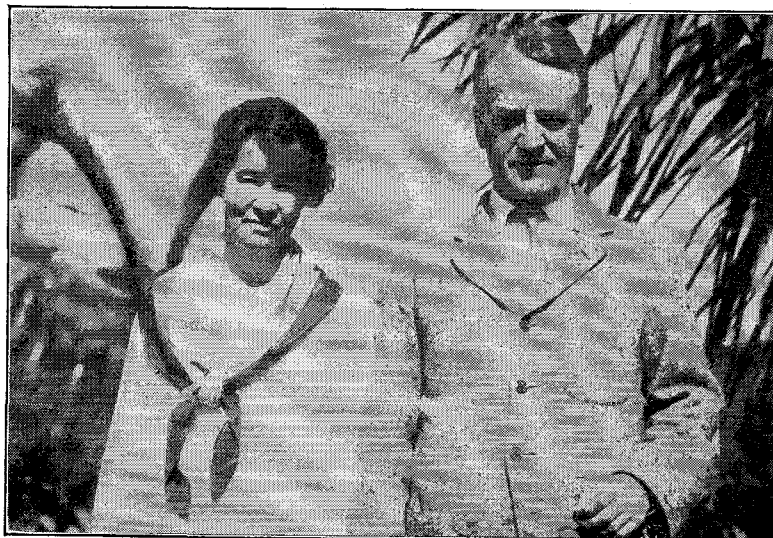
Dwight was one of eight children, five of whom lived; two boys and three girls. All five went either to normal school or college, and all taught, at one time or another. Dwight's sister, Miss Alice Morrow, is today a professor in Robert College, Syria. His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, plans to open a preparatory school next autumn in Englewood.

Mr. Morrow's own fame as an international banker rests on his reputation as a scholar, for knowing more than any one else. After the War, J. P. Morgan & Company were invited to become

the next two years ran errands in the county clerk's office in Pittsburg. His elder brother, J. J. Morrow, had been given an appointment to West Point by the local Congressman. Dwight wanted to go to West Point, too, but the Congressman demurred; two appointments in one family wasn't good politics. Dwight's brother later was governor of the Canal Zone, and is now a retired brigadier-general.

Dwight went to Amherst. His New Jersey campaign publicity stated he arrived there with \$1.67. Mr. Morrow says he is not certain about the sum; as he recalls it, he didn't have as much as \$1.67. At Amherst, he encountered the early American tradition of belief in

learning in an acute form. Amherst was built by farmers who left their work in the fields on Saturday afternoons to lay the bricks for its first building. It was established primarily to produce Congregational ministers, not that the farmers were moved by any particular religious fervor, but because they believed educated men were good for the general community. Along with their preaching, for which they were paid, Congrega-



Underwood

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow

➤ Chinese on the Campus ◀

By W. LOCK WEI

ALTHOUGH a small number of private Chinese students had taken many perilous voyages to the western world in search for scientific knowledge, when sailing vessels were the only means of transportation, 1908 may be designated as the year in which the Chinese government began to take an active part in sending her students abroad. America was greatly responsible for this movement. It was her return of part of the Boxers' indemnity funds, a friendly act that China will always remember, that has enabled the tens of thousands of Chinese students since to graduate from the various universities extending from Maine to California.

Unfortunately, however, the first groups of students were not properly prepared to take full advantage of their western education, nor were the American people quite ready to receive them. I can well imagine the emotions of the pioneer student from the Central Kingdom, though they might not be evident from his Oriental mask, when he first entered the American school campus—how he resented the audible whispers of “Chink,” “Chinaman,” or “Laundry;” how he almost regretted having decided to leave the “Home of the Cultured;” and how, after weeks of gloom and agony, he had made up his mind to delve into the science of the “Foreign Devil,” even at the sacrifice of his face—his sense of dignity and pride!

After a few dreary months had dragged by, he began to find in his landlady and some of his classmates human beings not very unlike himself, though he still considered their frankness in asking questions and their excessive display of emotions as naïve and crude, meanwhile little suspecting that his newly-made friends had marked him as an inexplicable, unemotional stick-in-the mud. Thus he went through college with a string of degrees and honors, but without getting the full benefit of his education and mission. He returned to China with no intimate knowledge of the American people, and left behind him the impression that Chinese students are extremely industrious and serious-minded, but that they are bad mixers, and that the Oriental mind is really too mysterious for the Occidentals to understand.

Just before the establishment of the Chinese Republic in 1911, American methods were introduced into the newer

schools in China; and American teachers and professors were engaged to lecture on American subjects, as well as to initiate the students into the western forms of athletic sports; so that the next groups of students coming into the United States were better equipped to associate with their classmates and friends. The impressions left behind by their predecessors, however, seemed too much for them to live down; for though in many cases they deliberately tore off their mask of conservatism in order to make friends, they found little encouragement from their American associates. Thus, they, too, went through college without knowing intimately the workings of the American mind, American customs, language, mannerisms and humor.

THE QUESTION may now be raised as to why should the American people be bothered with the Chinese students at all. The answer is contained in the object of America's return of the Boxers' indemnity funds to bring the Chinese students over to the United States—to create a mutual understanding between the two nations. An examination into the culture of the East and that of the West will show that China and America offer almost the extremes in contrast in ideals—that the people in one civilization is inspired by individual realization, best of human relationship, duties and ideals, and spiritual comfort and salvation; and the people in the other by group action, scientific and business organization, efficiency and power, and material comfort and gratification. Thus the Chinese are passive, emotional, conservative, moderate and conscientious; while the Americans are aggressive, adventurous, progressive, intolerant, and restless. One cannot fail to realize that these two civilizations have a great deal to offer to each other—that China needs America's creative genius just as America will be benefited by China's suavity and poise.

A glance at statistics will show that the annual imports and exports between the two countries amount to some three hundred million gold dollars, and that in spite of wars and troubles in China during the recent years, the exchange of commodities has not fallen off to any appreciable extent. The remarkable

fact, however, is that only a small volume of this business passes through the hands of the American firms in China. This brings up the questions why should the import and export trade between the United States and China be under the control of non-American firms in China; and what should America do in order to regain this large volume of business.

Old China hands—foreign residents in China who claim to know things Chinese—still argue that this state of affairs is caused by the fact that most of the American firms in China are controlled from their home office by men whose knowledge of conditions and business methods in China is very limited. They formulate policies often contrary to the judgment of the managers in China, but which the latter are obliged to carry out. The old China hands further argue that very few of the American concerns in China are equipped to handle the export of China's products. While these reasons are sound, I think that the most important thing for the American business men to do is to get the Chinese merchants' friendship and confidence. It is a well known fact that a Chinese prefers to trade with a friendly concern rather than one unknown to him, though the latter might be able to supply him with the same quality of goods and at a slightly lower price. I believe that China preferred to trade with England and Germany, for instance, because these two countries have been engaged in business with China long before the United States. The shrewd managers of the organizations of these two European nations have made a study of Chinese psychology, and have taken full advantage of this knowledge in making friends with the Chinese merchants.

CHINA's gravest trouble, which has kept her from being united, is her lack of means of communication—railways and good roads. As soon as she has driven militarism out of the country, she will be looking for foreign capital and machinery to build a modern system of transportation; and America is the logical nation to come to her rescue. It may be of interest to point out that at the present moment, more than fifty per cent of the members of the Chinese cabinet, officials, members of the diplomatic corps, and many of the captains