

great dark vaulted mill: "Look t'ru dat steel mill—man made all dat; but—he can't make a man—God makes men."

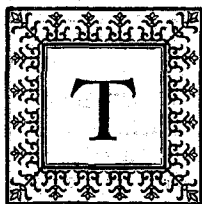
Oh, if that is in a single man like Dave, it is in every human being, dull, suppressed, dormant, all but dead in most of us, but may we not breathe upon that divine spark—with art?—through a picture, a statue, a play, a song, or a poem,

and kindle it into a glowing ember, a flame, a consuming conflagration which will spell achievement?

Oh! where are the artists?—and where are the employers who will open their factory gates to us that we may go to work in *His Vineyard*—and show mankind the universality of God; that men may face each other as brothers?

## The Alien's Childhood

BY H. ADYE PRICHARD



THE alien has no childhood. It is a fact which sociologists and welfare workers and Americanization experts forget. The alien is not a securely growing plant, its roots rejoicing in a familiar soil; he is rather a fragile bloom severed from stem and fibre. The sap of the stock that gave him birth no longer rises in him, and the water and the air are unkind, for they are not the water and the air that he used to know. Speak gently of the alien. He has lost something which you, with all the good intentions in the world, can never give him back—the echo of the dream voices of his innocence.

What did the morning mean to the lotus-eaters—the morning upon which the sun rose with a renewed promise, the morning which sent them forth fresh to the duties and pleasures of the day, the morning with its reborn associations that were destined, in normal times, to last the daily cycle through?

"In the afternoon they came unto a land  
In which it seemed always afternoon."

Something was incomplete. The afternoon—time of fruition; of ease, of languor—what did it weigh without the morning to give it substance? As afternoon wore on to afternoon where was the sense of new endeavor, of morning's enterprise? The purposelessness of afternoon closed down upon the lotus-eaters. They were content to renounce; but they were never content to forget.

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave  
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;  
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did  
make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said: 'We will return no more';  
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer  
roam.'

The modern lotus-eaters pour unnumbered from the catacombs of the great ships, and find that for them it is always afternoon in New York City. Some of them go out to look for the morning in the West, and their car-fare allowance runs out at Dobbs Ferry or Oneonta or Gary; and it is still afternoon. And so perforce they achieve a doubtful resignation, which is shorn of much of its spiritual excellence by the fact that it is a resignation induced by lack of any alternative, and settle down to work and marry and bring up children. Which eventually is the salve of their bereavement—for America's morning is the birthright of these little ones, and for them at any rate it need never be afternoon.

The plight of the immigrant has been voiced by many an advocate. But the representatives of the clan whose woes have regularly been exploited for the commiseration of countless philanthropists,

and the investigation of still more countless societies and government commissions, have always belonged to that class which, arriving in this country through the homelike medium of the steerage, have adventitiously escaped the rigors of Ellis Island, and have immediately become, if not a public charge, at least a public problem. They are, for the most part, unintelligent people, stupendously destitute of that faculty of imagination which is prone to make comparisons, and the morning they have left has been so arid in its sunshine that a little light and shade afford rather a welcome relief. The immigrant of the lower class who comes to America from the shores of the Mediterranean has left his traditions behind him; but they were traditions of which he was never very consciously cognizant. And so he is reasonably adaptable to the new environment in which he finds himself. But it is a very open question as to whether the process of furthering that adaptability is generally carried out with the subtle and delicate skill which so important an operation demands. Don Marquis, an eloquent sociologist, feels very strongly about it. "At the risk," he says, "of being excommunicated by the Ku Klux Klan, ostracized by the Best People, lynched by the American Legion, and otherwise desiccated, decimated, and damaged by other patriotic citizens, permit us to remark that one thing wrong with America is the extraordinary amount of Americanization that is in progress all the time." (Here we rise to state that the trouble, in our judgment, is not so much the amount of Americanization as the method of Americanization.) "Polacks, Bohunks, and Wops, Yegs, Squareheads, Micks, and Spiggoties, come to us by the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, bringing with them prejudices and instincts and racial quirks and slants foreign to our Yank tradition, and we set ourselves at once to grind out of them all the richness of color and strangeness of thought and fervor of emotion." (We wish to underscore "grind." "Grind" is good.) "We destroy the eccentric and the exotic that dumps itself upon our shores, and then run abroad hunting the eccentric and the exotic. Our institutions and our art (literary, dramatic, and pictorial) need more spice and garlic and

caviar. And we feel the need instinctively, though we refuse to recognize it candidly . . . we feel it because our young men and women go abroad to find the elements that the Yank tradition denies them at home, and we import the works of Viennese and Russian and Italian and Scandinavian and Celtic artists by the ship-load."

It is right that we should feel a stirring of genuine pity for these aliens as they squirm under the above-mentioned process of naturalization; but we should pity them not so much that they have been deprived for so long of the blessings of this land of freedom—our usual attitude—as that, late in life, they have been deprived of something else, not intrinsically so precious perhaps, but to them emotionally the pride of destiny—the bone and blood and sinew, the color and contour and smell, the spirit and intimacy and birth gift, of the land that brought them forth. It is right that we should offer them with lavish prodigality a share in this land of ours, its citizenship and education and protection, the reflection of its glories won by generations of pioneers; but it is not right that we should be supercilious when we make the offering. For we must remember that there can never be joy so great in the life of a man as the joy that came to him from the scanty store of his childhood. That joy the immigrant, whoever he is, can only taste once. And that once was when his youth was free in the land of his fathers.

Some alien once said: "I cannot be fully a man unless I have been a child—and my childhood has vanished." It is true that every man's childhood vanishes when he becomes a man. "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things." Yes, the childish things were put away, the lead soldiers swept into the box, the books of adventure sent to the scout headquarters, the stamp collection relegated to the dust of the cupboard drawer, and the dreams and longings and golden panoramas of life rolled up in a transient film of memory; and the cord was loosed—but not forever. The native could not entirely lose those things because, as he passed from milestone to milestone in his life, he would always chance upon some wayfarer who had

been with him in spirit while he played, who understood the same tongue of childhood, and had been moulded by the same delights. He carried his childhood with him though he acted as a man. And those he met had been children of his age and place and time, and their roots were deeply entwined together.

But the alien knows nothing of the childhood of his new home. The games he played, which did so much to foster his inheritance of adventure and romance, were utterly different from the games he sees around him now, which alone his present companions seem to understand. They call for different capacities, they breathe a different spirit. The flag which taught him in childhood the lifelong lesson of loyalty is not the flag he sees at every corner. The books, the coins, the food, the customs, the clothes, the cities, the trains, the toys, the holidays, the churches—influences which unconsciously moulded him to be the man he is and will ever be—have passed away in every visible semblance, and he suffers a torment of re-creation. That he cannot re-constitute himself in happiness is no fault of his. God arranged for the good of all the world that the child should be father of the man. To find it otherwise in one's own consciousness would be to face the fact that one was at best but half a man.

It is not any easier to find the soul of a country than it is to find the soul of a man. And the most sure way of courting failure in the quest is to be conscious of the adventure. If God is to give us realization, God will hide from us the stages of his revelation in all that has to do with his eternal verities. And the realization can never be perfected in us unless we have the gift of imagination, any more than the sun can give us light if our eyes are closed and blinded. Imagination is what the vast army of our aliens almost universally lacks. In the festive and promiscuous motley, with their knapsacks and bundles and green fibre suitcases (suitcase is an absurd euphemism for the appurtenances of him who never owned a suit), with their scarfs and patches and shawls, with their complexions of every possible hue of brown and ochre and terracotta, with their polyglot syllables of every conceivable mode of greeting and loving and cursing, there is display of

most of the qualities that go to represent a man—but there is little imagination. They are not poets, these sun-dried citizens of alien climes. The ceiling of the Grand Central concourse does not remind them of the night sky of the Campagna, nor do the metropolitan ferries speak of the gondolas of Venice. The past is gone—irrevocably. They are starting with a new birth. May it lead on to a happy—if postponed—second childhood!

There are pilgrims more fortunate. One has given us a record of his discovery of the soul of America. "Twenty-five years ago I knew but dimly that the United States existed. My first dream of it came, as well as I remember, from the strange gay flag that blew above a circus tent on the Fair Green." Fate plunges the alien boy into the vortex of New York City. "There I learned the bewildering foreign tongue of earning a living and the art of eating at Childs." But it was in Chicago, not in New York, that he found the United States. And it was in Chicago, disguised under the mark of a "social settlement." "In all my first experience of employers I got not one glimpse of American civilization. Theirs was the language of smartness, alertness, brightness, success, efficiency, and I tried to learn it, but it was a difficult and alien tongue. . . . Here on the ash heap of Chicago was a blossom of something besides success. . . . In that strange haven of clear humanitarian faith I discovered what I suppose I had been seeking—the knowledge that America had a soul." One thing more was needed—the alchemy which would link this soul with the soul of beauties that had passed away, with the eternal remembrances of the spirit of divine childhood lived amid traditions that now had snapped and influences that had ceased to energize. And that alchemy, gloriously understood, was the possession of Lincoln. "The heroes of the peoples of Europe have not been the governors of Europe. They have been the spokesmen of the governed. But here among America's governors and statesmen was a simple authenticator of humane ideals. To inherit him becomes for the European not an abandonment of old loyalties, but a summary of them in a new. The salt of this American soil is Lincoln. When one finds that, one is naturalized."

It is true that of all the patriots in the American Hall of Fame, there is none that speaks to the alien with so intelligible a message as Abraham Lincoln. He seems to be the only one who expressed any genius of temperamental cosmopolitanism. The others—excuse the expression—are provincial, and their appeal is essentially local. Abraham Lincoln can gather us all under his mighty shadow, because he was the best of us all. It is a gift he shares with Shakespeare and Livingstone and Jesus Christ. The emotions and experiences of perhaps half a dozen men in the annals of the world one cannot localize. And those men are the great fathers of all humanity, and the brothers and friends of every alien. The next generation, it may be, will be able to add to the list Theodore Roosevelt and possibly David Lloyd George.

The heart of America is kind toward her aliens—particularly toward her aliens of low degree. But it is a kindness not unmixed with patronage, and any elderly uncle or aunt will tell us that the easiest way to alienate the budding affections of nephew or niece is to be patronizing. Kindness is the most difficult quality to manifest because it demands the essence of sympathy. To be truly kind we must feel ourselves genuinely to be of the same kind. To assert at the outset that the alien has at last, to his eternal good fortune, set foot upon the soil of God's own country is not to be kind: for it implies by comparison that the countries from which the aliens originated were deserted of God in the times of men's wickedness, and unequivocally surrendered to the devil—an imputation which even the sorriest stranger feels tempted to resent. We are forgetting that that stranger sprang from a soil which, ill nourished and blood-stained as it may very well be, was his soil and went into his making, and that the childhood of his race and of his generation—those years in which his whole future was by origin to lie—was spent among its treasures and its promises. We cannot, in a word, expect to be loved or even to be believed when we protest that that soil was damned.

But there are others, besides those offspring of a humbly born caste, who need America's sympathetic understanding even more. They are men of breeding

and education, bearers of names that have been associated with and prominent among the roster of famous names in business and war and politics, men of poise and position and heritage, who come to this great land in commerce or finance or the ministry or the faculty of teaching or one of the thousand pursuits of the gentleman. They come expecting the best. They bring with them something that is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—the tradition of family and country and race, fostered in them with loving care for generation after generation, and they do not expect to be asked to change that tradition; but rather to find in America the expression of it at its highest. They anticipate at least an affectionate understanding of all the sanctities and humanities and spiritualities that have meant life to the old country that gave them birth. Those influences are no transient accidents. They are the breathless realities that make a man what he is. The King, cricket, the Gordon Highlanders, Eton, the charge of the Light Brigade, Rudyard Kipling, Piccadilly Circus, Sir Walter Raleigh—moulded into a million shapes and marked with a million dies and poured out through a million words and glances and mannerisms; yes, and consecrated with a million deaths of sacrifice and heroism: can a man treat such immensities lightly? Must not a man expect that all the world will treat such immensities as sacred? A man may expect anything—that is his privilege: he will be disappointed—that is his second birth.

There is no more pathetic figure in our midst than that of the alien Englishman who has not arrived on our shores until his formative period is over. A casual observer will not know that there is anything pathetic about him—for the Englishman scorns to wear his heart on his sleeve. Very often he is not actually aware himself that he is pathetic, for as a race the English are not overburdened with imagination, as the novelist noted who made the comment that Adam and Eve, before the fall, were probably English. But look at him in any society of men—in the club, at the dinner-party, in the office—especially when he is surrounded by a crowd of American college men. He is a usurper, an outcast. He



has no friends—for never in later life do we admit a fellow being of the same sex into that close intimacy of friendship in which lies the faith of youth; he has no common associations, no power of lasting intercourse. These others started life in America when they were conceived—or as long before that as the stretch of their American forefathers; the Englishman started it when he was eighteen or twenty or twenty-three. And he can never catch up. It is not only that he lacks the friends of youth, but also that all the recollections which partnership in a particular school or college inevitably produce—the most precious treasures of later life—have faded into nothingness. Of course he is frequently a failure, as much in business as in conversation. Where is the common denominator which will grant him a possible equality? These others have family connection, financial and industrial and social capital; people hear their names, and some one, at least, knows who they are. With him life is a career and an education rolled into one, crammed into a space of years hardly competent to contain the career alone. Is it any wonder that the Englishman feels that the pressure of circumstances is against him—and, as often as not, gives up the struggle?

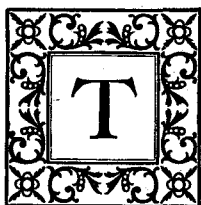
Together with his birthright he has lost his childhood. Therefore we say that the alien has no childhood. For, whatever might have been his inalienable privilege to glory in the sun, that glory lives now only in the company of those he played with and those he loved in the golden days. And those he has lost. Nothing can bring again the hot tears, the divine melancholies, the hopes and fears and dreams of the years that made him what he is, save those with whom he kissed and cried and prayed. Walter Pater is speaking of the eternal glamour of childhood when he says: "The realities and passions, the rumors of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passageway, through the wall of custom about us, and never afterward quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences—our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily

pain, for instance—belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation—that little white room with the windows across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings; and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; and, irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents—the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow—become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound." The nostalgia of death—the desire to go back and lie with one's fathers in the tomb—is not confined to Oriental races. Homer tells us how the soul of the lad Elpenor, killed by accident, entreats Ulysses to "fix my oar over my grave, the oar I rowed with when I lived, when I went with my companions." So it is with us. Our instinctive longing is to renew our childhood even in the shadows where we shall find the ones we played with and have lost.

We aliens who have learned to know and love America want you to understand us. For the good name of our country and for its happiness we want to join you in making this a land in which sympathy is the readiest and most welcoming virtue, that those who come to us may forget, as quickly as may be, the pain it was to part with half their lives. And this can never be unless you are willing to think and speak in the terms of childhood—to remember what it would mean to you if every face and form and tangible means of recollection and power of visualizing what life was like when you were young were suddenly taken from you, and the chart of life were laid before you bare and white and separate and unintelligible. The toys of childhood are sometimes expensive and elaborate and sometimes cheap and tawdry; but our young discrimination often loved the latter before the former. Our childhood was perhaps spent almost exclusively among more tawdry things than yours—but that does not mean that we loved them any the less. Your childhood is with you still—ours is gone. Try to be even more kind to us because it is gone.

# Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



THE invitation to write something about Her Majesty, the Queen of the Netherlands, in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coronation, is one which I welcome as a personal admirer and friend. Yet it carries with it a certain embarrassment arising from the fact that I have been American Minister at The Hague.

Diplomacy, to be successful, must be open and frank. But it ought not to be inconsiderate. Even after a minister has retired from his post he has no right to publish confidential matters. The rule of "the mahogany-tree" and the rose which hangs above it, still should bind him. Otherwise his successor will not be received into that confidence which is necessary to a real understanding of human affairs. Yet within these limits of propriety there may be room for me to write what I honestly think and feel about the reigning sovereign of Holland, the country of my forefathers.

She is a true scion of the liberty-loving House of Orange, a lady of the finest Dutch type (which is both simple and highly accomplished), democratic in her principles and refined in her tastes. Moreover she is, in my opinion, the ablest and most intelligent crowned head in Europe. (This statement covers also the time before the crowns began to fall.)

Wilhelmina - Hélène - Pauline - Marie, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, was born on August 31, 1880, at The Hague. In 1890, on the death of her father, William III, she succeeded to the royal title, under the regency of her mother Emma, Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, a lady of pure gold,—simple, wise, and sweet as a Puritan mother,—beloved by all the people.

In 1898 the little Queen, being then eighteen years young, with a profile like a Ghirlandajo portrait, had her coronation in the *Groote Kerk* of Amsterdam. The royal girl took the crown in her own hands and put it on her fair head, vowing to render true service to God and to her people. That vow she has kept.

The coronation, with its double homage to an ancestral crown and to a pure and beautiful girl, was an occasion of immense enthusiasm in Holland, and general romantic sympathy throughout the civilized world. Everybody who believed in womanhood sat up and took an interest. I remember that the Holland Society of New York sent a long, historic-sentimental address, (in which I had a hand,) to congratulate the Queen on her accession to the throne.

Then began, for this young girl, the twofold task of a real queen: first, to hold the helm of the ship of state, and guide her country in peace and safety; second, to provide an heir of the House of Orange-Nassau, to which the people of the Netherlands were attached by such historic, patriotic, indissoluble bonds.

Married in 1901, to Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg, four years her senior, the young Queen was faithful to her double duty as ruler and as woman. Of the extraordinary series of accidents—an attack of typhoid fever, a runaway pair of horses, a fall on a steep stairway—which time and again frustrated her maternal hopes, there is no need to speak. Women understand the perils and the heroism of motherhood. If men forget, so much the worse for them.

During this period the Queen was necessarily somewhat withdrawn from public life. People said she was getting proud, exclusive, aristocratic. Shallow public judgment! In reality she was suffering for them.