

and only parish, even though it was a mere village. His equally able son settled in a village a few miles away, and a grandson came back to the old pulpit when his grandfather stepped out. That might have continued indefinitely, but the cityward drift began. The able grandson was called to a large church in a small city. His son, growing up there, felt the call of science. He became a professor of chemistry in a big university in a town of a hundred thousand people. His son, in turn, grew up as a city boy, became an engineer, entered business, made a great success, moved to New York, and is a valued leader. Thus a man who in the rural stage of social organization was a moral leader has now become a material leader. He may be just as able as his grandfather, he may do wonderful work in the organization of huge enterprises for commerce, manufacturing, and transportation, and his brother may produce marvellous pictures, dramas, or symphonies. But their efforts are not directed toward the improvement of human character to any such degree as were those of their grandfathers. If other grandsons of the country minister were keeping up the old standards of moral and religious leadership and of education and science, no harm would be done. In fact, the world would be much better off, because

all types of progress would be well developed. But the cityward drift causes a decline in the relative number of able men, and it is the ethical professions which suffer most from this. Where the old minister of the village church had six children who survived to adult life, his chemist son has only four, and his engineer grandson only two. But somebody has to take the lead. If there are not enough young men of the high moral type descended from the country minister, the leadership will pass to men of baser descent, whose training has been along lines of selfishness instead of altruism.

But all this is neither here nor there for the moment. What we are interested in is the general law which seems to be so clearly epitomized in our little table from "Who's Who." Does this indicate that the processes of the rise and fall of civilization are going on with such rapidity that in three generations we have passed from the pioneer stage to the end of the golden era? Does the sifting power of cities serve as one of the great means whereby the objectives and achievements of a country change from generation to generation? Will a study of this sifting power and of modern migrations to the city enable us to understand history more clearly and change our course to avoid the pitfalls that seem so imminent?

Four Walls

BY STRUTHERS BURT

THE four walls of loveliness have never shut me in,
For where the four walls would have closed one has empty been,
A north wall of horizons turretless and thin.

The edifice I sought to build has never held me guest,
For when I turned toward the east I felt the blowing west,
And the tramping white of mountains broke the sunrise with unrest.

Never I carved me doors so stout, hid and blind of keys,
But the hand of spray made a fumbling like the knocking of the trees,
And the east wall went crashing down with the memory of seas.

I have kissed my love in the courtyard in the dim hour of the moth,
And over her shoulder my southern wall sank as I touched her mouth,
And my heart was heavy for something sweet in the hot and fierce south.

The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise

BY J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN



WHEN those evangelists of Northern civilization, ever since known as carpet-baggers, came South in the middle sixties, one of their first moves in the direction of transplanting New England culture was to establish among the newly freed negroes branches of the Union League, the well-known secret society established in 1862 to foster Union sentiment in the North. Long ago it became clearly apparent that the purity of their motives was open to question—to phrase it euphemistically—and the immediate results of their activity were anything but good. Yet, at long range, they builded better than they knew. Moved by selfish political considerations as they were, they laid the foundations, nevertheless, of a social institution of immeasurable importance for the good of the negro. Upon it they erected a rotten, flimsy, and evilly designed structure which soon collapsed. But the foundation remained, and on it to-day rests that rather imposing social edifice, The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

For then and there began a movement which has never stopped, but, gathering speed like a snowball—no play on words intended—rolling down a steep incline, it has, like the snowball, increased mightily as it rolled. And while the league has providentially perished, like old John Brown (who did so much to cause its foundation), its “soul goes marching on.” To-day in the South the most significant social influence among the negroes is the system of secret fraternal orders, the lodges, which furnish satisfaction to almost innumerable urgent needs of the colored population and which remind the observer of a bunch of lilies which found

their origin in dark, miry, and evil-looking soil.

Not that there is any organic connection between the present-day lodges and the Union League of detested memory. But a real connection, nevertheless, exists. It was the Union League which made every Afro-American a potential “joiner,” for at that time there was in existence in the South no other secret society for negroes, and those in charge sought to make its membership coincide exactly with the adult male negro population, and did not fall far short of success. Auxiliaries were also often established for women. The idea thus planted took firm root and thus paved the way for the interesting development which the intervening years have witnessed.

To the casual observer, or to the humorously inclined, the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise may seem founded on the same basis on which rest lodges innumerable of white Americans—that submerged, subconscious desire to overcome an inferiority complex, to scratch an itch for glory, for public honors, however cheap and common, for titles high-sounding enough to reduce to the commonplace the most gaudy of those attached to ruling potentates of the Old World, and for loud raiment. Not so is the case of Afro-American fraternal orders. They rest primarily on a solid foundation of definite and practical social and economic need. Such frills as uniforms, titles, and fraternal grandiloquence are not ignored, of course; on the contrary, they are valued highly by dark-skinned Babbitts, and they are used for all they are worth. It must be said in fairness that the negro, on the whole, gets away with this sort of thing much better than do the whites. Somehow, it fits him better. But they are, after all,