Looking back now I know that the crash which in 1906 split the McClure crowd was inevitable. Neither Mr. McClure nor Mr. Phillips, the two essential factors in the creation, could have done other than he did. The points at issue were fundamental, each man acted according to an inner something which made him what he was, something he could not violate.

The struggle went on for some six months and no two men ever tried more honestly to adjust their differences, but they were irreconcilable. It came to a point where one or another must sell his interest in the concern. It was Mr. McClure who bought out his partner, but McClure's Magazine had suffered a shock from which it was never to recover - it is now only a name.

When it was decided that Mr. Phillips was to leave several members of the editorial staff - Ray Stannard Baker - Lincoln Steffens - John Siddell and the efficient young managing editor Albert Boyden and I resigned. We could not see the Magazine without Mr. Phillips.

The day we left the office, then on Twenty Third Street near Fourth Avenue, several of us went together to Madison Square and sat on a bench talking over our future. We were derelicts without a job.

But not for long