CHAPTER X

RE-DISCOVERING MY COUNTRY

The four years I put in on the Life of Abraham Lincoln did more than provide me with a continuing interest. They aroused my flagging sense that I had a country, that its problems were my problems. This sense had been strong in my years on The Chautauquan, but the period following had dimmed it. Now I was beginning to ask myself why we had gone the way we had since the Civil War. Was there not enough of suffering and of nobility in that calamity to quiet the greed and ambitions of men, to soften their hates, to arouse in them the will to follow Lincoln's last counsels - "Malice toward none, charity for all" - "do all which you may to achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." But greed and hate and indifference to the suffering and rights of others had been rampant since the war. Did war as a method of righting wrongs so loosen the controls which man in times of peace establishes over himself that he is incapable of exercising the charity, the peaceful adjustments for which Lincoln called? Was there always after war an after-resolution, an unescapable crop of corruption, of thirst to punish and humiliate and exploit the conquered? Must men go back where they had started, go back with controls weakened and burdened with

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a load of new and unexpected problems? True, this war had ended slavery as a recognized institution, given the black man legal freedom, but how about opportunity, discipline for freedom? And then again was a war necessary to destroy slavery? Was it not already doomed? Lincoln thought so. Doomed because it was showing itself unsound economically as well as because it outraged man's sense of justice and humanity. And how about the effect of this war on Democracy? Were the problems it loosened less threatening to Democratic ideals than slavery had been? Were they not possibly a more subtle form of slavery, more dangerous because less obvious?

A nice box of problems to tease me as I worked on Lincoln's life and out of the corner of the eye watched what was going on in the country. The number of things in America I was beginning to want to find out about was certainly dimming the things in France I had wanted to find out about. Unquestionably these new interests were helping to wean me from the plan on which I had settled. The process was painful. More than once I told myself that the sacrifice of my ambitions, of my love for Paris, for my friends there, was too much to ask of myself. I could never replace those interest and associations; but I was replacing them and suffering as I realized what was happening, revolting, that nothing in my life seemed to last, to be carried through. By nature I was faithful. To give my time to new friends, neglect old ones in spite of never forgetting them, as I never did, was disloyal. I was beginning to repeat dolefully as well as more and more cynically, "Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe."

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Washington was helping in my weaning. The city as I knew it in the 1890's is lost in the Washington of the 1930's. The pivots on which it swings, the Capitol, the White House, were there then to be sure. So was the Washington Monument, but they stood by themselves, the nearby flanking unpretentious, often squalid. Today they are almost lost in the piles of marble heaped about them to accommodate the ambitions and creations of the last frantic twenty years. The town has stretched unbelievably to the Northwest. Where once I knew wide lawns, wooded tracks, pleasant walks, are now acres upon acres of apartment houses and hotels. They have engulfed the delightful Woodley Lane where my friends the Hubbards lived in summer and they have changed no less the quarter in which their fine town house stood - Connecticut Avenue where it merges into Dupont Circle. Great houses were only just beginning then to find their way into the Circle. George Westinghouse had built there, so had Mrs. Leiter of Chicago. Old Washingtonians sniffed at their houses and their ways, laughed at Mrs. Leiter's "spinal stair case" as she was said to call it and professed disgust at Mrs. Westinghouse's reported white velvet table cloths. They resented the invasion of rich women attracted by the social possibilities of a diplomatic circle, of rich men attracted by the field for lobbying furnished by a Congressional Circle.

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But of this side of Washington I saw nothing. My social life was shaped largely by the continued kindness of Mr. & Mrs. Hubbard. I had become almost one of the family, was freely invited to meet their friends. Their circle was wide, including diplomates and statesmen and eminent visitors, though its core was the large group of distinguished scientists which made up the working forces of the Smithsonian Institute, the Agricultural Department, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Observatory. An important group they were and nobody in town appreciated them more or took more pains to show his appreciation than Mr. Hubbard. Naturally the center of this group was Alexander Graham Bell married to the Hubbard's daughter, Mabel.

The Bells lived across the Avenue from the Hubbards, and I soon had the good fortune to be welcomed there, a great privilege for both Mr. & Mrs. Bell were rare persons. Mrs. Bell's story is well known, but it was only in seeing her with her husband and daughters that one could realize what a fine intellect and what an unspoiled and courageous character she had. Deaf and dumb from infancy Mr. Hubbard had determined to open life to her. Among the teachers of speech he brought to her was a young man then at Harvard - Alexander Graham Bell. Under his tutelage she made rapid strides and the two young people learned to love one another. At that time Mr. Bell was giving his

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nights to trying to "make iron talk." I once heard Mr. Hubbard say that when he found Mr. Bell had made iron talk ~~he carried his point,~~ he told him he must develop his telephone to a practical point or he could not have Mabel. Probably no other argument would have persuaded Alexander Graham Bell for he was the type of inventor whose interest flags when he has solved his problem. Let somebody else take care of the development. He would be off on a new voyage of discovery.

At the time I came into the circle Mr. Bell was, I think, the handsomest and certainly the most striking figure in Washington. It was amusing to hear people discussing who was the handsomest man in town. There were various candidates - General Miles, General Greeley, General John Foster, but while I conceded they all had their points no one of them had the distinction of Alexander Graham Bell, and no one of them certainly had the gay boyish appetite for what he found good in life. He was more like Massa Henry Watterson in that than anybody I have ever known, though the activities and interests of the two were utterly different.

Mr. Bell's plan of living was modelled to suit himself. Often he slept through the day when interruptions naturally came and the telephone most often rang! If restless at night he played the piano. Mrs. Bell could not hear and the rest of the family being young and devoted were never disturbed. He was up and began his day around four to six. Often there were

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guests for dinner, for everybody of note the world over who came to Washington wanted to meet him. On Wednesdays after dinner there usually gathered a group of scientists and public men to talk things over. Mr. Bell was something to see at these dinners and gatherings, the finest social impresario I ever saw in action, so welcoming, appreciative, eager, receptive. I thought then I had never seen anybody so generous about what others were doing. He loved to draw out great stories of adventure and discovery and would silence all talkers when once such narrating was started. Partly this was because of Mrs. Bell, his intense desire that she enjoy everything that was going on, and she did thanks to the intelligent devotion of her daughters, Elsie and Marian, the first now the wife of Gilbert Grosvenor, one of the founders and the present editor of the Geographic Magazine, the second the wife of David Fairchild, botanist and explorer, the organizer of the Bureau of the Agriculture Department now known as Foreign Plant Introduction, two men to whom the public owe big debts for services.

The most distinguished member of this Washington group of scientists after Mr. Bell was Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, the head of the Smithsonian Institute, at that time agonizing over the problem of flying.

When I first met Dr. Langley in 1894 he was working on his air runner or aerodrome, a machine which, as I gathered from the talk I heard and did not too well understand, was to run on the air as an engine does on rails. He finally came

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out with a machine weighing about twenty five pounds made up of a pair of rigid wings, twelve to fifteen feet across, and an engine which weighed not over seven pounds. It had cost him four years work to develop the engine to that lightness. But would it fly? Could it be launched? Attempts were made from a house boat down the river. These experiments were carried on with the utmost secrecy for Dr. Langley was a taciturn man, proud, dignified, always awesome to me. He knew that there was a public that thought him a little touched in the head and wondered that the Government kept him as director of a great national institution, a man who held the crazy notion that one day people would fly, and who was willing to give his days and nights to proving it.

Dr. Bell took the most genuine and enthusiastic interest in Dr. Langley's experiments, was always present I think when an attempt to launch the air runner was made. I recall his disappointment when it fell, his rejoicing when it did finally fly. This was one day in May of 1896. I have heard him tell how suddenly the air runner rose to one hundred feet and flew in a big circle. It did not fall but made a perfect landing. Again it was launched and again it flew, and this time it went over the land and over the tree tops, came back to the river and when its power was exhausted settled quietly on the water.

Inside that little circle at Dr. Bell's there was the consciousness of a great discovery, a certain solemnity

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that again it had been proved that labor, training, thought, patience, faith are not in vain.

Mr. McClure was as excited as any one of the Washington group over the news. He must immediately have an article from Dr. Langley himself and I was commissioned to get it. I think perhaps it was a little strain on Dr. Langley's goodwill to have a young woman come to him and say, "Now we want the whole story of how you have done this thing, what it means, but no scientific jargon please, we want it told in language so simple that I can understand it, for if I can understand it all the world can," which knowing me he probably knew was true. He consented and I had the privilege of talking with him occasionally about the article, of reading what he did and saying when necessary, "I don't see quite what this or that means," of seeing him docily making it clear enough for me to understand. A year after the Langley contraption first flew we had in McClure's Magazine the whole story.

As a reward for my persistent effort to see that article come out to his satisfaction he gave me what I think he considered the greatest treat he could give his friends. He took me to the Rock Creek Zoo after the crowds had gone and with the help of the director, Dr. Baker, made the kangaroo jump and the hyena laugh.

But the public interest in his air runner, the fresh honors that now came to him did but little to wipe out the bitterness that ridicule had stirred in Dr. Langley. ———

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"There was a time," he said as he was going to England to take a degree which Oxford University, I believe it was, was giving him, "there was a time when I should have been glad of this. It means little now." Yet he had his moments of strong emotion. Rarely have I ever been more moved than at a dinner at Mr. Hubbard's soon after the Turco Greek War began in 1897. A half dozen men of seventy or thereabouts were at the table among them Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Major Powell, Edward Everett Hale and Dr. Langley. They talked only of Greece and her helplessness before the Turk. They recalled the wave of sympathy which in their boyhood swept over the country when the Turk attacked Greece. It was to Greece, said Senator Hoar,, that he first gave money of his own, a long treasured twenty five cent piece. Dr. Hale and Dr. Langley fell to quoting Byron. Their voices shook as they declaimed,

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece

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Earth render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae."

"It was Byron," said Dr. Langley with an emotion of which I had thought him incapable, "who first stirred in me an enthusiasm for man's struggles for freedom, with a desire to join those who fight for it." He thought Byron first opened England's eyes to her duty to the oppressed of the continent of

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Europe and at the same time opened the eyes of the continent to the love of liberty, the sympathy with the helpless in English literature. Certainly here was a Dr. Langley I had never before glimpsed.

This was not all of Washington I was seeing. As In Paris I set aside time for learning the city. How new thin and young and awkward Washington seemed compared with the exhaustless life and treasurers of Paris. Here was none of that wisdom of experience, that subtile cynicism that pity and patience with men which made Paris like a great human being to me. Nor were there here the ripe charm of old palaces, quaint streets, hidden corners. Everything was new, sprawling in the open. But if Washington had little to offer but promise it had that in abundance, and it did not know its own lacks. It was too full of pride in what it had done since John Adams moved into the White House and Congress into the Capital. And then I had a problem to think about - the Washington Lincoln knew and I went about with him from White House to War Department, up to the Congress, down to the Arsenal, into this and that hospital, up to the Soldiers' Home, over to Arlington. The pain and tragedy behind almost every step he took in the town dignified its unfinished streets, gave a meaning and a sanctity to its rawness. By such steps I told myself did Paris come through the Centuries to be what she is.

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But I did more than follow Lincoln about. I wanted to know the Washington of thirty years after Lincoln, and so I went to the Capitol when debates promised excitement, and I missed no great official show. When McKinley's inauguration came in 1896 I arranged to see it all. Once I told myself will do forever for an inauguration, as it has. I began after breakfast and did not stop until the Inaugural Ball was far on its way. A fine colorful sight-seeing experience, leaving a series of pictures which have never quite faded. Years later one of these pictures brought me a curious bit of minor political history. I was trying to persuade Richard Olney to write the story of the Venezuela message for McClure's and remarked that the first time I met him was at the McKinley Inaugural Ball. To my surprise he flushed.

"Outgoing Cabinet members are not expected to attend the Inaugural Ball of a new president," he said. (I hadn't known that or of course I should not have spoken) "But there was a reason for my presence. General Miles, then head of the Army, had come to me to say that there were rumors of an attempt on McKinley's life." 'Suppose that both he and Hobart should be assassinated before a new cabinet is appointed,' "he said," 'you would be acting president. You must go to the Ball, walk with Mrs. McKinley, and stay until the end.' "I didn't like the idea but General Miles insisted, so I went, but the new president walked with his wife and I had to hang around, conscious that more than one Republican was saying, 'What's Olney doing here?'"

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What was behind General Miles' precaution I never knew. The lives of presidents are always in danger even in what we are pleased to call normal times, there being always plenty of grievances, real and fancied, to be squared. At the moment of the McKinley inauguration the despair and bitterness of many radicals over the defeat of Bryan were outspoken. The experience of the country with assassinations in the thirty preceding years had been alarming. A man in General Miles' position charged with the safety of the heads of the government must keep in mind all possibilities. It would, of course, have been easy to assassinate the president and vice-president at the Ball. Given clever and derermined conspirators there would have been a chance to seize the government while a new president was being elected. But with a determined man like Olney on the ground, backed by a watchful and sufficient military guard scattered through the great Patent Office where the Ball was held, a temporary government could have been formed while the murderer was being manicled.

How General Miles would have enjoyed such a coup! In the first years of McKinley's administration I came to know him well, another one of the friendly acquaintances made in carrying out the varied tasks that came my way in my position as a contributing editor of McClure's Magazine. For several years popular interest in military affairs had been growing. There were several reasons:- doubt of the efficiency of our army; talk of revolution, and particularly our strained

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relations with Spain.

Interest was still further excited in 1896 by the outbreak of the Graeco-Turkish War, which starting as a skirmish soon grew until it looked as if it might involve all Southeastern Europe, perhaps England, Russia. Obviously we should have an observer over there and so in May General Miles and a staff started for the field. He studied the military organization of Turkey and of Greece, watched the armies lined up for battle, saw the end of the war. From Greece he and his staff went to London to represent the United States at Queen Victoria' Jubilee. Following that great show, he had attended the autumn manoeuvers of the greatest of then existing armies, those of Russia, Germany and France.

Mr. McClure thought there was an important story in General Miles' observations and I was commissioned to get it. But General Miles willing and glad as he was to tell of his European experiences - he had never been abroad before - wanted to tell only of the sights he had seen, sights which had nothing to do with armies, their equipment and their manoeuvers. All that was shop for him. "They'll think I didn't see anything but soldiers and guns," he growled, "think I'm not interested in history and art. People don't know how wonderful Pompeii is and I would like to tell them. A lot of them never heard of Alexander's sarcophagus, finest thing I ever saw. There are countries that would pay a million dollars to get it and there's the Parthenon and Moscow and the Tower of London and the

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Louvre. There are the things I want to write about." And he was preparing to do it as I saw by the stack of Baedekers, the volumes of the Brittanica, the pamphlets and travel books on his desk. It took all my tact and patience to persuade the General that whatever his interest, ours were centered only on military Europe.

In the course of this distasteful task I came to have a real liking for General Miles. He was as kindly and courteous a gentleman as I have ever known, and certainly the vainest. One of the real disappointments of his European visit was that the American uniform was so severe. There were hundreds of lesser ranks than himself on parade with three times the gold braid he was allowed. When it came to the Queen's Jubilee he revolted and had special epaulets designed. I was at Headqumrters the day they arrived from London and nothing would do but I must see them. He ordered the box opened, disappeared into an inner office and came back arrayed in all the glory the American Army allowed him.

I was working on the Miles' articles when On February 16, 1898 the Maine blew up in the Havana Harbor. As no message came cancelling my appointment with General Miles that morning I presented myself as usual though with some misgiving for it seemed as if the very air of Washington stood still. At Headquarters there was a hush on everything, but the routine went on as usual. As we worked an orderly would come in with the latest report - "Two hundred fifty three unaccounted for, two

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officers missing, ship in six fathoms of water only her mast visible, Sir." Then a second report, "All but four officers gone, Sir, and there are two hundred women up in the Navy Department." (The Army and Navy were in the same building in 1898.)

The General made no comment, but every now and then blew his nose violently, while his smart Chief of Staff, a gallant simple-minded officer with a bullet hole in his cheek kept saying to himself, "Ain't it a pity. My Jove, ain't it a pity."

Through the two months between the blowing up of the Maine and the declaration of war I vacillated between hope that the president would succeed in preventing a war and fear that the savage cries coming from the Hill would be too much for him, as they were in the end. I honestly believed then as I do now that he was doing his best and this in spite of the fact that my heart was hot with resentment for what I considered his cowardly desertion of my Poland friends in 1893.

McKinley was patient, collected, surprisingly determined. Everybody indeed in the departments where the brunt must fall if war came seemed steady to me, as I watched things in my frequent visits to General Miles' Headquarters. Everybody was at his post, everybody except Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He tore up and down the wide marble halls of the War and Navy Building "like a boy on roller skates," a

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disgusted observer growled. More than once he burst into General Miles' office with an excited question, an excited counsel. Already he was busy preparing his Rough Riders for the war to be if he had his way. Already he saw himself an important unit in an invading army.

I remember this because it shocked me more than anything else I was noting. What chance had government in peace or war if men did not stay on their jobs? Was not fidelity to the trust committed to you a first obligation, and if you felt as Theodore Roosevelt evidently did that he was needed in the Army, did not good manners if nothing else require resignation? I was very severe on him in 1897, the more so because he had bitterly disappointed me in 1884 when he had refused to go along with the mugwumps in the revolt against Prohibitive Protection, refused and gone along with my particular political abomination, Henry Cabot Lodge. I had not been able to reconcile myself to him even when as a Police Commissioner of New York City he made his hearty and effective fight on the town's corruption, ~~a fight which I admired but I felt the old disappointment~~.

The steadiness of General Miles and staff in the weeks between the blowing up of the Maine and the breaking out of war with Spain raised my respect for Army training as much as Roosevelt's excited goings on antagonized me. At the same time my contempt for the out-pouring of Congress in a

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crisis was modified by almost daily association with one of its oldest members, the Senator from Massachusetts, George Frisbie Hoar.

When I had decided in 1894 that sufficient materials were at hand in Washington for the sketch McClure's wanted to go with Gardiner Hubbard's Napoleon portraits I went to live at a boarding house on I Street between Nineth and Tenth recommended by Mrs. Hubbard, chiefly because Senator and Mrs. Hoar lived there. The neighborhood had been not so long before one of the desirable residential sections of the town, but business and fashion were pushing well-to-do residents into Connecticut and Massachusetts Avenues, into Dupont Circle and beyond. The fine old brown stone houses left behind were being used by trade and occasionally by owners, whose incomes had been cut or destroyed, as rooming or boarding houses. The head of the house into which I was received was a Mrs. Patterson, the widow of a once distinguished Washington physician. She and her daughter Elizabeth made of their home one of the most comfortable and delightful living places into which I had ever dropped. Such food! And best of all the Senator. # At this time Senator Hoar was close to seventy years of age. He had been in Congress for twenty six consecutive years, seventeen of them in the Senate, and everybody knew that as long as he lived Massachusetts Rebpublicans would insist on returning him. He embodied all the virtues of the classic New Englander and few of the vices.

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His loyalty was granite-ribbed; he revered the Constitution and all the institutions born and reared under it. He was proud of the United States, but his heart belonged to Massachusetts. In his mouth the name took on a beauty and an emotion which never ceased to stir me - Westerner that I was.

Combined with his patriotic loyalties was a passionate devotion to classic literature - Greek, Roman, English. He knew yards of Homer and Virgil, as well as of the greatest of the early English writers and not infrequently at our Sunday morning breakfasts he would repeat long passages in his sonorous voice. This was the one hour in the week when the Senator laid aside all formality and became our entertainer. He never spoiled things by opinions on current events, but poured forth daily whatever came into his mind. We were a good audience, willing to sit until noon if he would talk. He claimed that it was Mrs. Patterson's codfish balls and coffee that put to flight all his cares and loosened his tongue. That Patterson Sunday morning breakfast was enough to put gaiety into any heart. Senator Hoar had already celebrated it in a widely circulated letter to a Pennsylvania editor who attacked him for never having done a stroke of useful work in his life and, what greatly amused the Senator, living in Washington on "champagne and terrapin."

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"My dear man," he wrote the irate critic, "your terrapin is all in my eye, very little in my mouth. The chief carnal luxury of my life is in breakfasting every Sunday morning with an orthodox friend, a lady who has a rare gift for making fish balls and coffee. You unfortunate and benighted Pennsylvanians can never know the exquisite flavor of the codfish, salted, made into balls and eaten on a Sunday morning by a person whose theology is sound, and who believes in all the five points of Calvinism. I am myself but an unworthy heretic, but I am of Puritan stock, of the seventh generation, and there is vouchsafed to me, also, some share of that ecstasy and a dim glimpse of that beatific vision. Be assured, my benighted Pennsylvania friend, that in that hour when the week begins, all the terrapin of Philadelphia or Baltimore and all the soft-shelled crabs of the Atlantic shore might pull at my trouser legs and thrust themselves on my notice in vain."

As we all knew Senator Hoar had no money for "champagne and terrapin." He had sacrificed his law practice to public service, "getting a little poorer year by year." As a matter of fact he had no interest in making money. I never saw him more irritated than after taking a difficult case for which he was to get a fee of twenty five thousand or thirty thousand dollars.

"Earning money is hateful to me," he said, "never in all my life before have I undertaken a thing I did not

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want to do simply for money. Some things I like to do, believe that I can do better than I could do anything else. I never was such a donkey before. There are so many things I long to do, one of them is to learn Italian well enough to read Dante and Boccaccio and Ariosto in the original and I want to commit Homer to memory. I would like to have my head packed with Greek.'

The Senator's Sunday morning talks were rich with anecdotes of New England types. He had his antipathies - Margaret Fuller Ossoli was one of them. He used to tell the story of an old Concord Doctor who was called up in the night by a quavering voice outside his window asking, "Doctor, how much camfire can a body drink without its killing 'em?" 'Who drunk it?' "he asked?" "Margaret Fuller." 'A peck,' snapped the Doctor, shutting his window with a bang."

Dr. Mary Walker, who in her rather shabby man's attire was a familiar figure in those days, was a particular abomination. She made him "creepy" he said. Simply to mention her I found would dry up his talk. But the mention of Jonathan Edwards' name although he particularly detested him always loosened his tongue. "He was an inhuman cuss," he said one morning. "There is a true story of his riding through Northampton with a slave boy whom he had just bought tied to a cord and trotting behind the horse. 'Is thee doing as thee would be done by?' "a woman of his faith called him, and Edwards said, 'I'll answer you some other time.'"

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Senator Hoar rather enjoyed calling a man whose acts he disliked by hard names. Indeed he very much enjoyed salty words generally and one morning ably defended them. "Dammit" is a useful word. "It eases one's feelings." He also put up a strong argument for "Whoppers". "They were," he contended, "a valuable weapon with the impertinent and the imbecile." There was much boyish mischief in him. He greatly admired our wholesome big-hearted Elizabeth, daughter of the house, her common sense and her gaiety and loved to pinch her plump arm. He did it in presence of us all and in spite of Mrs. Hoar's reproaches. "Do you know, Elizabeth," he said one evening as he followed us up the stairs from the dining room, "that it has taken nineteen hundred years of Christian civilization to produce a man who does not pinch a girl's pretty ankle when she is going up stairs ahead of him."

In July 1898 after Congress had adjourned Senator Hoar made up a party for a trip through Berkshire and I had the good fortune to be asked to join it. I had heard him talk much of Berkshire, of his walking trips there in Harvard days with his favorite classmate, Francés Child. "As great a man at seventeen when he entered college," he said, "as when he died. A real genius." From the moment our little caravan left his home at Worcester the trip was like champagne to him. Trees, grave yards, epitaphs, views, the homes of the honored in this day and past days kept him busy. There was the Sheffield elm

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which we must stop to measure, the grave of Mumbet with the inscription his favorite Catharine Sedgwick had written for it; there was the best view of the Sleeping Napoleon on Cedar Mountain - this for me - then we must spend the night at a certain inn on Mount Washington to give Elizabeth plenty of time to look up family graves and records. Her father had been born on Mount Washington, which was one of many reasons why the Senator admired her. He went with her to look up the graves and returning late said, "If we had not feared you would wait supper we would have stayed and been buried there."

I have certainly never known anyone for whom life at seventy was more joyous and full. He hated weakness, as well as everything that impaired his dignity, his self-reliance. He was a true untouchable and would fall into a rage if friend or stranger offered to assist him. "Unhand me," he thundred at a street car conductor, who one day seized his arm to help him up the steps, and his wrath lasted until he had told us about the indignity at the dinner table. On this Berkshire trip a little accident happened to him which caused an explosion of the same nature. We were at an inn in the mountains and after dinner had gone on to the lawn. The Senator was sitting on a rustic bench which gave away, turned him on his back, feet in the air. We all ran to assist him but were stopped in our tracks by a stentorian voice which roared, "I decline to be assisted."

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But this was the Senator on a vacation, the Senator of our Sunday morning's breakfast. Take him when public affairs were in a serious tangle and he was glum, unapproachable. He suffered deeply over the trend to imperialism after the Spanish American War. To save Cuba from the maladministration of Spain, to watch over her until she had learned to govern herself seemed to him a noble expression of Americanism, but to annex lands on the other side of the globe for commercial purposes only as he believed was to be false to all our ideals. He had the early American conviction that minding one's own business was even more important abroad than at home. He wanted no entangling alliances, and in those days following the treaty of Paris he feared as never before for the country. Certainly there were far fewer Sunday morning breakfast table talks. His greatest speech against the advancing imperialism was made in April of 1900. At the head of the printed copy of his speech distributed by the Senate he placed these sentences:-

"No right under the Constitution to hold Subject States. To every People belongs the right to establish its own government in its own way. The United States can not with honor buy the title of a dispossessed tyrant, or crush a Republic."

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I was learning something of what responsibility means for a man charged with public service, of the clash of personalities, of ambitions, judgments, ideals. And it was not long before I was saying to myself, as I had not for years, you are a part of this Democratic system they are trying to make work. Is it not your business to use your profession to serve it? But how? That was clearly now my problem. I could not run away to a foreign land where I was a mere spectator. Indeed, I was beginning to suspect that one great attraction of France was that there I had no responsibility as a citizen. I must give up Paris. Between Lincoln and the Spanish-American War I realized I was taking on a citizenship I had practically resigned.

The War had done something to McClure's as well as to me. In all its earlier years its ambition had been to be a wholesome, enlivening, informing, companion for readers, to give fiction, poetry, science of wide popular appeal, an ambition which it must be admitted opened the pages occasionally to the cheap, though it rarely excluded the fine. An eager welcome was given new writers. Indeed it was always a great day in the office when we thought a "real one" had reached us. While it fostered new writers it held on to the best of the old. It had touched public matters only as they became popular matters. Thus when the Spanish-American War came it was quickly recognized that it yielded more

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interesting material than any other subject. There was a great War number and there was a continuous flow of war articles. McClure's suddenly was a part of active, public life. Having tasted blood it could no longer be content with being merely attractive, readable. It was a ———————

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citizen and wanted to do a citizen's part. ~~[illegible]~~ It had a staff sympathetic with ~~[illegible]~~ this new conception of the work, ~~and grown steadily in number and in outlook.~~ Mr. McClure had had in mind from the start the building of a permanent staff of good craftsmen, reporters on whom he could depend for a steady stream of contributions, as well as of editorial ideas. He wanted them versatile, flexible, as interested in the magazine as in themselves, capable of sinking themselves in a collective effort.

After I came in the first to become such a permanent acquisition was Ray Stannard Baker. An article on the capture of John Wilkes Booth by Baker's uncle , Colonel L. C. Baker, written from personal reminiscences and documents, was submitted by Baker then on the staff of the Chicago Record. It was "the General's" ideal of a McClure article. Baker was urged to write more and each piece emphasized the first impression. The year after his first appearance in the magazine, May 1897, he joined the staff and became a regular contributing editor.

Baker was an admirable craftsman, as well as a capital team worker. He had curiosity, appreciation, a respect for facts. You could not ruffle or antagonize him. He took the sudden calls to go here when he was going there, with equanimity; he enjoyed the unconventional intimacies of the crowd, the gaiety and excitement of belonging to what was more and more

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obviously a success. He was the least talkative of us all, observant rather than garrulous, the best listener in the group, save Mr. Phillips. He had a joyous laugh which was more revealing of his healthy inner self than anything else about him.

When I learned a few years later that Baker was the author of the ~~gentle~~ wise, homely, whimiseal "Adventures in Contentment," "The Friendly Road" and other delightful essays under the nom de-plume of David Grayson I said at once, "How stupid of me not to have known it. Haven't I always known that Baker is a David Grayson?" Few practical philosophers, indeed, have so lived their creed as Ray Stannard Baker and none have had a more general recognition from the multitude of people in the country who like him believe in the fine art of simple living. It is a comforting and beautiful thing to have had as a friend and co-worker over many years so rare a person as Ray Stannard Baker.

By good fortune McClure's in this period happened on a reader of real genius - Viola Roseboro - "the only "born reader" I have ever known. I found her in the office after one of my frequent jaunts after material. It was as a talker that I first learned to admire and love her. Her judgments were unfettered, her emotions strong and warm, her expressions free, glowing, stirring, and she loved to talk though only when she felt sympathy and understanding. She loved to share books of

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which she read many, particularly in the biographical field; she wanted none but the best, no imitation, no mere fact-finding. Her eagerness to let no good thing slip, her consciousness of the all too little time a human being has in this world to explore its riches made her rigid in her choice. An unsleeping eagerness to find talent and give it a chance, and secondarily, she said, to enrich the magazine, made every day's work with the unsifted manuscripts an adventure. And if she found exceptional merit that was also suited to McClure's she might weep with excitement. And she stood to it till faith grew in those less sure of the untried. It was when McClure's was making a great hunt for a good serial that I saw her one morning bringing into the editorial sanctum Booth Tarkington's, "The Gentleman from Indiana," tears celebrating the discovery as she cried, "Here is a serial sent by God Almighty for McClure's Magazine!

This woman of unusual intelligence, loyalty and of truly Spartan courage was a precious addition to the crowd. Ill health, threatened blindness, has never lowered her enthusiasm, her ceaseless effort to find the best, to give the best. She is still doing it.

The most brilliant addition to the McClure's staff in my time was Lincoln Steffens.

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He had made himself felt in the journalistic and political life of New York City by an entirely fresh form of reportorial attack. Young, handsome, self-confident, a good academic background and two years of foreign life and observation, Steffens began his professional career unencumbered by journalistic shibboleths and with an immense curiosity as to what was going on about him. He was soon puzzled and fascinated by the relations of police and politicians, politicians and the law, law and city officials, city officials and business, business and church, education, society, the press. Apparently groups from each of these categories worked together supporting one and another, an organization close compact loyal from fear or self-interest or both. It was because of this organization Steffens concluded that graft and vice and crime were established industries of the city. Attacks from outraged virtue had slowed up the system at intervals ever since the Civil War, but never permanently. A few rascals might be exterminated but they were soon replaced. The system had bred new rascals, grown stronger and more cunning with time. He set out to trace its pattern. Incredibly outspoken, taking rascality for granted, apparently never shocked nor angry nor violent, never doubtful of himself, only coolly determined to demonstrate to men and women of goodwill and honest purpose what they were up against and warn them that the only way they could hope to grapple with a close corporation devoted to what there was in it was by an equally solid corporation devoted to decent and honest government.

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business, law, education, religion. First as a reporter and later as the city editor of "The Globe" Steffins stirred the town.

It was entirely in harmony with the McClure method of staff building that this able fearless innocent should be marked for absorption. He was persuaded to take the editing of the magazine, now in its tenth year and steadily growing in popularity and influence. He was to be the great executive - the editorial head that would shift some of the burden from the shoulders of Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips. But the machine was running smoothly even if with little outward excitement. Steffins made a brave effort to adjust himself to the established order, to learn the situation. Naturally he took Mr. McClure's meteoric goings and comings, his passionate and often despairing efforts to make his staff "see" what he did, his cries that the magazine was stale, dying, more seriously than those of us who had been longer together. He seems to have been bewildered by what went on in the excited staff meetings held whenever Mr. McClure came in from a foraging expedition. I had come to look on Mr. McClure's returns as the most genuinely creative moment of our magazine life. He was an extraordinary reporter, his sense of the meaning, the meat of a man or event, his vivid imagination, his necessity of discharging on the group at once, before they were cold, his observations, intuitions, ideas, experiences, made the gatherings on his return amazingly stimulating to me. Sifting, examining,

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verifying, following up, were all necessary. Mr. McClure understood that and trusted John Phillips to see that it was done, but he properly fought for his findings. In his "Autobiography" Steffins credits me with a tact in our editorial scrimages which I do not deserve. It is true, as he says, that I was the friend of each and all, but what I was chiefly interested in was seeing the magazine grow in delight and in usefulness. I knew our excited discussions were really fertile. They also were highly entertaining.

It was in this unsatisfied seeking by Mr. McClure for more and more of contemporary life that Lincoln Steffens' chief contribution to it and to the political life of his period had its root. Mr. McClure's fixed conviction that great editing was not to be done in the office he finally applied to Steffins, who was bravely struggling there to become the great editor he had been called to be.

"You can't learn to edit a magazine in the office," Mr. McClure told him. "Get out, go anywhere, everywhere, see what is going on in the cities and states, find out who are the men and the movements we ought to be reporting."

And so Stef went for a month, to the Middle West mainly, constantly reporting back to the office in McClure fashion what he was finding. He combed the Universities and the newspaper offices; he looked up

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