CHAPTER XIII

OFF WITH THE OLD - ON WITH THE NEW

Twelve years had gone by since I tied myself, temporarily as I thought, to the McClure venture. To my surprise the longer I was with the enterprise the more strongly I felt it was giving me the freedom I wanted, as well as a degree of that security which makes freedom so much easier a load to carry. Here was a group of people I could work with without sacrifice or irritation. Here was a healthy growing undertaking which excited me, while it seemed to offer endless opportunity to contribute to the better thinking of the country. The future looked fair and permanent.

And then without warning the apparently solid creation was shattered and I found myself sitting on its ruins.

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, being what they were, could have done other than he did. Each acted according to an inner something which made him what he was, something he could not violate.

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Mr. McClure clearly saw the plan as a great humanitarian enterprise. It possessed him like a religious vision and it seemed to him blasphemy to question its realization. Obsessed as he was he was blind and deaf to the obstacles in the way.

Throughout the twelve years I had known Mr. McClure I had always felt certain that in the flood of ideas which poured from him there were divine sparks. I had profound gratitude for his ability to stir to enthusiasm, to action, to gaiety. I had respected the quality of intellect which made him quickly and cheerfully give up a thing to which he had committed himself utterly when he was convinced he was wrong - and it should be said that Mr. McClure always gave his colleagues full opportunity to prove him wrong. But now I came upon something different, a conviction that this undertaking so impractical, as I saw it, was an inspiration which must not be questioned. I was angry and I am sure I hurt Mr. McClure by telling him flatly and at once that I would never have anything to do with such a scheme.

But I was little more than an outsider when it came to decisions. It was up to John Phillips to accept and do his utmost either to aid in the new adventure or patiently to wait while persuading the General that it was

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Revise

In a recently published letter of Lincoln Steffens tells how he saw Mr. McClure's plan. To him it was not only "fool" but "not quite right." Certainly it was not right. As organized it was a speculative scheme, as alike as two peas to certain organizations the Magazine had been battering, ~~but it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. McClure was after money as certain observers and commentators have seemed to~~ believe. I never knew a man freer from the itch of wealth as an end than S. S. McClure. Money was purely a means to him to do things mainly for others. He had gathered about him, as ~~the Magazine~~ his publishing enterprises grew, a horde of dependents. As long as he had a dollar he never ceased to divide it with them. Moreover, he wanted whom he knew and liked, particularly his associates, to have all they needed and wanted. He was as reckless with money as with ideas.

The tragic side of the undertaking was that Mr. McClure did not see and could not understand the arguments of his associates that his grand ~~humanitarian~~ plan was wrong, but in that he was like probably the majority of ~~the~~ social idealists who if they found what they believed to be a panacea for wrongs have little patience with moralists who tell them that what they are doing violates those principles

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Back of the difficulties - lay the fact

of honor by which in the long run men alone live.

It should be said, too, I think, that at this time Mr. McClure was an ill man. The hardships of his youth and early manhood, the intense pressure he had put on himself in founding his enterprises, had exhausted him. For several years he had been obliged to take long vacations, usually in Europe with his family. His staff was carrying on his work. It was bringing him larger and larger returns, and more and more honor, but always when he came back it was with a "divineness" content with what had been done. He wanted something larger, fresher, wanted, too, to prove that he had not lost his creative power. In such a state the judgment is never sure. It was a mental and physical exhaustion which he could not bring himself to understand or accept that accounts for the unwisdom of this undertaking and his conviction that it was an inspiration. Human reason has little influence on one who believes he sees the way to re-create the world.

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not the mission of the McClure crowd to reconstruct the economic life of the country, that we were journalists not financial reformers. I think no man ever tried harder to keep another from a suicidal undertaking and certainly no man could have not been firmer from the start in his refusal to go along.

I watched the struggle of the two to come to some practical compromise for at least six months. There was agony on both sides. Finally it came to a point when Mr. McClure saw that he must either give up his scheme or go ahead without Mr. Phillips. He decided to buy out his partner.

When it was known he was leaving several members of the Editorial Staff - Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffins, John Siddell and the efficient young managing editor, Albert Boyden and I resigned. We could not see the magazine without Mr. Phillips nor could we accept as a part of our duty the tasks in which the great scheme would inevitably involve us.

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.

It is with magazines as with all other business enterprises their owners and editors often come to a point

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Suggested Revision - Pages 358, etc.

Chapter XIII

A - The growing strength and importance of these creations irked him. He must yield to their character and their needs, or let his staff take care of them. His function was to create-only that would free him. His creations were often grandiose. His power to persuade first class men to carry them out was little short of hypnotism. There was Walter Page whom he brought from the editing of The Atlantic Monthly to head a staff which should make the greatest of all encylaepedias. There was John Finley whom he took from the Presidency of Knox College to found and edit a new political journal - a world's work. Both undertakings failed, for the same reason that great ideals so often fail. There had been no preliminary preparations, no plans for financing, not even proper quarters for such splendid projects. After a time both were abandoned.

Some time his inventions were mere gay spurts of fancy. I was myself once caught in one of these, that was when Mr. McClure in London (See 358 B

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where they are glad to unload, let someone else carry the burden. There was then in New York, though it was not generally known, a magazine group which wanted a change. The magazine was very old - once Frank Leslie's - now The American Magazine. Its owner was Frederick L. Colver, its editor Ellery Sedgwick, now editor of the Atlantic, its publisher William Morrow, the founder of the William Morrow Book Publishing House. Mr. Colver approached Mr. Phillips. "Why did he not take it over?" There had never been any question in the little group that debated their fortunes on the bench in Madison Square that if Mr. Phillips took a new magazine and wanted us we would go along. When he decided to buy The American we did go along putting in what little money we had and interesting as many of our friends as we could in buying its stock.

We left McClure's in March - six months later, October 1906, appeared our first issue. The announcement shows how seriously we took ourselves as befitted people who had seen something in which they deeply believed go to pieces. We had been too deeply bruised to take anything lightly, but luckily we were able to make two additions to our staff, each man with a vein of humor not to be dried up or muddled by any cataclysms - William Allen White and Peter Finley Dunne - Mr. Dooley.

We had known Mr. White in the McClure office since the day of his famous editorial, "What is the Matter with Kansas?" After that came his Boyville Stories, two or

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three of which McClure's published and then at intervals studies of political situations and political figures. It was not long before he began to come to New York. He was a little city shy then, or wanted us to think so. As I was one of the official entertainers of the group it occasionally fell to me to "take him by the hand", as he put it, and show him the town. I could have hardly had a more delightful experience. He judged New York by Kansas standards and New York usually suffered. His affection and loyalty for his state, his appreciation and understanding of everything that she does - wise and foolish - the incomparable journalistic style in which he presents her is what has made him so valuable a national citizen. His crowning achievement among the many to be credited to him has been remaining first last and always the Editor of The Emporia Gazette. A staunch friendship had sprung up between Mr. White and Mr. Phillips and it was natural enough that he interested himself in the new venture.

As for Peter Dunne we went after him and rather to my surprise he came along, taking a desk in our cramped offices and appearing with amazing regularity. At this time he was some forty years old - the greatest satirist in my judgment the country has yet produced. He had a wide knowledge of men and their ways. There was no malice in his judgments, but a great contempt for humbuggery as well as all forms of self-deception devoted to uplifting the world.

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However, he felt kindly towards our ardent desire to improve things by demonstrating their unsoundness and approved our unwillingness to use no other tools than those which belonged legitimately to our profession. He came out strongest in his contributions to the department of editorial comment which Mr. Phillips had introduced under the head of the Interpretor's House. We were all supposed to contribute whatever was on our minds to this department. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Dunne did the censoring and dove-tailing. I did not often make the Interpretor's House much to my chagrin. Dunne said I "sputtered like a woman", which I fear was true. If it had not been for him the first Christmas issue of the Interpretor's House would have been bleak reading. We had each of us broken forth in lament for the particular evil of the world which was disturbing us, offering our remedies.

"It seems to me," wrote Dunne editing our contributions, "that we are serving up a savory Christmas number - - - a nice present to be found in the bottom of a stocking - - -.

"You cannot go to the Patent Office in Washington and take out a patent that will transform men into angels. The way upward, long and tedious as it is, lies through the hearts of men. It has been so since the founding of the Feast. Nothing has been proved more clearly in the political history of the race than this, that good

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will to men has done more to improve government than laws and wars.

" - - - Let us close down our desks for the year. If you want to find me for another week I will be found in the wonderful little toy shop around the corner."

That editorial broke the strained tension which had made me think there was no time to go home for Christmas. I went.

Peter Dunne hated the pains of writing. His labor affected the whole office - sympathy with what he was going through, fear that his copy would not be in on time, eagerness to see it when it came, to know if it was "one of his best." Poor Peter had no best - nothing was so good as it ought to be and he sought forgetfulness.

Indispensable on the new editorial staff:- seeing Peter through his birth pains, keeping the rest of us at our tasks, nursing new writers, making up the magazine, was Albert Boyden. He had come fresh from Harvard to McClure's and had at once made himself a place by his genius for keeping things going and his gift for sympathetic friendliness. It was a combination which became more valuable and irresistible as time went on. Bert was everybody's friend, whether editor, artist or writer, "One can have friends, one can have editors," Ray Stannard Baker was to write later, "but Bert was both."

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He was of the greatest value to The American in bringing together writers and artists who were attaching themselves to the new magazine. Bert was so fond of us all that he could not endure the idea that we did not all know one another and he made it his business to see that we had at least the opportunity. He lived on the South of Stuyvesant Square, four flights up. There was no one in all that circle of distinguished contributors who did not welcome the chance to climb those stairs to Bert's dinners and teas. And what a group of people came. They are recorded in his guest book - Booth Tarkington - Edna Ferber - Steward Edward White, his wife and his brother Gilbert - Julian and Ada Street - the Norrises - the Rices and Martins of Louisville - Jo Chase - Will Irwin - and a dozen more, along with visiting celebrities - politicians - scientists - adventurers. What talk went on in that high up living room! What wonderful tales we heard!

Bert was so much younger than the rest of us, so full of enthusiasm and hope, so much more vital and all-shedding, that it is still to me incredible that he should have left this world so much earlier than I have. He died in 1925 but he lives in a little book which J S P edited in his memory. How proud Bert would have been of that. "There is nobody like J S P", he used to say. Many of his big circle of friends contributed their recollections of him. I have never known another person in my life for whom quite such a book could have been written.

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Our announcement came in October and by December we were off, showing a pretty fine hand I think. Steffins opened with a much discussed paper on Hearst. He gives the story of its writing in his Autobiography. Under the title of David Grayson, Baker began his famous series of "Adventures in Contentment", an immediate success, and under his own name wrote a study of Human Nature in the San Francisco earthquake. As for me I began what from the title sounded even more unfit for a supposedly popular journal than the History of the Standard Oil Company. This was a History of the Tariff in Our Times.

The tariff was quite as much a matter of popular concern at the moment as the trust had been in 1900. There was a growing demand for revision. How could we get into the fight? A subject must be found for me. How about the tariff? Was a historical threatment possible? I thought so, at least I so despised the prohibitive tariff that I was willing to try if the magazine was willing to back me.

I suppose most of us have had at various periods of our life home-made remedies for the economic ills we see about us. When I was a girl in High School I looked on an eight hour day of productive labor for everybody as the way out. I was much less worried by the hardships the long day brought working people than the mental and moral

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deterioration I imagined suffered by people who did not work. Idleness, not labor, was the scourge of the world. For me the eight hour day was a save-the-idle day!

Before I left The Chautauquan I had concluded that there was a trilogy of wrongs - all curable - responsible for our repeated depressions and our poorly distributed wealth:- Discrimination in Transportation - Tariffs save for Revenue Only - Private Ownership of Natural Resources. I was still of that opinion when largely by accident I had my chance to strike at number one in my trilogy. Could I by the method I had followed in that case, and the only one I knew how to use, present a plausible argument against Number Two?

What had particularly aroused me was the way tariff schedules were made, the strength of what we now call pressure groups - the powerful lobbies in wool and cotton and iron and sugar which for twenty five years I had watched mowing Congress down like a high wind. There was no concealmeant of the pressure. The lobbyist went at it hammer and tongs and battered down opposition with threats, bribes and unparalleled arrogance. By these tactics they had overcome Mr. Cleveland's famous tariff message of 1886, had passed the outrageous McKinley Bill of 1890, had ruined the Wilson Bill of 1893, had defeated the promise of McKinley and Dingley and Aldrich to lower duties in 1896 and had substituted the highest and most distorted schedules the country had yet

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seen. But it looked in 1906 as if the Day of Judgment was near and I asked nothing better than to be on the jury.

I went into it blindly - on faith, certainly not on knowledge, and I had a handicap that I was far from realizing at the time and that was that while in the case of the Standard Oil I had spent my life close to the events, the tariff and its makers had never touched my life. This was something that I had read in a book.

Another handicap was that my indignation was directed towards legal acts. Congress had adopted these schedules, co-erced if you please, but still adopted them. The beneficiaries had the saction of law. It was a different case from engaging railroad discriminations which were forbidden by law.

As I worked on the Congressional Records and related documents I looked up men still living who had had part on one side or the other of the struggle. There were many of them scattered around the country, now out of Congress for the most part, but not averse to talking. As a rule I got little from them. The fight which seemed to me so important was a dead issue to them. They had lost or won. It was all part of a game. Fresh from reading the daily discussions in the Record, curious about this or that man or argument, I found them hazy, often not particularly interested. There was little of the righteous indignation which I thought I found in their recorded speeches. Had that been political,

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instead of righteous, indignation? I began to think so.

There were exceptions. There was Horace White an acquaintance from Lincoln days. He had been on the Chicago Tribune through the War and later on the New York Evening Post and always he had been a consistent opponent of high tariffs and of the scandalous corruption that had crept into the Republican ranks partly through them. When the Magazine decided that I might go ahead with the tariff I went at once to Mr. White and laid before him my plan of campaign. He whistled softly realizing, I suppose, how literally I was trying to apply my idea of fair practices and Christian ethics to a matter which he realized as I did not had lost its moral values, had substituted for them political and personal interests. But if he did think me impractical he approved my scheme, knew much of the practice of the pressure groups, read each one of my articles as they came along and felt I think always a little sorry for me suspecting the disallusionment ahead!

It was Grover Cleveland who put heart in me. He had lost none of his righteous indignation over the aid prohibitive tariffs were giving certain trusts, none of his alarm ~~was~~ over the growing disparity between industry and agriculture they were fostering. He felt deeply the wrong of the prices they were inflicting on the farmer, the professional class, the poor. I got nothing but encouragement from him for the review I had planned.

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Luckily I already had a pleasant working relation with Mr. Cleveland. It had come about in my last two years on McClure's, when my chief editorial task had been trying to persuade him that it was his duty to write his reminiscences for us, incidently offering myself as a ghost if he felt that he needed one.

As his letters to me at this time show he was not entirely unfriendly to the project:-

"I want to do the thing; and yet I am afraid the difficulties in the way of doing it are fundamental and inexorable. You see the project requires me to exploit myself and my doings before the public. I do not see how I can do this, though I am terribly vain and often bore my friends privately by tiresome reminiscence. And yet I cannot but think that there are incidents and results in my career, which by their narration might be of service in stimulating those who aspire to good citizenship - - "and there we are." This latter consideration hints of duty; but then comes the fear that what seems to me duty is a mere fantastic notion, and thereupon the old disinclination resumes its sway.

- - - - -

"I have frequently thought no one could help me so much as you; and it has seemed to me more than once that you and I might possibly "cook up something" in a summer vacation's freedom from distractions."

Nothing came at this time, 1904, of the "Tarbell-Cleveland fantasy," as Mr. Cleveland gaily dubbed it, and two years later the project was dismissed but in a letter so friendly that I cannot resist quoting from it.

"I do not believe a man who has turned the corner of sixty nine years, is any less vain and self satisfied than when he was a youth. At any rate here I am, in this sixty nine predicament, delighted with the generous things you say of me in the goodness of your heart, and more than half way deluding myself into the notion that I deserve them. I want to be very sensible and hard-headed in this affair; but in any event I am entitled to rejoice in your good opinion of me, and your hearty wishes for my welfare and happiness.

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"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for them; and I shall gratefully remember them as long as I live. Somehow I have an idea that you know me well - - and surely I need not afflict myself with a fear of vanity if I have found a friend in you."

With those letters in my files I felt free when I undertook the tariff work for The American to ask Mr. Cleveland to talk to me about the making of his tariff message in 1886, of the failure of the Wilson Bill in 1893. He was most generous and when I had completed my story of the two episodes I asked him to read the manuscript and give me a candid judgment and of course his corrections and his suggestions. The chief suggestion that he made showed a sensitiveness to his literary style in public documents which I had not suspected. A charming letter writer as Mr. Cleveland was, in his public documents he was ponderous. I must have enlarged a little for I find this paragraph in his letter with which he sent back the proofs:-

"I have ventured to suggest a little toning down of your characterization of my style - thinking perhaps you would be willing to make an alteration to please me if for no other reason. You know we are all a little sensitive on such a point."

There was another paragraph in that letter which touched me deeply:-

"Your article has caused me to feel again the greatest sorrow and disappointment I have ever suffered in my public career - the failure of my party to discharge its most important duty and its fatuous departure from its appointed mission."

But lean as heavily as I dared on Mr. Cleveland, work as I would and did on the tariff I can ———————

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wish my most enemy no greater punishment than reading them in full) - I could not put vitality into my narrative. It was of the Congressional Record - it was second hand.

It was the making of the Payne-Aldrich Bill in 1909 that finally gave a certain life to my narrative. Here was something belonging to the present, not something of the past. By all the signs Theodore Roosevelt should have been the St. George who led in the revision the public was calling so loudly for, particularly after the panic of 1907. Few of his party leaders paid attention.

"Are not all our fellows happy?" Speaker Joseph Cannon asked as the demand for revison became louder.

Roosevelt, himself, heard it but frankly said to his intimates that he did not know anything about the tariff. He did not and he would not take the time to learn. He hammered at the effects of privilege pursued, "malefactors of great wealth" but was not willing to do the hard studying of the causes which produced the malefactors.

Mr. Taft who followed Roosevelt had no choice. The platform on which he was elected called "unequivocally" for tariff reform and as soon as he was inaugurated he called a special session to do the work. My chagrin was great when I realized at once that all the ancient technique I had been trying to discredit was repeating itself. It is, I told

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myself, the same old circus, the same old gilded chariots, the same old clowns. So far as arguments were concerned they might have been taken from the Hearings of '83, of '88, of '93, of '96. Figures were changed and nobody could deny that these figures of growth were impressive, but they came from interested men.

"They are incapable of judging," Mr. Carnegie told the committee. "No judge should be permitted to sit in a cause in which he is interested; you make the greatest mistake in your life if you attach importance to an interested witness."

The process which "Sunset Cox" back in the '70's characterized as "reciprocal rapine" - buying votes for the schedule their constituents wanted by voting for schedules they could not justify was in full swing.

Never was the Tariff as the "cause of prosperity" worked harder. It was the answer of the prohibitive protectionist to the charge that the tariff was a tax. In all the early years they had called it so - a tax to produce revenue, encourage new industries, protect higher wages, a better standard of living. But Mr. Cleveland had called it boldly "a vicious, inequitable, illogical tax", and illustrated his adjectives tellingly. The effect of his attack was so disastrous that the supporters of prohibitive duties went into

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a huddle to find a new name. "The cause of prosperity" was the euphemism they produced.

A repeater that had figured in every tariff bill was the answer of the priests of the dogma to the argument that the poor should be considered. According to the pictures they drew there were no poor in the United States.

"Do you not think," asked the chairman of a witness, "that if the tariff is made in the name of labor, labor ought to get the tariff?"

"If you will pardon me for expressing one little thought," said the witness, "I will say that I walked down this morning from the Willard, and saw a pair of horses, a beautiful cart all equipped with fruit, vegetables, and one thing and another. I can close my eyes and see that condition over on the continent of Europe, with bare-footed women in rags, with a few Newfoundland dogs, or some other kind of dogs, hitched up with a string harness to the cart, and a few vegetables, that they are pulling around."

That talk made me see red. I knew the fine carts he described and I knew as fine could be seen in every market place in Europe. I know the bare-footed women in rags with a few New Foundland dogs. and I knew that on the outskirts of the Washington Market could be seen old men and women who had that morning brought long distances on their backs or behind tottering mules, pitiful handfulls of wild

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flowers, wild roots, perhaps a bunch or two of garden stuff.

This refusal to recognize poverty was no more discouraging in the making of the bill of 1909 than the indifference to the effect high tariffs were having on the cost of the necessities of life. In this they ran true to historical precedent. From the time the business man took charge in the late '70's any attempt to call the attention at hearings to what a duty would do to the price of a necessity of life was ignored or jeered.

Justice Barndeis, then plain lawyer Brandeis, was before a committee considering the Dingley Bill.

"And for whom do you appear?" he was asked.

"For the consumer," he answered.

The committee, chairman and all, laughed aloud but they were good enough to say, "Oh, let him run down."

This old indifferenceto the effect of higher prices on the living of the poor stirred me to the only article in my series which seemed to "take hold." I called it, "Where Every Penny Counts."

The worthwhile thing, from my point of view, was that it reached women. "I never knew what the tariff meant before," Jane Addams wrote me.

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Here was something which touched those in whom she was interested - wage earners. She knew from actual contact what the increase of a cent in the price of a quart of milk, a spool of thread, a pound of meat, meant to the working girl with her six or eight dollars a week. She knew that every penny added to the cost of their food, clothes or coal, gave less warmth, less covering. It was not difficult to show that what they were trying to do in Washington in the making of the Payne-Aldrich Bill was just that - a tariff that would add to the cost of things that must be had if people were to live at all.

To my deep satisfaction this effort to make the new tariff bill in the good old way was promptly met by a rousing challenge from a group of progressive Republican Senators, men who had been largely responsible for forcing the promise to reform into the party platform. When they discovered that there would be no reform if the lobbists and their friends in Congress could prevent it, they crystallized into one of the most vigorous and intelligent fighting bands that had been seen for many years in Congress. Insurgents they were called.

The leader in the revolt interested in railroad reform rather than the tariff, was LaFollette of Wisconsin. Others were Beveridge of Indiana, Cummings and Dolliver of Iowa, Borah of Idaho and Bristow of Kansas. They were

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already familiar figures at The American along with certain members of the House, particularly the salty and peppery William Kent of California, Phillips, Baker and Steffins being in frequent communication with them.

As soon as their attack on the Payne-Aldrich Bill shaped itself I went about among them asking what induced regulars like themselves suddenly to insist on seeing for themselves what the duties meant particularly to the farmer, the working girl and the woman keeping house.

"What induced you to join this revolution?" I asked Senator Bristow of Kansas.

"Red paint," he said promptly, "we paint our barns with it out in Kansas. And when I discovered that they were putting up the tariff on paint without any reason at all, as I was convinced myself when I studdied the subject, I revolted."

The most brilliant and witty, as well as the most thoroughly informed of the tariff insurgents was the animable Senator Dolliver from Iowa - twenty years in Congress - always regular - always stoutly supporting the tariff bills turned out by the committee.

"What ails you now?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "I had been going on for twenty years taking practically without question what they handed me

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but these alliances between the party and industrial interests have at last set me thinking. I began to understand something of the injustice that was being done to the consumer. And then we promised to reform the tariff."

When the insurgents divided up the schedules for study the most difficult and the most important politically Schedule K - wool - fell to Senator Dolliver. He found he had been voting for years for duties which when he sat down to read the schedule he could not understand. He discovered they were a mixture of tricks, evasions and discriminations, intended to be so he believed. He determined to master them.

And master them he did by months of the severest night work. He poured over statistics and technical treatises. He visited mills and importing houses and retail shops. He sought the aid of experts, and in the end he knew his subject so well that he went on to the floor of the Senate without a manuscript and literally played with Schedule K, and incidentally also with Senator Aldrich who was said to fly to the cloak room whenever Senator Dolliver rose to speak. When he had finished his clean, competent dissection, Schedule K lay before the Senate a law without principles or morals; and yet, just as it was, the Senate of the United States passed it, and the President of the United States signed it, and it went on the statue books.

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Why? Neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Aldrich defended the wool schedule which made the bill odious. They both were frank in explaining that it was politically necessary, not at all a question of the fairness of the schedule but a question of what powerful interests demanded. The wool interests could defeat the bill if they did not get what they wanted.

"The interests of the wool-growers in the far West," explained Mr. Taft, "and the interests of the wool manufacturers in the Eastern states, and in other states, reflected through their Representatives in Congress, were sufficiently strong to defeat any attempt to change the wool tariff, and had it been attempted it would have beaten the bill reported from either committee."

Mr. Aldrich had no replies to make to the proofs of the stratagem and spoils in the wool schedule. He simply and solemnly warned the Senate that if they destroyed the "relation in that schedule" by which he meant the clauses giving one class of woolen manufacturers advantage over another class, or if they destroyed the schedule itself, they demoralized the whole protective system. That is, in Mr. Aldrich's opinion the protective system depended on the corrupt bargains Senator Dolliver had been demonstrating so scathingly that Senator Aldrich ran from the room that he might not hear what he said of the duties he called "the citadel of protection."

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My conviction about the inequity of Schedule K was so strong that when the Outlook published a long defense of it, plainly an advertisement but not so marked, I protested in a personal letter to its editor, Theodore Roosevelt, with whom by this time I was on fairly friendly terms. Just what I said in my letter about the Herald which so stirred his wrath I do not remember, but his answer to my comment is so typically Roosveltian in temper and reasoning that I think it should be preserved:-

"May 6, 1911

"Oh! Miss Tarbell, Miss Tarbell!

"How can you take the view you do of the Herald! You compare it with the Tribune. It is perfectly legitimate to compare the Tribune with Mr. Watterson's paper, the Courier-Journal. Honest people could agree or disagree about those two papers. Personally I think that during the last thirty or forty years the Tribune has been infinitely more helpful to good causes than the Courier-Journal, but, as I say, people can differ on such a subject; and I should be very glad to meet at any time either Henry Watterson or Whitelaw Reid. But to compare either one of them with the Herald is literally and precisely as if I should compare either the American Magazine or The Outlook with Town Topics."

Having expressed his opinion of the Herald he proceeded to an elaborate specious explanation of the matter which had so stirred my ire that I had protested to him.

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"Now as for what you say about The Outlook's publishing "The Truth about K". In the first place, I admit at once that the title, the type, and the placing of this advertisement did make it look to many readers like an editorial article. We used the same title, type and placing that had been used for similar articles for twenty years; but our attention was subsequently called to the fact, to which you now call my attention, i.e. that some people were misled in the matter; and in consequence we at once abandoned this tweny year's custom. From now on, every article of the kind will appear under the heading of "Advertising Department" or "Advertising Section", so that there cannot be any possible mistake in the future. As for the publication of the article itself, I most emphatically think that it was not only justifiable, but commendable. The Outlook publishes continually letters from people upholding policies or views with which The Outlook diametrically disagrees. (For example, The Outlook has on several different occasions published letters taking a very dark view of my own character and achievements, whether at San Juan Hill or elsewhere.) This particular article by Spencer I should have been glad to see published in the regular section of the Outlook as putting forth his side of the case, just as I am now trying to secure publication in the Outlook of an article from the North Western farmers giving their side of the case against Canadian reciprocity. Spencer's article, however, was too long, and such being the case, as I say, I was not merely willing but glad to see it put in (I did not know it had been put in, of course, until long after it had appeared; but when I did see it, I was glad that it had been put in.) Probably you know that on April 8th The Outlook editorially took up this question, stated that the American Woolen Company was entirely justified in printing their article as an advertisement, and that The Outlook violated in no degree the ethics of journalism in admitting the advertisement to its pages and expressed its total diagreement with the views expressed in the article. I would have gone further than this; I would have stated that The Outlook did not violate the ethics of journalism, but rendered a great and needed service as an example in showing its willingness to accept the statement of a case with which it did not agree, to put it in exactly as it was written, and then itself to comment with absolute freedom, as it has done, upon the arguments made in the advertisement. Let me repeat that if The Outlook had had space, which it unfortunately did not have, I should have been glad to see Spencer's article inserted, not as an advertisement, but as a communication signed by Spencer, and avowedly stating his side of the case.

"Sincerely yours

(Signed) Theodore Roosevelt"

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I felt that I had won my case with Mr. Roosevelt's assurance that henceforth "every article of the kind would appear under the head of Advertising Department."

When the Payne-Aldrich bill was finally passed with Mr. Taft's and Mr. Aldrich's brutally frank explanations I was done with the tariff as a subject for further study and writing. Four years later came the Democratic effort to make a revision. I had only the most casual interest. It was the same old method. They might make a better bill, I told myself, but there never could be a fair one as long as tariffs were set by a Congress under the thumb of people personally interested.

One thing seemed to me clear which is still clearer now, the combined prohibitive tariff industries were digging their own grave. Foreign markets they had to have, but they refused to buy from those to whom they wanted to sell. What the gentlemen did not realize was that by this procedure they were practically forcing nations not naturally industrial to copy their methods, industrialize themselves. These nations soon were succeeding with such skill that in spite of the boosting of the tariff again and again the foreigners continued to undersell us.

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Again and again importers of gloves and woolens and hose told me when I asked what an increase of rate was going to do to their trade - "Give us six months and we can meet it. Americans forget that competition is a challenge to skilled manufacturers and workers. We will of course sacrifice quality but the goods will look right. Americans are not interested in quality, but looks, low prices. We will give them both."

But the prohibitive protectionists were building a future domestic competitor threatening to be stronger than foreign trade. This in the realm of politics. There had been no more hearty and consciousless supporters of prohibitive tariffs than certain groups of organized labor conspicuously like the Amalgamated Steel and Iron Workers under John Jarrett. They were not a numberous body, but with the cry of the full dinner pail they were able to back the demands of the employers. They had a body of votes that no political party dared defy. But in teaching organized labor the power of political pressure the industrialists gave them a weapon they did not see might one day be turned against themselves, against Congress itself. The support of prohibitive tariffs by industrial manufacturers has been strong but it is weak compared to what that of organized labor will be if we ever reach a national understanding of what building up one productive factor at the expense of others means, and if we attempt to do away with all privileges, not alone the entrenched tariffs

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but those subsidies ... we are now establishing, particularly in agriculture, to balance the exploitation it has so long suffered.

Back in the '80's one of the wisest and soundest economists we have produced, David A. Wells, said in substance of the victory of the tariff lobbies:- "This is a revolution. It will take another revolution to overthrow the leadership now established by business men."

I felt after the Bill of 1909 that there was nothing for an outsider like me to do but wait for that revolution.

I felt this so deeply that when President Wilson invited me to be a member of the Tariff Commission he formed in December 1916 I refused. I was pleased, of course, that Mr. Wilson thought me fit for such a place. I knew that I would find the associations interesting. The Dean of tariff students in the United States - Dr. Taussig of Harvard - was the Chairman. To be under him would be an education that would be worth the taking but I did not hesitate. First, there was my personal situation - my obligations. I had no right to giveup my profession for a connection of that sort, in its nature temporary.

I realized my own unfitness as Mr. Wilson could not. I had had no experience in the kind of work this

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required. I was an observer and reporter, not a negotiator. I am not a good fighter in a group; I forget my duty in watching the contestants. But primarily there was my hopelessness about the service the Tariff Commission might render. Its researches and its conclusions, however sound, would stand no chance in Congress when a wool or iron and steel or sugar lobby appeared. A Tariff Commission was hamstrung from the start.

Of course it was not only my interest and work on the tariff that had led Mr. Wilson to offer me the position. He was looking about for women to whom he could give recognition. He was an out-spoken advocate of suffrage and wanted to use women when he thought them qualified.

Jane Addams pled with me to accept "for the sake of women", but I did not feel that women were served merely by an appointment to office. Women like men serve in proportion to their fitness for office, their conviction that they have something to contribute. I had no enthusiasm for the task, did not even respect it greatly. I believed, too, that harm is done all around by undertaking technical jobs without proper scientific training. The cause of women is not to be advanced by putting them into positions for which they are untrained.

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The Press comments on the idea of a woman on this Commission were not unfriendly, as far as I saw them, but they were a little surprised, and as I was, to find later there were protests made to Mr. Wilson. My friend, Ray Stannard Baker working on the Wilson papers came across an answer of the President to one such protesting gentleman which I am not too modest to print:-

"December 27, 1916.

"As a matter of fact, she has written more good sense, good plain common sense, about the tariff than any man I know of, and is a student of industrial conditions in this country of the most serious and sensible sort."

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