

*Daniel C. G. P.*



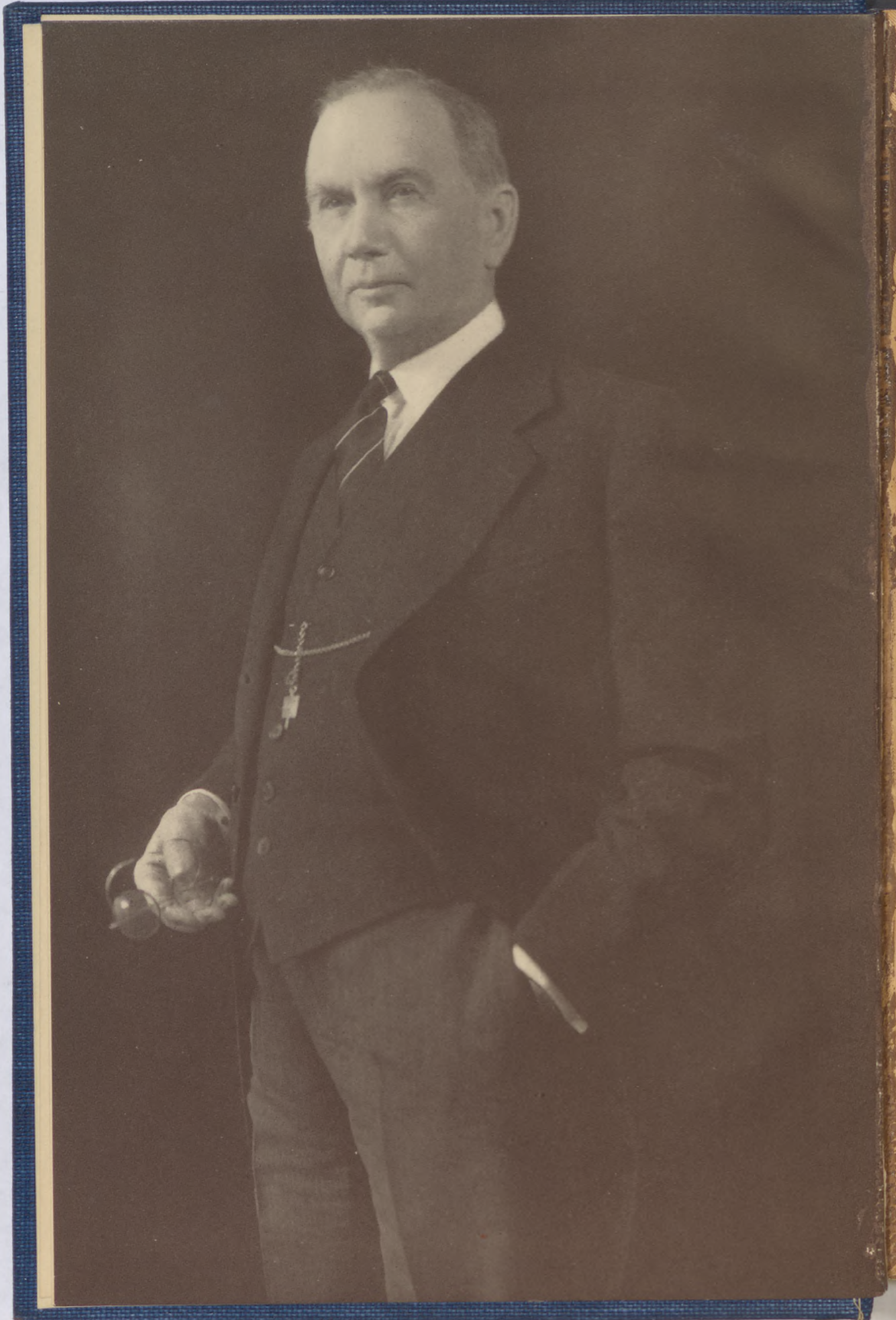
To My dear friend,  
Honorable Robert H. Owen,  
a loyal American citizen  
who has served his Country  
long and most Constructively

Daniel Lopez  
February 2, 1942.



DUKE · UNIVERSITY · PUBLICATIONS

FIFTY  
YEARS OF  
PUBLIC  
LIFE



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YEARS OF  
PUBLIC  
LIFE

DANIEL C. ROPER

IN COLLABORATION WITH  
FRANK H. LOVETTE

*"For the true Liberal in the country in which we  
live, there is but one country,—the World; but one  
religion,—love to God and man; one politician,  
—to benefit and elevate the human family."*

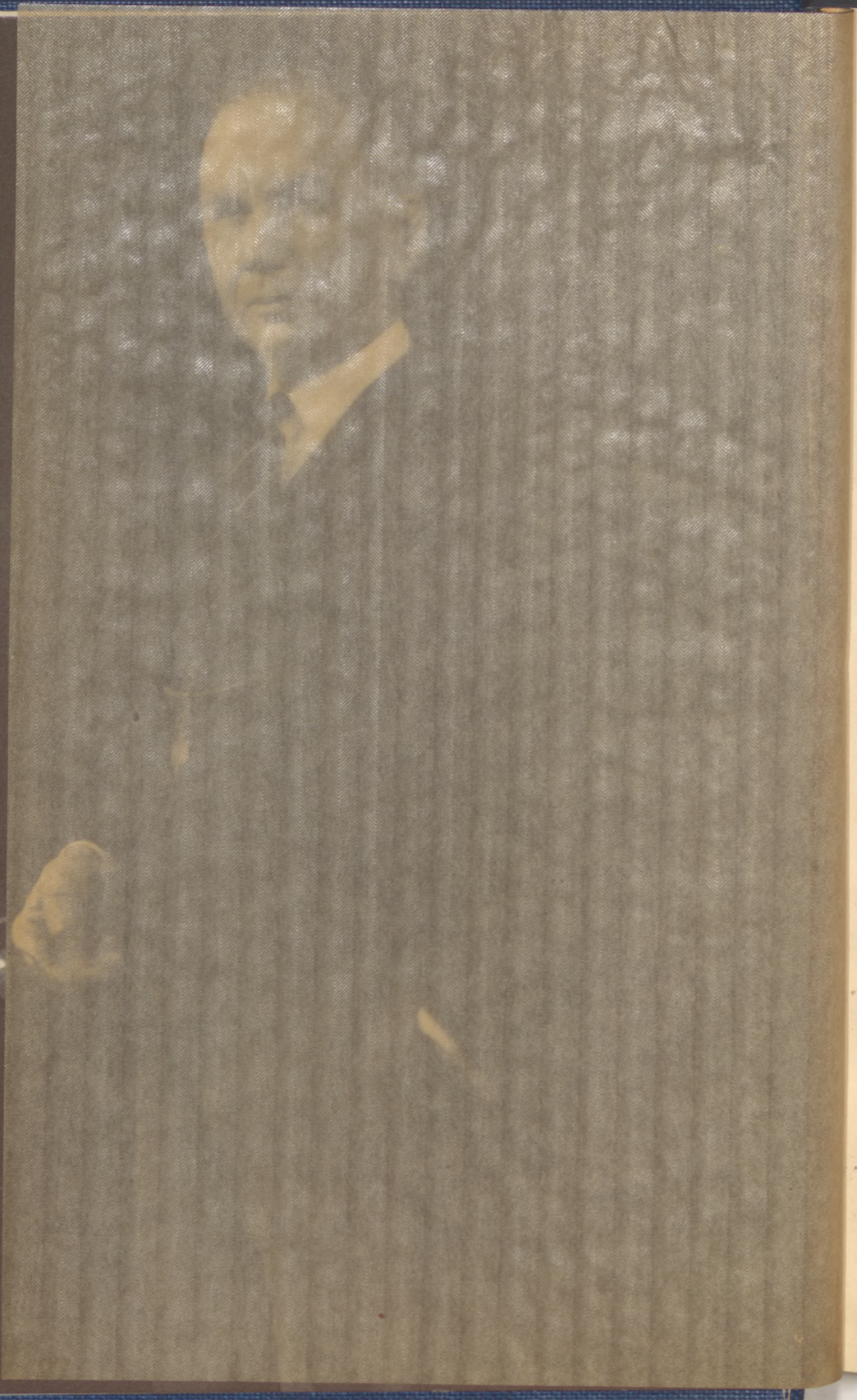
—HORACE GREELEY.



*Durham, North Carolina*

DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1941





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To  
*the many friends, living and dead, who by  
spoken or written word have helped me with the  
discouragements mastered or lost along my way*



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## *Preface*

BY A kindly old man who had witnessed much of the confusing propaganda of his times I was told that in my life's journey I should believe nothing that I heard and only half that I saw. While this admonition is overdrawn, it nevertheless contains a cautionary truth needed by all of us in weighing our observations and in assessing the values of life. In preparing the material for this book I have endeavored not to disregard this warning. Accordingly, I have dwelt upon the virtues of home life, the value of friendships and of co-operative interest in human beings engaged in efforts looking to the benefit of society.

The three score and ten years covered by my memory and herein recorded constitute without doubt the most important period in human history for our country and for the world, measured by any standard which the reader may employ. Probably the most significant development in this era is the gradual evolution of American thought with regard to our responsibility for all classes of people in our own country and for the alleviation of the distressed and needy everywhere.

I am not a pessimist with eyes toward the graveyard of despair. As to ultimate results I am an optimist sustained by my faith in my country, in its citizenry and in the great evolution of those forces, moral and spiritual, that will survive this era and take on new life after this war, building a better world in which to live. In the light of these concepts I invite the reader to travel with me over the historic period covered by this book. If in doing so, he is strengthened in his belief in his country, in his determination to co-operate with duly selected leaders, and if he becomes convinced that this is the only way that peace can be brought about and preserved, my efforts in the preparation of this record will not have been in vain.

The many individuals who have graciously co-operated with me

in checking and constructively criticizing the manuscript are too numerous to mention here by name. To every one of them I hereby extend my sincere thanks and deep gratitude.

D. C. R.

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FIFTY  
YEARS OF  
PUBLIC  
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## *Old Plantation Days*

A CRISP, breezy morning of early November, 1872, when I was but five years old, was to provide what is now my earliest recollection. I stood beside my father on the piazza of our home in South Carolina. We looked upon a scene which was characteristic of the "Tragic Era." Out beyond the great oak tree which overhung the road, a column of blue-coated soldiers passed by. Never before had I seen so many men with guns, nor could I comprehend the reason for them. My father watched the unwelcome procession in tight-lipped silence.

"Who are they?" I inquired with childish curiosity. "And what are they going to do with their guns? Are they on their way to shoot somebody?"

He took my hand, drawing me closer to him. "They're Yankees, my boy," he replied. "Yankee soldiers." He spoke in a way that left no doubt of his resentment. And then he added, "They're here to guard the election next Tuesday; to see that all the Negroes vote for carpetbaggers."

I was much too young to understand the significance of the word "vote," yet child that I was, I sensed that these outsiders were unwanted, that their mere presence was an insult and oppressive to my father and our neighbors. The ominous tramp tramp sounded from the dusty road, from which came also bursts of boisterous laughter and snatches of song. My father did not speak again until the alien column had disappeared down the road. Then he led me into our sitting room to the open fire. The sight of the soldiers had depressed him, darkening his naturally merry countenance. Feeling that something was wrong, I began to ply him with questions.

"Where did the soldiers come from? Who will they shoot with the guns? Negroes? What is a vote?"

Affectionately, he took me on his knee, for ours was a relationship closer than the usual bonds between father and son. My mother having died when I was two and one-half years old, he seldom let me far from his sight. "The Yankees from the North defeated us in the Civil War," he began in explanation. Then, in a simple way that I could follow, he accounted for the presence of the soldiers. South Carolina and the other Southern states, he told me, had been fighting for self-government since the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. So far they had failed to get it. Instead they had been governed by bayonets and the sword, by tyranny beyond the abuses of the slave trade. The carpetbaggers, outsiders from the North who did not like us, were running the South, looting, stooping to crime and extortion. In conclusion, he said, "The murder of President Lincoln was the worst blow we could have had."

"Why?" I asked. "Was he for our side?"

He was slow to answer, but finally said, "The war, my boy, was properly settled. I was against secession in 1861. Then I lived in North Carolina, and when my state left the Union, I helped get up a company of soldiers. We were known as the Scotch Boys. We fought four years and many were killed. It was awful—but the things going on today are even worse than war."

What I learned that morning had a profound effect upon me. My childish eyes were opened, for I learned that I, together with my family and all the whites in our part of the country, lived under a black and fearful cloud. We had to fight for the sunshine of liberty. There would be no true liberty until those blue-coated soldiers had gone back to the land from which they came.

## II

Indeed, it was a changing, altogether an upside-down, world into which I was born in 1867. The South was broken in everything save her proud spirit. Although many of my father's comrades never mustered courage to begin anew, he neither lost his self-command nor sense of humor in defeat, not during the ten dark, bloody, terrifying years of Reconstruction. The iron nerve fibers it took to survive the "Tragic Era" may be illustrated by my father's own experience. He was one of the leaders of the Scotch Boys who marched away to martial music and the spirited strains of "Dixie." The kisses

of beautiful women—wives and sweethearts—were warm upon their lips, tender goodbyes lingered in their ears, and they left in the fervor of glory. Eager to acquit themselves nobly in their section's cause and certain of victory, they had a joyous departure—such as few armies of the world ever experienced. Thus enthusiastic was the early spirit of the Confederacy. What a contrast was their homecoming.

There were four long years of increasing hardship and illness, of starvation and battling against impossible odds. Then, finally, the bitter cup of gall—defeat. The farm my father left behind was near Laurinburg, North Carolina, not far from the South Carolina state line. While fighting for the Confederacy, he had no idea his homeplace lay in the path of Sherman's destructive march to the sea. How revealing, therefore, his homecoming. Upon reaching the farm he saw his ruin. Not one building had been left standing. All had been transformed to ashes. His livestock had been slaughtered or driven away. Not so much as a ploughshare remained, since General Sherman's men had made a clean sweep of all his belongings. All he now possessed besides the barren farm were his ragged gray uniform and the relics of war, his canteen, knapsack, and musket. The future was not a happy prospect.

Fortunately for the vanquished, the word "neighbor" had a sweeter connotation in 1865 than, perhaps, it has today. My father was well and favorably known in the Scotch community which straddled the line between the Carolinas. His immediate neighbors, the Covingtons, extended him every help in their power. The following year, 1866, he married my mother, Henrietta McLaurin, of Marlboro County, South Carolina. She prevailed upon him to give up the place in North Carolina and to live in her state. He purchased her ancestral home, the house in which both she and I were born.

It is something of a tragedy to be an only child; more of one to be left motherless at less than three. Yet, in my case, this tragedy was somewhat mitigated by an affectionate aunt, my mother's youngest sister, and by a kindly father. Another who would have sought to kill any person attempting to injure one hair of my head was Lindy, the Negro mammy, who loved me as if I had been her own. If I fell, stubbed a toe, or bumped a knee, if I got the slightest cut or bruise, it was Lindy who pacified me with endearing words and

rendered first aid. So with all this attention and the worshipful respect of a host of genuinely happy pickaninnies I did not suffer the ennui of the average only child.

After that day in 1872 when I first saw Yankee soldiers, my father often talked to me about the war. It was his custom to take me along when he made trips over the plantation or visited relatives and neighbors. These rides, frequently on horseback, with me in the front of his saddle, afforded many conversations. One of his experiences, related at that period, made an indelible impression.

Toward the close of the war, he, along with a large group of fellow soldiers in the Confederate Army, was taken prisoner by raiders from Sherman's army who were then on their march to the sea. All the Confederate prisoners were lined up, examined, and recorded. Each one was asked, "Did you volunteer into the Confederate Army?" And then, "Were you drafted into the service against your convictions?" "I was always against secession," was one of the stock replies, for the prisoners all feared harsh treatment and possible execution. Another reply was, "I was overpersuaded."

My father had opposed secession until his state took action, but the false replies of his fellow Confederates disgusted him. Finally his turn came, and the inquisitor for the Federal troops approached him, asking, "How about you? Were you a Union man at heart, too?" "No," replied father defiantly. "I was never a Union man. I was the most ardent secessionist that ever wore the gray uniform—or followed the Stars and Bars." Think of my father's surprise when the officer extended his hand. "You are the first secessionist I have found today," he said. "Out of respect for truth, I shan't imprison you. Instead I'll give you a passport home." My father was thus released and permitted to start on the homeward journey.

In the years of Reconstruction, our farm was heavily mortgaged, and my father was often burdened with his financial situation. One day, seeing he was more unhappy than usual, I asked him why conditions were so hard for us. "It's the same old tragedy, son," he replied. "We'll be many a day and many a year paying for the war. We have to lift ourselves by our bootstraps. This condition must be borne by me and by your generation before recovery."

Perhaps it was in part because of this load my father carried, and to some extent his desire for someone to act as my mother, that he

remarried. I was seven years old at the time. I already knew Miss Lucy McColl and liked her. She was of our Scotch settlement, and, while much younger, had been a dear friend of my mother. I, therefore, welcomed her with joy the day my father brought her to our home as his wife. She proved as devoted and helpful to me as if I had been of her own flesh and blood. She was a companion and an inspiration to me.

## III

Father Time has a trick of laying a rosy wreath upon childish memories, yet I am sure that, barring the war and the tragic hardships of Reconstruction, there has never been a happier social phase of life upon this continent than that existing in the South during what we have come to call Plantation Days, before and following Reconstruction up to the launching of industry there in the eighties. Before entering upon some of the experiences of my childhood there, it may not be amiss to give a general idea of the community, and also of the plantation where I was born.

My native county, Marlboro, was contiguous to Richmond County, North Carolina. In Richmond County my father, John Wesley Roper, was born and spent his childhood and young manhood. Within these two counties, and radiating outward, the population was preponderantly Scotch. Not long after the battle of the Scottish clans at Culloden, in April, 1746, there was a mass migration from Scotland. A large number of these immigrants settled on the Cape Fear River near Wilmington, North Carolina. Those who came first brought others, and Scots kept coming to the Carolinas up to the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

One of the most notable of those who came was the Jeanne d'Arc of the Highlanders, Flora McDonald. She headed one of the largest groups coming to North Carolina, settling them in Cumberland and Robeson counties, and it was from her identical group that many of the Scots in my community were descended. These Scottish descendants were a thrifty people, learning early in their American experiences how to be self-sustaining upon the land. The best farmers found that by making cotton a surplus crop they would never be broke. Therefore, unlike many others of the South, they did not have to maintain large credits and wait a year to settle their bills

upon the annual sale of their cotton. They were co-operative, deeply religious, and clannish in their loyalties to each other.

In this community there was little need for money except when the time came to pay taxes, which were negligible. Many families kept bees for the production of honey; they cured their own bacon and hams; did spinning and weaving; held quilting parties, which were enjoyable social events. And well do I remember the corn shuckings and log rollings, the barn raisings and the brick burnings. All the neighbors turned out to lend a hand and partake of the sumptuous feasts that followed these enterprises.

The same Scottish names recurred so frequently in our community that they often proved confusing to strangers. A story is told of a traveler coming into the community for the first time. Addressing the first person he met, he asked to be directed and informed as to the names of the people living up the road. He was selling a household utensil and desired to approach them by name.

"The first house," he was informed, "is the home of Mr. McFall. Just beyond, on the other side of the road—that's where Mr. McLeod lives. The next house is Mr. McCoy's, and after that you come to Mr. McDougall's. On farther—that's Mr. McDougall-McCoy's place." The stranger suddenly got the idea he was being imposed upon, and pulled angrily on the reins of his horse. "That's enough," he stormed. "Goodbye to you. I suppose I've been talking to Mr. McFool-McFool!"

Few strangers came our way in those days. But always a most welcome visitor from the outside world was James Shovlin, an itinerant Irish peddler. He passed a week-end at our home at least once each month. He was a man of high type, a graduate of one of the leading Irish universities, and deeply religious. He sold fine linens imported from Belfast. I have always remembered Shovlin's account of his difficult crossing of the ocean to come to America. He was a colorful narrator, and his vivid account of the voyage fired my youthful imagination. It was charming to hear about a foreign country from a foreigner, the more charming because of Shovlin's rare Irish wit. My father had high respect for religion, but was not at that time so obsessed with it as Shovlin. I mention this because of the incident I am about to relate.



One beautiful May day father and I were sitting beneath the oak tree at the roadside in front of our home. The trees in all directions were in full foliage; the birds seemed to realize that it was spring; there was a profusion of flowers all about, and the cotton was being chopped out to a stand. While we sat there drinking in the beauty of the springtime, who should come along but Shovlin, his pack upon his back, walking with his vigorous swinging stride.

"Ho, there, Shovlin," my father greeted him. "Glad to see you. Put down your pack and rest a while."

Shovlin, all smiles and laughter, put down his pack and sat beneath the tree.

"How are the neighbors' crops?" my father inquired. "And what news do you bring from your travels?"

Shovlin cleared his throat with considerable ceremony. "Mr. Roper," he began, "the most impressive thing for me this beautiful day are the lessons Nature is trying to teach—the lessons of the warm and friendly sunlight—the song of the mocking bird—the beauty of the flowers—the deep sentiment of the Negro spiritual as he hoes the corn and cotton. Ah, Mr. Roper, as I hear and see all this—I feel in my own heart the operations of Divinity."

My father had listened attentively. He was silent for a moment, and then he replied, "Shovlin, as little as you and others may think it, I, too, sometimes feel the operations of the Holy Spirit upon my soul."

Now as a child I had never heard the word "operate" used except in a medical way. Nearly every motherly woman, white and black, who came along would tell my father that I was suffering from the only known childhood disease, worms. An important remedy administered to me was Jerusalem Oak seed and molasses, a terrible dose. Frequently after I had taken it they would ask just how it "operated."

The good Shovlin was so enraptured with the beauties of nature that he had scarcely heard my father, while I had hung upon his every word. "Look, Mr. Roper," Shovlin said, making a grand gesture toward the cotton fields and the near-by flowers, then pointing upward to the bright sun. "How magnificent!" And turning back to us, he asked, "What causes these things?"

It seemed to be my turn to speak, and he was now looking at me. I turned to my father. "I'll tell you, father," I said, "I believe it's worms that's operating on you."

This well-nigh sacrilegious announcement provoked the full depths of Shovlin's Irish sense of humor. He literally rolled upon the ground, so hearty was his laughter, and as he rolled, he said, "Mr. Roper, I believe the boy is right." He was never to forget the incident, and for a long while thereafter I was to be reminded that I should keep religion and "worms" separated.

In those days of remote towns and inns, it was an unwritten law in our home that no one would be charged for a night's lodging. Shovlin usually stayed with us on his trips, and he always managed to leave behind some choice piece of linen, or other item admired by my stepmother, in payment for his lodging.

The plantation upon which I was born contained five hundred acres, a part of which was woodland, the remainder in pasturage or cultivation. It was located midway between the Atlantic Ocean and the mountains, about one hundred miles from Charlotte and a like distance from Wilmington. This immediate section had soil of the sandy loam variety with a clay subsoil. Thus, the land, unlike that in some other sections of the South, was easily improved and lent itself readily to general farming. That made it unnecessary to depend entirely upon cotton. But the cotton influence was powerful, and it was the money crop of practically every planter in our section of the Carolinas.

About one hundred Negroes, many of whom had come through the war period with our people, lived and worked upon our plantation. They were among the happiest people I have ever known, far happier in their modest cabins than the plutocrat of today in his palace. They lived, worked, and sang in amazing harmony.

The home proper—I was grown before I heard the word "residence"—had been built by my grandfather. It was painted white; the design was semicolonial, a little like the Dutch colonial architecture of today. A story and one half in height, its expansive breadth extended in two wings with a spacious piazza across the front. One entered the house by either of two doors at left and right, there being no center hall. These doors were never locked. The rooms of the house were large, two having open fires, and there was a chimney

at each end. The house was spacious, comfortable, and homelike. For a growing boy it was a sheltered place to spend childhood, and it was only a few miles from the Little Peedee River, known as a good fishing stream.

There was scarcely a time of the day or night when our plantation did not resound with music. The colored mammies sat in the cabin doors and sang to their kinky-headed pickaninnies; all sang in the cotton and corn fields. Once my father said, "You don't have to watch the Negroes work when you can hear them sing. But when the singing stops, you'd better take a look and see what the trouble is."

In 1877, or when I was ten, we bought our first kerosene lamp. My parents regarded it as dangerous, and they carefully warned me against having too much to do with it. About this time, however, a traveling "fake" came along with a yellow powder which he guaranteed would, when mixed with the kerosene, make the lamp absolutely harmless. Moreover, the lamp would never explode. My good stepmother, always wishing to protect me, bought a quantity of it, and thereafter I was permitted to get a little nearer the lamp. At the time we paid twenty-five cents a gallon for kerosene. I have always felt a little more kindly towards John D. Rockefeller because his activities brought fuel oil down to about one fourth the price it was when I was a boy.

In those post-bellum days matches were exceedingly scarce. I was charged with the duty of keeping the fires, including the chopping of wood. We paid a quarter for a wooden box containing about two dozen matches, or about the same amount as for a gallon of oil. Our home being seven miles from the nearest town, when the match supply was exhausted and we had no coals of fire, it became necessary to borrow fire. I was sent to one of the neighboring homes for a burning "chunk" of oak or hickory. Sometimes I obtained two "fire rocks." By striking them together, creating friction, over a handful of fleecy lint cotton, I learned how to create fire. This was a great discovery. It prompted my first reflections on geology.

In the early years I played with the darky children, there being no white child near by, and, too, I liked them better as playmates. They respected me. Their mothers and fathers insisted that they do so, with the consequence that I was a privileged character, looked

up to and loved by them. All the Negroes were deeply religious, and the fervor of their faith in God was something never to be forgotten. On warm summer nights in religious revival days they could be heard praying as far as a mile away. Their religious meetings frequently broke into manifestations of sublime ecstasy.

One of the older Negroes, Uncle Ben we called him, used to pray nightly from his cabin. He prayed so earnestly and with such feeling that his neighbors and any who chanced to hear him could not resist the temptation to linger and listen to his invocations. The theme of his prayer usually took the turn of an entreaty to God to come and get him, to descend and take him home to Heaven. He avowed that he had had enough trials and tribulations. He told God he wanted to be "transferred." A group of the colored boys had accumulated upon his threshold one night when he was praying with more energetic fervor than usual. He at last came to the point where he called upon God to come and "transfer" him at once. Then one of the boys rapped upon his door. "Who's dat?" he called. His voice trembled with fear and emotion. "It's the Lord," the boy replied. "The Lord you've been prayin' to." In a flash the old darky replied, "You needn't come in, Lawd! There ain't nobody home."

Many of the Negroes believed in the power of conjuring. Whether or not this faith in the so-called magic is an importation from the jungles of Africa, or whether a ramification of voodooism, or some of the old strange cults that obsess tribal peoples in various parts of the world today, I cannot say. Fundamentally, it bore striking similarity to some of the isms prevalent among modern whites. The imported conjure doctor of plantation days was an individual to be embraced and feared at one and the same time. His influence among the darkies was widespread.

Once my father wanted to get rid of a Negro with whom he had disagreed. He gave him a certain length of time in which to move. One day in the very next week, I walked out of our house to see a strange Negro who was circling it at intervals. His behavior was weird and mystifying. He did not act like an ordinary home Negro, and I had never seen him before. Who could he be, and what was he doing? He wore Sunday clothes: a long coat and an unusual type of hat. He did not appear to notice me, but began a slow tour of the house, mumbling his words as he walked. At one

corner when he had completed the round, he paused a moment, then started upon a second encirclement. By now my childish curiosity had been whetted to fever heat. Still, I could see no sign or overt act upon the stranger's part which gave cause for alarm. It was perhaps his third trip around the house when I saw him stop at the steps of one of the entrances and, taking a small package from his pocket, place it carefully under the steps. After that he went away. I ran immediately to a near-by cabin where I knew there was a young colored boy whom I could trust. I told him what I had seen and asked him to investigate. He promised to do so. The next day he reported to me. This stranger, he learned, was a conjure doctor, one who performed mysterious acts that none could fathom or explain. The package he had placed under the steps contained conjure medicine. The conjure specialist had been retained by the disagreeable tenant, and the doctor had placed the conjure medicine beneath the steps so that my father would walk over it. In so doing, according to the theories of conjure, my father would be influenced in favor of the tenant he had ordered to leave. The package contained blood-stained rags and grain, probably a form of religious sacrifice.

My father laughed good-naturedly when I told him what had taken place. But the remarkable outcome was that he re-employed the Negro and let him stay on. I teased him about it for years, suggesting on later occasions that he avail himself of conjure, when some dilemma presented itself. He, of course, denied its efficacy. Yet, even today, one wonders if, to some extent, conjure is not sometimes called into play by *materia medica*.

Our Negroes were believers in ghosts, but could never convince me. Here is an illustration. A Negro excitedly advised that he had seen a ghost. He was asked to describe the ghost. His answer was as follows: "I know it was a ghost because when I reached out to touch it, it wasn't there, and when the ghost reached out for me, I wasn't there!"

In those times a religious "protracted" meeting was being held in South Carolina, and the preacher was making great appeals to arouse his congregation. He said in the course of his propositions: "All of those who wish to go to Hell rise." No one rose. "All those who wish to go with me to Heaven rise." No one rose. He then said: "What is the matter with you people? Are you stone deaf?"

One man rose in the audience and said: "We do not wish to go to either of them places. We are satisfied right here."

My father was typically English and a Roper through and through. He was five feet ten and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds. Because of his merry, witty manner, he had many friends. He took a leading part in the community endeavors, more especially the long fight for self-government in the 1870's, of which more later. He had dark hazel eyes that danced when he spoke, and, always radiating good will and cheer, he early became a local leader in the common cause. In the year 1876, I remember distinctly that we had a surplus of one thousand dollars after the sale of our cotton. My father was in the Wade Hampton campaign solely to help free the state from oppression. He gave every cent of our savings to this campaign, going "on time" for our supplies until the next crop.

He himself was not musical, yet I never met a man who was fonder of listening to good music. The Scottish song services were events in those days. They were held at a different home each week, and always under the direction of a singing master. The singing was performed in the old-time do-re-me-fa-so-la-ti-do manner, yet it was surpassingly beautiful and satisfying. Many were the splendid voices in the community, and while the fiddle was the most prominent instrument, the banjo and the guitar were popular among the darkies. What has ever been more beautiful than to sit upon the broad piazza of a plantation home on a warm summer night, breathing soft breezes scented with magnolia and jasmine, with millions of stars in the sky and the whole countryside mellow with moonlight, the darkies plaintively singing and strumming their banjos and guitars, accompanying voices of deep-throated bass and silver tenor singing the old songs that enlarged the heart and graced the gentler days of our country's history? How thankful I am for the influence of such a hallowing environment.

## *The Three R's*

MY FATHER was not educated in the approved sense of the word as used today, modern education being a rarity among the pioneers who then lived in the Carolinas. It was the heyday of the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. One who knew his three R's and knew them well was considered to have enough education for all practical purposes. But my father, who had an astonishingly retentive memory for history, was a voracious reader of all the good books available to him. Alexander H. Stephens was his favorite American historian, and he virtually memorized the Stephens history, being able to quote pages and pages of it when conversation turned upon the events it chronicled. He was especially accurate when relating items of history pertaining to the Civil War.

In retrospect it seems little short of amazing that my father acquired so high a degree of understanding from his limited opportunities. But in his modest way, he was a scholar. He was particularly fond of the Jewish historian, Josephus. I remember that one of his first arguments to me concerned the divinity of Christ. He quoted from Josephus: "Christ was a marvelous man, if it be proper to call him a man." And he considered this a great admission by a historian who, although rejecting the Nazarene, was almost one of his contemporaries. The Bible, of course, was in every Southern home—even in many cases in the homes of Negroes who could neither read nor write. Early in my childhood, my father bought a New Testament of large print. Each of the chapters began with a large capital letter. I learned my A B C's from them.

Perhaps the next most valued book of the house was the biographical volume, Lossing's *Eminent Americans*. Many winter nights my father sat beside the open fire and read aloud from it.

What exciting episodes and worthy human achievements this book unfolded! It brought to life a whole pageant of heroes: Washington, Old Hickory, the gentle Lee, and the dashing, death-defying Stonewall Jackson. They stirred my plastic imagination. Then there was the dramatic account of the capture of Major André with his disgrace. Father would stop to explain how the papers which condemned the Major were discovered in his boots. "Those papers," declared my father, "are in the State Library at Albany, New York. Some day, son, if you ever have the chance, go and see them."

As was to be expected, one who had served four years in the Confederacy was intrigued by the life of Napoleon. It was an age in which military prowess was glorified, and my father read and talked much of the life and campaigns of Bonaparte. Frequently a tinge of sentiment entered these discussions, for he deeply sympathized with Josephine, Napoleon's unfortunate wife. More interesting, however, both to him and to me, were his accounts of the career and alleged execution of the colorful Marshal Ney. This part of the discussion always brought us to the absorbing mystery which enshrouded the end of Ney.

My father held with those who did not believe that the French officer was executed. This school credited the report that the old army friends of the Marshal, who were charged with the duty of putting him to death, had spirited their former commander to safety—that he had escaped on the eve of his scheduled execution and had come to America. Definitely, it had been established that a strange-acting Frenchman had made his appearance in North Carolina not long after the supposed execution, and this newcomer had organized a school. My father placed the location of the school at about one hundred miles from the farm where he was born. There were records in my father's possession which showed that the age and description of the mysterious teacher tallied closely with those of Marshal Ney. And these old records also disclosed that the Frenchman became visibly agitated when the name of Napoleon was mentioned in his presence. Moreover, upon his deathbed, the teacher's last words to his physician bore out the theory of his identity, for they indicated that he had once been associated with Napoleon. All this was fascinating and absorbing to my childish mind.

I was taught respect for books and an appreciation of their in-



estimable value. We had in our home, also, fragmentary works of Shakespeare and Francis Bacon. The second mystery to which I was introduced was the question of whether or not Bacon wrote Shakespeare. The controversy was fresh and spirited in this period, but my father did not become a partisan. Other books we had were histories of some of the Southern states, broken sets of Tennyson and Longfellow, *History of the Old Cheraws*, covering our segment of the Carolinas, and that book without which no home library, however small, was complete—*Pilgrim's Progress*. My father knew these books amazingly well. Yet, one day when he was quoting Shakespeare to a group of friends, I questioned him. "Aren't you afraid," I whispered, "you'll make a mistake—misquote?" His reply was characteristic of his unfailing sense of humor. "Son," he said, "I never quote Shakespeare before people who know anything about Shakespeare." He had me there.

With this background I was constantly being prepared by my father for the day when I would start to school. It was a deplorable fact that the schools of the period were ungraded and loosely conducted. The public school money seldom lasted more than sixty days. After it was exhausted, those parents who could afford to do so supported privately organized schools. A central location would be chosen by the better-off residents of the community and a special teacher employed to conduct the continuation school. My father always supported these privately financed extensions, and when the time came he took a daily interest in my school progress. He wanted me to be better equipped for life than he had been, but neither of us knew the best course of study to pursue. That, in my father's opinion, was a matter for the guidance of the teachers. And I was destined to be most fortunate in this important respect.

My kinsman and devoted friend, T. B. Stackhouse, a graduate of Wofford College, was my first schoolteacher. He boarded at our house, and together we walked a mile to the one-room schoolhouse, where about thirty boys and girls congregated for the fundamentals of education. I was between seven and eight years of age when this schooling began.

An amazing incident of the experience still lingers in my mind. In this school term a youngster named Dargan McDaniel entered our school from another district. He, it seemed, was not taking his

education seriously. Noting his obvious indolence, Mr. Stackhouse descended upon him one morning. "Dargan," he declared threateningly, "you aren't studying! Now get this straight; if you don't get down to work, I'm going to thrash you!" The rest of us were all eyes and ears, but the redoubtable Dargan was by no means abashed. "Mr. Stackhouse," he replied drolly and almost in a note of utter hopelessness, "I can save you trouble there. My last teacher, Mr. Stafford, he tried that. It didn't do any good." The laughter throughout the room was unrestrained until we were called to order.

I was eleven when Mr. Stackhouse founded another school at Red Bluff on the Little Peedee River. The new school was four miles from our home. There were frequent rains, chilly winter winds, and muddy roads, but, notwithstanding the terrors of the elements and the impediments of formidable mud puddles, I walked to and from school each day. The school money ran out as usual, but those parents who could afford the cost chipped in, and Mr. Stackhouse was retained. In those days the teacher would sometimes board in the homes of his pupils.

Naturally we had summer vacations. My father believed in hard work, but we found time for some swimming and hunting and fishing. We had no daily papers, but any important item of news quickly found its way to us by the relay system. One of these instances in which news came by messenger is clear in my mind. I was a boy of fourteen, swinging on the front gate. Suddenly I heard the clatter of hoofs and looked up the road to see a neighbor galloping toward our house. He reined his mount as he drew nearer; then, shouting in an excited voice, he said: "The President's been killed! Garfield! He's dead!" He rode on, like Paul Revere of old, to inform the rest of the community. The assassination had occurred the day before, July 2, 1881. It made a profound impression upon me. I did not see how the nation could continue without its president. Indeed, I was actually surprised the next morning to find that the sun rose as usual, that the flowers were still blooming, that the pleasant countryside was calm and serene. I had spent a restless night.

## II

Childhood passes quickly, leaving recollections that seem to have been episodes of a fantasy. I was fourteen now, ready for my preparatory work at the Laurinburg, North Carolina, High School. For

me entrance that fall to this new school, with its enrollment of one hundred and twenty-five students, was a major event. It was the first time I had lived away from home, and it gave me the feeling that at last I was more or less on my own. My closest friend, Julius Lane, who lived near me and had been a comrade from early childhood, went to Laurinburg at the same time. He furnished a buggy, and I had the privilege of borrowing a mule from my uncle, Colonel James Turner Roper, who lived at Laurinburg. Thus, Julius and I were able to drive home on Fridays, coming back in time for school on Monday mornings. In this way we saved board money. This was fortunate. While treated to a new and broadening mode of life in which I was in contact with fellow students from other sections, I, at the same time, remained under my own home influence.

The school was conducted upon a high plane. William G. Quakenbush, of Orange County, North Carolina, was its principal. His three capable assistants, all men of strong Christian character, were instructors who taught with unrelenting zeal, at all times seeking to inspire us with a heartfelt desire for knowledge and its blessings. They made us dig into the very core of every subject. We had to learn. There was no respectable alternative. No boy who ever went to school to Professor Quakenbush would ever forget him. He was a one-legged man, a little stooped because he was continually on crutches. One of his legs had been amputated in childhood after he had been bitten by a jackass. He never smoked, but he chewed cigars continually. I thought this the height of extravagance.

Mr. Quakenbush taught Latin and Greek and supervised the school. The community loved him wholeheartedly because he entered into the work and spirit of so many of its activities. There was no end to the man's energy, and his benevolent and wise philosophy was always an inspiration. But he was not easygoing. If anything, he was on the austere side, ever insisting upon more work and study. He lost no opportunity to impress the importance of character in the making of a gentleman. I often wondered how one small head could hold all he knew.

I boarded with my uncle, who loaned Julius and me a mule on week-ends. Uncle Turner was approximately twelve years older than my father and, likewise, a veteran of the Confederate Army. He, too, took an active interest in my schoolwork. We frequently

took walks, during which he questioned and advised me. When in the mood he told me experiences from his own interesting life. One of these concerned Davy Crockett, hero of the Alamo, whose motto, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," had swept the country. I had read a great deal about Davy Crockett. I knew the background of his pioneer days, his hunting exploits, his oddities both at home and in Washington. His last great adventure during the Texas Revolution against the Mexicans, that brave death struggle that brought his tragic end in the massacre at the Alamo, had aroused me as had no other bit of American history up to that time. When Uncle Turner told me that he had once met Crockett, I pressed him for details. He cheerfully supplied them.

As a boy of fifteen, Uncle Turner had once stayed overnight in Raleigh. Early in the evening he had gone out upon the public square to see a bear which one of the natives had captured and was exhibiting in an enclosure near the statehouse. While looking at the bear, who should walk up but Davy Crockett. A small coterie was already following the popular idol to observe him at close range. My uncle joined them. Crockett, according to my uncle, was all that he had been pictured and described by the press. A striking, powerful figure, the Tennessean wore his celebrated coonskin cap. And, to the delight of the crowd, he began making witty remarks about the bear, soon drifting into accounts of some of his own hunting experiences in the Appalachian Mountains. He said that, upon his first return from Washington to his home, several of his constituents wanted to know what the people of the capital were like. He had answered by telling them that the chief difference was the way in which they ate their meals. "For instance," Crockett said, "they have breakfast when the sun is one or two hours high, or when you fellows have done practically a half a day's work. About one or two o'clock in the day they have what they call lunch, and 'way in the night, they have their dinner." When a constituent asked, "Davy, when do they eat their supper?" Crockett had told them, "They don't get that until the next day."

## III

In the summer of 1884 father wished to send me to Wofford College. Money was scarce, and knowing his stringent financial con-

dition, that he was having to borrow to defray my expenses, I spent the summer selling a book, *The Pathway of Life*. This house-to-house canvassing took me far and wide in Marlboro County. I cleared fifty dollars for the summer's work. And how proud I was! It was enough to outfit me, including a new suit, shoes, and hat. I bought the clothes from a merchant who was an old friend of the family. It was gratifying to be able to pay cash. I looked forward to the day when I would wear them to college.

The Wofford term opened on October 7. I had to journey two days and part of a night to get to Spartanburg, which, as the crow flies, is only about one hundred and twenty-five miles from my home. I went to Laurinburg by buggy, thence via the old Carolina Central Railroad, now the Seaboard Airline, to Charlotte. After a considerable delay at the latter city for train connections, I went on to my destination via the Richmond and Danville, now the Southern Railroad. At last, grimy with cinders, exhausted from the shakings and careenings of the rattling, puffing "modern" train, almost overcome by the heat, and suffering agony from my new shoes, I reached Spartanburg. One almost had to be a Spartan to stand the journey.

Wofford was on the outskirts of this quiet and peaceful old town, and my first impressions of it, as I set foot upon the still green campus, were distinctly reverential. Other young men were sauntering singly and in groups across the grassy plain, coming and going at the entrance of the imposing buildings, which, flanked by five or six attractive brick residences, stood at the end of a long walk. I noted the sturdy oak trees and the shady pine grove. There was no great hustle and bustle; rather it seemed as if the half leisurely movements of the Wofford students were guided by a sense of confident purpose. The atmosphere was one of dignity and quaint charm. I liked it from the start. I determined to make the most of my opportunity and privilege in being there.

The details of matriculation did not take long. I presented credentials, and a member of the faculty helped me to select the subjects I was to pursue. A room was assigned, and I became a full-fledged student of Wofford. Those first few days at college were filled with the activity of orientation, making new friends and assiduous application to my books. Just one unfortunate circumstance marred those first days. My new shoes were killing me. Unfortu-

nately, I had no others. Nor could I exchange them, for I was many miles from the store in which I had bought them. It was an impasse. But a sadder feature of the shoes, of which I did not learn until several weeks had passed, was not that they hurt my feet.

Purchase of the new outfit had been a first experience at "trading" or shopping with the particular merchant from whom they were bought, although he was a good friend of the Roper family. I had paid cash. Imagine my chagrin and resentment upon learning that he had charged the whole outfit to my father's account at his store. Of course, it was not intentional fraud; the man was notoriously careless in his business methods. Nevertheless, I had lost the money for which I had worked and walked and talked so hard in the blazing summer heat. The incident was a rude shock, one which afforded a valuable lesson for all the future. It awakened me to the importance of using bank checks in paying bills and of getting receipts where they were paid in cash. This shock and hardship disturbed my sleep for several nights.

At Wofford I rose early, just as I had back home, usually taking a walk. I had been there but a few days when, one morning along the woods path just off the campus, I met the President, Dr. James Henry Carlisle. He was a man six feet four inches tall with long, flowing hair, moustache, and beard, and large intelligent eyes that were deep-set and penetrating. He paused as we were about to pass. "Good morning, young man," he said. "A fine morning." "Good morning, sir," I returned. "It is indeed." He stood looking at me a moment or so, and then he said, "I wonder if you have a special thought for this fine day."

In all honesty I had to confess that I did not have any particular thought, and I was slightly embarrassed because his mighty presence overawed me. He did not seem the least bit surprised. "Let me suggest to you," he said, "that you never leave your room in the morning without having one. It will keep you encouraged and balanced. Since you don't have one today, let me give you one." "Yes, sir," I said in some confusion, while he regarded me with close scrutiny. "The way you approach people in early life," he declared, "will decide your destiny. Since there are only two ways of approaching people, it is very important that you consider them and make no mistake. One way is negative, the other positive. Under the nega-

tive, you approach people suspiciously, impressing upon them that you lack faith and confidence in them. You will not get their cooperation and you will fail. Under the positive, you will approach people with confidence and faith that will prompt them to believe in you and follow you. You will thereby establish confidence, co-operation, and leadership, and you will succeed." With those words, Dr. Carlisle bowed and passed on. I was never to forget them. Many times they would serve me well in afterlife. But that early morning meeting was just a beginning, a preliminary taste of the rich philosophy that welled from his unquenchable fountain of wisdom. He taught you to think and not to "keep on talking after you had stopped thinking."

On another occasion, he said, "Ponder on this: Confidence is a plant of slow growth. Mind how you cultivate and protect it." The consideration of those words brought the whole credit system to my mind. I resolved to live within my means, but when obliged to have credit, vigorously to strive to protect the obligations it entailed. The world did not owe me a living unless I gained the confidence of others and co-operated with them in the correct way to live. Moreover, his words gave me new breadth of thought, lifting me to a higher plane. Sectionalism had no place in a nation composed of individuals, with business so interdependent and interrelated.

Dr. Carlisle, I soon found, was an institution within himself, the very backbone of Wofford, the inspiration of every boy. While his specialty was mathematics, at the end of each recitation period he would have us lay aside our books and tell him what we thought we had learned that day under the other professors. He was much interested in etymology, or the derivation of words. Each day everybody in the class tried to bring a new word for discussion. One day Mr. Gregg, a member of the class, was asked what he had learned from his Latin professor. "Doctor," he answered, "I have been thinking of the word *restaurant*. I haven't pursued the word fully, but I am suggesting, sir, that the analysis of the word is this: *Res*, meaning thing; and *taurus*, meaning bull. Hence, a restaurant is a *bully thing!*" Dr. Carlisle did not criticize the young man, but while the rest of us laughed heartily, he merely smiled and said, "I suggest, Mr. Gregg, that you take that up tomorrow with your Latin professor."

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He often repeated that "the young student who does not have a case of homesickness now and then, either has no happy home or is unworthy of one." He seemed to sense it when one of us was low in spirit, and many fine philosophical thoughts were handed down to us from the rostrum at morning chapel. One which made a lasting impression upon me was: "While you are planning to spend a dollar foolishly, your parents are planning how to save a dollar that you may stay in college."

At the beginning of this, my freshman year, I helped to organize an eating club among classmates which materially reduced expenses for us. There were twenty-two members of the club, and the college gave us space for a kitchen and dining room. One member was given free board for acting as steward, or buyer and supervisor. The club was a success from the outset. We had an organ and excellent musical talent in our ranks; thus the early evening gatherings, before dinner, were occasions to which we looked forward. We had a constitution and bylaws to which each member subscribed, and regulations specifying a certain hour for bedtime. It was my first experience in student government. I have never lived more happily than with that group. The amazing thing, in looking back upon it now, was that my table board cost less than ten dollars a month. The new mode of life quickened my interest in the outside world. Sectionalism began to fade from my horizon as a result of contacts with other young men from distant sections and in the light of intellectual growth due in a large measure to the strong influence of Dr. Carlisle. Yet, up to now, I had not thought of any career except that of a Southern planter.

There was a young man in my class, Choice Evans, whose father represented the Spartanburg District in Congress. During the Christmas recess of 1884, young Evans visited his family in Washington. He returned to college with a glowing account of what he had seen and whom he had met. I found myself warmly interested despite the South's lack of sympathy for the new national government, due to the scars of Reconstruction. Hitherto I had not thought an officer of the government to be much more than a policeman. I now began to recognize the dignity and prestige of the Federal service. Unconsciously, a seed had been planted in my mind, although a number of years were to elapse before it germinated.

Although we had interclass sports at Wofford, the large-scale intercollegiate contests which captivate the public of today were unthought of. I participated in some of the baseball, football, and other games, and I have since regretted that I did not take greater interest, for contests on the athletic field are as valuable in their development and instruction as the activities of the classroom. One outstanding event of that year was a hike to a hallowed spot near Spartanburg. My father's love of history and biography had been transmitted to me in earlier years. I recalled that the Revolutionary battlefield of Cowpens was only nine or ten miles from Spantanburg. Because of its decisiveness in contributing to the success of the Revolution, it was sometimes called the "Bennington of the South." It was there that 1,100 British contended against 1,000 Americans with the result that only 12 Americans were killed and 60 wounded against 800 British killed, wounded, and captured. In that first year at Wofford I inquired concerning the exact location of the battlefield. Partly because I wanted to see this hallowed ground, and partly in order that I might later tell my father about it, I got together a group of friends and we hiked the rugged distance to the battlefield. The trip was slightly disappointing because there was so little trace of the famous conflict. We, however, identified the exact location, and all had the satisfaction of having visited the spot which had an important bearing upon American independence.

My freshman year passed quickly. By living economically, I kept my total expenses within two hundred and fifty dollars. In fact, my four years of college were to cost my father this annual amount. Summer teaching slightly supplemented it, and I taught that first summer until it was time to return to college in the fall.

The sophomore year was to provide one of my first major tragedies. This event will be better understood if we bear in mind something of the mode of life at Wofford. Dr. Carlisle and his staff had never engaged in a drive to swell the student body. There were only about one hundred and twenty-five students, it being his belief that the small college was the salvation and hope of the American educational system. A larger number, he thought, tended to eliminate personal contact between faculty and student. "If the student body ever reaches two hundred and fifty," he said, "I'll go out the back-door."

Nevertheless, the Wofford dormitory facilities were inadequate for this small student body. This situation was ameliorated by the kindly patronage of the good families of Spartanburg, who gladly co-operated by taking young men into their homes to board. Dr. Carlisle approved this system, since it gave the boys so provided for a home atmosphere, with all its influence in building character. During that first year I had gained the friendship of J. D. Williams, a classmate who came from one of the lower counties. We became very close friends, and agreed to room together upon our return the following autumn. Thus, in the fall of 1885, we became roommates. There are few closer relationships than that which binds common spirits as college roommates. Since each of us was a candidate for the Bachelor of Arts degree, there were times when one could assist the other. If it was a mathematical problem, or, perhaps, a translation of Latin, or some mystery attached to the fascinating study of chemistry with its perplexing *qualitative* and *quantitative analysis* and the stubborn *unknowns*, or any other of numerous things, there was always the chance that one could give the other the desired lift. We told each other our boyish secrets. We studied together; we walked together; and often in the night's darkness we lay in our separate beds, discussing the problems of our present world and speculating upon its tomorrows. I had never had a brother,<sup>1</sup> and this new relationship—deepest friendship and trust—thrilled me. I greatly treasured it. Either of us would have fought for the other.

One night, early in May, 1886, J. D. came to our room after supper complaining that he did not feel well. He went to bed earlier than usual. The next morning he made no move to arise when I got up at the customary time—the ringing of the college bell. He looked pale and haggard. I asked him if he intended going to classes. "I don't think I can make it," he said. "Maybe a day in bed will fix me up. You can explain to the professors." "What about some breakfast?" I asked him. "Can I bring you something?" He waved down the suggestion. "No," he replied. "I don't think I care to eat." Noting his pallor, and by now convinced that he might be sicker than he thought, I suggested calling the college physician. "No," he murmured, "Go on. I'll be all right."

<sup>1</sup> By my father's marriage to Miss Lucy McColl, I had two half-sisters and two half-brothers.

I left J. D. with some misgivings. There were reports of typhoid fever in Spartanburg; so I determined to look in upon him as soon as my first classes were over. This I did. By now it was apparent he had a fever and was not all right, as he had expected to be. His eyes were dull and listless. Genuinely alarmed, I hurried to call Dr. Dean. A short while later his case was diagnosed. Typhoid fever! The job of caring for J. D. and giving him his medicine fell largely to me, although there was never a shortage of boys who wanted to help. I commenced the long and grueling vigil. J. D. fought courageously to get well, but the ravages of fever took daily toll of his youth and strength. His decline was visible from day to day. Three weeks later, in our little room, I saw my beloved companion die. The shock of it was too much for me. I collapsed, going to bed with a temperature—and the almost certain conviction that I, too, would meet a kindred fate.

There happened to be another young man at Wofford who came from my neighborhood in Marlboro County. John Tatum stepped into the breach and helped nurse me. I did not have the exact symptoms J. D. had had; so at the end of a week, Dr. Dean decided to send me home. I left school on a stretcher with John Tatum accompanying me. Dr. Carlisle went with us to the train, presenting me with a large bottle of cologne and recommending that I bathe my face with the lotion. Luckily, I reached home without serious consequences. After a few weeks' rest I was my old self again. My case was rediagnosed as a bilious fever induced by strain and anxiety. Fortunately, the term examinations had been passed, and, except for commencement exercises, school was over. Dr. Carlisle wrote to me later. I have always treasured the memory of that letter. One thing he wrote was: "Remember, Daniel, there is a place for you in the world." It was his way of manifesting sympathy and encouragement, of assuring me of his continued interest. Often in later years I have taken a lesson from that letter. Recalling ten or a dozen friends, unheard-of in a year or so, I have written them. In such cases I have been amply repaid by their appreciation, their gratitude at knowing someone was interested in and thinking of them. Surely the world needs more of this brand of sympathy and encouragement.

While in Wofford College, in the autumn of 1885, I became one of the founders of the South Carolina Gamma Chapter of the Sigma

Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. I was impressed then, as I am now, by the opportunity which the fraternal spirit, whether in or out of college, has of serving humanity. Fraternities, however, need to guard against snobbishness and to stress character and scholarship. Such fraternal groups, if wisely formed, may be of advantage after college life. Some years ago, while we were crossing the ocean, an Englishman, in replying to my question as to how he liked the United States, said: "Your people have not sufficient home centers where families and friends can gather and exchange experiences and counsel for their common good." A fraternity wisely conducted in college and in later life might assist in satisfying this need.

The fever epidemic at Spartanburg and the death of my roommate changed the course of my life. I was discouraged from returning to Wofford. I had heard much of Trinity College in North Carolina, and my father, being biased in favor of all things North Carolinian, was not adverse to the change. So it was decided that I enter Trinity at the beginning of my junior year.

On the night of August 31, 1886, I was getting my things together for the college change. My stepmother was assisting me. Suddenly, a strange and deep rumbling came to our ears. It sounded as if some tremendous train of freight cars had bumped together. The house shook as if it might be going to collapse and fall. There was a lull, and then another violent rumbling, mightier than the first. We were on the verge of panic. "It's an earthquake!" my father shouted. "I'll bet you Florida has sunk." It was, indeed, the Charleston earthquake, although we did not know it at the time. The rumblings died away, and my father began to explain that Florida was composed of alluvial soil reclaimed from the sea. I recalled how he had always predicted that it would sink some day. By now, however, the quake seemed to have spent itself, and we walked out upon the grounds. No appreciable damage had been done, but we were convinced that it had wreaked havoc elsewhere. All the Negroes were agitated. They thought the end of the world had come, and we could hear them for long distances, praying.

Charleston, we learned the next day, was the hardest hit, the damage there running into thousands of dollars. Shortly afterward an amusing story came to us from that city. A protracted Negro meeting was being held in the colored section of Charleston on the

night of the quake. When the first tremor was felt, the Negro preacher attempted to quiet and console his parishioners. But when the second prodigious rumble and shake-up came, he sprang from the pulpit and led his terrorized congregation out of the church. As he sprinted across the churchyard, a neighbor's dog, loosed from his block but still with the chain about his neck, playfully sprang upon the colored preacher in the darkness. The preacher, panic-stricken and hysterical, yelled: "Hold on, Mr. Devil! Take away them chains! I'll go, but I'll go without chainin'!"

## IV

Trinity College, then in Randolph County, North Carolina, to which I transferred in the autumn of 1886, was not unlike Wofford. It, too, had a high moral tone and a religious atmosphere. Its faculty maintained a close personal relationship with the student body. There I continued the same course upon which I had embarked at Wofford, and there was no such memorable incident as the tragedy of my sophomore year. The senior year, however, was marked by some little change. John Franklin Crowell of Yale was elected President of Trinity. It was a bold step for the trustees to take at this time. It attested the breadth of their minds and vision, for Dr. Crowell was a Yankee.

Considerable misgivings were felt by some of the students, but I did not share them. My first visit to the sanctum of Dr. Crowell, nevertheless, caused me to wonder if the distrustful students had not been right. Just as I began to talk to him, a strange clock in one corner of the room went into strange actions. A little bird appeared, crying "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" I had neither seen nor heard of a cuckoo clock. It must be a Yankee trick, I thought, an effort to embarrass or test me. I appeared not to notice it, but concluded my business with Trinity's new President. A long time elapsed before I learned that the cuckoo clock was an innocuous innovation in the field of time-pieces.

At this first conference I thought I sensed that Dr. Crowell was not pleased with the rural environments of the College. Soon he was frankly advocating the removal of the institution to an urban community and was quoted as saying that it "must be gotten out of the woods and taken to town." The removal of Trinity to Durham

was accomplished before Dr. Crowell resigned the presidency. He and his successor, Dr. John C. Kilgo, enlisted the interest of Washington Duke and his sons, Benjamin N. and James B. Duke, in the support of the College; a contribution by the father made possible the removal to Durham. Through the influence of Washington Duke's daughter, Mrs. Mary Lyon, the College admitted women as students on the same terms as men. Benjamin N. Duke took a personal interest in expanding the educational facilities of the College during the administration of President Kilgo and enlisted in that undertaking the help of his brother.

When President Kilgo was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South (1910), he was succeeded by a remarkable man, then Dean of the College, the late William Preston Few, who retained the confidence of the Dukes. It was his good fortune to participate in the foundation of Duke University with the support of an Endowment set up in December, 1924, by James B. Duke; he remained at the head of the enlarged institution and before his death in 1940 had the satisfaction of seeing it recognized as one of the important universities of the country.

The founder of the University, James B. Duke, was farseeing and great-hearted. In his lifetime and through the Endowment that he established he gave liberally to other colleges in the region without regard to creed or color as well as to hospitals, to orphanages, and to superannuated preachers. His purposes in founding the University are indicated in the eighth article of the Indenture of Trust which governs his benefaction. "I have selected Duke University as one of the principal objects of this trust," he says, "because I recognize that education, when conducted along sane and practical as opposed to dogmatic and theoretical lines, is next to religion, the greatest civilizing influence. . . . And I advise that the courses of this institution be arranged, first, with special reference to the training of preachers, teachers, lawyers, and physicians, because these are most in the public eye, and by precept and example can do most to uplift mankind, and second, to instruction in chemistry, economics and history, especially the lives of the great of earth, because I believe that such subjects will most help to develop our resources, increase our wisdom and promote human happiness."

I received my Bachelor of Arts degree in June, 1888. I returned



to Marlboro County, ready, I thought, to face the world. On this point I was soon disillusioned. I had been prepared for nothing in particular. Hence, I thought of teaching at least long enough to get money for something else—probably, I thought, to read law and settle in Seattle, Washington.

## v

Professor N. D. Johnson, one of the educators of Marlboro County, had a large consolidated school about seven miles from my home. When I returned from Trinity, he made me an offer to teach there, and I accepted, at a salary of forty dollars a month and my board. I had done summer teaching, but this was my first job as a regular, full-time teacher. I tried to profit from the training and lessons of my old professors, and the memories of Mr. Quakenbush and Dr. Carlisle served me in good stead. The important thing, I saw, was to imbue my pupils with the intrinsic desire to know for the sake of knowledge; and I was not unmindful that if I could inspire them with the proper appreciation for fundamental traits of high character I would be doing more for them than I could do by pounding into them, to be repeated parrot-fashion, the contents of all the books in Christendom. At the end of the term, but not wholly to my surprise, Professor Johnson was unable to pay my salary. My father solved this problem by a timely suggestion. He had me obtain from Mr. Johnson an order upon one of the local merchants for four hundred dollars worth of fertilizer, and bought the order from me.

Home life and the pleasant environs of my boyhood were still dear to me, despite the four years at college. I loved the plantation and its colored people. I loved to look in at the cabin doors and greet the friendly darkies I had known since boyhood. In concluding this phase relating to my school days, I cannot resist the temptation to recall one further incident from that period. In a year when the cotton was coming up slowly because it had been so dry all spring, my father and I went out into the fields to determine whether or not we were going to get a "stand." It was a bright Sunday morning in May. We made such a thorough inspection of the situation, in view of the possibilities of crop failure, that we found upon looking at the time, we were too late for services at our Methodist church. The

church was four miles away and we could not possibly get there in time. "Too bad," my father said. We were starting home. Suddenly, he stopped. "Tell you what, son," he said, "let's go and listen to Caesar."

Caesar Munnerlyn was the colored pastor of a Baptist church at the eastern border of our plantation. My father knew that Caesar respected and liked him, for he had furnished the dusky clergyman a mule and buggy in order that he might more conveniently serve his parishioners. "I'd like to hear him," I replied, and we turned in the direction of the little church. The Negro services were already underway when we arrived. The church was jammed almost to capacity. Because we were the only whites, we slipped into remote seats near the rear door. Caesar was reading his text from the third chapter of St. Matthew. It referred to John the Baptist. In stentorian tones he read: "And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." He had completed the reading before he noticed the presence of my father and me. He must have remembered the mule and buggy, for as he began to preach and refer to his text, John the Baptist became John the Methodist throughout the sermon thereafter. It is my opinion that no greater courtesy was ever exercised than that of Caesar Munnerlyn, willingly sacrificing the Holy Spirit to please a white Methodist friend.

## *The South Carolina Legislature*

THE TRYING SHACKLES of the carpetbagger had been cast off by the people of my state at the time I started to school. Reconstruction at the point of a bayonet or muzzle of a rifle was no more, thanks to the courage of the political leaders of our era. Yet there still remained the dark fear that history might repeat itself. Against the possibility of such repetition, the whites were unified. They were determined to resist any movement, political or otherwise, that might bring back carpetbag and Negro domination. The uppermost need and universal desire was for genuine reconstruction—for improvement of the educational system, of agricultural and transportation conditions, and for honest and more economic government.

The conservative Confederate hero, General Wade Hampton, was the Reconstruction governor. The native white elements had implicit faith in him, but as subsequent events were to determine, it was not a time for conservatism. Tillmanism, of which more later, was beginning to rattle the bones of reform, and in time would sweep through the state with the speed and unleashed force of a forest fire. The social and economic revolution among the farmers was in full ascendancy by 1890. As a schoolteacher, I was in direct personal relationship with families of the agricultural class. Their problems were never far from my doorstep. This influence, soon to be increased by even closer contact, was to determine the pattern of my future life.

The year 1888-89 with N. D. Johnson at Pine Grove, although not very profitable from the financial view, gave me valuable experience and a degree of personal confidence. The next year was marked by another event of far more importance than money. It was the year in which I was married. Pine Grove, the site of the

Johnson School, was a typical rural community. Life centered round the local Methodist church and the large schoolhouse. Although in the midst of the Scotch settlement, the Pine Grove center was located where the Scotch and English Quaker stock met and intermingled.

When I went to Pine Grove the Reverend Will Ford, a Wofford schoolmate, was the minister of the local Methodist church. Early in the fall of 1888, he confided that he was expecting to be married in the near future. His bride was to be Miss Julia Fletcher. "How would you like to be my best man?" he asked. "I would consider it an honor," I replied. "Then it's agreed," he said, and he went on to tell me that Miss Lou McKenzie, whom I had not met, was to be Miss Fletcher's maid of honor. Miss McKenzie was Miss Fletcher's cousin.

Upon being introduced to Miss McKenzie, my reactions were similar to those of any other young man who realizes he does not care to look farther in the selection of a wife. Miss McKenzie's mother had been a warm friend of my own mother, and the families were well acquainted. She lived four miles north of Pine Grove, while I lived seven miles to the south. Those being the horse and buggy days, young men vied with one another as to who could present himself in the smartest rig, whether horse or mule drawn. My rig was by no means among the best; in fact, it was quite poor. Furthermore, we wrote very few letters and did not meet oftener than at monthly intervals. Our friendship, however, deepened and flowered into the state still known as love. I appreciated more a definition of love suggested by a friend at Wofford, "an inward inexpressibility of an outward all overishness."

About this time my father gave me a bit of advice, unconsciously describing Miss McKenzie. "When you select a wife," he said, "make sure she is the daughter of a mother of high ideals. And look to it that her mother has a practical personality that will impress upon the daughter both personal and domestic virtues." I told him I had found her, and he was soon to acknowledge her as such. Miss McKenzie and I were married on Christmas Day, 1889, exactly fifty-two years ago as this is being written.

From serious challenges and difficult problems of the past, I felt that I was taking a rather hazardous step in marrying before adequately preparing for the support of a wife. I was a poorly paid

schoolteacher, and she was engaged in teaching a very small school in order to accumulate sufficient funds to repay a note which she had given a friend to cover her college expenses. I was encouraged to make the step, however, by two things. First, I found our ideas on the practical approach to life to be very similar, and we were in thorough understanding of each other's condition; namely, that we had nothing. Further, our objectives in life were similar, and we both had good health.

Our plan for the future covered the following points, which I believed made it possible for two people with a thorough understanding of each other's purposes, and a thorough conviction of the necessity of co-operation, to win through. Each was to understand the financial situation of the other, and to try and save something from whatever we earned, however small that amount might be. We believed this would protect us from extravagance and encourage co-operation. As a part of this we were to create a home environment of happiness which would attract to that home, however poor, people engaged in sound objectives in life. This would give us the advantage of co-operative endeavors from the outside. Furthermore, any children that we might have would be assisted in their development, as we would, through contacts with worth-while people with genuine objectives. We would strive to gain the confidence of our fellows through correct living and thus interest other people in helping us to find the way of life, and incidentally assist in protecting us from the "wild horses" of life. This involved good will toward others and a helpful attitude in controlling selfishness and greed. We would strive not to acquire riches except sufficient to feed and equip with a practical education our children so that they would not become a charge on the community. These objectives having been attained, we would strive to have a comfortable home, paid for, the environment of which would be attractive to our children and friends.

As I have said, the year with N. D. Johnson was not profitable, but it gave me a wider acquaintanceship throughout the county, and I saw the fruits of my efforts in the reaction of some of the patrons of the school. I was requested by the people of my home community, seven miles away, to consolidate six small schools in that locality and form an academy to be put into operation the following year. This I did with the efficient aid of Daniel J. Currie, a recent honor

graduate from the University of North Carolina. This consolidated school or academy was located at Tatum, just two miles from the plantation where I was born. It was to Tatum that I took my bride, and we boarded with one of her cousins, a lovable man, Dr. John C. McKenzie, the physician of the community.

The consolidation of the small schools and the responsibility for the new institution were to prove a great strain. Chief of the difficulties was the grading, or proper assignment, of students, many of whom had previously had different and often inconsistent textbooks. I knew something of this from my experience at Laurinburg High School. I recalled that on my arrival there a teacher had asked what grammar I had studied. "Smith's *Grammar*," I had told him. He threw up his hands in a gesture of disgust. "Forget about it," he said, "and forget everything you learned from it." At Tatum, I met these problems as best I could. Mrs. Roper taught a group of very young students not sufficiently advanced to be classified in the academy. Her advice helped to solve the many problems occasioned by the responsibility for one hundred and twenty-five students. We had our hands full.

Life in the home of Dr. McKenzie was very pleasant. He was a kindly man of the old school of gracious manner, benevolent, with the genuine sympathy of the country doctor of those bygone days. He entered into every community activity, but he had one fault. Out of that fault I learned a valuable lesson, one never to be forgotten. Soon after moving to his home, a few hundred yards from the academy, I saw one morning that he was in a rather dilapidated physical condition. He was haggard and his eyes were red. In a jocular way, I said, "Doctor, you've had too many drinks. How does this comport with your eldership in the Presbyterian church?"

He stared at me while he collected his thoughts. Finally he spoke. "Young man," he said, "you have caught me at an eddy. Let me illustrate to you how unfair and how narrow it is to judge a man at an eddy." Here he paused and extended one hand in the direction of the river, about fifteen miles away. "Go with me," he resumed, "in your imagination to the Pee Dee River. You will probably approach the river at a point where some object has turned the course of the stream, creating an eddy. If you were to judge the river at this point, you would say it is flowing east. But if you were

wise enough, you would wait to make up your mind about the course of the river, until you examined it at another point. At that point, though, the stream would probably have encountered another eddy and would be flowing west. Now, you should be wise enough to go to a near-by cliff, where you could see the full course of the river. You would from that point see that the stream was not running east—not running west—but flowing due south. Why can't you be as careful and liberal in examining the full course of the stream of my life? And why can't you acknowledge with all my faults that the volume of the stream is consistent and onward—in the interest of the best and not the worst of life?" I have since thanked the good doctor many times for that lesson.

## II

From the time we were married, Mrs. Roper and I dreamed of a home of our own. We often discussed it at length. Together we planned and gradually arrived at a harmonious conclusion of what we could make of it without anything to buy the land or build the house, except energy and faith. James B. Breeden, the wealthiest man in the county, was a friend of my father. I knew that he sometimes loaned money on mortgages. With everything to gain and nothing to lose, I went to him. I told him that we wished to buy eighty-three acres of land for twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars. He studied me gravely and in silence. "I have no money," I went on. "The only security I can offer, besides the mortgage, is my character and reputation in the community. I will insure my life for enough to cover the loan. If I live, I firmly believe I can pay for the land and insurance. If I die, the insurance will repay the loan."

While he hesitated, I told him that my wife and I hoped to make the farm self-sustaining, though I expected to supplement my income by writing some life insurance. It was a happy moment when he nodded his head and told me that he would make the loan. "But," he added, "I'll have to charge you 10 per cent interest." "Fair enough," I told him, for at the time the rate did not seem exorbitant. I requested that I be given five years to repay the loan. I feared his heavy drinking might destroy him within five years and that his heirs would clamp down on me. He generously said: "I shall be willing to give you the five years, and you go and get D. D. McColl, Presi-

dent of the Bank of Marlboro, to draw the papers." This I did. In the next few days we purchased eighty-three acres on the same road as my father's home and about two miles away. Father then gave us ninety-three acres on the opposite side of the road from our purchase. We then had one hundred and seventy-six acres. The problem was now the building of a house. It was solved by my father giving me the lumber and brick.

The first contractor to whom I presented the problem was a friend, Joshua Parker. He proved to be too skeptical. "How much do you propose to pay for this house?" Parker wanted to know. "Just what I can earn while you are building it," I replied. He shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "you'll have to excuse me. I don't think I want the job on that basis."

There was nothing more to be said, and I sought out another contractor. This time it was William McCollum, of Scotch stock. He took the construction job, which cost eight hundred and fifty dollars, father and I furnishing all materials. I was fortunate enough to make that amount of money during the several months of the home's construction. Of the old Dutch Colonial style, the house had one story, a porch on three sides, a center hall entrance, four large rooms in the main part of the house, and an ell containing dining room and kitchen.

Mrs. Roper and I moved into the house during the autumn of 1890, at the height of the Tillman agitation for agricultural reform and almost coincidental with the date when the Tillman forces were swept into control of South Carolina's state government. I bought the farm when the price of cotton was about ten cents a pound and mortgaged it for the full amount at 10 per cent interest. By the time the first interest was due, cotton was four cents a pound, and I could not pay the interest. In the meantime, our first baby had arrived and I saw no way to provide for the family. This was a terrible shock for me and came near embittering me with the "mills of the Gods."

I resigned as teacher of the academy at the end of the first year, June, 1890. The strain of the work was undermining my health, and I felt the need for more life out of doors. In giving up the work, I derived satisfaction from the accomplishment of that year. Not the least of these achievements was the successful training of a group



of hand-picked young men in the art of oratory. Nine in the group competed at commencement time for a gold medal. I cannot recall a finer exhibition. Their training and development were to help them in later years. One of the nine is today Superintendent of Education in Marlboro County, South Carolina. Another is a prominent citizen of Riverside, California. A third became a state senator in Oklahoma and died in that service. A fourth is a member of the Supreme Court of Arizona. All nine made their marks in the world. I do not take credit for their success, but I believe that their enthusiastic initiation in that academy, and the personal attention given them, contributed to their future destinies.

## III

After leaving the Marlboro High School I entered a new field of endeavor, life insurance. A visit from a most courteous and wholesome insurance agent, while I was teaching at Tatum, first impressed me with the benefits of life insurance. This agent presented insurance to me in a different light from that in which I had previously viewed it. I gave him my first application for a policy of a thousand dollars, the amount needed to reimburse my father for his expenses in sending me to college. Later that autumn when I began writing insurance I took out a policy of five thousand dollars with Mrs. Roper as beneficiary, to protect her against the mortgage on the farm.

Mrs. Roper's father died when she was seven. Her mother ran the farm and trained her; therefore, she could manage as well as I. With her splendid, practical co-operation I was able to associate insurance and farm work. Life with her became a real partnership. I omit details of this experience. My insurance territory was mainly Marlboro County, and mine was the task of increasing the consciousness of insurance opportunities and responsibilities. I rode up and down the county, day by day, meeting farmers at their plows, in their barns, and otherwise, coming at all times into personal acquaintance with their families. I was fortunate in writing some applications for small amounts and in making many friends. This rubbing of elbows with fellow citizens was to bring interesting results. When I had written insurance about eighteen months, meanwhile looking after my farm, friends suggested that I run for the state legislature.

That first phase of my experience in public service was influenced by the political and economic conditions in the community. In that era the Southern people were enthusiastic over efforts to industrialize the South, which may be said to have first taken substantial form at the Atlanta, Georgia, Cotton Exhibition held in the autumn of 1881. I recall the large newspaper headlines accompanying articles in the *Atlanta Constitution* the next day after the opening of the Exposition reading as follows: "NEW ERA OPENS FOR THE SOUTH." The author of one of these articles described a feat that was accomplished at the Exposition: "The Governor of Georgia wore at the Exposition Ball last night a suit of clothes made entirely of cotton, the cotton being picked from the field yesterday." A new cotton mill had just been erected in this field in the suburbs of Atlanta. The industrial slogan was "Bring the Cotton Mills to the Cotton Fields." According to the article, the economic advantages and practical results of associating locally cotton manufacture with cotton growing had now been proved.

Illustrations were used by speakers and writers to show that manufacturing was displacing agriculture in its first hold upon the people of the South, and especially in South Carolina. It was alleged that New England was "skimming the cream" of Southern growers' milk by taking our raw products and preparing them for consumption, then reselling them to the Southern people at great profits. One impressive illustration hung around a homely table blessing of a clergyman in Darlington County, the Reverend Simpson Jones. On the day after Christmas the clergyman called on a family of his parishioners by the name of Owl. The family had just finished their dinner when Dr. Jones called. He was immediately invited to dinner, being advised, however, that they had pretty well picked the bones of the carcass of the turkey. He insisted upon giving another blessing for the food, which was as follows: "God bless these Owls who ate this fowl and left the bones for Simpson Jones."

I was deeply impressed with manufacturers and the ingenuity of New England people from whom we were getting so many finished products, and I decided to make a trip to Boston to see what these New England people looked like. I went to Baltimore by train and thence by the Merchants and Miners Line to Boston, and stopped at the old Adams House, where I ate a good New England dinner.

In the lobby after dinner, I made the acquaintance of a very gracious New England gentleman who was willing to talk and give me some information. I asked him if he could tell me some of the fundamental reasons why the New England people were so select, so ingenious, and so successful in manufacturing. With a twinkle in his eye, he spoke as follows: "Did you come in this morning against a heavy East wind?" I answered "Yes." "Did you have baked beans for your dinner?" I admitted that there were baked beans on the table. "In these two things you have the answer to your question as to why the people of New England are so select. It is this: Persons of weak lungs are soon cut off by East winds and those of weak stomachs are early killed by baked beans! We have here a survival of the fittest."

Our talk convinced me that in South Carolina we, too, needed eliminations if we were to succeed in a variety of endeavors to get us away from the one-crop system. Among these I visualized better educational advantages for the masses of the people, and I was gratified that Governor Tillman was launching such efforts in the Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College for farmers' sons, and also in the Winthrop Normal College at Rock Hill for the farmers' daughters. Next we needed to get rid of hookworm, control pellagra, provide better health supervision, and encourage rather than repel efforts to supplant agricultural civilization with industrial progress. The wonderful service of the Rockefeller Foundation in the study of Southern health problems was soon to be rendered.

The year 1889 had ushered in a new era both in national and in South Carolina politics. In the election of 1888 I cast my first National Democratic ballot and lost in the defeat of Grover Cleveland by Benjamin Harrison. During this political upheaval, Ben Tillman led his agrarian uplanders to victory in South Carolina. The United States had functioned under the Constitution exactly one hundred years, thirteen unstable colonies along the Atlantic seaboard having grown to thirty-eight states and ten territories, the whole of which comprised a large sector of the North American Continent. America celebrated her centennial in April, 1889.

The event of this year to affect my career most notably was the organization of the Farmers' Alliance into a national body. The same year marked the beginning of the Populist party; it was also the year

of the Johnstown Flood; and the first Pan-American conference was held. There had been little political change in the years immediately preceding. Everywhere reforms were demanded, and the United States embarked upon her second century, as one historian has put it, "not to follow the beaten pathway of previous years, but to travel new roads, sail uncharted seas, to live and learn from year to year."

The North had recovered, but the wounds inflicted upon the South by the Civil War would not be healed for many troubled decades. She had been set back a hundred years, becoming a land where brave pride did lip service for hidden pathos. Her foremost problem, however, was not rehabilitation upon the ashes of the destruction caused by military occupation or such ruthless devastation as had been visited upon her by generals like Sherman. Her great problem now was the changing order, which in South Carolina meant the passing of control from the landed aristocracy to the white masses. This internal strife grew to such incendiary proportions at times that it flared forth in wholesale riots and bloodshed.

Previous to 1865, an aristocracy of planters controlled South Carolina. Of the sixty-three men who, either as governors or United States Senators, were honored by the state between 1778 and 1865, but two of the number were of humble birth. The average South Carolina plantation in 1795 contained three hundred and ten acres. Despite the greatly increased population, this average had risen to five hundred and ten acres in 1850, though 80 per cent of the white population did not have ten slaves per family on the eve of conflict in 1860. Accordingly, it is seen that the state was in the grip of aristocracy—a wealthy, tenacious minority implemented to rule both the white and black masses. Under this economic and political enslavement, human rights would seem to have been subordinate to property rights, as witness the qualifications for service in the state legislature. The Constitution of 1790 had provided that membership in the state legislature be restricted to those "possessing a freehold estate of 500 acres and ten negroes, or real estate to the value of 500 pounds sterling."

The Civil War, however, destroyed that feudalism. At the close of the war, according to a recent historical writer, "stores were closed; roads were out of repair. Charleston was 'a city of ruins, of desolation, of vacant houses, of widowed women, of deserted ware-

houses and of wharves overgrown with rank weeds.' Columbia, where much treasure had been stored, was a wilderness of ruins. Ashley Hall, Middleton Place, Porcher House, and the homes of William Gilmore Simms and Wade Hampton were in ashes. Slaves and Confederate bonds had become worthless, and land had fallen to one third of its former value."<sup>1</sup>

I was but one year old when, in 1868, the newly emancipated Negroes elected the members of the State Constitutional Convention in South Carolina. Two years later, when the census of 1870 was taken, the state contained 415,812 Negroes and 289,667 whites. However, no less than 50,000 white men had been killed in the war, had emigrated, or had been disfranchised because of service in the Confederate Army. So in most districts the Negroes could outvote the whites by four or five to one. When the Constitutional Convention assembled, it contained 75 colored and 51 white members. Of the 51 whites, but 23 were actual residents of the state. The convention was called to order by Tim Hurley, a wandering jockey from Northern race tracks.

## IV

During Reconstruction the Southern people learned the terrible lesson that "any government at all" is preferable to anarchy. There were times when the people in South Carolina craved the security of military rule under a capable and just officer of the United States Army, and it was learned that democracy, if it was to be saved, required intrinsic sacrifices from its defenders. Let us look at some examples of the outlawry with which we had to contend.

During the period of near-anarchy, my own and the adjoining counties of South and North Carolina were terrorized by the Lowry gang. These outlaws ruthlessly preyed upon our people for a number of years. It seemed impossible to run them down. Similar gangs, some of them better known, were active in other states, as for instance that of Jesse James in Missouri. The lair of the Lowry gang was well known to everyone in our Carolina region, a locality called Scuffletown in Robeson County. The houses were constructed for defense, and provided with underground passages leading from one to another. The Lowries always seemed to have information about

<sup>1</sup> Francis Butler Simkins, *The Tillman Movement in South Carolina* (Durham, N. C., 1926), p. 5.

everybody in the countryside. Doubtless a few curried favor with them by furnishing information to their leader, "Boss" Strong. "Boss" was a lieutenant under the general command of Henry Berry Lowry. Their operations were often dramatic. They would give written notices that whosoever set out to pursue them would be ambushed and killed. Thus, more than a dozen of our best young men were slain, some in broad daylight, others in the dead of night. Finally, a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for "Boss" Strong, dead or alive.

When I was about two and one-half years of age, my father returned home one evening from his mercantile establishment in Bennettsville. He was told by some of our Negroes that several members of the Lowry gang had been passing and repassing our home during the day. After arising from the supper table he took me in his arms and carried me to my mother's room. She was an invalid, near the point of death, and my father's first thought was for her protection. As he came out of my mother's room into the sitting room, two members of the Lowry gang sprang from either side of the door and covered him with their pistols. One of the men was "Boss" Strong. "Put up your hands!" he commanded. My father was a man of courage and he had a cool head. Four years in the war had steeled him. "My wife is very ill," he told Strong in a quiet voice. "I beg you not to enter her room." Strong believed him. "Not one of my men," he replied, "will be permitted to harm a hair of her head. We only want your money. We'll hold you under arrest while we search for it." "There's no money in the house," my father replied. "All I have is in the store at Bennettsville." Strong was not convinced. He and members of the gang pried in drawers and corners. Finally, they carried away my mother's small writing desk, which contained valuable papers but none that were negotiable. They also took two suits of clothes. Later, one of the suits was returned; and the writing desk, with its papers intact, was discovered under the Red Bluff Presbyterian Church, a mile distant. About a year after the night of that holdup, James Donahue, a friend of my father, came to the house and spent an evening at our fireside. Donahue lived in Robeson County, North Carolina, his home being about fifty miles from our plantation. In the course of

the conversation, my father informed Donahue that a reward of five thousand dollars had been placed on the head of "Boss" Strong. Our visitor seemed interested, but remained silent. He sat gazing into the fire for several minutes; then, without a goodbye to anyone, he quietly withdrew. Two weeks later, "Boss" Strong was killed. Donahue got the reward and thereupon disappeared.

Several years later we learned the inside story of the outlaw's death. Donahue had spent three days near the lair of the outlaws in Scuffletown. One evening, while hiding near the abode of "Boss" Strong, he heard what seemed to be a hilarious welcome. He was certain that the "Boss" had come home. He edged in closer until he maneuvered to a position where he could look in at a cat-hole which had been cut in the bottom of the door for the use of the Strong cat. It was Strong all right. He was surrounded by members of his gang. Someone asked him to play the harmonica, and he lay down upon the floor to do so. Donahue put his pistol through the hole and shot the bandit leader. There was sudden and great confusion. An outlaw cried, "His harp bust. It's killed him!" Donahue wheeled and fled, making a successful getaway. The gang then began to disintegrate, the last three of them being doomed to hang in Bennettsville some ten years later. Donahue, in self-protection, added McQueen to his name and moved to Florida. Nineteen years later I saw him when he paid a return visit to Maxton, North Carolina. James Donahue McQueen was quite affectionate, speaking of my father in the kindest way. Inviting me to join him in Florida, he offered to bequeath to me his large orange grove. I believe he died a few years later, but I did not inherit the orange grove.

## v

South Carolinians in 1876 reached the peak of resentment against the carpetbagger and the anarchy his misrule had brought. Although but nine years old, I remember distinctly, as if it were of recent years, that unforgettable campaign of Wade Hampton and the Red Shirts. Those shirts were symbolic of the bloody breasts caused by the bayonet, the bullets of rifles, and the sword. South Carolina was united in that memorable campaign. It was the final struggle for home rule and self-government. Well do I recall hurried trips about

the county with my father, the sight of long columns of the Red Shirts marching along the roads. Unlike the members of the Ku-Klux Klan, these political crusaders wore no masks. They had to intimidate and counteract the carpetbagger and his protégés. There seemed to be no other way.

Political meetings were held everywhere, in schoolhouses, in churches, and in the open spaces. General Hampton had commanded the cavalry corps after Jeb Stuart's fall in May, 1864. He was a hero to all, and I shall never forget his commanding appearance, his massive head, broad beard, his burning, penetrating eyes which glowed beneath bristly brows, or how his voice boomed like a bass drum, and how the audiences shouted back their prolonged and frenzied applause. Despite all our efforts, the carpetbaggers claimed the victory in the state. The electoral vote of the nation was finally allotted to Hayes and Wheeler. But Wade Hampton had been elected governor, and after some carpetbag resistance he was inaugurated. We had won a local victory. The rejoicing of the people beggars description. It was a relief to find that the new President at Washington—Hayes—was both an honest and intelligent national leader. He kept his promise to the people of the South. On April 10, 1877, the Federal soldiers marched out of the capitol at Columbia. Soon all were withdrawn from the state. Tyranny was no more. Civil law and public order were speedily re-established.

I have often been glad that I was too young to feel the full sorrow of the Reconstruction period, although I absorbed much of the feeling which stirred the breasts of my elders. Carlyle McKinley, a beloved South Carolina poet, epitomized the spirit of the people of the state in that "Tragic Era."

SOUTH CAROLINA IN 1876

Naked and desolate she stands,  
Her name a byword in all lands,  
Her scepter wrested from her hands.  
—She smiles, a queen despite their bands!

Her crown is lying at her feet,  
And mockers fill her rulers' seat;  
The spoiler's work is near complete.  
—Her broad, fair bosom still is sweet!



They've wasted all her royal dower;  
They've wrought her wrong with evil power;  
And is she faint, or doth she cower?  
—She scorns them in her weakest hour!

Her daughters cling about her form,  
Their faith and love still high and warm;  
They trust in her protecting arm.  
—Her dark eyes brook a wrathful storm!

She bides her time—a patient Fate!  
Her sons are gathering in the gate!  
She knows to counsel and to wait  
And vengeance knoweth no too late!

The old order passed amid many tragedies. Former overseers, frequently the type of men maintained to subjugate and discipline rebellious slaves, now bought portions of the lands held by their former employers. The recent aristocrats could not pay the wages demanded by their liberated slaves, and the extravagance of the old order had left them unfit to manage their affairs under the new stress and strain. The poor whites added bit by bit to their own lands, and the merchants, growing rich from the credit system, sometimes took their pay in acres when dollars were not forthcoming. The passing of the old order did not affect small property owners so acutely. If anything, it benefited them by giving them a new importance during this transition period of nearly twenty years. Because of their adamant stubbornness, the aristocrats in most cases clung vainly to the privileges of the old order.

Benjamin Ryan Tillman, born in the upland county of Edgefield in the year 1847, was the firebrand destined to seize the leadership of the new order, clamoring for the control which was gradually slipping from the nervous fingers of the passing aristocracy. A champion of the farmer, violator of cherished tradition, dramatic, courageous, and sometimes profane, he was always earnest and convincing in his speech, and his success prompted, in years to come, many to try to follow suit in South Carolina and elsewhere. Ben Tillman had a spine of steel and a deeply rooted purpose. None other could have led so successfully the movement it was his destiny to head. None other could have displaced a South Carolina leadership guided by

Confederate heroes. Peculiar circumstances had hardened Tillman until he was almost antisocial in his hatred for the old ruling class. Moreover, a terrible malady, contracted after he volunteered at seventeen for the Confederate service, had necessitated an operation which almost cost him his life and left him with but one eye. I am of the opinion that this suffering and its result had an enduring effect upon his character.

Benjamin Ryan Tillman, Sr., father of Governor Ben, was an innkeeper on the road between Augusta, Georgia, and Edgefield, South Carolina. He was acquitted of a charge of murder in 1837. He died when Ben was two. Governor Ben's mother, later described by him as the "strongest woman I ever met," took over the management of her estate without the services of an overseer and increased her landownings from eighteen hundred to thirty-five hundred acres, the number of her slaves from fifty to one hundred. This hardy and capable woman was the mentor of the future governor in the days of his youth. She gave him his first instruction. Later he became a voracious reader, devouring the contents of every book he could find in home and neighborhood. His early life was distracted by the misfortunes of his older brothers. Thomas, first born of the family, was killed at Churubusco. John, another brother, "wild, dissipated and handsome," had bullied his mother during the absence of George at Harvard. In Ben's diary is an account of the scene between the two brothers when George returned home: "I recall as yesterday a scene witnessed between the two. When George took him to task, he threatened to kill him [George], and got his pistol. George tore his shirt open, saying, 'Shoot, you damn coward. You are afraid to shoot, for no brave man ever threatened a widow and orphans as you have done.' After waiting for a moment with his broad bosom open, George turned and walked upstairs, and John slunk off."

John was killed in 1860 by the Mays brothers, John C. and George, who alleged that he had outraged the honor of their family, and the *Edgefield Advertiser* of October 10, 1860, gives an account of their trial and acquittal. Oliver, another brother, was killed in Florida in the same year. His death was the outgrowth of a quarrel occasioned by a domestic difficulty. Henry died of fever, and James, a gallant captain of the Gray, died of wounds received in Confederate service. George, later convicted of manslaughter, served two years in

the Edgefield jail. This fate of his sole surviving brother further embittered Ben and increased his class hatred. Thus it may be seen that the early life of South Carolina's future governor had few, if any, mellowing influences. Environment shaped him for the stormy course which lay ahead.

## VI

As clearly as if it had happened in recent years, I remember the first time I ever saw Tillman. It was the occasion of his first brush with the world beyond his native hills. His personality, bitter and audacious, was unleashed with all the sarcasm and virility of his soul. On this day in 1885, when I was eighteen years old, he made a speech at an agricultural meeting at Bennettsville, my county seat. No one who heard that speech ever forgot his first impressions of Ben Tillman. It was the bombshell which projected him into public life, the intensifying of the sensationalism which inflamed his career with a halo of fire.

That single bright eye flashed when he castigated the courthouse ring, the lawyers generally. What powers of invective had this man who could quote from the classics in one breath and swear in the next! The substance of his Bennettsville address was that the farmers were willfully oppressed. He demanded a square deal for them. He charged that the state was doing nothing for agriculture, and that so long as the state solons were controlled by the clubmen of Charleston and Columbia, by the aristocrats, there was slight chance of improvement. He recommended agricultural experiment stations, a real agricultural college, and numerous other reforms. Chiefly, his address was an indictment of the old order, an appeal to class hatred and class consciousness. While most of his listeners were hostile to him, the farmers who had come as spectators soundly applauded his vitriolic accusations against the aristocracy. Such outspokenness was new to them. It struck a responsive chord. This young man named Ben Tillman, they said, would be heard from.

That meeting resulted in the call for a later meeting. Tillman began to write letters to the newspapers and to go up and down the state making speeches. At the time he disavowed any ambition for office, but his impassioned leadership brought to his heels such a tremendous following that he had to give ear to public clamor. Con-

sequently, he was elected governor in 1890, just one year after America began her second century under the Federal Constitution. While the whole country was crying for progress and change, Tillmanism in South Carolina was an established reality. He was about to put into effect many reforms, some of which are still today monuments to his memory. South Carolina had a part in the bloodless revolution sweeping across the nation.

During his candidacy for a second term, in 1892, when Cleveland was re-elected President, I entered the stormy South Carolina political arena. I had joined the Farmers' Alliance in 1890. That organization, founded in Texas without political attributes, had become national in scope and influence. Tillman had sought to dominate the Alliance in South Carolina. Seeing this to be impossible, he had jumped upon the band wagon and endorsed the Alliance platform with great enthusiasm. Among the planks of this platform, the following appealed strongly to me:

To labor for the agricultural classes in the science of economic government in a strictly nonpartisan spirit.

To suppress personal, local, sectional, and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, and selfish ambition.

In the wake of the Farmers' Alliance and out of it had arisen the Populist party. The Alliance leadership had argued that the farmers' movement had to be based upon a nonpartisan educational program. The progressives held at first, however, that such a program would profoundly influence political action. Consequently, the Populist party was to outgrow the Alliance, swallowing it in its entirety.

In 1890 I had faced the issue of whether to remain with the conservatives or depart from their ranks; that is, whether I could serve the state best by enlisting in the new Populist party, or by staying in the regular Democratic ranks and working for the principles enunciated by the Farmers' Alliance. I chose the latter course.

The primary system had just come into being in South Carolina. Republican rule having been crushed, a Democratic nomination was now tantamount to election. The friends I had made teaching school and canvassing the county for the insurance company encouraged me to run for the legislature. I had lectured some for the Alliance and

had attended many of its meetings. There were six candidates that year to represent Marlboro County, three of whom were to be elected. The political fever, heightened by much agitation, was passionate and extreme. For instance, my schoolmate and dearest personal friend, the boy with whom I had gone fishing in adolescence—Julius J. Lane—did not support me. He had aligned himself with the Populist forces. But his father, Dr. James H. Lane, our family physician, was on my side.

Along with the five other candidates I stumped the county. Most of our meetings were held in the open air, some in connection with picnics. Frequently the debates grew hot and involved personalities. Women could not vote; few of them were in the audiences. In the first place, they risked embarrassment from language that might be used by hecklers, if not by some of the speakers. Secondly, with such a high tide of dissension there was always the likelihood of trouble. In one of my first speeches I was heckled by a woman. Evidently she had been prompted to try to abash me.

“Young man,” she cried in a shrill voice, “what would you do if you got to the legislature?” I stared at her. I knew she had not been too successful in raising her family. I regarded her steadily while a hush came over the crowd. When I had absolute attention, I replied: “One of the first things I would do, would be to introduce a bill making it unlawful for all women to train children. And therefore, the children—our leadership of the future—would be put under certain women, well equipped for the job.” I heard no more from her.

Colonel Robert C. McIntyre, one of my chief opponents, was an erudite scholar of the old classical school, and a man of splendid character. But his appeals to the masses went airily over their heads. References to Shakespeare, to the Iliad and the Odyssey, or to Bacon, were beyond the comprehension of his audiences. His verbose and stilted rhetorical flights left the farmers cold. Another opponent was Thomas I. Rogers, a resourceful and talented attorney. He would have made an influential representative, but he was on the wrong side to succeed in 1892. He was opposing Tillman and the Farmers' Alliance movement. Although youngest of the six, I ran second, probably because I had never previously been before the public and

hence had no record to defend. The other two elected were James M. Covington and Milton Stackhouse, both men of character and sound judgment.

An aftermath of the election brought me considerable amusement. During the campaign, a teacher, John M. Moore, running for the office of County Superintendent of Education, inexperienced in politics, had told the rest of us that he had in his notebook enough names of those who promised to vote for him to guarantee his election. He was one of the worst defeated candidates. I met him shortly afterward. "What happened to all those people whose names you had in your book?" I asked him. He laughed good-naturedly. "The campaign," he said, "has taught me something I never knew before. This county contains twenty-five hundred of the biggest liars I ever met."

## VII

On November 22, 1892, I took my seat in the legislature. I was twenty-five, inexperienced, unsure of myself, and unacquainted with the bearded farmers and Confederate heroes Tillmanism had swept into office. But my heart beat nervously with the hope that I might render an acceptable account of my stewardship. Little did I realize how fortune was to favor me in this respect. There were about a hundred representatives and less than half that number of senators in the legislature when I took my seat in the House. What a strange and contrasting array they presented. Bearded Confederate officers and typical upland farmers side by side with the erudite and cultured aristocrats from Charleston and the lowland country. Considerable prejudice existed in the rural districts against dwellers in the large city. Tillman's purge of the lawyers in his campaigns resulted in there being scarcely enough members of the bar in the legislature to draft the routine bills. A single example, vivid in my mind, will suffice to illustrate the unsuitableness of some of the members.

Early in my legislative experience I became acquainted with "Citizen Josh" W. Ashley, of Anderson County, in the hill country. In the words of a South Carolina historian, "Ashley was a typical representative of the rising white democracy of the up-country. Although illiterate and clownish, he was practical, intelligent, and a man of considerable wealth. A radical champion of the poor whites, he was notorious for his alleged holding of Negroes in peonage, and in 1912

he became known for having led a lynching party without the interference of [Cole] Blease, then governor."<sup>2</sup> It was a source of amusement to fellow members that Ashley was frequently confused over procedure and terms. For a long time many members of the legislature had been trying to put through a dog tax bill to encourage sheep culture. It was agitated again in 1892-93, and when other legislative business dwindled we got around to the dog tax bill. The bill permitted the shooting on sight of mad dogs running at large. (There was considerable prejudice between those of Ashley's class and members from the cities.) During a discussion of the dog tax bill Mr. Bacot, a learned representative from Charleston, arose, and on being recognized by the Speaker, said: "Mr. Speaker, I wish to improve the language of the bill by suggesting that where the words 'mad dog' occur, there be substituted the words 'rabid dog.'" John Ashley immediately claimed the floor. "Mr. Speaker," he declared, "anybody can tell the gentleman from Charleston knows nothing about the country and has no feeling for the poor people. What in the name of common sense would become of the poor folks and their gardens and little cabbages if all the rabbit dogs in the country were killed?" The House re-echoed with waves of unrestrained laughter.

We had voted upon the liquor question in the November state election of 1892, prohibition having carried in the referendum by a substantial majority. But no provision had been made, or suggested to the voters, as to how the measure would be effected. The ballot had been simply, "Prohibition, Yes or No." An absolute prohibition program had been planned by the State Prohibition Executive Committee headed by L. D. Childs, a former member of the House. Marlboro, my county, had not had a saloon within its borders in seventy-five years. It was known as the driest county in the state; therefore, prohibition was not an issue there. The people of the county also favored state-wide prohibition.

A few days after the legislature convened, I was visited by Mr. Childs and two other gentlemen representing the State Prohibition Executive Committee. "We've talked to a lot of the old members," their spokesman informed me. "They are hiding behind their beards. All are afraid to introduce the Committee's prohibition bill; afraid they may lose personal prestige. We've talked it over. You, as a

<sup>2</sup> Simkins, *The Tillman Movement in South Carolina*, p. 176 n.

representative of dry Marlboro County, must introduce the bill." I hesitated briefly and then remarked that since I had no prestige to endanger and no ambition to continue in public service, I would introduce the bill. Perhaps it awed me just a little bit, since I was inexperienced with legislative procedure. But I did not find it a difficult task. When the bill was reached on the calendar, I made a brief speech and at the proper time called for the yeas and nays. The older members feared opposing the bill because of the mandate of the people. In consequence, it passed the lower house by a good majority.

The story in the Senate was different. That body was controlled by Governor Tillman, who opposed absolute prohibition, favoring rather a highly restricted method of control. Accordingly, in the Senate, the enacting words of the "Roper Bill" were stricken out and a substitute inserted providing for what subsequently became the state dispensary system. Tillman had got the idea from Larry Gantt, a Spartanburg editor and one of his closest advisers, who had seen the system operate in Athens, Georgia. Athens, a college town, had borrowed the idea from Sweden. The House finally compromised with the Senate by passing the substitute bill, and the dispensary system was thus adopted. Accordingly, my first political work was to assist in causing South Carolina to undertake a most extraordinary adventure in public ownership. It was the first state to make such an experiment in the distribution of liquor.

My cousin, John L. McLaurin, then Attorney General, himself a power in politics, questioned my attitude at the time I introduced the bill. "You are opposing the will of the Executive," he cautioned me. "What of it?" I replied. "Think of your political future. You can't go against the Executive." "I didn't know I was elected to reflect the exclusive will of the Executive," I answered. "If that was why I was elected, they might just as well have sent any stump." I then informed him that I would continue regardless of the consequences. I recall an embarrassing circumstance, in this connection, at dinner in the Governor's mansion. A number of my colleagues were present, and intoxicants were served. When I declined to indulge, I was made the butt of pleasantries.

The dispensary system of South Carolina, soon to draw national



attention, gave the state a monopoly. It was managed by a board of control composed of the governor and two state officials. The counties also had boards of control, and the dispenser had to be a man who could prove he did not drink and had had no past connection with liquor interests. All purchasers had to file applications. The liquor was sold in sealed packages to adults only between sun up and sun down, and the package could not be opened on the premises. No intoxicated man, minor, or man known to have used liquor to excess, was eligible as a purchaser.

I need not detail the stormy wave of protest and rebellion which was caused by the passage of the Dispensary Bill. Governor Tillman appointed constables to enforce it, and after early difficulties he won a clear-cut victory over his angry opponents. During the fourteen years of its existence, the annual profits to the state averaged \$465,000, which largely went to the schools. That it materially reduced the consumption of liquor may be inferred from the fact that in 1892 there were 613 bars in the state, whereas the total number of dispensaries was never to exceed 146. Poor administration, however, permitted the rise of "blind tigers," which brought disruption to the system. Mismanagement and corruption doomed the experiment to eventual failure. It helped to blaze the trail for the absolute prohibition to come in subsequent years.

Fortunately for me, Tillman was honest and incorruptible. My introduction of the original bill did not cause a rift with him, since I voted for the substitute measure. The session ended shortly after its passage, and I went back home to Mrs. Roper and our two children. I was sure that my public service was ended, for at the time I did not know in what opinion I was held by Tillman. I felt he would oppose me if I tried to run again.

But my fears were unfounded. A few weeks after returning home I received a telegram from Urey Brooks, Clerk of the State Supreme Court at Columbia, requesting that I come to the capital to see him. When I reached his office he showed me a telegram from his uncle, Senator Matthew C. Butler, reading as follows: "Ask D. C. Roper to come to Washington to see me as early as convenient for him." I said to Brooks, "Advise the Senator I will report to his office. May I go next week?" I recalled that Senator Butler had been present in

the chamber when the prohibition bill was pending and had spoken to me briefly at the time.

I returned to Marlboro County, borrowed fifty dollars from a most generous and helpful friend, Pressley Mangum, of McColl, South Carolina, and took the next train for my first visit to the Nation's Capital, wondering what was in store.

## *Washington*

THE PANIC OF 1893 was on in earnest, and from Maine to California the whole country was divided over the silver issue. Even before I left the train which bore me into the old Union Station, at the corner of Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, on the morning of May 9, I heard ardent hopes expressed that conditions would be relieved and good times brought by the Cleveland Administration. Arriving a few moments later at the Hotel Metropolitan, I heard the pros and cons of bimetallism as I waited in the lobby to register. "Congress must repeal the Sherman Act!" "Cleveland ought to call a special session of Congress." Such was the temper of the national capital on the day I arrived to confer with the Senator. I was somewhat familiar with the silver issue, but had not given it serious study. I knew that Wall Street was on a rampage; that the bankers and industrialists were waging outspoken war against the government; and that the price of farm products had dropped to the lowest level in many years. Still I was not quite convinced that all these evils could be traced to any one group. Both Republicans and Democrats had voted for the Silver Purchase Bill. I reserved opinion, but determined to look further into the subject.

My immediate concern on that bright spring morning was to get to the office of Senator Butler and learn what he wanted with me. As soon as I had been shown to a room by a Negro bellboy and had a light breakfast, I hurried to the Capitol, where I was soon greeted by General Butler. He told me that he wished me to act as clerk of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, of which he was the new chairman. I told him that I would welcome the assignment if I could be permitted to complete my term in the South Carolina legislature. This was agreed to, and soon thereafter I was sworn into the Federal service in the rooms of the Sergeant-at-Arms, Colonel J. D. Bright of Indiana.

Upon returning to the Committee room where the Senator waited, I looked out upon Pennsylvania Avenue and saw bicycles, thousands of them! Where did so many cyclists come from, and what was it all about? I had never seen anything comparable to the sight. They practically covered the whole avenue, all coming toward the Capitol. In a little while the Senator was at my side. I pointed to the approaching procession. "Look," I said, "What does it mean?" He laughed. "They've come from all over the country. They want good roads." And then he pointed to a contraption resembling a large wheel which stood in one corner of the office. It was covered with names. "That," he remarked, "is one of their petitions. There are more than fifteen thousand names upon it—cyclists, manufacturers, and dealers. Fifteen thousand of 'em. That's a record." Although not even Senator Butler knew it at the time, from this bicycle lobby there was to spring the impetus for modern highways, resulting in the legislation which later was to set up a Bureau of Federal Roads to supervise Federal aid to the states. Thus, the bicycle, not the automobile, first sought Federal highways. And thus, almost by accident, and with no solicitation on my part, the entire course of my life had been changed. From the role of a South Carolina planter, schoolteacher, and insurance solicitor I had been transformed into a Federal official.

## II

The stories of railroad scandals, involving the so-called "Robber Barons"; of the rise of Jay Gould, the Vanderbilts, and the Hills; of bribery and corruption of legislative leaders; of land grabs in the guise of rights of way comprising thousands of square miles; of secret rates to favored corporations; of rebates; and of the dumping of lavish sums into the campaign chests of political parties need not be repeated here. Even at the time I arrived in Washington much of the odium that had been an outgrowth of these railroad episodes had died away. The Interstate Commerce Act, passed in February, 1887, was the opening wedge with which the Government first sought to regulate big business. As such it was a milestone in American history. This is not the place to describe the technical phases of this important act and its regulations "in the public interest and necessity." Briefly, its purpose was to end railroad scandals and ameliorate conditions

caused by them by insuring that the railroads respond to the expanding requirements of interstate commerce.

The act prohibited special rates to favored shippers; it prohibited also rebates and other unfair practices, such as discrimination between persons and places. Pooling was declared illegal, and all rate schedules were required to be published. The act set up the Interstate Commerce Commission to hear complaints, to supervise interstate roads, and to assist in bringing suits against offending companies. The Interstate Commerce Committee, of which I was now secretary, had a dual function. It was at one and the same time a *watchdog* organization and an agency for framing new railroad or related legislation considered necessary to meet changing conditions. The Committee may be said to have been the "railroad eyes and ears" of the Senate.

My duties as Clerk of the Committee were not burdensome, yet this is not to say they were not important. The Committee held extended hearings, at which the major officials of all interstate railroads and steamship lines appeared to testify. In addition to attending to much of the official correspondence, I acted at these hearings in the manner of a court clerk. It was my job to see that the proper witnesses were called in the correct order and to see that testimony was accurately recorded and put in proper form before its dispatch to the Public Printer. I had to answer inquiries for information and to see that Senator-Members were informed of the dates of meeting in order to insure a quorum.

It so happened that I assumed my duties at the beginning of the hearings upon proposed amendments to the Interstate Commerce Act. The "Long and Short Haul," to this day a controversial problem, was one of the principal issues at those hearings. As the hearings proceeded, my mind reverted to the discussions in the Farmers' Alliance meetings of the phraseology in the Interstate Commerce Law which read that "they [the railroads] shall not charge more for a short haul than for a long haul under substantially similar circumstances and conditions, over the same line running in the same direction." This language was as confusing and perplexing to us then as that of a Kansas law passed in the same era which read: "When two trains are meeting, both shall stop and remain standing until one passes." I was naturally hopeful that in the hearings and discussions,

the committee would be able to clarify this language describing the long and short haul provisions.

John K. Cowan, counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio, was one of the first witnesses at the hearings of 1893. He was a robust, impressive man of towering height, muscular physique, splendid countenance, and large well-poised head. I listened attentively to his testimony. It was an amazing recital of facts and figures that included a veritable encyclopedia of the most complicated statistical data. There seemed to be nothing which in the remotest way might have concerned the operation of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway which Mr. Cowan did not have, either at his tongue's end, or at the tips of his fingers. It was easy to see that the Senators were likewise impressed.

When Mr. Cowan had concluded his testimony, he asked me when the copies of the hearing would be available. I gave him an approximate date. "I'd like to have a thousand copies," he informed me. I told him his request would be impossible. Our printing appropriation was limited and the most I would be allowed to give him would be six copies. "I'd like to send each B. and O. agent a copy, and one to every official of the lines," he said. "What can I do about it?" Although I had not been long with the Committee, I had learned a few of the "ins and outs" of government procedure. Accordingly, I suggested a way in which Mr. Cowan might obtain the desired copies; namely, to arrange through the Public Printer to keep the type standing after the normal quantity of the hearings had been printed. By payment for labor and paper, Mr. Cowan could get his thousand copies at a fraction of the expense involved if the material should be duplicated elsewhere.

I attended to this for him, and a few days afterward he came into the Committee room to see me. "I feel that I owe you something, Roper," he said. I promptly refused compensation, for I had merely acted in an official capacity. Mr. Cowan, however, was too grateful for the service to turn lightly away. "Wouldn't you like a trip somewhere?" he now asked. "Tell me, surely there's some place you'd like to go." He kept pressing me for an answer, and finally I had to admit that one certain trip had always been in the back of my mind from early childhood. "Tell me," he said, "and I'll see that you get there." I told him I had always wanted to visit Albany, New York, for the purpose of examining the papers found in the boots of Major

André. He laughed heartily. "That's no trip at all," he said. "But I shall certainly see that you get there." Not long afterward he made good his word, and Mrs. Roper and I received trip passes to Albany. We made the trip and examined the André papers which my father had mentioned years before.

As I became better acquainted with members of the Committee and got into the routine of my work, I was pleased to learn through the attitude of Chairman Butler and others that my services were considered satisfactory. Senator Camden of West Virginia, one of the members, came to me about this time and offered me the cashiership of his bank back home, but I declined. The acceptance of this opportunity might have changed the course of my life. The art of stenography was coming into greater use in the nineties, and it appealed to me as a desirable accomplishment. Accordingly, I enrolled in a shorthand class, going to school at night. About the same time, I heard of a school of mnemonics, or the strengthening of one's memory for orderly facts. In this school I also enrolled.

My shorthand, however, was destined to be a total loss. One day when Senator Butler had to hurry away to keep an appointment, he thrust a considerable sheaf of correspondence into my hands, asking me to answer all the letters. I did so and left the copies on his desk. Evidently satisfied with the answers I had given, he intrusted all correspondence to me from that time on, except the few letters requiring personal replies. We got along together most amicably from the outset. The Senator had been a Major General in the Confederate Army, having lost one leg at Brandywine on the way to Gettysburg. He wore a cork leg, which was scarcely noticeable. Being tall and handsome, he largely discounted his infirmity; and his kindhearted, lovable nature, his cool head, and his aggressive use of facts instead of oratory on the floor of the Senate endeared him to his colleagues. He enjoyed both popularity and prestige.

## III

It was true that the railroad scandals had subsided, but that eternal personality of Washington, the big-time lobbyist, was still with us, an ever-present agitator in the interest of the railroads he represented. There was constant lobbying, and the use of railroad passes by government officials had not then been abolished.

One railroad abuse which shocked my sense of patriotism was the promotion of extra mail during the government weighing period. The government payments to the railroads for the transportation of mail were based upon an average taken during a thirty-day period. This period, due to railroad cupidity and government stupidity, was advertised in advance. All the mail carried by the railroads during the appointed thirty days was weighed and this thirty-day period taken as the average weight carried in all other thirty-day periods prior to the next advertised weighing month. Consequently, it was decidedly to the interest of the railroads to promote extra weight during the weighing period. Agents for the railroads openly canvassed government offices, Representatives and Senators, and private concerns, urging them to engage in large-scale mailing in order to inflate the general mails in the weighing period. Well do I remember lobbyists coming to the committee rooms, calling me aside and urging that I co-operate with them to the extent of sending out copies of hearings, public documents, or other printed matter while the mail was being weighed. Some Senators periodically waited for this period to flood the mails with "franked" speeches and agricultural bulletins, government reports, and anything they could include. A few Senators and Congressmen went so far as to turn over their "franked" envelopes and contents to lobbyists for the railroads. The lobbyists cheerfully saved them the trouble of licking the envelopes. Thus the Government, for many years, paid the railroads on a false and inflated basis. The dishonesty was obnoxious to me, and more than once I heard Senator Butler declaim against the vicious system.

The use of passes by Senators and Representatives was an open secret which gave currency to an amusing story. All newspaper editors and correspondents were known to have annual railroad passes, and into this category fell Colonel Henry Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, as did one of the *Courier-Journal's* correspondents, a certain Mr. Smith. Of course the passes were stamped, "Not transferable," and it was the duty of the conductors to seize any railroad pass in the possession of a passenger not entitled to it. One day on the Louisville and Nashville Railway a passenger presented the pass that had been issued to Mr. Smith, correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*. The conductor scrutinized him suspiciously. "You may be Mr. Smith," he declared, "but I don't recognize you."



"But I'm Smith," the passenger protested. "And I work for Colonel Henry Watterson." "In that case," the dubious conductor replied, "we'll soon find out. Colonel Watterson happens to be in the car ahead. Suppose you come up and be identified." There was nothing for the impostor to do but comply with the request. He could not escape from the moving train. The conductor, perhaps with a vision of triumph, led him forward. He stopped at the seat occupied by a most distinguished-looking passenger. "Colonel Watterson," he said, "this man tells me he works for you, that his name is Mr. Smith." "Yes," was the reply. "Sit down, Smith." The impostor was bewildered at his luck, but he sat down as requested, and the conductor, apologizing, left the two. The two men talked briefly, but after a time the conversation began to lag. The impostor, who had borrowed the pass from the real Smith, had had such a pleasant and unexpected reception, he became conscience-stricken. Finally, he decided to apologize, now feeling sure that Colonel Watterson was testing him and biding his time. "It was magnanimous of you, Colonel Watterson, to save me from embarrassment. You knew all the time I wasn't Smith." A smile circled the lips of the other. "Compose yourself, young man," he said, "I don't happen to be Colonel Watterson, but I am riding on his railroad pass."

## IV

Washington, in 1893, had a population of less than two hundred and fifty thousand, and had not yet dreamed of many of the imposing structures which grace its pretentious avenues today. Only the principal thoroughfares were paved, some with cobblestones, while many streets of less importance were noted for their numerous mud-holes. The automobile had not yet made its appearance. Cycling was in vogue, and up and down Pennsylvania Avenue bicycles were seen amid a variety of vehicles drawn by horses. The Pennsylvania Avenue cars were pulled by an underground cable, which often failed to work, delaying passengers.

An important travel facility not to be overlooked was the large bus known as the Herdic which traversed Sixteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and ascended the hill to the Capitol. On the streets before reaching Capitol Hill it was drawn by two horses, but at the foot of the Hill a second team was added, and these four horses, with

the exhortation of two drivers and great effort, were able to pull the Herdic to the Capitol entrances. The driver of the Herdic was also its conductor, collecting the ten-cent fares and furnishing change. An old gentleman named Huger Godbold, of Marion, South Carolina, had come to Washington at my insistence to take a small job in the Government Printing Office. He called on me one night after his first ride in the Herdic to tell me that he had never been treated with greater consideration and courtesy in his life than by its driver. "For instance," he said, "I gave him a dollar to pay my fare, but he handed me back all the change. I had a free ride." The old gentleman had been unconscious of the fact that he was expected to deposit a dime in the fare box. He was so contrite when I explained this to him that he spent two days searching for that conductor to give him the dime.

Washington had experienced a building boom during the seventies. The socially ambitious had built pretentious homes, the street-cars had made their first appearance, and from the stories current upon my arrival in 1893, gambling and social climbing had figured as prominently in the post-bellum capital as matters of government. Yet the mushroom city, the population and physical proportions of which had been increased by the war, still had many aspects of a country village. Celebrities walked the Avenue without attracting undue attention. Hawkers, usually of foreign birth, peddled fruit and vegetables, oysters, chestnuts, milk, and the like in the streets. The country cried "Hard times," but lavish, shining black carriages, drawn by showy horses that were equipped with silver- and nickle-mounted harness and driven by liveried Negro coachmen, were very much in evidence.

Many of the picturesque figures of earlier days had disappeared, or were now in seclusion, but one who was probably as notable as any before him, namely, Mark Twain, happened to be one of the first whom I saw. He came to the Capitol wearing one of the white suits which distinguished him winter and summer. Leading political figures flocked to his side and hung upon his words. It surprised me to see him receiving such universal attention, for hitherto I had so glorified political figures that I had never envisioned them paying homage to an author. This new experience helped to readjust my sense of values. Only a few years earlier Walt Whitman had been discharged

from his humble post in the Interior Department because his *Leaves of Grass* had embarrassed Harlan, Johnson's Secretary of the Interior. And there were still tales of John Burroughs and Mrs. Southworth. Much, too, was said of the glittering social era graced by Kate Chase, most popular Washington woman since Dolly Madison, and of Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. "Puss" Belknap, Mrs. John A. Logan, and Blanche Butler Ames. Some of these women, it was said, had figured as effectively in the destiny of the nation as had their husbands. In 1894 I met Clara Barton when she came to the Capitol and to the Interstate Commerce Committee to get the Red Cross insignia approved by a resolution of Congress.

In listening to the experiences of Federal and Confederate veterans as told in cloak rooms and committee rooms, I caught a new vision of life, perceiving that courage and devotion to a cause are necessary to an enthusiastic and satisfied life, that courageous men will readily give themselves for causes to which they are devoted. This was strikingly evident from the conversations I heard among veterans of the Civil War. Moreover, it dawned upon me that interpretation of truth, or the righteousness of either side of a question depended upon the sources of information and an open-minded willingness to examine different views. I could sense that each group of formerly opposing officers had been mellowed through personal contacts and by the enlightenment due to a study of both sides of the war situation. It was gratifying to witness the understanding and affection that daily developed among these men. I reached the conclusion that the "conference method" tended to promote knowledge, and co-operation was the only procedure with which to meet the challenges of increasing complications in our economic and social life.

## V

It goes almost without saying that the brief legislative experience in South Carolina had whetted my eagerness to see the United States Senate in action. Being with the Interstate Commerce Committee carried the privilege of the Senate floor, and frequently I had to exercise that privilege to confer with Senator Butler and others. My first visit to the Senate, however, was to the gallery, and there I looked down upon an array of men, not a few of whom were all but canonized in the public eye—military heroes—men worshiped by

countless thousands of Americans with fanatical zeal. Among them were such well-known generals as John T. Morgan, Alabama; Joseph R. Hawley, Connecticut; Wilkinson Call, Florida; Alfred H. Colquitt, Georgia; John M. Palmer, Illinois; Charles F. Manderson, Nebraska; Edward C. Walthall, Mississippi; Matt W. Ransom, North Carolina; Matthew C. Butler, South Carolina; Isham G. Harris, Tennessee; William B. Bate, Tennessee; and Eppa Hunton, Virginia.

The political trend was to glorify the war, to dignify and exalt military men. The stranglehold of radicalism had been broken and such relentless partisans as Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens had passed from the picture, yet, despite the Democratic victory and sympathy of President Cleveland, the South had not recaptured her rightful place in national affairs. But the silver issue was then paramount.

Cotton was selling at four and a half cents and wheat ranged between ten and thirty cents a bushel in the hands of the farmer. There had been a panic in the stock market. Industries had closed their doors; there had been runs upon banks and resultant bank failures. The big cities had their bread lines, and the country had the most unemployment ever known up to that time. What was to be done? The Republicans blamed the Democrats, charging that the Silver Purchase Act and the Government's inflation of the currency at the rate of \$4,500,000 a month by the purchase of silver bullion and issuance of treasury notes for an equivalent amount was the intrinsic cause of the depression.

Cleveland and the Democratic Congress had been re-elected on the tariff issue, but in August, 1893, the President called an extra session of Congress to quell the rising tide of opposition to the silver purchase law. Although subsequent events have branded the judgment of the big financiers who opposed it as psychological hysteria, and most of the leading nations of the world have abandoned the gold standard today, the acute temper of the public mind had to be considered. Cleveland met the challenge. William L. Wilson of West Virginia introduced the repeal measure in the House. Wilson, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was also Floor Leader. His brilliant leadership won victory in the House; at least fifty Democrats and many Republicans who had favored free silver

three years before now changed their votes and supported the repeal measure. In the Senate it was a different story. For nearly three months the silver men of both parties filibustered against a vote. Jones of Nevada talked six days, and Allen of Nebraska occupied the floor for fifteen consecutive hours. It was the first filibuster I had witnessed.

There have been few such debates in the Senate. I left the Interstate Commerce Committee room one afternoon about sundown, hurrying to the Senate gallery, because word had come of the showdown and fight to a finish. I arrived as Senator William B. Allison of Iowa took the floor. He launched into the silver issue, but from time to time he departed from the theme to talk about anything and everything that came to mind. Much of it, I reasoned, was for home consumption, and to get into the record statements that might have taken months in the normal parliamentary procedure. But his amazing presentation held me spellbound. When the sun rose the next morning, I had not left my seat in the gallery. Senator Allison was going ahead with no sign of diminished strength. It was amusing when at last he yielded the floor to a colleague, saying, "Mr. President, I have discussed but one phase of the many points in this highly important subject; but in courtesy to my colleagues, I will temporarily surrender the floor." The doughty Allison, who wore a long beard and was noted for having refused the Secretaryship of the Treasury, sat down. That speech was perhaps the high spot of his thirty years in the Senate.

The Cleveland Administration was having rough sledding because of hard times, but many of the President's difficulties were due to his disregard of professional politicians. Gresham, his Secretary of State, had been a strong contender for the Republican presidential nomination in opposition to Hayes. He entered the Cleveland Cabinet to revenge himself against Hayes's Hawaiian policy. George B. Cortelyou was another example. At the time I first met Mr. Cortelyou, in 1893, he was private secretary to Robert E. Maxwell, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. Not long afterward he was transferred to the White House.

Years afterward Mr. Cortelyou gave me an account of the transfer. "Some time after I first met you," he said, "Mr. Maxwell told me he had recommended me for stenographer of the President. I

immediately went to see Mr. Cleveland. 'Mr. President,' I said, 'certainly you would not want me in your office, because I am a Republican.' The President replied, 'Mr. Cortelyou, I understand you are a gentleman, a man of integrity and honor; that you are devoted to your country's service, and also an expert stenographer.' 'Mr. President,' I answered, 'I do claim all that.' 'Very well,' he said, 'you may go to work at once.' This incident enables us the better to appreciate Cleveland's long and successful battle for civil service reform.

## VI

General Butler had been in the Senate about fifteen years when I reached Washington. Since he was one of the Seniors, his friends, I was soon to learn, were not confined to members of his own party. One morning while I was at work at my desk, I looked up to see him entering the room with Senators Matthew S. Quay and J. Donald Cameron, both of Pennsylvania. The General's arms were locked with those of his two friends. He introduced me to them, and after they had gone away, he said, "What do you think of those gentlemen?" "General," I replied, "you know I am fresh from South Carolina. I can't help having a strong feeling about Reconstruction and the carpetbaggers. That is the only kind of Republican I have ever known, and I'm satisfied that if a picture of you, with your arms linked with those two Republicans, had been taken just now and used against you in the coming campaign when you run against Tillman, you wouldn't get a baker's dozen of votes." He gave me a critical smile, and I knew that more was to come. "Listen to me, Roper," he said. "I'd like to tell you a story. After you've heard it, if you still think there aren't any good Republicans, I'll never lock arms with those two Senators again."

This is what he told me. "When my uncle, Andrew Pickens Butler, was in the Senate (1846-57), Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania presented his credentials, and they were challenged. Bear in mind that Simon Cameron was the father of the Cameron you just met. It was the influence and vote of my uncle, then Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, that seated Simon Cameron. Years later (1878) when the Radicals were trying to unseat all Southerners, I presented my credentials. They were immediately challenged and referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elec-

tions. Donald Cameron, who had succeeded his father as Senator from Pennsylvania, was a member of that committee. I made my statement before the committee and felt very troubled about it, because I was coolly received. While I awaited the outcome, a Senate page came to me. 'Are you Mr. Butler of South Carolina?' he asked. I told him that I was. 'General Cameron,' he informed me, 'is at the other end of this corridor and wishes to speak with you.' My heart sank to my boots, but upon approaching the elder Cameron, he said, 'Young Butler, I have come down from Pennsylvania today for one purpose. That is to show to you and your people of South Carolina that there is some milk of human kindness left in the human breast. Your uncle seated me in this body. I am here to seat you!' Turning to the page, he said, 'Tell Senator Cameron to come out.' When his son appeared, he said, 'Don, this is Butler of South Carolina.' The son nodded and told his father he had seen me before the committee. 'I want him seated,' declared the elder Cameron. 'I'm sorry,' replied the son. 'I'm already committed against him.' The old General drew back his shoulders and looked squarely into the eyes of his son. 'Don,' he said, 'that doesn't make a damn bit of difference. He's got to be seated!' And I *was* seated the next day."

My comment was: "General, I was wrong. There evidently are some good Republicans." I felt that I was beginning to depart from the sectionalism that had been the curse of the country for a generation. This striking case in which men of opposing sections of the country had risen above it came too close home to be forgotten or disregarded. But for a Pennsylvania Union General's kindness of heart, I would never have had my first opportunity in the Federal service. Yet another startling surprise, coming to me at about the same time, was the information that "Dixie" was not written by a Southerner, but by Daniel D. Emmett, of Ohio, in 1859.

## VII

I thought I knew the meaning of the word "persistence" before coming to Washington, but I had not had enough experience with the "office-seeker" to know the full strength of that important word. Many South Carolinians who knew me, and who at the same time desired favors from Senator Butler, addressed their petitions to him through me. In September, 1893, I received the following telegram

from Dr. J. Eugene Jarnigan, of Pee Dee: "I am being hounded night and day by these revengeful Tillmanites. For God's sake have me appointed a United States Consul. I'll go anywhere, regardless of salary, as I can pay my own expenses. My great desire is to write back to these damn Tillmanites from a foreign post and sign myself, 'United States Consul.'"

Dr. Jarnigan had served with me in the legislature. As he indicated, political feeling was running high back home. I immediately showed the telegram to Chairman Butler and other members of the Interstate Commerce Committee. All found it interesting and felt this modest gentleman should be helped. General Butler requested me to come to his home the next morning and accompany him to the office of the Secretary of State. Judge Gresham received the General with the warmest friendliness, immediately asking what he could do for him.

"We are seeking a consulship for a very worthy South Carolinian," the General replied. Judge Gresham threw both hands high in the air to indicate that it was hopeless. "I'm sorry, General," he said, "there isn't a one left." The General did not give up. "Hold on, Judge," he said, "My constituent is a most worthy man. He doesn't care where you send him, and he doesn't need a salary. In fact, he's willing to go to the northeast corner of Hell if you'll only pay the freight. His sole desire is to be able to write letters back to his political enemies in South Carolina and sign himself, 'United States Consul.'" Judge Gresham laughed with genuine enjoyment. "At least," he remarked, "he's a modest man. We shall see what we can do for him." And after passing a few pleasantries, General Butler and I proceeded to the Capitol. In about a week, President Cleveland sent to the Senate a nomination reading as follows: "Dr. J. Eugene Jarnigan of South Carolina, Consul at Roatán, British Honduras."

It was evident that Secretary Gresham had found both a hot and remote place for our "modest man." So we wired Dr. Jarnigan to come to Washington and to be sworn in. He came immediately and was soon sent merrily on his way, not seeming to mind the torrid climate of Roatán. Nearly two months later, I received from Dr. Jarnigan a letter, nicely sealed in one of those long, blue, linen-lined envelopes of the State Department. It read as follows: "I have



arrived in Roatán. I am now suspended in a hammock between two palmetto trees with a native on either side armed with palmetto fans, endeavoring to save what little vitality remains in my body. Assuredly, my friend, I am in the northeast corner of Hell."

There was always the danger, it seemed to me, of politics overriding efficiency, and for that reason I admired President Cleveland because of his efforts to extend and strengthen the civil service. An example of this danger occurred in my own experience. One day a Mrs. Bethune, whose husband was employed in the War Department, came to see me. She said that she was obliged to have her husband promoted, since they needed more money to live on and educate their children. "You know your husband better than I do," I said. "Tell me, Mrs. Bethune, where you think he would best fit. Where would he have the best opportunity to display his talents?" Mrs. Bethune was a woman of striking sincerity and outspoken honesty. Her reply was unique: "I must be frank with you. My husband is the best prepared man for Heaven and the poorest prepared man for earth that I ever met." What could you do for her, assuming you had a conscience?

## VIII

Some of the modern faddists may be amused to learn that I was once an autograph collector. Handwriting analysts, while perhaps not as general as conjure doctors, had already in my childhood begun to exert their public influence. Before coming to Washington I had acquired the autograph fancy, although not quite with the same zeal as I have since seen it manifested. I had written to Bismarck, Cardinal Gibbons, and P. T. Barnum, requesting their autographs. Bismarck had not replied, and I learned afterward that he never acknowledged communications unless they were written in German. But Cardinal Gibbons had written me a letter much to be treasured. I was never to forget it, when in future years numerous young men wrote to me either for autographs or for advice. P. T. Barnum had not only written me a personal letter, affixing his signature to it, but he also had sent me a copy of his autobiography. Of course, I had the autographs of friends. Therefore, on first sight of the military heroes and other distinguished figures of the United States Senate, my autograph proclivities envisioned fertile ground. I hit upon the

idea of hiring a page to collect them for me. When I found one willing to undertake the task and paid him five dollars, the results came rapidly. Soon I had the autograph of every member of the Senate.

It was the golden age of the raconteur. The Senator gifted with memory and the ability to tell a humorous story always found himself surrounded by willing ears. Many were the stories of the Civil War and of previous administrations and the political figures who peopled the human scene of Washington. Hotel lobbies, cafés, and the cloak rooms of House and Senate were haunted by storytellers.

A story relating to the administration of Harrison and Tyler was one of the favorites. Tyler, it is said, was a heavy drinker. He frequently visited the saloons in the company of a friend from Virginia, who always insisted upon being introduced as "John W. Dade of Virginia." During the thirty days Tyler was Vice-President, Dade was his daily and constant companion. They visited many saloons together, Tyler always paying the bills. When William Henry Harrison died, after having been President but thirty days, Tyler, of course, was promoted to the White House. He had scarcely oriented himself in the new environment and duties when he was called upon by "John W. Dade of Virginia." His former drinking companion had outfitted himself with silk hat, a cane, smart gloves, and spats. Tyler received him and asked what he could do for him. "John," declared Dade, "you have a good job as President of the United States. I need a job. Can't you give one to me?" Tyler looked him over carefully and said, "What on earth, John Dade, could you do?" The Virginian shook his head doubtfully. He did not seem to know. Finally, he said, "John, I'm looking for a sinecure." Tyler laughed. "In that case, I'll see what I can do for you."

A few days afterward, Dade was appointed Superintendent of the District Jail. On hearing of the appointment, Dade immediately dressed in his best, including silk hat, spats, gloves, and cane. He proceeded to the jail to take over, and it may be inferred that he stopped at one or two cafés on the way, to bolster his new authority with liquid fortitude. Arriving at the jail, Dade commanded that all the inmates be brought into the patio. This included men and women, black and white. When the transfer from the cells and bull pens had been effected, Dade paraded before the assembled convicts. "Friends," he informed them, "I am a Virginia gentleman. I am

John W. Dade of Virginia. Our new President has appointed me superintendent of this great institution. As a Virginia gentleman it is always my policy to treat other people as Virginia gentlemen and ladies. That is the way I propose to treat all of you so long as you support me and act right. But I give you notice now, those of you who fail me will suffer for it. I'll turn the last mother's soul of you out in the cold, cold world, and then you'll have to scratch for a living."

Cleveland being the first Democratic President since the Civil War, there was great clamor throughout the South for him to visit various cities there. He eventually consented, taking his twenty-two-year-old bride, who had already captivated the critical social leaders of the capital. All of them had watched her with discerning eyes and whispered the fear that one so young and inexperienced would not acquit herself creditably as the First Lady. Cleveland's Southern tour was a veritable procession of triumphs. He was acclaimed with frenzied enthusiasm by record-breaking crowds. Nowhere was his reception more lavish and enthusiastic than in Montgomery, Alabama, the state's capital. The Governor of Alabama fairly outdid himself in preparation for the event. He ordered a new phaeton to be drawn by four magnificent horses, and the horses were equipped with silver-mounted harness imported from New York. A strapping mulatto driver who had been especially trained for the occasion was outfitted in a suit with four rows of brass buttons up and down his breast, a sort of drum major's hat with a smart plume, and other ornaments.

The Governor had for years had a special Negro bodyguard. Old Jake, now quite along in years, approached the Governor during the preparations. "Guv'nah," he said, "I ain't never seen a President. I allus wanted to see one befoh I died. Ain't they some way you can fix it so's old Jake can git to see this here President that's comin' to Montgomery?" The ground from the station to the Capitol at Montgomery is a gradual incline. This was the route by which the parade would ascend to the Capitol. Accordingly, the Governor, sympathizing with the wish of his old bodyguard, had a platform erected for Jake's sole use. The great day arrived and passed with all the pomp and splendor which the Governor had planned. That night, when the festivities were over, he thought of Jake and wondered what his trusted servant's impression of the President had

been. He, therefore, sent for Jake, whose beaming, black countenance was soon at the threshold. "Well, Jake," he asked, "did you see the President?" "Yassuh, boss," Jake replied. "I seed him good." "How did you like him, Jake?" "He sho' looked fine! I ain't never seen a man in my whole life that looked so fine! My, how he did sit up there drivin' them hosses! And them brass buttons and that fine hat! But say, Guv'nah, there's one thing I wants to know?" "What's that, Jake?" The old Negro frowned strangely. "Who in the world was that funny-looking ole fat man sittin' in the back seat with you?"

## IX

The Sherman Silver Act was repealed at the special session of 1893, but the country had not heard the last of free silver. Nor did repeal of the act cause anything more than a temporary alleviation of distressed economic conditions. Even the leadership of the silver forces broke in that long fight, yet one there was who died with his boots on. He was a young member of the House of Representatives, William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska. Handsome, silver-tongued, sincere in his convictions and fearless in debate, the young freshman Congressman early had attracted the attention of Speaker Reed, now displaced on the Democratic reorganization of the House by Crisp of Georgia. Reed was still leader of his party. And it was often said of him that he only vied with men whose ability he respected. To be noticed by Reed was a distinction, and soon after Bryan's appearance in Congress he had attracted Reed's attention. When the silver forces crumbled, long after Bland and other leading Democratic silverites had given up, young Bryan fought on. Closing the debate for the silver men after a final filibuster of one hour, he declared, "I hope we are wrong but we are not. Silver will yet lay aside its grave clothes and its shroud. It will yet rise, and its rising and reign will bless mankind."

The alertness and headwork of Tom Loftin Johnson, from the Cleveland, Ohio, District, taught me a new trick of legislative acumen. Johnson was a devotee of Henry George, the single-tax exponent. Failing to get George's *Progress and Poverty* printed as a public document, he got several members of Congress to join him in reading portions of the book into the *Congressional Record*. When they had had it all published in the *Record*, they brought the pieces

together and published *Progress and Poverty* as a public document. Under the "franking" privilege it could now be mailed to anyone in the United States.

In addition to the silver issue and the forthcoming fight over the tariff, which always occupied the attention of the Ways and Means Committee, Congress was debating the deportation of the Negroes and their colonization in Africa; the Force Bill, which had for its purpose the promotion of Negroes to Congress in Southern districts where the Negro population exceeded the white; the removal of the Capital to St. Louis; civil service reform; and the problems of agriculture. The Farmers' Alliance had not given up the fight, its program now being to lower the tariff for the benefit of agricultural interests in opposition to the high protection rates demanded by industrialists. And Cleveland declared open war on the trusts. I was keenly interested in all these legislative clashes, losing no opportunity to visit the House gallery or the Senate floor, the privilege of which I had by reason of my clerkship.

I remember that in one of these discussions a House member from Illinois wandered far afield from the subject under consideration, and Speaker Charles F. Crisp, failing to get him to relinquish the floor, ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to seat the Representative. Shaking his mace in front of the orator, the officer finally seated the rebellious member. Immediately thereafter former Speaker Reed rose and asked for the floor. There was complete silence as every member waited to hear Reed's comment. He spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker, I never knew what was meant in Holy Writ by the 'wild ass of the desert' until I witnessed the performance just concluded."

I saw much during these days of the two Senators from North Carolina, General Matt W. Ransom and General Zebulon B. Vance. Both were men of striking personality, but quite different. General Ransom was unique. It was said that because of his extreme courtesy and urbanity no one could collect a debt from him unless he was good and ready to pay it. I said to him one day in his office: "Sir, when will you find time to answer that large stack of letters on your desk?" His answer was: "Young man, nine out of ten letters which I receive, answer themselves if I keep them long enough."

One morning while I was in Senator Ransom's office, there came into the room a superannuated Methodist preacher from North Caro-

lina by the name of Barrett, who had been in Washington for several weeks endeavoring to get Senator Ransom to indorse him for appointment as a United States Consul. As a rule, the Senator would meet as near the door as possible persons to whom he did not wish to give much time. While shaking their hands most graciously he would gradually back them out the door. Once in the hall, he would say: "I am sorry, sir, but I have an important committee meeting." The visitor would thus be dismissed before he could go very far into his business.

The preacher had been backed out of the room before, and this morning when the Senator backed him up a bit he reversed his position and was backed into the wall. He then said: "Senator, I must know this morning whether it is your intention to indorse me for a Consulship. My money has given out and I can remain here no longer." The Senator was now up against it. He had to make a reply. Stretching out his arms full length in a characteristic gesture, he said: "Mr. Barrett, are you not a minister of the gospel called by Almighty God to preach his word?" Mr. Barrett answering in the affirmative, the Senator continued: "Mr. Barrett, God forbid that I should do anything to controvert His Divine Will."

## *The Rising Tide*

AS THE financial panic of 1893 moved into the difficult five years' depression to follow, everybody seemed to place the blame at someone else's door. The Republican party, which happened to be out of office, blamed the Democrats, who happened to be in. The Western free-silverites lashed out against the supporters of the gold standard. Capital and labor, first in Pittsburgh in 1892 and then in Chicago in 1894, fought battles that brought bloodshed and almost took the form of civil war. Coxey's Army of unemployed workers marched from the West into Washington, where some of its members were arrested and imprisoned. Socialists had placed their first national ticket in the field in 1892. The hard times gave the movement added impetus.

Cleveland, fighting for amelioration and reform in the face of mounting unpopularity, never stooped to base levels of compromise or petty politics. He reaffirmed the Monroe Doctrine in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, issuing an ultimatum to Great Britain which declared that the United States was ready to fight for the maintenance of that doctrine. He instituted the Government Forestry Service and promoted the conservation of public lands. But at the drop of a hat the people of the country were ready to blame him for any and all ills. The tariff fight of 1894, in which Senator Gorman and other Democratic leaders rebelled against the party program was in reality nothing more than an attempt by the President to solve the nation's growing economic problem. Out of this *mêlée* of strife and clamor, and from the substance of dissatisfaction, itself, was to arise a new progressivism. Younger men, whether silverites or believers in low tariff, but all irritated and incensed by the old order with its bickerings and delays and goaded by increasing hostility to the stilted leadership of the "generals" in Congress, cried out

as with one voice for a "Moses to lead them out of the wilderness." Soon that Moses was to appear. We shall hear his battle cry and attend the scenes that paved the way for a victorious articulation at the ballot box in 1912.

My own political philosophy, meanwhile, was being colored and expanded daily by the events that transpired in Washington. My circle of political acquaintances was daily broadened. Walking down F Street with Senator Butler, we encountered the mighty Reed, mighty in more ways than one, for he was well over six feet tall and weighed fully two hundred and fifty pounds. We stopped in the middle of the street, and I was flattered that he talked to me as casually and upon terms as familiar as if I had been one of his colleagues. In other informal meetings I met Senator Vest, author of the immortal tribute to the dog. My committee duties brought me into close contact with many other leaders of the day. Almost invariably, when I encountered these men a second time, they spoke to me and called me by name. I came to realize that a memory for names was a priceless knack of the successful man in public affairs.

Up to now, I had been reluctant to take sides, even in my own mind, as the great national political issues of the day unfolded. But conditions were so deplorable that my very conscience began to assert itself. And there were times when my impotence to play a more important part stirred my ambition and at the same time brought a feeling of frustration.

A favorite story in the Senate and House cloak rooms when I first came to the Capitol was that of Congressman John Allen of Mississippi, who had only shortly before retired from Congress. He was a dynamic character, and the story of how he came to Congress was always repeatable and interesting. Allen's political opponent launched his campaign on the basis of his war record and in his speeches would say that if the officers of his command in the army would support him as faithfully in his political campaign as they did in the war, he would certainly be elected to Congress. The resourceful John Allen in reply would say: "I join you [the audience] in admiring the war record of my opponent, and I join in urging all the officers under him in the war to support him on election day. All that I ask is that the privates support me." The result was that



Allen was overwhelmingly elected. Ever afterwards he was known as Private John Allen.

On February 7, 1894, Mrs. Roper joined me in Washington. There were no apartments to speak of except the Cairo. It was considered a "new-fangled curiosity" because it was twelve stories high, the tallest building in town. We had three children now; so we rented a house at 243 Eighth Street, N. E. It is true that I had made frequent visits home, but the coming of my family helped to cement me to the Federal service. Mrs. Roper brought Henrietta, or Rett as we called her, the colored nurse of the children. One day while Rett was taking the baby for an airing she forgot her duties and station in life. Rett had never been to a city before and had never heard a brass band. There happened to be a parade, or celebration, in the neighborhood. When the brass band blared forth, Rett could not resist such prodigious music. She forgot baby, carriage and all, and ran with the procession that was hurrying to hear the band. It was some time before Mrs. Roper could be convinced that the child would ever again be safe in Rett's care.

Making friends and enlarging social contacts was never a problem in Washington. I knew a great many people already. Southerners, and Northerners as well, affected by the neighborly influence, were naturally sociable. We affiliated with Epworth M. E. Church, South, then at Seventh and A Streets, N. E., and soon Mrs. Roper was almost as much at home as she had been in South Carolina. Moreover, scarcely a week passed in which some old friend or acquaintance from our section did not arrive on government business or for a sight-seeing tour.

Senator Butler had unfailing courtesy for all South Carolinians who called upon him, whatever their request. This was hardly true of all his colleagues. When Attorney E. W. Pettus of Alabama called upon Senator John T. Morgan and asked that he be considered for a Federal judgeship, Senator Morgan referred him to his colleague, Senator Pugh. "I'll be glad to help you," he told Pettus. "However, my colleague, Senator Pugh, comes up next year for reelection. I'm sure he would like to have the honor and advantage of taking the initiative in securing your appointment. Suppose you call upon him. Tell him I'll be glad to co-operate." Pettus went imme-

diately to Senator Pugh, but found him in an irritable state of mind. "Pettus," said Pugh, "you are too old to be appointed to this judgeship. I can't present your application or support you." Pettus was six feet three. He rose from his chair and stood looking down at Pugh with a silence that withered the Senator. Then he said, "So you think I'm too old to be a judge?" Pugh nodded in the affirmative. "We'll see about that," Pettus told him. "Maybe I'm not too old to come to the Senate in your place. I'll start my campaign immediately." He turned away without saying more. The following year he defeated Senator Pugh.

## II

William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, later to become Postmaster General in the Cleveland Cabinet, was the author of the tariff bill in the House. The bill passed that body without major change or incident, but in the Senate it met a tough row. Gorman of Maryland, Brice of Ohio, Smith of New Jersey, and Murphy of New York decided that the bill should incorporate more protection for industry. A stock tip on sugar went the rounds, and it was rumored that Gorman, because of his eagerness to protect the sugar refineries in Baltimore, would filibuster until the tariff on sugar was increased. Senators began to speculate in sugar, and the price went very high. Six hundred amendments were tacked onto the Wilson bill by the Senate, and the final outcome was the passage of a tariff bill so disgusting to President Cleveland that he would not sign it, but permitted it to become a law by lapse of time. The outcome of the tariff conflict, in which Cleveland had been bitterly denounced by leaders of his own party, was a sugar scandal and an investigation. Thus a Congress which had played into the hands of the Republicans discredited itself before the country.

I had not forsaken the tenets of the Farmers' Alliance, and I had leanings towards the progressivism of the Populists, that short-lived but useful party which did much to provoke constructive thought and awaken the farmers of the country to the struggle between industry and agriculture. The reaction to the tariff bill, I thought, would later find a means of expression. The elections of 1894 certainly bore out my anticipation. The Democratic majority was turned into the smallest minority since the Civil War. Those defeated included Bryan of

Nebraska and Champ Clark of Missouri. The Democrats who survived were living exponents of futility. William Jennings Bryan became a newspaper editor, but he took time from his duties to accept invitations to speak in different parts of the country. He was waging a one-man war for bimetallism.

There was at the same time a rising tide of political revolution in both major parties. My native state was no exception. Governor Ben Tillman, having won a political control of South Carolina that was very near absolute, defeated Senator Butler. It was an era of change, one in which clashes between special interests became harbingers of the mightier conflict then dimly seen upon the horizon.

The preponderant Republican majority did not reorganize the Senate and take over the committees until 1895. Although General Butler retired, Senator Gorman, now Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, requested that I remain as its clerk until the approaching Republican reorganization. Therefore, I was in Washington when Tillman arrived. At our first meeting, he shook hands with me, but did not engage me in conversation. His first speech, awaited with much curiosity because of his already well-heralded individuality, was characteristic of the man and evoked widespread comment. It was directed at the President. According to the account given by Arthur W. Dunn:

He read it, having thus prepared it, he said, so that he would not overstep the bounds of Senate decorum. What he might have said but for this precaution I cannot imagine, for it was sizzling hot as it was.

He made up in action what he felt was suppressed by such careful preparation. "Pitchfork Ben" was never in better form. He would shout, flourish his arms, grind out his words between set teeth, and run all the gamut of impassioned oratory and invective. Occasionally he would spin around like a toe dancer, the proof sheets of his speech waving in the air.

"If I had known," he said at one point, "that Grover Cleveland would have turned out to be the traitor that he is, I would have delivered the electoral vote of South Carolina to another candidate."

During his speech a page boy placed a glass of water before him, but he waved the boy away.

"I never wet my whistle when I am talking," he said. "I can't run a windmill on water."

There was a titter in the galleries checked by the presiding officer.

"Poor muffled brutes in the galleries," Tillman commented.

He derided senatorial courtesy. "Senators sneak away into the cloak rooms," he said, as a number of them left the chamber, "but they can't hide themselves from the people."<sup>1</sup>

It was my privilege during this period to attend a session of the first public legislative hearing upon woman suffrage. Senator Hoar, Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, was in charge. The room was crowded with women, he and I being the only men present. It was in this same era that Emmeline Pankhurst, militant English suffragette, was agitating the women of America. Upon one of her entrances to the country she was detained at Ellis Island in the same manner as any foreign immigrant. The excitement of the women at this hearing needs no description. Male statesmen still regarded woman suffrage as a joke. Some of Senator Hoar's critics sought to fasten upon him the epithet, "Granny Hoar," but it would not cling to a man like him. He was one of the great Senators of the period, perhaps the last of the classical New Englanders whose services had been so important in our first century of national life. His mind was of the school of the Adamses, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and James Russell Lowell.

The Hoar-Beveridge debate on the annexation of the Philippines is a worthy example of a great statesman's scintillating intellect. Said the Senator from Indiana: "Today, we have one of the three great ocean possessions of the globe, located at the most commanding commercial, naval, and military points in the Eastern seas, within hail of India, shoulder to shoulder with China, richer in its own resources than any equal body of land upon the globe, and peopled by a race which civilization demands shall be improved. Shall we abandon it? That man little knows the common people of the republic, little understands the instincts of our race, who thinks we will not hold it fast and hold it forever, administering just government by simplest methods." Hoar replied: "Yet, Mr. President, as I heard this eloquent description of wealth and glory and commerce and trade, I listened in vain for those words which the American people have been wont to take upon their lips in every solemn crisis of their history. I heard much calculated to excite the imagination of youth seeking wealth, or the youth charmed by the dream of empire; but the words, *Right*,

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Wallace Dunn, *From Harrison to Harding* (2 vols.; New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; The Knickerbocker Press, 1922), I, 169-170.

*Justice, Duty, Freedom* were absent, my friend must permit me to say, from that eloquent speech." The fight of Senator Hoar was to be won long after he was dead.

## III

Through 1895 and the following year the political pot was simmering, and the presidential bees were buzzing. So bitter was the sentiment against Cleveland that a resolution was voted by the House of Representatives denouncing a third term for any President. On the Republican side there was much talk of Reed and some sentiment for McKinley. The Democratic leaders were talking of Bland and Senator Teller of Colorado. William Jennings Bryan, the young Nebraska Congressman who had been defeated in 1894, was not mentioned as a presidential possibility, although it was thought the silverites might control the convention. Let it not be thought that all silverites were Democrats. The Republicans of the West were almost united against the gold standard, and many had voted for the Sherman Act. There were rumors that the silver issue might split the Republican ranks before the next national election.

I had no personal choice for President in the pre-convention months. Yet, the Federal service had awakened my political consciousness, and my interest in the stirring issues of the period had been quickened. None but he who endured and observed the economic chaos of the times can fully appreciate their severity. Necessity gave birth to the surge of progressivism which clamored for leadership. But how on earth could the defeated, split, and discouraged Democrats of my party unite upon a leader? A miracle would have been necessary to preserve the party from disintegration. The waters were muddier in 1896 than they had been in 1895. The Republicans had reorganized both houses of Congress, and I was preparing to leave Washington to go into private endeavor in New York.

First came the Republican Convention at St. Louis. Senators Lodge and Platt forced a gold declaration into the party platform, thus antagonizing the silverites, who walked out of the convention. One of the newspaper reporters, the ex-Congressman Bryan of Nebraska, became so excited that he leapt to the top of the newspaper desks and stepping from desk to desk maneuvered himself to the front row where with a smile of satisfaction he watched the departing

silverites. Throughout the convention hall there were yells of, "Go to Chicago! Take the Democratic train!" A smile of great joy wreathed Bryan's broad face, and his eyes twinkled with immense delight.

Three weeks later the Democratic Convention convened in Chicago. Senator Tillman was one of the first arrivals, going with many demands and cloaked with considerable authority. It was fore-ordained that there would be a silver debate. Senator Tillman, chairman of the South Carolina delegation, a member of the national committee and a member of the committee on resolutions, having reserved these three important places for himself, demanded of Senator Jones that he be given an hour on the silver side. Senator James K. Jones, permanent chairman of the convention, told him he was afraid of a speech of such length, suggesting that it might tire the delegates. "I'll have an hour, or nothing," Tillman protested. "No crowd ever gets tired when I'm talking." He got the hour.

William Jennings Bryan was a delegate to the convention, but he and the other members of his delegation encountered a contest for their seats. The Bryan forces finally won out. The silverites, recollecting his fight in Congress, urged and pressed him into the debate. Let us recall it in his own words as recorded by Mrs. Bryan in her *Memoirs* of his life:

Senator Tillman's speech did not present our side to the satisfaction of the friends of bimetallism. It was a strong speech—he could not make any other kind—but it presented the question as a sectional issue between the south and west with northeast states on the other side. . . . When Senator Tillman was through, Senator Jones took the platform and announced to the Convention that the Committee did not endorse the sectional argument by Senator Tillman. This increased my responsibility because it threw the whole burden on my closing speech.

Senator Hill followed Senator Tillman and made a very strong speech. He was at his best and presented the arguments on his side with consummate skill and adroitness. The effect upon the audience was apparent and the nervousness of our delegation increased as he proceeded.

He was followed by Senator Vilas, a man of high standing in the party, large experience in politics, and great ability as a lawyer. He pounded the advocates of free coinage without mercy.

Near the close of his speech Governor Russell of Massachusetts, who was the third and last man on the gold side, came back to Senator Hill's

seat with evident excitement and protested that Senator Vilas was not going to leave him any time. My seat was so near to Senator Hill's that I could hear the conversation. I immediately stepped across the aisle to Senator Hill and suggested that I was willing to have the time extended to give Governor Russell the time he wanted, the same period to be added to my time . . . it added about ten minutes to my time and I needed it for the speech I was to make. This was another unexpected bit of good fortune. I had never had such an opportunity before in my life and never expect to have again. . . .

The excitement of the moment was so intense that I hurried to the platform and began at once. My nervousness left me instantly and I felt as composed as if I had been speaking to a small audience on an unimportant occasion. From the first sentence the audience was with me. My voice reached to the uttermost parts of the hall, which is a great advantage in speaking to an assembly like that.

I shall never forget the assembly on which I looked. I believe it unrivaled in any convention ever held in our country. The audience seemed to rise and sit down as one man. At the close of a sentence it would rise and shout, and when I began upon another sentence, the audience was still as a church. . . .

The situation was so unique and the experience so unprecedented that I have never expected to witness its counterpart.

At the conclusion of my speech the demonstration spread over nearly the entire convention.<sup>2</sup>

The closing paragraph of that speech merits quotation. It was among the most notable political speeches ever made in America; I was electrified by a mere reading of it:

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without awaiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every state in the Union. I shall not slander the inhabitants of the fair state of Massachusetts nor the inhabitants of the state of New York by saying that, when they are confronted with the proposition, they will declare that this nation is not able to attend to its own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation; shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, that will never

<sup>2</sup> *The Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan*, by Himself and His Wife Mary Baird Bryan (Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co., 1925), pp. 112-115.

be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we can not have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out into the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."<sup>3</sup>

The convention went into what amounted to a stampede for Bryan. Instructed delegations began to break the next day, and on the fifth ballot Bryan became the Democratic nominee. As everyone knows, Bryan was defeated through the campaign which Mark Hanna engineered in behalf of McKinley. The election was close. A change of thirty-four thousand votes in the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky would have given Bryan a majority in the electoral college.

Perhaps at least another generation must pass before a just estimate can be placed upon the character and public services of William Jennings Bryan. But those who knew him and labored at his side appraise him highly in the living present. Most of the professional historians have not appreciated the profounder aspects of the great rural American political movements. To this deeper democratic unfoldment of the national life Bryan made lasting contributions. His eloquent speeches actually converted sordid and self-seeking men to loftier standards of conduct. They became devoted followers of the light which he held before the anxious eyes of the people. Bryan's heart and soul developed the incoherent groups of progressives into a national movement. In 1896, despite all reactionism and more to come, progressivism became a living force. His "Cross of Gold" speech ended a period, a generation in which the masses were deadened by carelessness and despair.

Bryan was a typical rural American, representing farmers and villagers. Under him they went into battle against the political and

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 498-499.



economic powers of the conventional political leadership which developed in the East during the generation following the Civil War. His coming changed the course of our political history because the rural West and South were reunited by his leadership. And for sixteen years it was Bryan's destiny to lead Democratic progressives against what they regarded as entrenched plutocracy. The rural American epic really began with the Revolutionary War. It came to its greatest era of power and victory in the period from Thomas Jefferson to Abraham Lincoln. Bryan kept its spirit alive.

When it came to practical policies, the "Great Commoner" did not always succeed in finding his way. For instance, his theory that the free coinage of silver would solve all economic problems was a misconception. His fiscal theory per se was half true, as was to be demonstrated in a later period. Even in 1900 the larger annual world production of gold was constantly increasing the amount of money. Bryan, however, seemed to crave the pleasure of throwing himself into a fight for a cause, seeking for complicated questions the answer "yes" or "no."

I had the good fortune to be present at Madison Square Garden when he made his speech of acceptance in 1896. I shall never forget that night. When he was introduced he turned pale; after he had uttered a couple of sentences he regained his color and composure, making an address that has lived in my mind and heart through all the succeeding years. Everyone whose face I saw, and almost everyone I spoke with afterwards, was strongly impressed by the speaker's sincerity and force. As Bryan himself said again and again in words which should be classic American utterances, "A speaker cannot convince others beyond his own conviction." "There are plenty of good heads in this country," he commented. "Education has multiplied intelligence; but I am looking for the man whose heart is sound and true."

Bryan always drew large crowds, but he himself told me a story which elucidates his partial political failure. In a Western state, at the railway station of the town where he was scheduled to speak, a stranger approached him. The man wore bespattered boots and clothes. "Colonel Bryan," he said, "I have ridden fifty miles to hear you speak tonight. I have always read every speech of yours that I

could get hold of. I would ride a hundred miles to hear you make a speech. And, by gum, if I wasn't a Republican, I'd vote for you." They liked to hear him speak, but not enough of them would vote for him.

At one of the Bryan birthday dinners I asked him which, in his opinion, was his greatest speech. He turned the question back at me, and I told him I supposed it was the "Cross of Gold" speech that gave him the first Democratic nomination. "You are wrong," he replied. "My greatest speech, and the one I wish to be remembered by longest is 'The Prince of Peace.'" Two passages from that eloquent oration are superb, those in which he referred to immortality and the Resurrection:

If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am sure that He, who, notwithstanding His apparent prodigality, created nothing without a purpose, and wasted not a single atom in all His creation, has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization. I am as sure that we live again as I am sure that we live today.

In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than thirty centuries in an Egyptian tomb. As I looked at them this thought came into my mind: If one of those grains had been planted upon the banks of the Nile the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants had been planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would today be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world. An unbroken chain of life connects the earliest grains of wheat with the grains that we sow and reap. There is in the grain of wheat an invisible something which has the power to discard the body that we see, and from earth and air fashion a new body so much like the old one that we can not tell the one from the other. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass unimpaired through three thousand resur-

rections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled into dust.<sup>4</sup>

Behind all the actors on the political stage were the sterner realities. They took two essential forms. There had now grown up, centered in New York, the greatest power of organized wealth in the history of the world. On the other side was the unfolding social organization of a hundred million people, spread over the vast area of the land and gifted, perhaps, with the power and ability to rule themselves and their country once they found skillful leadership. Some of the political leaders who bestrode the scene were fading away. The lasting solutions, if they come, will be of the life of the whole people.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 510-511.

## *Private Life Again*

MY FIRST Washington years had passed swiftly, almost as if they had been a like number of months; it was a period of constant excitement and enlightenment to a young man intent upon the vision of good citizenship and usefulness in the world. Those first contacts and associations with the nation's leaders were never to be forgotten. I regretted the necessity of passing on to a new scene, yet at the same time I was thankful for some hope of supporting my family through the business world.

Before the foreseen reorganization of the House and Senate I had hoped for some opportunity that would permit me to carry into private life such experience and knowledge as had been gained with the Interstate Commerce Committee. Through a great many contacts there had come such offers as one to become cashier of a bank at Martinsburg, West Virginia, but none of these had been in line with my studies in transportation, railway financing, and the like. Then came the offer which I accepted, the management of the office of Mr. Charles E. W. Smith of New York, a financier engaged in the reorganization and financing of street railways and other public utilities.

The prospect of life in New York was not too alluring. The job, however, was welcome, for I now had a larger family and was at this time alarmed over the health of Mrs. Roper and our infant daughter, both of whom were seriously ill with gastritis. At the same time the doctors found it necessary to remove a large cyst from the mother. The lives of the mother and child were both despaired of. Dr. W. P. Carr of Washington told me that a dose of castor oil might save the mother, but that her fever was so high that her heart might not stand the strain in case her temperature dropped rapidly. He then said that under the conditions he did not care to take

the responsibility of giving the medicine. "Well, doctor, as I understand you, she will likely die if she does not get relief soon, so I will take the responsibility and give her the oil," I said. The effect was as the doctor had predicted, but a strong heart saved her.

Our family physician had advised against sending the family to South Carolina because of the summer climate. The Washington summer was an equally formidable outlook, as was the thought of having them in New York under the conditions. Luckily, the generosity of my new employer solved the problem. As soon as I discussed it with him, on my arrival July 10, he offered me the use of his beautiful and quiet home at Morristown in the New Jersey hills. "We're going to Seagirt for the rest of the hot season," he said. "You're welcome to the house rent free, and by fall you'll be able to find a comfortable apartment either in the city or in one of the suburbs." I was overjoyed and almost without words with which to thank him. I quickly communicated the good news to Mrs. Roper. Then I returned to Washington to assist her with the details of moving. When the change was finally effected, much of our worry was eliminated. In the new environment both she and the child began to improve.

Perhaps there has never been a more dramatic year in the history of our two political parties than that of 1896. As previously mentioned, I reached New York in time to hear the Bryan speech of acceptance. Although I had no intention of participating in politics, it was natural that one so recently from the Washington political scene would follow closely all the events of the drama unfolding from coast to coast. The location of our office was 15 Wall Street, and the whole financial section seemed to be teeming with political talk. The gold standardites had all but despaired of McKinley's election. Those who had heard or read the speeches of Bryan and learned of the large crowds attending his meetings could see no chance of his defeat. The partisans of both sides seemed to fear the end of the world if their favorite candidate failed to reach the White House. So intense was the political agitation that business almost came to a standstill.

Meanwhile, I bent to my new duties and found them both pleasant and interesting. They were in definite contrast to the Federal

service, yet I could never come to consider them of equal importance with the work I had been doing in Washington. A lot of the work was "just listening" to those who presented "propositions." In this capacity it was understood that I was to take as much of the burden off my employer, Mr. Smith, as possible.

Some of the "propositions" were unusual to say the least. I could see the line of callers in advance and tried sometimes ahead of time to size them up by appearances and speculate upon the probable business to come. I recall one most distinguished-looking man with silk hat and long impressive clerical coat who waited one day. I wondered if he were not some important transportation magnate. At last his turn came. "You are Mr. Roper?" he asked in a gracious manner. I told him that I was. He shook hands with a polite bow and sat down. With a pleasing, even beautiful command of English, he told me a long story. He was an inventor who, not unlike hundreds of others—and he mentioned Alexander Graham Bell—had walked the streets of New York and other cities looking in vain for someone who would listen to him. "People are like sheep," he said. "They won't listen if they have to think. They don't understand me. It would take too much effort of mind for them." And he went on to recite a struggle of years in which he had tried to convince the scientific leaders and electrical wizards of the country that he had developed a method for transmitting electric power without the losing step-down. His method, he said, would transmit power over long distances without the inefficient transformers then in use. It would revolutionize the power industry. It was worth millions, he alleged, declaring that the very revolution it would cause was the chief reason he could get no support from the industry.

I had to inform him that our concern was not fashioned to finance ideas, our operations being confined to the financing of existing utilities. But I did listen to him sympathetically despite the fact there was nothing I could do except finally try to pass him on to bankers who, I hoped, would not have the fictional "glass eye." "I guess they won't understand me either," he said as he picked up his silk hat and bowed goodbye. Often I have wondered whether or not he was misunderstood, for his invention may have gone with him to the grave. I was very sorry indeed for him. The incident made me

think of P. T. Barnum's difficulties, the weeks he spent in Wall Street trying his best to convince the bankers that Jenny Lind was a good risk for importation and seeking to establish that the great European singer was a splendid investment for a concert in the newly acquired Castle Garden, now the New York Aquarium. He later justified his prophecy by presenting her there to vast audiences for a whole week and collecting the largest admission one performer had ever grossed in all history. After that incident the bankers had always listened to him, some clamoring to participate in his ventures.

The street railways were undergoing their period of greatest expansion at that time. We assisted numerous cities, such as Montreal, Cleveland, Atlanta, San Francisco, New Orleans, and a host of smaller towns. In some cases we helped refinance water and electric power companies, it not being unusual for them to be owned by the same corporations as the transit facilities. There were still cries of hard times, yet it was an era of national expansion, an age of invention. Our towns and cities were becoming modernized. The country was in transition from a predominantly agricultural citizenship to one dominated by industry. The population was shifting from farm to city.

In about sixty days after I had been settled in my office at 15 Wall Street, New York City, or about the middle of September, 1896, I was visited by my friend, General Matthew C. Butler, of South Carolina, who had been defeated for renomination to the United States Senate by Governor B. R. Tillman. General Butler told me that he was interested in keeping in the United States what he thought to be very valuable patents owned by John Philip Holland for submarine boats and was afraid that these patents might be purchased by Germans who knew about them. Especially was he concerned because of the fact that the first boat built by Mr. Holland under his patents had not performed satisfactorily and had been rejected by the United States Navy. The General was firm in his conviction that submarine boats would be successfully constructed under these patents, and he approached me, he said, in the hope that I might be able to get capital in New York to purchase these patents and relieve Mr. Holland of financial distress, thereby saving the patents for this country. I told the General that, since boats of this

character could be used only under the direction of the Navy Department, I did not think capital could be raised privately unless the Navy Department would agree to buy or otherwise utilize the boats constructed. He was discouraged and very fearful that this country would lose the patents. However, two years later (in 1898) under the sponsorship of the Crescent Shipyards at Elizabeth, New Jersey, Mr. Holland produced a satisfactory boat which was accepted by the Navy.

## II

Back in Washington an exceedingly strange situation prevailed. Cleveland, eventually to be vindicated on most of his controversial policies, was silent during the Bryan-McKinley campaign; and he was still unpopular. Yet the man never lost his courage, never compromised his principles. In one of his final messages, he made a pronouncement against communism which seems prophetic in the light of subsequent events. He said: "Communism is a hateful thing and a menace to peace and organized government; but the combined wealth and capital, the outweening of overwhelming cupidity and selfishness, which insidiously undermines the justice and integrity of free institutions is not less dangerous than the communism of the oppressed poverty and toil, which, exasperated by injustice and discontent, attacks with wild disorder the citadel of rule. He mocks the people who propose that the government shall protect the rich and they, in turn, will care for the laboring poor." There are some Americans who, at this time, will consider Cleveland's words an excellent summation, and who will admit that history has vindicated his uncanny foresight.

The election of McKinley did not bring an end to the bitter attacks upon Cleveland. All sorts of personal abuse were directed at him, going to such extremes that I am sure there were many, such as I, who were glad the maligned President and his wife were soon to retire, if for no other reason than that of respect and sympathy.

About the time of that election Mrs. Roper and I brought the children to New York City, giving up Mr. Smith's beautiful home on account of the return of his family from the seashore. The mother and baby were recovering their health. We rented an apartment in an uptown residential neighborhood after the October leasing period



had passed, and the agent was evidently so glad to get the rental that he failed to ask us if we had children. It did not occur to us to tell him. Nor did we realize that we were moving into a neighborhood in which there were no children. Neither of us relished what we knew would be the cold contrast to living in Washington and Morristown, but there was no alternative.

Our worst suspicions were confirmed a few days after moving into the apartment. A woman who had seen the faces of the four little Ropers at the window rang our bell. Mrs. Roper went to the door. The stranger said, "I've called to inquire about the welfare of the four children I just saw at your front window. Are you their mother?" Surprised at the intrusion and still wondering what the woman meant, Mrs. Roper admitted that she was. "I'm from the Presbyterian Church down at the corner," the woman volunteered. "Are your children in Sunday School?" Mrs. Roper told her that we had just moved into the neighborhood, having been in the house less than a week. She could have told her that both of us had always taught Sunday School and served on the boards and committees of our church, but she was too indignant. "I came to say, if they weren't already in Sunday School," the woman went on, "I would like for you to bring them to our church." When Mrs. Roper made no reply, she added, "It's quite unusual to see so many children in this part of town. You must be new to this part of the world. And to have so many children—you must be from the Southern states." Resenting her tone and attitude, Mrs. Roper just continued staring at her, and the woman said, "That must be it. You're either from the South, or you're Roman Catholic." "You may have it either way," my wife replied. "Place me in either group. Both are kind to little children, and you may be assured of the welfare of ours." The woman went hastily away, but Mrs. Roper never got over the incident and could never reconcile herself to the neighborhood.

## III

In addition to analyzing financial statements of utility companies, interviewing callers, and assisting Mr. Smith with correspondence, reports, appraisal summaries, and such, I was called upon to make occasional investigations. The first investigation of major importance took me to the Far West in the spring of 1897. We had an applica-

tion for refinancing an irrigation plant at Mountain Home, Idaho. The company required additional funds to enlarge the irrigation project. It was impossible for Mr. Smith to go at the time; so he delegated the investigation to me. The recollections of that, my first trip west, are not important as to the details of the business transacted, but because of the near tragedy in which I was almost a victim, and which furnished the supreme scare of my life.

The frontier days were not too far back on the calendar in 1897 for one to see many strange things on a trip from New York to Idaho. Indians, of course, and cowpunchers and ranchers gathered in large numbers at railway stations and upon trains. As one got farther west and farther away from the Eastern cities, one's traveling companions became more communicative. They spun yarns of the frontier days, of stage and train robberies, of cattle rustlers, stampedes, and all that motion pictures have since presented in the Saturday night thrillers. Nevertheless, there was nothing to suggest that I was soon to be impressed with the futility of sectionalism and to have a thrill fully as sensational as those that were subjects of the "Wild West" stories.

On the diner of my westward train I engaged in conversation at the breakfast table a physician who told me he was a native of Germany and had been educated there but was now practicing medicine in Chicago. I referred to the spiritual lessons all nature was striving to teach that morning. "The educators and the educated of Germany," he said, "have abandoned that line of thought." "If you are correct," I replied, "if Germany has abandoned efforts to give spiritual forces a stabilizing place in human affairs, then a dangerous reawakening awaits the otherwise great people of Germany." He answered, "Folderol!" "I have always been impressed by two things," I declared. "The miraculous order of the universe compared with the disorder in human relations, its wars, hatreds and its disrupting jealousies. The other feature that has supported me in accepting spiritual righteousness is that part of Holy Writ known as the Golden Rule. It is the finest code of civil procedure ever given the human race. It took '*Do unto others as you would that they do unto you*' to perfect society and preserve peace, order, and happiness among the peoples of the world. Now until you have given the world some-

thing better than this rule, you should be willing to accept and work under it." We were nearing Chicago and he had to leave. "If your line of talk were used more," he said, "and creeds stressed less, the world would, I confess, be better regulated." Little did I realize that many times I would recall this conversation in view of the role later played by certain German leaders.

At the Mountain Home railway station I was met by Mr. A. C. Clark, mayor of the town and superintendent of the local irrigation plan. He knew that I was there to get information to guide my New York sponsors in deciding whether they would follow Mr. Clark's recommendation to enlarge materially the Mountain Home project. I, therefore, had to be most discreet in dealing with him. He was very courteous to me, taking me first to his own home to meet his wife. She showed me wonderful canned and preserved fruit from the irrigated trees, which she had. Mr. Clark was anxious that I should make a good impression on the people and to that end felt impelled to give me some safeguarding advice.

"You must be careful how you speak about the Civil War," he warned. "Why is this?" I asked. "Because," said he, "there are a lot of unreconstructed Southerners in these parts. We have them out here from as far south as Kentucky." I then realized that he had mistaken me, a South Carolinian, for a Yankee, since my letters of introduction were all from New York City. However, I did not correct him for fear that he might impeach the report I was to make should my findings be contrary to his recommendations. "What kind of citizens do these Southerners make?" I asked. "Oh," said Mr. Clark, "they are pretty good citizens, but they are still damn rebels and do not refer to the war."

Out of such small incidents important changes sometimes come. When I returned home I told Mrs. Roper of this conversation, and we agreed to make every endeavor not to raise "damn rebels" in our family. The future would see us take precautions against this by sending our children to colleges in different states, one to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, one to West Point, one to the University of Michigan, one to Bowdoin in Maine, one to Duke University, one to the Randolph-Macon College for Women, and one to Vassar.

I was reminded of an aged woman, born and nurtured in the

South, who was endeavoring to impress upon her nephews and nieces the beauties of the South and its people, when one of the young men spoke up: "Auntie," he asked, "do you think that all the virtues originated in and have been preserved by the Southern people?" "No, not all, but most of them," she replied. "Do you think that Jesus Christ was a Southerner?" The old lady hesitated a moment and said: "He was good enough to be a Southerner."

In the course of my inspection of the country I made a trip to Snake River, a distance of about fifteen miles. The country was so rough that I used a span of two good horses and a strong buggy. I had loved horses from childhood days on the farm, and after leaving the city and making the long, tiresome train trip from the East, I held the reins with a feeling of satisfaction and well-being. It was a pleasure to be driving through the crisp spring air, to be so fortunate as to have good horses, and to see this strange new country. I did not see a single sign of civilization after leaving Mountain Home until I reached the river—nothing except some charred embers and ashes of sheep campfires with here and there a dead coyote.

I must have driven ten miles and was within about five or six miles of the "rimrock" of Snake River when I heard a great rumbling in the distance. Looking toward the western horizon, I saw a long line of moving objects, black shapes enclouded with dust, and then I saw that they were coming toward me at a terrific speed. In a flash I comprehended what they were—wild horses! The blood almost froze in my veins. Now they were in full view, a whole drove of them. A great black, much larger than the rest, was in the lead. Their heads were in the air, and they were snorting crazily, coming on and on. The clatter of their hooves filled the air.

In what I was sure was my last moment, my thoughts were of my wife and four delicate little children so far away. There was nothing I could do but breathe a prayer as I pulled hard upon the reins. The mad, surging animals were within thirty feet. Another second and they would be upon me! But in that last second, thanks to Divine Providence, the miracle happened. Their leader broke to the right. The drove that carried death in every hoof beat missed my horses by a few feet. It was incredible. Not until the last one had passed could I realize my remarkable deliverance. There are

not words to describe my tremendous relief, or my heartfelt thanks at such a narrow escape from destruction. It was a happy, although much shaken, investigator who reached the river and the small habitation there an hour later.

## IV

Neither Mrs. Roper nor I could fully adjust ourselves to New York life, although the neighborhood in which we lived was adjacent to Riverside Drive and Grant's Tomb, a section far more delightful than most others in the city. The river panorama afforded magnificent views, a grassy park and a pleasant enough place to take the children. But we could not grow fond of a neighborhood where next-door neighbors neither knew nor cared to know each other. A change was deemed advisable. I got in touch with Elwood L. Gernand, of Baltimore, Maryland, whom I had met ten years before when he was general agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York for South Carolina. He was now general agent of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company for Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia. It was a great pleasure to be in contact with him again, for I regarded him as one of the noble souls of my life's acquaintance. He offered me a contract on commission basis with a small drawing account. I remember his comment: "Our big difficulty is in finding real men—men of intelligence with character and a diplomatic approach, and men who will stick. I wish our schools realized it. I'm sure that modern education could do a lot in this regard—teaching youngsters personality." Subsequently, I had an artist copy for my children a sign in his office reading: "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

I accepted the offer of Mr. Gernand. It greatly aided me in caring for my growing family. As time went on, his fine character was an inspiration. To illustrate his belief in the scarcity of available men, however, he told me a story. "A few years ago," he said, "one of my friends in Baltimore received a peculiar letter. It went somewhat as follows: 'Dear John: I've gone into business in a little store near Cumberland. I've already invested about \$1,000 and I want you to send up a man from Baltimore to manage this business for me. He should be a good buyer—you know what I mean—an all-around man. And a good salesman too—one who will take an inter-

est in the community and its enterprises. He should be willing and able to approach, handle and lead people. Better, too, if he is a churchman and willing to conduct a Sunday School class, if need be. Now, John, I know you've got him in Baltimore. Won't you please send him at once?" "My friend John replied as follows: 'Dear Jim: Letter received. Man you need is either in Heaven or in business for himself.'" "You're not classing me with the man Jim wanted?" I said to Mr. Gernand, as we both laughed at the story.

Mrs. Roper and I moved the children back to Washington in the autumn of 1898. The McKinley Administration had rounded out its first year of power, and I saw no chance of re-entry into the Federal service. The *Maine* had been blown up in the harbor of Havana on February 15, 1898, and it looked as if war was inevitable, due to the agitation of insurgents in Congress and to sensational yellow journalism. At heart I was in favor of Cuban independence, influenced no doubt just as were many others by the sensational stories of Spanish cruelty. But all predictions were that it would be a naval war of brief duration, and there would be no necessity for recruiting a great mass of troops. Besides, I had not been able to accumulate capital in the expensive living conditions of New York, and unless it reached the dire point where my country definitely needed men of my age, I felt that my duty and responsibility lay with my wife and four children. I pulled through this very trying economic era only by the marvelous co-operation of a resourceful wife. She could cook, nurse, and guide both the children and myself with sound advice and good cheer.

## v

The insurance business in 1898 was by no means what John W. Dade of Virginia would have called a sinecure. At times one gained the idea that all the good prospects were insured and the others either uninsurable or adamant in their sales resistance. In some homes and offices the insurance agent found himself placed in the class of the itinerant book agent, or perhaps the present representative of a large brush concern. One of my most discouraging moments came one Saturday afternoon in the fall of 1898 in Baltimore. I had started out Monday morning with twenty names from the city poll list. By two o'clock Saturday afternoon I had called at the place of business

of every person except one and had not been accorded a satisfactory interview by anyone. Discouraged and tired from a solid week of walking, I headed for the office to report the list worthless.

After walking about two blocks I had a distinct signal in my mind that I sensed as saying: "You have not completed the task assigned you. See the remaining person whose name is left on the list so you can make a complete report to the office." I turned around immediately and was soon at the address. The sign on the door read, "Dr. J. C. Hemiker, Stomach Specialist." The doorman, thinking I wished to be treated for my stomach, seated me at the end of a long list of patients, and after about an hour and a half I was ushered into the office of the physician. I approached him thus: "Doctor, I do not need to have my stomach treated. I have taken advantage of your hospitality to ask permission to discuss a form of life insurance I believe will interest you." His answer was, "I wish to relax for a few minutes. Since you are in here, I'll give you the time I give a patient. That's fifteen minutes." I thanked him and, placing my watch before me, proceeded without interruption until the time had expired. Picking up the watch, I said, "Doctor, my fifteen minutes are over. I thank you for your courtesy and for your great kindness in permitting me to talk insurance to you." His answer was: "You have presented life insurance more attractively than it has heretofore been presented to me, and if you wish to take your place at the end of the line of patients in the waiting room, I will, when your turn comes, give you fifteen minutes more." I thanked him and took my place in the line of those seeking relief from stomach troubles. At the close of my next fifteen minutes I had the physician's application for \$5,000 insurance. The commission of \$75 enabled my economical, Scottish wife to meet the living expenses of our house for thirty days more. As much as I needed the \$75, the experience taught me a lesson of much greater future use: Never leave a job incomplete. Maintain your faith and perseverance.

I had been convinced for years of the value of insurance, of the intrinsic family and national necessity of it. Yet, already I saw faults in the general insurance structure and setup, many of which, but not all, were to be remedied by later legislation. As early as 1890 I gained the belief that the agent of each insurance company repre-

sented all, because he bore the message of a social movement. Most young men who sold insurance then went into the field as competitors, and there was no little knifing and slander among the larger companies as well as the small ones. Education toward co-operation had been a slow process, but immense progress had been made.

My new work with Mr. Gernand carried me over the District of Columbia and the state of Maryland. The only drawback to it—the one regrettable feature—was that I had to be away from home part of each week. I missed Mrs. Roper and the children, and to these absences I was never to be reconciled. But the work proved to be another instructive course in the great academy of experience. I had to deal co-operatively with many different types of people. In a sense I was engaged in a quasi-public service. And I was never happier than when it fell my lot to notify some bereaved one that my company's check had been issued. It was also sometimes a source of far more than financial disappointment to encounter those who needed insurance but could not pass the physical examination.

One of the latter I have never forgotten because of his droll and pungent sense of humor. I happened to be working one week in Harford County, Maryland, with John A. Evans, Mr. Gernand's representative in that locality. "Roper," he said, "I want you to meet a great character. He'd buy insurance in a minute, but he can't pass the physical examination. Just the same we'll have a few minutes of fun, and maybe he can suggest some prospects."

Accordingly, Evans and I went to call upon his friend, Mr. Fisher. We found the gentleman propped up in a wheel chair, convalescing from a severe stomach ailment. He was not very complimentary concerning servants of the public, and he spoke derogatorily of doctors, saying that they were not prepared for their work. He seemed to infer that everyone who called a doctor needed insurance. A local doctor had sent him to a famous Baltimore hospital for observation and diagnosis. He had arrived while the older doctors assigned to his particular malady were on vacation. Thus two interns diagnosed his case for an operation, but in performing the operation they made the incision in the wrong place. There was nothing to do but sew him up again, for he was too weak to stand a second incision. For several days afterward the interns used a stomach pump upon



him. Then one day an intern approached his bedside and told him that his life was rapidly ebbing. "If you have any preparation to make for death," the intern said, "I advise you to make it now." "I've got preparations to make," Fisher retorted, "but I'll make 'em at home."

They had to surrender him; so he returned to his home in Harford County. After four months Fisher was on the road to recovery. His escape was so notable that word of it got back to the Baltimore hospital, and to his surprise one day he received a letter from the dean of that institution. "Dear Mr. Fisher," it read, "We heard of your marvelous recovery. We would like for you to give a brief history of the case so we may insert it in the fall bulletin as one of the hospital's unusual accomplishments of the year." Fisher's reply was as follows: "Dear Doctor, In answer to your letter would advise that thanks to God and a strong constitution I have been able to recover from your treatment." It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Fisher waited in vain to read his letter in the fall bulletin of the institution.

Evans and I were about to take leave of Mr. Fisher when he raised himself up a little way in his wheel chair. "I've got a prospect for your Washington man," he said and pointed a finger in my direction. "If he can sell Hezekiah Huff, he's better equipped for his job than those Baltimore doctors who tried to send me to Heaven."

Evans laughed. "I'll see what we can do with him," he promised. As we were going away, I asked him to tell me more about Hezekiah Huff. It seemed from his reply that all the insurance men in striking distance had at one time or other called upon him. He lived several miles away, and soon thereafter I crossed the threshold of Mr. Huff's home. He was sitting in the combined kitchen-dining room with his wife. Mrs. Huff was knitting one of the old-fashioned woolen socks, familiar to that era. I told Mr. Huff that I had called to show him a form of life insurance I thought would interest him and his wife. "I don't want any durned life insurance," he said. "I don't need insurance; and I guess I know how to handle my affairs and take care of my family. I've got one boy and one girl and this farm is free of debts. I'm leaving the farm to the boy and I've got several thousand dollars invested for the girl at 6 per cent." I then asked him what about the wife who had mothered his children and shared

his struggles. "The children," he said, "they'll take care of her." I then suggested that the mother would be happier if she did not have to depend upon them in later years, that if she were made independent by life insurance, the atmosphere of her children's homes would be a little cheerier and their welcome more enthusiastic. And I told him more about the policy. Mrs. Huff suddenly dropped her knitting. "Hezekiah," she said over her glasses, "them is facts." I was then able to have Mr. Huff examined with the understanding that he could return the policy without payment at the end of thirty days in the event he decided not to take it. He kept it until the end of the thirtieth day and sent his check.

A little while after that experience, thanks to the Baltimore interns and Mr. Fisher, I applied the lesson to my own family. I took out an additional policy for my wife and worked out a plan whereby each of our children would be insured upon entrance to college. Their policies were for the estimated cost of their four years in standard institutions, and the policies were made payable to the mother as trustee for the family. This had for its purpose the safeguarding of the family resources against financial loss through death before graduation, a loss which might endanger the education of younger children, and it served the purpose of impressing upon each child his or her responsibility to the family unit, the family solidarity of interest. As no child was to die during the educational period, something was to be saved for each of them by having their policies written at such an early age.

## VI

It is not my purpose to detail important historical events which have been often chronicled elsewhere. But, to refresh the memories of those who may have forgotten, the Congressional resolution which precipitated the Spanish-American War was passed April 25, following February 18, 1898, the date of the sinking of the battleship *Maine*. The grounds stated in the resolution were evasive, much like the straddle in a party platform. Congress, without reference to the *Maine*, said, "The Cuban people are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." Soon after the passage of the resolution came the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, the landing of an American army near Santiago, the destruction of the Spanish fleet as

it came out of Santiago harbor, and the surrender of Santiago itself. Cuba was free.

There was great confusion in Washington during the Spanish-American War, and a chaotic political period closely followed the victory. Seldom have political favors flown so thickly about the national capital. It must be said that President McKinley was never in favor of the conflict, or of the conquest of the Philippines, which was to follow Cuba's alleged liberation. Yet once the war had become a reality the able man in the White House, himself a veteran of the Union Army, did all that one President with many incapable subordinates could do to conduct the War Government in an efficient manner. There was much dissension among the generals in the army. Theodore Roosevelt was forging to the front by every possible means; a hundred thousand needless troops had been assembled in the camps; Tampa was glutted with supplies; and the political soldiers were in their heyday.

In this period I got two distinct and lasting impressions of weaknesses in our mass attitudes. The feat of Admiral George Dewey in destroying the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila without the loss of American life made a profound impression on continental America. In fact, it was the greatest impression that I had up to that time witnessed. The event was frequently referred to as the greatest since the homage accorded to General U. S. Grant at the close of the Civil War. Dewey was a popular idol, the like of which I had not known up to that time. If the public had voted at the height of his popularity, he could easily have been elected President of the United States.

A considerable fund was raised by popular subscription to buy him a home, and a house located on Rhode Island Avenue near Connecticut Avenue in Washington was presented to the Admiral. Then one day he presented the house, as he had a perfect right to do, to his wife, the widow of Colonel Hazen. Upon her marriage she had transferred her church membership from the Episcopal to the Roman Catholic church of which Colonel Hazen was a member. Overnight, by this act, Dewey's popularity was destroyed, and he could not have been elected to any office by the public, however humble. This reaction made a profound impression upon me as an illustration of the thinness of political fame and the deep-seated religious intolerance in

the country. Mrs. Dewey later transferred the house to the Admiral's son by his former wife, and, for what reason I do not know, she again became an Episcopalian.

Admiral Dewey's remains rest in the Episcopal Cathedral in Washington where those of Mrs. Dewey were deposited on her decease. In her will, which was not opened until some time after her funeral, she directed that her body be interred in the Arlington National Cemetery and that the Admiral's remains should be removed there from the Cathedral. This direction, however, has not been obeyed.

An example of political audacity is told of Walter Preston Brownlow, a Representative from Tennessee. One of his constituents had applied for a war job, preferably service overseas. Brownlow secured his appointment as an interpreter and wired him to report to Tampa, Florida. A few days later a wire from official headquarters in Tampa reached Brownlow in Washington. "Your constituent," it read, "cannot speak Spanish. How can his appointment as interpreter be justified?" Brownlow is said to have wired the official in Tampa, "Send him on. How in hell can you expect him to speak it until he gets over there?"

I note this confusion incidental to the Spanish-American War to give an idea of the scene in Washington, and for its bearing on the period to follow. Perhaps the war itself served to whet my desire to re-enter the Federal service, yet there was Tillman, whom I could not ask for endorsement, sitting in the old Senate seat of General Butler; it was a Republican administration, however much the war had softened party lines in the departments. Nevertheless, I was becoming increasingly tired of the traveling part of my job and the absences from home.

I do not remember how it was first suggested to me. Perhaps someone told me, or maybe I read of it. In any event, it was announced that a large number of clerks were to be employed for the coming Federal Census of 1900. An examination was to be held upon a specified date. I talked it over with Mrs. Roper. If I could only pass that examination there would be an end to nights in dinky hotels and boardinghouses, to exposure in winter and the rigors of muddy roads. I could be home nights with my wife and children who needed me. I decided to take it regardless of the thousands of others who might engage in the national competition.

## *My Great Opportunity*

THE TURN of the century found me anxiously awaiting the result of the civil service examination I had taken in the autumn of 1899. I still covered my insurance territory, but I believed that I had passed the examination. Congressman James Norton, of Mullins, South Carolina, shared my suspense, for he represented the Old Sixth, my home district, and he was willing to urge my immediate appointment to the Census staff if I qualified.

Then came the good news. The examiners reported my name upon the list of successful aspirants. My first thought was of Senator Tillman. To qualify was one thing, to receive an appointment to a position was quite another; for throughout the country, hundreds had taken this examination, and the list of eligibles far exceeded the number of positions to be filled. Suppose Senator Tillman opposed my appointment—what then? He was at the height of his Washington influence, and the bureaucrats in the capital feared the lash of his fiery attack and vitriolic tongue. Had he forgotten the dispensary fight in the South Carolina legislature? Had he forgotten that I was a protégé of his political opponent, Senator Butler? There was no way of knowing without a direct approach. Having opposed him, I did not feel that I had the moral right to request his assistance. I decided, however, to forestall, if possible, any opposition from his office. So it was that one day I summoned my political courage and called at Senator Tillman's office. He received me with a reserve that I thought held a good deal of quiet scrutiny. Briefly I stated my case. "I don't feel that I have a right to ask you to help me, Senator," I concluded. "All I ask is that you say nothing against me."

His single eye regarded me without a flicker. Suddenly, he rose and extended his hand. "I'll go you one better, Roper," he said with

all the warmth which endeared him to his many adherents. "I'll write a letter commending you." That was more than I had hoped for. It filled me with the surge of gratitude one man feels for another when the imagined enemy deals kindness instead of a blow. It deeply touched my emotions, and I thanked him in the best words at my command. As I left the Senate Office Building, I had the feeling that I would get one of those jobs. And I also tried to determine upon some way of repaying Ben Tillman for his magnanimity.

At the risk of being accused of preachment, I will say here that a devout faith in God, faith in my beloved wife and in myself, has sustained me in all my adult endeavors. Prayer that guidance might be granted me lighted the way in all the periods of anxiety and the transitions which punctuated my career. That Ben Tillman's attitude had been softened was indeed heartening. I hurried home to tell Mrs. Roper.

## II

Early in the new year I received an official communication signed by former Governor Merriam of Minnesota, who was Director of the Census. His letter requested that I report upon a certain day for a conference. It is strange how one's hopes will skyrocket at the least ray of promise, only to be dashed by the first shadow that darkens them. I called at the building then used by the Census near First and B Streets, N. W., where I saw a sizable crowd of other young men in the waiting room. Finally, my turn came. I met Governor Merriam, who asked me a few questions, then turned me over to Mr. S. N. D. North, Chief Statistician for Manufactures.

Mr. North's questions were much the same as those his superior had asked, routine questions which were prompted by the summary of my education and experience given when taking the civil service examination. Presently he handed me a typewritten list of topics for census investigation, such as iron, wood pulp, chemicals, lumber, glass, etc. "Look these over," he said, "and tell me if there are any with which you are familiar." I glanced down the long list, item for item. My spirits fell. There was nothing on the list with which I had had personal or technical experience. I passed the list back to Mr. North. "I'm afraid, sir," I told him, "I couldn't qualify with any special knowledge of these materials." He seemed surprised.

It was as if he had expected me to try and bluff my way. He smiled, too, as though glad to find I was honest and not a poseur. Suddenly, he knitted his brows. "South Carolina," he murmured. "Let's see now. You're from the South. We had a man for another job. But he got drunk on us. We've got to get somebody else. Do you know anything about cotton? Did you ever work—"

It was at about that point the buzzer sounded at the side of his desk. Governor Merriam wanted him. Before I could begin to answer, he excused himself and left the room. He had asked if I knew anything about cotton. His words were fresh in my ears. As I sat there waiting, a wealth of long dormant memories awoke within me. Did I know anything about cotton? What Southern boy didn't know something about cotton? And where, indeed, could be found any man with the old plantation background of whom it could be said cotton was not a part of him; that cotton was not of the essence of his very life blood? How often since childhood had I read and been thrilled by those beautiful words of Henry Grady: "Cotton—what a royal plant it is! The world waits in attendance upon its growth; the shower that falls whispering upon its leaves is heard around the earth; the sun that shines on it is tempered by the prayers of the people; the frost that chills it and the dew that descends from the stars are noted, and the trespass of a little worm upon its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army upon her Asian outposts. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. Its fibre is current in every bank and when, loosing its fleeces to the sun, it floats a sunny banner that glorifies the fields of the humble farmer, that man is marshaled under a flag that will compel the allegiance of the world and wring a subsidy from every nation on earth." Numerous other eloquent tributes to cotton had been written, but none of them had the same power to stir the emotions as my own cherished memories. It did not tax my imagination to call them forth; they had been indelibly graven—those hallowed scenes which came to mind when I thought of cotton, of cotton, king of all world crops!

I recalled the early years in South Carolina, visualizing the picturesque scenes altogether inseparable from the happiest memories of that distant past. April was planting time. How eagerly all looked forward to that event! My father and stepmother; our neighbors

and friends; the Negroes too. Earlier the ground had been prepared. The first spring rains had come, followed by warm southerly winds, then the long awaited day of first planting.

It was my father's custom to give the word shortly after sunrise. From cabin to cabin it was relayed among the Negroes. Their quarters resounded with activity and excitement. As if it had been some supernatural and magic spirit, cotton was in the very air. The contagion of it swept through the ranks of those loyal ex-slaves and their descendants. First would be planted the fifty acres in front of our home. We discussed the work at the breakfast table, hurrying the meal. Presently, it was announced that my father's horse was saddled and waiting at the front door. He pushed back his chair and said that I might go with him. In high gratitude I tagged along; he lifted me to the front of the saddle and then mounted behind me. The Negroes were on their way, singing as they trooped down the road in the bright sunshine, laughing sometimes as they filtered toward the broad moist fields, all seemingly as eager for the work ahead as if it promised to be a happy outing. We rode toward the acres where already some of the Negroes had commenced the planting. They were of all ages, from darkies with bent backs and hoary heads to the shiny-eyed pickaninnies who sat between the rows and watched their parents and grandparents do the work which they had done all their lives. Except for the noonday meal, the planting continued all day. Then, at sundown, two words rang out, "Quittin' time!" The tired darkies, not singing so lustily now, began to leave the fields, wending slowly back toward their cabins. There was the spirit and feeling of a day's work well done.

That scene had never been without inspiration. What Southern man or woman has not seen cotton in the sparkling dew of morning, or after a spring rain? How could anyone fail to respond to cotton's serene magnificence when bathed in moonlight? "Dixie," "Old Black Joe"—songs such as "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"—these and scores more must have been inspired by cotton. Surely, those dear old songs cannot have the same meaning to those who have never seen broad acres of cotton in bloom or ready for the harvest; nor to those who have never seen the rhythm of the cotton toilers, singing with such beauty that the passing traveler never failed to pause and listen.



Mr. North had not returned to the room. I had but a vague idea of why he had asked the question, and therefore in that interim I found myself unfolding a whole mental album of cotton memories. There was the time when as a child—perhaps I was ten—I had been driving two teams as power for our cotton gin. In moving from one team to the other I had caught my foot in a part of the revolving apparatus pulled by the horses. My foot had been well-nigh pulled off before a friendly Negro saw my predicament and halted the teams. I recalled my father's donation of our entire cotton profit for the year—one thousand dollars—to the Wade Hampton campaign. Thus, the whole exciting journey of cotton from planting time to its delivery at railroad platforms or the levees ran like a pageant before my eyes.

Henry Grady had not been wrong when he spoke of prayers. There was a season of drought and prayers for rain; a bad stand and prayers for improvement; fear of a distressed market and prayers again. Many had been the anxious days and weeks, for cotton held the key to every family's destiny. It meant new clothes, new furniture, new agricultural appliances, mortgage payments—often financial liberation. To some it meant education; to others, the realization of fondly cherished dreams. There was no certainty about King Cotton, the Monarch wore a crown of gold, yet over his head lurked the fear of failure and distress.

But when the crop was sold profitably, our entire community was filled with rejoicing. I am sure that this was equally true in other cotton communities in the South. On the occasion of the annual collection of money, men brought presents to wives and children. New items of luxury appeared at every hand. King Cotton's halo had shed universal glory; the magic of cotton had fulfilled its promise. I thought of Marse Chan, that word picture drawn by Thomas Nelson Page in which he gathered the plantation Negroes in a Christmas Eve celebration. The ceremonies were opened with a prayer by the local Negro preacher. While he prayed, the Negroes became restless, and there was a shuffling of feet in anticipation of the approaching dance. As many readers will remember, the old preacher concluded: "Oh, Lord, let the occasion excuse the sin. Christmas comes but once a year and let every poor negro get his share. Oh, Lord, what a blessing it would have been if old Santa had been born twins.

Then we would have had two Christmases a year and maybe one would have settled here."

About ten minutes had passed and Mr. North came back to his desk. "Well," he asked, "how about the cotton? What do you know about it?" Briefly I told him how my early life had been associated with cotton growing and ginning. He nodded approval. "There's great agitation," he said, "for an accurate census of cotton gins. It is alleged that English forecasts are puffed-up estimates to force down the price, that they are not reliable. The cotton planters lose a fortune every year on this account." He went on to explain how the census of 1880 had attempted to measure the crop by trying to obtain the figures of cotton ginned from the ginners. "But we found we were away off," he said. "A year later when the cotton market figures were tabulated, our estimates of the crop proved far below its actual size. Apparently our men missed a lot of the gins." I explained to him how this was easily possible. The old-fashioned gin houses were used for many things besides ginning cotton, especially in the season following the disposal of the cotton. Planters stored vehicles and machinery under them. A stranger looking at such a building would not have suspected it to be a cotton gin. I went into detail, for I suddenly found myself wanting that chance very much.

Finally Mr. North seemed convinced. "The salary isn't much," he said. "One thousand dollars a year." The figure was something of a blow. How could I possibly support a wife and five children on that amount? I told Mr. North of my family situation. Then I said, "I'll take the job on one condition. I'll try to prove I can do it to your satisfaction. If I haven't made progress to that end in three months, I'll resign. If I do prove it, I'll expect an increase in salary." He laughed pleasantly. "Are you ready to start right away?" I told him that I was. "Good enough," he said. "I'll put through your appointment." And he named a day upon which I was to report. I thanked him and we shook hands. On the way home I decided to spend the intervening days learning everything I could learn about cotton's age-old background and present-day uses.

Thus I undertook to convince Mr. North, Director Merriam, and doubtful members of Congress that a census of the cotton ginned could be taken accurately. There was at the time a depressed cotton market, a condition which gave rise to much economic distress

throughout the South. During the Civil War cotton had sold for \$1.01½ per pound. By 1898 it had dropped to \$.049, although in 1899, the year of my civil service examination, it had risen again to \$.076. The prices had been low for ten years, and these prices were for delivery on the floor at New Orleans. Prices at the farm were even lower. Like the farmers in other sections of the country, dissatisfied at the agricultural depression generally, the cotton planters in many instances blamed the Federal Government for their predicament, thus complicating my task.

The 1899 crop exceeded nine million bales of an average weight of 500 pounds. That crop had a value of about \$350,000,000, which with the seed value constituted an important part of the income of the nation's farmers. About three fourths of the crop was exported, largely to the Manchester mills of England. What a long way cotton had traveled to reach this crop supremacy. Note the figures. In 1795, three years after the invention of Whitney's gin, production was only 35,000 bales. By 1800, it had risen to 155,000; by 1801, to 210,526; by 1810, to 373,000; by 1848, to 2,867,000; by 1870, to 4,352,000; by 1880, to 6,606,000; by 1891, to 9,000,000.

Thoughts of what had happened to the 9,000,000 bales produced the previous year fired my imagination and caused me to realize that the task ahead was a clear-cut opportunity for national service. No other plant was so important to the human race, and no other plant had had such a transforming influence upon civilization. Any fruit, any lumber tree or mineral, any cereal could be dispensed with and a substitute found. But there was then no all-inclusive substitute for cotton which could be produced upon a large scale; nothing which could begin to replace it for a thousand potential uses. Civilized man slept between cotton sheets. He arose to dry his face upon a cotton towel. He walked forth upon a cotton carpet, putting on cotton clothing. He ate breakfast from a table covered with a cotton cloth. All through the day and at every turn he made use of cotton. No wonder it had been called the "Handmaiden of Civilization."

I knew that cotton was a barometer of business generally. Cotton and the price of cotton affected a billion people. It was the pulse of world trade. This magnitude and scope inspired me. By accurate crop figures speculators might be curbed; foreign agents might be prevented from beating down the price by false forecasts. Therefore,

by touching this "pulse" I would be able to render important service to my country. My predecessors had failed. I was sure that I could succeed. The problem was to take some of the chaos out of cotton.

Cotton prices had previously been influenced by blind and greatly exaggerated estimates of the unharvested crop. The Department of Agriculture statistics covered the commercial year, that is, the quantity of cotton coming into sight between August 1 and July 31, rather than the amount grown in a single year. The problem was to get information concerning the growth of the year rather than the cotton that came into sight during the cotton commercial year.

Because of the large requirements of the English cotton mills, English estimators, such as the Neill Brothers of London, made it a practice to issue exaggerated estimates of the cotton crop as a means of forcing down the price, about the time the American farmers were beginning to send their cotton to market. Thus the Southern planters were losing enormously every year. A force-down of a cent a pound on the 1899 crop, for instance, would have resulted in a loss to the American growers of \$45,000,000. This fact illustrated to me the vital importance of a dependable cotton census.

Cotton gin manufacturers in the cities of Birmingham, Alabama, and Atlanta, Georgia, were kind enough to permit me to copy from their records the names of the persons to whom they had sold ginning machinery. Mail inquiries to these persons, however, developed the fact that most of them were merchants and distributors of cotton machinery in their communities. This made it very difficult to perfect a list of ginneries and took a great deal of time. When this list was practically correct, it could not be expected that more than about 40 per cent would answer and give the necessary statistical information. Repeated requests would always leave a considerable margin of unanswered inquiries.

At this juncture, with the approval and assistance of the Director of the Census, the Postmaster General was induced to supplement our other gin inquiries with a note over his signature, addressed to the postmasters of the localities where we had failed to get the ginners to reply. Furthermore, there were four counties in the two Carolinas where I had become acquainted with many of the people while canvassing for life insurance some years before. These counties were Marlboro and Marion in South Carolina and Richmond and

Robeson in North Carolina. Through personal appeals to the people in these counties, I was able to establish the fact that a certain proportion of the ginneries had been overlooked in the June canvass by the census enumerators. I applied the percentage of the overlooked ginneries in these four counties to all the other cotton-producing counties and thus secured the estimated number of overlooked establishments. Adding this estimated number of overlooked ginneries to the number that had actually been reported, I secured the figure which I accepted as the total number of ginneries in the country. To the estimated overlooked ginneries I attributed the average number of bales of cotton actually returned by those actually reporting, and the cotton thus estimated I added to the reported cotton and secured a close approximation of the total crop of the year.

One of the most serious obstacles encountered in obtaining this information was the insistence of the ginners that they could not see how their returns of cotton ginned would help the farmers. I tried to persuade them by saying that "if you give me the truth it will protect you against the untruth of your enemies." Still another factor which I suspected had played a part in the failure of the 1880 census, and with which I was now confronted, was the Southern planter's suspicion of the Federal Government. Why would the Federal Government want to pry into his personal affairs? Why did they want to know how much cotton he had grown? He still remembered the Reconstruction days when his cotton had been stolen. What were these Yankees coming back now for? Thus, without definite knowledge, I was sure that I sensed the two big reasons for the previous census failure. (1) The census takers had not found all the cotton gins. (2) The suspicion of the planters had forestalled their inquiries.

## III

The cotton gin schedules were an innovation in the census files in Washington. About this time we acquired a young Danish messenger, Christian Hanson, whose task was to distribute various schedules from one desk to another. One day he approached me with much perplexity. "Mr. Roper," he asked, "in the name of God what kind of gin do they make out of cotton down South?" I had to explain that one of the few things cotton had never been adapted to was use as a beverage.

Every laugh helped, for it was sometimes difficult to keep my chin up in this new work. From the start, I could sense the doubt in the minds of my superiors. Moreover, several abusive letters came to the Bureau from Southern ginners who resented the intrusion of the Federal Government into their affairs.

I received many fine responses to my letters from merchants, millmen, postmasters, county officers, including sheriffs and deputies, and close personal friends in the Carolina counties which I visited personally. It was on one of these trips that I encountered "Uncle Peter" Covington, one of the old Negroes who had worked on my father's plantation. He made a special visit to see me when he heard I was in the community. "I wants to do something for you," he told me. "I feels obleeged to do something for you." "I appreciate that, Uncle Peter," I replied, "but I don't know of anything I could have you do." "I'se jes got to do something," he said. He stood fumbling with his tattered hat, an earnest look in his large, kindly eyes. I thought a moment. His sincerity, coupled with old memories of his loyalty, made the situation pathetic. On a sudden thought I said, "Uncle Peter, I'll tell you what. If you'd really like to do something for me, go home and pray for me." A beatific smile lighted his face. "I does that already," he quickly responded. "I prays for you every night o' my life." Surprised, I asked him how he did it. "Well," he said, "I drops to my knees. Fust I prays for myself. Then I prays for my family. Then I prays for everybody in the whole world. Ain't you in on that, too?"

I had to admit that I was. And despite the fact that his prayer was not exclusive, I appreciated Uncle Peter. I had always been encouraged by the unshakable philosophy of the Negro and stirred by the charm of his music. If at any point the Negro had been dropped from my life, I would have been poorer. My association with him, seeing his noble adjustment to a humble role, had helped me to undertake my hardest tasks. If in some respects I had failed, it was doubtless due in part to my forgetting his philosophy and hopeful attitude. I have never forgotten a philosophy thus given me by a good old Negro when I asked him why it was that Negroes do not commit suicide. His explanation was as follows: "When a Negro gets worried, he sits down, and when he sits down he goes to sleep!"

The ginners, for the most part, had not been accustomed to keep-

ing records. In some cases they marked their ginnings on the walls with charcoal. If the walls were cleaned, off went the records. No laws required uniform records and the giving of census information. However, I was able to convince most of the ginnerers that their co-operation in the keeping of such records was greatly to their own benefit. As the more intelligent planters and ginnerers saw the value of the new system, it grew in favor.

Since some ginnerers employed round bale presses and since it was necessary for statistical purposes to reduce such to equivalent square bales, I inquired of ginnerers the character of press used. They sometimes relieved the tension of the inquiries with humor, as in the case where the ginner's name was Bailes. He was a community squire. He answered with his business card, underscoring Squire (square) *Bailes*. I was gratified that it had been demonstrated that full ginnings would constitute an accurate measure of cotton production for a given year.

I had never experienced greater delight than that which was mine when both Mr. North and Governor Merriam commended me on the result. My salary was increased to eighteen hundred dollars, and my superiors were soon discussing the advisability of frequent cotton ginning counts.

My early trips in organizing the cotton ginning field took me throughout the Southern states. This travel, while not altogether pleasant, was instructive and interesting. One afternoon in August, 1904, I was on a train coming from Natchez to Jackson, Mississippi. A gentleman approached me and said: "Do you belong to this community?" "No," I replied, "I am a native of South Carolina." "Ah," he said, "So am I, but I left old York County forty years ago and the old hills there were, through erosion, about washed away. I suppose they are all gone by this time." I could not help replying, "No, my dear sir, it is a better country since you left!" At first he seemed irritated at this reply, but upon reflection laughed and passed on.

On the same trip from Natchez to Jackson, Mississippi, I met a very disconsolate young man on the train who told me that he was greatly disappointed in his journey through the South, since he had not been able to find any of that Southern hospitality of which his grandfather had so often spoken. I ventured to suggest: "You have

been traveling, no doubt, from railroad station to hotel and from hotel to railroad station, and you have not really seen the Southern people. If you will stop with me tonight in Jackson, I will see if we can't find some Southern hospitality." "Whom do you know in Jackson?" he inquired. I replied: "Not anyone, but Southern hospitality is easy to find when you are possessed with the proper amount of good will and a friendly attitude."

He did stop with me in Jackson, and after dinner we walked up to the old Capitol Building, for the new building had not then been completed. There we found a guard armed with a rifle. To him I said: "This is the first time I have ever noticed a guard using a rifle to protect a statehouse in peace time." He answered coldly: "This is the way we do it." Then, in order to get him interested, I said: "My dear sir, I would like very much to show my friend here the beautiful paintings in the Capitol." He replied: "It is too bad that you are just about one hour late. All the buildings are now closed and the lights turned off." Trying another approach, I said: "If I had known that I was going to meet you here, I would have brought a letter of introduction from your old friend, Senator 'Ansil' J. McLaurin." He then got up and asked: "Do you know Ansil?" I answered: "Yes, I have the pleasure of knowing him. He is a distinguished Senator in Washington, representing your state with great satisfaction." His attitude changed completely, and he said: "Well, then you and your friend shall see the paintings."

He had both ends of the Capitol lighted. After we had passed through and seen the beautiful paintings, he guided us into the private rooms of the clerk of the Supreme Court. There was a table set with a white cloth and refreshments consisting of cakes and wine. I said to my young friend: "Please walk up and partake of Southern hospitality." As we walked out of the building, the young man remarked: "How in the world did you do that? It is the first time I have ever witnessed any Southern hospitality." I replied: "In order to make friends you simply have to be friendly."

For three years I conducted the cotton census almost entirely by mail, the work gradually gaining approval. Representatives and Senators from the cotton states now gave warm support. One of our best friends in Congress was Representative A. S. Burleson of Texas. He early saw the value of the work and lent personal assistance as it



developed. Like me, he had grown up in a cotton-growing region and from his early life had been concerned with the problems of the planters. Later he advocated a special appropriation in order that we might employ field men. The first appropriation, fifty thousand dollars, was made for the year 1903. Under its terms we were permitted to employ one hundred and twenty-five men for a few reports.

An initial problem was to determine the method by which the field men were to be chosen. Mr. North at first favored their selection through the State Republican organizations, since the administration was of that party. It was clear to me that to select the field men in this way would wreck all I had worked so hard to accomplish. The Southern planter still remembered the carpetbagger, and the rank and file of the Southern population was solidly Democratic. It scarcely needs to be said that in that era, Southern Republicans, aside from the few who had gone south from other sections, were generally in disfavor. But I had to have men who could command respect and obtain the co-operation of all the planters and ginners. It was a delicate subject, but I discussed it frankly with Mr. North with all the diplomacy I could muster. I finally convinced him that the men could best be secured through members of Congress from the cotton-ginning states.

The success of the work now seemed assured. Not only Southern Congressmen but many from other sections as well saw and appreciated its value. The next appropriation was increased to \$250,000, and we doubled the number of field agents. By 1907 we had six hundred and twenty-six agents, whose compensation was based on the reports to be made and the number of ginneries to be canvassed in their territory.

## IV

In this year I made my first trip to Europe for the purpose of planning a series of reports showing at intervals the distribution of American cotton. We knew that approximately three fourths of the cotton grown in this country was exported. We now sought to learn how it was distributed at home as well as among the various countries that were buying our cotton.

Mrs. Roper accompanied me on the European journey. We sailed on the S.S. *Baltic* of the White Star Line, May 6, 1907. Aside from being stuck on a sandbar near Ellis Island all of the first night,

nothing eventful took place on this our first sea voyage. We were much interested, however, in observing our fellow passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie and their daughter. Their obvious family devotion and courteous attitude greatly impressed us.

We were sailing to Liverpool, but stopped first near Queenstown to discharge passengers going to Ireland. I had expected to see a great many Irish at this stop, but such did not prove to be the case. "Where are all the Irish?" I asked one who was handling a boat at Queenstown. "By faith," he said, "they emigrated to America some years ago."

We reached Liverpool on May 15. I immediately called upon Mr. Charles Stewart, editor of the Liverpool *Cotton Gazette*, the world's outstanding cotton trade journal, and also visited the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, the world's largest cotton-marketing place. Later we inspected the Liverpool warehousing system. This visit required two days, after which we took a train to Manchester. The immensity of the Manchester mills was a revelation to me. From the tiny beginnings inaugurated by Edward, the Weaver King, about 1350, they had become the core of the world's largest industry. Sir Charles W. McCara, President of the International Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers Association and Member of Parliament, received me most cordially and gave a luncheon in my honor, which was attended by the heads of the various Manchester mills. We discussed many aspects of the American cotton trade, as well as possibilities for increasing the cotton trade between our two countries.

The English emphasized the need for better ginning and packing in order that our cotton might be shipped more safely and economically. The conversation then turned upon the American cost of production. "What does it cost to produce a pound of cotton in America?" Sir Charles asked me. I told him that there were great differences in cost, explaining that under the best conditions cotton could be grown for as little as six cents a pound; but under less favorable conditions, I went on, it might cost as much as ten cents. "But why do you wish to know?" I asked him. Sir Charles smiled. "If we knew what it cost to produce a pound of cotton in the United States," he said, "we could add the cost of transportation and handling, and we would know what we ought to pay for it over here."

"That price," I replied, "would not maintain the type of agricultural civilization we are trying to develop." And I could not help deriving secret pleasure from the knowledge that my statistical work was a helpful agency in protecting the American farmer against that form of exploitation.

I had not expected to go to Vienna, but on the invitation of the English millowners I decided to attend the International Cotton Congress to be held there the following week. After a brief visit to London we left for Vienna, arriving in the middle of the Corpus Christi celebration, a beautiful religious fete, which has always remained fresh in my mind. I had never seen a great city so given over to a religious celebration, or a street so wonderfully decorated as the famous Ringstrasse, filled with happy people in their best clothes and bright costumes. One heard music at every turn. The joy of the people was contagious.

We arrived just in time for the opening session of the International Cotton Congress. Upon entering the auditorium where it was held, I recognized Harvey Jordan, of Atlanta, and several other Americans, and I was immediately invited to the rostrum. The regular morning program was suspended in order that I might address the delegates. Of course I talked about cotton, but I took occasion to compliment the various countries represented upon the fine type of immigrants they had sent to our shores in earlier days. "Those I refer to," I went on, "are of the agricultural class. They make exceptional farmers, and they take to the land. If we had more of their type, your cotton would be packed better, and it would also be freer from waste."

I had not realized that the addresses were supposed to be censored before delivery, and I had exercised wide latitude in my remarks. At conclusion of the address, in which I had remarked that we were unable to digest the newer type of immigrant, but that marvelous opportunities still awaited the older types, and that all the countries as well as the United States would profit by their migration, I was surrounded by four secretaries representing England, France, Germany, and Italy. They requested copies of my remarks, asking that they be permitted to strike out all I had said about immigration and labor. "Why, indeed?" I inquired. "We're willing that you

take our surplus from the cities," they said, "but we cannot spare the types you have referred to."

Mrs. Roper and I returned to London via Munich, Berne, and Paris; and I completed my notes on the distribution of American cotton. By now we were anxious to get home to our children, although thankful for the opportunity of having had a pleasant European visit.

## *Cotton Takes Me Upward*

ON MY RETURN to Washington, my superiors in the Bureau of the Census assigned me to a general study of textiles, wool and silk as well as cotton. Perhaps this study soon effected another change in my career.

I had become increasingly fond of Congressman Albert Sidney Burleson, more especially, I believe, because he had taken such a sincere interest in my work on cotton. His personal magnetism and wholesome friendliness endeared him to practically all who knew him. When the Democrats won the Congressional elections of 1910, reorganizing the House of Representatives on March 4, 1911, Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, which was also now the Committee on Committees, and had as one of the first tasks on its program the revision of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff. Mr. Burleson, a member of the Appropriations Committee, was much interested in the tariff revision. One day he telephoned me to meet him on a matter of importance. I hastened to his office at the Capitol, where he wanted me to meet Mr. Underwood. "Your long study of textiles," he declared, "makes you a proper man for Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee. Some of the members know very little about the tariff—next to nothing about cotton and textiles."

We immediately went to the office of Mr. Underwood, where I learned that he desired the formulation of a statistical basis for the study of the tariff schedules. After Mr. Burleson discussed my experience and our long and pleasant friendship, Mr. Underwood informed me that I was the man he wanted. That same day I was sworn in.

My first work in the new job was to prepare a public document entitled the *Tariff Handbook*. This was a statistical compilation,

which found favor among the Representatives and Senators. It was an analysis of our imports and exports, recording domestic production and consumption of various products and raw materials.

My study revealed three general purposes that might be served by a customs tariff. (1) It might be only a tax to secure revenue for the support of government. (2) It could be used as an instrument to foster particular industries, stressing the original idea of fostering infant industries. (3) It might serve as an instrument for commercial reciprocity by utilizing it as a means of retaliation against foreign countries for unjust discriminations.

The third aspect was especially interesting at the moment because President Taft's reciprocity program was before the Ways and Means Committee at the time. Our Congress subsequently approved it, but it was rejected in the following Canadian election.

The tariff is one of the least understood subjects pertaining to the Federal Government. In Cleveland's time, it will be recalled, the whole tariff situation got out of hand; the same chaos has many times been repeated. Of especial note was the selfish attitude of industries no longer infants. An exception was the broad and generous attitude of Andrew Carnegie. In 1911, when asked to testify in Washington concerning the advisability of a tariff on steel, he announced that he did not want one, explaining that his company was so efficiently organized that foreign nations could not compete with it.

My investigation disclosed that the first tariff act, passed July 4, 1789, carried in its preamble as one of its objects, "to encourage and protect manufacturers." The nation's agricultural and manufacturing interests had always been sharply divided because of the tariff. Many Western farmers and Southern cotton planters held that a tariff on manufactured articles merely increased the cost to them. But there was another reason: our exports of rice, raw cotton, and tobacco had reached \$24,000,000 by 1832. The Southern planters were alarmed over the possibility of losing the British markets, so vital to their existence. Accordingly, they opposed high tariffs on manufactured goods.

The problem in 1911, as always, was to find a middle ground. And what a difficult problem it was! No two manufacturers in testifying before the Ways and Means Committee gave the same cost of pro-

duction. Mr. Underwood was the most patient of men, a splendid manager, and a great executive. His colleagues universally respected his excellent leadership. How well I remember tiresome witnesses who repeated what others had said, or what they, themselves, had previously testified. Sitting beside him, I sometimes suggested, "Mr. Chairman, we have that information. Can't you so advise him in order that we may proceed?" Frequently the witness was a member of Congress. "He's got it in his system," Mr. Underwood would whisper. "It'll have to come out, and it's better that he take the time of the Committee than of the whole House of Representatives and put the taxpayers to that additional expense."

The lack of co-ordination among the manufacturers was a contributing cause of the tariff muddle. Even such a lowly thing as a cheap penknife, according to the hardware manufacturers, had production costs of wide variance. I repeat, it was my conclusion that the manufacturers had themselves largely to blame for the tariff muddle.

## II

Aside from my experience in the South Carolina legislature, I had never played a political role. As was noted above, however, Ben Tillman's magnanimity had deeply touched me. One day I called upon him to pay my respects and to ask how I might return the courtesy. I found him cordial and apparently glad to see me. My surprise was never greater than when he made his request: "Roper," he said, "is Mrs. Roper a good cook?" I told him that she was, explaining that she had been brought up in a Scotch community where every girl was trained in the domestic arts. "Well enough," he said. "There's one thing my mouth's watering for, and I can't seem to get it in Washington. That is some good cornbread." "Senator," I replied, "you shall have it and you shall have it soon."

Mrs. Roper did send Senator Tillman the cornbread on more than one occasion, and at a later date he was to dine in our home. It was early a part of our policy to bring friends into the home from many walks of life in order that the children might meet them and get a broader view of human nature. We tried not to be partisan in this, and one of the most interesting dinner guests we ever had was former Speaker Joseph G. Cannon.

The tariff job was by now well in hand. The election year of 1912, however, found my interest centered in Democratic hopes, largely because I knew those two friendly rivals, Champ Clark and Oscar W. Underwood. On this account I attended my first Jackson Day Dinner—not the hundred-dollar variety of today, but one that cost about three dollars. This was my first important politico-social event. We met in the old Raleigh Hotel, about three hundred of us, amid the greatest tension. There was a rising Democratic tide, yet there was a fear that Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan would split the party; for Wilson had previously written a letter stating that he would “knock Bryan into a cocked hat.”

When we arrived, I beheld a rostrum occupied by many distinguished figures of the Democratic party. John H. Bankhead was there as manager for Oscar W. Underwood. Senator William J. Stone of Missouri attended in the same capacity for Champ Clark. William Jennings Bryan sat among them in his own right, as did Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, and that always delightful orator, Senator Bob Taylor of Tennessee. Speculation was widespread as to whether Bryan would answer the challenge of Wilson. All eyes were upon the Commoner. It was an immense relief when, speaking toward the last, he paid his most eloquent respects to all the preceding speakers including Wilson. Everyone appreciated the harmony, and all looked forward to a winning year in 1912.

When we were getting rather sleepy about two o'clock in the morning Senator Bob Taylor roused us and held our attention for an hour with his delightful oratory. “I realize,” he began, “that there’s a bad taste in every man’s mouth at this hour of the morning. In my suburban town in Tennessee, a gentleman chanced to be traveling home on a street car one evening, on a car that contained a number of colored passengers, tired from the day’s labor. The white gentleman had just bought some quinine pellets before boarding the car. Looking across the aisle, he discovered a colored workman sleeping with his mouth open. The temptation was too much for the white man. He put two of the quinine pellets in the colored man’s mouth. The colored man moved his feet, then his tongue, and then he began to roll his eyes. Rousing, he addressed the white man. “Boss, is you a doctor?” “No,” replied the white man, “I’m not a doctor. Why,



do you want one?" "Mister," the darkey said, "something terrible has happened to me." "What do you think it is?" "I don't know," the gagging colored man replied, "but if it's as bad as it tastes, my bile am done gone and busted."

This story, told with all the histrionic expression, winking of the eyes, etc., at Senator Taylor's command, kept us wide awake until three. There being no night transportation at that time in Washington, I had to walk two miles home. By early spring, 1912, the political pot was seething, for Democrats generally were confident of victory. Champ Clark seemed to have the upper hand, and most people around the Capitol expected his nomination. Clark and Underwood, however, were the best of friends. Neither ever seriously attacked the other.

I attended the June convention in Baltimore. Although friendly to my chairman, Mr. Underwood, because of Clark's control of the majority of votes and because I believed in majority rule, I thought that he should be the nominee. At this convention Bryan made his electrifying speech against Tammany Hall, refusing to vote longer for Champ Clark and switching to Woodrow Wilson because Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany leader, had suddenly cast all of New York's ninety votes for the Missourian.

Two days after the fiery Bryan speech I happened to be sitting with Mr. Underwood in the old Ways and Means room at the Capitol. While we were talking, a messenger entered to deliver a telegram. Mr. Underwood looked at it in silence for a moment, then, without comment, passed it to me. It read as follows: "Woodrow Wilson very likely to be nominated within next few hours. We can now effect a deal giving you nomination for Vice-President with him. Will you accept?" "Mr. Underwood," I volunteered, "the answer in my opinion is 'yes.' The ticket would have an excellent chance. Moreover, it would be a wonderful way to climax your career and a great compliment to the South." Mr. Underwood shook his head. "I can't do it, Roper," he said. "I'd rather be United States Senator from Alabama."

As the world now knows, Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey and Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana were nominated and elected. One day shortly after the election I received a surprise visit from my old

friend, Congressman Burleson, who had been in Chicago managing the Western Speakers' Bureau for the Democratic campaign. I had not seen him since the June convention at Baltimore.

Mr. Burleson reviewed his work in the campaign, and I knew that he was in close touch with Colonel House because of the loyal service he had rendered to Wilson. "Roper," he said, "I'd take it as a great favor if you would get Mr. Underwood to write a letter to Colonel House suggesting me for the Wilson Cabinet." "Mr. Underwood doesn't write very strong letters of recommendation," I replied. "My regard for you is such that I'd like to dictate the letter myself."

This was agreed to, and I did dictate what I thought was a strong letter. Mr. Underwood hesitated, but finally signed it. Early in January Mr. Burleson came to inform me that he had a chance at two Cabinet positions. "I believe," he said, "I have the choice of being Secretary of Agriculture or Postmaster General. I want you as my first assistant wherever I go." "Which," I asked, "do you prefer?" "Agriculture," he said. My reply was: "I think you'd make a mistake. It's too technical and scientific. With your practical approach to things, I believe you'd have a tendency to make too many radical changes. The Post Office Department is more suitable for you and thoroughly organized. You could accomplish things there for the country and the party." He finally concurred.

On Sunday morning after the inauguration, before I was out of bed, the telephone rang. It was Mr. Burleson. "Can you spend most of the day at my office at the Post Office Department?" he asked. I promised that I would do so, and after a quick breakfast I hurried downtown to the fantastic old stone building on Pennsylvania Avenue. "I'm sending your nomination as First Assistant Postmaster General to the President in the morning," he announced. "He will send it immediately to the Senate. I don't want you to mention it to your Congressman or Senator. This appointment is being made on merit."

I worried again about Senator Tillman, knowing that all Senators like to be consulted about such appointments, but I promised Mr. Burleson not to mention the appointment to anyone. We spent the morning outlining a program for Burleson's administration. His

plan was to increase the parcel post weight allowance from eleven pounds to a hundred pounds, and he hoped to reduce the postage on first-class mail to one cent an ounce. However, of greater importance, we felt, was the appointing of Fourth Class Postmasters from the classified civil service. Under President Taft they had been inducted into the civil service by Executive Order and without examination. Believing that better men could be obtained by examination, we decided upon this method of obtaining them.

I was sworn into the office of First Assistant Postmaster General on March 14, 1913. I had come a long way to reach this point—to what is known in Washington as the Little Cabinet. Upon reflection I realized that I owed my new opportunity almost entirely to cotton. Perhaps what most appealed to me about the new job was the opportunity for so many human contacts with men from every part of the country. Yet I little realized how interesting, instructive, sometimes pathetic, and frequently humorous these contacts would be.

## *The Biggest Business in the World*

WHEN I became First Assistant Postmaster General, I knew little about the organization and procedure of the postal system; still less about its magnitude. I was startled at the outset to learn that by whatever comparison, number of employees, scope and complexity of operations, or volume of business handled, the United States Postal Service was the "biggest business" in the world. The Postal Savings Division was America's largest bank. It was an added interest to realize that I was working for the only government department which maintained a direct line of contact with Americans everywhere in the world. As First Assistant Postmaster General I was responsible under the Postmaster General for the appointments of all postmasters, of whom at that time there were 58,020, the organization and management of the collection and delivery of all classes of mail, and the provision and control of personnel and equipment engaged in this work throughout the United States.

Two major tasks confronted me immediately upon assuming my new duties. During the preceding Congress the Parcel Post Law had been enacted to take effect January 1, 1913. This law expanded the postal service to include a parcel express service, which created an immediate need for more commodious working quarters in all post offices and for additional postal clerks and carriers, as well as for a large expansion and reorganization of the vehicular services.

It had long been an American political tradition to use postmasterships as reward for party loyalty and service and as a means of strengthening party organization. Because I was to handle the appointment of postmasters, I saw that I would be confronted with the public conviction that I was primarily a politician. This was a new

experience, and I was soon to conclude that post-office patronage was more a liability than an asset to the party.

No great imagination is needed to visualize my problems in this new role. The Democrats had been out of office for sixteen years. In every city, town, and hamlet hope of victory, inspired by the dignity and idealism of Woodrow Wilson, had induced men to fight the 1912 campaign battle. An overwhelming number of these, undoubtedly influenced by the old slogan "to the victor belong the spoils," now claimed their "rightful" reward, and to me it seemed that all wanted it in the form of postmasterships.

One evening about this time when dining at our home, Postmaster General Burleson inquired of me: "Roper, what are your five boys planning to be when they grow up?" "If present conditions," I replied, "as revealed at my office, are a criterion, they will all be applicants for postmasterships."

For each vacancy there were at least six applicants. All came with high recommendations, high-sounding letters of praise, and all brought political influence to bear upon my office. My waiting room teemed with candidates, their friends, and impressive committees urging the appointments. For every appointment made, I realized that we would probably make five enemies. For many years the postal appointments had been regarded as Congressional patronage. Strict adherence to that custom, I knew, would be the only way that I could save myself from destruction. But, even so, I owed a duty to my chief and to the nation. That duty was to see to it that every man appointed was competent.

Early in those days, an applicant from a Midwestern town wrote me in castigation of his two competitors: "There are three candidates for Postmaster of this place and I am one of them. I feel called upon to tell you the inside truth about the other two. Mr. A. is a drunkard; in fact, he stays drunk most of the time. You certainly couldn't put a post office in the hands of a drunkard. Mr. B. is a gambler, and I know you wouldn't put public funds in his control. Naturally, if you send an investigator out here to report on Mr. B., his friends will try to prove he isn't a gambler; but I'm willing to bet you fifty dollars I can prove he is!" My correspondent having eliminated himself

as well as his competitors, I sought and found a new man for the place.

I was visited early in 1914 by the father of the present Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Frank Murphy. He brought his young and attractive son. The father was an applicant for a postmastership. From examination of the file, I was able to inform Mr. Murphy that his appointment would be forthcoming without delay. This pleased him and the young son. This incident was vividly recalled by the following letter of Mr. Justice Murphy written in reply to one from me about his promotion to the Supreme Court:

Your kind and encouraging letter has touched me more than I can express. I was particularly pleased to receive it because I recall that my first visit to Washington was for the purpose of calling on you in the presence of my father. The kindness you showed to both of us is something that I will cherish as long as I live.

With my very grateful thanks and my warmest wishes to you always,

Sincerely,

(Signed) Frank Murphy.

Some of the experiences of those early times seem fantastic as I look back upon them. One of the most curious incidents was furnished by Dr. Mary Walker, the Civil War nurse who attained notoriety in an earlier period when, through Congressional Resolution, she secured the right to wear man's attire. For those who do not remember, Dr. Walker based her appeal for legislative relief on the ground that the long flowing skirts worn by women of the time were not conducive to health or to the services required of nurses. She came now, about fifty years after the Civil War, as a candidate for the postmastership at Oswego, New York. "How old are you, Dr. Walker?" I asked her one day, confident that her response would reveal technical grounds for the unpleasant duty I foresaw. Adroitly she changed the subject; yet I was convinced that she was fully seventy-five. There had been evidence of her senility at various times when she had fallen asleep in my waiting room. She persisted, however, in her candidacy with a mixture of subtlety and courtesy, amusing if unsuccessful. One illustration appears in a letter to me, after I had questioned her legal residence in Oswego by telling her that I had seen her upon the streets of Washington for several years.

The letter read as follows: "I am inviting you and President Wilson to visit me at my home in Oswego for a week-end. Now it may be that you and the President will not wish the people of Oswego to know that you are there. If so, I suggest that you and the President get off the train at the water tank just before you reach the railroad station. The path leading from the water tank will bring you to the rear of my house where I will be watching for you." I naturally awaited word from President Wilson before accepting the invitation of Dr. Walker, and since I never heard from him, her letter was never answered. Nor was she appointed to the office.

One of the most difficult problems in a democracy is to get its citizens to co-operate in supporting the agencies designed to serve the people. Too frequently the attitude is to work constantly against rather than for the laws and regulations. This tendency is to be observed even in the postal service. One night as I was inspecting the distribution of mail in a Chicago post office, one of the distributors brought to me a letter addressed as follows: "J. Y. Joyner, 80 miles due west of Chicago." These freak and puzzle addresses were not unusual. Some people seem to enjoy the perverted idea that it is smart to test and to embarrass those who are charged with the distribution of mail, overlooking the fact that they are delaying service to others and increasing the expense of all. A knowledge of the postal facilities and a desire to co-operate with those in charge should be fundamental in our country. The above letter, I may add, was successfully delivered.

## II

It was frequently difficult to mediate disputes and conciliate distinguished members of the party who could not agree on the appointment of postmasters. Two who seldom agreed were Secretary of State Bryan and Senator Hitchcock, both of Nebraska. Bryan considered himself the leader of the Nebraska democracy by right of "eminent domain." Yet, according to custom, the postal patronage belonged to the Congressman if he was of the administration's political party, except in the case of the United States Senator's home post office, which through courtesy belonged to the Senator; otherwise, the post-office appointments were controlled by the state organization of the party in power.

Apropos of Mr. Bryan and Senator Hitchcock, I was told the following story: An old farmer and his wife were sitting before the fireside in their Nebraska home. The wife was a kind and gentle soul who had suffered much from the rough and tactless nature of her husband. As they sat together upon a particular evening, the cat and dog lay peaceably on the hearth in front of them. "Look how sweet and peaceful they are," the wife remarked. "They play together all day, and now in the evening they are as gentle to each other as two good Christians should be." The old farmer snorted contemptuously. "Tie 'em together," he growled, "and you'll see how quick they'll fight." Such ready wit and well-directed anecdotes relieved the tension many times and made it easier to carry on.

But some of my duties fell beyond the possibility of a happy ending. We had such a case in Kentucky. A postmaster had defaulted, and upon an investigation by one of our inspectors, he was indicted, tried and convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary. Just before he was to be transferred to prison a committee of six prominent men from his locality came to my office to make a final appeal for him. I heard them patiently, listening without interruption until the last speaker had closed his argument for the condemned man. They spoke feelingly of his family and the loss and humiliation to be suffered if he served his prison term. It was a moving appeal, and there was no mistaking their sincerity. The stigma of having a convict father would be on little children, upon the wife who would now have to devise new means for the family support. I had no discretion in the matter. I had sworn to uphold all the laws of the Federal Government in the conduct of my office. Therefore, I had to decline the appeal, stating as I did so that I was trustee for all the American people.

"Is there no appeal from your decision?" the chairman of the delegation asked gravely. "Yes," I replied. "There are two appeals; first, to the Postmaster General; and then, if you are still unsatisfied, you have the right to go to the President of the United States." "Would you object to our going over your head?" he asked. My answer was immediate. "Not at all. If I am wrong, I will be corrected. If I am right, I will be sustained." I then had them conducted to the office of Mr. Burleson. I left them with him without



commenting upon the case. Late that afternoon Mr. Burleson came into my office. "I heard that Kentucky delegation," he said. "I sustained you on general principles, but I was amused at what that chairman said about you." "What did he say?" I inquired. "He said: 'Where did you get that First Assistant? We argued the case with him until we were exhausted. He listened to all we said, but turned us down cold. He's got the face of a Methodist bishop but the heart of a Kentucky night-rider.'" Mr. Burleson was to tell the story about me on many later occasions.

## III

Among the first callers at the Post Office Department was Louis McHenry Howe, who introduced himself as Special Assistant to the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Howe soon proved his clear understanding of the political situation in New York State, and it was manifest that he was devoted and loyal to "Franklin," as he called the Assistant Secretary. His mission, in representing his chief, was to obtain men of high character for the offices to be filled. From that time on he was a frequent caller and of great assistance in the discharge of a difficult task, that of arbitrating between Charles F. Murphy, Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall; Norman E. Mack, National Committeeman from the State; and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The grade and character of the postmasters selected in New York were effectively heightened by the co-operative action of Mr. Howe and the Assistant Secretary.

Something of the abnormal partisanship we sometimes encountered in those prewar days may be illustrated by an incident which occurred about this same time, when the pressure was greatest. One day I had a caller from the Middle West. He entered my office with an air of great determination, as if he were positive of gaining the end desired. "Mr. Roper," he began ponderously, "I am here to get you to change the name of my town. I'd like to have it done at once so I can prove to the people back home that the Democrats are running things down here, and that we're going to undo the mischief the Republicans put over on us." "That's not so easy," I replied. "Changing the name of an important town like yours is a vital thing to the business interests of the community. Did you bring a petition from them?" "No," he said. "It isn't necessary. The Republicans changed

the town name arbitrarily. I've got to prove to the people that we've got as much power as they had by changing it back." "But that's not our policy," I told him, going on to explain that politics would not change the names of towns or cities during our administration. We could only make such changes after a showing from the business interests, and a large majority of them at that, which proved that the change was requested for urgent and satisfactory reasons. He left my office in a disgruntled mood. I do not suggest that the conference had anything to do with it, but I am compelled to record the fact that he committed suicide a few weeks later.

So it went day by day, the odd, the fantastic, and the droll; sometimes tragedy. Not all who came to see me were of the importuning variety. Many came through patriotic motives and with a sincere desire to be of help, for there were some who recognized the nerve-racking toll of such a job. On March 15, 1913, less than two weeks after the inauguration, when the parade of office-seekers was of swollen proportions, one caller informed me that there were at least one hundred people in the waiting room. "You ought to lock your door," he said. "If you don't, you'll be dead in six months." "It's all a matter of attitude," I answered him. "I think I would come nearer being dead in six months if I did lock the door. I leave it unlocked so that people can peep in once in a while and see how busy I am. It makes most of them sympathetic. On the other hand, I try to think that everyone who comes in will try to help, not hurt me. If I can keep that attitude, I'll be able to relax when they come in. I won't suffer from the nervous strain of the wrong attitude."

While talking with him I thought of the words of that early morning pedestrian I had met at Wofford College years before, when I first met Dr. James Henry Carlisle. He had asked me if I had a thought for the day, suggesting further that I approach people with confidence rather than suspicion. I had always tried to follow his advice. But if ever I needed it, the time was now. Certainly one never knew what the next moment would bring forth.

A man entered the office one day with one of the most powerfully worded letters of endorsement I have ever seen. It was from his Congressman, and, according to the letter, the sterling character, amazing ability, and remarkable personality of the constituent fitted him for anything within the Presidential appointing power. All he

wanted was to be postmaster of his home town. To my utter astonishment, I had scarcely finished interviewing the applicant when the same Congressman telephoned me to disregard the letter completely. "It's just one of those things," he said over the telephone. "You know—things you have to do once in a while. I'll have another recommendation for you in a few days. I just didn't want to let this fellow down."

My good friend, Congressman C. C. Dickinson, once indorsed a rather unique applicant from the Missouri district which he represented so ably and for so very many years. Judge Dickinson was such an honorable soul that he could not simulate enthusiasm for a cause for which he lacked real conviction. I remember the case vividly. He came into my office and placed an envelope on the desk. "I am asking you to appoint this man, my county manager, postmaster at his county seat." Observing his manner carefully, I asked: "What's wrong with your man, Judge?" "Wrong?" he queried. "Why do you ask a thing like that?" "From your actions," I replied. "What's the matter with my actions?" he questioned. "I'm very anxious to have this man appointed." "We won't quarrel over it, Judge," I said, "but I wish you would please tell me what's wrong with him." "Roper," he said, "you've always been fair and considerate of me. I'll tell you the truth. He's blind in one eye." "How well can he see out of the other one?" I asked. A doleful expression crept over the Judge. "Not so well," he said. "Evidently, then," I said, "you are expecting me to send a Post Office Inspector to look your man over and turn him down?" "No," he replied, "you mustn't do that. If he's to be turned down, you have to do it yourself." "Then bring him to Washington," I replied.

Judge Dickinson did so. The man arrived about a week later, and the Judge brought him to my office. Preceding him a few paces, he whispered to me: "Please handle him with extreme care. It cost me fifty dollars to get him here." After they were seated, I addressed the applicant. "Judge Dickinson," I told him, "is in a relationship of loyalty to you that's very much like that of Damon and Pythias. He's anxious to have you appointed postmaster. I can say that if you aren't appointed it won't be his fault. The fault will all be mine." Going on, I explained that the office required a man ca-

pable of much clerical work, also one who could distribute mail with speed. Accordingly, I asked him to read me a few passages and to write a few sentences. He had to dig out two pairs of glasses, using one over the other before he could read. He wrote with much hesitancy and considerable nervousness. With every effort not to appear abrupt, I then undertook to explain to the applicant why it would be unfair to him as well as to the Department to appoint him. "All our offices," I told him, "are officially inspected by the postal experts, the United States Post Office Inspectors. These highly trained men are schooled in every detail of postal operation. They quickly detect the slightest weakness or flaw in the work of any employee, whether it be a clerk or a postmaster, and they are sworn to report these defects with official recommendations which are sometimes recommendations for dismissal. They are the official and personal representatives of the Postmaster General. Suppose you were to be appointed and the office inspected. The inspector would be compelled to tell us that your eyesight was bad, that you could not rapidly distribute mail. There would be no other course but to remove you. This would be regarded by your family as a disgrace. Certainly you would not ask me to disgrace your family?"

The Missourian appeared utterly crestfallen. I could tell that he had greatly counted upon the appointment, but that he saw the truth in my explanation. "I hadn't thought of it like that," he said slowly. "If that's the way it is, you're saving me and my family by not letting my name go through. I guess I ought to thank you for turning me down." It was apparent that he was a man of high character, humble though he was, and the circumstances made the interview one that was not without pathos. The manner in which it was handled relieved the conscience of Judge Dickinson and removed all possibility of dissatisfaction from his loyal constituent. After the semiblind man returned to his home, he wrote me a letter of thanks and sent me a package of big-pumpkin seeds to be planted on my farm in South Carolina. Judge Dickinson's gratitude was to be displayed toward me for several years to come.

In April, 1915, that very remarkable woman, Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago and Florida, called on me and requested that a post office be established in the neighborhood of her property hold-

ings on the west coast of Florida below Sarasota and that the name "Venice" be given to it. I said: "Mrs. Palmer, may I ask how you happened to decide on Venice as a name?" She answered: "I have spent considerable time in Venice, Italy, and the Venetian Bay has always appealed to me. It is both beautiful and soothing. I find that the reflection of the afternoon sun on the water near my Florida home has a similar appearance. It really has much of the attraction of the Venetian Bay." The purpose of the Department is to eliminate duplication of names in the different states in order to effect easy and accurate distribution and handling of mail. A careful canvass, however, failed to discover any serious conflict in the case of the request of Mrs. Palmer, and a post office was accordingly established with Venice as its name.

## IV

As soon as the work of appointing forty thousand Fourth Class, eleven thousand Third Class, and seven thousand First Class Postmasters, and of assisting in the complete reorganization of the service so as to improve the facilities for handling the new parcel post and other extensions of the service was well in hand, the fascinating history of communications claimed my attention to such a marked degree that I decided to write a book, *The United States Post Office* (New York, 1917), about our postal service. There is no need here to enter upon a detailed history of the postal service, but it may be of interest to recite a few noteworthy facts. Briefly, the postal system in the United States had its crude beginnings in the seaport coffeehouses. Here sea captains coming from abroad deposited letters intrusted to them by relatives and friends of the settlers in the colonies. The letters were usually left upon a table or tacked upon what would correspond to present-day bulletin boards. In Virginia, mail from abroad was passed along from plantation to plantation, and there was a legal penalty of one hogshead of tobacco against any planter who failed to pass the mail along to the next plantation. The home of Richard Fairbanks in Boston was the first post office established on this continent. This official act of the Massachusetts Assembly was passed in 1639.

With the development of stage routes the intercolonial postal system came into being. Benjamin Franklin may be truly said to

have been the father of the American postal system. He was appointed a surveyor of the posts by the Crown in 1736. Since he was the editor and owner of *Franklin's Journal* in Philadelphia, it was highly important that he develop the efficiency of the embryonic postal system in order that his publication might reach those subscribers who did not live in his home city. As a surveyor of the posts, Franklin was the first Post Office Inspector. His duty was to bring the "postmasters to account," and the simple accounting system which he inaugurated was the basis for an accounting system which needed but few changes in succeeding years.

I cannot pass over this period of my public career without saying a few words about the Post Office Inspectors. More than once it has been said that they constitute the most efficient body of men in the world. I could never have performed the task assigned to me without their assistance. John C. Koons was Chief Inspector during my incumbency. A word to him and in from one to twenty-four hours he had a skilled, sealed-lipped expert working on any problem which confronted me. Whether it was a matter of personnel malfeasance, an ocean mail robbery, some peculiar situation in Alaska or Puerto Rico, the establishment of a Star Route, or the consolidation of two post offices in the Kentucky mountains, one of the secret agents of the Inspection Service was on his way.

I learned that Noah Webster was one of the early inspectors, and the archives of the Department revealed his instruction to proceed to Norwalk, Connecticut, to investigate and determine, if in reality the person responsible for robbing the mails there had not been one Matthew Reid, the postmaster. When John Wanamaker was Postmaster General he announced to the Inspectors, "You are my eyes and ears, but not my mouth." I found no cause for his having used the last word in his admonition. The Inspectors proceeded under the slogan that the "stamp and the seal are sacred," and as the oldest secret agency in the United States Government, they adhered to the policy, "no photographs—no interviews." They risked grave dangers, but left their guns in their desks or at their homes except upon most unusual occasions. Whether the problem was the selection of a site for a new post office, a stock fraud, a patent medicine swindle, or some other questionable enterprise operated through the mails,

there was a postal inspector who was expert in the problem at hand. Not once did they fail me.

How beautiful, how expressive, and how true are the following words written by Dr. Charles William Eliot, then President of Harvard University, and Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, concerning the postal service:

Messenger of sympathy and love,  
 Servant of parted friends,  
 Consoler of the lonely,  
 Bond of the scattered family,  
 Enlarger of the common life,  
 Carrier of news and knowledge,  
 Instrument of trade and industry,  
 Promoter of mutual acquaintance,  
 Of peace and good will  
 Among men and nations.

v

The idealism of President Wilson was early apparent to all who had become a part of his administration. As an idealist he could not tolerate conditions which he saw to be badly in need of reform. As First Assistants to Cabinet officers did not attend the regular Cabinet meetings, I gained my early impressions of the President through my close association with Mr. Burleson. My own tendency to progressivism had flamed with my affiliation with the Farmers' Alliance years before. I had been filled with hope until Bryan's defeat caused a crumbling of the highly crystallized progressive sentiment. But now, it seemed, with such an idealistic and respected leadership in the White House, those of us who dreamed of reform and wanted to work for it were on the eve of victory.

The new parcel post system enabled the farmers of the country to mail fruit, produce, and vegetables to the doors of consumers. We fostered a co-operative movement between producer and consumer, causing lists of products for sale and the addresses of the farmers offering them to be posted in post offices. We encouraged postal exhibits at county fairs and state expositions, all designed, through the co-operation of civic agencies, to teach the public how to use the mails to best advantage and to reveal the difficult task we

had in maintaining a high state of efficiency. Our internal reforms were too numerous and complicated to detail here. Suffice it to say, we standardized equipment and procedure, sent inspectors into the large and small post offices to give personal instruction, and did our utmost to raise the postal system to a still higher plane with each passing month.

One field of exploration in which we were interested may sound radical to those who are opposed to government ownership. Mr. Burleson appointed me chairman of a committee to investigate the desirability of government ownership of all means of communication. I quote briefly from our findings, which were made after a study of all systems of communication, both here and in Europe:

1. . . . That Congress declare a Government monopoly over all telegraph, telephone and radio communication and such other means for the transmission of intelligence as may hereafter develop.
2. . . . That Congress acquire by purchase at this time at appraised value the commercial telephone network, except the farmer lines.
3. . . . That Congress authorize the Postmaster General to issue, at his discretion and under such regulations as he may prescribe, revocable licenses for the operation, by private individuals, associations, companies and corporations, of the telegraph service and such parts of the telephone service as may not be acquired by the Government.

The same committee subsequently made an almost identical report for the territories of Puerto Rico, Alaska, and Hawaii. But suddenly the thunder of war in Europe diverted attention from domestic reforms.

President Wilson had called Congress into extra session in April, 1913. In doing so he broke a precedent of a hundred years' standing by appearing personally to deliver his message to a joint session of House and Senate. In this memorable address he urged the necessity of immediate and constructive legislation. Perhaps never in history was legislation of the first magnitude enacted with more amazing rapidity.

The Underwood Act, the tariff bill for which I had helped lay the foundation by gathering information while Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee, was passed October 2. The Federal Reserve Act, completely revising the financial system of the country and admittedly one of the most constructive pieces of legislation upon the



United States Statute Books, followed in December. Passage of the Federal Land Bank Act came after a little delay, thus affording the farmers, who were still suffering from the panic of 1893, an opportunity to borrow money without paying excessive rates of interest. The Federal Trade Commission was set up to curb unfair trade practices and cutthroat competition. The Clayton Anti-Trust Act became a reality, with the necessary teeth in it to clamp down upon monopolies guilty of restraint of trade.

Numerous other less important items of legislation were enacted, but the President had inherited from the previous administration a condition in Mexico which was a dark threat. President Diaz had been forced into exile by the revolutionist, Madero. European hands in Mexico had pilfered the country of millions. But Madero proved to be an idealist without the strength to rule. Accordingly, the government was seized by General Huerta, February 18, 1913. Madero and his Vice-President, Suarez, were brutally murdered four days later. Huerta had wired to President Taft, "I have overthrown the government and therefore peace and order will reign." Mr. Taft had refused to recognize his government.

Carranza and Villa revolted against Huerta. When President Wilson was inaugurated, he not only refused to recognize Huerta but sent John Lind, former Governor of Minnesota, to Mexico to induce Huerta to resign. Huerta refused. The arms embargo against Mexico was lifted, and soon Carranza and Villa had all the arms they wanted. American citizens were ordered to leave Mexico, or stay at their peril, and when the great oil center, Tampico, became dangerous, American warships were ordered to leave that port. During the crisis an unarmed detachment of sailors from one of the American warships landed to obtain supplies and was arrested. Admiral Mayo demanded the release of the prisoners, an apology, and a salute of the American flag. The prisoners were released, but the salute was refused.

President Wilson acted expeditiously. He ordered the American fleet to Vera Cruz, April 20, 1914. He appealed to Congress for authority to take such measures as were deemed necessary for protection of American interests, and the next day a force of marines landed and engaged the Mexicans in a sharp battle. Nineteen Americans were killed and seventy wounded.

The real reason for seizing Vera Cruz was to prevent the landing there of a cargo of ammunition from a German steamer, the *Ypiranga*. This cargo contained fifteen million rounds of ammunition and five hundred machine guns. A three-cornered conference between Secretary of State Bryan, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, and Mr. Wilson resulted in the order to Admiral Mayo to take Vera Cruz at once. Even so, President Wilson was not yet aware of Germany's efforts to stir strife between Mexico and the United States or that the German prayer was, "Gott strafe the Monroe Doctrine."

By July 15, 1914, Huerta had quit the dictatorship. Carranza was in control, and General Pershing had been sent to the Mexican border on a punitive expedition. The World War was declared the following August 4, and no one wanted war with Mexico. Therefore, when the three great powers of South America—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—offered to mediate between Mexico and the United States, President Wilson accepted. For almost two years the Mexican situation had absorbed the new administration. But war was averted.

## VI

In my official capacity it was necessary to attend various functions and social affairs. Among these were some of the White House receptions, and dinners and receptions given by members of the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps. I thus met President Wilson soon after the inauguration and several times in succeeding months, but in a purely perfunctory way. It was apparent that he was reserved in personal contacts. This dignity did not detract from, but rather gave an allure to his leadership and commanded the high respect of all who knew him.

My first private interview with him was held at the White House. It had to do with an official matter. I presented the case as briefly as possible. He, in turn, with the precise and orderly logic which characterized all his actions, replied in a manner which showed how thoroughly he had grasped every detail of my presentation. Without wasting a word he gave me the only logical decision to be had, yet his language was so well chosen and his diction so remarkable, one might have thought the interview had been deliberately prepared and

well rehearsed. I left the room with the feeling that I had communed with a lofty, but lonely, spirit.

There was, indeed, something about him which was apart from the average man, a spiritual quality which transcended the commonplace. How often I pitied him in those stormy days when he was trying to keep us out of war! Nineteen fourteen passed, and in 1915 certain incidents made the imbroglio of the veiled future seem inevitable. The routine of my work carried me on, ever more sympathetic to the Chief Executive laboring under the shadow which hovered over America. Then came 1916. It was a campaign year. Theodore Roosevelt had virtually called President Wilson a coward for not joining the Allied cause. It looked as if Germany would win, for thousands of tons of Allied shipping had been sent to the bottom of the sea. On the other hand, American business, judging from postal receipts, a never failing index, had recovered from the first effects of the European conflict. Our factories were humming. Our farm products were rising in price. But our national self-respect was not yet out of danger. There were taunts and insults from Germany. Political strife was agitated because of the situation. Surely, I thought, America would not swap horses in the middle of the stream.

I had served more than three years in the Post Office Department at the time of the Democratic convention. This time that meeting was a mere formality, little more than a few speeches and the unreserved endorsement and renomination of Woodrow Wilson.

On July 15, 1916, Colonel House came to Washington and conferred with President Wilson and Postmaster General Burleson concerning the campaign. Directly thereafter Mr. Burleson came into my office. "Roper," he said, "Vance C. McCormick has just been selected Chairman of the National Committee by the President. How would you like to go to New York and head the Bureau of Organization for the campaign?" I must confess to a feeling of great emotion. I tried not to reveal it and do not believe that I did. But looking up at my loyal chief, I said, "Nothing in the world would please me better." "Then it's a go," he said. "The President and Colonel E. M. House want you to do it."

I did not resign that day, but I left the old Post Office Building with the feeling that I could have been paid no higher compliment for the work I had done there.

## *Wilson Wins and Loses*

IN RESPONSE to a telegram from Colonel E. M. House, I visited him July 24, 1916, at his summer place at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, to discuss the campaign. The Colonel met me at the station, and we rode to his cottage, where I was greeted by Mrs. House and their two daughters. The Colonel and I found a comfortable place on the front porch on the lake side of the home and began our first conference on the campaign plans.

His initial statement was: "Roper, this is not going to be an easy campaign, but with definite organization and detailed work it can be won. My idea is to launch it and conduct it in every detail as if we were campaigning for the election of a county sheriff." "This can be approximated," I interposed, "by using methods that would keep the headquarters informed on the strong as well as weak points that are developing for our ticket throughout the country, ascertaining the causes for the same and making a continuous study and analysis of the pros and cons of the campaign efforts. There has been too great a wastage of both literature and speakers in past political campaigns. By this study and through our contacts," I added, "we can eliminate a lot of the old waste and inefficiency." The Colonel then asked: "How do you think this can best be accomplished?"

We were interrupted by the announcement of luncheon, and joined Mrs. House and the daughters in what was for me a delightful exchange of views relating to political conditions in Washington and the beauty and attractiveness of New Hampshire as a summering place. The luncheon over, the Colonel and I took a walk through the spruce and pine forests to the rear of the cottage.

As we walked in the shade and quietude of those woods, I said: "Colonel, you have devoted many years to constructive political service in Texas and the nation." "Yes," he replied, "I have." "Then,"

I continued, "you are a mystery to many people because they can't conceive of a man working so long and industriously as you have with no selfish motive. Please pardon me for asking you, but is there any office in the gift of the President you would like to fill?" He stopped on the wooded path, turned, and looked me straight in the eye. "I do my best work behind the scenes," he said. "I like to confer with people interested in good government and to try to help those charged with the great responsibilities of leadership. There is one position that I feel needs to be developed as a useful agency to the President. Someone should collect, analyze, and present for his guidance facts about trends and conditions and shifts in political sentiment. These duties should belong to the Vice-Presidency of the United States. That office should be developed into a very useful agency for the President and the people, and that I believe I could do."

He then resumed our campaign discussion interrupted by the luncheon by asking, "How shall we organize to make sure we re-elect Wilson?" I replied that I thought we should carefully select key men from the National Democratic organization throughout the country, explaining that I had become rather intimately acquainted with many through the appointment of postmasters during the previous three years. "Probably a thousand," I added, "who are in close and accurate touch with political sentiment and reaction. Upon them should be imposed the responsibility of keeping in touch with and reporting upon conditions at intervals of two weeks. These would constitute a vanguard of the field organization. The rest of the organization in less important states and localities would not report so often." I suggested that our inquiries of these key reporters be simple and precise. My illustration was something like this: "(1) What factors in your territory are now adverse to the election of Woodrow Wilson? (2) What specific political problems strongly interest your people? (3) What character of literature and type of speakers would best meet conditions in your territory?" We finally returned to the cottage, both committed to a further study of the plans. I took the late afternoon train for New York.

Through the always ready and effective service of Vance C. McCormick, National Chairman of the Democratic party, I secured work quarters in the second story of a loft in East 39th Street,

where I must say I found the heat of that August about the most oppressive I have ever encountered. This, no doubt, was intensified by the vigorous work we undertook and the long hours we kept.

Among the assistants who co-operated with me most effectively was Loring Black, who served as a connecting link with the New York City Democratic organization, and my faithful secretary, Lawrence A. Baker, son of my long and very dear friend, James M. Baker, of South Carolina, then Secretary of the United States Senate. Later, on the recommendation of Colonel House, I was joined by Thomas B. Love, of Dallas, Texas, a man of great energy, marvelous memory, and force of character. I had daily contacts with Colonel House, and Congressman Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, came up and spent the day with us now and then.

During continuous contact with Colonel House in this campaign and subsequently, I discovered nothing mysterious about him. I believe that he is most accurately described as a consulting expert on politics, without retainer, and an adviser and assistant to officeholders on political and public reactions. He liked the limelight of conferences with interesting personages.

There has long been contention over who first mentioned Wilson as a successful contender for the Presidency of the United States. I received the impression from Colonel House that, he felt, he had the honor of first presenting Wilson to the people of Texas, but in the course of my contacts with Thomas B. Love, of Dallas, I reached the conclusion that this was probably not entirely accurate. I base this upon facts which I got from Love himself.

On the day Wilson was elected Governor of New Jersey, November 8, 1910, Love sent him the following telegram: "I heartily congratulate you upon your magnificent campaign and the people of New Jersey upon your election as Governor. I am for you for President of the United States in 1912." Immediately thereafter Love began to organize Texas for Wilson.

On April 18, 1911, Love wrote Governor Wilson a letter in which one paragraph read: "I am very desirous of arranging for you to deliver an address in this city during the Texas State Fair in October of this year, and I will be glad to have you indicate your disposition and probable ability to meet such an engagement. If you can arrange to be in Dallas about that time, we can arrange to bring

together to hear you a great throng of people from all portions of the State and make a great opportunity of the occasion."

Wilson immediately wrote that he would be glad to meet such an engagement. Love later arranged for the invitation, which was accepted, Wilson speaking three times in Dallas (once at the Fair) and once at Fort Worth at an evening meeting on the same day. Love went with the Governor to Fort Worth on the interurban train. On this trip to Fort Worth, Love related that he said to Governor Wilson substantially the following: "Governor, there is a very able man who is a citizen of Texas and a native of Texas but who lives in New York a large part of each year. His name is Colonel E. M. House. He is for Judge Gaynor for President, or was when I last heard from him, but Gaynor is not going to be in this race. I would rather have Colonel House's opinion upon a sheer question of political tactics than any man I know, and I wish you could find some way to get in touch with him." Wilson replied immediately: "My friend Walter Page has been telling me about this same man, Colonel House. I have never met him but hope to in the near future."

Within about two weeks after this, Love went on to say, he received a letter from Colonel House saying that Governor Wilson had called at his Hotel Gotham apartment the day before and had spent an hour with him, and that he intended to support him (Governor Wilson) for the Presidency and was coming to Texas within a few weeks and wanted to see Love. Love had the kindest feelings for Colonel House, but he insisted that there could be no doubt that after Wilson's speech at the Dallas Fair in the fall of 1911 Texas was sure to go for him, and that Colonel House had not met Governor Wilson nor in any wise supported him until after this Dallas Fair meeting.

With the World War raging in Europe, with taunts and insults from Germany occurring almost daily, I was more and more imbued with the urgent need of re-electing Wilson because I felt sure that he had a grip on the situation that would make his continuance in office for the best interest of the country. Never before had I been so impressed with the soundness of the old slogan, "Don't change horses in the middle of the stream." Furthermore, it seemed to me that he had achieved more progressive legislation in the space of four years than had been enacted during the previous fifty. The progressive

dreams which had been mine as a member of the Farmers' Alliance in South Carolina were more and more in my mind. The question therefore that I mulled over every night and tried to act on every day was how to convey these messages and impressions most effectively to the party organization throughout the country.

## II

Chairman McCormick organized the campaign headquarters into appropriate bureaus. Principally, they were designated as: Finance, Publicity, Speakers', and Organization. Robert W. Woolley, formerly of the *New York World* was selected to handle publicity, while Homer S. Cummings, then a prominent Connecticut lawyer and National Committeeman from that state, was in charge of the Speakers' Bureau. Henry Morgenthau, Sr., was Chairman of the Finance Committee; W. W. Marsh was Treasurer with W. D. Jamieson, Assistant Treasurer. I was in charge of Organization. The main headquarters were located at Madison Avenue and 40th Street, New York City.

Colonel House had no office other than his apartment on 53d Street, which was in conformity with his retiring and self-effacing disposition. At the outset and before the Colonel's mature plan<sup>1</sup> had been placed in the form of a written memorandum, which came as a result of numerous conferences with those charged with management of national headquarters, we decided that Peace, General Prosperity, and Preparedness were the things we had to sell to the country, resting our case upon the domestic regeneration already accomplished by progressive legislation.

After state and county managers had been appointed through the regular channels, they and the speakers were instructed to emphasize the Federal Reserve Act, still opposed by big business and most of the bankers; the Rural Credits Act, which had taken the farmers out of the grip of the loan sharks; the Underwood Tariff Law, which had lowered the prohibitive barriers that would have been disastrous to our foreign trade; the Income Tax Law, which had established a more equitable method of taxation and increased the sources of revenues; the Industrial Employees Arbitration Act, which had provided the machinery for settlement of controversies between capital

<sup>1</sup> See Note, p. 159.



and labor; the first child labor law; the Federal Trade Commission Act, aimed at monopolistic control and unfair trade practices; the Adamson Eight Hour Day Law for the benefit of railway employees, which prevented a general strike on all major railroads in the country; and the first steps toward Philippine Independence. The party had also declared for woman suffrage.

In addition to these incontrovertible reforms, we instructed all organizers and speakers in the field to stress the high ethical and moral principles which had characterized the Wilson Administration, virtues which had sprung from the very character of the man in the White House and which had toned up the entire nation, bringing hope and the light of a new progressivism for the benefit of millions out of stagnation and reaction. Later in the campaign the slogan "He has kept us out of war" was adopted, and a poster with the President's picture and this slogan upon it was dispatched throughout the country.

The chairman and his entire staff soon realized that we faced one of the most unusual political fights in history. Theodore Roosevelt had already taken the platform for Justice Hughes, the Republican candidate. In bitter and vitriolic speeches T. R. condemned Wilson for not leading an attack upon Germany. "If I had been President," he declared, "when the *Lusitania* was sunk I would have seized every German ship in American harbors." This, we knew, would alienate from Hughes the votes of German sympathizers. The country, however, was divided into pro- and anti-Allied sentiment, and there being no way adequately to appraise it, it was at first doubtful whether Roosevelt would win or lose votes for Hughes.

Yet another factor, two of them perhaps, gave our organization great cause for fear. The Republicans had millions of dollars to our thousands, and up to that time the Democratic party had been normally the minority party. These were obstacles not lightly to be discounted. Moreover, there were some who actually believed President Wilson wanted to lead us into the war. Many thought that he had moved too rapidly even in his constructive domestic legislation.

## III

It was a fact unknown to Wilson's critics that he had foreseen the war clouds over Europe and had done his utmost to prevent the holo-

caust which was to follow. Colonel House had been in Europe in February, 1916, as an unofficial ambassador of Wilson in an effort to halt the war, but the British believed that there could be no European security until the German military regime was vanquished. Indeed, Colonel House was considered, not only by British statesmen, but also by French and German high officials alike, as the one man in the world who had any chance to effect a peace.

In addition to Colonel House's efforts, Walter Hines Page, our Ambassador in London, had charge of the German Embassy there after hostilities began, and for two years there had been a constant effort through diplomatic channels to stop the war. England, however, had taken the position that she was fighting our battles as well as her own. Germany had gone too far to turn back, and France had suffered such irreparable damage, the cause of peace was hopeless. But the inside story could not be told to the voters of America without the risk of offending one or the other group of belligerents. Therefore, the slogan, "He has kept us out of war," seemed to be the most logical and effective way in which the challenge to Wilson could be met. Meanwhile, Wilson, in answer to the Hughes and Roosevelt charges, insisted that the Republican program would lead us into war and stood upon his record that he had kept us out. But Roosevelt continued to jeer and sneer at Wilson as though he was the prize coward of earth.

During those hectic days, we were constantly being besieged by American foreign elements. One day a group of Germans was in my office declaring that they were battling for world peace. Then, on the heels of their visit, there would come a committee of Sinn Feiners threatening to vote for Hughes because we were unwilling to risk war in order to free Ireland from British rule. Before the campaign was at its peak I learned that there were many thousands of foreign birth in Cleveland alone; that Norwalk, Connecticut, contained more Hungarians than any city except New York. The votes of those of foreign birth would probably be decisive in Ohio, and only the expenditure of a few thousand dollars would be necessary to turn the trick. Thousands of Russian immigrants were opposed to their native country, and many of them favored the German side in the war because of their hatred for the Czar. I found that a great number of Mexicans in the Southwest, both native-born and immi-

grants, were also conscious of the importance of their votes. Some strongly favored Wilson's attitude toward their country while others violently opposed it. Each day brought its dilemma, some problem in which a step in either of two directions might alienate a large block of votes.

Under the system of taking a census of opinion, based in reality upon my cotton work of years before, it was possible to get a fairly accurate forecast of sentiment about every ten days. But a single speech by either candidate, or an untoward incident or piece of propaganda, might affect this sentiment. Therefore, this polling had to be repeated constantly. A letter written to the President by Colonel House on September 30, contains a paragraph illustrating the use made of this polling process: "Roper tells me that to-day we stand to win by five per cent in Indiana. He has sent out new slips in order to get the results of the eight-hour law. These will not be in and tabulated until the end of next week. He does not know whether it will increase or lessen the percentage."<sup>2</sup> The Adamson Eight Hour Law had angered big business and the railroad magnates. It was being used against us by the Republicans with many strange twists and what I considered to be exaggerations.

The Wilson forces were greatly heartened on September 29 by the interview secured by Colonel Milton A. McRae of the Scripps-McRae Syndicate in which Henry Ford declared for Wilson. This news was widely circulated throughout the country. Ford's reasons for supporting the President were substantially as follows: (1) As a peace-loving American citizen, he believed that Wilson would continue to keep the country out of war. (2) He believed in the Wilson policy of equal rights between capital and labor, with a fair field for all and special privileges to none. (3) Wilson was not supported by Wall Street. (4) Wilson was fighting "the interests" and showing it by his refusal to be "rushed into war with Mexico, sacrificing the lives of thousands of young Americans to save the dollars that Wall Street had invested in Mexico on a gamble." (5) Wilson was for the eight-hour law in labor, and Ford believed from experience that the eight-hour law would help business. (6) As for the tariff, which the

<sup>2</sup> Charles Seymour, *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1926-28), II, 373. Indiana was lost to the Republicans by one per cent.

Republicans insisted should be revised to save prosperity after the war, Ford thought it to be a hothouse remedy. It might make business sprout for a little while, but its effect was artificial, and it could never produce a hardy permanent business plant. If we could not compete on even terms with any country on earth, we ought to quit. (7) Ford believed that the President had hit the nail on the head in the previous week when he said: "The relations of capital and labor must be regarded as a human relationship of men with men. Labor must be regarded as a part of the general partnership of energy which is going to make for the success of business men and business enterprise." "I am a Republican," the manufacturer concluded, "but I'm for Wilson. I am a Republican for the same reason I have ears—I was born that way. I am for Wilson because I believe he can do more to enhance the prosperity and insure the peace of this nation than any other candidate. Anyone who does not want peace and who wants to gamble with prosperity should vote against him."

## IV

At the height of the campaign, when it seemed as if victory would soon be within our grasp, Wilson was made the target of character assassination. The vilest and cruelest attacks were made upon his private life. While the question of countering probable deleterious effects was primarily the responsibility of Woolley, our publicity man, the whole organization was affected. It had passed beyond the usual whispering campaign, and partisans in the enemy camp were shouting the charges from the housetops. Before a means of check-mating those attacks had been devised, many letters, mostly from women, began to be received. These letters were in criticism of Mr. Wilson's second marriage. More than a year had elapsed since the death of the first Mrs. Wilson, yet his critics heaped vitriol upon his head for the marriage.

Soon a worse fate seemed to doom us. Mr. Morgenthau's office was out of money. He had been advancing personal funds until his own private fortune had been depleted by a large sum. There were demands by mail and wire from every part of the country. To have admitted to the organization that we had no money would have brought speedy disaster. The paid workers in many instances would have walked out. Those blue days around headquarters were very

discouraging to those of us who thought that we had done our own jobs to the best of our abilities. There is something so absorbing about such work that even the humblest workers in the field find it contagious. Almost when as a boy I had heard that Garfield was dead, I now wondered whether the sun would rise again if we should lose the election of the man in the White House. I foresaw the wreck of the progressive program I had believed in and fought for since early years. The Republicans were reported to have ten million dollars, while our treasury was empty. Big business was against us. The banks would not lend to us. What could be done? No one in headquarters had the answer.

I shall never forget the happy day when Fate intervened. Breckenridge Long came into headquarters with Thomas L. Chadbourne. They must have read the situation in our faces. McCormick, Woolley, Cummings, and several of the rest of us were in conference. Breckenridge Long listened carefully to what we had to say. He inquired about our figures and estimates of the relative standing of the two candidates in the various states. "Just wait for me a few minutes," he said. "I'm going out and see what I can do." We waited. He was absent perhaps an hour. When he returned, he laid a certified check upon the desk of McCormick. In our eagerness, I believe that most of us, perhaps including Mr. Morgenthau, pushed forward to see the figures. I suppose our eyes blinked. One hundred thousand dollars! "That's a personal loan," he explained. "I guess some of us had better get busy and raise some real money." "I'll start now," Tom Chadbourne offered. "I think I know where I can get it." Our spirits rose swiftly. The magnanimous act of Breckenridge Long put new faith and courage into all of us. If we needed more, we got it when Chadbourne went into action. He and his committee produced what to me was the most fabulous sum I had ever seen; namely, six hundred thousand dollars.

"And now," said Woolley, "I'm going to start working on that scandal. I'll send somebody over to interview the good lady who is spreading these stories." Within a few days this was attended to. "Don't you realize what you are doing?" the woman was asked. "You're defaming the character of the President of the United States. Don't you know that all those statements are scandal—that they are

false?" "Maybe so," was her reply. "But you'll have to admit it's good politics."

That answer struck me with the vileness of perverting the truth in a democracy. Maybe such tactics were suitable to the old world and its intrigues and political machinations, but a democracy needed to be founded on truth, and any effort to deceive the people was inimical to our form of government, whether in national campaigns or in group or individual dealings.

Close upon the heels of this incident Woolley obtained from Dr. James H. Taylor of the Southern Presbyterian Church, President Wilson's pastor in Washington, a frank and bold statement denouncing the slanderers. Mr. Wilson's brother-in-law, Dr. Stockton Axson, published an article in *The New York Times* which effectively put an end to the scandalmongers.

We had come out of two close places. The tactics used by the opposition made us more determined to win. We redoubled our efforts. From then on we worked night and day, concentrating upon the weak spots, that is, the sections of the country where hard work had a chance of success, leaving the lost states to their fate.

## v

That Colonel House had confidence in our methods and in eventual success, despite the Republican claims and the last-minute feeling of apprehension which comes to every campaigner, is evident from his last letter to the President before the returns came in:

New York, November 4, 1916.

Dear Governor:

I have taken a final survey of the field, and I cannot reach any other conclusion but that the fight is won. The *Herald* poll to-morrow will indicate your election, but their distribution of votes does not agree with ours. In my opinion, our figures are infinitely more accurate. It is the first time we have ever known in advance, with any degree of certainty, the final result.

I cannot tell you how satisfactory the campaign has been from start to finish. From McCormick down to the most insignificant worker, there has been unity of purpose without bickering, or fault-finding of any sort whatsoever.

Woolley, Roper, Wallace, and some of the others have done really

brilliant work, and Gordon tells me that the early hours of the morning have often found them still at it.

I have perfect confidence in the result.

Affectionately yours

E. M. House<sup>3</sup>

Then came the final night. Henry Morgenthau, Sr., Chairman of our Finance Committee, gave a dinner at the Hotel Biltmore for his co-workers and Cabinet members and their wives, including also a few personal friends. From the outset it was a depressing affair. The first returns were from states regarded as doubtful. They came in rapidly, but only a few from which he thought a little comfort might be derived did Morgenthau read. Shortly after seven o'clock special early editions of *The New York Times* and the *New York Morning World*, announcing that Hughes had swept the country, were distributed among the guests. Then came a flash that Hughes had carried Michigan by fifty thousand. We knew that the polls in that state would not close for an hour. Chairman McCormick arose and asked to be excused, saying that he wished to "return to headquarters and be with the boys in defeat." Woolley jumped up and caught him by the arm. "Vance," he said, "we're not licked. We haven't had a return from a single state we expected to carry, except Kansas, and we know it's all right."

We had just finished the soup course of what had promised to be a sumptuous feast, but I left also. I had known that we would have to win in the West, because of the Eastern financial interests and their influence. But when the Republicans began to parade the streets in celebration of the Hughes' election, there was consternation in our headquarters, especially among those who had counted upon carrying the large Eastern states.

I thought of Minnesota and of what had happened there. Early in the campaign, the Youth Organization of that state had pledged itself to the progressive principles of the Administration. I had received a letter from Z. H. Austin, an insurance man of Minneapolis, informing me in substance that the deterrent to carrying the state was the old and ultraconservative organization under Fred B. Lynch, National Committeeman. "He is now at headquarters in New York," Austin had written. "Presumably he is advising Chairman

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 381.

McCormick, and he will tell you Minnesota is rock-ribbed Republican, and any money spent here by our party will be wasted. You keep Fred Lynch in New York," Austin continued, "and we will carry Minnesota for Wilson." I was fond of Lynch, but I liked Austin's fighting qualities. Accordingly, I conferred with McCormick, who agreed to keep Lynch busy in New York. Since that time we had worked with Austin and the Youth Organization. I knew the result would be close. I was not to know until a day or two later that we had lost Minnesota by about three hundred votes or the reasons why.

They proved to be as follows: The youthful Democratic organization had become so cocksure from the progress of its campaign that it had claimed victory ten days in advance of the election. These bold claims had thrown the Republican organization into panic, with the result that the Republicans sent in a wrecking crew of six or eight of the best available speakers who could be found to make a last-minute whirlwind campaign to stem the Democratic tide. Even that last-minute work would not have won Minnesota except for what happened on election night. Knowing that the polls in the Western states did not close for several hours after those in the East, and fearing results in the Western states, Republican National Headquarters wired the front pages of the New York newspapers to the Western cities and had them posted on bulletin boards in the vicinity of polling places. The psychology of this worked two ways. Those who had not yet voted, thousands of laboring men who wanted to be on the winning side, changed their votes. Those who felt the advance pangs of defeat turned away from the polls in discouragement. Thus we were to lose Minnesota by a narrow margin. The same thing happened in other Western cities in other states and caused me to conclude that there should be a Federal law preventing the announcement of any election results until all polls are closed in all states.

Many people deserted our headquarters that night. I scanned the returns and tabulated them against my own figures until about midnight. The day had brought such strain that I crossed the street to the Hotel Touraine and lay down in my room for two hours. Then I was aroused by my friend, James A. Edgerton, and returned to headquarters, where I ran into William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. Neither of us had entirely lost faith, and by three



o'clock that morning it was evident that some of the Western states were close indeed. We knew that the polls were guarded by Republicans in some of these states, and the possibility of irregularities made us apprehensive. After a discussion of the situation, McAdoo joined me in the dispatch of fifteen hundred telegrams to men in our Western organizations urging them to exercise the utmost vigilance to prevent irregularities, such as the removal of ballot boxes, or permitting ballots to be counted unless in the presence of Democratic watchers.

Others have told the story of the tension of the next twenty-four hours. As the little doubtful states hung in the balance, the skeptics were criticizing Robert Woolley for the Democratic deficit of six hundred thousand dollars, money he had spent largely in an effort to stem the slander campaign against Wilson and to meet other subversive forces. Those who criticized him so severely, even after the outcome, should consider the strain at our headquarters, especially in the Publicity Bureau. It is a fact that we incurred a deficit of six hundred thousand dollars, and that Woolley was widely blamed. Nobody can be sure, however, that the expenditure of a large part of that sum was not necessary to win. Who was wise enough then or is now to say what part was spent unwisely?

Wilson won by 277 electoral votes, when 266 would have been sufficient. I had the satisfaction of victory, and I was confident that we had retained the man in the White House whom domestic and world conditions needed for the world's highest office. Grave as was the international scene, we who had fought for him believed that America could escape the war. I feel sure that President Wilson believed it too. But in the face of his transcendent idealism, the forces of evil were drawing us nearer the brink. Soon the taunts, the insults, the atrocities of German military madness would test the steel of the President whom we had worked to re-elect.

## NOTE

A letter from Colonel House to President Wilson concerning our conference at his summer home and his plan for the campaign printed by President Seymour in *The Intimate Papers* (II, 360-363) from a draft dated June 20, 1916, are here appended:

New London, New Hampshire  
July 25, 1916.

Dear Governor:

. . . I hope they will not disturb you too much about the campaign. There is no need why you should be bothered with the details.

Roper was here yesterday, and I feel satisfied that we will have the only efficient organization that has ever been constructed in a Democratic national campaign. Roper seems to understand the job and appreciates its importance, and we have agreed to keep in close touch with one another.

I suggested a coördination between the organization, Publicity, and Speakers' Bureau. The centre of this should be the organization, and Roper will be able to tell Cummings the kind of speakers that are needed in each particular section, and will tell Woolley the kind of literature to send. I have asked him to explain this to McCormick and let him bring about the coördination himself. . . .

Affectionately yours  
E. M. House.

#### HOUSE'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

In preparing the organization I would suggest that the following States be classified in this way:

- Class 1. Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Indiana, Missouri, Wyoming, Arizona, and New Mexico.
- Class 2. Maine, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Colorado, California, Oregon, and Washington.
- Class 3. Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa.

We should put forth our maximum effort in the States of Class 1, a strong effort in those of Class 2, and a lesser effort in those of Class 3.

There are seven States in Class 1 of prime importance, which we should and must carry. These States should be divided into units of not larger than 100,000 voters.

By having the State organizations coöperate closely with the national organization, it will not be over-difficult to have the certain Republican and certain Democratic voters of these units segregated. This can be done by writing to the precinct chairmen in those units and obtaining from them lists of the entire electorate, putting the absolutely certain Republicans and absolutely certain Democrats in one class and the fluctuating voters in another.

This independent vote should be classified as to race, religion, and former affiliations. Roughly speaking, we must assume that in a unit of

100,000 voters, eighty per cent of them will be unchangeable voters, which would leave twenty per cent that can be influenced by argument.

The size of these units must necessarily depend upon the size of our campaign fund. If it is small, a larger unit will have to be considered; if sufficient money is raised, a smaller unit can be made. The smaller the unit the more successful, of course, will be the result.

Literature, letters in sealed envelopes, and personal appeals should be made to each of these doubtful voters.

One member of the Campaign Committee should be placed in charge of the organization of these units, with nothing else to do. He, in turn, should place one man in charge of each unit. The duty of this man should be to keep in touch not only with the State Executive Committee of his particular unit, but also with each one of the doubtful voters in that unit.

The State Executive Committee should coöperate by giving to the man in charge of the unit the names of precinct chairmen, and also the names of influential citizens of Democratic persuasion in each precinct, and give information as to what things that community has a special interest in.

The influential men in these units that favor the President's policies should be invited to the National Headquarters and should be seen by the Chairman in person, by the member of the committee in charge of the organization, and by the man in charge of the particular unit from which the visitor comes. The subtle flattery which an invitation of this kind carries will win the best endeavors from those to whom it is extended. In addition, it gives the manager in charge of organization and the man in charge of the unit a personal touch with the situation that he cannot get otherwise.

If the campaign is organized in this way, it will not be difficult at any time after the first of September to know just where we stand.

The man in charge of these units should ask of the local Democrats in charge, what argument we are using appeals most to the voters of his community. This enables us to soft pedal in some directions and push harder in others.

Towards the end of the campaign, the best Democratic workers in each precinct, of each unit, should be given charge of certain voters to see that they cast their votes on election day. If this is not done, a valuable percentage of the vote will be lost because of lack of interest or from a desire to do something else.

The literature of the campaign should be considered as a whole. Certain issues should be decided upon as being the ones upon which the

campaign is to be fought. When these issues have been determined, the treatment of each issue should be likewise determined, and the best writers obtainable should be given the task of preparing articles, letters, or speeches upon the particular subject. These should be short, eloquent, and convincing.

Dead-beats and political hacks should not be employed by the Committee at the instance of politicians from various States, particularly those States that are unalterably Democratic or Republican. Almost every campaign organization is filled with such men. They come recommended by United States Senators, Congressmen, Governors, and leading editors of their respective localities, and are a clog to the organization.

I would suggest holding as few committee meetings as possible without giving offence. In lieu of this, I would consult members of the organization individually. In this way, each one consulted would feel that the campaign manager and himself were running the campaign. General meetings promote friction and take a lot of time.

Instead of having members of the organization coming in at will to discuss matters, I would fix a time to see each. Some of them should be seen each day, others twice a week, and still others once a week. They should be invited to make notes of the things to be discussed and to save the discussion of them until the time allotted to them. An infinite amount of time and trouble will be saved if this plan is adopted.

I would suggest that at the beginning the Chairman should ask the coöperation of everybody in avoiding personalities and friction of any kind, within the organization, and I would state that all would have a square deal and when differences arose they should be discussed openly and with good feeling.

The Speakers' Bureau should be informed that all speeches to be made must be based upon the issues as outlined by the Campaign Committee and as indicated in the campaign literature.

Coördination between the national and State campaigns should be brought about, so that there may be no friction or misunderstandings.

## *The Web of War*

THE ELECTION was over, and the rejoicing was widespread. All that remained for those of us to do who had worked in the national headquarters was to "break camp" and remove the property of the National Committee to Washington. The anxious, grueling months in New York had proved a severe strain, and I was glad to return to my home and family for a much needed rest. While it had been the most exciting experience of my life, it had taken its toll, which could only be overcome by a vacation. This I could arrange, for as yet I had reached no definite conclusion for my work of the future. Naturally, I felt that I might return to some branch of the government service; but no promises had been made to me, nor was there any understanding of this sort with anyone. The uncertainty of world conditions due to the World War made it extremely difficult to arrive at decisions or to forecast what another day might bring. Germany had threatened a repetition of her ruthless, unrestricted submarine warfare. Our country bristled with war sentiment.

Back in Washington at last, I rested for a few days and then journeyed to South Carolina for a brief visit with my son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. David R. Coker, of Hartsville. The remainder of my vacation was spent in Washington. During the latter part of this rest period, the idea of writing a book about the Post Office, something I had planned to do for several years, evolved into a decision. In consequence, from December 1 until March 22, and with the valuable co-operation of my faithful and efficient secretary, Franklin C. Parks, *The United States Post Office* became a reality. The thought of getting the inside story of the mails to the American public was gratifying, yet not more so than the inner pleasure it gave me to sponsor something symbolic of my appreciation of and a testi-

monial to those who had served with me in the effort to raise postal standards.

Toward the latter part of this time Postmaster General Burleson and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo called me into a conference. "As you know," Mr. Burleson said, "the amended Revenue Act provides for a Tariff Commission. The President has selected Dr. F. W. Taussig, Professor of Economics at Harvard, to be chairman. He knows of your experience with the Ways and Means Committee and would appreciate it if you could send him a list of men who would be available and desirable for the Commission. I agreed to submit a list immediately. It was prepared within the next day or so, while with Franklin C. Parks I applied myself to finishing the book.

Mr. Burleson called me again in a few days. This time he informed me that the President wanted me to serve as Vice-Chairman of the Tariff Commission, that he had given me the twelve-year, or long, term and wanted me to be responsible for the Commission's organization. I was sworn in March 22, 1917. For the fifth time, I was in the Federal service. The other commissioners, soon sworn in, were: Dr. F. W. Taussig, Chairman; Edward P. Costigan, of Colorado; William S. Culbertson, of Kansas; William Kent, of California; and David J. Lewis, of Maryland.

The question of the tariff had been a bone of contention since the birth of the Republic. If one cares to go back farther, the Boston Tea Party may be a worthy starting point. Tariff schedules and the niceties of the American tariff setup had always been complicated. However, the basic principles of our tariff were, in reality, quite simple and readily understood. I had some knowledge of the Revenue Act, for I had followed with interest all legislation affecting the branches of government with which I had had experience. The new Tariff Commission, I was aware, was to be a fact-finding body, based on the theory of a customs tax for revenue. Protection to industry was to be incidental. Moreover, it was expected by the President who had inspired the legislation that the law would be administered according to his own theory: that customs tariff rates should be arrived at on the basis of the difference between the cost of domestic production and that of similar goods from foreign countries. In my experience with the Ways and Means Committee I had already

learned how impossible it was to obtain accurate knowledge of costs of production even at home. Therefore, I anticipated that our task at the Commission would not be easy. Furthermore, the war had completely scrambled international trade.

The Commission members were congenial and fully appreciative of the outstanding reputation and ability of the Chairman. We held a preliminary meeting, following which we proceeded to the routine, but less important, duties of forming a working organization properly staffed, housed, and equipped. In a little while the Commission was an efficient and smoothly functioning organization. At first meetings were held almost daily; since we were supposed to be a fact-finding body created to advise the President and Congress, many schedules and commodities were considered. At the very outset, however, we saw the impossibility of obtaining accurate production costs from foreign countries since little, if anything, was available from the belligerents in the European war. The details of the Commission's work during my six-months service would have little interest. The absorbing question when the Commission was organized was whether or not America would have to go to war. The answer came when I had been a member of the Commission less than two weeks.

## II

Woodrow Wilson had worn himself ill trying to avert our entry into the war. His sympathy was with the Allies, as a limited number of his closest friends knew, yet he regarded it as his supreme duty to preserve peace. Because of our detachment from the conflict he had been accused of favoring "peace at any price." Earlier, he had prevailed upon the Germans to refrain from their ruthless submarine policy of sinking neutral and unarmed merchant ships and of sending passenger ships laden with women and children to the bottom of the sea. But by February the Germans had become desperate for victory. The British blockade was gradually having the effect of bringing about a slow, but sure, starvation of the Germans. In view of these facts, in March, soon after his inauguration, the President began a new series of notes to both Germany and the Allies. Those were days when our future role hung in the balance, anxious days for all who did not want war. Then came the note to Germany requesting what her peace terms would be. The answer was an insult. There

was no longer an alternative. On the night of April 2, unforgettable to anyone living in Washington, the President addressed a joint session of Congress.

Long before the appointed hour great throngs poured out upon Pennsylvania Avenue. Everywhere flags were flying, and a guard of cavalry was drawn up in front of the Capitol. Faces were grim, and there was little laughter. As the time drew near, the Senators walked in slow procession from their own wing of the Capitol to the House of Representatives. In filed the members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court; and in the gallery reserved for the diplomatic corps one saw the emissaries of foreign countries. At last the President entered and mounted the rostrum immediately in front of the Speaker's platform. There was a hush as all present rose in respect to him. He began in a tone of deepest solemnity. The packed chamber listened to his every word in almost breathless silence. He outlined the crisis, but without an overt declaration. The audience listened intently a few moments longer. Then he said:

There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making; we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very root of human life.

It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concourse of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

His voice stopped. There was a silent moment. He was through. The audience burst into a mighty cheer. Although everyone knew that the Senate and House had to ratify the declaration, they knew



equally well that our Congress would doubtless have been mobbed had it not done so. That same night the Senate voted ratification by 82 to 6. The House passed it the next morning by a vote of 373 to 50. The President affixed his signature at 1:19 P.M., April 6. Before the night of the sixth was over, American troop trains had begun to move, Western soldiers coming eastward to be near points of embarkation. We had joined the other democratic powers of the world in the effort to stamp out German militarism.

## *To Avert Physical Breakdown*

UPON OUR ENTRY into the war, Washington changed from a quiet and orderly city to a hub of such great and hurried activity that the scene sometimes bordered upon chaos. Government officials carried unprecedented burdens. In addition to their regular jobs they now had the burdens of the war. They served on committees, were welded into co-ordinating agencies, and had to make public addresses, both in and out of Washington. The morale of the American people, although requiring no stimulation as to the rightness of the step which had been taken, nevertheless had to be heightened to the point where the prodigious tasks of war work, including the raising of huge funds, would be met swiftly and surely. As a member of the new Tariff Commission, I seemed to have my hands full already, but hardly a day passed in which there was not some call to additional service. The same was true of the other commissioners. We had to attend outside meetings, luncheons and dinners, and often to speak at rallies. The Liberty Loan and other great drives had to be executed in staccato fashion. What a credit to the American people that no single drive failed. Not many weeks passed before it became evident that unless something was done we would give way to nerves. One of my colleagues, Commissioner Kent of California, found the solution. Commissioner Kent<sup>1</sup> had frequently mentioned the nervous strain upon government executives, but one day he came into my office to say that he had formed a plan to keep us physically fit. "I've been talking to Walter Camp about it," he said. "We need exercise—not just occasionally, but systematically, every few days." Walter Camp was then Director of Physical Training at Yale University. "I think I can get Camp to come down," he went on. "How would you like to come in with us?" I told him I

<sup>1</sup> Commissioner Kent gave to the Government the great California red fir forest preserve, now known as Muir Woods.

thought that it would be a privilege to do so. He suggested that we get together an informal group at his home. In this conversation we discussed various people who might be interested, both of us making suggestions.

As the result of this planning, the health club was soon formed. Walter Camp came to Washington for two days of each week, and on those days we met at seven-thirty each morning in Commissioner Kent's backyard. Camp put us through a half hour of physical drill, calisthenics which corresponded to the army setting-up exercises. After this vigorous session we ran around the block and returned to the Kent home. There we had a delicious breakfast prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Kent, the Commissioner's gracious wife. We discussed many questions, developing fellowship that helped us to meet the challenges of the times. The participants numbered, perhaps, twenty, among whom were Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior; John W. Davis, Solicitor General; Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Edwin F. Sweet, Assistant Secretary of Commerce; Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor; and others of note. Commissioner Kent never permitted any member of the club to assist in meeting its expense.

I am impelled to record here the kindly interest of another outstanding man in those nerve-wracking days, one who also was filled with a deep interest in human beings; namely, John Skelton Williams, then Comptroller of the Currency. On the Friday before Labor Day, 1917, he visited me at my office in the Tariff Commission. After we had exchanged greetings, he extended an invitation for the week-end. "You need a real rest over Labor Day," he said in his friendly way. "I won't take no for an answer, either. I want you to have your bag packed and down here at the office tomorrow at noon. I'm going to call for you and take you to my summer place up at Pen Mar."

I did need the rest and was glad to accept his invitation. So it was that he called the next day, accompanied by two other guests, Robert S. Brookings, founder of the Brookings Institution, and Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director of the Pan-American Union. I knew it would be a delightful outing. We reached Pen Mar about dark, visiting with his family and the other guests for a short time before the evening

meal. At dinner I was much surprised when Mr. Williams asked Grace, because many people regarded him as being austere and unsympathetic. I was more surprised after the meal when the servants followed us into the drawing room. Our host went to a side table and opened a large family Bible. He read the major part of a chapter and then offered an evening prayer. The servants withdrew, and the service was over. During the rest of the evening the guests mingled in most entertaining and absorbing conversation.

The next morning, being Sunday, Mr. Williams took us to the Episcopal Church, and then, when the services were over, he said, "How would you like to pay a surprise call on the McAdoos? They live just two miles away." I answered that I would like to do so. "Fine," he said, "we'll drive over after dinner." I had no idea that there might be a surprise for me at the McAdoos', but we had been close friends long before the campaign work in New York. Therefore, I anticipated the trip with pleasure. We drove over shortly after dinner, both Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo meeting us at the door.

McAdoo spoke first. Turning to Mrs. McAdoo (daughter of Woodrow Wilson), he said, "Eleanor, here's the man we were just talking about for Commissioner of Internal Revenue." The statement took me by complete surprise. In the next breath he continued, "I told her you were a man I'd be willing to risk my reputation as Secretary of the Treasury on. Do you understand? In connection with the collection and handling of war revenues that must be collected under the bill now in conference between the two Houses." This surprising announcement was startling. "That's very complimentary of you," I replied. "Not at all," he said. "But would you be willing to resign your twelve-year job at \$7,500 to accept the temporary job as Commissioner of Internal Revenue at \$6,000?"

It took me a moment to grasp the situation. The new Revenue Bill and the collecting of the new income tax meant that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue would have to raise a great part of the stupendous sum necessary to prosecute the war. It would be a war service. I did not hesitate. "I see," I replied. "It's a war service. I can't refuse you. It'll be a pleasure to work with and under you." We entered the house with the others. The matter was not discussed further, but riding back to the Williams' house that after-

noon I gave it a lot of thought. It would be my sixth government job—under the circumstances one of the hardest tasks in the Federal service.

During my stay with the Tariff Commission I had not had time to formulate much in the way of new ideas about the tariff. My views had crystallized gradually since the days when I had been Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee. In the environment of that committee, my tariff views had been somewhat modified from the set conception I had brought to Washington from South Carolina. Listening in at hearings day after day, I had adjusted my original views of "tariff for revenue only" to our expanding industrial system with allowance for *some* incidental protection. Also, I had witnessed the effect of cotton mills moving south from New England and the investment of Southern money in these new mills. In a tariff debate about that time, Senator Tillman said, "I am against a protection policy of tariff, but if we must have it, I want my share." Thus, I sensed the tendency of a breaking down of the rigorous Southern opposition to "some tariff."

On the other hand, I believed that the "high protection" theory would eventually break down through excessive greed and its certainty of creating monopolies. Through our Liberty Loan activities we were lending large sums of money to European nations to prosecute the war. How was this money to be returned to us except by lowering tariffs and admitting their goods into our markets? Already I had been shocked at the sinister motives of those interests that would protect their greed by all manner of subterfuge and dishonesty, such as log-rolling and vote swapping by members of Congress and efforts at vote purchasing by outside interests.

Apparently, though, my tariff days were over. My dominant thought now was to discharge the patriotic duty which William Gibbs McAdoo was about to intrust to me.

## *A Billion Dollars in Ten Days*

ONE OF the first statements issued to the press after I was sworn in as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, September 25, 1917, ran as follows: "It matters little whether any man acting as a TAX SLACKER is the paid agent of Germany. He is doing the Kaiser's work, he is doing the Kaiser's will, he should have the Kaiser's reward. He is a traitor, and as a traitor you should know him."

There were literally thousands of things to be done, including a complete reorganization of the Bureau and the inauguration of a brand-new setup for the complicated task which lay before me. The one overpowering thought never to be lost sight of was: We had to win the war. We could not win it without money. We could not win it without the products of the income and other new taxes levied under the provisions of the new Revenue Act of 1917, then in conference between the two Houses of Congress.

Several days intervened between the time of my appointment, confirmation by the United States Senate, and the arrival of my commission from President Wilson. I tried to put them to advantage. With the permission of the Secretary of the Treasury, William Gibbs McAdoo, at this juncture I conferred with the Honorable Claude Kitchin, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and Chairman of the Conferees on the bill. In this conference I explained to Chairman Kitchin that the bill was very inadequate and that I foresaw grave difficulties in administering it unless certain changes could be made. Primarily I requested a provision giving the Commissioner of Internal Revenue authority to appoint advisory boards to assist in the administration of the new law. I told him that these boards could be formed as voluntary committees, but I preferred to have them authorized by Congress. The astute and conscientious Mr.

Kitchin slowly shook his head and explained that the bill then in conference was none too popular with the country. For the first time in history, Congress was passing a law which probed into the personal and private affairs of American citizens to an extent never dreamed of before. Uncle Sam was putting his hand very deeply in the pockets of his citizens. To take the bill from the conferees and refer it again to open debate in the two Houses, Mr. Kitchin continued, would be disastrous and would materially delay and interfere with collecting revenue to meet war emergencies. I told him that I understood and that we would therefore proceed to utilize committees rather than boards.

A few hours after this conference, I received my commission signed by President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo. After being sworn in to office, I immediately proceeded with a study of the internal organization of the Bureau. I turned to Joseph H. Callan, who had been associated with me in the Post Office Department, first as my secretary and then as Superintendent of the City Delivery Service. He had gone with me to the Tariff Commission, where he was Assistant Secretary. From there, at his own request, he accompanied me to the Bureau of Internal Revenue. "Joe," I said, "your first job is to head an inventory committee. I'd like for you and your committee to find out just what it is we are taking over; that is, take an inventory of the Bureau."

Callan, applying his unusual energy and intelligence, soon found that we needed space for the enlarged organization required under the new act, also that a complete reorganization of personnel, both in the Bureau and in the field, was imperative. It is well to recall that the income tax amendment to the Constitution was enacted February 25, 1913. Previously, the principal sources of Federal income were the customs tariff and excise taxes. The first income tax law under the Sixteenth Amendment was approved October 3, 1913, effective March 1, 1913. This law imposed a normal tax of 1 per cent on the net incomes of individuals, estates, trusts, and corporations. The surtax rate was graduated from 1 to 6 per cent on net incomes in excess of \$20,000. In the Revenue Act of 1916 the normal rate was practically doubled, and the surtax ranged from 1 per cent on net incomes of \$20,000 to 13 per cent on net incomes of \$2,000,000

or above. The next income tax law, that of 1917, passed October 3, 1917, and retroactive to January 1, 1917, was the law that I was being inducted into the Bureau to administer. It imposed the highest rates ever enacted up to that time.

The war news from Europe was daily more terrifying. Government expenditures were skyrocketing. None could foresee how many billions of dollars would be needed to win, since our Allies depended upon us for money as well as for men. Speed, therefore, was of the essence of my problem. We had to find men who were efficient, effective, and thoroughly trustworthy to administer the big income tax law upon which so much depended.

In my "cabinet" I had Joseph H. Callan, who had been associated with me in the Post Office Department and also at the Tariff Commission; Executive Assistant Paul F. Myers; Franklin C. Parks from the Post Office Department; Clarence B. Hurrey, formerly of the Post Office Department, then an employee of the United States Chamber of Commerce; John E. Walker, who had succeeded me as Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee; James M. Baker, formerly Secretary of the United States Senate; J. Craig Peacock, Secretary of the Excess Profits Tax Reviewers. These men had difficult tasks involving complicated and baffling problems in organization and in conducting their respective units of the bureau. They all justified my high faith in them.

It was necessary to arouse a public consciousness of the partnership relation formed by this drastic Internal Revenue Act if we were to achieve co-operation between the Government and the taxpayers in administering the law with justice and equity. To this end we created a committee of attorneys who, as described to the public, were to review from time to time the decisions of the legal forces of the Bureau. This first group of outside attorneys consisted of Samuel Untermyer, Arthur A. Ballantine, and D. J. Kelleher.

We then brought into the family an Advisory Committee on Excess Profits consisting of Cordell Hull, Chairman; Thomas S. Adams, Professor of Economics at Yale University and already an advisor to the Secretary of the Treasury, Vice-Chairman; E. T. Meredith, of Iowa, later Secretary of Agriculture; Stuart W. Cramer, a cotton manufacturer of Charlotte, North Carolina; J. E. Sterrett, of Price Waterhouse Company of New York City; W. D.



Simmons, of Simmons Hardware Company, Philadelphia; S. R. Bertram, a New York banker; and Henry Walters, President of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. Through the assistance of the Certified Public Accountants' organization, a group of tax reviewers was created which afterwards became the basis of the present-day Tax Appeals Board. This combination of advisory groups—lawyers, businessmen, and accountants—served as a great bulwark for efficiency and helped to establish public confidence.

One illustration of the effectiveness of this setup is worth noting. One morning a Mr. Kavanagh, of St. Louis, called to see me, complaining that he had been improperly assessed to the amount of \$40,000. "Why don't you get some man in here that knows something about business?" he asked. I answered quietly: "Mr. Kavanagh, I'm glad you have come here. If you can, I would like to have you stay here about two days and study the setup of the Bureau. I think that it will help to straighten out your difficulties."

Mr. Kavanagh consented and I turned him over to Mr. Callan for the next two days. When the complainant returned late in the afternoon of the second day, there was a smile instead of a frown on his face. He had met men of whom he had heard for years but had never seen; he had not dreamed that they were now in the Bureau. "Mr. Commissioner," he said, "I want to apologize to you. I want to apologize for my ignorance of what you are trying to do. I had no idea you had such men as I've had the pleasure of meeting. Not only have I been convinced that you don't owe me \$40,000, but I'm convinced that I owe you \$2,500!" and he explained why. Putting out his hand to say goodbye, he concluded: "I'm sending my check with the proper explanation to the collector of our district. I assure you it'll be a pleasure to do so."

The incident was one of many that brought me great satisfaction in this work. I felt that my committee had been justified, and I was grateful to those who had helped toward this constructive achievement.

Not all of my interviews were so pleasant as that with the businessman from St. Louis. One morning I began to get calls from Capitol Hill: Congressman A. was calling, or Senator B. They were introducing me to a man at that time visiting them in their offices. I said: "Send your man along." The man arrived while a num-

ber of people waited in my rather large office. I asked them to be patient while I saw this latest caller first, since he had an urgent matter. Mr. A. noted the people sitting around and asked if he might see me in my private office. "This is my private office," I replied, "if your business affects the government." "Oh," he said. "I thought I might get to talk to you privately." I repeated that we were in my private office for government work.

"I came here," he said in what was almost a whisper, "to tell you where you can collect a lot of money for the Government. I know the people and you can get the goods on them." "Then proceed," I said. "And give me names." "Oh," he replied, "I've got to have a contract with you before I give any names." "What kind of a contract?" I asked. "I want 15 per cent of what you recover for turning them in." I looked him squarely in the eye. "Are you an American citizen?" I asked. "Do you want your country to win this war?" "Certainly I am," he said in a tone that was slightly arrogant. "And why do you ask?" "Because," I answered him, "you've made an impression on me to the contrary. Certainly no good citizen would think of profiting on the understated taxes of his neighbors—people unfamiliar with the intricacies of this complicated tax law, not if he were a good citizen and had the right attitude toward his own people—and the right attitude toward defending his country in this war."

Mr. A. said nothing, but a flush was on his face. In the next moment I said, "I demand from you the names, but with the distinct understanding there'll be no commissions paid to a man spying on his neighbors." He seemed determined to bluff it out. "I couldn't give them to you," he said, "without conferring with my associates." "Associates?" I replied. "So you have accomplices in your efforts to defraud your own government?" His face reddened again. "Listen to me," I told him. "I'd have you arrested immediately but for one thing. Maybe you are confused by the old 'informer fee provision' of the whiskey law, which provides fees for those who guide revenue men to stills. On this account I'm letting you go in peace. But it's with the understanding that you are to bring back those names immediately—names and addresses."

I can see him now as he double-quick-stepped out of the office with his long coat tails actually swinging in the air. But I never saw

him again. We had to deal with all types of people and saw many efforts to defame character.

From my experience as Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee, as a member of the Tariff Commission, and as Commissioner of Internal Revenue I became convinced that we could never hope to get a perfect tax law or secure a tax administration satisfactory to all the people. However, as complications in taxation increased, it was more and more necessary to strive toward improved tax legislation and equitable administration. With the Government in partnership with business, it was increasingly important that the partners cooperate for their common good and not antagonize each other. This idea lay at the foundation of my plans for organizing the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Because many serious charges were reaching the Bureau alleging tax frauds and irregularities involving important taxpayers, and sometimes employees of the Internal Revenue Service, I decided to create an Intelligence Unit to investigate such charges and to increase the sources of information needed to protect both the Revenue Service and the public from increasing frauds. Having high admiration for the Post Office Inspectors, based on personal knowledge, I went to the Postmaster General and told him that I needed at least six Inspectors for the creation of this unit. Little did I realize that I was about to form one of the most important and indispensable units of the Federal service.

Mr. Burleson, always co-operative, agreed for me to have "six men of my own choosing—but no more." However, I got away with seven. They were: Elmer Irely, Hugh McQuillan, Arthur A. Nichols, Everett Parker, Arthur Smith, Herbert B. Lucas, and Frank Frayser. Irely was made chief of this unit, a position which he holds with great distinction today (1941).

Perhaps I can most effectively illustrate the service of this Intelligence Unit to the Bureau and to the public by giving two examples. The files of the Intelligence Unit show that the first investigation, which netted the Government a million dollars, related to a conspiracy on the part of two Certified Public Accountants doing business under the trade name of X and Company, New York City, with an Internal Revenue Inspector. The statement of the case is as follows:

It was their practice to call on individuals and business concerns having substantial incomes and suggest to them that they participate in a "fool-proof" scheme to defraud the Government of taxes. The fee which they asked was set at 20 per cent of the amount of taxes defrauded.

The plan was a deliberate fraud and consisted of falsifying and destroying records. The dishonest Internal Revenue Inspector's part in the conspiracy was to make the official examination of the fraudulent return, report superficial changes, and otherwise accept the return as filed.

One of the taxpayers approached by the group promptly reported the solicitation to the Collector of Internal Revenue at New York City.

The Intelligence Unit was called upon to investigate the matter. This Unit then was in the process of organization. There was only one Post Office Inspector other than the Chief of the Unit whose transfer to the Intelligence Unit had been effected. This Inspector was the entire field force of the Unit, operating under the direction of the Chief at the time this case was assigned to the Unit for investigation. Within a few weeks, and prior to completion of the investigation, he was assisted by others who were as promptly as possible transferred from the Post Office Inspection Service.

The stage was set for the apprehension of the accountants and Revenue Inspector. When the latter and one of the accountants left the taxpayer's office, they were taken into custody by the Special Agents. They found \$2,000 on the Revenue Inspector, the money having been marked for identification earlier in the day and then returned to the taxpayer for use in making the payment.

As a part of a prearranged plan, the files of the accounting firm were seized. Examination disclosed that the defendants had prepared the income tax returns of one hundred and fifteen firms and individuals. Each of these cases was investigated very carefully. In almost every instance substantial amounts of additional taxes were found to be due. It was clear that the conspirators had followed the same plan of defrauding the Government of taxes throughout their entire clientele.

The additional taxes disclosed, as a result of the examination of their clients' returns, amounted to more than \$1,000,000 exclusive of penalties. The disclosure of this fraud was highly publicized. It served to put dishonest accountants, Internal Revenue employees and taxpayers on notice that there had been created an organization with which they would have to contend in any attempted fraudulent practices.

The following is another case of a different type:

Mr. A., an attorney, was engaged in the practice of criminal law at Washington, D. C., for several years. One of his clients was Mr. X., an aged, wealthy and eccentric individual. X. had been sued on several occasions by women who charged that he had assaulted them. Although A. was retained to act as Mr. X.'s attorney in these cases, he evolved a blackmailing scheme whereby large settlements could be obtained from Mr. X. through "frameups."

Associated with A. in this conspiracy were B., a disbarred attorney, and C., a bootlegger, who procured the women. These women would call to see X. at his apartment under various ruses and later would bring suit claiming that they had been criminally assaulted by X.

The women were represented by attorneys who acted upon the instructions of B.; while A., on the other hand, would advise X. to settle the cases. Upon A.'s suggestion, X. would pay over large sums of money to him with instructions to obtain settlements. During the years 1930 and 1931 X. was swindled out of more than \$100,000. The women who were involved received only nominal amounts. In one instance, X. paid \$35,000 to settle the case of one woman. Only \$1,500 of that amount was paid to her. The balance was retained by A., who paid B. and C. a small share for their part in the "frameup." The settlements with the other women were similar.

A. did not report any of this income on his returns. It was established that his correct income for the years 1930 and 1931 was \$49,771.98 and \$100,621.22. He had reported but \$19,103.32 and \$40,325.18, respectively, for those years.

Total additional taxes and penalties in the amount of \$32,985.34 were established. A. was indicted for tax evasion and on December 27, 1933, sentenced to serve eighteen months in the Atlanta penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$10,000.

Where many law enforcement agencies have failed, the Internal Revenue Investigators have succeeded. Al Capone and Waxy Gordon are just two of the now notorious Americans who could corroborate my statement. And it is with the deep pride of authorship I view the fine deeds of this, "my old unit."

## II

In those feverish days there were almost daily conferences with the Secretary of the Treasury and his financial counselors. The early

tide of resentment against the income tax law was gradually broken down. Yet there were those who pointed to their large contributions to the patriotic drives of the day and asked why the Government wanted to go into their private affairs. We expected to make mistakes, but I tried to see that such mistakes were adjusted expeditiously. The campaign to stimulate public confidence was unceasing. One instance of it is vivid in my memory.

Robert J. Cuddihy, publisher of *The Literary Digest*, had been instrumental in getting my book on the Post Office published. When I saw the need of widespread education and publicity among the people of the country, I also sought a way to enlist the clergy of America in our cause. But how could I reach them? I thought of Cuddihy. Perhaps *The Literary Digest* had such a mailing list. This proved to be true. Cuddihy came to Washington, and I outlined my plan to him. He informed me that his mailing list included one hundred and twenty-five thousand clergymen. "How can I fit in?" he then asked. "If I send you one hundred and twenty-five thousand envelopes will you run them through your stencils?" Continuing, I asked him if he would help me prepare a letter to the clergymen of the country asking them to set aside two or three Sundays upon which they would tell their congregations the importance of financing the war through the income tax. He arose and began to pace silently up and down the room. Finally, he turned to me. "Roper, I'll do more than that. I'll carry a full-page free advertisement in the *Digest* for six months. And I've got in mind the heading for the page. We'll call it, 'THE GLORY OF PAYING THE INCOME TAX.'" Cuddihy, noble soul that he was, kept his word.

What a strange assortment of replies these letters brought. A small minority were protests, but thousands responded with cheerful affirmatives. Some even mailed their sermons to me. I shall never forget one letter from a superannuated clergyman in the Middle West. "Dear Mr. Commissioner," he wrote. "Am appealed to by your letter, but I am superannuated. I haven't got a pulpit any more. Enclosed you will find two dollars. It's all I can spare from my little income, but I'm sending it in the hope you can find somebody to preach the sermon for me." I sent him a letter of gratitude and returned his two dollars, telling him to procure a goods box and,

using it for the pulpit he did not have, preach a sermon on the street corners of his home town.

Businessmen were deriving one inestimable benefit from the new law. Complicated and technical as were its minutiae, they were learning how to keep accurate records of profit and loss. A portion of the large corporations, however, found themselves lacking in men with the requisite training to meet the law's complex character. Thus began the drain upon our best men. While the Bureau was growing and was to reach a personnel of twenty-five thousand in my time as Commissioner, business was continually skimming the cream of trained men from our organization. As man after man left to accept financial beguilement, the condition gave cause for alarm. I called in my "Little Cabinet," Callan, Parks, Hurrey, Talbert, Walker and a few others, and we evolved a plan to start our own training school.

That same day I wired Homer S. Pace of the Pace and Pace Accounting Schools in New York. The next morning he was in Washington, and we had a long talk about the exodus of trained personnel. The outcome was the organization of a night school under Mr. Pace's supervision. The Heads of Divisions in the Bureau became Mr. Pace's professors. The school was housed in the upper story of the old K Street Auditorium, later known as the K Street Market. We soon had twelve hundred students who obtained their training without tuition. In this way we successfully met this challenge. My policy was never to discourage a man who could improve his financial status by leaving us. Unrest was harmful for the Bureau, and I wanted to help those who wished properly to help themselves. This policy tended to keep us all co-operative and effective in the work.

### III

There were legal snarls, accounting discrepancies of wide variance, and similar daily events that made us shiver in our boots. One proposal well-nigh baffled all of us; namely, the dilemma of Henry Ford and the Dodge Brothers. Mr. Alfred Lucking, Henry Ford's attorney, came to see me. "You're aware," he began, "that Mr. Ford and the Dodge Brothers have reached the parting of the ways. One side or the other must be bought if the industry is to be preserved. The only way," he continued, "that the deal can go through

is for you to give us an advance valuation of the stock and let us know what the total tax will be."

Here was a transaction of a nature I had never faced. My reply to Mr. Lucking was that we could not decide hypothetical cases, or pass upon trades not yet made. "But think, Mr. Commissioner," Lucking protested, "you have an exceptional opportunity. By helping effect the sale, you'll save one of the country's largest industries. And at the same time you will collect several million dollars in taxes."

I then assured him that I was interested in doing both; so I asked him to give me a few hours to confer with advisers. Mr. Lucking agreed to call back that afternoon. I summoned Mr. Percy S. Talbert, our most experienced tax expert. After stating the case, I asked if he was willing to appraise and fix a valuation upon the Ford stock. "Quite willing," he replied, "if you'll let me have two field men I have great confidence in." He named them. "Get your men," I told him, "and proceed to Detroit." I didn't hear from Talbert for two weeks. When he came back, he laid his report upon my desk. He had fixed the valuation at nine thousand dollars a share. He had facts and figures that convinced me, and after a careful analysis of them, I approved the report. The Ford-Dodge transaction went through. The Government collected several millions in taxes.

The Excess Profits Tax, something entirely new in the field of American taxation, was perhaps the most difficult problem encountered. Under the law the tax was based on invested capital. It quickly developed that strict accounting procedure in determining invested capital resulted in many instances in grave inequities. The larger, more highly capitalized corporations were found to be unduly favored, while many of the smaller companies, particularly "family" corporations and those whose income depended principally on personal services, were heavily penalized. Insofar as discretionary action was legally possible, these serious defects in the law were overcome through prompt administrative action and later confirmed by remedial legislation. In certain classes of cases average earnings over a period of years for invested capital were substituted as a more equitable base for determining the excess profits tax.



## IV

All the great war drives had their anxious moments, times when it appeared that failure rather than victory would write the final chapter. In those crises it was the responsibility of leaders on the home front to inject new spirit and intensified vigor into their cohorts. It did not seem to me that we were fighting an ordinary war. Rather, it was the volcanic reaction of the accumulated forces of evil and oppression against centuries of progress from barbarism toward civilization. "While our soldiers and sailors pay the full price," I told my field men, "you will be giving your vigilant, unselfish and indefatigable service with quick understanding and keen enthusiasm to keeping open the life stream of revenue that finances the nation in both peace and war. And let no man lack the knowledge of just how the paying of his tax is a part in the winning of the war. Every dollar of liberty tax supports many dollars of liberty loans." And then came a day when it seemed to me that I was being asked to do what only Divine Providence could accomplish.

Early one morning Secretary McAdoo summoned me to his office. This in itself was certainly not unusual. But upon this particular morning I was asked to drop everything and come as quickly as I could. I wondered if some serious mistake had been made and if so what it might have been. Perhaps, I thought, there had occurred a costly error, or some invasion of private rights, which had been reported to the White House. These and scores of kindred imaginings, which would be meaningless to those unversed in the labyrinths of departmental procedure, raced through my mind. "Roper," the Secretary began, and a silence fell over the room, "the President has just signed the Revenue Act of 1918. You know what the changes are. There are so many that the forms cannot be printed and distributed over the country between now and March 15. Not only that—the average person doesn't know a thing about this new law. It changes classifications, all the exemptions—practically everything. And the taxes are due on March 15." He paused a moment, and I nodded that I understood. I had expected that there would be some delay.

"We've got a worse worry than that, Roper," Mr. McAdoo continued. "The European situation has thrown our balances out of gear. We must have from this act a *billion dollars* by March 15 to

meet the country's outstanding certificates." I must have felt a little faint, for knowing our normal collections, knowing of the individual delays caused by the tempo of the times, the collecting of a billion dollars in less than two weeks—about ten days, eliminating two Sundays—could scarcely be expected with anything short of a miracle. "We can't default on our securities," Mr. McAdoo went on. "And we have important European commitments."

I was trying to think and trying to think fast. Every day of the war had increased my faith in the American people. I had seen them rise to emergencies day after day, week after week. I had seen them respond to the old cry of "Give till it hurts." I believed that a proper appeal would bring response. My own voice must have sounded a little strange to me, but there was only one way, and I thought I saw that way. Looking at Mr. McAdoo, I said, "We'll have to appeal to the people." "In what way?" he inquired. "By asking them to estimate their taxes. We can adjust them later." He nodded. "I believe you are right. Suppose you make the appeal." I told him that I would, and the conference ended. I hurried back to my office, relieved that the suspense was over, but overwhelmed with this new burden—this veritable mountain, as it were, which had to be scaled and surmounted.

It was one of the most exciting days of my life. Within an hour the appeal was being made. Washington newspapermen, press associations, every channel of communication was employed. Soon the wires burned with the message that the American people were to estimate their taxes in order to preserve the credit of their country. They were to estimate them and pay at least one fourth on March 15. Adjustments would be made later. What days were those which followed! The postal service was glutted. Nothing like it was ever seen at the collector's offices, perhaps will ever be seen again. By check and money order, sometimes cash, the American people began to respond to that appeal. The aisles of the Internal Revenue quarters were filled with letters containing money. The lights burned all night as a literal army of workers opened the mail and recorded the individual returns. May I here say a final word in praise of my fellow American taxpayers, the collectors, and our entire field and office staff who are still living and who responded to that appeal. All the returns had been counted on March 15. America came through with \$1,100,000,000!

## *Narcotics and Prohibition*

THE WORLD WAR revealed to our Government the shocking inroads made upon the nation's manpower by that destroyer of destroyers, dope. In New York City alone eight thousand men were rejected in the first selective draft of 1917 because they were drug addicts—eight thousand men in early manhood destroyed by drugs. When I became Commissioner of Internal Revenue (1917), it appeared that something would have to be done to checkmate this evil.

The Bureau was charged with the duty of collecting taxes on the sale of drugs, and it was also invested with police powers for the apprehension of offenders against the Narcotics Law. When the New York situation was disclosed by the army, and when it was estimated that eighty thousand men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five had been rejected in the nation as a whole, it became apparent that the total number of drug addicts of all ages in the United States might exceed a million. Certainly here was cause for action.

In one of the early efforts to arouse the American people to this menace a memorandum was prepared under my direction and made public, containing the following statements:

The illicit traffic in narcotics is carried on almost exclusively by denizens of the underworld and unprincipled manufacturers and importers of drugs. There are, of course, some unprincipled men to be found among those who advertise themselves as practicing physicians and retail druggists, but most of the illicit traffic is carried on by exconvicts who procure their supplies from wholesalers and importers through surreptitious channels.

It is said to be a slogan in the underworld that six months unmolested in the peddling of dope means independent wealth. The consequence is that among the dope peddlers are found the worst type of criminals, who formerly gained their livelihood by blowing safes, picking pockets, and other practices which have been found to lead more rapidly to jail sentences.

The profits exacted from the addicts are almost unbelievable. For example, heroin bought in quantities at \$20 an ounce is peddled in adulterated form at from \$200 to \$300 an ounce. In one raid recently made by the Internal Revenue officers, two large steamer trunks were seized containing almost 4,000 ounces of narcotics. At peddler prices \$800,000 worth of dope was confiscated.

Thus began our campaign.

The subject was not entirely new to me. I had visited state institutions, including hospitals for the insane. On these visits, I had inspected wards where patients were pointed out as having been admitted because of dope, men and women who, we were informed, had lost the use of their brains through addiction to drugs. What pathetic spectacles they presented; the sight of them was etched upon my memory forever. Again, while I was with the Ways and Means Committee—perhaps while we were working on the very bill which restricted the sale of drugs, the Harrison Bill—the valued manager of my South Carolina farm was killed by dope. This man had worked for me for twenty-two years, and there had never been a cross word between us. He was always faithful to his task. He made it a practice never to drink until his farm crops were in; then, after the harvest, he went on periodical sprees. On one of these, and when he could obtain no more to drink, he asked a druggist to give him something for his nerves. What he got proved to be an overdose of some kind of narcotic which killed him.

The history of narcotics is relatively unimportant here. In this country their widespread use became alarming about the beginning of the twentieth century, so much so that many state laws were passed to control the traffic. When the state laws proved to be inadequate, the Federal Government intervened with the Harrison Acts, known as the Anti-Narcotic Laws. Since I had worked with Congressman Francis Burton Harrison, the author of these laws, while Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee in 1911 and 1912, I naturally took a great interest in following through with their administration when I became Commissioner. But the latter experience disclosed to me how inadequate they were to eradicate the peddler.

Now we had the menace of the peddler at the gates of our army camps, and even at the doors of our schools. Investigation by a special committee headed by Representative Henry T. Rainey of Illinois

revealed that thousands of drafted men had been dismissed from the army when found to be drug addicts. Moreover, some of them had systematically developed the habit after entering the army in order to insure their dismissal. Many and highly ingenious were the devices used by the peddlers to get the dope into the camps. It was concealed in pies, in boxes of candy or cakes. There were instances where paper was soaked in a narcotic solution; by chewing the paper the addict could get the effect of the drug. In other cases the dope was concealed in knitted goods, such as sweaters, gloves, or helmets, sent as gifts.

Inadequate as was the Harrison Law, four thousand persons had been prosecuted under it with about three thousand convictions. Knowledge that the whole physical and moral stamina of the individual weakened under the constant use of narcotics, that the more drug addiction the country had the greater would be its volume of crime, that the more drug addiction the quicker would be the breakdown of moral standards, suggested this as a possible field for constructive action. Consequently, the recommendations for the Revenue Act of 1918, which was approved February 24, 1919, included two important provisions: (1) that there be levied a license tax of twenty-four dollars a year on importers, manufacturers, and producers of narcotics, and a license of twelve dollars on wholesalers, retailers, and practitioners; (2) that a commodity tax of a cent an ounce be imposed on all manufacturers of such drugs and that their purchase be made unlawful unless they were contained in a stamped package.

Under these provisions any person selling, producing, dispensing, or prescribing narcotics would be required to have a Federal license revocable on any abuse of the privilege. Purchasers of narcotics had to obtain them from licensed dealers. Therefore, when an agent of the Internal Revenue Bureau discovered an addict and found dope in his pockets not contained in a stamped package, it was *prima facie* evidence of violation of the law. These two provisions gave teeth to the law and made possible the foundation of the Narcotic Unit of the Bureau—a unit destined to grow in succeeding years into an organization in which the nation might justly take pride.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At present (1941) the Narcotic Unit is headed by H. J. Anslinger.

Enforcement of the new law called for increased personnel, but for the first time the country had a system of control. Immediately, there were protests, for the dope addict is not confined to the lowly poor and the vagabond. Two interesting cases stand out in my mind. From Maryland the agents reported an entire family that had fallen victims to paregoric. Husband and father, wife, sister-in-law, and daughter—all were addicts except the father. He confessed that he had mortgaged his home for four thousand dollars, spending the entire sum and much of his additional earnings to keep the rest of the family in narcotics. Paregoric could then be purchased at any drugstore without a physician's prescription and with no restriction upon the druggist.

Another case was that of a young attorney from North Carolina who came to my office in the Bureau at Washington. "Mr. Commissioner," he pleaded, "your new regulation further restricting narcotics is going to drive me out of this country to Canada." "What regulation?" I inquired. The man was faultlessly dressed and of attractive appearance. "Your regulation drastically reducing the amount of dope one person can buy. I'll have to leave my wife and two children. I'll have to give up a successful law practice." I looked at him. "How tall are you?" I asked. "Six feet," he replied. "And you mean to tell me," I said, "that a man as big as you, a man with your education and standing, would forsake the only things that are sacred in life for the sake of a little habit?" He dropped his eyes in shame, and his voice evidenced his embarrassment, as he said, "I can't help it, Mr. Commissioner." "Does your family know of this?" I asked. "No," he replied. "They have never suspected me." I reflected for a moment, finally coming to a decision. Looking up at the young lawyer, I said, "How about giving me the name of your local physician? I'll write him a letter. I'll ask him to make a study of your case. I should like for him to assume the responsibility, and I'll ask him to make such recommendations as he feels your case justifies."

It would seem unnecessary to go further into the details of the enforcement machinery set up in the Bureau of Internal Revenue for the control of narcotics during my administration. We tried to meet the challenge of the times, especially the challenge of the dope peddler who sought to prey upon soldiers. But as was the case with

every other law, public sentiment was the real measure of our success. This led me to the conclusion that if the public, always incensed at the doping of race horses, could be aroused into one half the same state of indignation over the destruction of human beings by improper drugs, the problem would be easier of solution.

A court case illustrates further the character and importance of the public service rendered by the Bureau in administering these laws:

As the result of an arrest on November 26, 1918, Government officers were enabled to break up a group of illicit peddlers in narcotic drugs who obtained their supply by stealing or otherwise obtaining official order forms and having them filled at wholesale drug houses. On that date the officers, having received information that a large purchase of drugs was to be made at a wholesale drug store at Little Rock, Arkansas, visited the store and observed that a woman had just given an employee therein an order form in the name of J. N. Thompson, Memphis, Tennessee, for 70 ounces of morphine and 10 ounces of cocaine. They left the store and remained outside until the order had been filled and then arrested the woman.

This woman later implicated H. Diggs Nolen of the H. D. Nolen Drug Company, Memphis, Tennessee, who had used the store as a cover for his unlawful activities, and his brother, Floyd Nolen. H. Diggs Nolen had given her the order form and told her to execute it herself and Floyd Nolen accompanied her to Little Rock, Arkansas. The officers kept the Nolen store under surveillance and on January 17, 1920, H. Diggs Nolen made a sale of narcotics without a prescription or order form and was arrested. Floyd Nolen pleaded guilty and was sentenced to serve a year and a day in the Federal Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia, and to pay a fine of \$500. H. Diggs Nolen was tried; however the jury disagreed. He later pleaded guilty and was fined \$500 and costs.

H. Diggs Nolen had served a term of imprisonment in the Federal Penitentiary for using the mails with intent to defraud, and Floyd Nolen had also served a term of imprisonment for safe blowing.

Day after day cases were brought to my attention where druggists, physicians, and hospital nurses surrendered to greed. Finally I concluded that four things were necessary to enforce the antinarcotic laws: (1) There must be vigorous support by the American Medical Association of an educational program among both physicians and people. (2) Other marketable crops must be substituted for the

opium poppy wherever it is grown. (3) The laws must have vigorous and uncompromising enforcement adequately financed and efficiently managed. (4) Profits must be eliminated from the sale of narcotics, by manufacturing and distributing them at cost for proper uses.

## III

All my life I had been in favor of temperance in the use of alcoholic beverages. I agreed substantially with the statement of David Lloyd George:

Our enemy today is not a foreign foe but undernourishment and lack of means to earn a sufficient and honorable livelihood in the homes of the land. In that struggle drink still plays its old part as the most dangerous ally of the enemy forces. It is well worth our while to take thought how best this menace can be dispelled. It is the part of wisdom first to understand the size and urgency of the problem; when that is clearly recognized, we may hope that there will be enough good business sense in the community to enable it to be dealt with in a businesslike fashion.

Little did I dream, however, when I became Commissioner of Internal Revenue, that prohibition would take the form of a Constitutional Amendment in my time and, under the Volstead Act, be thrown into my lap for enforcement.

Soon after the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect I was called before the Appropriations Committee of the United States Senate and asked to discuss plans for its enforcement and at the same time to submit estimates as to the probable cost. I began my statement by emphasizing the fact that I had worked to create public support for the Bureau as a tax-collecting unit of the Government. I urged that I thought I had made progress along those lines and felt it to be necessary to hold the ground so gained. I asked the Committee to release us from responsibility of enforcing prohibition, suggesting that it was really a police function. Otherwise, I feared that the Bureau might revert to its former status in the days when its chief task was the collection of the excises on whiskey and tobacco. "But where would you have it go?" a member of the Committee wanted to know. "To the Department of Justice," I replied. The members of the Committee agreed that the task probably should go there eventually, but desired that I organize the machinery and lay the foundation for immediate enforcement. At this point a Senator



on the Committee, who was inclined to indulge in what was about to be prohibited and who seemed to have been indulging earlier that day, spoke up in a rather thick voice: "Commissioner," he said, glaring toward me, "how many men'll it take to enforce your law?" "Senator," I replied, "that depends upon you and me as citizens. A law is no stronger than the public sentiment for or against it. If you and I support the law, and others do likewise, we will need a minimum of personnel. If we don't support it, a whole army couldn't enforce it. All depends on wise education to enlist public support." He made no further reply.

The final result was that enforcement was thrown into the Bureau. Thus I received from Congress a gift which I neither sought nor desired, Uncle Sam's incorrigible child. The storm and strife, the shedding of blood which attended the rise of the bootlegger and the speakeasy, the millions acquired by organized gangdom were not then foreseen. But events proved that the people were not willing to rally their support behind the measure.

Personally a dry, my views expressed to the Senate Committee were based upon a desire to maintain the dignity of the Bureau as a tax-collecting agency. Nevertheless, when it became my responsibility to enforce the Volstead Act, I called in several of the Internal Revenue Agents. These field men were to be the nucleus of my enforcement organization. Much, I knew, depended upon the methods pursued by the enforcing officers at the outset. In our first conference I spoke of the obstacles ahead. "There are two approaches," I exhorted them. "First, you may take an attitude of rigid severity and pursue it beyond the bounds which people will support. By doing so you will create enemies for the law and defeat its purposes. The other way, which I regard as constructive, is to proceed gradually through education. This will enlist a majority of the people. You can use the strongest sort of action against those who violate the law by manufacturing intoxicants. Here, a very large majority of the people, including those who have legally been put out of business, will cooperate. Next, you should be alert in pursuing those who transport and sell intoxicants. The public is also prepared to support you in this. I advise you to RESPECT THE HOMES AND PERSONS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS. Because of the strong sentiment that protects a man's domicile in a democracy, you should not forcibly enter private residences.

And you must KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT OF OTHER MEN'S HIP POCKETS. Americans will not as yet tolerate such interference with their personal rights."

How hard it is to keep men from tyranny! The difficulties which I foresaw soon developed. Many enforcement officers proceeded as policemen would against criminals. Meanwhile, the whole educational temperance movement collapsed. When reliance was placed wholly upon the law and its enforcement, educational work practically ceased.

The history of prohibition enforcement is too well known to be recounted here. In the brief period it was under my supervision, the organization was set up. By exercising considerable diplomacy I was able to get both the Anti-Saloon League and its enemies led by Senator Pomerene of Ohio to indorse John F. Kramer, of Mansfield, Ohio, as the first National Prohibition Administrator. He proved to be a man of character, integrity, and force. But in some of the states the problem of finding capable men in sympathy with the law to serve as directors was frequently distressing. Men indorsed by their political organizations and by city and state officials applied for the positions; when talking with me, one of them frankly admitted that he had voted against the amendment and was not in sympathy with the law. Nevertheless, such applicants professed willingness to give it lip service and to uphold their oaths, but I knew we could never succeed in getting public support with such directors.

From my experience, however, I became convinced that a system of control was nearer a solution to the problem than prohibition. The words "anti" and "prohibition" are repugnant to the American people. They build a psychological wall in front of the individual which creates within him a defense mechanism, leading him to indulge in that which is prohibited. It is the old story of "You are striking at me, so I will strike back." Both narcotics and whiskey have their proper place and legitimate uses. The purpose of government should be to provide for proper uses and prevent abuses. The Province of Ontario, Canada, has succeeded very well in its liquor control. The profit-grabbing tactics of the management of the liquor business, the promotion of saloons by the breweries, adulteration, and many other undesirable practices are abuses which necessitate control in an unrestricted system.

When I look back upon those days, I prefer to remember that I was trying to render a patriotic service, that the Bureau was sufficiently strengthened to collect the war taxes in greater amount than had been collected in the previous fifty years of its history, that the Special Intelligence Unit under Elmer L. Irey was set up, and that we secured the necessary legislation to establish the Narcotics Unit and make possible an effective crusade<sup>2</sup> against the dope peddler, the unprincipled physician, and the smuggler.

As Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee, as a member of the Tariff Commission, and as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, I had had a long experience with taxes. I concluded that there could be no perfect tax law, none which could be administered to the satisfaction of all the people. Yet it is imperative to move toward improved tax legislation and superior administration. With the Government in partnership with business it is important that the partners aim at their common good, avoiding antagonisms as far as possible.

The Income Tax Law represented an effort to assess a tax according to the individual's ability to pay. But this result could be perverted by maladministration, if field examiner, taxpayer, or chief administrator strayed from the path of equity. Furthermore, I saw that exemptions did not contribute to the integrity of results. I would have preferred to eliminate exemptions from the law and to have lowered the rates accordingly. I had long since arrived at the conclusion that the larger the proportion of the people who contribute to the upkeep and welfare of the Government, the greater the country's safety—provided, of course, the individual taxpayer is not overtaxed.

Early in 1920, I called upon the new Secretary of the Treasury, David F. Houston, and told him that I desired to resign. The war was over. The revenues for meeting its emergencies had been collected, and prohibition enforcement had been put into its initial stages. I asked that my resignation be made effective as of March 31, 1920. Mr. Houston very graciously asked that I think the matter over. "You might regret it," he said. I answered that I did not think so. I had got through the hard job of collecting eleven and one-half billion dollars without a scandal. I was thankful that this

<sup>2</sup> In a single year the Narcotics Unit arrested 7,465 violators of the law. From these violators there was confiscated opium with a value of \$593,500; morphine, \$58,320,700; heroin, \$1,375,500; a total of \$60,289,700.

great tension had not impaired my health, except for exhausted nerves which, the doctors said, required a rest. Another reason for wishing to retire was that I had been unable to save money from my government salaries. I wanted to rest and then decide upon some future career outside the Federal service. I therefore persisted in submitting my resignation to the President through Secretary Houston.

It was my good fortune in the war era to have the co-operation of Republicans as well as members of my own party in performing the duties of the office which I had resigned. As evidence of this fact I prize particularly a letter from former Speaker Joseph G. Cannon:

J. G. Cannon  
18th District Illinois

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S.  
Washington, D. C.

March 30, 1920

Honorable Daniel C. Roper  
Commissioner of Internal Revenue  
Dear Mr. Roper:

The date reminds me that tomorrow you will of your own choice return to private life after ten years of public service. I regret that the Government is to lose your services, for in my long public life, I have not known a more efficient, faithful and courteous public servant.

I hope that the future has in store for you rewards more substantial than those in public life; and I further hope that our paths may cross occasionally to enable me to greet a personal friend though a political opponent.

Personally, I regret that you are going.

As ever with respect,  
(J. G. Cannon)

The following letter from Woodrow Wilson was the climax of my experience as Commissioner:

THE WHITE HOUSE  
Washington

6 March, 1920

My dear Mr. Roper:

I have received with regret your resignation of the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue. I know something of the personal reasons

which influenced you to tender your resignation and I see no other course than to accept it, to take effect, as you request, at the close of business on March 31, 1920.

You have served the Government for many years in different difficult positions and always with distinction. You have now served the nation for nearly two and one half years as Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The duties of this position during your tenure of it have been immensely difficult and complex, but you have discharged them with singular efficiency. I want you to know with what satisfaction I have watched your conduct of the affairs of your office. You take with you into your private activities my warmest thanks for the service you have rendered to the nation and my best wishes for your success and happiness.

Cordially yours,  
(Signed) Woodrow Wilson.

## *Peace and Readjustment*

AGAIN I was free to chart a new course of life. The burdens of the war years had weighed heavily, taking their toll of my strength, and I had seen others in key positions break under the stress and strain of the times. Never before, and not since, have I seen men work with finer consecration to duty. They knew no limit of working hours, but gave to the full extent of their respective capacities. Whatever other mistakes may be imputed to the Wilson Administration, dereliction of duty cannot justly be included. The men in the important posts exhibited a patriotism and self-abandonment in the national interest which had all the fervor and intensity of a religious crusade. It was a battle front with many discouragements and casualties, with moments of despair and moments of victory. It is an undying tribute to that leadership that with all the great emergency spending, with the era's confusion and pressure, a militant and scrutinizing opposition could not uncover a single incident of material scandal or defalcation.

A homely incident which took place in the family of Josephus Daniels illustrates the pressure of the war days. The noted editor, Arthur Brisbane, took issue with the Secretary of the Navy on certain matters of policy. His criticism was sharp and acrid, and it troubled Daniels no little to find one of America's foremost editors carrying this criticism to ends which he felt were unjustified. It was a time when the Administration sought unity among all the people, yet the Secretary decided, under all the circumstances, to let the criticism go unanswered, much as it hurt him to feel victimized without justification in fact.

One day the postman brought a long envelope addressed to the Secretary's small son. It bore the return address of Arthur Brisbane. Young Daniels eagerly grabbed the letter from his mother's hands

and ran away with it. For a considerable interval the youth refused to divulge its contents, but that night, when the Secretary of the Navy came home, his son finally showed it to him. It was a most courteous note of apology for the previous criticisms of his father, and it requested that the Brisbane column be watched carefully for more about the matter and for an article which would be exceedingly complimentary to his father. Pressed for an explanation, young Daniels confessed that he had written a protest to Mr. Brisbane. "I told him," he said, "that if he knew how hard my daddy worked, how many times he had walked the floor all night long, trying to think of the best things to do to win the war and save our country, he wouldn't treat you that way." A few days later, the Brisbane column carried a eulogy of Daniels, emphasizing the fact that he was one of the hardest workers to be found in the government service.

The first few weeks of my freedom were spent in a Baltimore clinic, where I underwent diagnosis and treatment for what amounted to nothing more than frayed nerves. Following this rest cure, I took a sea voyage to the Bermudas, coming home for a further rest. The press of official business had left me little time to do more than follow the trend of national and international developments, although my contacts were such that I usually knew what was going on and sometimes had advance information of things which were to happen in the future. Now that I was out of the government service I had time to think, to review the great transition already taking place as a result of the war.

## II

The armistice of November 11, 1918, had caused a measure of disappointment in certain quarters, perhaps because the public blood lust had been fed upon stories of German atrocity for the purpose of whetting the national morale. There were some in the country who would have liked to see our soldiers carry the fight to German soil, visiting upon the Kaiser's empire destruction and devastation of the same brand as that suffered by Belgium and France. Others had anticipated a triumphant entry into Berlin. Naturally, these elements clamored for a Shylock's peace. I did not know to what extent Colonel House would be able to influence the President, but I had the utmost confidence in the emotional equilibrium of the "President's

other self" and, knowing of his earlier efforts to prevent the war, I believed that he would have outstanding prestige at the conference tables.

On January 28, 1919, I wrote to Colonel House, then in Paris, as follows:

I have been greatly concerned about your health, and am gratified to learn through the public press that you are regaining your health and strength. You need to be yourself fully in handling the very important matters with which you will be concerned during the next several weeks.

It may be pleasing to you to learn that the newspapers throughout the country which I have examined have been uniform in their interest and courteous notices of you. The expressed opinion is general that you have made such intelligent and profound study of the situation as to make you a key figure at the peace table. The only concern of your friends is over your health.

The way in which the President has presented American ideals to European audiences is a source of great inspiration. Many, indeed, felt that his analysis and presentation of world democracy is the most potent weapon against chaos, which Bolshevism was rapidly bringing to the world. The most important problems in the history of the world are resting upon the representatives at your conference.

There is throughout our own country—socially, commercially and politically—a state of unrest. This is especially true in the commercial lines dependent upon shipping and the cultivation of markets for the output of our farms and factories. There is hand to mouth caution in all industrial lines and this gives anxiety to labor, and concerns us all with the period between now and the time when the relationships between countries are established by the peace terms and the final treaties. Certainly we must not lose by reactionary tendencies all we have fought for in the War.

Without quoting the letter in its entirety it is sufficient to say that I went on to suggest the organization of a movement in the United States for the purpose of fostering public sentiment favorable to the President's principles.

Colonel House replied, February 16, 1919:

I appreciate very much your writing to me under date of the twenty-eighth ultimo. Your letter gave me much information of value and I thank you many times for your kind concern respecting my health. I am quite well now though I still have to be a little careful.



I hope very much that a movement such as you outline to interpret to the people of the country the principles for which the President is contending in Europe may be started. . . .

On April 17, 1919, he wrote again:

The work here has been strenuous and trying, but we are now bringing the most important questions to a close. We are pushing from every direction in order to have peace as quickly as possible, for even with the Treaty signed, it will take many months for the world to properly function once more.

The Peace Conference which convened at Paris, January 18, 1919, drew together the representatives of thirty-one nations, exclusive of Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria. President Poincaré injected a hostile note into his opening address, which he concluded as follows:

This very day forty-eight years ago, on the 18th of January, 1871, the German Empire was proclaimed by an army of invasion in the Chateau of Versailles. It was consecrated by the theft of two French provinces. It was thus a violation from its origin and, by the fault of its founders, it was born in injustice. It has ended in oblivion. You are assembled in order to repair the evil that has been done and to prevent a recurrence of it. You hold in your hands the future of the world. I leave you gentlemen to your grave deliberations and declare the Conference of Paris open.

President Wilson immediately proposed for permanent Chairman, Premier Clemenceau, who was accepted by the assembly; and after a brief address from him the meeting adjourned. The first plenary session of the Conference was held ten days later.

President Wilson had been ushered into Paris in triumph. All the nations of Europe hailed him as the "Peacemaker." Even Germany, whose press had sneered at him contemptuously, now hailed him as the hope of the world. At the first plenary session, therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of the world were upon him. No chief of state had ever attained the prestige which surrounded our President at that moment. Among other things, he said: "We are not here alone as representatives of governments, but as representatives of peoples, and in the settlement we make we need to satisfy, not the opinions of governments but the opinion of mankind."

It would be unprofitable to rehash the rumors and reports of dissension behind the scenes, plots and counterplots, undercover alliances, strife between the President and Colonel House, between Colonel House and Mrs. Wilson, jealousies among the leaders of the Great Powers, which came in time. At this session resolutions were passed favorable to creating a League of Nations, the same to become an integral part of the Treaty of Peace. In an "eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" atmosphere, a commission was named to draft a plan for the League, which "should be open to every civilized nation which can be relied on to promote its objects," with a provision deferring for future determination whether or not Germany had regained the respect of the world sufficiently to be worthy of admission.

Another commission with a membership composed of two representatives of the five Great Powers and five representatives to be elected by the other Powers was named to investigate and report upon (1) "The responsibility of the authors of the war"; (2) "The facts as to breaches of laws and customs of war committed by the forces of the German Empire and their allies on land, on sea and in the air during the present war"; (3) "The degree of responsibility for these offenses attaching to particular members of the enemies' forces, including members of the general staffs and other individuals, however highly placed"; (4) "The constitution and procedure of a tribunal appropriate to the trial of these offenses." This same commission would also report upon (1) the amount of reparations which the enemy countries ought to pay; (2) the amounts they are capable of paying; (3) the method, form, and time in which payment should be made.

It is thus apparent that the *pound of flesh* was the first order of business. The intention of the representatives was to force a trial of the Kaiser and his General Staff, including the responsible heads of the governments allied with Germany. Moreover, German reparations would be limited only by the vanquished nation's ability to pay. Having propagandized the German people repeatedly with pamphlets and press appeals to the effect that the Allied nations had no quarrel with them but were fighting to abolish Kaiserism and the military caste, it was now proposed to saddle upon them one of the

most severe punitive burdens of history. All this, despite the fact that under their monarchical system of government they had no voice in declaring or perpetuating the war.

On February 14, 1919, President Wilson presented to a plenary session the draft of the League of Nations, announcing that it had the endorsement of fourteen nations. Seven speakers followed him and pledged their governments to its support. The President left that night for Brest, to sail for the United States. He came home to urge support of the League, although he was soon to return.

The Supreme Council, or Council of Ten, including two representatives each from Great Britain, France, Japan, and the United States now turned to the question of what form of government the territory freed from enemy rule should have. A plan of mandatories was formulated for colonies and backward nations. When the President returned on March 26, the Council of Ten, in order to expedite "The Peace," was divided into two bodies, a Council of Foreign Ministers and a Council of Four. The Council of Four included Premier Orlando of Italy, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and President Wilson. The demands upon Germany were announced April 14. On April 16, the Germans were invited to send delegates "to receive" the treaty. Now the question of Italy's claims in the Adriatic arose. President Wilson announced on April 23 that he did not believe Italy should receive Fiume. The Italians were outraged. Premier Orlando and his delegation withdrew from the Conference and left Paris.

The German delegation began to arrive at Versailles on April 25. On April 28 the Conference, in the absence of the Italian delegates, adopted the revised Covenant of the League of Nations. Geneva was selected as the seat of the League, and Sir Eric Drummond of Great Britain was named Secretary General. On April 30, the Council of Three (Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson) agreed to give Shantung to Japan with the proviso that it later be turned over to China. Following this action, the Italian delegation returned from Rome, just in time to participate in the dissection of Germany.

The meeting with the Germans was to be held in the Palace. They had been held virtual prisoners at the Hotel des Reservoirs since their arrival. On May 1, the first official meeting with them took place. In an introductory speech Premier Clemenceau explained

the conditions of the meeting. There were to be no oral discussions of the terms. Within fifteen days the Germans were to submit any written observations they cared to make. Clemenceau read aloud the headings of the treaty. Then he shouted: "Has anyone any observations to make?" Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau raised his hand. "Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau has the floor," said Clemenceau. The Count did not rise, but read his speech while he remained sitting. In substance he said that to accept sole guilt for the war would be a lie. He accused the Allied nations of murdering hundreds of thousands of innocent Germans since the armistice became effective by a continuation of the British blockade. None of the delegates replied to his speech.

The conditions imposed upon Germany—burdensome in their detail perhaps—were probably to have the most far-reaching consequences of any "peace terms" in human history. Germany's European area was reduced one sixth. There was indeed the possibility of its being reduced one fifth, if the plebiscites in the Saar, Schleswig, and East Prussia should go against her. An area of 34,437 square miles was absolutely detached. She lost about seven million inhabitants, or one tenth of her population, but this loss comprised peoples largely of non-German blood and anti-German sentiment. The treaty abolished the German General Staff and reduced the German Army to an eventual 100,000 men, including 4,000 officers. Inter-Allied Commissions of Control were authorized with power to establish headquarters in Berlin, these to prevent rearmament and remilitarization by stealth and double-dealing. Conscription was abolished. Germany was not to manufacture munitions for foreign governments. Her navy and all her colonies were surrendered.

In the eighth section of the treaty Germany acknowledged her complete war guilt. She agreed to pay for the destruction she had caused in the following manner: (1) to pay within two years twenty billion marks in gold, goods, ships or other specified terms of payment, her total obligations to be determined by a Committee of Inquiry and made known to her not later than May 1, 1921; (2) in acknowledgment of this debt, to issue gold bonds to the amount of twenty billion marks, payable not later than May 1, 1921, and forty billion marks between 1921 and 1926 with interest at 5 per cent;

(3) an additional forty billion marks in gold bonds were to be delivered under terms to be fixed by the committee; (4) all sums demanded were to have priority over the service or payment of any domestic German loan.

Additional provisions in the treaty were as follows:

Germany to renounce all territorial and political rights outside of Europe; Germany to recognize the total independence of German-Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland; all German forts for fifty kilometers east of the Rhine to be razed; all Heligoland fortifications to be demolished and the Kiel Canal to be open to all nations; Germany to revert to pre-war "most favored nations" tariffs without discrimination; Germany to accept highly detailed provisions for the internationalization of roads and rivers; Germany to pay shipping damages ton for ton; Germany to devote her resources to rebuilding the devastated regions; Germany to accept the League of Nations in principle but without immediate membership in the League; Germany to cede to Belgium 382 square miles of territory between Luxemburg and Holland; all Hohenzollern property in Alsace-Lorraine to go to France without payment; France to gain possession of the Saar coal mines regardless of the result of a future plebiscite; Germany to accept abrogation of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty; Germany to permit the formation of no militaristic societies; the German army to be demobilized within two months after Peace was signed; the Allies to retain German hostages until persons accused of war crimes were surrendered; Germany to lease to Czecho-Slovakia wharfage in Hamburg and Stettin for ninety-nine years; the Rhine to be placed under control of an Allied-German Commission; parts of the Elbe, Oder, Danube, and Niemen rivers to be internationalized.

If we stopped at this point without further explanation, the case against the Allies would appear black indeed. However, it is well to recall the established fact that had the Germans won the war, the peace terms imposed by them would have made the foregoing conditions seem mild. No understanding of the seeming harshness of the Allies is possible without taking into account the prevailing temper of the German people. "This is the devil's work!" lamented Mathias Erzberger, head of the German Armistice Commission. The Allies, he charged, had brought Germany to a "desert of hopelessness in which we look around in vain for an oasis where springs the well of humanity." But his own words, written late in 1914 and made public

on April 20, 1919, indicate what he would have demanded for a victorious Germany:

Germany must have sovereignty, not only over Belgium, but over the French coast from Dunkirk to Boulogne, and possession of the Channel Islands. She must also take the mines in French Lorraine and create an African German Empire by annexing the Belgian and French Congos, British Nigeria, Dahomey, and the French West Coast.

In fixing indemnities, the actual capacity of a state at the moment should not be considered. Besides a large immediate payment, annual installments spread over a long period should be arranged. France could be helped in making them by decreasing her budget of naval and military appropriations, the reductions imposed in the peace treaty being such as would enable her to send substantial sums to Germany.

Indemnities should provide for the repayment of the full costs of the war and the damages of the war, notably in East Prussia; the redemption of all of Germany's public debt and the creation of a vast fund for incapacitated soldiers.

There were violent protests throughout the German Empire. The German people apparently could not realize that they had lost the war. Few of them had any real comprehension of the vast damage and destruction which their military forces had wrought. The world remembered, while she loudly proclaimed that the peace terms meant her destruction, how her intellectual leaders, three hundred and fifty-two university professors among them, had united on June 20, 1915, in petitioning the German chancellor to make sure that France was "enfeebled politically and economically without any consideration," and to levy upon her a "heavy war indemnity without any mercy." Thus in an atmosphere of hate and passion, engendered by her own attitude, Germany shed crocodile tears.

In replying to the German protests, Clemenceau summed up the situation:

The conduct of Germany is almost unexampled in human history. The terrible responsibility which lies at her doors can be seen in the fact that not less than 7,000,000 dead lie buried in Europe, while more are incapacitated because Germany saw fit to gratify her lust for tyranny by a resort to war. The Allied and Associated powers believe they will be false to those who have given their all to save the freedom of the world if they consent to treat the war on any other basis than as a crime against human-

ity and right. Not to do justice to all concerned would only leave the world open to fresh calamities. If the German people themselves, or any other nation, are to be deterred from following the footsteps of Prussia; if mankind is to be lifted out of the belief that war for selfish ends is legitimate to any state; if the old era is to be left behind, and nations as well as individuals are to be brought beneath the reign of law, even if there is to be early reconciliation and appeasement, it will be because those responsible for concluding the war have had the courage to see that justice is not deflected for the sake of a convenient peace.

Notwithstanding all the protests, internal upheavals in Germany and in other nations, Germany and the Allied Powers signed the Peace Treaty on June 28 at Versailles.

President Wilson returned to the United States on July 8, to receive the greatest ovation ever given an American up to that time. Although strenuous opposition was developing to the treaty under the leadership of isolationist Senators, such notables as former President Taft, Charles Evans Hughes, former Attorney General Wickersham, President Lowell of Harvard, President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, Luther Burbank, Lyman Abbott, John Burroughs, Jacob H. Schiff, Henry P. Davison, and others were included in a group of two hundred and fifty prominent Americans petitioning the Senate to ratify the treaty immediately and without reservations. Herbert Hoover returned from his food distribution work in Europe to urge its acceptance in order to hasten European restoration.

In spite of these appeals, the controversy over the provisions of the treaty brought wider rifts the more it was prolonged. President Wilson appealed to the people in a cross-country speaking tour which took him to California. Chief objection to the treaty was to Article X, providing military aid to any League member victimized by aggression. Others contended that the treaty abrogated the Monroe Doctrine, that it made us "a policeman" for the petty squabbles of Europe. The President gave determined and categorical rebuttal to the objectors, but on September 26 he was stricken with an illness at Wichita, Kansas, and had to return to the White House, never fully to recover.

On November 10, the Senate rejected the treaty. On March 19, 1920, it was returned to the President unratified. The President's

great fight "to make the world safe for democracy" was lost. Even when he asked authority to accept a mandate over Armenia, such mandate having been tendered him by the League, his request was declined by the Senate by a vote of sixty-two to twelve.

Pertinent to this crumbling and collapse of America's progressive leadership is a story attributed to the President. During Mr. Wilson's ride down the Champs Elysées, on the occasion of his reception, and the tumultuous, transcendent ovation from the French nation, President Poincaré is said to have remarked, "Mr. President, this is the greatest reception France has ever given anyone. Don't you think it a wonderful tribute to you?" "Yes," President Wilson replied. "Indeed, it is. But you must remember it was only three days between Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem and the Crucifixion."

A significant aftermath of the war was that the United States had changed from a debtor to a creditor nation. When debt adjustments were made, the country which had refused to participate in the victors' spoils, found itself holding the sack for about \$11,000,000,000, owing on the European war account by the foreign governments. Many idealistic Americans, who sincerely believed that we had fought to preserve democracy, favored outright cancellation of this debt. I concurred with these. Others opposed the idea. What seemed to me to be a trend more fraught with destructive possibilities than eventual loss of the war debts was the alarming amount of American capital poured into foreign countries by the international bankers of Wall Street. Of course, in certain instances, these loans afforded a potent stimulus to American production, but in other cases they were used to finance the construction of factories to manufacture goods in competition with our own. Our economy also faced the increased agricultural production of the European countries made possible by the return of soldiers to the land. Thus it was foreordained that our own greatly stimulated and expanded agricultural production, made possible by wholesale use of the tractor and other machinery, and by the cultivation of vast areas in the Great Plains which would have best been left untouched, would soon lose much of its European market. This would occasion economic recoil and distress prices with perhaps ruin for the many American agrarians who had invested lavishly in land at wartime prices.



As Commissioner of Internal Revenue charged with the duty of collecting the income taxes, I probably observed these various trends from a superior point of vantage. Most of all, I deplored the flight of American capital to Europe for any but humanitarian purposes, rehabilitation, and the restoration of order to supplant the chaos of war.

President Wilson's failure to obtain the League of Nations which he wanted, one in which we would have had parity with Britain, was a shocking blow to all who subscribed to his progressive ideals. The tidal wave of recriminations and vilification that swept the country gradually dimmed the hopes of all who sought a continuation of progressivism, for reaction was evident on every hand. All were tired of war, tired of European problems. The isolationists were in their heyday.

## III

I had resigned without fixed plans for the future. It had long been my policy not to discuss business offers while in the Federal service. Now that I felt rested and saw a return of former vigor, I realized the necessity of shaping a future course. Fortunately Thomas L. Chadbourne, prominent corporation attorney of New York who had helped save the day for the Democratic Committee's depleted campaign funds in 1916, had already thought of me and invited me to New York. In extending the invitation, he indicated that it was for the purpose of discussing a desirable business connection. Knowing his large-scale outlook and magnanimous tendencies, his association with substantial enterprises, I was delighted at the prospect and complied with his request. I found Mr. Chadbourne in excellent spirits and manifesting an attitude toward public servants that was indeed refreshing.

"You've had a man's-sized job collecting the war taxes," he said. "It's been exhausting to you physically and financially. And all the time, even though I've been doing a lot of things for the Government, I've been earning money. I've been in business. I'd like to show my appreciation for your public service by giving you an opportunity to help reorganize some companies I'm interested in. They need reorganization and consolidation from their expanded war activities." He went on to tell me that one of the companies, the

Marlin Rockwell Corporation, normally a ball-bearing manufacturing company, had made rifles for the Government during the war. The demand for rifles being over, a major readjustment had to be made. During the conversation he offered me the presidency of the Marlin Rockwell Corporation for a twelve-month period of reorganization at a salary considerably in excess of that which I had had from the Government. My duties would be to analyze the corporation and its subsidiaries and then recommend a plan of readjustment together with financial estimates of the budget that would be required to effect the transition.

I told Mr. Chadbourne that he owed me nothing for my services to the Government, but I welcomed the opportunity that he offered. Accordingly, I was made President of the Marlin Rockwell Corporation. It was understood that I would not be called upon to pursue tax problems growing out of the past operations of the company and affecting the period in which I had been Commissioner of Internal Revenue. "There is just one other thing," I said. "I'd like to see McAdoo nominated for President. We need the right man to succeed Woodrow Wilson. He should be a progressive." "I agree with you," he replied. "I have no objection to your exercising your proper political rights, just so long as you give the proper attention to the business."

I became President of the Marlin Rockwell Corporation in April, 1920. Thus began an interesting phase of my life, which was to be enhanced by frequent contacts with that great American, B. M. Baruch, and his estimable brother, Dr. H. B. Baruch. B. M. Baruch had rendered exceptionally useful services to his country in the first World War as head of the War Industries Board. Their sympathetic attitude and counsel upon financial matters greatly assisted and encouraged me. I can never forget them or Thomas L. Chadbourne.

It was a national campaign year, and many looked forward to the conventions. The Democrats were meeting in San Francisco, and because of the vigorous opposition to President Wilson and the League of Nations, it was obvious we had a hard fight ahead. Never were the voters so befogged with perplexing issues. These issues were becoming clear-cut. In many states the League of Nations was the main question. There was a mixed pro-German and anti-war

element whose voice could already be heard in the West in hatred of Wilson. The Sinn Feiners made demands with which the Democratic leaders could not comply. Republican propaganda was directed at Italian and Greek immigrants, who were told that Wilson, while at the Peace Conference in Paris, had been the enemy of their home countries. There were as many Republican prohibition advocates as could be found among Democrats, but the Democrats were blamed for the Eighteenth Amendment.

The Republican Convention had been held, and Harding and Coolidge had been nominated before the Democrats met at San Francisco. My candidate, as I have indicated, was McAdoo. Out in California numerous leaders awaited word from the White House—word that never came. The President felt that a third term was necessary to enable him to carry out his foreign policies. He was ill and broken, but marvelously courageous and willing to give his last ounce of strength for his lost cause. In my opinion McAdoo did not require the support of his father-in-law, despite the cries of "heir apparent," "just another Wilson," and the like. He was big enough to stand upon his own feet; and certainly he could have been nominated on his own party strength had it not been for the President's conviction that he, alone, could lead the cause.

I had my bag packed and was ready to join the McAdoo supporters in San Francisco, when McAdoo himself restrained me. We had a long conference about the situation, and he refused, under the circumstances, to be a candidate. I remained near and in frequent contact with him in New York. Despite his refusal to run, his name was presented to the convention and developed great strength. I remember well midnight telephone calls to two leaders in our largest cities. In my postal work I had known Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany leader, because of his activity in New York patronage. We had enjoyed pleasant personal relations. When it appeared there might be a chance to nominate McAdoo despite the fact that he was not a candidate, I telephoned Mr. Murphy. "I'd like to know if you'd do me a favor," I began, when we had greeted each other across the miles. "I'll be mighty glad, Roper," he replied, "if it's anything I can do." "Get the New York delegation to vote for McAdoo a few times," I urged. "He's my man—just a few times, how about it?"

I'll never forget his answer. "That's something I can't do," he said. "We've got to vote for somebody who can carry New York City. I've got thousands of jobs to think about." In an almost identical conversation with George Brennan, of Chicago, I got the same answer. "Roper," he said, "do you realize I've got 5,550 jobs to protect?" Consequently, the two big delegations never voted for McAdoo, though he made an excellent showing under the circumstances.

The nominee instead was James M. Cox. He had been three times Governor of Ohio, had an outstanding record, and was a successful newspaper publisher. Franklin D. Roosevelt, young, vigorous and progressive, added much strength to the ticket as nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

## IV

In 1920 the Democratic party was greatly hampered by lack of money. Cox was on a special train in the West. One day we were advised that the train was about to stop in Montana for lack of funds. I was asked to help find money. At once I communicated with Mr. Chadbourne. He came to my office at 342 Madison Avenue, and I explained the situation. Mr. Chadbourne declared that he did not believe Cox was laying enough stress upon domestic issues. He was saying too much about the League and not enough about the things in which the masses were most interested. "Why, for instance, doesn't he take a strong position for law enforcement? He should promise enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment. Take my own case. I've got about \$50,000 worth of wines and liquors in my cellars. If the law was enforced I'd be made to disgorge. I'd be put upon the same basis as the workingman without those stores. If Cox will promise to enforce the law against the rich as well as the poor, I'll see that the campaign train is financed."

I suggested that he write a telegram, and the message was sent to Cox, but no reply was ever received. The campaign train, however, was not stopped. Bryan deserted the campaign, it was understood, for the same reason. He did not think Cox took a sufficiently firm stand on the question of prohibition. People were weary of the war and of war talk. They were tired of appeals to the humanitarian side of their minds. Harding urged them to "go back to normalcy."

LaFollette postponed his progressivism until 1924, and the result is history. Harding was elected. The hopes of the progressives were crushed, and for the time being the progress of reform was halted.

## v

At the end of the year with the Marlin Rockwell Corporation I returned to Washington. It had been a valuable and profitable experience, but I could never have been satisfied to live in New York with my children, even at a fabulous salary. After establishing my Washington office I was soon to have a professional experience which indicates a state of mind upon which we should reflect in our efforts to assimilate the foreign born.

A client of foreign birth and from a remote city called upon me to take his tax case. The Federal Government, he claimed, had treated him unjustly. The Government was demanding \$600,000, alleging fraud. This amount was so large that my firm was suspicious of his integrity. Our first step was to tell him our ideas about taxation. Our purpose, I told him in substance, was to seek justice between the Government and a client. As he was charged with fraud, we should like to have letters from a few of his business friends and neighbors testifying to his character and standing. "I'll get you twenty such letters," he quickly replied. "This thing is embarrassing me. I have a daughter in Smith College, a son in Yale University. They would be disgraced if I went to the penitentiary. That's what the United States Attorney wants to do to me." "We'll see about that," I told him, "after you get the letters."

It was about a week before he returned, bringing the twenty letters from prominent persons of his community: clergymen, a director of the Community Chest, a Y.M.C.A. secretary, leading bankers, and other men of importance. We took his case, but had not worked on it long when we discovered that he had been scandalously dishonest with the Government. Confronted with the proof, he confessed to the charge. "Please tell me," I said to him, "in the light of these discoveries, how you were able to get these letters?" "It's like this," he replied. "I deal honestly with everybody in my business relations. I contribute to all the charities of the town. It's good business to do that. But I was brought up in a country where we hate

the Government. That's the reason, I guess, why I do all I can to get out of paying taxes."

Here was a man who had taken out citizenship papers, yet had not grasped the fundamentals of American citizenship. I began to work upon him at that point. We talked freely of our democratic system of society. I argued that it was not only his duty to pay his honest taxes, but also to work and vote for an honest, efficient Government and its maintenance. After some length he promised to keep but one set of books and to keep those accurately; also, to pay all taxes due the Government. We finally adjusted his trouble by arranging for him to pay the additional tax, and he was kept out of jail. I am sure that we changed his outlook and inculcated in him a respect for the United States Government.

Here was an illustration of the necessity of better educational endeavors on the part of those in charge of Americanization work. I could not help reflecting also that this man's conduct bore a close analogy to the oil and liquor scandals which cursed that period. It was an evil time—inflation, boom, gambling, with the public money-mad in the hegira of morals and philosophy that attended the Great War. If we learned any lesson from those days, it was perhaps that real security and happiness must be founded upon better preparation of immigrants for citizenship and the stressing of such homespun virtues as honesty, faith, and the Golden Rule.

There were many interesting tax cases during the period. I had appealed to the American people to estimate their own taxes, and they had done so with the result that the returns had been made in such haste that adjustments were necessary. In fact, they were inevitable under such a complicated law. When the trained accountants of big business were baffled by some of its provisions, one does not wonder that the individual taxpayer had troubles. I enjoyed this practice, because it was enlightening as to the attitudes of people and afforded an opportunity for social service to the country.

The Harding Administration was now well under way. Strange stories went their rounds, but one was inclined to discount them as the machinations of overzealous partisans. On my own side of the fence there were subsurface whisperings for McAdoo. Early in 1921 I drove with Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo from their home in New York

to their country place at Huntington, Long Island. I told him that in my opinion he could never be nominated from the state of New York. "Some of the city bosses," I said, "are a necessary evil. It's a pity they are willing to sacrifice the nation in order to protect a few city jobs." "What would you suggest?" he asked. "Why not go to California?" I asked in turn.

Not that night, but shortly afterward, he informed me that he had received an offer as legal counsel for Edward L. Doheny, the oil magnate of Los Angeles. "While developing a general practice in California," he said, "I'd have the advantage of one client at the start." There certainly was no discernible objection to having Doheny as a client, and nothing sinister about it. McAdoo moved to Los Angeles.

## VI

The incoming of the Harding Administration had occasioned a shake-up of wide proportions in the various departments of the executive branch of government. Numerous World War agencies were naturally liquidated. The Republicans, out of power for eight years, promptly moved into the various key positions. Countless economic problems either existed or were in the making, as a consequence of the war, but the time had not come when business, agriculture, and the public generally, imputed any widespread economic responsibility to government. The doctrine of *laissez faire* and the law of supply and demand were regarded as the stabilizing factors of free enterprise.

The League of Nations was in operation without the membership and counsel of the United States. A growing reaction existed among the debtor nations, who charged that we had formulated a peace and withdrawn from the responsibility of assisting in its maintenance. Nevertheless, leading figures in both major political parties recognized the danger of competitive armaments, and from the public generally arose a reaction against war almost amounting to a concerted cry for total disarmament. Senator William E. Borah was a leading figure among the advocates of arms reduction, both as a safety measure for the peace of the world and to relieve the peoples of leading nations from the burden of military taxes. Having forsaken our Allies in the League of Nations experiment, the country now,

under the sponsorship of Senator Borah, embarked upon a course calculated to insure our isolation.

In the Naval Appropriations Bill of 1921, Senator Borah forced a resolution upon the Harding Administration requiring it in substance "to invite the governments of Great Britain and Japan to send representatives to a conference which shall be charged with the duty of promptly entering into an understanding or agreement by which the Naval expenditures and building programs of each of the said governments . . . shall be substantially reduced annually during the next five years to such an extent and upon such terms as may be agreed upon." This resolution brought about the Washington Conference, which lasted from November 12, 1921, to February, 1922. France and Italy were finally included in the Conference, and the smaller nations were represented by observers. The chief result was the Five Power Naval Treaty, fixing the ratio of naval strength of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan upon the 5-5-3 basis. The world hailed this conference as a step toward eternal peace. Indeed, 1,878,073 tons, or 60 capital ships, were scrapped. Of these, 30 belonged to us, 23 to Britain, and 17 to Japan. The treaty failed to provide any limitation upon submarines or smaller ships. It was not foreseen that our own profligate military sacrifice, the literal throwing away of new battleships built at a cost of millions of dollars, would result in a veritable international race to build the smaller ships, or that the results of this conference amounted to a major and decisive diplomatic victory for Japan.

There were rumors of strange goings-on during the Harding Administration, criticisms that corrupt politics played too large a part in the Washington scene. But public interest in government had waned in a great degree since the American defeat of the League of Nations and the retirement of Woodrow Wilson. In fact, this decline of interest was perceptible from the date of the armistice. Millions of Americans who had sacrificed time and means for the concerted war effort now turned to their personal affairs, content to leave the government to officials. The brief Harding Administration, therefore, was without distinction insofar as the outside public considered it at the time. America looked forward to peaceful pursuits and to a return to "normalcy."

The sensational news of President Harding's death from pto-



maine poisoning was flashed from San Francisco on August 2, 1923, where on his return trip from Alaska he had halted for emergency treatment. It had the immediate effect of startling the nation. At the same time it revived many of the rumors already current, and produced others wilder than those previously circulated. Where there was so much smoke, it was contended, there was necessarily some fire. The immediate succession of Calvin Coolidge to the Presidency, however, served to stifle these rumors and to divert public attention. Coolidge typified the simple American virtues. He was an exponent of New England thrift and economy, a terse-speaking, laconic, homespun product of the Vermont hills. He had been Governor of Massachusetts and was prominently mentioned for the Presidency in 1920. His aged father, a Vermont farmer, administered the oath of office to him with the Coolidge family Bible, and this act of simple drama had an endearing effect upon the American people. If there had been those who had their doubts about Harding, such was not the case with Coolidge. He had a clean record. He did not indulge in idle mouthings, and, at the outset, America had faith in him.

A Coolidge characteristic, too little recognized, seemed to me to be outstanding; namely, his philosophy of letting things run their course, of permitting adverse forces to spend themselves. This was noted in his dealings with overzealous groups who stormed the White House.

It is related that Ruth Hanna McCormick was determined to gain recognition for the populous Polish element in her district by having a candidate of that nationality appointed to a Federal judgeship. As a climax of her efforts she is said to have brought a substantial group of impressive-looking Poles to Washington for an audience with Coolidge. All were dressed in their best, immaculately groomed. Mrs. McCormick led the delegation to the semicircular arrangement of chairs arrayed for them in front of the President's desk. Brief but fevered orations were delivered to impress Mr. Coolidge. A tense silence filled the private office when the final speaker concluded. Mr. Coolidge waited a moment. A sly smile spread over his face. "Do you see this fine new carpet?" he asked, pointing downward. Wondering what he was leading up to, his listeners nodded. "It's a fine carpet," he said. "A new one, and it cost a lot of money. We had another good one. It was fine, too. But Mrs. McCormick wore it out coming here to get a Pole appointed to a judgeship."

## *A Great Epoch Closes*

THE FULL EXTENT of the whisperings and rumblings attending the Harding Administration did not become public knowledge until after President Harding's mysterious death. My own suspicions of the "Ohio gang" were predicated upon both reports and personal knowledge. I had been in New York but a short time when Joseph H. Callan, my former Executive Assistant in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, came to New York to see me, evidently quite disturbed.

"A very extraordinary matter has arisen," he informed me. "I came to consult you about it." He went on to say that he had been approached in an effort to obtain release of a large quantity of whiskey from bond without the prescribed reasons for it. Indeed, he said, he had been offered a considerable sum of money to get the withdrawal permit approved. "Your duty is clear," I advised. "You should report the matter at once to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who in turn should acquaint the Secretary of the Treasury and the President." Callan agreed, but said that if he did not comply with the request, those making it threatened to obtain their wish by an order from the White House. The whiskey was released a few days later and by a request from the White House. The first public knowledge of irregularities in the Harding Administration came through the appointment by the Senate on February 12, 1923, of a committee to investigate alleged malfeasance in the Veterans' Bureau. An amazing scandal was revealed in connection with the building of veterans' hospitals and the failure to provide for the disabled soldiers. Colonel Charles R. Forbes, Director of the United States Veterans' Bureau, and James Thompson, a contractor, were indicted. Forbes resigned three days later. In subsequent proceedings Forbes was sentenced to two years in Leavenworth.

In May, 1921, at the request of Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, President Harding by Executive Order had transferred the naval oil reserves at Tea Pot Dome, Wyoming, and Elk Hills in California, to the Interior Department. Secretary of the Navy Denby carried out the order of transfer without open protest. These rich reserves were subsequently leased at sums ridiculously below their values to Edward L. Doheny and Harry F. Sinclair. The leases were made secretly and without competitive bidding. When news of the relinquishment of these valuable properties to private interests became known, Senator Robert M. LaFollette introduced a resolution demanding the fullest investigation.

The Coolidge Administration was well under way when the Senate Committee, headed by Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, brought the full truth to light. Secretary Fall had accepted a \$100,000 bribe from Sinclair. In the proceedings Sinclair was found guilty of contempt of the Senate and of jury-shadowing by private detectives in his employ. He was sentenced to and served a term in the District of Columbia jail. Secretary Fall availed himself of all possible legal delays and did not serve the prison sentence pronounced against him for bribery until 1929. Thomas W. Miller, Alien Property Custodian, was also convicted and sentenced to prison for malfeasance; Harry Daugherty, Harding's appointee as Attorney General of the United States, was forced out of office by Coolidge; and many others were involved in exposures of scandals which probably transcended anything the country had ever known. Some who did not go to prison saved themselves by the narrowest margins through technicalities, destruction of records, and the like.

Women and whiskey, "gambling and fixing," were disclosed as the pet diversions of the "Ohio gang," and the testimony of his intimates reflected on the dead President. The former Attorney General Daugherty outwitted his interrogators by destruction of his personal records, explaining that he did so to prevent a stain from being placed upon the name of President Harding. Mrs. Harding's action in destroying the President's private papers was unprecedented and increased the cloud enveloping the memory of her husband. The President had lived every waking moment after his first six months as Chief Executive in horror of exposure and disgrace. While on the

ill-fated trip to Alaska in the summer of 1923 he received a code message, the contents of which were never made known to anyone, which almost caused his collapse. His death on August 2 in San Francisco was officially attributed to ptomaine poisoning. One rumor had it that he was poisoned, another that he committed suicide. It is far more likely that fear and worry, the awful horror of impeachment and disgrace, were the poisons which impaired his digestion and caused his death. Coolidge, who had sat with the Cabinet as Vice-President, Hughes, Hoover, and others of the Administration escaped the stigma of its scandals.

## II

In early September, 1923, I received a telegram from W. G. McAdoo, advising that my son, Captain James H. Roper, was at the point of death in Los Angeles and suggesting that I come at once. In great distress of mind Mrs. Roper and I took the next train for the West. We found our son unconscious. The attending physicians had not located the prime cause of his illness. We took the chance of moving him to the Good Samaritan Hospital with the aid of two nurses. The seat of the trouble was found to be an infected tooth, and we decided, notwithstanding his weakened condition, to have it extracted at once. This was a nerve-wracking experience for Mrs. Roper and me, one of the many difficult bridges of life.

The former Secretary of the Treasury, as was noted above, had moved to California to begin the practice of law with Edward L. Doheny as his first client. The Doheny relationship with Secretary Fall and the negotiation for leasing of the naval oil reserve took place before McAdoo's connection and without his knowledge or legal advice. When Doheny's past dealings with Fall became known, McAdoo severed professional relations with his wealthy client. I was worried and disappointed. I advised McAdoo to issue a public statement renouncing any ambitions for the Democratic nomination as of that year. After the atmosphere had cleared, after the public could have definite knowledge that he had no part in the oil leases in question, there would be time enough to make his bid for the Presidency. This he refused to do.

My own confidence in McAdoo was unimpaired. Therefore, I did not quit the political fight for him. While a visitor at McAdoo's

residence, 5 Berkeley Square, Los Angeles, in October, 1923, I had met Doheny before the break of the oil scandal in the following February. The oil magnate was a dinner guest along with others. But I neither asked nor received from him any contribution toward the preconvention campaign expenses. Indeed, we received only small contributions, and those from friends scattered over the country. Many of McAdoo's supporters lived in the South. The Southern people have never been large contributors to political campaigns, probably because the South has but one major political party, and the Southern vote is taken for granted. During the McAdoo mobilization we were told that a woman in Georgia, reputed to be wealthy and a former schoolmate of McAdoo, was much aggrieved because she had not been asked to make a contribution. Not wishing to leave a stone unturned, I borrowed a hundred dollars for our committee and sent Marion L. Fox to Augusta to get the contribution. I hoped that it would be as much as five thousand dollars. Mr. Fox soon returned. The woman had received him most graciously. With many thanks for the privilege of being included, she handed him her check for twenty-five dollars.

Our work of organization proceeded largely by personal letters to Democratic friends in various states. We knew that Alfred E. Smith would make a determined bid for the nomination. We knew also that we were up against the two-thirds rule and that our chief hope lay in having such an early majority over Smith that his forces would eventually succumb. I knew how hopeless it was to think that we would ever get the votes of New York and Illinois.

## III

The final tragic months of Woodrow Wilson's life, as he lay physically and spiritually broken from the collapse of his efforts in behalf of a better world and from the slander of his traducers, revealed the devotion of those who believed in him, some to the point of fanaticism. While news of his failing strength filtered out of the S Street residence, sad-eyed men and women gathered in the street before it, standing there in silence or speaking in whispers, many with heads bowed in prayer. It was winter, yet some of these withstood the cold, all hoping for a miracle which might prolong the life of the man within the residence. They forgave his failures and his

faults, and in the last anxious hours, theirs was a "watchful waiting" without hope; their sorrow, for a martyr not to be deserted in death.

The end came February 3, 1924. The grief, first manifested in S Street, swept across the nation as patriotic men and women forgot and forgave, only remembering that Wilson had been our leader in the gravest crisis of American history. Some recalled words from one of his most famous speeches, that delivered in September, 1919, at St. Louis:

This Nation went into this war to see it through to the end, and the end has not yet come. This is the beginning, not of the war but of the processes which are going to render a war like this impossible. There are no other processes than those that are proposed in this great treaty. It is a great treaty, it is a treaty of justice, of rigorous and severe justice, but do not forget that there are many other parties to this treaty than Germany and her opponents. There is rehabilitated Poland. There is rescued Bohemia. There is redeemed Jugo-Slavia. There is the rehabilitated Rumania. All the nations that Germany meant to crush and reduce to the status of tools in her own hands have been redeemed by this war and given the guarantee of the strongest nations of the world that nobody shall invade their liberty again. If you do not want to give them that guarantee, then you make it certain that without your guarantee the attempt will be made again, and if another war starts like this one, are you going to keep out of it? If you keep out of this arrangement, that sort of war will come soon. If you go into it, it never will come. We are in the presence, therefore, of the most solemn choice that this people was ever called upon to make. That choice is nothing less than this: Shall America redeem her pledges to the world? America is made up of the peoples of the world. All the best bloods of the world flow in her veins, all the old affections, all the old and sacred traditions of peoples of every sort throughout the wide world circulate in her veins, and she has said to mankind at her birth: "We have come to redeem the world by giving it liberty and justice." Now we are called upon before the tribunal of mankind to redeem that immortal pledge.

I was one of those who made a pilgrimage to the Wilson home during his last illness. Broken as he was at the time, he recalled the visit during the war when I had taken my five sons to meet him. Three of them were then in the service, one was a cadet captain in high school, the fifth in the graded schools. It was with a sense of pride that I presented them to the President, explaining that D. C.,

Jr., was going to camp at Plattsburg, John W. was in the graduating class at Annapolis, and James in a camp near Washington. On my last visit to him, a short while before his death, he called me back from the small group with which he had shaken hands and said, "I wanted to ask you about those boys of yours." I told him I was thankful that all had returned from the war, although D. C., Jr., had been severely wounded in the battle of the Argonne Forest. It was clear that the invalid had aged and deteriorated from his illness, but that instance of thoughtfulness refuted the exaggerated rumors of his mental condition. On the day of his death, only a short time before breath left him, his faithful and efficient physician, Admiral Cary T. Grayson, took with him for consultation Dr. Sterling Ruffin of Washington. He told the President of the presence of Dr. Ruffin for further consultation, whereupon Mr. Wilson, scarcely able to speak, whispered, "Grayson, do you not remember the old adage, 'Too many cooks spoil the broth'?"

At the time of his death many memories of the man came to my mind, but at the same time his passing seemed to emphasize the grave need for a progressive leadership of the brand that he had given to the country. The oil scandals had been exposed and the national conventions were in the offing. The chances of a Democratic victory had never seemed better, but already there was confusion in the party ranks. Countless thousands must have paused at the death of Wilson to wonder if, after all, he had not been right, if the greatest American mistake of all time had not been the rejection of the League of Nations without a sincere effort to harmonize the differences of opinion over the details of its functioning. Would the prophecies of the dead President come true? Had we thrown away all we had fought for by rejecting the League?

Among others with whom I was brought into close association in this period, I greatly admired the loyalty of the late President's daughter, Mrs. Wm. G. McAdoo. The following letter fully attests her keen interest in the record of her father and in the political aspirations of her husband:

Dear Mr. Roper:

I was dreadfully disappointed when I found that you had gone Tuesday afternoon and that I had not had an opportunity to see you again. I wanted to see you for just one reason, but it was a very important reason

to me. I wanted to tell you again, as I had tried to tell you in Washington, how much your wonderful loyalty, friendship, and devotion to Mac touches my heart. It is one of the most beautiful things I have ever known and I never think of you without a feeling of comfort and renewed strength because, in all these troubled times, he has such a friend as you. I have lost my faith in so many people since the days when father first went into politics, but, tho' that is very sad, I have the happiness of knowing that I have learned to recognize the few who are fine and true. You are one of those few and I shall always feel a very deep gratitude and affection for you.

We are both a little worried because you are so tired and do not seem well. Isn't it possible for you to take a little real rest? Get away where you won't talk politics, please, dear "Mr. Yopie." [My name as pronounced by Mrs. McAdoo's little daughter.]

And that reminds me that in all the stress and strain, I forgot to thank you for the lovely books you sent the children. They loved them and we all thought it very dear of you to think of them. They won't ever forget you—they speak of you still. We are nearly home and we are very happy because of that. It is hard to be away from those two little dancers.

Give our love to Mrs. Roper and keep for yourself our deep admiration and affection.

Most sincerely yours,  
/s/ Eleanor W. McAdoo.

Feb. 21st, 1924

IV

No man or woman who attended the Convention of 1924 in the old Madison Square Garden will ever forget it. This country has never seen its like and is not likely to see its like again. In the blazing August heat the conflicting forces of McAdoo and Smith had their tug of war. The delegates were seated upon approval of their credentials. The McAdoo forces being in the majority, we selected Pat Harrison, Senator from Mississippi, for temporary chairman. He was splendid in this position and made an excellent opening speech. Thomas J. Walsh, Senator from Montana, was the permanent chairman, and there could not have been a better one.

Tension and strife, the Ku-Klux Klan, galleries filled with Smith partisans from the sidewalks of New York—it was a colorful show.



A delegation from the Northwest brought a carload of snow and threw snowballs in August. The Californians, gay and confident, with a spirit that was joyous, had several carloads of oranges. For the first time in history, women took the rostrum. Mrs. Leroy Springs, of South Carolina, and Mrs. Isetta Jewell Brown, of West Virginia, electrified the vast audience with their eloquent and brilliant addresses. One saw William Jennings Bryan moving about the floor from delegation to delegation. He wore a palm beach suit and fanned himself with a cardboard fan, similar to those which used to be presented at county fairs by the local furniture store. The Governor of Colorado and the Minister to Nicaragua engaged in a slug-fest that would have been worth money in the prize ring. Chairman Walsh ruled this mad arena wonderfully well. Arthur Brisbane, dean of American newspapermen, sat in the galleries and deplored the deadlock between Smith and McAdoo. And had there not been a final yielding of both sides, the convention might theoretically be in session now. After every ballot there was a parade around the floor, bands playing, frenzied delegates screaming and shouting. What a spectacle, and what rampant enthusiasm when either side gained so much as two or three votes! And who will ever forget the stentorian tones of the Governor of Alabama who, as chairman of his state delegation, yelled on every ballot, "Twenty-four votes for Underwood!"

How picturesque it was! Most of the titans of the war and prewar days were still living. Many were present and fighting for one side or the other. Almost to a man, the chosen of the Wilson Administration were behind McAdoo. After the seventieth ballot, I joined Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo at breakfast to canvass the situation. Earlier that morning it had looked as though prolongation of the struggle would bring about complete disintegration of the party. Therefore, I suggested to McAdoo that Smith be nominated if we could have an understanding that the Smith forces would help us nominate McAdoo in 1928. This proposal was promptly rejected by Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo on the ground that the Tammany machine would then be in control of the National Democratic organization. I informed him that some of our most intimate friends, one of them being Mr. Chadbourne, were about to go to Smith in a four years' program, so that by 1928 the New York Governor would be the best

advertised man in the United States. The events of the next four years were to show how successfully their work was done.

The feverish, chaotic days of that convention were so trying that many of us would have broken down had it not been for a note of levity introduced from time to time. For example, in the keynote address Pat Harrison said at one point, "What this country needs is a Paul Revere." There was prolonged cheering. Later it was learned that some of the delegations had misunderstood him, thinking he had said, "What this country needs is real beer."

Recurring to my recommendation in February that McAdoo step aside, I had later changed my opinion. It would have been improper for him to retreat under the oil fire; his record was clean. He could not have corrected the error had he yielded to the calumny of the hour. He was right; I was wrong.

The McAdoo-Smith feud was primarily a struggle between the industrialism of the North and East and the power of the countryside in the South and West. The rural group was then and still is the stronger; however, the abandonment of the two-thirds rule for nominations will probably soon transfer control to those states having large urban populations.

I am positive that the Ku-Klux Klan influence in the convention was greatly exaggerated and a real detriment to the McAdoo interests in that it put Catholics on the defensive and alienated many who otherwise might have been for McAdoo. This influence was unfairly blamed on the South, when on Long Island, in Connecticut, and in northern New Jersey, fiery crosses were burning while the convention was in session, and thousands of the hooded, bemasked members of that reprehensible order were in conclave. Indiana had already furnished a national scandal because of the Klan. The united manner in which the South was to aid in nominating Smith four years later should dissolve the last remnant of accusation that the Klan was a dominant influence in Southern democracy.

That convention witnessed the last appearance of William Jennings Bryan upon the stage of American politics. The old fire was diminishing now; the silver tongue lacked some of its former intonations of oratorical music, but all the graciousness and courage, all the gentility and wholeheartedness of the peacemaker remained. At a crisis in the convention, Bryan took the platform. The Tam-

many policemen had opened the doors and permitted a veritable mob of hoodlums to mount to the galleries. When Bryan started to speak, there were hisses, boos and cat-calls, raucous shouting. Did these uncouth, undisciplined and unassimilated rowdies think they could move the spiritual mountain on that platform? If so, they soon found themselves mistaken. Bryan waited until the storm overhead had spent itself. Then quietly, modestly and with his immense and ineffable grace, he spoke to the delegates, as a kind father might have addressed his own family.

"Insulting outcries," he said in substance, "have little meaning for me. The things they represent must be a passing phase in our national life." He pointed upward to the noisy galleries, saying, "You do not represent the future of our country. *The leaders are not in the galleries.*" What a fitting close, and how dramatic an ending to his long and useful political career!

Perhaps more than anything else, that episode caused the delegates to realize the necessity of compromise in lieu of disintegration. John W. Davis was nominated. He was one of the country's ablest lawyers, too conservative for leadership that year, but no Democrat could have been elected after that convention.

## v

The convention over, I returned to Washington. Upon my arrival I found a telegram from Davis asking me to come back to New York for a conference. I acceded to his request immediately, finding him at the home of Frank L. Polk. When he asked whether the McAdoo forces were going to support him, I replied in the affirmative. "Governor Smith called upon me this afternoon," the nominee informed me. "He suggests that I appoint Thomas J. Spellacy of Connecticut as Chairman of the National Committee, and that I put him in charge of the campaign." "No matter who is appointed," I replied, "you won't be able to carry a single state in the 'Wall Street zone.' But if Governor Smith thinks you can carry one or more states in this area, why not create two national campaign headquarters? Have one for the New York area and another for the rest of the country." He nodded, and I went on: "Put Spellacy in charge of the New York office. He's an ideal man for it. Then you can appoint a national chairman for the rest of the country."

Clem L. Shaver, of West Virginia, had done so much to bring about the nomination of Mr. Davis that I thought he was the logical choice for chairman. "While he is somewhat inarticulate and not as active or aggressive as you might wish," I urged, "you won't have to lie awake nights worrying about sins of commission. You know he will be loyal. He has good political judgment." Mr. Davis concurred in this analysis. Shaver became the chairman, and Spellacy was put in charge of the "Wall Street zone." I am sure that he did his best, but no state in that area was carried by Davis. The result is history. Coolidge swept the country. We embarked upon what many considered to be the golden era.

## VI

After the Fourth of July, 1925, I took my family on a trip through the Great Lakes. On the return through Chicago I was knocked down on Michigan Avenue by an automobile turning the corner near the Blackstone Hotel. In an unconscious condition I was taken to St. Luke's Hospital. An examination revealed that I had six breaks in one leg and a fracture of the skull. The attending physicians despaired of my life. These same doctors were later to tell me that good blood and a wholesome attitude toward life were the two factors which saved me. During this illness, Captain J. J. McDonald, a Washington friend, wrote me as follows: "I understand the doctors think you may die. They told me when I had a severe accident that I had but one chance in one hundred to live. I simply said, 'Doctor, I will take it.' I suggest that you do likewise." I followed his suggestion. Friends from various parts of the country, having read of the accident, wrote or wired me, and all these messages aided my fight for recovery. Two who were outstanding in their attentions and solicitations were Cyrus McCormick and Alexander Legge, both of Chicago. I shall never forget the sympathetic kindness of the entire staff of that hospital. My convalescence was made as interesting as was possible under the circumstances.

Mrs. Roper had always maintained a policy of refusing to break bad news to me in times of strain. She knew the affection and esteem in which I held the outstanding figures of my own generation. Thus, when William Jennings Bryan passed from life at Dayton, Tennessee, during the Scopes trial, I was still in the hospital, and she did

not tell me for fear it would aggravate my condition by upsetting and disturbing me. I learned of his death from one of my doctors. The dramatic aspect of his passing while defending the Bible, as he interpreted it, dying as he did in a peaceful sleep, afforded much food for thought and many recollections of his role in American life. Less than two months earlier the final curtain had descended upon the long and stormy career of Robert M. LaFollette. I found myself linking together the lives of four men: Theodore Roosevelt, who had died in 1919, Woodrow Wilson, LaFollette, and Bryan. They had been the "big four" of the progressive era. The death of Bryan had brought a most significant historical period to a close.

Bryan was laid to rest in Arlington Cemetery, a right he had gained from his service in the Spanish-American War. His passing caused me to reflect upon many things, for the character of an age of change is marked by nothing so much as the personalities of its leaders. When I came to Washington in 1893, four outstanding young men were making their beginnings in national political life. Roosevelt was a Civil Service Commissioner. Bryan was a member of the House of Representatives. That Bryan was a leading member is indicated by the fact that on May 30, 1892, he was chosen to deliver the annual memorial address at Arlington. These two men, with their careers shrouded in the mists of the future, met socially from time to time. An interesting bit of fiction might be written retailing their imaginary conversations at casual meetings.

Woodrow Wilson, then a young professor of jurisprudence and political economy at Princeton University, was a friend of Roosevelt. Wilson's excellent book, *Congressional Government*, had been published in 1885. By 1893 he was a well-known scholar and publicist. Robert M. LaFollette had already served six years in the House of Representatives. He left that House of the Congress before Bryan arrived. Later these two became warm friends.

Those four careers inspired, during that generation, great flashes of insight and inspiration. Their leadership, above all others, moved the nation in 1896-1916 to face its problems with aspirations toward progress. Their voices were in command in that era of change. Each in his turn ascended the heights. Two were to win the Presidency, each for two terms. The two others had been nominated for this high office. Finally, I saw all in turn fade from the scene—each

broken and sick at heart in disappointment over apparent failure. By the autumn of 1925, they were all gone. Certainly life is a great stage and such men are among its great actors, suggesting reflections on the nature of success and failure.

The World War was the great tragedy of their age. Despite that colossal blow to civilization, more fruits of American progressivism should have ripened and have been harvested during the first quarter of the present century than was the case. We were weakened by the fact that these four strong men were not marshaled together in the great battles for reform and social progress. Fate decreed—fate and an antiquated political system—that they should be divided, not only as two and two, but as one and one.

Theodore Roosevelt would have been a much greater leader had he been willing from the first to accept and defend in the face of defeat the advanced positions of Robert M. LaFollette. The voice of William Jennings Bryan would have resounded through the world during all the ages to come had he after 1913 fully accepted the leadership of Woodrow Wilson. He should not have consented to be made Secretary of State, because he was not qualified for that type of administrative work. He should have supported Wilson only as a generous colleague and friend. Had Bryan in 1914-18 seen Europe and the World War as Wilson saw them, he might have rendered more enduring services in the cause of world peace. And who can measure and adjudge the fruits of victory for all the world if there had been added to Wilson and Bryan the dynamic character of Theodore Roosevelt. In 1919 in Paris, Theodore Roosevelt, who had died in the early days of that year, would either have mastered Clemenceau or have driven him from the council table. With Roosevelt supporting the League, this country would have joined and have given it wholehearted support. Great as he was, however, Wilson was not strong enough in that crisis to enlist the services of Bryan and Roosevelt. A Washington or a Lincoln might have found room in either war or peace for the continued and ardent co-operation of both. In those times we needed, in fact, a composite of the four men, Wilson, Roosevelt, Bryan, and LaFollette.

In Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln the American people produced leaders whose personalities dominated crucial periods of po-

litical change and social transition. Each of these possessed that consummate strength which wins obedience from lesser leaders and merges their strength to influence the general public. Roosevelt, Wilson, Bryan, and LaFollette had each done his best. All deserve to be held in great honor, but the tasks to which they set their hands remained unfinished.

## *The Schism of 1928*

THE DRAMATIC EVENTS which marked the Madison Square Convention in 1924 aroused and intensified issues not destined to be forgotten with the defeat of John W. Davis. Militant Catholic elements and the disgruntled wet faction of the Democratic party clamored for greater recognition. These segments of the party contended that Governor Smith, if nominated, could have been elected in 1924, maintaining that his record for social and labor legislation in New York State would have attracted the labor vote from Coolidge. With extreme vigor they contended that a growing disrespect for the prohibition laws and the Eighteenth Amendment made their repeal imperative and that Smith was the logical leader for this movement. As a result of this division in the Democratic ranks, a number of my friends, including Thomas L. Chadbourne, joined the Smith movement, taking the position that the time had arrived for a definite settlement of the liquor question.

"I have faithfully stood by McAdoo in all his campaigns up to now," said Chadbourne in 1924. "But now I'm for Al Smith, and I believe he'll be nominated in 1928." He added that he thought the nomination of Smith would afford the people an opportunity to meet definite issues, since the New York Governor was noted for his frankness. I did not deny this quality, but it seemed to me that the Presidency was too high an office to be pivoted upon a single minor issue. Other qualifications were demanded, I thought, qualifications of infinitely more intrinsic importance to the American people than the attitude of a candidate on liquor.

Let me emphasize my admiration for Governor Smith's enviable and progressive record as Governor of New York. As that state's Chief Executive for four terms his remarkable achievements are fully known to all who either read a New York newspaper during



that time or followed his career in the national magazines. Members of all parties and factions agreed that he made New York one of its ablest governors. Having been brought up under the tutelage of Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, I was doubtful of the country's reception of Smith's Tammany affiliation. Many had not forgotten how the switch of Tammany to Champ Clark at Baltimore had ruined his chances. The mere thought of a Tammanyized National Democratic Committee would, I felt, be anathema to thousands of leading Democrats throughout the country, not for reasons of sectionalism but because of their dislike of machine politics. Moreover, the wounds of Madison Square Garden would not be entirely healed in the coming campaign. Furthermore, I did not believe that the country was ready to accept Smith's position on the liquor question, despite the growing trend toward repeal. The religious issue was important but far from being paramount.

The judicious attitude of Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana in conducting the Senatorial inquiry into the oil scandals and the fair and impartial manner in which he had presided over the previous chaotic Democratic convention endeared him to thousands of his fellow Democrats. He, too, was a Catholic, but he was a Western man and a dry. There were extreme rumblings of unrest in the great agricultural sections of the West. The collapse of European markets and the growing surplus of agricultural commodities plus the deflation caused by shrinkage of land values, consequent foreclosures and a general tightening of credit in the rural regions, made it necessary that the Federal Government lend at least its ears to the cries of the Western farmers and Southern cotton planters. Such outstanding men as Senators McNary, Borah, Hiram Johnson, Heflin of Alabama, and Smith of South Carolina were urging agricultural relief and at the same time warning the country that unless prompt action were taken there would be an economic catastrophe. It looked, therefore, as though the farm voters were about to register a mighty protest if ignored. I failed to see how a candidate from the "sidewalks of New York" would appeal to this large segment of the American population.

## II

After the failure of McAdoo to win the nomination at Madison Square Garden, it did not seem probable that I would ever again play

any important part in national politics. The apparent prosperity under the Coolidge Administration seemed to be affording complete satisfaction to the dominant financial interests of the country. Nevertheless, the power of such wealthy men as John J. Raskob, the DuPonts, and others associated with Smith in a society opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment was not to be esteemed too lightly. More and more, it seemed probable that he would win the nomination in 1928. I conceded that he might be nominated, but I at no time thought that he could be elected.

Consequently, I turned more to the affairs of private life. My Washington practice was fairly remunerative, and I found time to keep alive pleasant social contacts both in the capital and by correspondence, adhering to my long custom of writing occasionally to a number of friends from whom I had not heard in recent months. The time passed swiftly, and while the convention of 1924 still seemed like an event of yesterday, the year 1928 rolled around. Coolidge issued his famous "I do not choose to run" statement from the summer White House in the Black Hills of South Dakota and thereby gave Secretary of Commerce Hoover a free hand in the Republican primaries. By that time it was evident that no contender had developed the strength to forestall the nomination of Smith, much as I favored Senator Walsh.

Under the influence of that splendid and liberal American, Jesse H. Jones, the convention of 1928 met at Houston, Texas. The Republicans, meeting earlier at Chicago, had nominated Hoover. Their platform was a pledge of eternal prosperity, the full dinner pail and a rising standard of living, Hoover later supplementing these pledges with one for the abolition of poverty—a statement so unfortunate as to cause pity for him when it is examined in retrospect. Little did he realize that his promises of two cars in every garage and two chickens in every pot would be turned against him later and used by millions of his fellow Americans to hold him up to ridicule.

As was expected, Smith received the Houston nomination without appreciable opposition. The convention made a tragic mistake by favoring prohibition in its platform, when all the delegates knew that their candidate was wet. The platform had scarcely been adopted when Smith sent a telegram to the convention accepting the nomination and at the same time repudiating the platform. This made me

and other Democrats committed to the dry cause political orphans for that campaign. The time was not yet ripe for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. If the liquor traffic was to be resumed lawfully, the Amendment first had to be eliminated from the Constitution; there could be no other course.

America witnessed in 1928 a political campaign the like of which, I hope, will never be repeated. John J. Raskob, a former Republican, became Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Smith ran openly as a wet. His New York accent was burlesqued by speakers of the opposing party, and a series of cartoons in which he was caricatured as a Tammany farmer made him an object of ridicule in the rural regions and small towns. Numerous Democratic leaders, such as United States Senator F. M. Simmons of North Carolina, former Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, and others of national prestige, to say nothing of thousands of clergymen, openly climbed aboard the Hoover bandwagon largely because of the prohibition issue. Both sides were guilty of extreme religious intolerance. Moreover, Hoover was put forward in the wet industrial regions as a personal believer in repeal, while in some sections of the South he was advocated as a dry. His own utterances were tactfully vague, but he had as a bulwark the dry plank of the Republican platform. Tammany Hall of New York went through the worst castigation in its history, one from which it has not fully recovered and which paved the way for the Fusion movement that elected the progressive Mayor LaGuardia and practically annihilated the Tammany organization and its control of New York City political patronage and the judiciary.

The election of Hoover with promises of more protective tariff, continued prosperity, and the abolition of poverty, ushered in what the industrial barons and bankers believed to be the beginning of phase two of the golden age. Indeed, there were those who sensed the approach of the millennium. The machine age would doubtless abolish labor also. In a land of peace and plenty, the most-favored nation of the earth, we would live without work or want, devoting our time to cultural pursuits, while the other nations of the world wrangled and shed blood. Their fights were not our fights. We would be safe and sound and rich.

## *Hoover and the Debacle*

THE HOOVER ELECTION had resulted from the most spirited campaign of recent years, but it was increasingly apparent that the scars left by the campaign would not be healed for months to come, if indeed at all. Nevertheless, the inauguration of the new President was widely hailed as a guarantee of continued prosperity. Stock prices reacted favorably; foreign loan bonds continued to be floated among America's small investors; our exports seemed to be rising, and it looked as if the "Golden Glow" would be perpetuated. Coupled with assurances that there would be no departure from encouragement to business, which, of course, entailed direct government co-operation with business modes of the hour as to exports, debt collection abroad, and laxity in the banking system, Mr. Hoover promised aid to agriculture. A special session of Congress was called for this latter purpose which resulted in the creation of the Farm Board, for which an appropriation of five hundred million dollars provided a revolving fund, designed to "peg" market prices of major agricultural commodities by government purchases. Quite soon, however, it became evident the fund would not revolve, and greater confusion reigned as more and more small banks failed in the rural areas.<sup>1</sup>

In his inaugural address Mr. Hoover promised to devote immediate attention to the national crime wave, which had become the worst any major nation had ever known. For this purpose he appointed a fact-finding commission headed by the distinguished jurist, George W. Wickersham, and composed of others prominent in related fields of sociology. The commission deliberated for about one

<sup>1</sup> Five thousand banks with aggregate deposits of a billion and a half dollars closed their doors between 1920 and 1929, mainly in rural regions, reflecting the depreciation of agriculture and the liquidation of farm mortgages based on the inflated prices paid for land purchased in the World War days.

year; on the basis of extensive research it developed startling testimony concerning the extent to which the modern "gangster," or "racketeer," had honeycombed the social fabric. It was clear that the tentacles of crime reached high into American public and business life, that some large cities, or great sections of them, were in virtual control of such criminals as the notorious Al Capone. Such men controlled not merely the illicit liquor traffic, narcotics, smuggling, organized vice and the like, but had perverted labor unions and were obtaining a lucrative income by bludgeoning private business into paying tribute for so-called protection.

In earlier years such revelations might have inspired a band of vigilantes. Not in this era. Many of the offenders were declared by the Wickersham body to be "beyond the local law." The Commission itself naturally lacked authority to take drastic action. There had been no implementation of their fact-finding prerogative. The maladministration of justice that existed was due to venal politics, corruption of law enforcement agencies, slum conditions, immigration of undesirables, and, perhaps not least of all, to the very "Golden Glow" of which we had become so proud. Indeed, money or, to be more accurate, the lack of and desire for money had become the "root of all evil." It is not unfair to say that this mania for the dollar went far too high, infecting Wall Street and the basic banking structure. *Laissez faire* and *caveat emptor* were doctrines of the hour. In the light of succeeding events, it is not unfair to say further that the Hoover Administration (without intent or realization on the part of the President) had begun at the very zenith of the power of the reactionary political forces which had resisted progressivism since my arrival in Washington during the Cleveland days.

I have no wish to be unkind to Mr. Hoover nor any desire to impute culpability to him for events entirely beyond his control. Great underlying forces were against him from the beginning. Himself reputedly a man of great wealth, one who had spent his best years outside the nation, he was a natural partisan of the forces, the accidents, and the circumstances which had colored his mental processes. The reality of conditions was not apparent to him. "Prosperity was around the corner."

Perhaps it is well that some saw the march of events from the sidelines. It seemed to me that the upward curve of crime and

commercial recklessness was due to an abandonment of the tenets of the Founding Fathers of the country. In the year of 1929 export trade rose to the all-time high of \$5,240,995,000. Few realized that we were lending more money abroad than was being returned by the purchase of goods, and fewer knew that substantial sums of this money were being spent for rearmament and remilitarization in an untrustworthy Europe. By 1932 our exports were to fall to \$1,611,000,000. The Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act made 1,125 changes in the Federal Revenue Law, of which 890 increased the cost of imports, thus ringing the death knell of our foreign trade.

On the day the Smoot-Hawley Tariff was signed, in 1930, I lunched with President Hoover's private secretary, Walter H. Newton. Just prior to this time a large number of nationally known economists, many of them university professors, had joined in a signed protest against the bill. The governments of some fifty countries were also protesting. I asked Newton whether he, as a former member of Congress, recommended that the President sign the bill. "The President," Newton replied, "has a difficult situation. Against the opposition of the economists, there is the support of a large number of businessmen. They argue that the bill will protect them against the curse of eighteen more months of tariff agitation." Hoover signed the bill.

This tariff act caused many other countries to erect tariff walls against international commerce. Great Britain began to formulate a plan for drawing the entire British Empire into a tariff union against the world, to be effective in 1932. The German people, suffering most, were made an easier prey to Hitler's propaganda. All the world was afflicted by what one historian has called "the Mad Decade." The stock market collapse caused people to realize that something was basically wrong. They wholly rejected the theory that prosperity lay just around the corner, and during the two years that followed, intelligent thinkers learned more about economics than they had learned in the previous generation.

Meanwhile, the Hoover Administration was ill-fated politically. On the black days in 1929 and 1930, when securities fell to the record low of all time, leading figures in the President's party turned against him. Bank and business failures were increasing daily; unem-

ployment reached record proportions; the farmer had lost his European and best domestic markets, and no ray of light came from the funereal pronouncements of American economists. There was great confusion among Republican members of Congress. Due to deaths, including that of Nicholas Longworth, Speaker, the Democrats suddenly had a majority in the House of Representatives and organized that body under the leadership of my old friend, John N. Garner. An early effort was made by Speaker Garner to expedite a program of public works on a large scale to save the masses of America's unemployed. The Democrats in Congress did not try to convert the national emergency into political capital. Instead, they banded together to pass emergency legislation that might alleviate the mounting national distress.

Among the Republicans there was increasing disunity and dissatisfaction with the man in the White House. There was, for example, former Senator Frelinghuysen, who had contributed large sums to the Hoover campaign, as had William S. Vare of Pennsylvania, Senator-elect from that state, whose seat was challenged because of alleged election frauds and excessive campaign expenditures. Naturally, both being the Republican nominees, the same funds had also been expended for Mr. Hoover, who had received an overwhelming majority in the state. Mr. Vare was unseated by the Senate. Talking from a chair because of illness, he made a feeble plea in his own behalf, but the Administration made no effort to save him from public disgrace. The seat was declared vacant, thus permitting the Governor, a Republican elected upon the same ticket, to appoint Senator Grundy, a high protectionist, who set up downtown offices immediately after he was sworn in and began to promote the greatest tariff lobby effort Washington had ever known; he, himself, was responsible for the insertion of hundreds of items in the Hawley-Smoot Bill.

J. Franklin Forte, a distinguished Representative from New Jersey, and John Q. Tilson of Connecticut, Majority Leader of the House of Representatives, were among those most active in the election of Hoover; to Colonel Horace A. Mann, a Washington attorney, was attributed credit for the Hoover campaign which broke the solid South. Colonel William J. Donovan of New York's famous "Fighting Sixty-ninth," an outstanding World War hero, perhaps

restrained New York Catholics from a wholesale bolt from the Republican party to Smith. For reasons never known to the public, the new President soon parted with most of these key supporters, including former Senator Frelinghuysen. Most of them, it was said, found themselves to be unwelcome at the White House.

Meanwhile, Claudius H. Huston, of Tennessee and New York, was selected by Mr. Hoover to head the Republican National Committee. His tenure was short-lived. Washingtonians were shocked one morning to read at their breakfast tables the startling news that Mr. Huston had been sued for eighty thousand dollars, alleged to be evidenced by an IOU he had passed in a poker game and had apparently repudiated. Robert H. Lucas of Kentucky, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was thereupon charged with the management of the Republican National Committee, but he, too, seemed unauthorized to dispense the spoils of the incoming Administration, there being no centralization of authority. The President had three secretaries, and old-line Republican Senators and Representatives found it difficult to reach an understanding among them when they sought to recommend one of their constituents for a Federal office. This tended to cause further rifts in Republican ranks. During the early days of the new Administration it was freely said that those who had worked hardest for the election of Mr. Hoover were now the least cherished in his esteem. Perhaps he overlooked the fact that the men who helped make him politically might be able to help destroy him, that in case of a bid for re-election four years later they would be willing and ready to oppose him.

The Hoover Cabinet, with a few exceptions, was also politically weak and unrepresentative of the nation as a whole. There was no member from the South, which had given the candidate unprecedented support. The Secretary of Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde, according to Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, had been best known in that state as a Ford dealer, not as a farmer, yet agriculture was facing collapse. Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, was a scholarly man, but he inherited the Department from Albert B. Fall, who had permitted it to become almost stagnant in the exercise of its ancient functions. Walter Brown, of Ohio, Postmaster General, had been an intimate of some of the discredited politicians of the "Ohio gang" of the Harding days. It was he who had his



Cabinet limousine changed in order to get one with a higher roof, enabling him to ride in it without risking a crush of his high silk hat. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, hailed as the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton," left many large affairs to the Undersecretary, Ogden L. Mills. Neither intervened to stop the flow of American billions to Europe. Secretaries of the Navy and War, Adams and Hurley, respectively, were well-meaning, conscientious men. Yet neither of these projected himself into the international scene with the nerve and command which might have permitted the country either to force a limitation of armaments or else build apace with other countries. The Secretary of Commerce, Robert Lamont, continued the Coolidge policy of encouraging foreign loans in order to keep exports at as high a level as possible. There was a sort of incompatibility in this whole official family. A New England aristocrat, such as Adams, had little in common with the Secretary of Agriculture from Missouri, and "on the hill" Senator Moses of New Hampshire antagonized the Western progressive elements in Congress by dubbing them "Sons of Wild Jackasses." Legislation was left in command of a "freshman," Senator Henry Allen of Kansas; and such old war horses as Senators Borah of Idaho and McNary of Oregon, the young progressive Bob LaFollette of Wisconsin, who had inherited the toga of his father, Cutting of New Mexico, and many others practically walked out on the party. Mr. Hoover needed to remobilize and reorganize his party, calling new leaders from the ranks. He chose to go it alone.

Following the Huston embarrassment over the poker debt, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis was embarrassed by disclosures of alleged irregularities in his fiscal relations with the Loyal Order of Moose and the Moosehart Home and School. These complicated misfortunes which afflicted the Hoover Administration are of course already well known. They are mentioned here because they seem to me to illustrate the conditions of the time, an era of disorganization, commercial recklessness, departure from morality, and abandonment of the higher virtues which should constantly impel public servants. Secretary of State Stimson was regarded by Republicans—and Democrats as well—as one of the ablest men in the Cabinet. Tragically enough, however, the State Department had become too much of a debt-collecting agency; too many of the embassies and legations had

fallen into the status of private clubs for visiting moneylenders, and there was not much that the Secretary could do to rectify the situation.

I would not dwell upon this period unduly, yet if it was, as it seems to me to have been, the climax of the influence of all the reactionary forces in the country and in our international relations, if it was the apex of the events which led to the debacle of Wall Street, to unemployment on a large scale, and to the disastrous, stricken condition of agriculture, it should be so recognized. I am convinced that it was a turning point in American history, one that needs to be understood if we are to understand the grave problems the country had to face and the experiments it made later, which are to be discussed below. To sum it up, we had a man in the White House who did not know what to do, who conscientiously believed in the old order of things, who was blind to the march of international events, and who perhaps became afflicted with the defeatism of his associates. It is said that his Cabinet meetings lacked inspiration or any zest for needed accomplishment.

There was in his Administration an atmosphere of distrust, forebodings of the impending disasters in banking, industry, and agriculture; a helpless, hopeless defeatism. For the first time in generations we heard the President freely castigated by the man in the street. His was far from an enviable lot. Much of the trouble he encountered, in my opinion, may be charged to his inability to develop and maintain the winsomeness and diplomacy a man should have for commanding leadership. For example, he lost the friendship of Colonel Donovan, whose support might have enabled him to maintain a higher prestige among the war veterans. Alas, instead, they indulged in a bonus march upon Washington, and ex-soldiers, many destitute and ruined by the war, were driven at bayonet points when they came to ask for a Federal hand-out. It was sad. This hurt the President as the news was flashed across the land.

As the months drew on and the distress of the nation increased, as our entire banking system was threatened, the President grew grim and taciturn. His vocal efforts to appease the excited people were of little avail. His predictions proved to be fallacies. In the West, there were bread riots and more than one threatened insurrection—that by Milo Reno, farm agitator, one in Cleveland, Ohio, another

from the railway laborers of the country. Forty-five thousand miles of railroad went into trusteeships, receiverships, and the like. The textile industry became prostrate, and farm products dwindled in value, until corn was burned for fuel. The breadlines grew longer. Mr. Hoover had announced, during the drought and flood in Arkansas, that the American people opposed any direct financial relief for food. He expressed the opinion that the Red Cross was doing an adequate job in that state by feeding individuals with food costing approximately one dollar a week. He said that he would approve of appropriations for feeding stock and buying seeds only. His reactionary advisers cried socialism and communism at the mention of legislation to meet human needs. "It smacked of the European dole," they said. "America wouldn't stand for it." Conditions grew worse. Hoover had given a statement to the Scripps-Howard newspapers that he favored government operation of Muscle Shoals, but soon after his election he repudiated this by appointing a commission to consider the subject and then he suppressed their report much in his manner of handling the findings of the Wickersham group.

The financial crash had imperiled the careful plans of a lifetime to fulfill my family duty and build security for them. I did my best, however, to encourage progressive legislation and remedial measures in private conversations with friends at the Capitol. Looking back upon it now, I try as best I can to understand it all. At the risk of being considered old-fashioned, I repeat my conclusion that the abandonment of the ideals of the Founding Fathers of the country was the chief cause. I recall some of these early lessons, such as that of the first Thanksgiving Day, the common interests and mutual self-help of that time in which the "crops had been good. They had been placed in a common storehouse and divided." The Pilgrims had thanked God for the blessing of peace and plenty. We had come to look upon Thanksgiving Day as an institution, but we had departed from the spirit which gave it birth. Instead of trying to help our fellow man, we had tried to take money from him.

The Church had been the bulwark of our social fabric in the early years. It had been the impelling motive for the colonization of America, for the building of schools and colleges, even of communities. Our coins attest the national reverence by the words "In God We Trust." Few large-scale or important enterprises were inaugurated without

an invocation of the Deity. Sunday was a day consecrated to spiritual enrichment and obeisance to God. Even an atheist dared not proclaim his views too loudly, for to do so was to risk retribution from his fellow citizens. I would stress the moral rather than the religious point, but the time is surely at hand when the simple quest for truth demands that we take cognizance of fundamental forces. I have suggested that in 1929 the quest for money ruled the land. Compared to the total population, the churchgoers of 1929 were fewer than those of the 1800's.

Men did not require large sums of money to be elected to the United States Senate in the early years, but by 1929 it had become almost a millionaire's club. Hoover and his friends had spent \$1,500,000 in the primaries which preceded his campaign and election. Such men as Harry Sinclair, Edward B. McLean, and others of the time tossed around fifty to a hundred thousand dollars as though such sums were modest gratuities for political favors. Samuel Insull built an empire in the public utilities world which made of him a respected Croesus, an honored figure, one for American youth to emulate. He was esteemed as the apotheosis of free enterprise. Widows, the guardians for orphans, trustful country doctors, lacking an opportunity to get in on the "Golden Glow" except by speculation, contributed to the Insull plutocracy. It was an age of economic alchemy, and thousands were ensnared by the Insull propaganda, false reports of conditions, the glamorous word pictures of the glib stock salesmen who "let them in" on the Insull companies with a promise that they could soon resell their stocks for profits. I cite this example with no malice, but because it was among the outstanding cases of the time. Its trail of devastation and tragic loss has now long been of public record.

As this fever spread over the country, it lured and corrupted the small and the great. If a lone Christian minister chanced to protest, even in quavering voice, telling his parishioners that they were following false gods by taking part in this general parade to riches, he either was labeled an old fogey, engineered out of his pulpit, or tolerated as one who "had to say that sort of thing once in a while." In extreme cases he was termed a "Red" or a "Socialist."

In every part of the land this money madness prevailed; the Church, once dominant, was meek and subdued. Artful devices had

to be employed to maintain attendance and interest, and clergymen could not afford to risk reprisals in the collection plate. I am sure that some of them fell in with the spirit of the time as it applied to their personal incomes and their desire for the luxuries to which even the humblest of our people had become accustomed. The lack of unity among communicants of all faiths made the maintenance of Christianity itself an increasingly complex problem.

Thus the whole nation, the churches, the educational system, the homes, everything was caught by this spirit. Colleges commercialized athletics with highly paid coaches and subsidized football players. Offices in city and state governments required preliminary campaigns so expensive as to be beyond the reach of the simple, unwealthy patriots who in too many cases had to do the bidding of a rich master in order to get a nomination. In some sections of the country vote buying had become open and public. Unintelligent voters considered it a reflection upon their loyalty to the candidate if he was unwilling to show appreciation of their support by a financial token. All the while the system of small, independent retail business was dying a lonely death amid the neighboring chain stores, which had moved to town from the metropolitan centers. The little businessman, too, had fallen victim to the onrush of Mammon.

During all this conquest by wealth, many men of greatest national prestige, New York's titans of finance, poured eleven billion dollars of American savings into well-nigh worthless European securities, recommending them highly to American investors, but charging the foreign borrowers extreme rates of commission because of the speculative and doubtful nature of the offerings. The basic concept of democracy—the greatest good to the greatest number, one nation under God—was either disregarded or given mere lip service. Even justice required money. In some instances it cost ten thousand dollars for printed briefs if a citizen desired to appeal a case to the United States Supreme Court. Not even illness was exempt from this ruthless influence. Private rooms in leading hospitals cost from fifteen dollars to fifty dollars a day. Surgical fees ran into hundreds and thousands of dollars and surgical services were sometimes withheld until payment was made. Indeed, childbirth had reached the luxury brackets, perhaps one factor in the declining birth rate.

The old American way of moral life was being abandoned.

"Keeping up with the Joneses" became a fad. We had to have bigger and better houses, establishments befitting our official positions and the like. It reflected upon our business or professional standing if we could not entertain as lavishly as some of our neighbors. We had to have bigger and better automobiles, better clothes, etc., and this mania was as prevalent on Main Street as on Fifth Avenue.

The former hopes of educational achievement such as, for example, a rich American culture distilled from the combined cultures of other lands and tempered by the intrinsic beauties of Christian experience or an amalgamation of the Christian races in a new country which would take world leadership for peace and plenty, cherished previously as precious hopes, seemed now upon the verge of disappearance. Earlier anticipation of a new and great literature, of an advancement in all the arts, had been sacrificed to a cheapening commercialism. We produced sex and crime novels, fantastic pulp magazines, vulgar motion pictures accentuated with the immorality of the old world and with the reckless mentality of producers who failed to realize that they had accidentally or by design come into possession of a powerful force for the guidance of American and world thought.

Thus there arose, it seems to me, a perversion of all the fine strains in a young and growing culture which might have given spiritual leadership to the whole world. The roots of that early and of the later perverted culture were in Christianity, in the Church, the hope of eternity, man's duty to man in the control of love and hate and in the observation of the Golden Rule. Our morality had sprung from that of the Crusaders, the Pilgrims, the Pioneers, men of a giant spiritual stature. The American ideal was thus polluted by some of the things from which it had escaped to found the new land, and was in danger of becoming a prisoner of its former enemy. Eventually, after the tainting of other institutions, this pollution invaded the American home. Money madness was reflected in the divorce courts, in the crime wave, in a society honeycombed with other kindred poisonous termites of evil and reaction.

There were also clouds upon the international horizon, distant as yet, perhaps, yet portents of storms to come. We lacked unity and unanimity. We lacked our former inner strength, which could have quelled many of the forces that threatened us, had they become ram-

pant fifty or a hundred years earlier. There were rumblings at home. Distress multiplied with increasing disaster. Problems with ugly faces had suddenly menaced everything we held dear. The Hoover Administration was disorganized and unpopular, even though perhaps as sincere as could have been. Moreover, many had indulged in the money orgy in self-defense. It is scarcely metaphorical to say that we had become Children in the Wilderness.

## *The Personal Side of It*

WHEN HOMER chronicled the epic journey of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, it was perhaps with the thought of symbolizing to the Greeks the many dangers and disappointments that lie across the path of man in his journey through life. I do not liken my own fairly long journey to that of the fabled Ulysses, but every man is in a sense a Ulysses. The business cataclysm of October, 1929, may also be regarded as a parallel to the numerous dilemmas which perplexed Ulysses of old. Those fateful days of financial fears and hysteria well-nigh shattered the hopes and ambitions of a lifetime. As the hysteria spread across the land, my state of mind resembled that of one helplessly witnessing the sweeping away of all his material possessions in a raging and consuming fire. To make it worse, I also had from friends, near and far, frantic appeals and requests for counsel. The tragedy of those anxious hours brought heartrending stories and pleas. It was the greatest nervous strain Mrs. Roper and I had ever known.

My ambition had been threefold: (1) I aspired to discharge my duty toward my family in the supplying of their normal material needs, including that of educating the children and imbuing them with the highest attributes of Christian character, including a proper sense of duty to community and country; (2) I was ambitious to discharge my individual responsibilities to community and country and to merit the respect and friendship of my fellowmen; (3) I hoped to accumulate a sufficient estate to be able to maintain Mrs. Roper and myself in the comfort of our own home throughout our declining years.

I had worked hard, ever trying to be prudent without sacrifice of generosity, and up to now I believed that I had in a reasonable measure attained these objectives. When, however, I saw the best of my



securities melting as snow before the rays of a hot sun, it appeared that Mrs. Roper and I were in danger of losing the hope for our declining years. In fact, it seemed to be an impending certainty unless something should stem the onrushing tide. I was reminded of the old saying that the greatest fear to which human beings are heir is that of starvation. I have tried not to be too personal in this account of my life and times, keeping in mind the warning in the Sermon on the Mount to men tempted to exalt themselves. But it seems necessary here to disclose the effect of this climax and collapse of reaction upon my own ambitions and efforts of a lifetime. In such times as the 1929 stock crash, when families face the stark reality of misfortune they are apt to be drawn more closely together. Intimate memories and bits of sentiment well from the pattern of the past. It was so with me.

Much water had run over the dam since that Christmas Day in 1889 when Mrs. Roper and I were married. We had shared our work; we had experienced the young married couple's pleasures in creative achievement, such as the building of that early farm home in South Carolina. As we had climbed rung by rung our ladder of life during forty years, we had tried faithfully to live up to our ideals, especially our obligations to home, church, and country. We had been blessed by seven children and had experienced all the joys and trying vicissitudes of parents. With the exception of Richard F. (Fred), who was then a Senior at Duke University, all had been graduated from American colleges. Our first child, May, had graduated from the Randolph-Macon College for Women at Lynchburg, Virginia, in the class of 1912. James H., the eldest boy, graduated two years later at the University of Michigan. D. C., Jr., had left the 1917 Senior Class at Bowdoin College for overseas service with the American Expeditionary Force; his degree was conferred after his return from France. Grace, our second daughter, had graduated from Vassar College in the class of 1917. John W. was a naval officer of the class of 1918 at Annapolis. Harry McK. was an army officer, West Point, 1923. Mrs. Roper and I had striven to inculcate national-mindedness in each of them, that being one reason for helping them choose places of education so widely separated.

Because the friends of our children came from so many diverse sections of America, to have them in our home tended to broaden our

concepts of the nation. We sought to provide that home, not just for their friends, but as a symbol and sanctuary of family solidarity and as a citadel where all might forgather. I urged each boy at the age of seven to select a trade or profession, not that I thought his early selection would necessarily be permanent, but I felt that it would help the mother and me to keep him interested in school work.

Our family was knitted together and hence happy. Many instances of their devotion to each other live in my memory. For example, there was the time when John, who had saved ten dollars, came to me with a serious proposition. This sum had been saved from money made delivering newspapers and from the rewards I paid him for getting good reports in school. It was my custom to give each child twenty-five cents for every "Excellent" and fifteen cents for every "Good" on their report cards. When they received "Fair" or "Poor," they paid me fifteen cents each. John, who was then about ten, thus approached me: "I want to have a talk about Harry." Harry was seven. "Yes," I said sympathetically, "what about him?" "How much does it cost to get a doctor's sign painted?" he asked. "I don't know," I replied, "but we could go downtown to a sign painter and find out." This pleased him. "All right, sir," he said. "I've saved ten dollars, and I'd like to help Harry get his doctor's sign painted." That appealed to me as being true brotherly devotion.

Fred, the youngest boy, thought it unfortunate to be the last in the family, not without some logic. While I was engaged in the 1916 campaign to re-elect Wilson, I received the following letter from him, then eight:

Dear Father:

I am writing you confidentially about a bicycle. Mother says that she has her cellar filled with old wrecks of bicycles from the other children and she does not wish any more. It is unfortunate to be the last born in a large family for by that time the mother is all worn out with other children.

I am willing to sell my cat and get some money from that if you will help me to get the balance necessary to buy a bicycle. Will you do it?

I bought the cat for four dollars, and he got the bicycle.

There were many such incidents to remind me of what our home had meant to the family, now that we saw the homes and fortunes

of others being swept away and wondered whether we, too, might not yet experience similar disaster. It was not the first crisis in the family. I have referred to the serious illness of Mrs. Roper and our child in Morristown, New Jersey; to my close call after the accident in Chicago; it is unnecessary to relate that at one time or other we felt concern over the usual run of children's diseases. This economic crisis, however, was different from anything we had yet faced. It did not matter that one had friends or experience; if the financial structure of the country should give way, neither ability, training, nor friends with faith in you would count for much in the chaos and destruction sure to follow. And let no one be unaware of the narrow margin by which at that time all seemingly sound business institutions as well as private estates escaped disaster.

There are times, I think, when the one thing that will save a man's spirit from disintegration through fear is a rediscovery of his sense of humor. There had been a great many Ropers in this world, hundreds and thousands of them, and the stock had survived. Every one of them had had his or her trials and tribulations along the corridor of time. The Ropers had, indeed, come a long way, and there was ever an element of humor in their history. Some of them must have had a little flint in their blood. It is probable that their entrance to Kent, England, from France was made at the time of the Norman Conquest. A student of early English finds a period when it was customary for the people to speak Latin, and their names were even Latinized. My difficulty in tracing the Ropers through placards of this early period is that they were all in the Latin language. Miss Ella E. Roper, in the *Roper Book*, traces primarily the New England branch and states that the present name went through the following evolution: Rousper, Rooper, Ropère, and finally Roper.

There were originally two settlements of Ropers in this country, the first in Jamestown, Virginia, in 1636 and the second in Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1637. The churchmen followed the Cavaliers to Virginia; the Dissenters followed the Pilgrims to Massachusetts.<sup>1</sup> The offspring of the Virginia Ropers drifted southward, and the name is found in practically all of the Southern states. The offspring of the New England settlement drifted westward, and the

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Nell Marion Nugent, *Cavaliers and Pioneers* (Richmond, Va.: The Dietz Press, 1934); Miss Ella E. Roper, *Roper Book*; and Miss Virginia Horne, *Genealogist*, of Wadesboro, N. C.

Ropers whom I have encountered in the West trace back to New England.

My grandfather Roper<sup>2</sup> and my grandmother, Hannah Hunter, were born in Virginia about 1785 and migrated to Richmond County, North Carolina. After the Civil War (1866), my father migrated into Marlboro County, South Carolina, where he married my mother, Henrietta Virginia McLaurin. In this Scottish community of the Carolinas our name was unusual, most of the people being "Mac's." There early developed in this Scottish community the plan of holding county fairs for the purpose of displaying and exchanging products of the field and of the home and for engaging in the sport of horse racing. These were useful and attractive community occasions looked forward to and prepared for months in advance by the people of the region.

At one of these county fairs in my early boyhood a very amusing incident happened which excited my interest in the family name. A horse race was under way on the fair grounds, the horses being designated by different colored ribbons. At an exciting moment in one of the races a man came rushing past my uncle, Colonel James T. Roper, and inquired: "Which horse is ahead?" When he was told "Red Ribbon," his reply was, "Damn old Roper if that is so." Someone, recognizing my uncle, remarked: "Do you curse a man right to his face who has done you no injury?" The excited man replied: "I never knew a man by the name of Roper, but that is a cuss phrase in my community."

This incident hung in my memory until I found in a note in Blackstone's *Commentaries* a reference to William Roper's work on English wills. Furthermore, in the meantime, I discovered that this was a "cuss phrase" in other English settlements throughout the United States. Through sources interesting and, as I thought, probably reliable, I got the following story. Two English barristers, about 1560, were endeavoring to interpret in an English court an intricate will. In the discussion, attention was called to the fact that a new book had just come out by William Roper on the interpretation of English wills. This was the William Roper who married Margaret, the favorite daughter of Sir Thomas More. It was he who also wrote the biography of his father-in-law. Neither of the contending barristers had seen the book, but since the author was Clerk

<sup>2</sup> See Note, p. 255.

of the Chancery Court, both agreed to send for the book and to abide by Roper's interpretation of their problem. It seems, however, that the barrister who was reading from the book to the court was being decided against. Consequently, he became quite angry and pitched the book a great distance saying: "Damn old Roper if that is so!" For three hundred years that expression seems to have continued to be used in England and in English settlements in the United States.

## II

The death of my esteemed friend, Dr. Charles F. Carusi, President of the National University and Chairman of the District of Columbia Board of Education, occurred in January, 1930. This loss brought another surprise to me and a new opportunity for public service. Mutual friends asked me to succeed him on the District of Columbia School Board. With the whole American social structure ill, it seemed to me that somewhere in our fundamental training there should be found a remedy for the future; at least we ought to try to assist the youths of the land to discover proper channels of thought to enable them to understand the problems which awaited solution. I accepted the appointment tendered by the District Supreme Court, which provided for me another thought-provoking conference table, where I might study the responsibility of education in the onrushing depression in agriculture and industry and the deteriorating moral structure of the country.

Washington, I believed, might appropriately serve as a laboratory for educational development for the nation. I favored an integrated plan for the nation centering in Washington. In this period of collapse we were evidently lacking in moral, physical, and social understanding and control. Here, within sight of the great agencies of government, youth might in the future be guided to a vision of greater breadth than had been inspired in the reactionary era. Moreover, I had always felt that my wife and I owed a debt to the Washington schools for providing our children with excellent elementary education.

Now certainly education had made great strides since those days in the late seventies when I walked four miles, carrying my dinner pail, to a crude one-room schoolhouse in South Carolina. There were now imposing buildings, steam heat, comfortable seats, improved

courses of study. Had education improved proportionately in its ability to equip men and women for a more complicated life? I wondered. And I wondered how many instructors there were with the stalwart character of N. D. Johnson and W. G. Quackenbush, teachers of my boyhood, or where one might find another Dr. James H. Carlisle, insisting upon a constructive "thought for the day."

Many children rode to school in automobiles; many wore clothes of fine material; all had become infinitely more sophisticated than the youth of my generation. They ate ice cream and went to modern motion pictures almost daily. Few knew the privations of the earlier rural life. But what boy or girl who ever tried both would swap a horse for a bicycle? What nature-loving youngster would exchange the domain of woods and field and stream for that of a city lot? It occurred to me that the concentrated populations and modes of urban life had removed the American boy a long way from the sort of environment which produced Emerson and Longfellow and Whittier, the life of which Walt Whitman sang and that which gave Audubon to the world. Many men of my acquaintance, highly successful according to the world's measure of success, so valued that part of their education which had been absorbed from Nature that they now sought to recapture its charm by spending part of each year as distantly removed from city life as possible. Therefore, if indeed city children were deprived of this element in the education of former generations which had provided an opportunity for communion with the handiwork of the Creator, perhaps it was our task to replace it with something of comparable worth.

The best we could hope for, in 1930, it seemed, was to open the eyes of students and teachers alike to a broad and balanced sense of values, to foster the idea of wisdom for practical use, rather than a parrot-like memorizing of dogma and subject content. There seemed to be a need for ethical values based upon a veritable passion for truth, upon a burning desire to gain wisdom in order that it might be translated into good. We seemed to have abandoned the concept that *good* and not *pleasure* was the chief end of life, and that this earthly life served as a proving ground for whatever extends beyond it. Why wait until youth has reached the senior year in college and his character is formed to teach this foundation? I recalled a statement by Dr. Henry C. Link: "Western civilization for centuries past

deified the mind and reason as an end in itself. Our pursuit of scientific knowledge and the trend of our entire educational system has been the glorification of intellect and a corresponding disintegration of the basic values which make intellect worth having." That statement appealed to me as an indictment of the system. But how could we inculcate the basic values until our teachers throughout the nation had acquired and fully understood them? Evidently teachers needed to be selected in the light of their ideals and love for teaching as well as their college degrees.

What had been the purpose of our educational system? Had any great ideal emerged? As I looked back upon the problem, it seemed to me that the real purpose, however unconscious, had been to teach young men how to live without doing physical work. We had not taught them the sacredness of the human body. Wittingly or unwittingly we had been teaching children that to work with their hands was unworthy of educated men; we magnified the "white collar" occupations. In brief, we had denied the dignity of labor. Many had denied Christianity itself. Much was made of Christian civilization, but we conveniently closed our eyes to the fact that Christ was a carpenter. On every hand we promoted snobbishness toward the basic thing which had made the nation great. We had in reality not established the connecting link between practical knowledge and book knowledge.

I served as Chairman of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds of the Board of Education and was confronted with the problem of locating new school buildings. It was interesting to observe that many parents were unconsciously softening their children, being willing to sacrifice other considerations in order that they might come home to a hot lunch when such was not available at school. I recalled that in my youth, on the other hand, the taking of my lunch in a pail and swapping parts of it to friends as we ate and chatted was a major feature of the school day.

In an age when political corruption had infested the school boards of some American cities, it was gratifying to see that the Superintendent of the Washington schools, Dr. Frank W. Ballou, and the members of the Board were men and women of the highest purpose and integrity. Teachers did not have to "know someone in the ward boss's office" in order to receive an appointment. But we were not

altogether free from danger. The reactionary era had naturally obtruded itself into the textbooks and was bound to influence the minds of youths when it had invaded the homes of their parents. They needed to be trained to live and work in a co-operative society.

I was constantly reflecting upon the fact that we had received into our national body politic peoples of many creeds and races. For the preservation of our ideals it was imperative to convert them to our way of life rather than permit them to win us to their imported ideals. The Hoover Administration was still floundering in a maze of distress. The forces of progressivism were knocking at the door, and it was clear that great changes were in the offing.

If it be admitted that the schools should train American youth for useful work, it follows that each should be trained for that work in which he demonstrates greatest aptitude. Educational psychologists have begun to analyze personality and to classify those of pronounced mental characteristics. This field, yet in its infancy, should see extensive development in the future and should provide valuable assistance in educational guidance by helping youths to find the right vocations. Practical tests and trial periods, however, are perhaps as yet more reliable than the dictum of an expert. In the final analysis water seeks its own level. A child, an adolescent, or an adult usually does best what he likes best. Perhaps the best approach is to enable the pupils in the schools to have sufficient trial work to determine that for which they are best suited. Where it is discovered that a student has a surpassing talent, he should be recommended for specialized training, and at every stage there should be reward for merit, perhaps government citations. In the absence of the often suggested Federal Bureau of Education, some other department, perhaps the Interior, could well have a unit to foster the further training of exceptional students interested in research work, the outcome of which would be of benefit to the nation.

In these years I chanced to hear Dean Lynn H. Hough, of Drew University, in an occasional address give warning: BEWARE OF THE ISOLATED VIRTUE—IT WILL BETRAY YOU. It impressed me as an excellent and profound summary of moral precepts. The speaker made the point that any single virtue or any small combination of virtues would betray if practiced in an exaggerated degree. Patience is a



virtue, for example, but patience alone tempts others to take advantage of him who practices it. Justice is a virtue, but without mercy it may become harsh and cruel. Mercy is a virtue, but without justice it is weak and indefensible against those who would take advantage of it. Love is a virtue, but too much indulgence spoils the child. The point is that virtues need to be in a proper balance, co-ordinated, and brought into responsible relationship.

While I served on the school board, the national economic structure was still crumbling. The "Golden Glow" had turned into ashes, yet schools were still educating boys to be bond salesmen. I concluded that we could not change our educational system without attacking the entire social structure. It was clear that a change was needed in the White House.

## NOTE

There seems to be little doubt that my family descended from John Roper, a vestryman of Blisland Parish (Virginia) in 1678. My great-grandfather was Richard Roper, who settled in that part of Brunswick County which later became Greensville County. Richard Roper moved to Northampton County in North Carolina in 1700 with his second wife, Ann Lewis. This Richard Roper served in the American Revolution. My grandfather was Thomas Roper, who in 1802 married Hannah Hunter of Virginia. She was the granddaughter of Captain William Hunter, a Revolutionary cavalry officer who was a cousin of the famous cavalryman Andrew Hunter, the hero of the well-known exploit of David Fanning, who rode the famous horse known as Blue Doe. Thomas and Hannah moved to Mountain Creek in that part of Richmond County now incorporated in Montgomery County, North Carolina. Their children, all of whom reached maturity, were: Rebecca, Charlotte, Green Hill, Mary Ann, Mourning, James Turner, Nancy Ann, Martha, and John Wesley. The last named was my father. I married Lou McKenzie, of Gibson, North Carolina, in 1889. She was the daughter of William A. McKenzie. The children of this marriage are: May (Mrs. David R. Coker), James Hunter, Daniel C., Jr., Grace (Mrs. Frank Bohn), John Wesley, Harry McKenzie, and Richard Frederick.

## *The Turning of the Political Tide*

NATURALLY, I watched the forces at work in the Democratic party, realizing that now as never before, it was important to select the right man. The bitterness of the Smith-Hoover campaign, as has been noted, left scars which had not healed. The adherents of Smith, incensed at the synthetic build-up which had swept Mr. Hoover to victory four years before, redoubled their efforts to capture the nomination in 1932. Hoover, they alleged, had done nothing, and they pointed to Smith's progressive record as Governor of New York. Moreover, it was a foregone conclusion that any respectable Democratic nominee could be elected, since throughout the country men were wearing in their lapels buttons which read, "Anybody but Hoover."

Having seen the accumulations and ideals of a lifetime totter in the balance and holding as I did pronounced views about the debacle, I considered the coming election to mean a great deal more to me than a mere hope of a Democratic victory. That victory would be empty indeed should it fail to carry into office a capable man, eager to bring order out of chaos and to strike courageously at the economic and social evils which had well-nigh disrupted the American way of life. In the spring of 1931 I received a long letter from Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, asking for my views on the state of the Democratic party and whether I had any suggestions for its reorganization to meet the challenge of 1932. For a long time, assisted by Louis McHenry Howe, he had kept in touch with Democratic leaders throughout the country by letters, telephone conversations, and personal contacts. The national organization had been greatly weakened by three successive defeats, but Governor Roosevelt brought to the task great vigor, enthusiasm, and optimism, and many leaders in the various cities and states were moved by his efforts to

draw them together. His ideas were constructive; his action was dynamic and purposeful.

In 1928 he had been elected Governor of New York under rather curious circumstances. Governor Smith had prevailed upon him to run, believing that it would help to carry New York State for the national ticket. I have been informed that it took a great deal of persuasion to get Roosevelt to accept the nomination. The result of that election was a surprise to all. Smith lost; Roosevelt won the state by a substantial majority. Upon his re-election in 1930, everyone knew that he was available for the Presidential nomination two years later.

In October, 1931, Louis Howe came to see me at my home in Washington. He asked what I thought of the possibility of nominating Roosevelt for President. I answered that I would like to ask some questions. "Fire away," he replied. "First," I asked, "is he physically equal to the strain of a campaign? And is he physically equal to the burdens of the office?" "Absolutely," Howe replied. "He'll break down any three strong men you may associate with him in the campaign; and he'll do the same as President if he's elected." Howe spoke with conviction, and I believed him. "But," I asked, "what does he think of Tammany? Will there be any danger of his Tammanyizing the United States?" "You can rest assured," was his reply, "that he won't proceed in that way. And I can tell you more. His accident some years ago and his marvelous recovery gave him an opportunity which he was quick to seize upon. He can't play tennis as he did in the old days, but his disability has been converted into an asset. It has given him time to read and think. Today he is one of the best-informed men we have in the field of national government, especially on its economic problems and those that arise from foreign relations. But even this doesn't tell the whole story. His dynamic spiritual power has grown. He's stronger in heart, stronger in mind. Today all his public utterances indicate his belief in human welfare, in the higher spiritual forces. He'll make a great President. I know he will, because I know he will lead our people toward better human relations and the highest ethical objectives."

Howe's statement was entirely satisfactory to me. "I shall support him," I declared. "With wise management he can be nominated. If nominated, he will win."

Not long afterward I met Governor Roosevelt at his New York town house. We had hardly greeted each other when he said, "The greatest service you can render me is to keep me surrounded with men of the type who supported Woodrow Wilson." In January, 1932, my visit to Governor Roosevelt became known. Presently McAdoo, passing through Washington, called me on the telephone and asked if it was true that I was going to support Roosevelt. I told him that I had committed myself. "Don't you know," he asked, "that he'll Tammanyize the United States?" "No," I replied. "I don't." And I went on to describe the recent meeting with the Governor, recounting to him our conversation. We made an appointment for the following day.

Mr. McAdoo was stopping at the Shoreham Hotel, which is not far from my home. I saw him early in the morning, taking him in my car to the Capitol. During this ride I urged upon him what I knew to be the true character of Franklin D. Roosevelt. "By supporting him," I declared, "you have an opportunity to advance the fundamental principles of Woodrow Wilson." Finally, it was time to say goodbye. "I'll see you in Chicago," McAdoo said. But he gave no indication of what his attitude would be toward the Roosevelt candidacy. I felt that there was a common bond between McAdoo and Roosevelt in vision and in human interest. They were both dynamic, both courageous in tackling large undertakings, and both interested in helping the "underdog." Next to Roosevelt, I regarded McAdoo as the greatest humanitarian I had ever known. His work in outlining and launching the insurance for the soldiers of the World War gave ample evidence of his constructive interest in humanity in the new era. I felt that these men needed to work together in meeting the challenges that confronted the country in 1932.

## II

In the confusion and nervous strain of a national convention one is apt to receive piecemeal reports and ideas, especially as regards the responsibility of individuals and delegations in bringing about final results. Several such units may claim that they "turned the trick" in nominating the President. Without undertaking to impeach the conclusions of anyone else, I give here my experience at the convention

in 1932 as it developed through my contacts with W. G. McAdoo and was later verified by him.

When the convention assembled, many people took Roosevelt's nomination as a foreordained certainty. The truth was, he did not have enough votes to get the nomination. I had seen the Baltimore convention turn down Champ Clark when he had a clear-cut majority. I had seen McAdoo lose at Madison Square Garden in the same manner. The two-thirds rule was still in force. We had to get those extra votes for Roosevelt, otherwise a long deadlock, the bitterness of the Smith adherents, the sentiment for Newton D. Baker, and the general unrest of the times might have led to a compromise upon some one of the several other candidates.

With these fears running uppermost in my mind, I immediately looked up McAdoo, for I knew that he was associated with William Randolph Hearst in support of Representative John Garner, and I knew also that McAdoo was the one influence that could divert the California delegation. The Texas and California delegations were tied together, and one would not act without the other. At first he did not feel that he could shift the California delegates, but I persisted in my efforts and continued the conferences. While the second ballot was being taken, McAdoo and I retired to a private room in the auditorium.

I emphasized to him the great opportunity he had to promote the Wilsonian policies. And at one point I asked whether he would consider the Cabinet position of Secretary of State. "No," he answered flatly. "No personal advantage must accrue to me, either from our conferences or from anything that happens in this convention." Then he said that for which I had waited for so long. "If I can get a recess of the convention so I can take a poll of our California delegation, I'll endeavor to get them behind Roosevelt, and that will mean Texas also. But I'll do this only upon certain assurances that he [Roosevelt] must give me through you and no one else." He outlined the assurances. They were: (1) that John N. Garner should be the candidate for Vice-President; (2) that in the event of the election of Roosevelt, McAdoo should be consulted about Federal patronage in California; (3) that he should be consulted about the appointment of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of

State. He then told me that a representative of William Randolph Hearst had visited leaders of the Texas delegation and had insisted that they cast at least seven ballots for Garner before "switching" to another candidate. "But," I replied, "it won't be possible to hold some of the Roosevelt states in line that long. If the California delegation waits until the eighth ballot, it may mean the nomination of someone else, possibly Smith or Newton D. Baker. I am told there are a hundred votes pledged to Baker as a second choice." I cautioned him that it was vital to the success of the progressive forces for Roosevelt to be nominated on the next ballot.

McAdoo conferred again with his delegation. He then asked me to communicate with Governor Roosevelt in Albany, to inquire whether the latter would agree to the conditions stipulated. I went to the office of Howe in the Congress Hotel. After I had explained the exigency of the situation to Howe, he put through a call to Albany and located Governor Roosevelt. I took the telephone and explained the conditions under which the California and Texas delegations could be induced to transfer to him, in other words, how he could be nominated immediately. Governor Roosevelt gave me the required assurances over the telephone. It was a happy moment, for I knew that we had won. I hurried back to notify McAdoo. On the next ballot Roosevelt received the nomination. McAdoo's appearance on the platform was one of the most dramatic events I ever witnessed. I was sure that we had the ideal man to wage total war upon the forces of reaction.

## *The Campaign and My Surprise*

THE NOMINATION of Roosevelt unleashed a spirit of rejoicing in the Chicago convention; but when it was announced that the nominee was coming by plane, that he personally would address the delegates, breaking the old front porch tradition, there was near pandemonium. He thought that it would show a greater degree of appreciation if he should accept the nomination from the full convention than if he awaited formal notification by a committee appointed by the convention. Furthermore, as he had stated previously to a group of us, this action would save several thousand dollars in expense.

Anyone and everyone who witnessed Roosevelt's entrance to the convention hall, who saw him step forth upon the platform, will remember that moment to his dying day. The demonstration that followed, lasting many minutes, was one of the most sincere and vigorous ovations ever given an American. In a ringing, inspiring speech, every word freighted with meaning and the spirit of the man, the nominee declared war upon the depression. He excoriated the Republican party for its supine attitude in the face of the worst business cataclysm in the nation's history. He declared war on the Eighteenth Amendment. The speech was a masterpiece, timed to perfection, synchronized with the psychology of the hour. When he promised, using the words for the first time, a "New Deal" for America, the thunder of applause was deafening. The magnetism of the man had spread through the auditorium, being transmitted to his every hearer as if it had been some joyful contagion.

I felt more than repaid for all my preconvention efforts. I was sure that we would win. Yet there was a battle to be fought. After the convention, when we had settled to the realities of the fight, there were numerous obstacles to be overcome. Not the least of

these was Al Smith. None of us was quite sure what he would do or whether he would support the ticket. There were rumors that he might "take a walk." Tammany, as always, was uncertain. Murphy had "his jobs to protect," but if we were to carry New York State we needed New York City votes. Another factor was the foreign vote. As I noted in my account of the Wilson campaign, there were large blocs of foreign-born voters, far greater in number in 1932 than in 1916.

The Eastern industrialism had made great strides since 1916. The transition from farm to city had been steadily increasing. The combined industrial and banking interests, we knew, would support Hoover, if for no other reason than that he had given them the Grundy or Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act. They preferred Hoover also because he opposed "any interference" with the social structure. The drys favored him because he still clung to the Eighteenth Amendment and because he had whitewashed the report of the Wickersham Commission. At the very beginning of the campaign Hoover evinced a tinge of bitterness. Roosevelt's tone carried hope and confidence, if not actual joy at the prospect of rescuing the masses of America from their sorry plight. He cried out for a "New Deal," for the relief of the "forgotten man," and the radio transmitted his cry to all the people. Men and women, whether in city slums or in the far reaches of desolate and isolated regions, hovered over their radios and thrilled to the inspiration of this new voice. There was a magic, an irresistible compulsion in his tone. The Hoover speeches were heavy and sounded forced.

As the campaign proceeded, against the advice of all, Roosevelt made extensive tours. We feared that he might overtax himself, but he would not listen. Many believed that he went before the people in order to prove to them that he was equal to the campaign and physically equal to the duties of the office.

I was glad indeed that Garner had become the running mate. I had approached him in December, 1931, asking whether he would consider supporting Roosevelt. At the time he had stated that since he was about to become Speaker of the House he should maintain a neutral attitude, but that he felt drawn to Roosevelt because of the financial forces against him. Later I suggested to Garner that he be



the temporary chairman of the convention and make the keynote speech. My idea was to launch him as a candidate for Vice-President with Roosevelt. Shortly thereafter William Randolph Hearst began to support Garner for the Presidency, and the Garner campaign was on, not for Vice-President but for President.

For the first time in many years we had the Republicans on the defensive. As the date of the election drew nearer, the Republicans tried to revive the old "full dinner pail" slogan, but there were millions of men without even empty dinner pails, walking the streets in despair. If they had any hope left, it was the hope that there would be a change in the Government that would restore inalienable rights and opportunities. Many industrialists resorted to the coercion of their employees. Upon the bulletin boards of great factories, and sometimes by typed slips inserted in their pay envelopes, laborers were told that a vote for Roosevelt was a vote to close down every industry in the United States. Hoover made such foolish predictions as that in which he said the election of Roosevelt would result in the abandonment of cities, with grass growing in the streets. The industrial coercion grew more malicious. The bulletin boards and slips now read, "Vote for your job and family. A vote for Roosevelt is a vote for destruction."

These manufacturers underestimated the intelligence of their employees. The American industrial worker was not a Russian peasant or German underling, susceptible to controlled, false propaganda. The American laboring man, living in a democracy, resented strong-arm tactics, because he had the benefit of free speech and a free press. He read the daily newspapers, and he attended public meetings. The bankers and coupon clippers who owned the factories were wasting time and energy. In his simple way the laborer knew as much about political conditions as they. While he had little to say, he bided his time against the day when he would vote the dictates of his own conscience. We knew that he would vote for Roosevelt.

For the first time in history Republicans were having difficulty with the Negro vote in the Northern states. Prominent Negro leaders had openly espoused the Roosevelt cause, knowing of the man's tolerance, of his efforts to alleviate their lot in New York State, of his fairness to them. I watched these developments with more than

passing interest. In August, 1932, a prominent Negro educator, Professor G. David Houston, came to me in Washington with a letter from Roosevelt. The two had been classmates at Harvard. The colored educator wanted to help. I advised that he prepare a letter setting forth his appraisal of Roosevelt and why he felt that Negroes could safely follow his leadership. The letter he produced impressed me as a spiritual and literary gem. I persuaded him to send a copy of it, together with a personal letter, to the editors of the four hundred Negro newspapers in the country. His efforts doubtless bore fruit.

Apparently the people wanted to oust Hoover; the supplanting of him by Roosevelt seemed almost to be a concerted and happy choice of all the opposition forces. Despite the ease with which it seemed that victory would be achieved, however, we did not stop fighting.

In July, 1932, Louis McH. Howe had summoned me to the New York campaign headquarters. "Because of your lack of activity in the 1928 Al Smith campaign," he said, "I don't believe it's a good idea for you to accept an official connection in this campaign. But I want you to come to the New York headquarters two days of each week. I want to confer with you, and I'll set up an office for you and give you a stenographer. You can carry on your work from the Biltmore Hotel across the street." This was agreed to, and after that date I spent two days of each week in New York throughout the campaign.

The battle lines tightened as it became evident that Roosevelt, if elected, contemplated measures to eliminate the special privileges in control of the economic and social structure which obstructed any and all change in business, banking, and government. According to my view, the demand for such changes far outweighed any single item of personal predilection such as prohibition. In my contacts with the dries of old, those who had helped me in the Internal Revenue days, I tried to emphasize that we who were personally dry should regard the country as a whole, considering the needs of all and minimizing our personal preference. It seemed to me that every segment of society had been injured by the economic cataclysm. One by one they would have to be examined and prescribed for.

By election eve Roosevelt had convinced a majority of the people of the country that he would wage immediate war upon the depression. His overwhelming election the next day is known to all. None acquainted with the real conditions doubted the outcome. It came, therefore, not as a surprise, but as an immense relief to know that the cancerous growth of unemployment, the destructive bank and business failures, and the mounting distress of agriculture would be checkmated if any way could be found by the man soon to be in the White House.

No promise had been asked by or made to me during the months of my service concerning any possible or probable connection with the new Administration. My law firm was operating, and I looked to its future development. I returned to it with greater confidence than ever, though I confess that I felt a desire to be connected with an administration of such tremendous possibilities.

On the evening of February 20, 1933, while I was reading the afternoon paper, sitting before the fire in our living room, the telephone rang. "It's for you," I was told. "Albany, New York, is calling." The operator informed me that the call was from Governor Roosevelt. "Hello, Dan," he said. "How are you?" There was the magic in his tone of which Colonel Howe had spoken, which he attributed to spiritual growth during his fight to conquer illness and a desire to render large public service. Before I could utter the conventional response, he was talking again. "Dan," he said, "I've decided to invite you into my official family as Secretary of Commerce. I'd like to have you run up to Hyde Park next Saturday to see me."

I was aware that my name had been presented for recognition by my friends, Senators Cordell Hull and James F. Byrnes, but as there were now only ten days before the inaugural, I could hardly expect favorable consideration before that time. I turned to break the news to Mrs. Roper, profoundly conscious of the honor which had been tendered me, grateful for the opportunity I would have of working with Franklin D. Roosevelt in serving the country in its darkest hour of need.

I later learned that when Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, declined to join the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, the post he had held in the closing months of the second Wilson Administration,

William H. Woodin, previously selected as Secretary of Commerce, was substituted for Senator Glass as Secretary of the Treasury, leaving the President-elect in a quandary as to the place left vacant. Colonel E. M. House, who was present at the time, informed me that he insisted upon my appointment to this office chiefly as a recognition of the old Wilson following in the party. At any rate, I was appointed.

## *A New Era*

AS THE AUTOMOBILE in which I rode from the Hyde Park station drew nearer to the ancestral manor of President-elect Roosevelt, my thoughts traveled backward to our earlier relationships. I had known him for about twenty years, first in connection with New York postal appointments, when we were fellow members of the Woodrow Wilson "Little Cabinet." I recalled also the early morning exercise sessions at the home of Commissioner William Kent, while I was a member of the Tariff Commission, and later during my service as Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

This was not my first journey to Hyde Park; I had been one of the group which went to the Roosevelt home to notify him of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Cox ticket in 1920. Throughout the intervening years I had observed the singular mental development and spiritual growth of the man. It was cause for gratification that at last he was invested with the mantle of national leadership.

Mr. Roosevelt received me in one of the small rooms on the first floor of the magnificent old home. I found him earnestly engaged in a discussion of the appalling banking situation with William H. Woodin, whom he had selected as Secretary of the Treasury. The grave demeanor of the President-elect mirrored his inner alarm. It was as if he had already a foretaste of responsibility, and certainly his attitude was a reminder of that ancient adage, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." After pleasant greetings all around, Mr. Woodin prepared to go. A few moments later Mr. Roosevelt and I were engaged in private conversation.

Because several people were waiting, he quickly outlined the part of his program which would require my services. After telling me that he wanted me for Secretary of Commerce, and after I had

thanked him for the honor and privilege of joining his official family, he declared that he very definitely desired to conform to the party platform and to cut the cost of the normal functions of government 25 per cent. "Insofar as is possible," he said, "I'd like to see all the independent commissions brought under the general supervision of Cabinet officers. In this way their operations can be reported upon weekly. It will be in the interest of economy and greater efficiency. For example, I'd like to see the Shipping Board brought under your supervision—as Secretary of Commerce."

I was in hearty accord with his expressed views, and since I had already been designated as a member of a fact-finding committee, composed of Congressman L. W. Douglas, later Director of the Bureau of the Budget, and Swager Sherley, a distinguished Washington attorney and ex-Congressman from Kentucky, I was able to refer to some of the suggestions we were prepared to make to him for such a reorganization. His detailed knowledge of government operations, functionings, and cost was amazing. He then spent a few moments outlining the deplorable banking situation. "We are in a crisis," he said. "It may be necessary to take action on the afternoon of inauguration day. On that account, and in preparation for the grave responsibilities before us, I should like for you and the other members of the Cabinet and your families to join me for a brief prayer service at St. John's Church, Sixteenth and H Streets, in Washington. The service will be on the morning of March 4 just before we go to the Capitol." I assured him that I thought the prayer service would be a proper beginning and that Mrs. Roper and I would be present.

As I was chairman in charge of the sale of seats in the reviewing stands for the inauguration, I returned to Washington immediately after our conversation. I am glad to record here the excellent assistance rendered by Melvin D. Hildreth, secretary and treasurer of that committee. All the Washington banks were closed. Our experience in the sale of tickets, however, revealed the public interest in the occasion and the prevalent hope of relief from the change taking place. Receipts from the sale were sufficient to pay the expenses of the inauguration and to leave a surplus of fifty thousand dollars, which was turned over to charity.

On the morning of inauguration day all the Cabinet members-

designate and their families assembled for the prayer service at St. John's Episcopal Church. That service was of deep significance to me, and I am confident that it was a consolation to the troubled spiritual forces of the nation. A sigh of relief based on hope was in evidence on every side.

Future generations will find in President Roosevelt's first inaugural address illuminating suggestions concerning the time. His words probably marked a turning point in the public mind. A careful reading of the following paragraphs will indicate his decisive vision and courage:

The money changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization. We may now restore that temple to the ancient truths. The measure of the restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit.

Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the job of achievement, in the thrill of creative effort. The joy and moral stimulation of work no longer must be forgotten in the mad chase of evanescent profits. These dark days will be worth all they cost us if they teach us that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto but to minister to ourselves and to our fellow men.

Hand in hand with this we must frankly recognize the overbalance of the population in our industrial centers and, by engaging on a national scale of redistribution, endeavor to provide a better use of the land for those best fitted for the task.

If I read the temper of the people correctly, we now realize as we never realized before, our interdependence on each other; that we cannot merely take, but we must give as well; that if we are to go forward, we must move as a trained and loyal army willing to sacrifice for the good of the common discipline, because without such discipline no progress is made, no leadership becomes effective.

After listening to that great address I concluded that I had a vivid example of what was in the mind of that anonymous orator who said: "A task without a vision is drudgery; a vision without a task is a dream; a task with a vision is victory."

## II

The first Cabinet meeting had been called for that afternoon. The prevailing conditions that day placed us in the position of a farmer out in the rain mending a leaky roof, whose immediate job is to pre-

vent the water from descending upon his wife and children who are sick in bed. But, suddenly, the house catches on fire in the kitchen, whereupon the householder clammers down from the roof and makes a desperate effort to put out the fire. Meanwhile, his mind is excited by the fact that his wife and children may have to be carried to a place of safety. After the flames are extinguished he finds himself administering to and comforting the sick before he can return to the job on the roof. The point is that human beings must have first consideration.

The members of the Cabinet in the order of their traditional rank and their entry into Cabinet meetings were: Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, Secretary of State; William H. Woodin, of New York, Secretary of the Treasury; George H. Dern, of Utah, Secretary of War; Homer S. Cummings, of Connecticut, Attorney General; James A. Farley, of New York, Postmaster General; Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy; Harold L. Ickes, of Illinois, Secretary of the Interior; Henry A. Wallace, of Iowa, Secretary of Agriculture; Daniel C. Roper, of South Carolina, Secretary of Commerce; and Frances Perkins, of New York, Secretary of Labor. Ex-officio and in association, John N. Garner, the Vice-President, attended Cabinet meetings by invitation of the President.

It was significant to me that we were sworn in by Associate Justice Cardozo of the Supreme Court in the Lincoln Room of the White House. In the face of the impending crisis and in this hallowed atmosphere, memories of the man who had saved the nation in the days of the Civil War came trooping through my mind. The thought of a reconciled South in a co-operative nation intensified for me the drama of this occasion. I felt that Franklin D. Roosevelt, like Lincoln, faced the task of saving the nation from impending disaster.

History will record that the Cabinet contained some strong men and some not so strong, but all were surcharged with a desire for unity and a will to be useful to the President in meeting the terrific challenge that confronted him and the country. The membership was fairly well distributed geographically, there being three from the Southern states, three from the West, one from New England, and three from New York; there was a similar representation from those who might be regarded as conservative or liberal in political views.



The old and new democratic thought was associated in the Cabinet with the old and progressive thought from both major political parties.

As each was sworn in, the President, a witness to the ceremonies, handed to each his commission. The emergency and distress caused by the collapse of the banking system was immediately pursued, primarily by the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Attorney General. At the first meeting I decided that the members on whom the greatest responsibilities then rested were Hull, Woodin, Cummings, and Wallace, and this conclusion was sustained by future developments. Foreign affairs, fiscal affairs, legal interpretation, and the baffling agricultural problems turned out to be the fundamental problems with which the Administration would have to deal.

## III

Paradoxically, the greatest of all the economic threats ever to confront the nation gave the President his first opportunity to demonstrate his capacity for courageous leadership. There had been and there were "runs" upon banks in most of the large cities of the country and many of the small towns. When it was known that hordes of depositors, hysterical from loose talk and wanton rumors, had commenced withdrawals from the great banks of New York and other large cities, the financial panic moved swiftly toward a threatening climax. A few days of these runs, as bankers, men versed in finance, and the President himself knew, would pull down all that remained of the nation's financial structure, bringing complete liquidation and bankruptcy to every large American institution, including the last bulwark of capital, the old-line insurance companies. All the great industries and department stores, even the railroads would have to close or suspend operations. The big city banks held the commercial paper of numerous rural and small-town banks, while they themselves had branches throughout the world. There would be no limit to the collapse, and not in a generation could recovery be effected.

President Hoover had foreseen this climax, but would not assume responsibility for stemming the destructive tide. Franklin D. Roosevelt, scarcely closing his eyes for much needed sleep to erase the strain of his inauguration, labored with his advisers until one o'clock on the morning of March 6. At that hour he issued the most daring

order in peace-time history. He ordered all banks closed until March 9. Meanwhile, the President and his financial advisers strove unremittingly to place every possible financial power of the Government behind the American banking system. On March 9 the proclamation was extended with certain reservations, and it was arranged for banks to open gradually with restrictions upon withdrawals. This action saved the country and paved the way for banking legislation to prevent a repetition of a similar situation in the future.

## *Secretary of Commerce*

I HAD MADE it a practice when taking over a position to make an inventory of the responsibilities of the new office. I found the Department of Commerce with its far-flung foreign offices and multiplicity of services to be globe encircling. The demands for studies in 1933, however, reached beyond the immediate needs of the Department of Commerce. For instance, the entire field of transportation, by reference of the President, fell within its purview, and special attention was given to the condition of the railroads. The study of transportation (rail, highway, air, water, and pipe lines) was organized with Joseph B. Eastman, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, heading the group, which included also Dr. Walter M. W. Splawn, a utilities expert, and the Secretary of Commerce. We arranged to have the counsel and advice also of Senator C. C. Dill, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate; Congressman S. O. Bland of Virginia, Chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries; and Congressman Sam Rayburn, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign and Domestic Commerce. We had finally the assistance of William H. Woodin, the Secretary of the Treasury. A result of this study was the Railroad Co-ordination Act, under which Eastman became Co-ordinator. I believed then, as I still do, that chairmen of the appropriate committees of Congress should be kept in close touch with the planning and administering of the government departments.

The Committee on control of the Stock Exchange, including the drafting of a bill for the President to transmit to the Congress which was to result in the organization of the S. E. C., consisted of Mr. Golden Bell, representing the Attorney General; Mr. Butler, attorney of the Department of Commerce; and Huston Thompson, an attorney of the Washington bar who had taken a great interest in

this matter prior to its first appearance in the Chicago platform of 1932. The committee used for departmental reorganization studies included General C. McKay Saltzman, retired army officer and former Chairman of the Radio Commission; Dr. John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce; J. Craig Peacock, Washington attorney and former official of the Bureau of Internal Revenue; and Judge E. L. Davis, former member of Congress from Tennessee. All of these committees were assisted by the assistant secretaries, my executive assistant, Malcolm Kerlin, and by the Solicitor of the Department, South Trimble, Jr.<sup>1</sup>

The wide scope of the Department is evidenced by the range of its services which extended from the conservation and protection of the seal herd off the Pribilof Islands of Alaska and the care of the natives living there to the maintenance of South Point Light House on the southernmost tip of the Hawaiian Islands; from the directional guidance of an airplane speeding across the continent in a few hours to the study of safeguards against earthquakes; and from the investigation and reporting of trade possibilities in Johannesburg, Africa, to the enumeration and compilation of a census of religious bodies in the United States. Included, of course, were the Patent Office, requiring one third of America's largest building, and the Bureau of Fisheries.

For executive direction, the activities of the Department in 1933 were divided into the Bureau of Air Commerce, the Bureau of the Census, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the National Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Fisheries, the Lighthouse Service, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Patent Office, the United States Shipping Board (August, 1934), and the Merchant Fleet Corporation. I discovered that about half of the fifty million dollars annually appropriated to maintain these services was in reality expended for the safeguarding of human life.

A brief enumeration of some of these services will illustrate their importance and usefulness. Take, for example, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The thirty-two offices abroad, formerly limited to the duty of reporting trade opportunities in co-operation with American importers and exporters, became a valuable nucleus for obtaining information upon which the American reciprocal trade

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix A.

treaties could be based. Thus these commercial agents may be said to serve as the "promoters" of our foreign trade. At home the agents of the Bureau conducted a "Real Property Inventory" in the early days of my secretaryship. Several thousand white-collar workers surveyed dwelling structures in a selected group of cities, reporting upon the physical characteristics of real property. An intensive study was made of rents, values, mortgages, and incomes of owners and tenants. This information was invaluable to the Administration in the formulation of its housing program.

Another important function of the Bureau is the compilation of business statistics. For example, in the period from 1933 to 1935, the Bureau determined that bank demand deposits had increased from \$12,089,000,000 on June 30, 1933, to \$18,509,000,000 on November 1, 1935. Bank suspensions, which numbered 1,456 in 1932, decreased to 34 in 1935. The average value of stocks listed on the New York Exchange increased 152 per cent; and the average of listed bonds, 32 per cent in the period from March, 1933, to November 1, 1935. Figures on industrial production, employment, car loadings, construction contracts, and a wide variety of other statistical data are constantly being compiled by the Bureau and transmitted to business concerns and to the press. The Bureau serves as a barometer of domestic and foreign trade.

The National Bureau of Standards is an indispensable servant of business, industry, and the American people. Its scientists solve problems which daily affect the lives of all. In the vaults of this Bureau, as is well known, are two pieces of platinum-iridium alloy which are preserved with great care because they constitute the basis of the whole system of weights and measures in the United States. But tests of quality, durability, and resistance constitute its major function. In a single year 240,000 tests were made covering almost every object from medical thermometers to cement. Shatter-proof glass, so important to the automobile industry, was approved by the Bureau after a long series of tests and experiments. Experiments in an enormous mechanical press showed the builders of the George Washington Bridge at New York just how strong their materials were and how long they would endure. Tests in a wind tunnel, with artificial wind reaching a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour, measured the

wind pressure upon skyscrapers, airplanes, streamlined trains, automobiles, and dozens of other objects. For the benefit of the textile industry fabrics are tested for strength, fading, shrinking, or stretching. Fire hazards are reduced by testing materials for inflammability; pipes which transport water, gas, and oil are tested for corrosion. As a result of tests and painstaking research, standards have been accepted by industry with the consequent elimination of great waste.

Abraham Lincoln is reported to have said, "The Patent System adds the fuel of interest to the fire of genius." The United States Patent Office, now about a century and a quarter old, has granted more than two million patents. The first patent granted bears the signature of President George Washington. The American Patent System offers the inventor broader protection and subjects him to fewer burdens than does that of any other nation; under this system, American industry has made greater progress on a larger scale than that of any other country. Perhaps these two things are related.

Subject to a certain amount of whittling away by statutes and court decisions, the rights of the patentee are today substantially what they were almost one hundred and fifty years ago; namely, a monopoly, limited in duration, but otherwise unqualified, of the particular inventive contribution disclosed by the patentee to the public by means of his patent. The patentee pays no taxes on his patent as such, only on the income derived therefrom. He may exploit it, or he may refuse to exploit it, and at the same time refuse to permit others to exploit it, or he may grant licenses to others on his own terms. He may, moreover, convey to his assignee, fully and unqualifiedly, every right which he receives. The grant is based entirely on the theory of limited duration, after which the public acquires unrestricted rights to use the invention disclosed in the patent.

In the language of the Constitution (Article I, Section 8): "The Congress shall have Power. . . . To promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries. . . ." The constitutional objective of the Patent System is thus not to reward inventors, but the welfare of the entire people; that is, "To promote the Progress of Science and Useful Arts." The common fund of knowledge is equally enriched by the contribution

of a huge corporation and by that of a poverty-stricken individual. From the standpoint of the national economy, the securing of these contributions to the common knowledge is the only purpose served by the Patent System. Under our system, the inventor is required to point out distinctly the features of his invention which are novel. In contemplation of law, a patent may be had only for what is actually new, and for all practical purposes the entire field of recorded human knowledge may be used to dispute the validity of any patent.

At the Patent Office is assembled probably the greatest library of technical information in the world today, embracing not only all of the United States patents ever issued, but also most of the foreign patents and a large variety of technical publications. It is the duty of the patent examiner to search through this library to determine whether the invention disclosed in each patent application is actually novel, and to see that the claims are restricted to the novel features. Unfortunately, the Patent Office does not and cannot actually have all prior knowledge available for the search, since a patent may be invalidated by an actual prior use which has never been described in any publication and is therefore not available to the examiner. When a patent issues, validity is presumed, though rebuttable. Space will not permit a discussion here of patent-office procedure.

The other Bureaus enumerated have obvious functions of growing value to all the people. Being directly responsible for these services and coming into closer relationship with them, I began to possess an ever-increasing sense of their value to the nation.

## II

Conventions and similar assemblies frequently make demands upon the time of the President's official family when seeking an outside speaker to address them. My experience was no exception to this rule, and I had to make many trips to the larger cities for this purpose. President Roosevelt's announced attitude of bringing about a more equal distribution of wealth and his expressed determination to awaken a keener interest in the efforts toward a new deal and to exterminate unfair trade practices were soon being called in question by a large segment of the business interests. Their attitude had found expression during the campaign. The industrialists and high protec-

tionists had largely supported Hoover. Therefore, the attitude of most businessmen was one of doubt and confusion when the new Administration came in. At first their economic plans had been so disturbed that they, with other units of society, stampeded to Washington for relief. Later some of this fear was converted into critical antagonism.

I was to hear a striking illustration of this on a trip to address the Economic Club of Detroit, an organization composed chiefly of automobile manufacturers. As I was being conducted into the hotel auditorium where my speech was to be delivered, a friend caught my arm. "Mr. Secretary," he whispered, "you are going into a den of lions. They'll tear you to pieces." I thanked him and passed on. His remark afforded food for quick thought, and as I looked at the stern, set faces of my audience I sensed an undercurrent of antagonism. Most of those present, I knew, were Republicans; most of them were opposed to the policies of Roosevelt. The president of the club soon introduced me in a rather cold but respectful manner. He stated that I would address the club on economic matters, and afterwards would answer inquiries from the floor.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," I began. "I had intended to discuss phases of our economic situation, especially our trade relations with Canada. But just as I came in the door a kind soul gave me what I regard as a better subject. He said, 'Mr. Secretary, you are going into a den of lions. They will tear you to pieces.' Now, my friends, I recognize that this is a den, and my name is Daniel. I invite the lions to rise that we may get acquainted." No one rose. "Apparently," I continued, "he was wrong." There were thin smiles on the faces throughout the audience, but as yet no warmth of response. "I believe in a two-party government," I declared, "and I always want to see two strong political parties in this country. As for you gentlemen who are Republicans, I believe that you will recognize, as I do, that we are both trying to serve our country, that we are merely traveling different economic roads with the same objectives. All I ask is that you be as generous toward me as a Democrat as I am toward you as Republicans. With this attitude we will find mutual ground upon which to serve a great people and a great country."



I went ahead with my prepared remarks, gaining, as I felt, a more sympathetic attitude from my listeners. Finally I concluded, and there were questions from the floor. One of these afforded the opportunity I desired. "Why," someone asked, "do you take away from industry and give to agriculture?" I replied:

Agriculture originally fostered *infant industry*. Industry was thought to be a handmaiden of agriculture, converting raw materials into products that supplied human needs and rendered greater human service. This fostering was accomplished by the tariff, but unfortunately industry took such advantage of the process that agriculture, its mother, suffered from the excesses. The result was, that the excesses went so far in 1930 that the changed economic status brought about by the World War caused our trade to be paralyzed.

Like some other Democrats, I am in the unfortunate position of having to explain to the rank and file of Democrats just why this administration did not immediately correct the tariff inequalities. I have to say in reply that your tariff walls of 1930 provoked tariff retaliation throughout the world. This increased tariff in foreign countries reached such proportions that we lost many of our markets. To reduce our own tariff now without reciprocal tariff action by other nations would invite such an importation of goods from nations of lower living standards that the volume would overwhelm and destroy many American industries. If that is clear, I will say that a way had to be found to correct this situation gradually. We have found the way through the Foreign Trade Agreements of the President and Secretary Hull.

I now ask you to investigate. And I ask you to determine if the arrangement giving parity prices to agriculture for improvement of farm income—coupled, of course, with the trade agreement progress—has not enabled you to develop a very large and growing trade in the agricultural communities. Moreover, has not the trade agreement with Canada worked out most profitably in the sale to that country of American automobiles?

There was no contradiction from the audience. We ended the meeting with what appeared to be mutual understanding. I felt that it ended in a real love feast between Democrats and Republicans, each better understanding the other's economic position. But perhaps it was the story of Daniel in the Lion's Den which saved the meeting and caused it to be a success instead of a failure.

## III

According to announced objectives the New Deal undertook (1) by drastic measures to eliminate special privileges which had opened the way to control of the old economic and social structure by a numerically small, but very powerful, group of individuals so set in authority that they dominated business, banking, and even government itself; (2) to war on crime and graft and to build up moral values; (3) to seek a return of the swing of the pendulum, which for three generations had been sweeping toward a constantly increasing concentration of wealth in fewer and fewer hands, a swing back in the direction of a wider distribution of the income of the nation.

Dr. Harold W. Dodds, President of Princeton University, used these words in an address at the baccalaureate service in the University Chapel, June 18, 1939:

The Nineteenth Century made the mistake of overemphasizing the individual side of our lives. It forgot that human beings also possess a set of social instincts which must be satisfied by co-operation and mutual aid.

The way to meet and defeat frustration is to see to it that the full faculties of your nature are utilized. This means making your contribution to society, to your community and to the nation. The most alarming ills which threaten democracy are not its cumbersome methods or surface inefficiency. The basic cause for concern is the loss of our organic unity as a people, of a cohesive ideal cementing our society in a common purpose and will. If no such national genius inspires us today, as it did one hundred and fifty years ago, the self-indulgent belief that the common good is automatically expressed by the ballots cast on election day is largely to blame. We have overlooked the fact that there is no transcendental validity to the verdict of the majority. The ballot box is a practical and convenient way of umpiring the game, but no arithmetical counting of votes will lead to good results unless it is the truth that they record.

Beneath the mechanics of popular government must lie the sustaining structure of a spiritual objective and a unified program by which to attain that objective. Democracy in the United States is suffering because she lacks such a program by which alone we can make use of the freedom we so properly cherish.

The three basic steps of the New Deal program gradually evolved into a detailed and specific approach to a solution of what

the Administration deemed to be the nation's ills. This elaborated program was not achieved overnight, but was formulated by degrees. Some of the things contemplated were within easy reach. Others, all knew, would take years, perhaps decades. The Roosevelt plan of attack may be summarized as follows:

1. A reorganization of the banking structure would be attempted including the guarantee of bank deposits, decentralization of concentrated financial power with a view to making the financial system the servant rather than the master of the people, the launching of efforts to regulate security and commodity exchanges.

2. Temporary occupations would be provided for the unemployed in the emergency through useful public works of permanent value where and when possible including slum clearance, thus providing earnings rather than sustenance by dole.

3. The national social security program would be inaugurated, including unemployment insurance and old age pensions.

4. Child labor would be abolished and unfair trade practices eliminated; minimum wages and maximum working hours could be prescribed. The community would be educated concerning the need of a more equitable distribution of economic rewards.

5. There was need for the relief and rehabilitation of agriculture, by providing increased values of farm products and a more equitable balance between the farm and industrial interests. An aspect of this program would be soil conservation and better agricultural planning with the view of establishing an agrarian economy to be based upon supply and demand, involving production at less cost by methods less susceptible to depression attacks and therefore more effective in promoting national stability.

6. Steps would be taken toward permanent planning and research for the general welfare of the nation through study of national and human resources to promote that conservation and safety. Conservation projects to actualize the objective inherent in this program would be initiated.

7. Trade treaties and sound international agreements would be negotiated in order to foster understanding and good will, promote foreign two-way trade, and provide a foundation for peace rather than war.

8. A national power policy would be formulated on the assumption that power be first regarded as an instrumentality for public welfare, since it is derived from our inherent national resources; and that it should secondarily be a means of private profit only in so far as it can be with justice to all.

9. Efforts would be made toward financial reconstruction through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other governmental agencies, preventing the bankruptcy and failure of vast business enterprises undermined by the depression.

10. Means would be devised for saving millions of homes to worthy American citizens and for the encouragement of better future housing and better living conditions.

11. An attempt would be made at the rehabilitation of human beings, especially the youth, through the Civilian Conservation Camps and later military training.

12. Efforts would be made to restore the American home to its former place as the citadel of moral and spiritual values.

13. A National Defense Program was manifestly suggested by the international situation.

That these were noble objectives no proper thinking person will dispute. Difference of views pertained to legislative and administrative procedures. In the necessary haste mistakes were to be expected, but haste was also expected in correcting mistakes where the defined objectives were not being attained.

In order to wage vigorous warfare upon so many fronts and to cope with the multiplicity of disorders in the social and economic system, it was, of course, essential that the President create new agencies. The drafting of outsiders without portfolio brought a few delicate situations. Outside groups, assembled under temporary conditions, quite naturally thought themselves, at least for the time being, superior to such old established institutions as the Cabinet. There was a tendency, therefore, on the part of these emergency units not to co-ordinate their activities with and through Cabinet heads, but to go directly to the President. Thus the prominence of the "Brain Trusters."

Personally, I was never hostile to them. I felt that the country, having invested so much in education and educational institutions, had a right at all times to draw upon this savings bank of human intellect, especially when urgent conditions required. When Senator Vandenberg as a member of the Senate Commerce Committee asked if I believed in "Brain Trusters," I replied, "Yes, Senator. But I believe in keeping them in second-row seats—in an advisory, not an executive, capacity."

In fact, as Secretary of Commerce I found myself engaged in many activities which may be termed extramural though they had a direct relation to the recovery program. For example, I was Chairman of the Foreign Trade Zones Board. In addition I served as a member of the Council for National Defense, the Federal Board of Vocational Education, the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission, the Foreign Service Buildings Commission, the United States-Texas Centennial Commission, the Central Statistical Committee, the National Resources Committee, the Special Board of Public Works, the Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works, the National Emergency Council, the Smithsonian Institution, the Commodity Exchange Commission, the Export-Import Bank, and the Committee on Regulation—Pure Food and Drug Act. These were official groups. I shall not try to list the unofficial activities, each taking its toll of such spare time as I had.

The major concern of the Department, as I saw it, was to promote the legitimate interests of business, large and small. At the beginning of the Administration in 1933 business was much in the state of mind of my Detroit audience previously described. There was a definite antagonism between business and government. Lobbyists for relief or special privileges overran Washington as they had done in previous administrations. I discussed the situation with members of the House and Senate. "The real businessmen," they advised me, "have always shunned government. We've had to deal with lobbyists and intermediaries. We'd like to see all the lobbyists run out of Washington as they were in Wilson's day. But we'd be glad indeed to meet legitimate businessmen and try and help them solve their problems wherever legislation is needed."

Therefore, one of my first and most important tasks was to try to stimulate the mutual confidence of business and Government. Recalling the old Internal Revenue days, I decided upon a Business Advisory Council for the Department of Commerce. The general idea met with the approval of the President, and I set out to find men of appropriate caliber. I wanted them to be truly representative of the major divisions of business and broad and fair enough to represent business as a whole. The purposes of the Council would be to interpret business relationships to the executive and legislative divisions of the Government. It would provide a channel through which in-

formation from business generally could be conveyed to Washington, and in turn through which the purposes and objectives of legislation and administration could be conveyed to business and the public. In short, I hoped that it would be a shuttling process, looking to a more harmonious relationship between government and business, endeavoring to fix in the minds of each the truism that there was, in reality, a partnership.

The Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce was set up in June, 1933,<sup>2</sup> but it did not accomplish all I had hoped. Its endeavors were genuine, and its members soon commanded the respect of legislators and administrators. The Council gave the businessmen a chance to associate with the men legislating and administering at Washington and helped restore the lost confidence in business on the one hand and in the Government on the other. The Council revealed to business the difficulties and obstacles which the Government had to overcome in both routine and special work. In other words, it helped to gain sympathy for the herculean task the Roosevelt Administration had assumed. Moreover, it helped to re-educate those in government service who wanted to punish all business for the sins of some malefactors. It was discovered that not all business was bad and that there was need of a helpful attitude on both sides. Furthermore, the businessmen thus became more intimately acquainted with the Department of Commerce, and the Secretary was greatly assisted in his efforts to make the Department more responsive to business and industrial needs.

It was my thought that in time this Council would be expanded into a National Advisory Council and include in its membership representatives of all groups in the economic and social structure of the country: business, labor, professional and consumer interests groups. Such a National Advisory Council, made conscious of interdependence, might, for instance, bring John D. Rockefeller, Mayor La Guardia, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, and the leaders of the Federal Farm Bureau and of the great organizations of labor into constant relationships. They might discuss national problems with Henry Ford and with the youthful Edward R. Stettinius, whose face was turned boldly towards the future. I felt that if a group of

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix B.

a hundred such representative citizens, in conference, could be brought to agree upon constructive national policies, it would afford an example of real democracy in action.

To such a group the President, the Congress, and the whole people could say: Here are ten millions of unemployed workers. Where will you find genuinely productive labor for them? Here are ten millions of young people who ought to create upon a solid economic, social and moral foundation, five millions of American homes. How can the way of life be made straight for these, who are the flesh and blood and soul of our people?

## IV

At the President's request, a study was made of the transportation agencies of the country, including railroads, communications, shipping, aviation, and highways. The study of the problems of these five major agencies revealed such interrelationship that I finally recommended a reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It should be converted, I thought, from a railroad commission into one embracing in its jurisdiction all transportation. Thus the effects of bus and truck lines upon railways and of air lines upon both, and the regulation of telephone, telegraph, and radio might be more intelligently gauged through a personnel selected for knowledge of these respective subjects. Quasi-judicial and regulatory phases of all transportation, it seemed to me, could thus be made infinitely more effective. The recommendation has not been carried out, although I predict that some day it will be. Emergency matters, however, took for the time precedence over all else.

While in the midst of the transportation and communications study, a prominent manufacturer of the aviation industry called upon me. "I have an idea for you, Mr. Secretary," he said. "Would you like to make a lasting contribution to business, something that would help the little man as well as the big company?" "I most certainly would," was my reply. He then related his experience the week before. He had learned that interests in South America were soon to place an order for \$400,000 worth of planes and aviation equipment. Knowing the delay of the mails, and realizing the possible danger in loss of time, he decided to solicit the order by radio and telegraph. "I went to the bank," he said, "and drew out seven hun-

dred dollars. After spending ten hours in using the radio and telegraph, I got the order." He then went on to say that such expense was prohibitive in the case of the little man. "If you'll effect an immediate reduction," he said, "in radio and telegraph rates—get them down, say, to where a message can be sent anywhere in the United States for twenty-five cents and all over the world for as low as one dollar, it will give business the greatest boost any man ever contributed. The increased volume would increase the profits of the radio and telegraph companies." Much as I was inclined to agree with him, the reduction was not in my power, and when it was suggested, I met a united front of opposition.

When mentally disturbed or discouraged, a letter from Will Rogers always dispelled the shadows.

BEVERLY HILLS  
CALIFORNIA

December 13, 1933

My dear Mr. Roper:

Say that was mighty nice of you to write me that cheerful letter. I appreciate it more than anything. I met a fine son of yours on our Texas trip. He is one of a nest of 'em. I liked him very much. He made a good speech to the young Democrats at breakfast one morning. I tell you it's hard to make a good speech for breakfast. Most of us wouldn't take our nose out of a cup of coffee to hear Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in person.

The administration has gained tremendously in the last few weeks. The whole country has come to the conclusion that a banker or financier dont know any more about money than a depositor does. So they are willing to let Mr. Roosevelt try his own ideas with it.

Again I want to thank you for your very thoughtful act and wish you every success.

Regards to you and your family.

Yours  
Will Rogers



## *The Cabinet at Work*

AT FIRST the Roosevelt Cabinet meetings were held at two o'clock on Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Vice-President John N. Garner attended these meetings throughout the two administrations in which he held office. He provided an effective liaison with the legislative branch of the Government and materially aided the President and his Cabinet members with counsel concerning legislative procedure, the status of pending legislation, and the general attitude of his colleagues toward specific and prospective legislative proposals. As a rule, Garner did not volunteer advice in these meetings, but he promptly satisfied all inquiries of the President and was ever ready to contribute to the common objectives.

Woodrow Wilson had invited Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall to attend Cabinet meetings in 1913, and he had promised to do so, but in fact he attended just one session. When asked why he did not continue, he replied that he learned from one meeting that he would not be listened to and hence would be unable to make any contribution. Such was not true in 1933 and the subsequent years. President Roosevelt, being a master of human relations, was more successful in utilizing the prestige of the Vice-Presidency. Then, too, Garner was more pliable in political contacts than Marshall had been.

The high spots in the early Roosevelt Cabinet were the Departments of State, Treasury, Justice, Agriculture, and Labor. Problems under their jurisdiction were those most acute. The group of Cabinet posts second in importance at that time included the Interior Department because of its public works administration and national research endeavors. The other Cabinet posts were at the outset classified in my mind in the third group until the threat of war and the

preparations for defense brought the War and Navy Departments into advanced rank along with the State and Treasury Departments. The Department of Commerce, important under normal conditions, was at this time suffering from the fact that business was in the dog-house.

At Cabinet meetings the President sat at one end of the table and the Vice-President at the other. As a rule, the meetings were opened by a statement from the President of what he wished to have considered at the meeting and also of the impressions he had received from other sources as to conditions at home and abroad. The Secretary of State, sitting at the immediate right of the President, was usually asked first for a report on the situation, and generally he dealt with international affairs, which were dynamic, even dramatic, from the beginning, involving the progress which the Secretary was making in his efforts to promote the Trade Agreements Program. Mr. Hull was always interesting and was listened to with keen attention. The next report was that of the Secretary of the Treasury on the fiscal situation; it was concerned with the income and outgo of the Treasury, including such items as the projected refinancing of obligations. Further reports from Cabinet members were given in the order of the establishment of their respective departments. Friction was unknown in these meetings, owing primarily to the unexcelled skill of the President in presenting matters and in settling differences before friction was generated.

After the development of the long list of extra-Cabinet agencies, necessitated by the emergency situation, the President inaugurated the plan of having the heads of these agencies brought together at Cabinet meetings on Tuesdays. This organization was known as the President's Executive Council. This meeting had the advantage of keeping members of the Cabinet and of the Executive Council acquainted with the progress of the Federal activities in and out of the departments and contributed toward better understanding and better co-operation. The President presided at these combination conferences on Tuesdays just as he did at the Cabinet meetings on Fridays. Both meetings were held in the White House Cabinet room. On Tuesdays the Cabinet members were supposed to occupy their usual places at the council table in the center of the room, and the heads

of the agencies were furnished chairs in its outer spaces. The order, however, was not rigidly maintained.

The President's personality always created an air of friendliness and a spirit of good will. His marvelous memory for faces and names enabled him to call on each representative by his given name. He always seemed conversant with the general outline of each interest represented and hence was able to assist quickly in analyzing the individual problems presented and to relate them, when there was need, to the Cabinet member most nearly associated with the problem. This procedure had a tendency to prevent duplication and misunderstanding.

Among the outstanding early reports at these conferences were those given by General Hugh S. Johnson concerning the progress and problems of the N.R.A. He was always dynamic and straightforward. Dr. E. A. Morgan, President of the Tennessee Valley Authority, was conservative and sedate, but always intelligent. Robert Fechner, in charge of the C.C.C., reporting on his camps, always had a thorough knowledge of his subject and was interesting in his presentation. I was attentive to his reports, because I remembered that when the establishment of the C.C.C. was first mentioned by the President at an early Cabinet meeting, Cabinet members were of the opinion that it would probably be dangerous to the peace to assemble at that time large groups of young men. The President insisted that the contrary would be the case, and he won out both at that time and in the results. The President took the position from the outset that a great service could be rendered by these young men in controlling fires and in preserving property. I remember asking him on one occasion whether he thought the time would come when we would organize our forests as effectively and as usefully as the Germans had done. His answer was, "Yes, in due time." I told him that it was my understanding that Germany had put her forests under such splendid management that they were kept clean and safe against fires and at the same time were practically self-sustaining as a result of products carefully taken from them.

Jesse H. Jones, always a stabilizing influence in these Executive Council meetings, was thoroughly in possession of himself and fully acquainted with the operations of the R.F.C. We were keenly interested in knowing at these early meetings how the guarantee of bank

deposits was getting along under its constructive leader, Lee Crowley. In my opinion, the establishment of Federal Deposit Insurance and its administration was from the beginning one of the high points in the Administration's long list of adventures. The Federal Reserve, of course, was represented by Marion Eccles, who was prepared to advise on the condition of business throughout the country as conveyed to him through the Reserve banks. Among the most important units to be reported on at these conferences was the W.P.A., and Harry L. Hopkins always made an interesting analysis. He gave every evidence of being clear and constructive in his thinking, and he was in possession of the details of the outstanding operations of the unemployment problem. He had grave difficulties, among such being lack of co-operation in certain states and also lack of co-operation among units in a given state. We all recognized that this problem was fundamental in our social and economic structure, but its solution was not in evidence and its end not in sight. Another unit in which we were always interested was the Federal Housing Administration under the able guidance of John H. Fahey.

## II

It was impossible to appraise my fellow Cabinet members at the outset, for despite the great confidence I had in each of them, I had during my long experience in the Federal service seen men of fine capabilities fail to measure up to expectations when transplanted to new fields. As time went on, however, I viewed the effect of the sheer magnetism of the President's leadership and realized how fortunate we Cabinet members were in that regard. More and more, I saw through the superficial defects of my colleagues into the intrinsic and basic qualities which had caused the President to draft them for the service of the nation.

I had known Secretary of State Hull for twenty-five years. He had been a member of the Ways and Means Committee during my clerkship, and I had seen him labor with incredible diligence to correct the inequalities of the Payne-Aldrich Act through the Underwood Bill. Many people remarked upon his thoroughness in those days, for it was evident to all that his Congressional procedure was unique. Whereas some members of Congress sought to ride through solely upon their wits, Hull, of Tennessee, set forth at the outset to

master the tariff and to qualify as one of the country's leading experts on the subject. These studies led him to a broad analysis of the Income Tax Law, and he soon became the recognized author of progressive income tax laws and procedure.

In 1917-20 Mr. Hull had headed for me as Commissioner of Internal Revenue a committee which studied the law and regulations in action, adjusting deficiencies through regulations. Mr. Hull's pre-eminence in economics so impressed the leaders of the Democratic party that he was chosen Chairman of the National Committee and served with distinction from 1920 to 1924. Never a flamboyant politician, never one who fired without ammunition, he ever stood upon a firm foundation of truth and knowledge, and his attitude was so sincere and earnest that none ever questioned his statement of fact. Following his many years in the House of Representatives, Hull served later in the Senate with distinction. His tariff studies had carried him deeply into the field of foreign relations. It was a perfectly natural choice that he was selected to serve as Secretary of State.

It may be of interest to relate that there was a time when Newton D. Baker was being considered for the post which went to Mr. Hull. When I visited Mr. Roosevelt in January, 1932, he said: "Dan, I've thought of just one man for my Cabinet if elected. That's Newton D. Baker for Secretary of State." Subsequently, however, Baker's connection with the great utilities and his attitude towards them eliminated him as a possible choice. I was glad that Cordell Hull, a real Democrat in more ways than one, a man who never lost his sense of proportion, a good listener, a wise counselor who was never dogmatic, one with the highest character and the gift of leadership, stood at the helm of the State Department as clouds darkened the international horizon.

The death of William H. Woodin was a shock to every member of the President's official family. As Secretary of the Treasury, he brought the gifts of a unique personality. His training and experience had much to do with the President's action during the banking crisis, and this should not be forgotten by those who appreciate the full import and value of that official action. Woodin had a splendid mind and character, exceptional to a rare degree. He was interested in everything tending toward the uplift of his fellow man. He had

labored zealously with the President for the development of Warm Springs, Georgia, as a curative institution for infantile paralysis. The beauty of Woodin's inner character has been recorded for all time in his musical and poetic compositions. Indeed, it was unusual to find a man versed in high finance, well-to-do in his own right, but upon whose soul wealth had neither caused erosion nor the encrustation of avarice. For several years after his death, we were made reflective at official functions when the band played the Woodin marches.

Some, including McAdoo, had thought that Woodin was too close to Wall Street, despite his rare gifts. I am glad to state that I never met a man less influenced by sinister motives. It was a source of poignant regret that this beautiful character had to leave us. He was effectively succeeded by Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

In George H. Dern, Secretary of War, we had a colleague of energy and capacity. He had been a successful miner in Utah; he had made an excellent governor of that state and had been mentioned prominently for the Vice-Presidency. If circumstances had permitted the selection of a Roosevelt running mate from that section of the country, he would have stood an excellent chance of election. Mr. Dern, an outstanding Mason and a student of the higher objectives in human relations, devoted himself without reserve to the common cause. After Dern's death in 1936, the Assistant Secretary, Harry W. Woodring, was promoted to Secretary.

It will be remembered that President Roosevelt had originally selected Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana for Attorney General. The death of the Senator on a train while returning from Havana with his bride was a great shock to the incoming Administration, but the President was fortunate in having available Homer S. Cummings of Connecticut. Mr. Cummings was drafted for temporary service, and the tenure later made permanent. Few outside the inner circle have adequate appreciation of this man's great task. We were sailing uncharted seas and beating new pathways, and at every turn there was necessity for legal guidance. No Cabinet member worked more constructively. Early in his service, Attorney General Cummings obtained statutes enabling his agents to cross state lines in the pursuit of criminals. This had a smashing effect upon the ever-mounting crime wave, which had become even more extended under the Hoover negligence and failure to act upon the Wickersham re-

port. It would be impossible to enter into the many legal matters which were untangled by Mr. Cummings and his able assistants. They were verily multitudinous. I had known him well for many years. He had served long as a Democratic stalwart and had managed the Speakers' Bureau of the 1916 campaign. Subsequently he had been Chairman of the National Committee, and at San Francisco, in 1920, he had made one of the most memorable addresses in the history of the party. He was a man of propriety and loyalty, keenly effective as a lawyer. I prided myself that he was my friend and was glad to have him as a colleague.

The Postmaster General, James A. Farley, was a new factor in national politics. Early in the pre-convention activities for Mr. Roosevelt, Farley had taken a prominent part and had rendered very valuable service. He had served co-operatively with Louis Howe before and after the nomination of Roosevelt and at the Chicago convention. To those who say Farley was not a deep student, I say that he had remarkable affability and was constructive and untiring in human relations. He had the delightful art of pleasing people while disposing of them. There was a wholesomeness about the man which gave you an affectionate regard for him. To his everlasting credit let it be here recorded that during his tenure as national chairman he did not ask me to make an appointment in my department unless it met the proviso that the appointment was for the good of the service. He achieved results in administering the Post Office Department never before attained.

The Secretary of the Navy, Claude A. Swanson, had been Governor of Virginia, a dynamic member of the House, and a Democratic leader in the United States Senate. In the latter body he had been Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee. Hence he was one of the best-informed men in the country, not actually in the Navy, about naval affairs. It was the natural selection for the President to make. There were, however, other reasons for the choice. The politicians of Virginia wanted him out of the Senate to make way for former Governor Harry Byrd. Words are feeble things with which to epitomize so lovable and beautiful a character as that of Secretary Swanson, truly a gentleman of the old school. Peace be to his ashes.

The Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, was another new factor in national affairs. He was somewhat explosive, but whatever

may be said against him, and I shall not be one to raise a red flag, he had more in him of good than evil. He lifted the Interior Department out of the doldrums of the Coolidge and Hoover administrations and made it one of the outstanding departments of the Government. I happened to be the one to mention him first to the President as a proper person to place in charge of the Public Works Division of N.R.A. It was a source of great satisfaction to me that he conducted this important agency with efficiency, integrity, and honesty.

Henry A. Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture, was the son of Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture under Harding. The up-and-coming young Wallace had gained great agricultural prestige through his writings and speeches about agriculture and his specialization in seed culture. He had left the Republican party to support Governor Smith in 1928. His was indeed a complicated task. Stricken agriculture, basic enterprise of the nation, presented one of the most formidable New Deal battlefronts. Wallace was always on a hot spot because of the diversity of views of pressure groups. Consequently, in an era where new plans had to be decided upon, he was between opposing fires. That he maintained himself eight years in this position and retained the respect of all groups and the affection of the President to the extent of winning the Vice-Presidency in 1940 is a great tribute. He was a man of deep fundamental moral and religious background and sentiment. Those who charged him with being theoretical never doubted his righteousness of purpose.

Let us omit here the Secretary of Commerce. Now consider that Cabinet official whose appointment by the President had broken a precedent as old as the office. I sat opposite Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, for nearly six years of Cabinet meetings. She was the best-informed woman on sociology whom I ever met. While many, especially some labor leaders, did not always co-operate with her, because they wanted a man in the office, I can testify that no other woman could have filled the place better. She assumed her most difficult duties at a time of widespread confusion and dissatisfaction, when unemployment was at its peak for all past time. Her conduct of the Department of Labor deserves great credit for the fact that uprisings and strikes were settled and prevented with effectiveness. I am sure that it is fair to state that her greatest and most beneficial accomplishments never found outlet in the public press. Successful



efforts to avert calamities by such able assistants as Edward McGrady were services of even greater worth than many achievements of which the public learned. I believe I was the only member of the Cabinet who spoke out against the sit-down strike at the time of the strike. I felt that the procedure should be promptly condemned in the interests of both labor and the public and stated that in my opinion such strikes would not be upheld by the courts of the nation.

All in all, it was a Cabinet which bridged past and present, which derived its strength from its own versatility and experience, and which was singularly united under the magnetic leadership of a President with a gift for transmitting his own inspiration to others.

## III

Probably one of the most important Cabinet meetings during my experience as a Cabinet officer, as measured by subsequent events, was that at which the proposed resolution reconstructing the Supreme Court was considered. This resolution had been very carefully prepared under the supervision of the Attorney General and resulted from many conferences with his legal staff and with the President. At this Cabinet meeting the President had invited to meet with the Cabinet Joseph T. Robinson, then Democratic majority leader of the Senate; Henry F. Ashurst, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate; Hatton W. Sumners, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House; the Vice-President; the Speaker; and Sam Rayburn, then the Democratic leader on the floor of the House.

The President read the text of the resolution, and there was relatively little comment upon it. I remember asking the question myself of the President at that time whether he thought it advisable to send the prepared resolution or whether just a statement or message outlining the objectives sought might not be preferable. My thought was based upon the fact that as a rule the Senate and House are rather jealous of their authority, preferring to formulate through their own drafting departments their bills and resolutions. Senator Ashurst at this point, however, spoke up and said that he thought it was well to send the resolution as constructed and read by the President. I still think that a message without a bill would have placed greater responsibility on the Congress and divided the criticism.

## *The Blue Eagle*

WHAT AMERICAN does not remember the ubiquitous Blue Eagle, that ill-fated bird, now extinct, which ruled supreme in a brief season while the recovery program was in the process of finding itself? Perhaps we would still have the N.R.A. but for the chaotic tempo of the times which gave it birth. Let it be said at the outset, however, that the N.R.A. was a response to the demands of business, not an institution foisted upon business without the advice and consent of its leaders.

The cities and states had failed to meet their relief problems. There were riots and threats of riots throughout the country. Manufacturers, warehousemen, and owners of large establishments were afraid that the unemployed might do physical damage to their properties. First the bankers, then the railroads, and the heads of the textile industry implored government aid. The motion picture industry had for years regulated itself through a code under the administration of Will Hays. Organized baseball had operated under its own self-made laws administered and interpreted by Judge Kenesaw M. Landis. Industry now asked the Government to do something of a kindred nature for its protection. Both labor and capital were amenable if a solution could be achieved that would put men back to work and start again the wheels of production.

Two of the outside men recruited by the President for assistance in the recovery campaign were General Hugh S. Johnson and Professor Raymond Moley. General Johnson had been an administrator of many large projects; it was he who, in 1917 and 1918, originated the plan for the Selective Military Draft and as the executive in charge formulated its rules and policies. Professor Moley, a member of the Columbia University faculty, had achieved note as a political economist. These two men were domiciled at first in the State

Department, where they made a study of business, banking, labor, agricultural, and kindred problems.

As the clamoring groups outside of Government became more vociferous, I designated John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, to meet with General Johnson, Professor Moley, representatives of the Department of Labor, and any others interested for the purpose of arriving at some co-ordinated plan of reconstruction. This group met now and then with the President. Finally, with his help, and after conferences with the leaders of all groups, a bill was drafted and sent to Congress. Hearings were held at the Capitol, and the bill, changed in many respects, was enacted as the National Industrial Recovery Act, or N.I.R.A. It provided for a National Recovery Administration composed of two sections. The first, called the Industrial Authority, was placed under General Hugh S. Johnson as Administrator; the second, providing for a public works program, was delegated finally to Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, as Administrator. A Cabinet committee of supervision was provided for the N.R.A., of which I was named Chairman by the President.

The Congress had approached this legislation carefully, although expeditiously, and sought, with the advice of the President, to enact the best legislation possible under the circumstances. Special committees were set to work by both houses to work in co-operation with interdepartmental committees. Even before public hearings were held by the regular committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives, briefs and recommendations had been solicited and secured from many business and industrial organizations, including associations, corporations, and individuals. Representatives of labor were asked to submit recommendations bearing upon aspects of the problem in which their groups were interested. Precedents in our economic life were explored for suggestions and guidance. Pertinent source materials available through government agencies were analyzed. Wartime experience and records in industrial organization and mobilization were consulted. The experiences of foreign countries in meeting similar problems were examined.

With this preparation as a background, bills were introduced in both branches of Congress. Then the public hearings began, at which representatives of many business organizations testified.<sup>1</sup> Testimony

<sup>1</sup> These included the National Grange; the American Federation of Labor; the

was also given by business and industrial executives, by Senators and Congressmen, and by numerous governors and mayors or their representatives. The nature of the problem faced at that time is shown by the testimony of Mr. Henry I. Harriman, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, before the House Ways and Means Committee:

We have seen the national income fall from \$84,000,000,000 in 1929 to approximately \$40,000,000,000 last year, and if the decline were to continue uninterrupted at the same rate during the present year, the national income would not be over \$30,000,000,000. That is a most appalling situation, and it indicates that remedies which in normal conditions we would look at with great hesitation, we can well consider in times like these.

I believe that the exigency which faces the country is far greater than the emergency of the war and that the damage resulting from four years of depression to our people is much greater than the damage that came in the years that we were in the World War.

The best statistics that we have would indicate that prices of general commodities have fallen from forty to fifty per cent in the last four years, and that today we have an unemployed list of no one knows exactly how many, but roughly estimated at twelve or thirteen millions of men.

Now, serious as the financial aspects of the situation are, I believe that the worst result to the country from the depression is the moral effect on the working men of the country of being out of work for so long a period and suffering and receiving the dole.

When Winston Churchill was in this country some seven or eight months ago, he made the statement that the British people were far more alarmed at the effect of years of unemployment and dole upon the working people of Great Britain than they were at the tax burden that it was imposing upon them. "For," he said, "there is growing up in Great Britain a generation who have never worked and who are coming to look to the state as their means of support."

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American Automobile Association; the American Petroleum Association; the American Farm Bureau Federation; the Radio Manufacturers Association; the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce; the National Dairy Union and the American Association of Creamery Butter Manufacturers; the Clay Products Institute and Brick Manufacturers Association of the United States; the Associated Coffee Industries of America; the National Retail Dry Goods Association; the National Association of Manufacturers; the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; the American Rolling Mills Association; the General Federation of Women's Clubs; the American Warehousemen's Association.

Under normal conditions I doubt very much whether the [U. S.] Chamber of Commerce would desire me to come before you and approve a bill with such drastic conditions as this. A man said to me today, "Where are we going to if this bill is passed?" And I answered, "Well, where are we going to if this bill is not passed?" I said, "I do not think we can go on very much longer with millions of men out of work and with commodities at prices which pay no return on capital and pay almost no return for the human labor that is involved."<sup>2</sup>

Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, in his testimony expressed the point of view of organized labor:

This proposed legislation marks a very definite step forward in industrial stabilization, rationalization, and economic planning. The bill is appropriately termed an industrial recovery measure. It is, in the judgment of labor, the most outstanding, advanced, and forward-looking legislation designed to promote economic recovery that has thus far been proposed. In the opinion of labor it will, when passed and applied, prove to be a real, practical, constructive remedy for unemployment.<sup>3</sup>

The inability of business to meet, through its own efforts, the grave problem existing at that time is reflected in a paragraph from the testimony of Mr. Lew Hahn, President of the National Retail Dry Goods Association:

We were raised under the old competitive system where it was a matter of everybody looking out for himself and the devil take the hindmost; but I do recognize, as general business recognizes, we are facing a great emergency and if I may express a personal opinion, I think business has done a bad job in not showing some type of leadership that would give the unemployed work. So, it seems to me that the only thing to do is to cooperate wholeheartedly in an effort to put this legislation over and make it achieve its purpose.<sup>4</sup>

Throughout this testimony there was a virtual unanimity of opinion in support of the purposes and objectives of the N.R.A. The hearings fully demonstrated by the testimony of the country's busi-

<sup>2</sup> *Hearings before the Committee on Ways and Means on H.R. 5755*, held May 18, 19, and 20, 1933, pp. 118, 132-133.

<sup>3</sup> *Hearings before the Committee on Ways and Means, H.R. 5755*, held May 18, 19, and 20, 1933, p. 118.

<sup>4</sup> *Hearings before the Senate Finance Committee, S. 1712 and H.R. 5755*, held May 22, 26, 29, 31, and June 1, 1933, p. 139.

ness leaders, that the problems they faced had grown beyond the possibility of solution through private action. Accordingly, they urged the Government to provide the machinery necessary for bringing about co-operative action. Those business leaders did not then protest that "Government is interfering with business." They rather demanded the strongest sort of action by the Government, and they ardently supported the N.R.A. after it was in operation. They shouted for help like the crew and passengers of a sinking ship, and they looked upon the new Administration as a coast guard cutter come to their rescue. The sneers and jeers at "government interference" were reserved for a later time when they felt that they had been rescued, landed safely in port, and could go on alone.

The N.R.A. was the beginning of a new form of co-operation between business and government and between employers and employees. Naturally, it would require changes and adaptations. It needed to grow in the light of experience gained through actual administration.

Many difficulties were encountered in the preparation of the act. We had meager and oftentimes wholly inadequate data concerning causes and effects in the national business and industrial system. Sometimes the membership of a manufacturing or trade association represented inadequately their particular fields. Sometimes their appointed spokesmen were quite as uninformed as the most inexperienced members of the Congress or of the executive departments of the Government. There was a lack of sufficient record of experience and performance in the voluntary organizations of both business and labor. In the field of employer-employee relationships our industrial system had grown up and remained largely in a state of anarchy. Both business practice and economic legislation were at least sixty years behind the industrial history of the country.

We expected some measure of vindictive opposition, but we had no reason to anticipate the widespread and unworthy propaganda of opposition to all the administration policies. Later this grew into a hatred of the President personally. In some quarters the adverse decision by the Supreme Court was welcomed as a blow directed at the President. This curious change, attributable in part to undercover propaganda, recalled the old saw:

The Devil was sick,—the Devil a monk would be;  
The Devil was well,—the devil a monk was he.

## II

The organization and administration of the N.R.A. constituted one of the two most challenging administrative problems that have confronted us in our national history. The other was the initial organization of the Government during the first administration of President Washington. There were four diverse elements to be brought together in one administrative system; namely, the employers, their employees, the consumer representatives, and the Federal Government. The new venture in code-making, which comprised the central and dominant administrative problem, had no precedent whatever in past governmental procedure. There was little to serve as a guide for the tasks at hand. A wholly new type of organization was required with no source from which to draw experienced officials or even the office personnel. Considerable dependence had to be placed upon the method of trial and error.

Any adult mind might have anticipated that experience would be required in order to develop a working basis for the successful operation of the N.R.A. Years of administrative experience had been necessary to make such agencies as the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission into smoothly functioning units. The same was true at the time of the formation of the National Government itself under President Washington, his Cabinet, and the Congress in 1789 and the years immediately following. If the new venture projected in 1933 was to succeed, a new loyalty had to be engendered among the people quite as was the case in 1789-93. Personal sacrifices had to be made; patriotism had to be developed to a point where it could function in the humdrum economic life of the people as well as in the colorful and vibrant conflicts of political life and military operations.

The parallel between the formation of the Government and the more recent experience is well worth noting. Washington and his colleagues faced a difficult adventure along new ways. The nation had been relentlessly driven into unbeaten paths by disorders which had been allowed to run on through the years until chaos threatened. Among a minority fear is a natural emotion. A desperate situation

itself breeds fear. As new and adventurous measures are adopted and applied, the weeping and wailing increase.

The first experiences with the N.R.A. indicated that the process of code-making would be long and arduous. But if progress was to be made in finding employment before the winter of 1933-34 for the thousands out of work there was imperative need of earlier and more general action than that afforded by the procedure of code-making. To meet this emergency the President offered his Re-employment Agreement Program and asked for a simultaneous application of minimum wage and maximum hour conditions in industry. By this means the few industries which first established code standards would not be penalized by differentials between the conditions and wage rates which they had established and those of industry in general. This Re-employment Agreement Program provided for a voluntary agreement between the President and individual employers covering (1) the elimination of child labor; (2) a proper and reasonable upward adjustment of wages that were lower than the minimum established; (3) the limitation of price increases to the actual increases of production cost; and (4) the support of those employers who became parties to this agreement. The display of the "Blue Eagle" insignia was emblematic of an employer's adherence to the Re-employment Agreement Program. There were more than 2,300,000 signers of this contract covering some 16,300,000 employees.<sup>5</sup>

The N.R.A. was an effort to create a voluntary co-operative system of industrial self-control. Its largest promise of success did not come from the power of the Government to enforce the law, but derived from the fact that during the first year both business and labor entered wholeheartedly into the co-operative effort. From the beginning the Cabinet Committee had occasion to observe this development. From time to time the Committee discussed with General Johnson the problems involved. I took careful note of the fact that, due to a large degree of genuine co-operation among the leaders of business and labor, and among the rank and file of both classes, the movement was laying foundations deep in the public mind and in the economic life of the people.

<sup>5</sup> See *Report on the Operation of the N.I.R.A.*, Research and Planning Division, N.R.A., Feb., 1935.



Of course the Government had to do its part. It was profitless to urge either industry or labor to coerce their greedy and anarchistic minorities without making it possible for them to do so. Both the employers' organizations and labor unions sometimes face social outlaws within their own ranks. Sometimes an organization of either capital or labor may face unjust demands or unlawful activities on the part of the other. In such cases the social outlaw—the dishonest employer, or the labor union racketeer—must be brought to terms by the power of the law, which of necessity calls for the quick and effective co-operation of the Government. Lacking this sanction, there could be no permanently successful effort to establish law and order in the industrial system.

## III

The United States Supreme Court by a four to three decision declared the N.I.R.A. unconstitutional on May 27, 1935. Many businessmen regarded the decision as a tragedy, although, having substantially recovered, business was by this time again becoming hostile to Government. The fact that this act of Congress could set up an organization of far-reaching importance, that the act could be administered by the Executive Department through more than two years, that the far-flung execution of the law could involve large expenditures of public money and enormous labors on the part of the people, and then, after all, be declared unconstitutional—the utterly irrational situation presented by this abnormal process of government surely requires correction.

General Johnson worked hard. A dynamic, intelligent man with West Point training, he did the best he could. But the expansion of the personnel of the unit as well as the hurriedly conceived policies were sources of concern to the supervising committee. Long lists of suggested appointments were brought day by day for approval. I felt that more time was needed to check these lists. In his natural zeal to develop his organization, however, General Johnson was impatient. One trouble was that we lacked, as we still do, easily available sources of information regarding the equipment and attitudes of citizens of the country. In time such a source of information ought to be provided.

I favored starting with a few codes, say not to exceed ten or

twelve, enabling us to learn through the administration of these how to proceed with others. If this policy had been followed, perhaps the N.R.A. would not have got into the courts. In fact, within the short period of a year four hundred codes embracing 90 per cent of American business and twenty-two million wage and salary workers were put into effect.

After the courts had acted and the General had returned to private life, he wrote a series of articles for *The Saturday Evening Post* in which he analyzed the Cabinet offices and Cabinet members. He thought that the Department of Commerce should have as its head a large-scale businessman, such as Mr. Gerard Swope, President of General Electric Company. Mr. Swope was then serving as a member of the Business Advisory Council of the Department, and we had thus had the benefit of his knowledge since June, 1933.

After the appearance of the article containing criticisms of the Secretary of Commerce, attendants at my press conference asked me what I thought of General Johnson. "General Johnson," I replied, "is a man of great force with splendid training at West Point and in the Army and a man of the best intentions." "But, Mr. Secretary," one of the reporters insisted, "don't you know what he has just said about you?" "Do you recall," I replied, "that General Robert E. Lee, when at West Point, did not get along with his roommate? After both were Colonels in the Army, a bright newspaper reporter approached the roommate and asked, 'What do you think of Colonel Lee?' The reply was anything but complimentary. Colonel Lee was approached in the same manner. Referring to his roommate, he said, 'He is a splendid man with the best intentions.' 'But,' rejoined the reporter, 'don't you know what he has just said about you?' Colonel Lee gave the reporter a somewhat frigid glance. 'I understood,' he said, 'that you were asking me what I thought of him. Not what he thought of me.'" I waited a moment, and then concluded, "When I use a hammer, I usually try to build with it."

## *Alaska: The Treasure House*

THE TERRITORY of Alaska had intrigued me for many years. In June, 1934, the activities of the Department of Commerce located there required that I visit this picturesque land of the Far North. Before giving a brief account of that visit, it is appropriate to recall a few items of general information concerning this vast area of six hundred thousand square miles, twice the size of France and Germany together and fourteen times the size of New York State. Alaska was purchased from Russia in the year of my birth, 1867, for \$7,200,000, or less than two cents an acre. Russia made the cession in the belief that the territory's fur-bearing animals were so nearly extinct that she was transferring a mere mass of mountains and ice. Seward was Secretary of State; Andrew Johnson was President. The people of the United States protested in indignation. The Alaskan purchase was called "Seward's Folly"; Alaska was called "Seward's Ice Box."

Today the fishing industry alone affords an income of twenty-five million dollars annually. The territory has produced in gold, silver, and copper more than four hundred times its cost. It has paid for itself many times over in the yield of fur. It has a valuable timber industry and, in the southeast, possibilities for wood-pulp manufacture which would further justify "Seward's Folly." These facts are matters of general knowledge. The things I saw and learned went deeper. Almost every day of the month I spent on this visit brought me some new and revealing discovery.

The population of Alaska has changed little in the past thirty years, except during the Gold Rush days of the 1890's. Its permanent population has not varied far from sixty thousand. A great many of the leaders in the territory, largely men who have spent most or all of their lives there, had called on me on periodical visits

to the United States. I thus learned that many of the residents of Alaska deplored the paternalistic attitude of the Government at Washington. They felt that they had been treated somewhat as "stepchildren." Knowing something of that feeling, I wanted to examine the basis for it and see whether I could contribute to a more harmonious relation with the Government and also bring about a more simplified administration. I suspected that we were in much the same relation to the Alaskans that we, ourselves, had been to the British prior to the American Revolution. Moreover, Alaska was a vast reserve with thousands of possibilities, any or all of which might have to be utilized in the future. Furthermore, there was the problem of defense and the necessity on that account, if for no other reason, that the population be increased and the natural resources developed.

After a brief visit to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, Mrs. Roper, my son Richard F., my Secretary, Chester H. McCall, and I crossed the continent and sailed for Alaska on the coast guard cutter *Shoshone*, which was on her official coast guard assignment for the summer. This opportunity of making the trip on a coast guard cutter was pleasing to me, for I knew of the excellent service rendered to the people of Alaska by the Coast Guard. I could not have gone otherwise at the moment, since strikes on the Pacific Coast had suspended the sailings of commercial ships. Many dramatic stories had been related to me of how the Coast Guard cared for the sick, and of how they had fed marooned and isolated communities in emergencies, taking doctors and medicine, even burying the dead when entire communities were wiped out by the influenza epidemic of 1918. Because of the difficulties of transportation, the Coast Guard had in several instances moved the courts to witnesses instead of having witnesses come to the courts. In short, it had for years been an agency of supreme service and indispensable protection for the territory. I welcomed therefore this brief personal association with an organization of which I had heard favorable reports, and I was glad to find these reports to be more than true. This service is now supplemented in a remarkable manner by the development of the air arm.

Whether or not one has read Zane Grey and the other novelists and poets who have dramatized the North Country, there is that

about it which is gripping and which fills you with a feeling of high adventure, even as the boat moves toward the Arctic Circle, keeping always within the shadow of the rugged coastal mountain ranges of the Northwest. The waters seem bluer, perhaps from the glacial sediment they contain; the sun seems brighter. The scenery gradually changes until the metamorphosis is complete. You find yourself in a new and different world. Furthermore, the courage and hospitality of its noble people warm the cockles of your heart.

After a seven-hundred-mile journey which took two days, we made our first stop at Ketchikan, the salmon capital of the world. This town is also the seat of a timber industry, one of the points from which Alaskan timber is shipped to the United States. At Ketchikan I made an official inspection of the Sixteenth Lighthouse District Headquarters, meeting the personnel, examining the equipment, and discussing the work.

The problems of the fishermen were causing great discontent at that time. Many complaints had reached Washington that the little fisherman was not getting a square deal as compared with those having traps, who, as a rule, were regarded as foreigners to Alaska. I wanted to obtain all the information necessary to deal justly with this controversy. To accomplish this, I undertook to see and confer with all who sought interviews to discuss Alaskan problems.

The next lap of the journey took us westward by the Inside Passage. The surpassing beauty of this part of the trip baffles description. Along this waterway, immediately from the water's edge, high mountains frequently rise, jeweled with glaciers and decorated with waterfalls plunging hundreds of feet over cliffs into streams winding ribbon-like among the intervening mountain crags to the bays and finally into the Gulf of Alaska and the Pacific Ocean. For sheer grandeur I have rarely seen anything like it, and the waters of the passage, still and deep, for the most part are as blue as those of the Danube.

After leaving Ketchikan we made stops at Wrangell, Petersburg, Skagway, and Juneau, the capital, where we spent the week-end. At the capital we were entertained by the Governor at a dinner followed by a splendid reception. We were met at all stops by welcoming committees, the Chambers of Commerce usually being well represented. The Governor at that time was John W. Troy, who had

gone to Alaska as a newspaper correspondent in the Gold Rush days. I had met him in Washington when he was appointed. A man of rugged strength and pioneer spirit, he had spent practically all his adult life in the territory and had become very popular with Alaskans. To my surprise, when making inquiries among the feminine guests at the reception, I learned that many of them had attended such colleges as Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley. The white people of Alaska are not backwoods folk, but are well informed on world movements and loyal to their territory and to the United States. We liked them very much and hope that they liked us well enough to invite us to visit them again. The native stock was in need of more medical and health attention. Many of the natives do not properly take care of themselves and have a constant fight with tuberculosis. At every stop we inspected government activities, making notes of needs and accomplishments and conferring with the personnel and people on ways to serve the territory more effectively.

Skagway, forwarding point for the Yukon and Klondike regions of British Columbia, was one of the towns which I had wanted to see and of which I had heard much. What a change the years had wrought. Once it had been the most important forwarding station in Alaska with a mushroom population of more than ten thousand. In the period of the Gold Rush it teemed with two-gun men; dance hall music echoed through its streets; and gambling rooms were thronged with adventurers, both male and female. It was now a ghost town with a population of only about two hundred. The men of the sourdough were gone. One human landmark remained, Mrs. Pullen, proprietress of the Skagway Inn. She proved to be a most unusual woman. For the entertainment of visitors she had assembled a museum of the old-time gambling paraphernalia—roulette wheels and other devices which had occasioned the winning and loss of thousands of dollars in precious gold dust. The boisterous, unlicensed picture of those times flooded into my mind as I viewed those unholy relics and heard Mrs. Pullen describe the days and nights of old. Her boardinghouse had sheltered many men who had taken the train through Chilkoot Pass with nothing more than their grubstake and crude mining equipment. A few weeks or months later a portion of those who had not starved or frozen to death on the trail had returned with Croesus-like fortunes in yellow dust, not a few of them half-

crazed by their discoveries. Some, whose names the gentle lady remembered, had been the patriarchs of present-day American banking and manufacturing dynasties. Less was said of the thousands who had gambled and lost all their gains. Skagway was the last surviving link in that strange and almost unreal era.

We returned southward to Juneau and crossed the Gulf of Alaska for stops at Cordova and Seward, our next objective being Fairbanks, which was four hundred and seventy miles in the interior and about a hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle. The trip from Seward to Fairbanks was made over the Alaskan Railroad in a special car with Assistant Superintendent Cunningham in charge. We stopped for a brief visit at Anchorage and for a dinner given by the railroad officials at Curry, where we spent the night. The luxury of the Curry dinner may be imagined from the fact that the dinner set was gold china equal to the best we had seen at the most luxurious dinners in the States. This set had been purchased to entertain President Harding and his party on their Alaskan trip just before his death.

One is inclined to associate hospitality with Southern climes. It is only just to say that the hospitality of the Alaskan people to me on this trip equaled, if it did not surpass, any comparable manifestations of cordiality I had found anywhere in my seventy years of life.

I have to record one disappointment. We stopped at Mt. McKinley National Park en route to Fairbanks. I had wanted to see the crest of this, the highest mountain on the North American Continent. Known to the natives as Traleyka, this famous mountain rises to a height of 20,300 feet, or approximately four miles. Only a few men have ever climbed to its summit. To my great disappointment, when we arrived at the park the crest of the mountain was draped in clouds and mist. The summit was invisible. As if to compensate for the sight which Nature withheld, I saw something else which I remember as notable, a herd of white mountain goats clinging to the mountain side. Deployed and browsing below the snow line, they presented a magnificent display. Off to one side, as if estranged from the others, was a lone goat. I asked J. L. Galen, Superintendent of Transportation, why he was separated from the others. "They've put him out of the herd," he replied, explaining that this disciplinary measure was not altogether uncommon in the goat fraternity. Whether this ostracism was based on age or misconduct on

the part of the goat, I did not learn. As we returned to the train, I remarked to Mr. Liek, Superintendent of the Park, that I thought thousands of Americans would someday include the park on their vacation itineraries, especially should the proposed Alaskan Highway become a reality.

Upon leaving the park, we continued by train to Fairbanks, where another cordial reception awaited us. The ex-postmaster of Fairbanks, a native of North Carolina whom I had appointed years before, was among those who welcomed us at the station. We greeted each other as fellow Carolinians, and I felt that, after all, we were not so far from home. Judge and Mrs. E. Coke Hill, who had joined us at McKinley Park, accompanied us to Fairbanks. We found the Hills to be most interesting, since they had had experience in carrying the United States mail by dog teams from Fairbanks to Nome in the olden days before the airplane displaced this service.

Judge Hill said that he had been repeatedly warned when undertaking this work that to fall asleep in the very cold region between the mountain ranges would probably be fatal. Notwithstanding this warning, on one of his first trips he fell asleep in that dangerous region. The lead dog, realizing that his master was no longer shouting commands, came all the way back from the head of the line and, by pulling and straining on the Judge's clothes, managed to awaken him before it was too late. This done, the dog returned to his place, and the journey proceeded. I had been told that the difference between "sense" in man and "instinct" in animals is that reason is absent from instinct. In the light of this story, I wondered whether this definition should not perhaps be broadened to include at least some dogs and to exclude some men.

It was some days past the season when the midnight sun could be seen. We were told that at a few hundred feet elevation the sun would be visible throughout the night. Even the effect of the unseen midnight ray was amazing. There was enough natural light in July to enable me to read a newspaper in the middle of the night.

A few miles from Fairbanks we saw the wonderful gold-saving dredges at work. We were told that one of the dredges which we saw operating cost \$750,000 delivered in Alaska. What a contrast between the operation of this huge dredge and the methods of 1898. In the valley where the dredges were working, the miners of the



olden days had to sink tunnels to get seventy-five feet down to the pay dirt, a most difficult undertaking because the ground, even in summer, is frozen below a depth of eighteen inches. The modern dredge utilizes the heat of the sun in the two or three months of summer, scraping off the earth as it thaws each day until the pay dirt is exposed. These dredges work with profit dirt that carries not over \$1.25 per ton. Thus another world has been opened up since the prospector days of the 1890's. The mountainous regions, inaccessible then, are now scaled by the airplane. With the dredge for the valley and the plane for the mountains, Alaskan mining is in a new era.

We visited in several Alaskan areas luxuriant flower and vegetable gardens. Plant life seemed to grow both day and night in the brief summer period, a phenomenon probably due largely to the continuous light.

One of the strange and interesting aspects of our visit was the native Aleut and the Eskimo. The former was often a hybrid, an admixture of Chinese, Japanese, Russian, American, and Eskimo, so one did not wonder that out of all this human chemistry, and notwithstanding his careless health habits, he was able to withstand the rigors of the climate and to cope with the daily challenge of the land.

At Seward we were given a delightful welcome by Mayor D. C. Brownell and a committee of citizens. The ladies of Seward insisted upon entertaining us. They gave us a tea in which they outdid themselves in providing cakes and candy of their own making as delicious and modern as anything to be found in the United States. "We wanted to show you," they said, "that we haven't lost the art of cooking during our stay in Alaska." We assured them that the proof was ample.

We stopped at Sand Point, where we paid a brief visit to Mrs. Helen R. Mellick. On the morning we were there her helpers took twenty-two thousand good-sized salmon from her fish trap, representing a catch, as we understood it, of only a few hours. The fish ranged in weight from one to forty pounds, the largest being the red salmon variety. It would be difficult indeed to describe adequately the Alaskan salmon industry. It is best understood and appreciated by a visit to that region.

In the course of our journey I heard a curious story of the man-

ner in which a market was created for a part of the catch. Some time before, when a large surplus of the pink salmon, the best variety, had been accumulated whereas the canned red salmon was exhausted, an enterprising salesman undertook for a large fee to get rid of the pink. He simply inserted in the fish journals an advertisement saying, "A quantity of salmon for sale guaranteed not to be artificially colored." The pink salmon was soon sold, and the salesman received his reward.

We paid a brief visit to Kodiak Island, but did not take time to go in search of the famous big bears which lure hunters thither from all parts of the world. After extensive inspection of the Aleutian Islands, we went by the coast guard cutter across the Bering Sea and headed for the Pribilof Islands, the part-time home of a colony which now numbers two million seals. I already knew something of the history of the seal and of Pribilof, the Russian scientist, who had made a lifelong study of the habits of the seal and for whom the islands were named. Of all the denizens of the sea, the seals are among the most mysterious. No one knows where they go, no one knows where they come from. More than a hundred years ago Pribilof followed the seal colony off the Russian coast to a point north of the Arctic Circle where he lost them in fog and mist. After wandering around for days, he heard again their strange rumbling and picked up their trail, tracing them to St. George and St. Paul Islands, which now bear his name. After a study of several years, he discovered that they always left and returned for breeding to these small islands at approximately the same dates every year.

Prior to 1911, the seal colony had been reduced to about two hundred thousand through reckless killings by persons from the United States, Japan, England, and Russia. Fearing the extinction of the species, these nations nearly thirty years ago made a treaty designed to halt indiscriminate slaughter and charged the United States with its administration. The colony has now again reached large proportions, the annual (1940) slaughter being between fifty and sixty thousand and the entire herd now numbering about two million.

I conferred with officials and private citizens on the Pribilof Islands. The atmosphere of the seal-slaughtering localities was faintly reminiscent of the Chicago stockyards. I wondered whether this

large seal slaughtering, leaving so many stripped carcasses to decay in the open, had not affected the health of the community, and made inquiry of the local physician. "Nobody sick from that," he informed me. "When the rest of Alaska was dying with influenza, we did not have a case." Evidently the odor of dead seals is either a charm or a miracle in materia medica.

Inspection stops were made at Dutch Harbor, Unalaska, and Akutan. At Akutan I visited a large whaling station. The largest whale processed there that season weighed thirty tons and yielded a huge quantity of oil. We next journeyed to Sitka, ancient Russian capital, where we saw the home provided for the old sourdoughs. From there we returned to the states. The total round-trip journey from Seattle had exceeded six thousand miles.

Among the concrete results of this visit was a better understanding on my part of the fishing problems of Alaska. Both the small and large fisherman had to live. The trap was a necessity to provide the even flow of fish demanded by the canneries. The local fisherman needed the canneries as a constant market for the fish he caught. Under the immediate guidance of Commissioner Frank T. Bell, who had made a most intelligent study of the conditions, a plan was worked out whereby the number of traps was gradually reduced rather than entirely eliminated. This seemed to take care of the situation.

Alaska needs a larger population both for development and defense. It needs more public health guidance and more airplanes. Thus far its entire attraction has been to those interested in fishing and mining. There is need for the gradual development of agriculture on the arable land. Markets for their products need to be fostered in order to maintain the population. In the Matanuska Valley, wonderfully fertile, a more extensive colonization will doubtless come in time, preferably gradually. Otherwise a great relief problem will be created for the states. The development of Alaska requires people possessed with the pioneering spirit and able to endure frontier hardships. The production of agricultural products should not outrun local demand, else the Alaskan producer will be in competition with the steady supplies coming two or three times each week from the Pacific Coast. Therefore, the needed development should

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be spread over several decades and not attempted in one year or even a decade.

Under wise guidance there may come opportunity for some manufacturing; for example, a box factory to supply the canning industry, small hosiery mills, and mineral concentrating mills. With the increase in tourist travel will come opportunities for small hotels. The Indians, I think, should be encouraged to revive their sub-water basket industry, once productive of some of the finest handicraft in the world, but now lost to cheap and inferior manufactured products from Japan.

There is also a need for better protection of the territory from inroads by foreign peoples and nations, especially in the fishing industry; for this purpose naval bases would be required. I am sure we should in time pursue the construction of the Alaskan International Highway. Because of the enormous burden of building two thirds of it through British Columbia, and pro-rating the expense, this project seems to be doomed to delay. However, future development in Alaska and British Columbia will bring it to pass. The excellent understanding and co-operation between the United States and Canada will in time find the way for this development.

The trip opened my eyes to the preference of the American housewife for canned fish over fresh fish. Consequently, independent fishermen were suffering severely. Upon my return I appointed a scientific committee to make a study of fish as a part of the American diet. I was surprised at the resistance of the meat packers to this study. The committee launched the study, however, and it is to be hoped that the industry will benefit from its labors.

All in all, we arrived at Seattle with the conviction that we had spent an unforgettable as well as one of the most profitable and enjoyable visits of our lives. Alaska, the nation's treasure house, had caught us in its spell. I record here gratefully my abiding respect for and thanks to the fine people of the land of the North Country.

## *Rehabilitation and Reclamation*

THERE IS AN accepted modern maxim, however specious, that a picture tells a story before words can get started. An artist in the future attempting to depict the efforts and achievements of the Roosevelt Administrations will find it necessary to paint two pictures: one will represent the old order and its collapse; the other, a new progressivism and the revival of the social conscience. The contrast between the two pictures may startle those privileged to compare them. Fortunately, as individuals and as a nation, we forget the hunger of yesterday at the banquet of today; so it is with the adversity which so recently permeated the country.

It may be worth while to look briefly at the two pictures. Imagine, if you will, two vast murals upon a prodigious scale. The first shows idle factories, closed banks, static markets, lengthening bread lines, hordes waiting at soup kitchens, farmers burning grain in lieu of the fuel they cannot buy from the benighted coal regions; thousands of families, including women with babes in arms, evicted from the only homes they have ever known, having their household effects dumped upon city streets or in deserted country roads. Add twelve millions of desperate, undernourished, unemployed men and women upon the verge of riot and violence. This first picture represents a nation whose proud boast was abundance, yet now with no segment of its people having escaped the widespread ills besetting it. This picture contains all the crimes of violence, including suicide upon a scale never before known, and is shadowed with ominous clouds of evils yet to come. Darkness, despair, and human misery are the dominant notes.

The second picture might well be entitled 1933. A great leader with a social consciousness dominates the scene. He stays the hand of the evictor; the banks reopen and there is no longer fear of their insolvency; the markets show life again; the bread lines have dis-

appeared; the wheels of industry are turning, and millions of men have been re-employed. Stricken agriculture has a new lease on life as railroads and other instruments of transportation ply across the continent taking farm products to market. Most significant of all perhaps is the veritable army of those devoted to the cause of the new trend, strategically deployed and engaged in the herculean task of rebuilding the wreckage observed in the first picture. The shining sun of hope brilliantly illumines the second scene. While the picture does not show the battle, it is evident that the nation is on the march against the forces that made for ruin.

The closing of the banks and the bolstering of the country's financial structure by the resources of the Federal Government marked the turning point that began the change between pictures one and two. That action by the incoming President was as the *auxilium ad Caesar*. It turned the destructive tide and provided the necessary breathing spell which enabled the new Administration to reconnoiter before moving forward in a total war against the depression. The salvation of the banks was universally acclaimed, since everyone was benefited, but not much imagination is required to see that saving the banks saved the bankers, perpetuating their then doubtful future existence. A day would come when these same bankers, who then shed crocodile tears in their anxiety to be rescued, however deaf they may have been in the past to similar pleas from many of their depositors, would stand upon the foundations placed beneath their tottering empire by the Roosevelt Administration and vilify "government interference in business."

The salvation of the bankers provoked concerted pleas of "Save us, too" from many and diverse groups. Railroad magnates, heads of the textile and other industries, pressure groups from cotton and corn belts, officials of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and representatives of organized labor filled Washington hotels. The White House switchboard buzzed unremittingly with requests for interviews. All sought a chance to unload their troubles in the strong and ample lap of a President who had revealed an extraordinary social conscience. The President received them group by group, hearing all but heeding few. He discussed their acute problems with his own advisers and with experts placed at his disposal by the petitioners themselves. Then, acting with the characteristic rapidity which had saved the banks, he proceeded with the precision of a great surgeon



combating death in an operating room. Congressional leaders were summoned to the White House. He convinced them of the various exigencies and of the necessity for immediate alleviation. A harmony unprecedented marked these conferences. Within the elastic limits of democracy, emergency measures were put into effect. Remedial acts of legislation were enacted by a diligent Congress and promptly signed by the President.

In one day Congress passed a bill conferring upon the President authority over banks. The Treasury was empowered to cause the surrender of all gold. National banks were permitted to raise cash by the sale of preferred stock, and both national and state banks were authorized to borrow money from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The currency was further expanded by "circulating notes" issued to Federal Reserve Banks against Federal bonds and other class A paper. By the end of May thirteen thousand banks were reopened.

Then came the Unemployment Relief Act, which authorized public works and provided authority for the Civilian Conservation Corps. This new agency employed three hundred thousand young men in camps, combating forest fires, soil erosion, floods, and plant blights. They were employed in planting trees for reforestation, cutting fire-lane trails and protecting the forests, social gains in addition to the benefits which accrued to them as individuals in this excellent training program in outdoor life.

On May 12, 1933, the Emergency Relief Law made available a half billion dollars for various forms of relief to the unemployed and their families. A quarter of a billion was granted to the states. Part of it was to be matched by expenditures of the state itself; the remainder, allocated to the specific requirements of the state. On this same day the Farm Relief Act was passed, creating the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, destined to be the most gigantic experiment of its kind in economic history. Three billion dollars was appropriated to effect its immediate purposes.

In an effort to satisfy the national clamor for jobs and for the regulation of economic ills, Congress, on the recommendation of the President and his expert advisers, created the National Industrial Recovery Administration, discussed in Chapter XXV, some of whose abandoned principles may yet have to be incorporated in our economic life.

On May 18, the long-disputed fate of Muscle Shoals was determined. Congress under the intelligent and courageous leadership of Senator Norris and Representative Rankin passed the act authorizing the Tennessee Valley Authority "to force a reduction of electric rates . . . make electricity available to millions unserved . . . effect flood control . . . aid reforestation . . . improve navigation . . . and for the national defense." The long-cherished dream of those who wished to provide a yardstick with which to curb the Insulls and their kind came true, for the act provided that the surplus electric power available after the construction of certain hydro-electric units in the project might be sold to private companies and municipalities.

On May 27, 1933, Congress passed the Securities and Exchange Act, which empowered the Federal Trade Commission to exercise a limited regulation of the sale and marketing of securities. This act was subsequently to be modified, when the Securities and Exchange Commission was set up and the regulatory functions temporarily vested in the already overburdened Trade Commission transferred to it. Under the original act a semiprivate corporation was created, bringing in as stockholders all those who held foreign securities in default. Chiefly, however, its function was to minimize speculation and safeguard the public against the Insulls and the international bankers who had so ruthlessly diminished the public savings by their ill-considered offerings of worthless foreign stocks and bonds.

The violence of readjustments in the credit structure, due largely to bank failures, which bank failures were due largely to ruthless speculation by the bankers themselves with funds belonging to their depositors, had placed thousands of homes in jeopardy. On June 13 Congress authorized the Home Owners Loan Corporation with a capital of two hundred million dollars and authority to issue bonds to the extent of two billions. This corporation was established to take over mortgages at lower rates of interest, to extend the time of repayment, and otherwise to provide security for the homeowner. At the time of this legislation mortgages were selling at from eight to twenty cents on the dollar.

It may be well to explain that the Farm Relief Act had also authorized the issuance of bonds to the extent of two billion dollars to purchase farm mortgages, exchange bonds for mortgages, and make new loans at rates not to exceed 4 per cent. A later development was the establishment of the Production Credit Corporation,

the Production Credit Association, a central bank for farm co-operatives, regional banks for farm co-operatives, and the formation of self-financing and thrift organizations for the benefit of the local farmers. Because there were so many scattered financing agencies, the President by executive order consolidated and co-ordinated all under the Federal Farm Credit Administration. This was a radical departure in our economic practice. After many decades of exploitation and usurious rates of interest, of ruthless foreclosures and general extortion, the farm financing of the nation was wrested from the private banker and brought under the control of the Federal Government.

No previous single session of the Congress since the establishment of the Republic had written such a long series of far-reaching laws into the Federal statute books. Relief had been provided for the farmer and the country's basic enterprise, agriculture. The bank depositor had been saved and protected for the future. Subsistence had been assured to the unemployed who were on the verge of starvation. The railroads and heavy industries had been assisted with huge loans from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and business, large and small, had been rescued through the help given under the provisions of the N.R.A. The excesses so long engaged in on Wall Street and the subsidiary Wall Streets throughout the country had been curbed. Millions of men and women had returned to work, and labor, so long the victim of exploitation, was, under the N.R.A., acknowledged to have the right of collective bargaining. Within a few, feverish, exciting months, the mighty tide of the depression had been turned. A new hope and a brighter morale appeared among the masses of the people. What a contrast with the picture of the previous four years.

## II

During all this period of emergency planning and action, members of the official family had their hands and heads full. There were times when we disagreed as to method, though seldom as to the principle or the objective to be achieved. It was indeed a total war reaching out to every recognized ill and endeavoring to provide relief for every segment of society. All, including the President, realized that mistakes would be made, that we were sailing uncharted seas and blazing new trails, that in many instances our efforts for temporary alleviation would require recasting and readjustment

in the future. Moreover, it was realized that danger lurked in experiments upon such a prodigious scale. Untried men had frequently to be placed in important positions, and the human element was sure to manifest itself to the embarrassment of the Administration. Men sought to build petty political citadels with their local authority. The political machines of the cities in some instances tried to pervert the true intentions of the reform and relief programs. These dangers, impossible to avoid entirely, had to be dealt with individually as they were exposed to the responsible authorities in Washington.

Having served long in various branches of the Government and having a wide acquaintance over the country from experience in helping select thousands of postmasters and the field force of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, I remembered frequently the President's early remark that the greatest help I could render would be to keep him surrounded with men of the type who staffed the Woodrow Wilson Administration. I tried to respond to this suggestion. It is not in the nature of things for one in the official family to be aggressive with the President of the United States, and yet long years of friendship attested to the sincerity of new suggestions.

On the whole these measures were welcomed and had a good effect. Partly due to their success the time soon came when some began to resent the regulation by the Government of matters formerly left to private control. An anecdote from an earlier time suggests a type of reaction that was soon all too common. One of the militant preachers of a Southern town was exhorting his congregation. "All the cheating and dishonest people are going to hell," he declaimed. Two of the sisters sitting together nudged each other approvingly. "Good preaching," one whispered to the other. "Wonderful," was the reply. "And all you liars will go there too," the minister declared. "He is a great preacher," the sister commented again. "That's the gospel." "And all the drunkards," declared the minister, "they are going to hell too." "He is the finest preacher I ever heard," said the first sister. "He's unsurpassed," agreed her neighbor. The minister's voice rose to vigor. "And another bunch of you," he shouted, "you old snuff dippers, you are going straight to hell!" The first sister glared defiance. "He's done quit preachin'," she said. "He's quit preachin' and gone to meddling." Such was the later reaction to some of the reforms of the Roosevelt Administration; when they fell too close to home, there was an outcry and a spirit of rebellion.

The return of Congress after this initial session brought renewed attacks upon the adverse economic conditions. Great interest centered in the Public Works Administration projects; public works were inaugurated simultaneously in all the states and counties of the nation. The time-worn demand for new post-office buildings for the towns of any importance was heard, and there was an outcry by politicians when such applications were made secondary to useful projects that offered greater possibilities for the employment of labor.

But there is no need to enumerate further. Let it suffice to say, there was war for economic and social improvement upon all fronts. For example, the Labor Board or N.L.R.B. was set up with broad powers intended to curb exploitation and to foster collective bargaining. This adventure needs better administration and amendments, which will doubtless come with experience in handling a difficult problem. A complex and effective system of social security providing for unemployment insurance and pensions for the aged was written into the law of the land, beginning what may be a far-reaching social evolution.

During all these exciting days of experiment by the method of trial and error and of stupendous government effort, the Department of Commerce rendered service by gathering and compiling statistics and thus affording fundamental guidance on happenings and trends. The Department became a real arsenal of study, producing data for the administration of the Government and for the guidance of business in efforts to expand trade at home and in the far-flung countries of the world.

It was no easy undertaking to keep the Administration and business on terms of good understanding. I believe, however, that the Business Advisory Council was a valuable agency in this direction. The Council gave the businessman an opportunity to study the trends and purposes of the Government and at the same time channeled back to business generally a truer conception of the purposes and the advisability of co-operation.

No one familiar with the facts will deny that in an age of change the Administration endeavored to correct the causes of the economic and social conditions from which we were suffering. It is not my purpose to indulge in a panegyric on Roosevelt. I do assert, however, that the purposes and objectives of his Administration were sincerely planned, though probably we were not as quick to correct defects in legislation and in administration as we might have been.

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During all these exciting days of experiment by the method of trial and error and of stupendous government effort, the Department of Commerce rendered service by gathering and compiling statistics and thus affording fundamental guidance on happenings and trends. The Department became a real arsenal of study, producing data for the administration of the Government and for the guidance of business in efforts to expand trade at home and in the far-flung countries of the world.

It was no easy undertaking to keep the Administration and business on terms of good understanding. I believe, however, that the Business Advisory Council was a valuable agency in this direction. The Council gave the businessman an opportunity to study the trends and purposes of the Government and at the same time channeled back to business generally a truer conception of the purposes and the advisability of co-operation.

No one familiar with the facts will deny that in an age of change the Administration endeavored to correct the causes of the economic and social conditions from which we were suffering. It is not my purpose to indulge in a panegyric on Roosevelt. I do assert, however, that the purposes and objectives of his Administration were sincerely planned, though probably we were not as quick to correct defects in legislation and in administration as we might have been.

In general, it is in my judgment correct to say that the President struck with all the Federal might at everything he believed was wrong. Through vision, courage, and a profound sympathy for the "underprivileged" he did more to awaken the thought of the nation to meet a dramatic situation than had any other President in American history.

An interesting comparison might be made between the times and actions of Woodrow Wilson and of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Both were confronted, on taking office, with a pressing banking situation. Wilson courageously met that which he faced by speedily securing through legislation the establishment of the Federal Reserve banking system. Roosevelt promptly met a tragic banking situation immediately upon taking office by closing the banks until they could be put in order to safeguard depositors. Later he secured the guarantee of bank deposits by the Federal Government. Wilson had to reckon with a serious agricultural situation, and used his influence to place on the statute books the Farm Loan Bank Act and supplementary farm legislation; Roosevelt found in 1933 a much worse situation in agriculture than confronted Wilson. By the measures noted he unhesitatingly met the challenge of agricultural chaos and stayed the hand of an onrushing cataclysm of confusion and rioting.

Wilson was confronted with serious labor conditions, and urged the passage of the eight-hour law and a law preventing child labor, though the latter was defeated by the courts. Roosevelt inherited a much worse situation in labor and unemployment, which he attacked with courage and succeeded in avoiding serious rioting among the unemployed. Here as elsewhere there was a similarity in the courageous attitude employed by both men to correct the situations they faced.

In Wilson's second administration he was drawn into international affairs. Roosevelt, in his second administration, likewise had to give great consideration to European affairs. In his campaign for re-election in 1916 Woodrow Wilson definitely promised to keep the country out of war, and with his approval a slogan of great value in his re-election was used; namely, "He kept us out of war." The gradual development of responsibilities of this nation together with untoward acts from abroad engaged both men more and more in the foreign struggle. Wilson wished to be renominated a third time for the purpose of supporting his League of Nations and safeguarding



the peace of the world. Roosevelt was renominated for a third term because of international conditions. Wilson failed of nomination for a third term partly because of broken health brought on by the strain of foreign affairs. May the parallel end here and Roosevelt be able to maintain his health in accomplishing that in which Woodrow Wilson failed; namely, the establishment of permanent international stability and peace.

A comparison of the personalities of Roosevelt and Wilson is strikingly favorable to the former. Roosevelt had a more intimate knowledge of human beings, had given more study to the masses, and was more gifted in greeting people. An instance involving Dr. Willis J. Abbot of the *Christian Science Monitor* came under my observation. I was not able to persuade Dr. Abbot to support the Roosevelt ticket in 1932 on account of the prohibition question. However, when he was calling on me in May, 1933, I expressed a wish to introduce him to the President and asked him to be at the White House the next day following the Cabinet meeting. He replied: "I have nothing in common with the President, and, as I didn't support him, he will not be willing to see me." I answered: "Wait and see."

A press conference followed immediately after the Cabinet meeting, and through the courtesy of White House Secretary Stephen Early, Dr. Abbot was permitted to go in with the press representatives. As I left the Cabinet room, I told the President that the man who would come in on a crutch because of a sprained ankle, would be Dr. Abbot of the *Christian Science Monitor*. I then returned to the Department of Commerce. About a week later a letter from Dr. Abbot informed me that he had spoken to the President at the press conference and that the President had called him by name saying: "Dr. Abbot, we have so many things in common. When I was a small boy, my mother bought me your little book on the navy. It gave me a zest for the navy, and I have all these years wanted to meet you and thank you for the book." Dr. Abbot went on to say in his letter: "Roper, that overwhelmed me and I have called my board together to indorse the Administration."

It has ever been difficult for a President to keep accurately informed on conditions at home and abroad. Wilson had his Colonel House on foreign affairs. Roosevelt has had his Eleanor, an unusual wife. It is the first time in the history of the White House that the

President has made such extraordinary use of his wife in keeping in touch with public conditions. President Roosevelt has encouraged Mrs. Roosevelt in her travels, contacts, and studies of domestic conditions and he has ever given prime consideration to the reports and suggestions she has brought. She is perhaps the most remarkable woman who ever occupied the White House, a student of social conditions and trends with exceptional capacity in educational leadership.

In my pre-convention canvass of political leaders in the interests of the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the winter of 1931 and the spring of 1932 I met opposition in many instances to the son but found frequent remarkable commendations of his mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt (1854-1941), who was an extraordinary woman. David F. Houston, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, for instance, told me frankly that he was for Newton D. Baker and could not join the Roosevelt forces. He added, however: "I am a great admirer of the mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, who is indeed a great woman." Colonel E. M. House, both in that period and later until his death, frequently emphasized in repeated conferences with me the sound judgment of the President's mother and said that he frequently sent political messages through her to the son.

I shall always treasure my personal talks with her. She was loyal to her husband, to whom she frequently referred as an unusual man. She told me of how she had followed his advice, especially in financial matters and in taking care of her property. Her attitude reminded me of the accounts of George Washington's mother, of whom it is said that she "acquitted herself with great fidelity to her trust and with entire success." When Mrs. Washington's only daughter, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, and her husband urged Mother Washington to live with them, the latter replied: "I thank you for your dutiful and affectionate offer but my wants are few in this life and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." Later, when the son-in-law, Colonel Fielding Lewis, tendered his services to relieve her of the care of her affairs, Mrs. Washington is recorded as having replied: "Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order as your eyesight is better than mine, but leave the management of the farm to me."

Each of these great women had the same attitude toward life; each gave to the world a great President.

## *European Interlude*

THE WAR OF THE Administration against the destructive forces which threatened the national economy was not confined to the reform measures previously discussed. Gradually it was realized that a considerable portion of the existing unemployment was directly attributable to conditions in foreign countries. There was an appalling decline in our foreign trade balances. Consequently, the work of the Bureau of Domestic and Foreign Commerce came to be of increasing importance. The Department had approximately two hundred men in the foreign field, each selected and retained because of his knowledge of American business and industry, his qualifications for gathering and analyzing information and data, and his ability to aid American businessmen in locating trade opportunities and selling our products to the world.

On the other hand, the problem of selling had changed materially with the rise of the totalitarian states in Europe. Formerly, our commercial representatives dealt directly with foreign businessmen. Now it had become necessary to deal almost entirely with governments and with central purchasing agencies. Moreover, as the totalitarian states extended their spheres of influence they absorbed former United States markets.

Many experts on foreign commerce were of opinion that the beginning of the decline of American trade coincided with the Hoover debt moratorium of July 12, 1931. This relaxed attitude upon our part was tantamount to telling the European nations we did not expect to collect the war debts, and therefore gave birth to an attitude of independence in Germany and elsewhere. The Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act had eliminated about 30 per cent of the German exports to the United States. Under the Brüning regime a rigid system of foreign exchange control was initiated, Germany care-

fully manipulating her foreign credits in order to have enough foreign exchange to purchase those national necessities which could not be obtained by barter. Thus bilateral trade agreements now came into existence in an effort by Germany and other countries to circumvent the emergencies due to their insufficient gold and silver reserves and to stabilize their currencies. The first step was a quarantining of currency, making it illegal to send any money out of Germany except by definite permission under specific circumstances. This paved the way for barter.

For example, Germany sent commercial representatives to Brazil informing the Brazilians that Germany needed a specified number of pounds of coffee. In turn, it was found that Brazil wanted steel or other products. Paying a good credit price for the coffee, Germany agreed to deliver the steel at a later date. Usually, however, it was stipulated in the agreement that, should unforeseen circumstances prevent the delivery of the steel, Germany would pay with optical goods, toys, cutlery, or other manufactured products. Germany got the coffee. Brazil may or may not have got the steel. Already it had become a part of the Nazi creed that Germany needed three things to carry out her program; namely, men, materials, and food. These three things, according to private utterances of German economists, would enable the Reich to conquer the world.

At the outset Germany set up a certain sphere of influence, which may be aptly illustrated by a circle with its center in Berlin. The Yugoslavs, the Czechoslovakians, the Hungarians, the Bulgarians, the Rumanians, and others were considered to be prospectively within this circle; beyond the main circumference, lines extended to Brazil, the Argentine, etc. German agents suggested to the near-by governments that certain crops be planted and proposed by barter agreements to take large quantities of such agricultural products. For these products Germany agreed to pay with manufactured articles. Good prices, cunning strategy, and sometimes economic blackmail were used by the Germans to drive hard bargains, though even then they did not always fulfill the spirit of these agreements. In fact, the agreements were usually worded with extreme adroitness and thus when the time came to pay, substitutions were frequently made. The Standard Oil Company once had to take its pay in a ridiculously

large quantity of mouth organs, while a Balkan nation took enough binoculars to outfit a large army.

The effect of these bilateral agreements was in many instances to upset the equilibrium of our foreign trade. Holland, for example, had been one of our best customers until shortage of delivery from Germany of certain products caused substitutions which diminished the quantity of American export of staples to Holland; the Dutch had to take these same staples from Germany as substitutes for the products they had originally expected. The entire trade balance was affected by these bilateral agreements, and the increasing pressure of Germany upon her neighbors was doubly effective because the German military preparedness program, although conducted somewhat in secret, became known. Our own reciprocal trade treaty program was an effort to counteract these machinations and trade agreements of other countries. Congress granted to the President authority to reduce or increase tariffs as much as 50 per cent. The Department of Commerce co-operated with the State Department in assembling and analyzing the statistical data in the negotiations for treaties under this grant; patient hearings were held, attended by industrialists interested in the items of trade covered by the negotiations. The final decisions rested of course with Secretary Hull and the President.

The policy adopted in approaching these agreements was to try to achieve an understanding of the problems of the various nations concerned. A nation was asked in summary, "What items, in what quantities, do you have which you feel must be exported?" With this question answered, an effort was made to help the foreign nation solve its problem while at the same time making progress toward the restoration of American commerce. From the beginning of these great shifts in international trade currents, the Department of Commerce naturally had great responsibility. We all faced problems unknown to the United States Government, situations not previously anticipated. The factor of politics or Congressional tariff trading was practically eliminated.

## II

In the spring of 1936 I yielded to the suggestion of the Honorable W. A. Julian, Treasurer of the United States, my friend of many years, to use my vacation for a trip to Europe. For some time

I had desired to make such a trip for the study of trade. I had no preconceived notions as to the steps that ought to be taken to improve our international economic relations. The situation was too complicated for easy solution.

Mrs. Roper and her very dear friend, Mrs. W. A. Julian, received invitations from Ambassador Bingham to come to London and be presented that summer to King Edward VIII. I was strongly in favor of her acceptance, but no great pressure was necessary. The public little appreciates that the wives of government officials have semiofficial duties which frequently entail a strain comparable to that on their husbands. Mrs. Roper had been of invaluable assistance to me upon the Alaskan trip, and since returning home her Washington activities had been increasingly strenuous. I, therefore, concurred heartily in her acceptance of the invitation to be presented at the King's garden party, grateful that she and her devoted and gracious friend had been afforded the opportunity of receiving this high honor from His Majesty.

Treasurer Julian, a delightful traveling companion, made all transportation arrangements, and they could not have been more satisfactory. It was decided that Mrs. Roper and the Julians would cross on the *Queen Mary*, sailing on July 8, while I would arrive on the *Manhattan* a week later. It seemed to be more fitting that the Secretary of Commerce sail on an American ship, even though not traveling at government expense.

I regretted that we could not travel on the same vessel, but my misfortune was partially alleviated by a pleasant surprise. I found myself on the boat with the United States Olympic team en route to the games at Berlin. The press had given more than ordinary publicity to the coming games because of agitation in the United States over Hitler's policies and the charge of racial persecution and discrimination in Germany. Our principal track star was Jesse Owens, a Negro and a true champion. Because of the great to-do in Germany about the Aryan race, many outspoken critics of the German regime had opposed our competition in 1936. During the crossing I sat at the Captain's table with Avery Brundage, who headed the United States Olympic committee, and my interest in the games was considerably whetted by our discussions. I learned more of the history of the ancient Greek athletic festival and, naturally, became

personally interested both in members of our team and the competition which lay ahead. Forty-three states were represented on a passenger list of slightly more than a thousand. This companionship made the crossing interesting, and the time passed quickly.

In spite of my precaution in taking the *Manhattan*, I had scarcely joined our party at the Mayfair Hotel when the London papers published reports of my arrival on an English vessel. I found that Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Julian had been presented at the King's garden party on July 21 according to schedule. In the meantime, Mr. Julian and I set about making calls upon our Ambassador and other government officials, members of our foreign staff, and Britishers. I did not attend the King's garden party, which was the occasion of Mrs. Roper's presentation; and therefore it seems in order to insert here an excerpt from her diary for that day:

Left Mayfair Hotel in company with my friend, Mrs. W. Alexander Julian, at 2:15 P.M. for Buckingham Palace, where the King's garden party was to be held. Here we joined our hostess, the wife of our Ambassador, Honorable Robert W. Bingham.

The gates of the palace were opened at 2:30 P.M. We found a large crowd on the lawn, all seated in chairs. At 3:30 sharp King Edward and the Royal party, including three Dukes and three Duchesses, appeared and were seated under the royal canopy on the lawn. The Duchess of York wore black and white, another Duchess wore the same color and a third wore purple.

Two Royal bands were playing a march. The Brazilian Ambassador's wife now took the lead, because her husband was Dean of the foreign diplomatic representatives in London, and presented her ladies. The wife of our Ambassador came next and made her curtsy to the King and passed on. Then I was announced and passed in review with my curtsy. Next came Mrs. Julian and so on through the line of other American women presented.

The King remained standing until all the diplomats were reviewed. After being presented, the guests were seated in chairs on the lawn nearby. There was a long line of several hundred debutantes presented, mostly English.

The King was very human, frequently moving his hands in something of a nervous attitude and quite frequently arranging his necktie. He looked constantly toward the threatening clouds above, which brought rain toward

the end of the ceremonies and interfered with the presentation of a goodly number of disappointed debutantes.

It was most interesting to watch the presentation from our near-by seats and to study the human actions and reactions.

Our hostess, Mrs. Bingham, wore a very handsome mauve and silver brocade gown. My own gown was black net embroidered in white over white taffeta. I wore a large black picture hat, black shoes, white gloves and carried a small black and white bag given me by my son, Commander John W. Roper.

Mrs. Julian wore a very handsome black lace gown with a large garden party hat trimmed with white flowers, and around her neck she had a boa of ostrich feathers.

## III

Since we were traveling unofficially, neither Mr. Julian nor I expected any special attention during our English visit, but three days after the King's garden party we were the recipients of an unexpected courtesy. We were entertained at luncheon by the Pilgrims of London, a society established for the perpetuation of Anglo-American friendship. The Pilgrims of London and the Pilgrims of the United States are complementary sections of The Pilgrims, membership in the one group automatically conferring membership in the other. The society was founded in 1903 because of the great American interest in the coronation of Edward VII. The famous Lord Roberts was its first President; Bishop Henry Codman Potter was the first head of the United States chapter of the society, formed a year later. The activities of the society are confined to the entertainment of official visitors to England from the United States and vice versa. The society also commemorates the historic significance of those stalwarts who landed at Plymouth Rock and founded the Colony in 1620.

Sir Auckland Geddes, a former Ambassador to the United States, presided over the luncheon given for Mr. Julian and me, and the guests included members of the Cabinet and of Parliament. Some of the ancient Pilgrim customs were carried out in the entertainment and were most impressive. I had not had sufficient notice to devote much attention to a prepared address, although I was deeply sensible of the distinction bestowed upon us. As we assembled, I could not help reflecting upon the debt our country owed to England. London,



itself, was the center of English culture, the rich fountain of most of our ancestral history, our literature, and our jurisprudence. Great Britain and its history had always excited my interest, and one of the first books I ever bought was a life of Mary Queen of Scots. Moreover, I had a warm admiration for the British faith in British destiny.

Despite superficial misunderstandings and inconsequential differences between the two countries, some of which have been used mischievously to agitate public feeling, I was conscious of the very great debt every American owed to England. Especially were we indebted to those intrepid souls who had borne the torch of religious fervor to our shores in 1620, to Milton and Shakespeare and Tennyson and a host of other notable figures in literature; to Blackstone; to the Pitts, Disraeli, and Gladstone; to Watt and Newton; for the philanthropy of Smithson; to Gainsborough and his contemporaries; and to Lord Bryce, who knew us so well. I admired the British for their genius in government and finance and for their Empire builders; I recalled the names of Wellington and Sir Francis Drake, of the more modern Cecil Rhodes, who had endowed posterity in the hope of promoting international education. These thoughts stirred within me as I sat with our English friends.

Mr. Julian made a practical and impressive address, while I tried to emphasize the fact that the time for independent thought and independent action on the part of the United States and Britain had passed. If we were to preserve the objectives of the Pilgrims, I told the audience, we must unite in thought and action. If civilization should fail, the reason would be the failure of the leaders of our two nations to observe the spirit and purpose of the Pilgrims. I recall that a prominent guest expressed privately on this occasion his opinion that England would be better off in the long run if associated with Germany rather than with France, as was then the case.

On July 25 Ambassador Bingham entertained us at a dinner and we had further opportunity to exchange views with informed English people. I was constantly reminded that, although we spoke a common tongue, we were not really acquainted with one another. Sir John Taylor, for instance, thought the re-election of President Roosevelt in 1936 impossible because the polls showed a majority of the American newspapers against him. He could not conceive of the

American press being independent of public opinion, or of the American people going against the press. Moreover, the superabundance of crime news dispatched from the United States, grotesque and fantastic stories, had discolored the picture and established in the minds of English readers a distorted impression of American life.

## IV

We had no plans for a visit to Germany, and having said goodbye to Avery Brundage and the American Olympic team upon leaving the boat, I had no idea of meeting them again in Europe. Consequently, it was a complete surprise to Julian and me to receive a radiogram from Thomas J. Watson, President of the International Business Machine Company, then in Berlin. He urged us to be his guests upon the opening day of the Olympics. We decided to accept. In addition to the pleasure of seeing our friends, we felt a patriotic urge to support our Olympic team. Accordingly, we departed on July 29 for Berlin, arriving at Bremerhaven on the morning of July 30, when the *Europa* slipped into her dock.

The voyage through the North Sea introduced us to the new German financial system. Immediately upon boarding the boat we were asked whether or not we wanted to buy "boat marks"; it was explained that these marks would save us money. They were good only for purchases on the boat. We accepted this advice, but were careful to divest ourselves of the boat currency before arriving at Bremerhaven. Incidentally, we learned that there was a great variety of marks for use in different fields.

At Bremen we were met by Douglass Miller, American Commercial Attaché at Berlin, one of the ablest and best-informed men in the foreign service. He proved a rich source of information, telling me much of developments in the new Germany under Hitler and thus preparing me for all I was later to learn at first hand.

I had made two previous visits to Germany, and the contrast between them is worthy of comment. In 1907 I had gained the impression of a happy, contented people—a sturdy race, distinguished for its hospitality, its cleanliness, its love of system and order, and its industrious pursuit of scientific and cultural improvement. This first visit had been in connection with my survey of exported cotton and had taken place during the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm. Despite

the savagery of the World War which was to follow, the Germany of prewar days had been a gentle, mellow land with people maintaining a simple, wholesome attitude toward the affairs of life. They had a reverence for religion, for the ancient churches of the Fatherland, for her universities, celebrated for their freedom of thought, and I had noted the passionate fondness of the Germans for the music of Bach and Beethoven, Mozart and Liszt and other great masters. In literature one thought of Goethe and Schiller, or perhaps of Nietzsche or Schopenhauer or Kant, however much one disagreed with the pessimistic philosophers. Munich, Heidelberg, Freiburg, and Leipzig were names synonymous with culture and education.

The tragedy of the World War had been costly to Germany. The resulting economic debilitation had been greatly in evidence when I next visited Germany in 1928. Currency inflation had produced a universal leveling-off process. In former years, in fact from the time of Frederick the Great, there had been but two classes in Germany, the higher and the lower. Families of the higher class wanted their sons to enter the army, or at second best, the diplomatic service of the crown. In consequence, Germans of the upper class did not become lawyers, doctors, and dentists, nor did any of them enter trade. The Jew was the German merchant, doctor, lawyer, and dentist. Jewish thrift and foresight brought to that people vast ownership of property and strong entrenchment in the professions and in the faculties of the universities. The Jew made progress in science and the arts, achieving a place and prominence never before attained in the history of his race. This success and progress gradually excited the envy of German racials. When the loss of the World War diverted young men of the upper classes from military service, there were no jobs for them. They could not compete in the various professions. In these circumstances anti-Semitism flourished. Hitler made much of it in his rise to power.

I discussed this situation along with other great changes taking place as I rode to Berlin with Douglass Miller. He was none too hopeful over our prospects for increased German trade, since we had large surpluses in the United States, and our benighted industrial areas already felt the impact of the totalitarian push and barter in the world's markets. He had a clear understanding of the totali-

tarian state and fully appreciated its menace to democracy. He saw also the danger of anti-Semitism, but appreciated the German viewpoint, especially the resentment at the infiltration of Jews from Poland and elsewhere to purchase property at distress prices after the war. One prominent American observer remarked to me: "The Jews own Germany." I knew that there was nothing I could do to alleviate the plight of the Jew, and, therefore, I made no comment. The rumble of impending storm sounded faintly in 1928. An air of gloom and despair, quite in contrast to that of 1907, was evident. On my visit in 1928 it had seemed as though everywhere in that once pleasant land the spirits of men and women were being oppressed. Germany was paying dearly for the war, for the devastation of France and Belgium. The espousal of the "New Messiah," Hitler, was wholly understandable.

In Berlin, in the absence of the United States Ambassador Dodd, we were met at the station by Ferdinand L. Mayer, Chargé d'Affaires of the Embassy, and practically the entire staff of Douglass Miller's office. This welcome was cheering and much appreciated by the whole party. It would have been so in the United States, but such courtesies are doubly appreciated in a foreign country, particularly in Germany. We had heard much of Nazism. Now we were to witness at first hand the zealous worship of Der Fuehrer.

## v

Ambassador Dodd was later to be a storm center in the web of international intrigue because of his stern adherence to cherished democratic principles. The family entertained Mrs. Roper and me at the Embassy and on the evening of July 31 invited others to dine with us. I had first met Dr. Dodd during the 1916 political campaign. He was intensely interested in President Wilson and his policies. I recalled how genuinely I had been attracted to Dodd because of his extensive knowledge of American and world history, his wonderful memory for facts and men, and his courageous, progressive vision of democratic ideals. He was then professor of American history at the University of Chicago, and at the same time fulfilled an extensive lecture program which took him throughout the country. He was not an orator in the flamboyant sense; his matter-of-fact delivery and earnestness and his amazing knowledge of facts never failed to

charm his audiences. I had never met a man who held in his mind so many historical details. He was a most understanding devotee of Jefferson and could quote his principles with convincing sincerity and accuracy. He had written a biography of Jefferson, lectured about him, and composed many magazine articles which extolled the great Democrat.

When discussing Dodd as a possible Ambassador to Germany, I had stressed the Jeffersonian angle, stating that I believed Dodd would be astute in handling diplomatic duties and, when conferences grew tense, he would turn the tide by quoting Jefferson. During the intervening years he had spent many nights in my Washington home. With the passing of time, our friendship had ripened and I knew something of the man himself. After the failure of the League of Nations, he had become increasingly disturbed over the future of Europe. Almost psychic in his premonitions, he foresaw dire national consequences and sensed disaster ahead of us in the field of economics and sociology. Often I had heard him express apprehension at the greed of the very rich, and had heard him castigate the unbridled trust and monopoly trend of our times. He was equally concerned about the agricultural outlook for our country, deploring the exodus from rural life to congested industrial centers. "The hope of democracy," he had told me, "depends upon a back-to-the-land movement."

I frequently heard from him. Although he had been restrained in his expressions, I knew him to be disturbed over the changes taking place in Germany. I knew that he resented the use of the Embassy by international bankers from the United States who sought to make of it a debt-collecting agency, and I knew that he was unsympathetic to the wholesale program of anti-Semitism already stirring the German people to violence.

Among the guests at dinner July 31 were Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh. I had not seen Lindbergh since his visit to the Department of Commerce three years before to discuss our program for the expansion of commercial aviation. After dinner in the drawing room, Colonel Lindbergh and I withdrew to a remote corner. I asked him what he had seen of German aviation. He informed me that the expansion of German aviation was tremendous. He had visited a factory that day where planes were being manu-

factured. He said that it was as large as any three American aviation plants combined. I gained the impression that he was convinced of Germany's air superiority over any other nation. The interest of young Germans in the program was manifested by the knowledge that, on a day when the Nazi government had announced it would receive a limited number of applications from young men wishing to become pilots, more than fifty thousand youths jammed the streets in front of the building where the applications were to be made.

Colonel Lindbergh was the personal guest of Major Truman Smith, our military attaché. Major Smith was in the good graces of Marshal Goering and the Luftwaffe, and he, likewise, was much concerned over Germany's military preparations. Whether or not Lindbergh was in Berlin in an official capacity, whether he had gone on his own initiative, as a confidential representative of the United States, or at the official invitation of the Nazi regime was not made clear to me. Although the house guest of Major Smith, he, so I was told, was the official guest of Marshal Goering.

I cannot recall the exact written and spoken words repeated by Ambassador Dodd. I do remember his deep concern, his premonition, that the Nazi regime had world domination as its objective. And on every hand in Germany there were signs of tremendous preparations, new buildings, military barracks, soldiers, and mechanized forces being moved on a large scale.

August 1 was the date of the opening of the Olympic games. In the forenoon, Mr. Julian and I called and paid our respects to Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Financial Minister, whom I had met in Washington two years before. It was purely a courtesy call, and he received us most cordially. Afterward we were entertained at luncheon by the Consul General and Mrs. Jenkins, and I again had a talk with Colonel Lindbergh. He informed me that he expected to return to the United States as soon as the health of his wife would permit. I gathered that he would have plenty to say about the German superiority in aviation. But already Ambassador Dodd, Major Truman Smith, and others of our Embassy staff had made formal reports of Germany's huge preparedness effort. Upon the occasion of a storm necessitating a change of course by the commercial plane in which he was a passenger, Major Smith had seen secret factories in isolated

wild districts. Secret factories were said to be under construction in the Black Forest and elsewhere. Germany had no international quarrel of consequence. Therefore, the real purpose of the program was largely underestimated by observers in Germany and by responsible officials of the State Department back home. It was a pacifist era both in the United States and England. France feared war, but France had firm faith in her Maginot Line. Our Congress, constantly being called upon to relieve domestic ills, was not of a temper to support preparedness measures on a large scale.

## VI

Berlin was festively adorned with bright streamers and Nazi flags. The packed streets re-echoed with lusty cheers and the laughter of a happy, excited people; a joyous holiday spirit was everywhere in evidence. We drove ten miles to the stadium, passing through vast throngs, thousands of whom were soldiers, all wearing shiny, new boots. Mr. Julian, a Cincinnati shoe manufacturer, said that a fair estimate of the cost of the boots worn by the soldiers along that drive would be at least six dollars a pair. Aside from the estimated fifteen thousand soldiers we saw, there were many younger boys wearing the uniform of the Storm Troopers, the olive drab jacket and brown shirt.

The stadium was almost filled when we reached Tom Watson's section. We learned later that the attendance was 110,000. Our chief interest, however, was the arrival of Hitler. This produced one of the most concerted demonstrations of loyalty I had ever seen. The cheering was deafening. He acknowledged it with salutes and jerky bows while the band played martial music, and his entourage escorted him from his car to a place in the reviewing stand. Our seats were near this stand, and we could see him at rather close range. There was nothing prepossessing or especially stately in his appearance, and one wondered with what magic he retained so firm a hold over his subjects.

Soon the Olympic delegations of forty-three nations paraded into the great stadium. Each delegation passed the Hitler reviewing stand, and most of them gave the Hitler salute. Among those who did not do so were the two hundred Americans, wearing straw hats

and looking spick and span. They gave our civilian military salute by placing their hats over their hearts, which was the cause of an outcry from a German woman who sat near us. "Why," she demanded, "don't those Americans dip the flag for Hitler?" In a second Mrs. Roper answered her. "Our flag," she told the woman, "is dipped for no one but the President of the United States."

The Olympic ceremonies began with a repetition of many of the ancient Greek rites. Delegations followed their flags; then Olympic hymns were sung. The lighting of the Olympic torch was the feature of the day. We were present when the last relay runner arrived with the flame from Greece. This fire had been brought all the way by a relay team of three thousand men covering two thousand miles. The torch had passed through Greece, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Austria, and Czechoslovakia before reaching Germany. In each capital an Olympic celebration had been held. The journey of the torch had taken eleven days, the average distance traveled amounting to one hundred and eighty-one miles a day, or nearly eight miles an hour.

Viewing the vigorous teams of the forty-three nations about to compete in the time-honored contests, each team the finest of its race and each race cast from a different mould, it impressed me as a splendid occasion to see nations which had warred upon each other for hundreds and thousands of years now meet to vie for the laurels of peace. Many of the peoples represented by the teams had had strange histories. The Greeks, originators of the games as propitiation of their Gods on Mount Olympus, had been in a high state of civilization more than two thousand years ago. The Roman civilization likewise predated the Christian era. The ancestors of some team members, notably our champion runner and broad jumper, Jesse Owens, had not long since lived in the darkness of tribal, jungle life. The Germans themselves, in comparison with older civilizations, suffered under the spotlight of history. Long after the time of Attila, the Hun, the Germans were a heterogeneous collection of warring barbarians. They swept up and down Central Europe, into France, again eastward and down the Balkan peninsula to the resistant walls of Constantinople. Allied with the plundering Vandals, they were a constant threat to the Roman Empire.



Attila, the Hun, had devastated Italy in 453. Described as "haughty, darting a glance this way and that as if he felt himself Lord of it all," Attila ravished seventy cities en route to Constantinople. He made subject allies of his victims and unified all the barbarians in Central Europe from the Caspian to the Rhine. His was a rule of terror, brutality, and darkness from which there was no cessation of violence until the consolidation of the barbaric German tribes under Charlemagne. Even the name *German* sprang from barbarism. The eagerness with which the Germans shouted, "Heil!" and gave the Hitler salute aroused my curiosity as to the origin of the name. I found that it was applied first by the Gauls to the invaders from across the Rhine. "Germani" came from a Celtic root, meaning "to shout." The original barbarian Germans were shouters. They had overrun Gaul, Italy, Spain, and parts of Africa, but the hate of the conquered gradually broke their yoke.

It seemed inconceivable that a polyglot group of barbaric tribes could have achieved great national unity and, within a few brief centuries, have come to the front ranks in music, education, science, and the arts. Such had been their achievements in peace. But we had seen them revert to type in the World War. As I sat in that stadium, I hoped that our hosts would never again revert to the barbarism from which they had sprung, the brutality and vandalism which had produced the dark ages and had threatened to exterminate civilization.

Our own Olympic team was a cross section of many races. From Jesse Owens to a weight lifter with the Italian name of Terlazzo it was a team from the melting pot. We had black and white, immigrants and native-born, all competing for America.

The opening day was devoted largely to ceremonial, and, since I could not remain for attendance at the games, I had to follow the progress of the American team through the press. The non-Aryan, Jesse Owens, broke two world records and won four events. Glenn Morris broke the individual world record in the Decathlon, scoring seven thousand nine hundred points. The University of Washington crew won its boat race, and all in all the United States team gave a splendid account of itself, winning those events which are regarded in this country as being of greatest importance.

The remainder of my stay in Europe was a grand rush to do and see as much as possible rather than a vacation. The progress made by Germany in model housing was a revelation to me. The Hitler official in charge of this project escorted us on a tour of inspection. I would have been doubly interested had I known that millions of American dollars had been borrowed only a few years before for German housing projects, and the debt afterward repudiated. However, at the time, my interest centered in the compact ingenuity reflected in the houses. Each had a compulsory vegetable garden. No resident could purchase a house until he had lived in it three years and had made a showing of good citizenship, proper care of his house and garden, and adjustment within the community.

We went sight-seeing in Berlin and also journeyed into the outlying and rural sections. The din and bustle of the new Germany, its military aspect, the totalitarian regimentation, were much in evidence. Douglass Miller was doing everything possible to improve our trade with Germany and to cope with the changing conditions. After long conferences, I concluded that there was nothing further we could accomplish in Germany. We returned to London August 4 preparatory to departing for home. On August 13 we sailed for New York on the S.S. *Washington*.

No untoward incident marked the homeward crossing. We reached New York harbor at ten in the morning, August 19. It had been a pleasant journey. We had been showered with courtesies and had enjoyed the best of health. It had been a good vacation. Nevertheless, I was never gladder to see the Statue of Liberty. In the unsettled condition of world affairs, with most of Europe sitting on a powder keg and more than half of it in the throes of bloodless revolution, the United States never looked better to me. We had unemployment. We had unrest. We had farm problems and agricultural surpluses. We had poverty and distress. Yet we had one thing which many Europeans perhaps would never have. We had liberty.

## *I Leave the Official Family*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S program for national recovery embodied ideals cherished by every member of his official family, yet each Cabinet officer had specific problems and definite objectives in his own Department. My responsibility for the Department of Commerce was naturally dependent upon the President's leadership. I endeavored to maintain an open mind, for it was highly necessary that every Department and other agency of the Government have its functions integrated with the whole Federal program. The immensely increased stress and strain of the times demanded this co-ordination.

Originally I had planned to retire before or upon reaching the age of seventy. The abnormality of conditions and the constant hope of adjusting some of the forces retarding recovery, however, held me longer. At the outset it was my opinion that two of the most logical ideals for my Department would be the establishment of harmonious relations between business and government and the recapture of lost markets in foreign nations.

To explain more clearly, the Roosevelt Administration faced a deplorable loss in foreign trade balance. Some captains of industry were perhaps extreme in their views and criticisms, selfish to an undue extent in expecting the Government to embark upon a program which would restore their fabulous profits of the twenties. Some, perhaps, would have sanctioned a repetition of the huge foreign loans, which for all practical purposes had been repudiated, and it was expected that these selfish clamorers would raise their voices. By and large this was not the case, although it must be admitted that many businessmen, large and small, found it very difficult to face changing times and their responsibility in the national program for the relief of unemployment. Yet I believe that the average businessman re-

alized that the days of laissez faire were gone. I believe that he had come far toward an acceptance of his responsibility to labor as well as of the necessity for government guidance of both management and labor attempted in the N.R.A. But this average businessman did not want to be dominated by labor or placed at the mercy of selfish labor leadership, intent upon "cracking down" or getting revenge for the old era; nor did he wish to be a victim of jealous union rivalry and the jurisdictional strike, for he believed that an important part of this rivalry was the desire of rival labor leaders for greater power and self-glorification.

The huge and disastrous lending program, antedating the Roosevelt Administration, which had mulcted seventeen billion dollars from American investors, had been of fatal consequence. In Germany, for instance, staggering sums were expended for model dwellings, houses paid for with our dollars, when millions of our own people lived in squalid slums and hovels. A vast portion of the millions sent to Germany was expended for rearmament and industrialization and brought about the erection of factories convertible to military purposes at a later date. Some of the loans enabled German industrialists, principally those engaged in the manufacture of dyes, chemicals, rayon, and the fabrication of various minerals, to gain control of valuable raw material sources. Other loans made possible the formation of monopolistic international cartels for the purpose of controlling scientific and patented processes. A few American manufacturers, to evade international barriers, went so far as to establish foreign plants, but perhaps the most regrettable factor of all was the use of United States loans, either with government approval or at least without government dissuasion, to build foreign factories in which to manufacture products which would eventually undersell our own goods because of cheap European labor.

In repudiation of these loans, the debtor nations argued their inability to pay because of the excessive and prohibitive features of our tariff laws as exemplified by the Hawley-Smoot Act. Moreover, general resentment developed among the European debtor nations. "Uncle Sam" was depicted as a Shylock. The richest nation in the world wanted the last pound of flesh from decrepit, impoverished Europe. Normal markets which might have been retained, because not especially affected by foreign tariffs, were lost because of debtor

resentment. Customers took their cash elsewhere. Almost every nation in Europe was spending millions for rearmament while emphasizing and protesting its inability to pay. Our foreign embassies and legations became debt-collecting agencies instead of serving as offices of good will or for other legitimate use of the United States Government. Their salons became the clubrooms of international bankers.

There is a sharp distinction between the legitimate American businessman and the international banker. I believe that many of our intelligent businessmen deplored the foreign loans when they were made, since the farsighted among them must have anticipated and feared the consequences which were to develop. It is interesting to note that Senator Robert L. Owen, for many years Chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee and a lifelong student of complex money problems, attributed much of our economic distress to an estimated sixteen billion dollars of hoarded or stagnant money. This amount is one billion less than the total depletion of our national economy, due to the repudiated European debts. If still in circulation here, it would have been more than the sum believed necessary to serve our national needs.

An additional factor which may have had an even more destructive effect upon our foreign trade was the rise of the totalitarian states with their predilection to barter, instead of the gold standard, as a means of international exchange. Russia, Italy, and Germany wooed our neighbors south of the Rio Grande with vast quantities of manufactured goods produced by conscripted labor. They extended long-term credits and encouraged emigration of their nationals to these nations of the Western Hemisphere. I recall a conference with Foreign Minister Aranha of Brazil, formerly that country's Ambassador to the United States. He explained the German foothold there, the obstacles American business had to overcome to obtain a larger share of his country's trade. "Americans," he said, "do not relate themselves to Brazil in a permanent way. They do not extend credits upon the annual basis as does Germany. They usually interest themselves in 'quick turnover' transactions and send the profits back to Wall Street. The result is a prejudice against Wall Street and the international bankers who extort high commissions for their services." He went on to say that he believed our

American businessmen should invest in Brazil with a view to continuous development of the country's resources. This seemed to me to present a more difficult problem because of the American unwillingness to emigrate.

In addition to these advantages obtained by the totalitarian states, our economy was unfortunate in still another respect. Except for coffee, there were serious duplications of agricultural surpluses in most of the major nations of the Western Hemisphere. For example, the Argentine had surplus wheat, corn, and beef. So had we, and so had Canada, with other duplications in varying degree among practically all the Latin nations. With twelve millions unemployed, we had a surplus of timber, cotton, oil, coal, and minerals, not to speak of unmentioned agricultural products and industrial items beyond description. Being Secretary of Commerce in the face of these conditions was not an easy task. An almost equally distressing picture prevailed throughout the domestic scene.

The N.R.A. had been an effort to harmonize and strike a balance between management, labor, and consumer. As has been pointed out, when labor, consumer, and management met at the conference table, each recognized that the others had problems not previously appreciated in the same degree. Before N.R.A.'s too rapid procedure and legal collapse, these differences were, in many cases, being adjusted. The eventual collapse left a chaos almost as bad as that existing originally in the darkest days of the depression. Pressure groups, notably those from the ranks of organized labor and agriculture, pointed to gross inequalities. The farmer wanted parity with industry as in prosperous years, although industry generally was no longer prosperous. Insistent pressure brought reform efforts along many fronts, some hastily instituted, many upon the theory that aid to agriculture and labor would take business out of the red by a bolstering of public purchasing power as a result of the so-called process of pump priming.

The nation witnessed a veritable labor revolution, the end of which is not yet in sight. The Government's effort to aid labor by recognizing its long-disputed right of collective bargaining was followed by strikes of far-reaching consequences. The rivalry between the two major labor organizations, the American Federation of Labor, headed by William Green, on the one hand, and the Committee for

Industrial Organization, headed by John L. Lewis on the other, served in the opinion of neutral observers to aggravate conditions already chaotic. This was a belligerent contest between the two organizations, each wishing to be the first to organize all unorganized labor groups, to organize them regardless of the cost in strikes to both labor and management. "If American business becomes bankrupt by strikes," businessmen asked, "what will labor have struck for, save unemployment? Eventual conscription of industry by the government will be a necessity. If labor succeeds in killing the goose which lays the golden egg, the end is totalitarianism."

I had confidence in the President. I knew the intrinsic idealism which actuated his desire to improve the lot of American labor. I decried his rabid and violent critics in the ranks of business. Yet I could not humanly fail to sympathize with the management of time-honored, respected, and conservative American businesses and institutions which had never consciously exploited labor. Some of these were the type of men who willed their entire plants and holdings to employees at their own passing or retirement. Nor was I willing to classify all business as bad because of the dereliction of a few self-seeking individuals.

I sometimes felt that as Secretary of Commerce I was in the middle. There were critics who condemned all big business. I did not belong to this school, and on occasion I was reminded of a statement attributed to Merle Thorpe, editor of the *Nation's Business*. Mr. Thorpe, it was said, made a lecture tour of Chambers of Commerce and civic bodies. The unfair odium attributed to big business was his theme. "If a cow is accidentally killed by a man of limited means," he said in his lecture, "it may be worth only about fifty dollars to the owner. On the other hand, if a wealthy man's limousine strikes the same cow, the owner's price probably will be nearer a hundred dollars. Let that same cow be killed by a railway train and it's an entirely different matter. Not fifty, nor a hundred. The cow was worth two hundred and fifty or nothing. Get big and wealthy," he concluded, "and you may be sure a large part of the world will throw stones at you." In seeking to make my Department of service to business, I began to gain a comprehension of business problems, of the tremendous obstacles which forestalled industrial recovery. Moreover, I realized the utter fallacy of that hue and cry which had

swept across the land, laying all national ills at the doors of big business. Most of our important national concerns were in the red. A large number of those that were not were passing their dividends.

I did not want to see all business antagonized by labor, government, and consumer. It often came back to me that during the World War, when I was Commissioner of Internal Revenue, misunderstandings between government and business had been speedily dissipated at the conference table. Moreover, I had never lost my gratitude to American business leaders for their sympathetic assistance to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, once they fully understood the importance and necessity of the Income Tax Law, which had not come upon the scene with any halo of popularity. This antagonism if carried to excess, I foresaw, might cause such powerful concerns as the Ford Motor Company to close their doors. A conscription of industry by government, it seemed to me, would be a sure road to totalitarianism, the last thing intelligent labor leaders desired. We had the Federal Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and lesser agencies, in addition to the courts, as barriers to business malfeasance and illegal practices. We had no real curb upon the rich and powerful union labor organizations, some of which extorted excessive dues from union members while their leaders lived in profligate luxury, some of which forced men to sit down or walk out and bring privation to their women and children. The public press detailed acts of violence by union leaders, and some had been found guilty of high crimes. Men who failed to join unions were sometimes both beaten and blacklisted, and an appreciable number were maltreated each year because of labor disputes. Surely, in many cases, the neophyte had swapped a mild master for a tyrant. Moreover, it was regrettable to note the spread of communism and the so-called "boring in" by Communists in the ranks of union labor.

Whether one looked at the ledger of our dwindling foreign trade, or merely scanned the domestic scene, there could be no envy of the businessman during the "black thirties." I set great store by my Business Advisory Council, and as time passed I was disappointed that the President did not make more use of this Council which I had organized in the Department of Commerce in 1933. I believed that the time would come when businessmen would be needed for



economic and social adjustments for the good of the country, and I thought that it was none too early to bring them into a better understanding of government procedures and harmonious relations with administrative officials for their inevitable future use.

The fifty businessmen who came frequently to Washington at their own expense for conferences and for studies of ways and means to co-ordinate business and government were not adequately and fully utilized by the Administration. I seemed to be able neither to bring businessmen to indorse the plans of the New Deal nor to get the Administration to counsel with these businessmen as frequently as I thought necessary. This failure was partially due to the fact that while I deeply appreciated the ideals and objectives of the President, I could not always indorse with enthusiasm his plans for attaining the desired ends. For instance, I believed then, as now, that in correcting undesirable conditions in one segment of our democracy, it is necessary to have representatives of all the affected units brought into conference and kept in such association. I thought, also, that if employment was to be increased and idle money and idle men were again to become active, the Administration needed to keep in intimate, open-minded relationship with business and industry, which in the end would have to co-operate in order to absorb unemployment.

Under these conditions I concluded that another person than myself, probably a younger man, should be chosen to approach the problem of co-ordinating business and government. To that end I approached one of the President's assistants at the beginning of the second term of the Administration in March, 1937. He advised me to hold on until the President's reorganization bill was approved by Congress, stating that under the authority of that measure changes in the Cabinet and elsewhere would likely be made. Accordingly, I went no further in the matter until it was proposed, before passage of the government reorganization measure, that the Foreign Service Division of the Department of Commerce be transferred to the State Department. I was also informed that other important Commerce Department units would also be transferred to other Departments. I was told that there would not be much left of the Department of Commerce after this reorganization.

While I realized that the responsibility of the departmental re-

organization was entirely within the hands of the President under existing authority or that which would be given him, I did not wish to see the Department stripped of several important units, and I protested with regard to the Foreign commerce transfer on the ground that businessmen preferred the continuation of the service in the Department of Commerce, believing that the commercial attachés were rendering business better service than would be possible from representatives under the Department of State, where the diplomatic approach prevailed. The sad state of our foreign trade was too regrettable, it seemed to me, to withstand an additional blow. Much as I respected Secretary Hull, I felt that he had his hands full in motivating an inherited diplomatic personnel. I had long felt, however, that the State Department should have the benefit of all the information obtained by men in the Commerce Department's foreign service. We had worked out an interdepartmental agreement concerning this, and it seemed to be operating in a satisfactory manner.

Nevertheless, I came to feel that I should make no further protest against the President's plan for reorganization and that the proper course to follow was to resign. I had tried to be patient, mindful of the words of Archibald Rutledge, of South Carolina: "All wholesome growth is leisurely. Most of the waste of the world is occasioned by haste. If we can't have patience we might as well quit. Wherever there is life, its greatest privileges are to be enjoyed and its most beautiful promises come to flower only if the law of patience is obeyed." The experience of fifty years has repeatedly emphasized the soundness of this statement.

I was gratified to have been a member of the Roosevelt official family during a period that witnessed the launching of so many adventures, and I sincerely hoped that patience and a willingness to correct legislative or administrative processes, found by experience to be at fault, would ultimately, through gradual action, result in the desired end.

The President had never asked for my resignation. When it was presented, he was most gracious, stating that he wished me to remain connected with his Administration, and that I might have anything he had available. He mentioned specifically an ambassadorship to Argentina or Chile. I thanked him for his consideration of me but declined on the ground of age and because I was not familiar with

the Spanish language. Accordingly, on December 15, 1938, I asked the President to accept my resignation as Secretary of Commerce. The correspondence exchanged between us was as follows:

THE SECRETARY OF COMMERCE  
WASHINGTON

December 15, 1938.

My dear Mr. President:

On several occasions since March 4, 1937, I have expressed to you my desire to return to private life in order to give needed attention to my personal affairs and which I have not been able to do while in public office.

I hope it may now be agreeable to you to accept my resignation as Secretary of Commerce effective December 23rd. You will recall, Mr. President, that I told you I was planning to go South at that time.

It has been a high honor and a privilege to serve under your outstanding leadership during one of the most trying times in all history. Your comprehensive vision and your courageous actions in meeting the emergencies of these times will go down in history as unexcelled in efforts to advance human welfare.

I assure you that my retirement to private life will not in any way lessen my keen interest in your objectives and my desire to assist you in the unfolding and safeguarding of democratic government.

With highest respect, I am

Very sincerely,

DANIEL C. ROPER  
Secretary of Commerce

Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt  
President of the United States  
The White House  
Washington, D. C.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

December 15, 1938

Dear Dan:

I have your letter asking to be relieved of your duties as Secretary of Commerce effective December twenty-third.

Knowing the impelling personal reasons which prompt you, I accept your resignation with very sincere regret.

I am, of course, pleased to have your assurances that your retirement to private life will in no degree affect your interest in the great objectives for which we have striven. I knew that without your telling me.

I should like an opportunity to talk with you before you leave on your southern trip with reference to your first assignment for cooperation as a private citizen.

We both realize that your retirement means no interruption of the personal association between us which has lasted for a quarter of a century.

I can never forget the many years you and I worked together in the Wilson Administration in the cause of liberal government. The fundamentals which we strove for then have been and always will be a mutual bond and in these later years you and I have had opportunity greatly to advance them. It is good to know that we continue our work together.

With affectionate regards,

(Signed) Franklin D. Roosevelt

The Honorable  
The Secretary of Commerce  
Washington, D. C.

## *The Unexpected Happens*

THE VERY OLD saying that "Coming events cast their shadows before them" has not always proved true in my life. Indeed, the events of major importance have usually come as a complete surprise, in some instances descending upon me with startling suddenness. There had been a time when I seemed to be irrevocably bound to the government service, but after leaving the President's official family, I had no idea that I would ever again hold an official position. Then, on April 26, 1939, came one of the great surprises of my life. It began with a telephone call from the State Department. "The Secretary wishes to see you," I was told. Within an hour I was in conversation with Secretary Hull, my friend of many years. "I've just had a long-distance conversation with the President at Hyde Park," he informed me. "He would like for you to accept the position of Minister to Canada for a period of about three months—the period, in other words, of the visit of the King and Queen of England." He went on to say that Their Britannic Majesties would arrive in about ten days. Would I accept, and would Mrs. Roper and I proceed to the post immediately upon confirmation so that we might reach Canada in advance of the royal couple?

I had previously given my word to the President that my resignation from the Department of Commerce did not close the door to any assistance I might be able to render in the future. This new request, coming like a bolt from the blue, I considered to be a great and unusual honor. Without hesitation, I told the Secretary he might inform the President that we would accept and proceed to Ottawa immediately upon confirmation. I hastened to inform Mrs. Roper, and we commenced preparations for departure, pending favorable action by the Senate.

The confirmation of my appointment was made May 8. On the morning of May 9, at ten o'clock, I was sworn in at the office of the Secretary of State. By a singular coincidence, the time of my taking the oath was exactly forty-six years to the day and hour after my first induction into Federal service as Clerk of the Interstate Commerce Committee. Two days later I called upon the President to receive his instructions and advice. Aside from his expressed desire to contribute in every possible way to the enjoyment of the royal visitors, he spoke of the St. Lawrence Waterway and the Alaskan Highway. These matters, he said, could be taken up after the departure of the King and Queen. After thanking him for the honor he had conferred upon me and giving assurances of my desire to strengthen the already cordial relations between the United States and Canada, I bade him goodbye. Mrs. Roper and I took the four o'clock train for Montreal.

We were joined at New York by Colonel Henry M. Bankhead, United States Commercial Attaché at Ottawa and an old friend whom I had appointed to that position in 1933. We reached Montreal at 7:45 A.M., May 12, where we found awaiting us, John F. Simmons, Counselor of the American Legation at Ottawa, and also Vice-President Fraser of the Canadian National Railroad. Mr. Fraser invited us to his private car, where we were served a delightful breakfast. We went the rest of the way to Ottawa as his guests, reaching the Canadian capital at 12:30 P.M.

The reception committee awaiting us included Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King; representatives of Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General, and of the Canadian Cabinet, together with the staff of the American Legation. There had been no Minister to the post in eighteen months, and there were evidences that both Canadians and the Legation staff were glad to have a new Minister with them, notwithstanding the fact that the affairs of the Legation had been well cared for by Mr. Simmons and the staff. After greetings, we were conducted to the Legation residence, the massive stone house owned by our government situated in beautiful grounds that extend to the edge of the cliff above the confluence of the Gatineau, Rideau, and Ottawa rivers. A location commanding greater scenic beauty for a Legation house could scarcely have been found.

Mrs. Roper found that a great deal had to be done in the way

of rearranging things at the Legation residence, and there was of course the job of unpacking our clothing and personal effects, linen, silver, decorative articles, and the like. While she busied herself with this task, I called at the Legation Chancery two miles away, where I met one of the finest groups of men and women to be found in the whole foreign service. The matter of getting acquainted was quickly attended to.

I had, of course, no official status at Ottawa until my credentials had been received by the King, and this could not take place before his arrival in Ottawa. Accordingly, I had to await his arrival, about one week, before I could enter officially upon my Legation duties or make my official calls. During the interim Mrs. Roper and I were invited unofficially to tea by the Governor General and by the Prime Minister. Those were pleasant occasions affording opportunities for informal talk. During this week of waiting, we were also entertained at dinner by members of our Legation staff and otherwise shown every courtesy.

In the meantime, I was receiving valuable instructions from the Legation's able counselor, John F. Simmons, concerning the procedure I was expected to follow in presenting my credentials to the King. My audience for that purpose took place on Friday, May 19. Six members of the Legation staff, Messrs. Simmons, Bankhead, Key, Wailes, English, and North, all in full evening dress, assembled at the Legation residence at 11:30 that morning. Accompanied by this group, Mrs. Roper and I drove to Government House, about one mile distant. Everywhere there were evidences of tumultuous welcome for the King and Queen. The streets were gaily decorated with flags. Bands and troops were assembling, and the sidewalks were packed with the thousands—every man, woman and child, it seemed—who had turned out to get a glimpse of their sovereigns.

I quote from the Ottawa *Evening Citizen* of that day:

To King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, the Canadian Capital yesterday extended a royal welcome. It did more than that, it took them to its heart.

The first reigning British monarch ever to visit the New World, and his radiant consort, were received with all the pomp and ceremony which befits their exalted position and with the tribute of loyalty and respect which beloved sovereigns inspire.

But there was something more in the air yesterday morning than mere formal recognition and studied acclaim. A current of warm personal relationship, electric in its quality and effect, flowed between Their Majesties and their subjects in a smooth, unbroken circuit.

King George's slow, infectious smile and Queen Elizabeth's truly sincere and charming manner won the hearts of the populace from the first, and from the moment the royal couple stepped from the train on to the reception platform at Island Park Drive, Ottawa shouted as if of one voice, its loyalty and love. . . .

The pealing of church bells in all parts of the city, and the resounding chimes of the great carillon in the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill, joined in with the welcome that rolled from human throats. Thousands watched from roof tops, the windows of office buildings, specially erected stands enroute—indeed from every possible vantage point.

We reached Government House at 12:00 noon, the royal party arriving about fifteen minutes later. Five minutes later I was being presented to the King. An aide-de-camp of the King came forward and escorted me into the Governor General's study, where the King and the Prime Minister were waiting. "Your Majesty," Mr. Mackenzie King addressed the Sovereign, "I have the honor of presenting the newly appointed American Minister to Canada, the Honorable Daniel C. Roper." The King did not wait for the Prime Minister to deliver his formal address, but immediately stepped forward, and we shook hands. "I am very glad," he said, smiling pleasantly, "to welcome you to Canada on this happy occasion of my first visit to my overseas Dominions." "Your Majesty," I replied, "I am greatly honored by and deeply grateful for the high privilege now granted me. I present the letter of recall of my worthy predecessor, Mr. Norman Armour. I also present a letter of credence, in which my President has been so gracious as to name me as his diplomatic representative to Canada. I tender a written message of my personal greeting. In addition, sir, I bring from my President a personal message of greeting to your Majesties and best wishes for the success of these historic visits to Canada and the United States. A warm and enthusiastic welcome awaits your Majesties in my country."

The rest of the conversation was informal. The King remarked that he was glad the President had sent me as Minister and declared that he was highly appreciative of the new trade agreement and an-



anticipated that much mutual good would result from it. I responded that Prime Minister Mackenzie King had contributed greatly to the consummation of the agreement and that our people were deeply appreciative of the part he had played. After telling me that he looked forward with great pleasure to visiting the United States, my first conversation with his Majesty was over. He then permitted me to bring in my staff and present them in the order of their rank; he shook hands with each one of them.

We retired, and the King joined the Queen in the drawing room where Mrs. Roper and the other Ministers and their wives were waiting. We formed in line, and the King and Queen passed down the line, shaking hands and extending a word of greeting to each. As the Queen passed Mrs. Roper and me, we asked about the Princesses. She replied that they were quite well. We then referred to our great fondness for the Scottish people and their interesting history. Whereupon the Queen asked if we had ever visited the "North" country. We were happy to be able to reply that we had made three visits to Scotland. These introductions lasted but a few moments, yet in that brief time it was clearly evident that the royal couple had captivated the entire assemblage.

## II

The King's opening of Parliament will live in my memory as the most impressive ceremony I was ever privileged to witness. Dramatic and significant because of world conditions, and symbolic of the unity of the British Empire, the entrance of Their Majesties to the Senate Chamber, or Crown Room, evoked such a degree of concerted emotion, no one could have been present without sharing the deep feeling pervading the hall. The gallery seats above the throne were filled with officials and members of their families. To the left and right of the throne, seats were provided for representatives of foreign governments. Immediately in front of the throne sat the members of the Supreme Court, white-haired justices clothed in the traditional ermine togas, and seated back to back on wool sacks in keeping with the English custom followed since feudal times. Members of the Canadian Senate occupied their usual places.

At a given signal, everyone in the room rose. The King and Queen were coming, the Queen with her ladies-in-waiting, two gaily

attired pages bearing her magnificent train. The procession passed within a few feet of the seats occupied by Mrs. Roper and me, giving us a full and unobstructed view of the regal entrance. The members of the House of Commons had not yet arrived. This seemed to cause the King some concern. From time to time, the Queen seemed to be speaking comforting words to him. Finally, the House members filed in and stood at the end of the room. Later, I was told that this delay was not uncommon with the House members on the occasion of joint sessions. The statement was made, how true I do not know, that they arrived late for the purpose of impressing their "importance." As I looked at the distinguished Senators, the members of the Court, and the spectators in the gallery, I thought that I had never seen an assembly composed of more splendid-looking specimens of humanity, or one more finely dressed. It occurred to me that we, the American people, might justly feel proud to have such neighbors to the North.

When the King, speaking clearly and unaffectedly, began to address Parliament, giving royal assent to the bills which had been passed and which included the reciprocal trade treaty with our country, it was evident both in his face and in that of the Queen how deeply they felt the historic import of the occasion. At the point where King George referred to the Canadian-American trade treaty, he paused. A brief smile lighted his face, and, looking in my direction, he nodded his head in recognition of his satisfaction and cordial feeling toward the United States. This unexpected deference was a compliment which fairly overwhelmed me and one which brought fresh realization of the interdependence of English-speaking peoples. How prophetic it was in a world which, unknown to any of us then, was at the threshold of madness.

The King's address recalled a conversation I had had in London the year before. At that time a prominent Englishman had told me that Great Britain was dependent upon the United States economically, not only for important supplies, but because of conditions which made English prosperity dependent upon American prosperity. "In the event of war," he had said, "England would be much dependent upon the United States for aid." His words came back to me. I wondered what the future might bring, what might happen if war came again. Surely, the visit of the King and Queen would serve to unite

divergent Canadian factions and harmonize their views toward the mother country. I was sure that their visit to the United States would increase the good will of Americans toward Great Britain. These reflections deeply touched my heart and brought irrepressible tears to my eyes.

The ceremony lasted about one hour. The only scene I have ever witnessed which approached it in unanimity and depth of feeling was the night Woodrow Wilson read his war message to Congress. I felt that my presence in Canada was one of the rarest privileges of my life. The King's recognition of our country by the slow, sincere smile and bow would never be forgotten. As I thought of the hatreds of the Old World, I was reminded again of the amity and friendliness between the United States and Canada—three thousand miles without a fortification. What was more amazing, there were no fortifications in the hearts of the peoples on either side of that long international border.

## III

There was much work to be done at the Legation, though an efficient staff had handled ably the volume and variety of daily business in the eighteen months when there had been no minister. Even so, my sojourn in Canada was surpassingly pleasant, and each day gave the sense of an unusual vacation.

From time to time I had interesting talks with Prime Minister Mackenzie King. Educated in the United States, he is an unusually constructive leader and an ardent admirer of President Roosevelt. "We frequently exchange notes," he told me. "I like him also because he calls me Mackenzie." He went on to relate how the President had captivated the people of Canada with his address and gracious manner at the dedication of the new international bridge across the St. Lawrence the year before. I told him that I had first learned of him while I was Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives in 1911. This had come about through the visit of Prime Minister Laurier. He had been Secretary of Labor in the Laurier Cabinet. I had read Sir Wilfred Laurier's remarkable biography by Dr. O. D. Skelton, Minister of External Affairs, and I had read of Mackenzie King's grandfather, Mackenzie, with great interest. The grandfather had fought for liberal government. It

was a gratifying coincidence that Mackenzie King, the grandson, as head of a liberal Canadian government, should be achieving his ancestor's ideal more than a hundred years later.

The failure of the Taft reciprocity act of 1911, he remarked in one of these conversations, aptly illustrated the desirability that the American and Canadian governments be liberal at the same time. I told him that was true, but that it was my information that the influence of Americans in Canada had defeated the act in 1911.

One of my Canadian surprises was the evidence of Irish feeling against the English even in that country. Mrs. Roper and our daughter, Mrs. D. R. Coker of Hartsville, South Carolina, with our granddaughters, the Coker children, decided upon a brief visit to Quebec. A kind Canadian lady met them at the station to say good-bye. All of us passed through the gate except our Canadian friend. At the last moment, she, too, tried to pass through the gate to the train, but was stopped by the gateman. As the train pulled away and I returned, I noted that our friend was in agitated conversation with the gateman who had prevented her entrance. His face was crimson. Seeing me, he said, "Mr. Minister, this woman has insulted me." "Indeed," I said. "What's the trouble?" "She called me an Englishman. Who ever heard of a Maloney being an Englishman?" What with the French, the Irish, the Indians, and numerous strange mixtures, I saw that Mackenzie King had no easy path to travel with interprovincial and racial problems.

It was not a propitious time to press for an agreement on the St. Lawrence Waterway or the Alaskan Highway. Complicated political questions and the possible imminence of war made it advisable to postpone their consideration. Therefore, no progress was then possible in the solution of these two problems. Nevertheless, a great many minor affairs were discussed with the officials in charge, such as the smuggling of narcotics and of aliens, customs procedure, and the like. It may be said, with all due credit to Canada, that her high vigilance and excellent police facilities have practically eliminated the smuggler.

Canada, like the United States, adheres strictly to a policy of selective immigration. While special dispensation has been made because of the Jewish refugee problem, the prevailing sentiment seems to be that members of a racial group should be admitted in

direct proportion to the members of their group already in the country, the theory being that large immigrant groups are inclined to segregate themselves, adhering to their European or Asiatic cultures, retaining their mother tongues, habits and customs, and, therefore, being either impossible or slow of assimilation.

Canada had unemployment and the dole, but it seemed to be the sentiment there, as with us, that those aliens, although legally in the country for long periods of years, who had never taken out citizenship papers, or those who, in our country, merely took out first papers with the mental reservation of abandoning the procedure to citizenship at that point, were not entitled to the protection of government. In short, the alien who has prospered under government protection, and who intends to return to the mother country after taking all he can get from this continent, is a "wolf in sheep's clothing" who should be deported. If the estimates of five million such aliens now in the United States are true, surely it is high time that steps were taken to eliminate them from the family table and make room for the deserving Americans who need jobs or government benefits. Not only is such a condition cancerous in a democracy, it is fraught with economic danger. Imagine what would happen to five million Americans or Canadians of similar status in any of the countries of the Old World.

## IV

We attended the Governor General's dinner for the King and Queen on the night of their arrival. It was an elaborate, formal affair at the King's residence, the luxurious mansion occupied by the Governor General as representative of the King. Those in attendance were state officials, the members of the diplomatic corps, and their wives. On the following day, Saturday, the Queen officiated at the cornerstone-laying of the new Supreme Court Building, delivering an address with a graciousness and charm that further endeared her to the thousands who attended the ceremony.

Sunday brought forth an even greater demonstration, at the same time revealing the true democracy of the royal couple. It was the occasion of the unveiling of the soldiers' monument, one of the most beautiful commemorative pieces of sculpture in this hemisphere.

This ceremony was substituted for church services, and at its conclusion the Queen, preceding the King, stepped down into the very large assembly of veterans and shook hands with a score or more of them. She had a word for each. This manifestation deeply touched all who witnessed it. The scene was a delight to view.

That afternoon, accompanied by Prime Minister Mackenzie King and their retinue, the royal couple proceeded to Vancouver and the Pacific Coast. Before leaving England they had requested that the Prime Minister accompany them throughout their journey.

Now that my official status had been approved by the King, I spent the interim working at the Legation, attending to routine social duties and conferring with officials of the Government. We did not see the King and Queen again until we met them at Niagara Falls. However, while they were in the West, we received at the Legation a telegram from Prime Minister Mackenzie King stating that, at the command of the King, he was inviting Mrs. Roper, Counselor Simmons, and me to dine with the King and Queen at Niagara Falls on the evening of their departure from Canada into the United States.

Niagara Falls was the point of royal farewell to Canada before the King and Queen crossed the international border for their visit to the United States. As a special courtesy from the Department of External Affairs, Loring C. Christie, later Canadian Minister to the United States, took charge of our visit to the Falls, conducting us there and returning us to Ottawa in a private railway car. We reached the border city after passing through a remarkable fruit country. It was a hot, humid day with the thermometer registering as high as ninety-two degrees. The heat, however, did not prevent Canadians and Americans from turning out in large numbers; it was evident that a great welcome awaited their Majesties.

At the station we were met by a special automobile which took us to the General Brock Hotel and afterwards on a tour to the gorge, the Falls, and the mammoth power plants of the Niagara River. Dinner was informal and was served at eight o'clock. About thirty guests were present. A small company, of which we were a part, sat at the table of the King and Queen, and the rest at other tables. I was seated at the right of the Queen, Mrs. Roper at the right of

the King. It was stirring to know that they had so honored us and our country preparatory to their visit to the United States.<sup>1</sup>

The King seemed somewhat exhausted by his long journey and the extreme heat. "How do you people stand it?" he asked Mrs. Roper. "We eat and drink according to the weather," she replied. She went on to say that she pitied him in his hot uniform, explaining that lighter materials were used for all uniforms worn during the summer months on this side of the Atlantic. She suggested that he sip some ice water, and this he decided to do. In their conversation he asked her what differences he might expect to find between Canada and the United States. He had never been to the United States, although he had previously touched Canada some years before when serving in the Royal Navy. "The only difference I know," Mrs. Roper replied, "is the difference in flags. My prediction is that you'll see on this occasion almost as many British flags after you cross the border as you have seen over here. You will get a welcome from the heart which must be distinguished from a welcome coming from your own subjects." He had read that an electric storm was expected in Washington, and that the residents of the capital were depending upon this storm to alleviate the heat during his visit. "Has that elec-

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the menu at the dinner was sufficiently a part of the occasion to warrant its insertion:

"The General Brock Hotel extends a hearty and loyal welcome to Their Gracious Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, on the occasion of their visit to Niagara Falls, Canada."

#### M E N U

Heart of Artichoke and Caviar Monegasque  
 Consommé Double aux Sables—Germiny  
 Cream Doria (Cold)  
 Fillet of Lake Superior Whitefish, Carlton Butter  
 Tenderloin of Northern Ontario Beef  
 In Its Garland of Delicacies  
 Springtime Sherbet  
 Baby Guinea Hen on Canapé  
 Niagara Peninsula Asparagus Tips  
 Garden Peas  
 New Potatoes Hazelnuts  
 Vanilla Moussé Royale  
 Fresh Raspberries Princiére  
 Mignardises  
 Savory Normand  
 Coffee

tric storm come yet in Washington?" he asked with a touch of humor. "I don't know, Your Majesty," she replied, "but my opinion is that you will prove to be the electric storm." He laughed appreciatively.

I asked the Queen what had impressed her most during the long journey through Canada. "I wonder if you would understand me if I were to tell you," she replied. I told her that I was confident I would not misunderstand. "It happened in an unscheduled stop," she said. "A little handful of people, perhaps no more than a dozen, had come out just to see the train pass through. Among them was a young, flaxen-haired woman with a baby in her arms. As she saw us she came nearer to the train. All at once she burst into tears; then lowering her head, she dried her eyes with the baby's little dress. It touched me deeply. I shall never forget it." This revelation was ample evidence of Her Majesty's beauty of character and of her richly humanitarian sympathies. I told her I was glad that she had accompanied the King to exemplify the role woman had been called upon to play in these tragic and disturbed times. When she referred to the trade treaty and the cordial relationship between Canada and the United States, I told her that the pact was a great and constructive step for both countries. "However," I continued, "the relationship between the two peoples has reached proportions far beyond mere treaties. A definite spiritual relationship now exists; we no longer seek to emphasize each other's liabilities, but take pride in each other's assets and join in co-operative efforts for the safest way of life for both peoples." "That's what the world needs," she said. "Yes," I replied, "but it also needs this demonstration that such amity and understanding between two great peoples can be attained." The hour passed swiftly. The royal train was scheduled to leave at nine. At the invitation of Their Majesties, we entered the hotel elevator with them. The time had come to say goodbye. I thanked them heartily for having so honored us. "It was a pleasure," the King said, "we wanted you."

The presence of Their Majesties and their democratic way of meeting and conferring with the people both in Canada and the United States naturally resulted in interesting experiences. In Alberta when they were receiving the Prime Minister of that province, he advised the Queen that he was of Scottish descent. An Indian chief standing somewhat removed but watching very carefully the



Queen's attitude, noticed that the Queen was very much pleased by what the Prime Minister said; whereupon the Indian Chief remarked, "Me, too. Me, too." The King was so impressed with the number of people that the Queen met who claimed to be of Scottish descent that he remarked, "It looks as if everybody is turning Scottish."

I heard from very reliable sources that the King was deeply impressed with the President and his democratic way of receiving His Majesty when he spent a night at Hyde Park. The ladies having retired about ten o'clock, the President, the King, and Prime Minister Mackenzie King sat up until one o'clock discussing a number of international problems. At one o'clock the President turned to the King and said, "Young man, it's time for you to go to bed." The King was not usually treated in such an informal and cordial manner. He expressed to others that the personality and cordiality of the President had made a real contribution to his life.

Mrs. Roper and I, together with Counselor John Farr Simmons and Mr. Loring C. Christie, returned, after the dinner at Niagara Falls, to our posts at Ottawa and took up the routine of our duties. Mrs. Roper and I were twice dinner guests at the Government House in May, 1939. The first time the Governor General and Lady Tweedsmuir included us among their guests at the dinner for Their Majesties on May 19. The second was the evening of May 28, after Their Majesties had departed for their journey across Canada. On this latter occasion, after the ladies had departed from the dining room, His Excellency, the Governor General, expressed his keen interest in our maintaining at Washington a liberal government in 1940 and asked me what I regarded as the important problems which would have to be dealt with in the campaign leading up to the election in November, 1940.

I observed that, speaking generally, the questions that would prompt most political activity were domestic economy and international relations. In domestic economy was involved the great question of unemployment, which we had not solved, and that, together with our agricultural problem, was most dynamic. "Again, Your Excellency," I continued, "as I have studied American politics, I have noticed that great activity on the part of leadership, even in meeting grave emergencies, is generally followed by a tendency to-

ward reaction. This was illustrated in the campaign of 1920, when the Republicans with Warren G. Harding as candidate sensed this situation and came into power under the reactionary slogan of 'Back to Normalcy.' Furthermore, I would like to go back to our Civil War for another factor to be considered." The Governor General remarked, "Well, what connection can you find between the Civil War and the present day?" My reply was: "Your Excellency, there is a very close resemblance. In the Civil War era the Republican party created a great 'human flag' in their advocacy for freedom of the slaves, and this human flag was successfully carried by the party for more than fifty years. Franklin D. Roosevelt has the human flag of this era in that he has done so much for human beings during his administrations. The question arises: 'Can the Democratic party be as successful in holding the human flag for the future as the Republican party was seventy-five years ago?' There is another cross current to be considered in this connection, and that is whether the large number of persons on relief in the United States will be inclined to assist, through their ballots, the present situation with regard to relief, or will they be demanding permanent jobs and wishing to return in part at least to industry for such jobs. These questions cannot at this time be very satisfactorily answered."

Our remaining time in Canada passed rapidly and most pleasantly. According to my understanding with the State Department, I submitted as of August 1 my resignation to the President, announcing my desire to return to Washington as soon as it was convenient for him to release me. Below I quote his letter and a friendly and appreciative communication from Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King. These two communications climaxed my enjoyable experience in the American Foreign Service.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

August 4, 1939

Dear Dan:-

I have yours of August first and accept your resignation as United States Minister to Canada, to take effect August twentieth.

I do this with mixed feelings because you have done so splendidly in that post, as in your previous posts, that I wish you and Mrs. Roper could stay on in a Capital that is of such great importance. At the same time,

it will be fine to have you both back here in Washington and it will be good to see you both again.

You must have had a wonderfully interesting time. If you want to stay on a few weeks after August twentieth, in order to avoid the hot weather here in Washington, let me know.

Congress seems to have been hotter than the rest of this city—all upset as a matter of fact. You and I, as old timers, have seen this happen before, and the curious thing is that the world seems to go on just the same.

Affectionately,  
(Signed) Franklin D. Roosevelt

Honorable Daniel C. Roper  
American Legation  
Ottawa,  
Canada

OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER  
CANADA

Ottawa,  
October 13, 1939

The Honourable Daniel C. Roper  
Tower Building  
Washington, D. C.  
Dear Mr. Roper:—

You will recall a characteristically charming letter which you sent to me at the time of the return of Mrs. Roper and yourself to your Washington home. I know you will appreciate the circumstances which prevented me from sending an immediate acknowledgment, and which since have precluded much in the way of correspondence.

It is so kind of you to have written with such appreciation of your all too brief sojourn in our Capital and the happy memories it has left to Mrs. Roper and yourself. Looking back to those eventful days of Their Majesties' visit and the sunshine of the summer months, I personally cannot feel too grateful that many of their hours were shared in association with Mrs. Roper and yourself. As storms gather, one not infrequently witnesses on a distant horizon a burst of golden sunshine so glorious as to cause one for the moment to forget all else. Something of the kind comes into my mind as I think of the hours we shared together in those few, quiet and lovely months. I am glad that for Mrs. Roper and yourself they will always afford a similar memory.

I could not exaggerate how many and real were the friendships you made in the course of your stay. They hold an abiding place in the hearts of us all.

At this time of great anxiety, if not indeed of anguish, nothing could be more comforting than to know how great is the understanding between the English-speaking peoples, and how close the bond between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States. The horrors of the European situation are, I believe, serving to reveal a kinship of feeling all much more profound than we might otherwise have realized. To this is added a community of interest greater also than anything we had assumed. When the British and French peoples are threatened by Germany with the unleashing of a "war in earnest" which will produce the "most gruesome bloodbath in history" as this morning's press records the statement of Herr Hitler's press chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich, there is something which speaks of a force so alien to all that we share in common as to warn us of a peril much greater to mankind than has ever hitherto been supposed. What Goldwin Smith called "the great schism of the Anglo-Saxon race" is soon forgotten in the face of impending calamity so great and threatening.

The war has, of course, altered completely the political situation as it was at the time you were here. I know you shared our view that the government, at that time, enjoyed the confidence of the people, and that this would have become apparent in any appeal to the people. If that was true in the summer, it is a thousand times more true today. I doubt if any administration at any time in our history has enjoyed more completely than we do at the present time the confidence of the entire country. The feeling, of course, may change at any moment. It is a satisfaction, however, to know that at a time of crisis such as the present, we have been able so to conduct the affairs of the nation as to win an almost unanimous approval of the course we have followed.

I do not know what chance there may be to visit Washington in the near future. I have no doubt, however, that, at almost any moment, occasion may arise which may render a visit both possible and advisable. Should that moment come, you and Mrs. Roper may expect a familiar knock at your front door. Meanwhile, allow me warmly to reciprocate to you both the sincere and affectionate regards which you have so kindly expressed toward myself.

With every good wish,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. L. Mackenzie King

As Canada and the United States are united in their defense activities, so they will join in developing research for ways and means

by which each country can find and pursue the best way of life. I believe that such research should be combined, especially as it relates to the health of the citizenry of each country, to their common economic security, and to the general social welfare. Economic research will show the necessity of sound and mutually fair trade relations. The first step in this was taken by the trade agreement worked out by President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull, and Prime Minister King. The next step in my opinion should be the elimination gradually of all the existing trade restrictions between the two countries. Cost of labor and materials in United States and Canada can now be maintained at practical parity. Tariff laws should therefore be canvassed with a view to seeing whether import duties cannot be gradually lowered and finally abolished. The abolition of trade barriers would increase trade between us, and such abnormalities as now exist in the severe balance of trade against Canada would be reduced. Eventually the two countries should have a common dollar for legal tender, thus avoiding disparities in exchange such as now prevail.

Another matter of importance is the fact that democratic government and the safety which it undertakes to guarantee cannot be maintained except through the immediate enforcement of law and order. Hence, the international border line between the United States and Canada should be freely crossed in both directions in the immediate pursuit of criminals. What is for the good and safety of one of these peoples concerns the other. I am not suggesting a political union but an economic union and a defense union. I believe in adopting for both peoples the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius, who said, "Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them then to bear with one another."

In line with these co-ordinating endeavors I would establish numerous exchanges of scholarships between the universities of Canada and the United States and in this way create in the minds of future leaders in each country a better knowledge of the people on both sides and a higher appreciation of co-operation among them. We should also work out between the two countries a general method of co-operating in advertising the natural attractions of both. There would be practically no conflict in this effort. The United States

could offer Florida and Southern California for winter and Canada its refreshing summer climate with fishing, hunting, and a variety of recreational activities.

To these desirable ends, the St. Lawrence River should be bridged at as many places as possible, affording a means of crossing to and fro without let or hindrance. Furthermore, I would create a great boulevard between Washington and Ottawa as an inducement to easy exchange of goods and an encouragement of frequent visiting. I would like to see created market fairs for the display of products and wares on both sides of the St. Lawrence, where agriculturalists and industrialists from both countries could join in bringing their products to the attention of both peoples.

Thought might also be given to a mutually satisfactory arrangement under which the natural resources of the two countries would be so developed as to preserve them usefully and not wastefully to destroy them. Under an acceptable plan, ways and means should be considered for wisely increasing the population of the two countries with virile and patriotic citizens. By careful selections from Western Europe and by wisely encouraging home building and family life, we should have in the next twenty-five years in the United States and Canada a combined population of two hundred million people of strong bodies and of courage and character, outstanding in training and leadership in all lines. This would constitute an impregnable defense against any who would dare invade our countries or attack us by sea or in the air.

## *The End of an Era*

WITHIN two weeks after Mrs. Roper and I returned from Ottawa, Hitler invaded Poland. The results are now fully known to the world. It marked the beginning of World War II, the end of which is not to be anticipated as this is written. The modern Germanic Attila had reverted to the savagery of his ancient barbarian predecessor, unleashing the German hordes and their modern instruments of death against much of the civilized world. Suddenly, as if we had abruptly awakened from lethargy, while the rest of the world was plunged into chaos, political upheaval, destructive warfare, or outright military subjection, we in America began to realize the priceless worth of democracy, of civil and religious freedom, and of the other guarantees of our Bill of Rights. Most of the first-rate Powers had striven for peace and disarmament—most, save Germany. Hitler, true to his enunciations in *Mein Kampf*, had secretly prepared for war upon a scale which dwarfed to insignificance the preparations of the Kaiser. With the entrance of England and France into the conflict, the dread German air force, of which Colonel Lindbergh and others had warned, began its ruthless campaign of destruction and wholesale murder. Repeated utterances by Hitler made it clear that the avowed purpose of Nazism was the elimination of the Democracies from the international scene. We had seen the Hitler threat unfold. We were forewarned, and there was no choice. Our natural sympathies went to the invaded nations, and to the British for their valiant defense of democracy. Thinking Americans with some knowledge of Nazi military might regarded the new German menace as a more formidable threat to Christian civilization than any previous upheaval known to history. Not being a military expert, I withheld judgment upon this view, but the dreaded events had cast their shadows before them. The urgent

necessity of a huge United States defense program and of every possible aid to the Democracies was no longer to be ignored.

As the clouds upon the international horizon grew blacker from day to day, I sometimes felt that I had been fortunate in having been privileged to live the majority of my years in the period through which I had passed. I was now seventy-two. The coming Christmas Day of 1939 would be my Golden Wedding Anniversary. Mrs. Roper and I had been married fifty years, and we looked forward to the occasion with mutual gratitude.

## II

From Reconstruction days to World War II was a long span. I had lived under fifteen Presidents and had served under six of them. Sweeping changes had taken place in the national life, not the least or most unimportant of these being the decline of agriculture from a proud position of superiority in the social system, first to a subservience to industry and finally to government subsidization.

As I have related, my father had reared me with a view to becoming a farmer, for in the pre-Civil-War period the Southern planter occupied a position of prestige and universal respect. He laid great store by that agricultural era. There prevailed then genuine love of the land and, as has been noted, an almost universal homage was paid to King Cotton. My destiny had taken other courses, although I had retained my South Carolina farm throughout the years of change and transformation.

I had welcomed many of the changes, notably the coming of the telephone, the automobile, widespread electrification, the airplane and radio, and the important progress made in science, except insofar as scientific inventions had been perverted to uses of human destruction. I had seen moral concepts change and had witnessed the growth of an American social consciousness and the realization of the state's responsibility for the unfortunate who had been made so by the destructive forces rampant in our economic system. Much to my sorrow and regret I had seen the Church lag behind while the rest of the world went forward. And now at seventy-two, I saw a European threat to the American way of life. Whatever might be the outcome, one thing was certain. We had come to the end of an



era. The world of the future would experience greater change and transformation than anything hitherto witnessed.

It was a source of satisfaction to look back down the corridor of the years and note that I had lived in an era of great events, to realize that, small as my part had been, I had at least had associations with some of the work which had made America the leading democracy of the earth. Our country had never been invaded. In this respect my era had been a blessed one. Throughout my lifetime we had been spared the horrors and devastation with which war and wholesale murder had wrecked the very citadels of civilization in foreign lands.

Mrs. Roper and I had not amassed large property holdings, yet we had succeeded in achieving in a modest way the ideals which had been the cement of our union on that Christmas Day in 1889. We had tried to equip our children, as far as we could see the future, for their participation in the changing world, and it was a source of satisfaction to see that they were measuring up in character and ideals. Although we could not pride ourselves in material wealth, we had what was better, good and true friends. The spiritual treasure we had accumulated from our human relations was a great comfort and consolation. This sense of appreciation for the friends made in the journey of life impelled us to plan a celebration of our Golden Wedding Anniversary. We wanted to recognize as many of our friends as possible and have them share our happiness in reaching the fiftieth milestone of marriage.

It is not my purpose to compose a soliloquy upon marriage, yet in this changing world, in these turbulent times when so many of our cherished institutions have broken down, or have been swept aside by the destructive forces and urgencies of the hour, a few brief observations concerning the sacred contract which is the basic foundation of the American home may not be inappropriate. I understand that the percentage of divorce and separation in our country is steadily increasing. This alarming fact coupled with the declining birth rate does not augur well for our national future. If continued, there can be little hope for a perpetuation of the American way. Can this failure of marriage be explained? Can anything be done to correct it?

Perhaps the answer lies within the balance of our appreciation

of and sense of values; to some extent, also, in our moral and religious concepts. We have come to think too much of our extra-mural life and too little of our life within the home. The very ease with which divorces can be obtained causes too many trial and experimental marriages, this being true in almost every state except the one in which I was born, South Carolina, where no divorces were granted.

In all my human experience I have encountered no treasure comparable to that of a devoted, understanding wife, a pleasant home and the communion of a family. This is the highest objective which man can achieve upon his all-too-brief journey through life. It is, of course, true that this cannot be achieved without a proper regard for the spiritual and religious reverence which impels man to live in daily appreciation of the benefactions of his Creator, with a sense of his responsibility to society and posterity, and a willingness to exert his talents toward making the world a better place for those who succeed him. This attitude is in part a discharging of his obligations to those who preceded him.

In my own marriage I early realized that I was but one party to a partnership, that I was only half of the whole union. Mutual work and mutual interests, variety in human and work relations, mutual counsel contributed greatly to the gradual cementing of our marriage ties. I had seen men dominate their wives, making them cooks and housekeepers and little else, always cramping and confining and restraining and limiting their natural growth and relegating them to a monotony which could make for nothing more than a progressive spiritual erosion. In a business partnership such a state of affairs would not persist. Therefore, I sought to avoid this unhappy outcome by contriving as far as possible to give my wife a measure of financial independence, which was not confined merely to household expense. I was proud of my wife's constant spiritual growth, of her intense interest in her home and children as a career. We never lost our zest for sharing in the work of each other. We discussed matters upon which we agreed at great length, but if they were controversial discussions, or if we talked about subjects upon which we were in disagreement, we never prolonged the conversation, both agreeing that it was better to disagree by piecemeal than to carry on the conversation until it reached an impasse.

Perhaps we were more fortunate than others. If it is true that all life is a series of escapes and adjustments, as the great psychiatrists tell us, then I can truthfully say that ours was fifty years of adjustments with a minimum of escapes. When two married people reach an impasse, I believe that it is advisable for them to bow to the modern dictum and consult a psychiatrist. His suggestions may save their union by teaching them how to refrain from extremes and the undue venting of their abnormalities. This is especially true of nervous types, or those who have been impaired by illness. A "cooling-off" period is also suggested.

I received a distressing letter from a friend some years ago. He described his marital difficulties and asked my advice. I laid the letter aside for further reflection. Within a few days I received a second letter from him reading as follows: "Disregard the letter about my marital troubles. I have since read about Abraham Lincoln's troubles with his wife, and I have decided that compared with him I have no troubles at all."

Defeatism is another enemy of successful marriage, as well as of all human progress. I take the liberty of quoting an unknown author:

Take this honey from the bitterest cup,  
There is no failure save in giving up,  
No real fall so long as one still tries—  
For seeming set-backs make a strong man wise.  
There is no defeat of truth save from within,  
Unless you're beaten there,  
You're bound to win.

We believed in the old Spanish proverb, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." We also believed with Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst that the "Home is the first church, the hearthstone the first altar, and the mother and father the first priests." A proper discharge of the home duties, we believed, would contribute best to safeguard the children against spending the last half of life fighting the momentum of a misspent youth, frequently expressed in broken health, in a diseased body and in corrupted morals.

As the time of our Golden Wedding Anniversary approached, we looked forward to the reunion of our whole family, of having our

seven children again commune in the home we had established for them. It would be the first complete family reunion in twenty-two years.

## III

In planning our anniversary celebration, I desired to minimize the strain upon Mrs. Roper. As we prepared a preliminary list of those friends to whom we expected to send invitations, it became evident that our home was hardly adequate for the occasion. Moreover, if we tried to hold it at home, the preparations would unduly occupy Mrs. Roper's time and thought; so it was decided to engage the ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel. She worked out the plans and important details with the florists and with the hotel's most capable maître d'hôtel, Fred Wiesinger. Our invitations, engraved in gold to carry out the motif of the occasion, were accordingly issued and mailed three weeks before Christmas.

During the planning for the anniversary Mrs. Roper was stricken with a severe cold. From it she developed bronchial and sinus trouble, but the crisis in her illness did not come until after the invitations had been placed in the mail. Christmas drew nearer, and her illness became more serious and distressing, until we entertained grave fears for her recovery. It appeared that the celebration upon which we had both set our hearts would have to be called off. A few days before the twenty-fifth I decided that it had to be called off, for her condition was unimproved. That which we had hoped would be an occasion of supreme joy and delight seemed about to be converted into tragedy. I went to Mrs. Roper's bedside, where it was difficult to make her understand, because her ear trouble had affected her hearing. I suggested that we give an announcement to the press that our party had been called off because of her illness. She was firm in her refusal to agree with me. "If I can't go," she said, "you must go and represent both of us." And she went on to say that if it were humanly possible for her to attend with the assistance of her two physicians, the tax would be less than that of canceling the arrangements to which she had given so much thought and to which she had looked forward so long. In the light of her explanation I made no further protests.

## IV

Mrs. Roper, while perhaps not actually improved by Christmas Day, was nevertheless cheered by the arrival of our children and friends from distant points. Her remarkable courage asserted itself, and she insisted upon going to the Mayflower attended by her two physicians. I shall not try to describe the surface attributes of our Golden Wedding celebration more than to say that it was the first anniversary of its kind which had been held in the hotel. From the moment I entered the decorated ballroom, I confidently felt that no effort had been spared by the hotel management. I had never seen arrangements concluded with such perfection. For a description of the occasion, I quote from Betty Hynes, whose account of it appeared the following day in the Washington *Times-Herald*:

A reception, glimmering in its golden decorations and significance, marked the fiftieth wedding anniversary yesterday afternoon of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Roper, who, with their seven children, held a wide-open house in the grand ballroom of the Mayflower. There from 5 to 8 o'clock, headed by the First Lady of the Land, the Washington world called to do them homage. Before the reception was over, Mrs. Roper, who had been recently quite ill, was obliged to leave on the insistence of her doctor, but she allowed her departure to cast no shadow on the gayety of the gathering.

Almost the first arrival to offer the hosts congratulation was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who brought along the President's best wishes and in turn received their thanks for the lovely yellow roses which had been the anniversary remembrance from the Roosevelt family. Mrs. Roosevelt was wearing a jaunty black beret with her black costume and caught the holiday touch with one huge pink rose pinned on her coat.

Mrs. Roper looked equally smart in a black and gold brocade gown made on simple straight lines and a most becoming brimmed hat with ostrich plumes curling on the side. She had on a pair of antique bracelets which she had worn with her wedding gown, and about her throat was a magnificently carved gold necklace which had once belonged to a royal Mexican family and which was an anniversary present from a friend in California.

Mrs. Annie McKenzie Fletcher, Mrs. Roper's only sister, was the only person present yesterday who had been at the wedding, having been maid of honor at the ceremony. She well remembered the exciting events

of 50 Christmases ago, and something like tears glistened in her eyes when exactly at 6:15 Sidney played the same wedding march which had started a starry eyed Miss Lou McKenzie and one Dan Roper out on their prosperous path of happiness. . . .

It was not difficult to understand the flush of happiness on Mrs. Roper's cheeks yesterday and the glow of pride she felt in the young man who had won her "yes." Together they have found a home of peaceful beauty that is always filled with flowers. They have seen their children grow to emulate their own success. Together they have won some of the highest honors in the land. But the happy glow of yesterday's gathering was something even more precious than all that. It was the vital living love the Ropers have enkindled in all who have ever come to know them or be associated with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Roper received in a bower of golden chrysanthemums, snapdragons, red roses and the golden balconies were lost in a maze of poinsettias, fir and holly. Silver Christmas trees shone around the room, and at the far end where the orchestra played, and where space was roped off for dancing, were two trees with flashing trimmings and lights.

A four tiered wedding cake had its own table of honor, surmounted with a golden wedding bell, encircled with wide golden candy ribbon and bedecked with the golden truth "1889-1939 Semper Fidelis."

The account by Miss Hynes goes on to mention that members of the Supreme Court, the lower courts, the House and Senate, the Cabinet, and the diplomatic corps were in attendance.

In addition to the friends who were with us we received affectionate messages of congratulations and regrets from several hundred who could not join the fifteen hundred who honored us by giving up a part of their Christmas Day to attend. As we exchanged greetings with the long line of gracious friends honoring us with their presence, I was conscious of the great toll of the unrelenting Reaper, being consoled only by the feeling that their spirits were hovering over the occasion. Among those whose faces we thus sought in vain were my father; my good stepmother; Mrs. Roper's wonderful mother; her only brother; Senator Matthew C. Butler, who gave me my first appointment in Washington; Senator Benjamin R. Tillman, who encouraged and assisted me; William J. Bryan; the senior Senator Robert LaFollette; Oscar W. Underwood; Albert S. Burleson; Newton D. Baker; James M. Baker; David R. Coker; George H. Dern; Claude A. Swanson; William H. Woodin; and, last but

not least, my dear old teachers, Thomas B. Stackhouse, James H. Carlisle, and John F. Crowell.

Although I had been honored by my country and had received the honors accorded official position, this day seemed the high spot of my seventy-two years. As Mrs. Roper and I left the gay ballroom to the strains of the wedding march, we remarked to each other that the joint struggle of fifty years had been worth while. With tears in our eyes and gratitude in our hearts, we said, "Let us thank God for our friends and take courage for our future challenges."

## *Setting Our House in Order*

THOMAS CARLYLE once said, "The greatest of faults . . . is to be conscious of none." A thinking man could not spend half a century in and out of the service of his country in a wide variety of responsible posts without forming definite conclusions. One who saw the South emerge from the Reconstruction era after the Civil War; who has lived through many crises of government and business; who had a part in the prosecution of World War I, and finally in the war of the New Deal against poverty and economic disintegration, should be permitted to make some observations for such consideration as may be accorded them by those having the responsibility for decisions in these tragic times.

We are face to face with world change and undreamed-of upheavals. We must withstand shocking tests of the national strength and endurance, realizing that, irrespective of the outcome of World War II, we are likely to live through darker days than any our country has ever experienced. We must steel ourselves against hysteria and disunion. We must set our house in order and face the future with open eyes and courageous hearts.

Without undertaking to add to its own interpretation, I quote a very remarkable statement taken from the writings on the future of civilization by that great Roman scholar and teacher Lactantius, who lived A.D. 260-325. Was he a seer, looking down through the ages to Hitler?

But lest this should be deemed incredible, I will show the manner in which it is to take place. First, there will be a multiplication of independent sovereignties, and the supreme magistracy of the empire, scattered and cut up into fragments, will be enfeebled in the exercise of power by law and authority. Then will be sown the seeds of civil discords, nor will there be any rest or pause to wasteful and ruinous wars; while the soldiery kept



together in immense standing armies, the kings will crush and lay waste at their will;—until at length there will rise up against them a most puissant military chieftain of low birth, who will have conceded to him a fellowship with the other sovereigns of the earth, and will finally be constituted the head of all. This man will harass the civilized world with an insupportable despotism, he will confound and commix all things spiritual and temporal. He will form plans and preparations of the most execrable and sacrilegious nature. He will be forever restlessly turning over new schemes in his imagination, in order that he may fix the imperial power over all in his own name and possession. He will change the former laws, he will sanction a code of his own, he will contaminate, pillage, lay waste and massacre. At length, when he has succeeded in the change of names and titles, and in the transfer of the seat of empire, there will follow a confusion and perturbation of the human race; then will there be for a while an era of horror and abomination, during which no man will enjoy his life in quietness.<sup>1</sup>

Lactantius had faith in ultimate order through the influence of spiritual forces. At another time he said: "Apart from Christianity, true wisdom and true virtue are not to be found."

One great question which should be ever present in our thinking and which cannot be answered with emotional impulses or trite platitudes is, how can we save and safeguard the cherished American way of life? The spiritual aspects of democracy cannot be entirely divorced from those which are economic and material. Liberty is one democratic ideal, but we do not mean freedom to starve or to exploit the lives of others in America or elsewhere. We cherish freedom of enterprise in this country, but not a freedom which transgresses that of our fellow citizens; although superficial appearances may seem to deny it, we strive for legal equality under the Constitution. We have free speech, freedom from search and seizure, a free press, and countless minor freedoms, denied to men elsewhere in the world, but most of these freedoms are restrained within limits, and there are prescribed penalties for their abuse. Within the framework of our greater freedom, we recognize a social responsibility to each other and to the state. We accept certain regulations of the individual for the "general welfare"; democracy and freedom should never imply anarchy. We must not through indifference shrink from personal responsibility in law enforcement.

<sup>1</sup> Lactantius, *De Vitâ Beatâ*, Lib. vii. c. 16.

The American way of life, therefore, while not reducible to the jingoistic phrases used to express the ideals of totalitarian states, is the antithesis of the totalitarian way. Their inhuman ideologies declare that the individual belongs to the state. Children belong to the state, not to their mothers and fathers. Genius, whether literary, artistic, or scientific, farmers, merchants, professional men, manufacturers, and laborers—all belong to the state. In the United States, the state belongs to its citizens. Subject only to the Constitution and its interpretation by the courts, the judges of which are also subject to the mandate of the people, a majority of us can tell the state what to do at any time when the power of the governed is exerted. Periodically we hire and fire our legislators, our administrators, our judges, and our executives. The government belongs to the people of the United States. All power is derived from the consent of the governed. Individuals have certain inalienable rights, clearly defined in the Bill of Rights, which cannot be abridged by statute or by tyranny, and our courts offer relief if abridgment is attempted. Thus individual freedom is safeguarded, and from these safeguards springs the American way of life.

Personal liberty and competitive free enterprise with a minimum of government restraint enabled us to become the richest nation of the world. Perhaps we grew too fast, for our prosperity and growth obscured the trends of destructive economic forces which, otherwise, might have been foreseen and checked in time to prevent overexpansion of our productive and distributive facilities. The overexpansion in the golden twenties was discovered after the economic cataclysm of 1929 and during the depression of the early thirties. In these years we witnessed and confronted a major threat to the American way of life. While encouraging to the utmost free enterprise, our regulation "in the public interest" and for "the general welfare" had not kept pace with our growth. We had not seen the necessity for national planning toward a more equitable distribution of the material benefits derived from our economic resources under our system of government. Consequently, the strong arm of delegated power had to reach out to certain segments of society, through the use of emergency measures in the interest of the general welfare. We did this without a change of the government by virtue of the elasticity of democracy.

Now another and far greater crisis confronts us. The great world changes wrought by the European war have already imposed a strain upon our economic structure. This strain will continue with progressive intensity and may become an infinitely greater challenge to our system of government and free enterprise than we felt during the depression of the thirties. The tax burden alone is alarming to contemplate. Moreover, as a greater proportion of our natural resources and available raw materials are demanded for defense production, we shall find ourselves gradually being denied commodities which were once abundant in the open market. Aluminum is already an example. Aircraft production has priority over the national supply. So much of this supply will be required for aircraft this year that only the cheapest grades of the commodity will be available for other manufacturing purposes. Even now we have entered upon the first phases of a world battle in production; more and more factories are daily being converted to defense uses. This means that there is sure to be a shortage of many manufactured items, as, for example, automobiles. In order to lessen the demand for them, some propose high taxes upon the sale of both new and used cars. We cannot now foresee the extent of the shortages in prospect. With no disposition to be an alarmist, I believe nevertheless that the day may conceivably arrive when it will be difficult under extreme priorities to buy the most insignificant item. The American people should anticipate the times ahead and be prepared for a long period of self-denial. Temporarily we may have to sacrifice the American way of life for the future preservation of that way, yielding certain liberties and freedoms now in order to defend them for the future.

At this writing we are not actually in combat war, yet there are few who do not predict our eventual full entrance. Whether we are further involved or finally escape, by the provisions of the Lend-Lease Act we have assumed the most gigantic undertaking in our national history. We have underwritten the Allied cause virtually without limit. In addition to munitions, we shall be called upon to furnish ships, food, medical materials, clothing, railroad rolling stock, trucks and automobiles, a wide variety of other mechanical products, and many items yet unknown. This task dwarfs the imagination, but will be comprehended more fully if we have a prolonged war or if and when we become formal belligerents. The measure of our cour-

age and solidarity, coupled with native genius and a capacity for production, will be the extent to which we succeed in this defense program. Few doubt that our failure to succeed will bring the sunset of "the American way."

There is danger that we may succeed in the defense program from a purely military standpoint, but in the end lose democracy as we know it. The present crisis has two major aspects: (1) pure defense in the dual sense of helping the Allies and keeping an enemy from our shores and possessions; (2) the effect of measures adopted for defense and of wartime economic displacements upon our theoretically permanent home or domestic economy.

Pure defense is largely a matter of production and military strategy plus a co-ordination of the people to supply the army with men, food, materials, and morale. If we are able in time to outstrip in production the totalitarian states, barring dire tactical errors, we may be assured that we shall be reasonably safe from invasion. Without assuming military knowledge, we may accept the predictions of competent military strategists that production will win the present war. The potential industrial and agricultural production of the United States is greater than that of all of Europe combined. The second aspect of the crisis is hardly as clear-cut and understandable as is the fact that the army, or navy, or airforce, or a combination of all, with the most effective implementation for destruction will win the war. This second aspect, the effect of the defense program upon our normal economy, requires sterner analysis. Some pessimistic economists doubt whether our economy could survive a prolonged war of a decade, however complete eventual military victory might be. Let us examine this view.

We do not have to be postgraduate economists to understand a simple transfer of manpower. Several million men are now being withdrawn from civilian life to enter the military forces. As peacetime industry gives way to defense production, new plants are being erected (notably for aircraft and munitions), old plants are being expanded, and millions of men and women who once made such articles as hairpins, picture frames, or canned tomatoes are in the process of a gradual shift to jobs making bullets, gas masks, military uniforms, and the like. It is too early for accurate prediction, yet we know by comparison with the new thousands engaged in aircraft

production that the defense program may divert ten, fifteen, or possibly twenty million men and women from their peacetime occupations. If the military forces and defense industries should engage the services of twenty million people, what would happen if the war were to stop abruptly? How many millions would be thrown on the labor market or eventually upon the bounty of the state? If half of the American people should suddenly find themselves without income, what would be the effect upon the other half?

Surely, it is already possible to see the outline of the tremendous strain the defense program will impose upon our economy should the war last but one year longer. Those fortunate enough to have incomes after the war would have the burden of the national debt, of vastly increased veteran pensions, of pensions for the aged and helpless, of relief for the unemployed through direct subsistence and W.P.A. projects, of the agricultural conservation program, and of defense liquidation. In short, if twenty million wage earners were suddenly out of work, it would mean that about half of our population, or say sixty-five million people, would be deprived of income. The "haves" would be obliged to support the "have-nots." Since unemployment rapidly breeds more unemployment, the end for such an hypothesis is unpredictable. If such an eventuality should come to the United States, pessimistic economists doubt whether free enterprise could carry the load and consequent tax burden. Some form of totalitarian regimentation might be employed to quell mass unrest, restrain pressure groups, and make human subsistence possible.

Another great danger in the present crisis is the threat of inflation. While I feel sure that the Government will use all safeguards to prevent it, inflation is difficult to prevent when work is plentiful, wages are high, and commodities are scarce. Where artificial forces thwart the normal workings of the law of supply and demand, values necessarily become distorted. Under certain circumstances we might be willing to pay a dollar for a pair of common shoe laces. Too much money in circulation and not enough consumer goods cause prices to skyrocket. Obviously, abnormal defense needs will decrease the output of all other commodities. There is, therefore, a very real danger of inflation in the future.

With these dangers in mind we cannot consider the defense program without giving thought to the reconstruction period to follow.

Accordingly, it seems to me that we should take steps now to strengthen our country from within. In the light of such experience as I have had and on the basis of my best judgment, arrived at after conferences with students of the national welfare, I offer the following observations concerning the program of "setting our house in order."

## II

Economy in government is more than ever necessary. Waste in government cannot be justified at any time, but it is especially reprehensible when the public debt is high and mounting. Extreme measures of economy in nondefense governmental functions are now desirable, both for the savings effected and for gaining the confidence of the taxpayer. Evidently Walter D. Fuller, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, was conscious of this situation when he recently recommended that for the reconstruction period production and sale of nondefense goods should be greatly expanded; he further stated that ways and means should be found to reduce governmental expenditures; that early efforts should be made to taper down and ultimately cut out Federal emergency agencies, that governmental hoarding of commodities should stop and that pessimistic preaching in high places and in low places in the nation should cease. The average man will face his tax burden with increased patriotism if he knows that the Government has pared routine expenses to the bone. It is impossible to eliminate government waste by one fell stroke or by an indiscriminate policy. For many years the tendency to increase government functions has been carried to excess by bureaucrats who enjoyed seeing their domains enlarged. Many examples could be cited; I shall use one illustration which came to my attention several years ago, when radio was young. The end of the fiscal year was drawing near. A young executive discovered that about seventy thousand dollars was likely to be left on hand when the year closed, an unexpected balance in the Commission's appropriation for supplies. He approached the Chairman of the Commission, explaining that he believed it advisable to make a public announcement that this money would be turned back to the Treasury, since through economy and efficiency it had not been spent. "Have you lost your head?" the Chairman replied. "This Commission is going places. We must build it up, not keep it on a two-by-

four basis. We must spend that money. Next year we may need a great deal more than we needed this year. If we turn it back to the Treasury, Congress will cut our appropriation next year." I asked the former executive how the money was finally spent. "In every conceivable way," he replied. "I bought long carriage typewriters for each typist and secretary, more and better rugs for the office rooms, extra mahogany clothes-trees, although even the messenger boys had them, and in general spent the full sum for more of everything our appropriation authorized us to buy without regard to needs."

During my years with the Government I saw many instances of Federal waste, of salary inequalities and personnel injustices, which called for civil service reform. To some extent maladjustments were counterbalanced by overwork and overtime and by judicious economies practiced by the energetic and nonwasteful employees. Nevertheless, I am positive that great savings could be effected by a free and unhampered economy committee of experts empowered to audit all government functions and to impose appropriate remedial measures. Since more and more employees will be needed for defense positions, provision could be made to employ in emergency work those in other units engaged on tasks that can await the winning of the war.

However wasteful the Federal Government may have been in the past, it has always enjoyed more strength and prestige than state governments. There is a widespread belief that it has been more efficient where the services rendered by state and nation tended to coincide. The proposed economy program needs to be extended to all the states. The number of counties in some states, for example, could be reduced to less than one third their present total, permitting a sweeping consolidation of county offices, with an enormous scaling down of expense and resultant taxes. The county units were established in the horse and buggy days. The county seat had to be accessible to remote residents of the county who traveled thus. Today, with excellent roads, the automobile, and other means of rapid transit, some states may be traversed in their entirety within less time than it formerly took to drive a horse to a county seat from the borders of the county. The need for small counties has thus ceased to exist.

Objections to their consolidation, however, would be immediate and vociferous, based upon two very human characteristics with which it is difficult to deal, sentimentality and political avarice. The first objection might be circumvented by consolidating a group of counties into a single unit, permitting the old county areas to retain their names, but transferring the governmental functions to a regional office having jurisdiction over the area consolidated. This group-government might well follow the pattern of the Congressional districts. If one man can adequately represent several hundred thousand constituents in the House of Representatives, it would seem logical to assert that local officials could serve them. Present office-holders and their adherents might oppose this change. Proper safeguards in selection of delegates to the necessary constitutional conventions within the states would be necessary to combat possible political defeat of the plan, but as a measure of economy for defense, it should be considered.

To go a step farther, I venture a suggestion that I have no hope of seeing adopted in my lifetime; namely, similar consolidation of some of the states. It is an axiom of some totalitarian leaders that "the world belongs to the bold and the brave." Americans have never lacked bravery or boldness. The challenge of our time demands bold steps and a discarding of old ways and concepts which are obsolete because of changed conditions. Reform in county government is one step which calls for boldness. A recommendation by the Defense Council for a National Constitutional Convention, not composed of politicians, might have great weight in stimulating the constructive thought and confidence of the people. Unless economic reforms, such as these, are made in federal, state, county, and municipal government, the tax load is in danger of becoming intolerable.

## III

There is a pressing need that industry and labor learn how to work in harmony. The economic waste of strikes and lockouts in peacetime is deplorable. In the past there have been bloody clashes, misery and suffering due to the violence and the shortsightedness exhibited by both management and labor. Our precarious position in a world of violent change, our gigantic defense undertaking, our whole future now seems to depend upon the speed and efficiency of



our industrial production. For once the public has a vital stake in strikes, a stake we did not have in the last war, and have never had in the same degree before. The strike today is a gamble with the life of every man, woman, and child in the country. Whether the selfish interests be on the side of overly ambitious labor leaders, or traceable to greedy management, the result is the same. Our physical lives and our national way of life may be the penalty for a curtailed production of munitions. If a way is not found to stop strikes, public sentiment will soon demand antistrike legislation in defense industries and possibly conscription of industry. The incorporation of labor unions may also be demanded.

In Great Britain and Sweden both management and labor are highly organized. Remarkable successes have been achieved through bilateral collective bargaining between employers' associations and trade unions. We would do well to study the plans and results in those countries.

Needless to say, neither labor nor management is bigger than the Government or the public. No permanent order can be attained without industry-wide codes or agreements respected by both sides of the age-old controversy. Whether this end can be better achieved by compulsion or by voluntary self-government remains to be seen. It is possible that employers' associations on an industry-wide scale may in the future arrive at standard contracts agreeable to labor and providing for wages based upon an equitable share of actual profits. In short, the industrial relations of the future may see labor participating upon a more equal footing with management in a kind of partnership which would permanently outlaw strikes. Certainly the conference table, as we learned from the N.R.A., is the American way of settling disputes.

## IV

Agitation for relief of agriculture has continued during practically all the years of my memory. As our basic national enterprise it has come in for a full share of economic and political agitation. I have been interested in the subject since the days of the Farmers' Alliance in South Carolina. I have owned a farm ever since my marriage, more than fifty years ago. The subject of agriculture was never far from my thoughts, and I have seen the gradual trend from an agrarian to an industrial economy with concern, because the planter-land-

owner was once the apex of our national social structure. For me, the decline of the planter has been in some degree a sad spectacle in our age of change. To see the development of an economy in which middle men, speculators, and chiselers get an exorbitant unearned profit upon such farm products as milk, while farmers struggle eighty hours a week to buy feed for their cows, is pathetic in the extreme.

Learned economists, including politicians in both political parties, have proposed no end of panaceas for agricultural ills. We killed the pigs; we plowed under alternate rows of crops. Our surpluses mounted, and when all manner of schemes to put agriculture upon a par with industry had failed, we adopted the present widespread conservation program designed to curtail production, preserve soil, and at the same time increase farm income.

The current conservation program is a subsidy in the guise of a temporary measure to prevent soil erosion and forest denudation. In principle I do not favor it as a permanent policy, since I believe in "rendering unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." Genuine conservation is an imperative necessity and will certainly require government regulation in the public interest. I believe, however, that we need some other method than that now used to increase farm income and achieve agricultural parity with industry. Many self-respecting farmers revolt, at least at first, at conservation checks from the Treasury. They would far prefer to see measures that would have the effect of making agriculture self-sustaining. In the field of economic theory it is sometimes well to move cautiously; ideas which look well on paper may prove to be defective in practice. The conservation program is now costing about one billion dollars a year. The larger portion of this amount is intended as a subsidy to curtail production by paying farmers not to cultivate their full acreage. The question arises, would it not be better for the Government to curtail production by outright condemnation of lands, paying for the acres so condemned, and in this way reduce the quantity of land available for cultivation? Some students of the problem advocate this procedure.

A consideration of the causes and effects of agricultural surpluses may throw further light upon the problem. During World War I vast areas of the Great Plains were placed in cultivation in order to grow more wheat and corn. The topography and natural terrain, with the absence of trees to hold the moisture, later left these areas

to the hazards of soil erosion. The result was the Western dust bowl. Other areas of the West, hitherto untilled, were likewise cultivated to supply the wartime demands in response to the stimulation of very high prices. After the close of the war, when the armies of Europe returned to peacetime pursuits, agricultural production in Central Europe again moved toward prewar peaks. A factor which added to our difficulties was the rise of barter as a means of international exchange. Products manufactured by labor subsisting at a lower standard of life than was the case in the United States were exchanged for the agricultural surpluses of South American countries. Foreign markets for our farm products began to dwindle.

Despite drastic crop curtailment in the United States, there are usually surpluses of all the principal crops. As remedial measures the Department of Agriculture has established the Ever Normal Granary and crop insurance. The theory of this plan is, in a sense, insurance against time. By loans upon the farmer's crops, he is able to receive a cash income, while most of his products are in government storage. He gets the benefit of price increases, since the loans are high, and the Government will not sell for less than the loans. In case of drought, blight, or other catastrophe, the principal crops are in storage in sufficient quantity to offset a shortage. But the insurance feature, intended to be self-sustaining, has not proven to be so in practice. Benefits have exceeded collected premiums.

Another national condition prevails which is not receiving enough attention. Experts of the Department of Agriculture contend that a majority of the American people are undernourished. According to Milo Perkins, the average income of 69 per cent of the families of the United States is sixty-five dollars a month. The amount each family can spend for food is pathetically below the amount required for adequate nourishment. The food stamp plan is a step toward correcting this regrettable situation. M. S. Eisenhower, Director of Information for the Department of Agriculture, declares that practically all food surpluses would be consumed if the masses of the American people had sufficient purchasing power. Cotton would remain as a difficult problem, but even that commodity could be used in tremendously increased quantities if those in the lower income brackets had more money to buy clothes, bedding, rugs, and other similar articles.

Hope has been held out during most of my life for scientific progress in developing new uses for cotton. Great strides have been made, the automobile tire industry being a notable example. Today, however, despite efforts to use it in paving roads and for supplying other needs not widely known to the public, experts have little faith in further discoveries for its wholesale use. Certain experiments have been costly, for about the time extensive processing facilities have been developed, cheaper substitutes have been discovered by the chemical industry, and the new cotton use has become obsolete.

In my early years with the United States Census, the country produced most of the world's cotton crop. Many new piece goods materials, to say nothing of bedspreads, curtains, and other products, have come to be made of wood-fiber rayon, all to the detriment of the commodity which in earlier generations was the basis of our foreign trade. Added to these changes of taste and habits, is the fact that Russia, Brazil, and other countries now grow cotton upon a large scale, and their production is increasing annually. Unless we can produce a better fiber more cheaply so that we can hold foreign markets, our export cotton trade is gone.

Agricultural experts are pessimistic over the future prospects for cotton in the Southeastern part of the United States, being unable to see at present the possibility of consuming or selling the normal annual crop. Cotton may thus again prove to be a tragedy for the South. A sweeping program for new land uses seems to be the most promising way out for Southern cotton planters. Concerning the exact nature of these new land uses, opinions differ, and most agricultural experts are either vague or else refuse to commit themselves. Dairying industries have been suggested, but I fail to see such largely increased use of dairy products that would enable the eight or ten cotton states to sustain their farm populations without upsetting or destroying the dairy industry as it exists in other parts of the United States, such as Wisconsin and Minnesota, or New England, where the rugged terrain militates against other types of farming. If, however, new land uses can be devised, it would be far better as a permanent policy for the Government to spend public funds to initiate them than to continue the present temporary, pseudo- or semi-conservation program with its manifest discrimination against other segments of society.

For the general improvement of agriculture I suggest consideration of (1) the possibility of producing superior agricultural products at less cost, thus enabling us to save our foreign markets. Better crops at less cost can be made, for example, by scientifically improving seed, and by improving plant resistance to insect damage and other forms of deterioration. Work in this direction is being conducted by the Department of Agriculture along with several outside agencies, such as Coker's Pedigreed Seed Company at Hartsville, South Carolina. This work, however, needs to be made more extensive in order to benefit all farmers. In the Southeastern states cotton should be made more of a surplus crop and the farms operated so as to make them as nearly self-sustaining as possible. (2) Farm tenancy might be reduced by fostering longer leases between landlord and tenant to make tenancy more secure and to reduce soil waste by tenants who expect to get what they can and move on. Deserving families should be aided toward farm ownership. (3) Soil improvement should be fostered and methods of cultivation modernized to improve the quality and decrease the cost of farm products. (4) Land improvement and supervised homesteading should be undertaken. (5) There should be more widespread reforestation. (6) The C.C.C. program might be expanded. (7) The food stamp plan might be used more widely in emergency periods to reduce surpluses and improve the national nutrition and morale. (8) A national program might be started to restore some of the lost prestige of the horse both for work and as a means of recreation. Horses on the earlier farms consumed much of the grain and did much of the work which now requires expense for gasoline and oil. Such a national program might be instituted through schools, colleges, and recreational organizations. Recently, for example, a portion of the War Department's appropriation was allocated to the keeping of horses for the exercise and recreation of army aviators. A revival of riding and driving clubs would be wholesome, healthful, and conducive to a reduction of the huge national surpluses of grain. (9) A long-range conservation plan should be carried forward to restore the dust bowl area of the Great Plains and other denuded areas and to forestall soil erosion generally in all parts of the nation. (10) A master consumer survey to determine where and why underconsumption exists and its extent, would serve as a basis for planning ways and means of more widespread

distribution of agricultural production. It should collect such information as the number and location of families needing bedclothes, shoes, clothing, more and better food, etc. (11) Small arts and crafts, such as basket making, might be encouraged in rural communities. (12) There should be a gradual liquidation of emergency agricultural relief methods by planning for a permanent, self-sustaining, and balanced agricultural economy. (13) Further experiments should be made with co-operatives and cartels for planned marketing control. (14) Consideration should be given to more rigid restrictions upon real estate subdivision, especially in suburban areas, to bring about the requirement of larger ground plots for an individual home, thus preventing the creation of new slum areas in the small-house sections. (15) Safeguards should be provided against ruthless mortgage foreclosures. (16) The extensive use of the trade treaty program of the State Department and the consequent removal of trade barriers might permit greater outlet for American farmers in world markets when the world is again at peace. (17) Idle lands might be utilized by the unemployed to produce for use under government supervision and limitation, especially in times of depression.

Some of these suggestions are theoretical, and should not be considered for widespread adoption without preliminary experimentation. Manifestly also, some of the suggestions would be appropriate for use in an emergency; others would require longer periods for their application. The failure of the present conservation program to produce needed permanent improvement in the situation, however, necessitates new and bold measures to cure our agricultural ills.

## v

Some, conscious of dangers in our congested cities, have advocated a back-to-the-land movement. Others have suggested a decentralization of industry, which would convert many extremely large industrial units into small plants located at strategic points of distribution. This, they believe, would enable a wider distribution of employment opportunities, effect lower transportation costs in the marketing of the fabricated products, and enable workers to gain a foothold upon the land by means of housing projects, thus affording each family a plot of ground for cultivation. In times of widespread unemployment, these advocates of industrial decentralization say, the workers

could partially, and in some cases almost wholly, sustain themselves. Against this theory, key men in the Department of Agriculture declare that we have too many people on the land now. The surplus rural population, they believe, should be put to work in cities.

Personally, I am inclined to hold with the advocates of decentralization. Family life upon the land appeals to me as the natural life of man. It is a larger, a more healthful life. In the bygone era, when the family unit was in a larger degree than now self-sustaining, many of the economic ills which today perplex us were unknown. Home and land ownership tend to induce self-respect, contentment, and an appreciation of security. Such home ownership is largely impossible in congested industrial cities. The lack of home ownership and the fact that a majority of the people now have to live in cities are factors which doubtless accelerate our declining birth rate. Moreover, rents in many cities reflect distended real estate values caused by ruthless financing, high interest rates, and exorbitant taxation resulting from political inefficiency, greed, and municipal corruption.

Industrial congestion perhaps has a far more adverse influence upon society than we suspect. Families living in small communities are welded together by common interests in schools, churches, and other civic work and enjoy pleasant social intercourse. I recall the old days in South Carolina, when neighbors used to exchange seeds, plants, and the like. A few years ago a national community advertising campaign stressed this neighborliness, emphasizing the fact that the loan of a cup of sugar or flour was an admirable feature of American community life. My own period of residence in New York City gave me ample opportunity to note the contrast between life in a small community and that which exists in a great city where next-door neighbors live side by side without speaking or knowing each others' names.

I have dwelt upon this subject because it has long been much in my mind. I think that we would be a stronger nation if several million more Americans were on the land, not as tractor farmers, but under a plan whereby industry would be co-ordinated with agriculture with housing projects providing each family a piece of ground upon which its members might produce for use chickens, eggs, and

a garden or add to this program where sanitary safeguards are possible by keeping a cow and raising hogs.

Technological developments tend more and more to replace industrial workers with mechanical substitutes. Five hundred thousand new employables are added to our labor surplus each year, and the industrial population is coming increasingly to outnumber that living in rural areas. While the production at home of fruit, vegetables, and dairy products might initially affect the canning and dairy industries, decreased subsistence costs for these home producers would enable them to buy additional quantities of other products, both agricultural and industrial. There would be a shift in economy, but in the long run more widespread security, greater social benefits, and better Americans would result. Middlemen and nonproducers in the overcrowded service groups might also have to become producers as the need for their former services diminished. I believe that a large-scale experiment in the decentralization of industry upon a semiagricultural basis should be made by the Government, perhaps in an effort to produce new uses for land in the cotton states.

Another of the vital problems of our time is a more economical distribution of the products of the world making possible their use by more people. The United States is now looked to for a plan to solve this problem and to prevent want and starvation. We can no longer restrict our thinking to our own borders; we must assist in thinking and planning for the world.

Underlying the problem of distribution is the question of transportation: speedier transportation for perishable goods and speedier and cheaper transportation for all materials needed to advance the industrial and social welfare of the people everywhere. The railroads of this country have made and are making great progress in improving their equipment and in expediting the transportation of goods from field and factory. Railroad management needs to look beyond present improved service. The automobile brought improved highways and busses and trucks which the railroads could in earlier stages have controlled and thus have ameliorated competition. They are now undertaking to correct this oversight, especially the short-line railroads, in the wake of many years of expensive delay.

The airplane in its earlier stages went through a period of ridicule, as did the automobile. No railroad management conceived of



the airplane as being more than an expensive toy, or foresaw that it would offer future serious competition in the transportation of large numbers of people and large quantities of mail, express, and freight. The Postal Service very early experimented with this method of carrying mail, and its expansion in twenty-five years has been marvelous. A very large percentage of mail is now so carried. The carrying of express is also reaching large proportions. Perhaps the airplane may dip into freight service during the next decade. Railroads might provide their own systems of airplane deliveries as an adjunct to present operations. Furthermore, in view of the disturbed condition of the world, making it imperative for this country to devise ways and means of defense not only for ourselves but for others, freight-carrying facilities will soon be recognized as a vital part of the defense program. Will the railroad management meet this challenge?

## VI

There are as many schemes for the prevention and relief of unemployment as there are schemers. Economists differ widely upon both causes and remedial measures. The Wagner Social Security Act was a long forward step toward a national policy. Twenty years ago, unemployment insurance would have been considered the rank-est sort of social folderol and would have been looked upon as a menace to social security, in the belief that it would tend to discourage people from working. The depression and the agitation of pressure groups made it a necessity in our time. Although still in the test-tube stage, the law seems to be working effectively, affording temporary relief and a breathing spell for those who lose their jobs. The several states provide varying benefits, the tendency being to increase both the amounts per week and the number of weeks for which benefits are paid following proof of unemployment. With the acceleration of the defense program, the national fund has grown to such proportions that the American Social Security Association now advocates a reduction of the payroll tax, contending that too large a sum is being siphoned from American purchasing power.

On the other hand, some economists, fearful of inflation, welcome this withdrawal, believing that a reduction of the amount of money in circulation will prove to be a curb against the inflationary trend. These same economists predict that a duplication of the English com-

pulsory savings program would contribute further to hold in check rising prices. Some go so far as to suggest partial payment of wages in defense stamps or bonds, both as a means of preventing inflation and of helping to finance defense efforts. I shall attempt no detailed analysis of this complicated problem. Currency and its fluctuation, international exchange, and the related money problems are a life study in themselves. Here we need go no further than the external manifestations of money problems. The Government, through the person of Leon Henderson, is already on guard trying to establish price ceilings (many more must come) in an effort to curb inflation and to prevent a disastrous price upheaval which would be reflected throughout our national life if precautionary measures were not taken. Price control in selected segments will not suffice. It must extend throughout the entire range from the producer to the consumer and include the freezing of wage scales.

A far greater hazard to our social security system is the possibility, even the likelihood, of social security bankruptcy after the war however large the fund may become, should we have twenty or twenty-five million unemployed with no provision made in advance for their transfer to productive peacetime work. All the riches of Croesus would not support these millions indefinitely, if the annual outgo should greatly exceed collections from employers and employees still working. The question arises whether or not the law should be changed to permit the conversion of this vast reserve into an endowment to provide productive jobs for the unemployed instead of making limited benefit payments which might soon deplete the fund entirely.

One suggestion is to apply the "production for use" idea to both industry and agriculture. At the close of the war, it is to be expected that there will be numerous idle defense plants in all parts of the land. The sudden stoppage of defense projects will deflect increasing numbers from production and thus millions may be stinted or without purchasing power. Would it be possible for the Government to establish a sort of reconstruction finance corporation for the purpose of producing for the use of the unemployed under restrictions which would prevent this production from open competition with the products of private industry? Could such production be utilized on a diminishing scale in the interval when readjustment and gradual

economic balance are being achieved, the functions of the emergency "producing for use" corporation to be gradually liquidated and restored to private enterprise? There are those who think this possible and who strongly indorse such a plan. These advocates favor conversion of the social security funds into such an endowment, arguing that the larger interest of the nation transcends private rights and the profits of individuals. Such a safeguard against the possible disasters of reconstruction would require amendment of the social security law and sagacious planning in advance. The President's commission now planning self-liquidating public works for reconstruction days might well consider this scheme for co-ordinating idle men, idle mills, idle machines, and idle lands.

We should bear in mind that unemployment breeds more unemployment. When the Jones family suffers diminished income through unemployment, the Brown family must curtail production. Each curtailment of production is a further move toward unemployment. Up to now, although agriculture has been subsidized, a similar rule has not been applied to industry. If the consequences of widespread "production for use" should be regarded as too hazardous, it might be possible to experiment with a plan for industrial subsidies which would make it possible to keep large numbers of the otherwise unemployed at work in private industry. Under a plan of supervised capitalism, a term used here as one definition for our own, the profit system enters into distress unless there are exports, unless there is a regulated currency, or unless there is a purchasing power which springs from some source other than the payroll of labor.

There is no instance of a prosperous, self-sustaining state without external trade since the industrial revolution and the advent of the machine. Our pioneers flourished in America through a system of frontier barter, but early in our economy we began to export commodities and our seaport cities used gold and silver as the media for exchange. Production for use would entail some form of barter. If it should be considered prejudicial to national recovery in a time of depression, or if experiments should disclose evils, not now foreseen, the Government's only alternative for sustaining the economy by other means than public works and direct relief would be a partial subsidization of industry, the maintenance of standard wage levels, a drastic curtailment of profits, and ingenious foreign trade policies

to insure our share of world markets. China and the rest of the Far East, Africa, and some parts of South America are potential users of many of the industrial products of civilization. If ways can be provided for enabling these peoples to pay for them, exports of our surpluses may be possible at the close of the war. We need not look too closely at the markets of Central Europe, since this area of the world is highly industrialized, and with rare exceptions, American labor cannot compete with their prevalent lower wages and standards of living. The labor condition, of course, is also true of the countries of the Far East. That part of the world, however, offers great post-war trade possibilities. In the interests of the good neighbor policy we should plan a program for the post-war era that will recognize China and Japan with immigration quotas, thus bringing them into the general area of international recognition. Elihu Root, one of the greatest American statesmen of my time, made a valuable suggestion when he said: "America should strive to be known for her distinguished courtesies."

Direct relief and public works, although the latter is infinitely the better of the two, keep their recipients too near bare subsistence and do not create more employment because they do not raise the purchasing power sufficiently to stimulate general production. A family existing upon either cannot afford the commodities which have made America famous throughout the world and have distinguished us for having higher standards of living. This is why pump priming will not suffice as a permanent policy.

There should be earnest consideration of these complicated economic problems—in reality one problem with various facets, each interrelated to the other—by every American citizen and more particularly by those in institutions of higher learning. It would not be fantastic for the Government to consider the establishment of a central economic research bureau for the purposes of a general planning and co-ordination of research with respect to particular phases of our economy now unrelated. For example, certain planning and economic theories of the Department of Agriculture may not have quite enough regard for their effect upon labor or management or taxation. A central economic research bureau might be of invaluable aid to the President and the Congress. It could serve as a clearing-house for independent economic plans. When a Dr. Townsend, a

Father Coughlin, or even an Upton Sinclair flared in the headlines, this central research bureau would make an analysis of their offerings. Economists and scientists would have a place to which to turn with their complicated ideas ranging from the ravages of the boll weevil to the harmful effects of pernicious advertising. Such a central economic unit, manned by young and virile students of the national problems and advised by well-seasoned economic experts, might guide us toward the secret of economic independence. More important, it might save us from the fate of nations which have failed to solve their economic problems and have thus fallen prey to the fads and fallacies against which we should defend ourselves.

## VII

Other things being equal, wars are won by morale, not mere military morale, but also the morale of all those who supply the armed forces. There is no intention to present here a patriotic diatribe. Emotional appeals have their value in the proper place at an appropriate time. In perhaps the best educated nation of the world, many demand reason instead of appeals to their emotions. In recent days it has frequently been charged that we lack the national morale for the effort which the circumstances demand. Sociologists point out that we have millions of new Americans who have come to this country in recent decades. I am sure that we were far too lax in the days of unrestricted immigration both in our requirements for admission to the country and later for citizenship. I doubt that our requirements under the more selective quota system, which went into effect with the closed door in 1924, were sufficiently rigid to uphold the standards desirable in the national interest. Most foreign countries maintain central bureaus of personal intelligence, and it would not have been difficult to adhere to a plan of considerably greater investigation before granting final citizenship, even though this might not have been possible upon the immigrant's entrance to the country. Suffice it to say, we did not do this, and we paid a part of the price in deportation to an extent unparalleled in the practice of nations. Our recent requirement of registration divulged the alarming fact that we now have about five million aliens in the United States. Granted that part of them legitimately and earnestly desire citizenship, all the others involve potential dangers.

Since the mere memorizing of the names of the Presidents, repeating the pledge to the Flag, and answering the stock questions of immigration and naturalization officers, in addition to a record of having committed but one major crime in America, are the total qualifications for citizenship when the prescribed time limit has expired, it is not difficult to see that all American citizens are not good Americans. Dangers from these pseudo-Americans have been revealed by the investigations of the Dies Committee and the findings of the Department of Justice. Each major revelation, unless counteracted by direct government action, serves as a psychological deterrent to the uplift of American morale.

Lest I be misunderstood, I should like to declare emphatically that some of the finest Americans I have ever seen have been men and women born upon foreign soil. It is to this type that we must appeal now for leadership among their fellow racials, who, either through indifference or lack of opportunity, have failed to gain adequate comprehension of the American way and, consequently, may fall easy prey to the falsehoods and pernicious propaganda of dictators and their American Quislings. Among the less-informed or misguided immigrants and aliens, we would do well now to wage a vigorous campaign of education, emphasizing the privileges of a free people as compared with the slavery of totalitarianism. The fusion of the melting pot has ever been a source of American strength and vigor, but great danger lurks in the divided loyalty of peoples who came to our shores with mental reservations, or merely for financial reasons without any intention of eventual citizenship, and those who are unassimilable because they live in segregation, resenting efforts to assimilate them and scoffing at such cherished American ideals as freedom of religion and freedom of the press.

I am here reminded of the conversation between the President and Maxim Litvinov, former Russian Commissar of Foreign Affairs, when the latter was pleading for recognition of Russia by this country. The President was insisting that Americans living in Russia as well as other minorities be guaranteed the right to worship after the dictates of their conscience. Litvinov replied in substance: "We can take care of that later. Let us come to agreement about the diplomatic and trade relations. After that is approved we can take up religion." "No," the President firmly countered. "We will settle

the religious question first." Litvinov then scornfully laughed, making a deprecatory remark about religion in general—something in line with the Soviet slogan that "religion is the opium of the people." At this slur upon religion, the President grew rigid and said: "So you don't believe in God?" Litvinov laughed and made a gesture of ridicule. The President then regarded him gravely and said: "Five minutes before you die you'll change your mind."

I believe that a defense league should be organized in cities, block by block and house by house, with the same thorough canvass of the rural routes and communities. This informal census and the acquaintances it would provide at periodical meetings arranged for civilian co-ordination would in itself be a checkmate upon Fifth Column activities. It would enable community and block leaders to know who is who. The attitude of an individual toward "A Better American" campaign would not be a mean barometer of his loyalty. I favor such a campaign now in the belief that in addition to its effect upon the immigrant and the alien it would serve well for many who were born here.

I favor supervision for the period of the war of all foreign language newspapers and Communist and other publications antagonistic to American ideals. Nor do I think it would be going too far to enact legislation imposing penalties upon them for violation of the regulatory measures prescribed by the supervising body. A committee of Post Office Inspectors would be the ideal administrative body to enforce such legislation.

We are becoming more conscious of the nation's need to arrest physical and moral decadence and to build strong men and women to combat the forces that lie in wait to destroy us from within and from without. Hence it is that American bakers have agreed to add iron and Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> to our national diet by placing these ingredients in bread. The measure is advised by scientists as a means of heightening morale. Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> is new to many of us, but we talked about iron when I was a boy. What effect the equivalent of one nail in each loaf will have upon the morale remains to be seen. Nevertheless, in a spiritual sense we need iron and iron men as never before. Ours is the fateful last stand of democracy. We are the hope of those who would be free in every quarter of the earth. Accordingly, we need to be strong as individuals; as strong upon the home front

as in the first line of battle. We must not be guilty of the smugness of France and Norway and Denmark, nor should we listen to appeasers who would have us emulate the course of Holland and Belgium. We have a defense program for a purpose, and that purpose is to save the American way. Morale in the highest and finest degree will be necessary to save it against Hitler, the most dangerous enemy who has ever threatened the existence of free men.

Surely, the example of the courageous Finns, the Poles who went to certain death, the Yugoslavs who refused to compromise, and the valiant Greeks who surpassed their most historic traditions by resistance to the last ditch, shall not have been in vain. And if we need a further example of morale, let us take a lesson from the "blood, sweat and toil and tears" of England, fighting in her streets and amid the shambles of her homes—declaring the monster may kill but he shall never conquer her.

Under all tragic conditions in human affairs, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." So I close my book with this emphasis on the truth in the following quotation from Henry Adams, "After all, man knows very little, but may some day learn enough of his own ignorance to fall down and pray."



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## *Appendices*

### APPENDIX A

#### Staff Officers of Department of Commerce, 1933-1938

- Secretary of Commerce: Daniel C. Roper.  
Assistant Secretary: John Dickinson, Ernest G. Draper, Richard C. Patterson.  
Assistant Secretary: Ewing Y. Mitchell, J. M. Johnson.  
Administrative Assistant to the Secretary: Malcolm Kerlin.  
Transportation Assistant: Labert St. Clair.  
Assistant to the Secretary: Chester H. McCall, Ashley Sowell, Aubrey C. Mills,  
Miller C. Foster.  
Secretary to the Secretary: Margie G. Renn.  
Solicitor: South Trimble, Jr.  
Assistant Solicitor: James J. O'Hara.  
Assistant to the Solicitor: E. T. Quigley.  
Chief Clerk and Superintendent: E. W. Libbey.  
Chief, Division of Accounts: Charles E. Molster.  
Chief, Division of Personnel: Edward J. Gardner.  
Chief, Division of Publications: Thomas F. McKeon.  
Chief, Division of Purchases and Sales: Walter S. Erwin.  
Librarian: Charlotte L. Carmody.  
Director of Air Commerce: Eugene L. Vidal, Fred D. Fagg, Jr., Denis Mulligan.  
Director of the Census: William L. Austin.  
Director, Bureau Foreign & Domestic Commerce: Claudius T. Murchison, Alexander  
V. Dye.  
Director, National Bureau of Standards: Lyman J. Briggs.  
Commissioner, Bureau of Fisheries: Frank T. Bell.  
Commissioner, Bureau of Lighthouses: George R. Putnam, Harold D. King.  
Director, Coast & Geodetic Survey: R. S. Patton, Admiral L. O. Colbert.  
Director, Bureau of Marine Inspection & Navigation: [Associate Directors A. J.  
Tyrer, D. N. Hoover,] Joseph B. Weaver, Commander Richard S. Field.  
Commissioner, Patent Office: Conway P. Coe.  
Publicity: Harry Daniel.

## APPENDIX B

A list of the names and addresses of the men who served on the Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce from the date of organization in 1933 to the date of my resignation as Secretary of Commerce in 1938 follows:

- F. B. Adams, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Air Reduction Co., 60 East 42d Street, New York, New York.
- Winthrop W. Aldrich, Chairman, Board of Directors, The Chase National Bank, 18 Pine Street, New York, New York.
- Shreve M. Archer, President, Archer-Daniels-Midland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- W. L. Batt, President of SKF Industries, Inc., Front Street and Erie Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- James F. Bell, Chairman of the Board, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- M. L. Benedum, President, Benedum Trees Oil Co., Benedum Trees Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
- John D. Biggers, President, Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co., Toledo, Ohio.
- James F. Brownlee, President, Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.
- Joseph H. Callan, 321 Park Hill Drive, San Antonio, Texas.
- C. A. Cannon, President, Cannon Mills Co., Kannapolis, North Carolina.
- W. Dale Clark, President, The Omaha National Bank, Omaha, Nebraska.
- W. L. Clayton, Deputy Federal Loan Administrator, Federal Loan Agency, Washington, D. C.
- Karl T. Compton, President, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- W. Howard Cox, President, The Union Central Life Insurance Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Wm. H. Danforth, Chairman of the Board, Ralston Purina Co., St. Louis, Missouri.
- F. B. Davis, Jr., President, United States Rubber Co., 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York, New York.
- Wm. N. Davis, Vice-President, Phillips Petroleum Co., Bartlesville, Oklahoma.
- Henry S. Dennison, President, Dennison Manufacturing Co., Framingham, Massachusetts.
- R. R. Deupree, President, The Proctor & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Wm. C. Dickerman, President, American Locomotive Co., 30 Church Street, New York, New York.
- Thomas A. Dines, President, The United States National Bank, Denver, Colorado.
- Ernest G. Draper, Member of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, Washington, D. C.
- Robert J. Dunham, 1500 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.
- Gano Dunn, President, The J. G. White Engineering Corporation, 80 Broad Street, New York, New York.
- Pierre S. DuPont, Chairman, E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Delaware.

- Lucius R. Eastman, President, The Hills Brothers Company, 110 Washington Street, New York, New York.
- Robert G. Elbert, 599 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.
- John B. Elliott, Vice-President, Jameson Petroleum Co., 900 Spring Street, Los Angeles, California.
- W. Y. Elliott, Department of Government, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- John H. Fahey, Chairman, Federal Home Loan Bank Board, Washington, D. C.
- Philip J. Fay, Nichols & Fay, Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.
- Lincoln Filene, Chairman of the Board, Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Massachusetts.
- T. Austin Finch, President, Thomasville Chair Company, Thomasville, North Carolina.
- Ralph E. Flanders, President, Jones & Lamson Machine Co., Springfield, Vermont.
- Robert V. Fleming, President, The Riggs National Bank, Washington, D. C.
- J. F. Fogarty, Chairman of the Executive & Finance Committee, The North American Co., New York, New York.
- M. B. Folsom, Treasurer, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.
- Clarence Francis, President, General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.
- James D. Francis, President, Island Creek Coal Co., Huntington, West Virginia.
- H. B. Friele, Vice-President, The Nakat Packing Corporation, Dexter Horton Building, Seattle, Washington.
- Walter S. Gifford, President, American Telephone and Telegraph Co., 195 Broadway, New York, New York.
- A. P. Greensfelder, President, Fruin-Colnon Construction Co., Merchants-Laclede Building, St. Louis, Missouri.
- Lew Hahn, General Manager, National Retail Dry Goods Association, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York, New York.
- Rolland J. Hamilton, Secretary & Treasurer, American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp., 40 West 40th Street, New York, New York.
- Thomas S. Hammond, President, Whiting Corporation, Harvey, Illinois.
- Henry I. Harriman, Division of Metropolitan Planning, New England Power Building, 441 Stuart Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- W. A. Harriman, Chairman of the Board, Union Pacific Railroad Co., New York, New York.
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