

CHAPTER XLIX

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR UNIVERSITY

I do not want anyone who reads this book to get the idea that I am so naive as to imagine that there is no enemy of freedom of teaching save economic privilege. I know there are others, and all I am doing is tackle the biggest one first. If I work for the control of universities by organized farmers and labor unions, it is not because I am unaware that these groups have their interests and prejudices, but merely because I believe that these groups can learn to understand true freedom and justice, whereas I know that a plutocratic class has never been able to learn anything at any time in human history.

In the University of Wisconsin it is interestingly shown that as soon as you break down the rule of special privilege, you find yourself confronted by various kinds of mass prejudice and group interest. The people of the state consider that they own a university, and they expect this university to do their way. The question arises—who shall set the standards, the voters, or the faculty, who think they know more? The Wisconsin farmer drives up to Madison in his automobile, and demands an interview with a dean, saying: “Here I am supporting this university by my taxes, and here you’ve gone and flunked my 236son!” The farmers’ organizations keep jealous watch over the percentage of “flunkings,” and if it is too high, they say the university is being made into a place of academic snobbery. And maybe they are right—it is not so easy to say!

A former state superintendent of education in Wisconsin told me a funny story. It was proposed to have the normal schools teach engineering, but President Van Hise of the university said this was impossible; the university alone could teach engineering, it had mysteriously and mystically efficient methods of doing so. The superintendent met an instructor who had recently been taken on in this school, and thinking he would like to know about these special methods, he asked: “How did they tell you to teach engineering?”

“They didn’t tell me anything,” said the instructor.

“You mean they gave you no special instructions about how you were to teach?”

“Nothing at all,” said the other; then he thought—“Oh, yes, to be sure, they told me to flunk one-third of the students and send them to the Agricultural School!”

Also there are the religious organizations, clamoring for their share of power. There is the so-called “Fundamentalist” movement in the Baptist church, an organization which combines theological with economic obscurantism, and wages vigorous war against the teaching of modern ideas. Professor Otto is giving a course on “Man and

Nature,” an elementary survey of evolution, the most popular course in the university. The Baptists denounce him as an atheist, and all the religious organizations have got together to demand that the university shall drop this course. The place is surrounded by a veritable fortification of religious establishments, all carrying on instruction of their own, and all trying to break into the state institution. There is the Wesleyan Foundation, which hires “student pastors,” and is giving courses off the campus, and wants these courses to count as university credits. They have succeeded in arranging this at the University of Illinois; why not at Wisconsin? There are the Catholics, with a million dollar endowment, a chapel and dormitories, also clamoring for their share of university power and prestige. There is a Lutheran building, an Episcopal chapter-house, and so on. These religious movements are now opened with an official university convocation, and they are pushing, pushing all the time, trying to keep modern science away from the people.

Also, of course, the militarists have been lifted up by the war wave. Wisconsin is compelled to have military training, being a “land grant” institution. So the campus is troubled by the clamor of young men preparing themselves for slaughter. Officers strut about with artificial pomposity—I say artificial, because I suspect they are ex-real estate men and Rotary Club members. However, their disguise serves them with the khaki-clad sheep who rush here and there in response to barked-out orders, and have their photographs taken in long lines, to send home to mamma and papa on the farm. I wandered about watching them; and for variety I came upon a madman, standing all alone on the campus, leaping up like a jumping-jack, shooting his two arms this way and that, and making silence through a megaphone. I was puzzled, until I saw a moving-picture operator taking the scene; it was a “cheer leader” having himself perpetuated!

They have, of course, their athletic craze at Wisconsin, as everywhere else. Enormous sums are handled, and there is the usual graft; favoritism in jobs, free tickets and passes, and the “scalping” of these. There is the usual professionalism, with easy jobs for athletes pretending to go through college. There are the usual fraternities and sororities, organized into little snobbish groups, and busy with student politics, “log-rolling” and “back-scratching.” If the purpose of the university is to prepare students for what they are to meet in outside life, these things, of course, have their place.

They have a daily paper, the “Cardinal,” and I discovered that here also the students are getting a complete training in the ways of the outside world. The “Cardinal” is supposed to be the publication of the student body, and those who edit it are supposed to do the work for the honor and the experience. But large sums are taken in and no one knows where they go. There was an investigation by the student senate,

and the findings were kept secret. One student on the board persisted in asking questions, and he was expelled; he ran for re-election, and on the very day of election the paper published an elaborate attack upon his integrity; his answer was published 238 the day after his defeat! The paper refused publication of another student's article, demanding to know the circulation of the paper and the salaries paid to the editors, if any. It developed that the business manager had borrowed three hundred and seventy dollars from the paper without security, and that there had been other such loans not specified. A pretty complete training for capitalist journalism and politics!

Here, as everywhere, it is the fraternity and sorority groups which run the student body. They bring from their wealthy homes the usual reactionary opinions; and the last reactionary governor, Philipp by name, laid down the ideal of a university a couple of years ago—the mothers and fathers of Wisconsin might rest assured that their university would send their sons and daughters home with the same ideas they had when they came! I picked up a couple of issues of the “Wisconsin Octopus,” a humorous monthly published by the student body. Here is a little sketch, which might have been taken from the “Saturday Evening Post,” showing a long-haired student in spectacles, listening enraptured to a frantic Bolshevik orator on a soap-box, while another figure, labeled “Stude Body,” turns away in disgust. This heads an editorial, “Boost Wisconsin.” “Empty heads are the cause of mental revolution,” says this wise editor—forgetting about stomachs. He denounces “a small group, yet a very insistent and annoying group,” which is attacking its alma mater. “Wisconsin welcomes criticism, but criticism made in a holy and healthy manner. Wisconsin has no room for knockers. They are not welcome.... Let those with radical thoughts keep them to themselves.”

I turn to the front cover of this satisfied publication; it portrays a table in a lobster palace, with a semi-nude girl-student at a supper-party with a man-student. There is a quart bottle of liquor on the table, and another in a bucket of ice beside the table, and the man-student has fallen asleep, dead drunk. Such is student life according to the “Wisconsin Octopus” for May, 1922. And in case this issue be not representative, I take up that of January, 1922. This also portrays on the cover a semi-nude girl-student at a “prom” with a young man-student, who can scarcely be distinguished from the one in the “Arrow” collar advertisement on the back cover. The frontispiece 239 of the issue consists of a drawing entitled: “The Clock Watcher,” and we discover that a “clock watcher” is a man-student observing the ankles of a girl-student. On the next page we find a poem, which speaks for itself:

Absinth makes the heart grow fonder,

Make the lights go blinking yonder,
Makes one lamp-post seem like ten,
Absent absinth, come again.

On the next page we find a cartoon, portraying a semi-nude girl-student, sunk in a lounging chair, smoking a cigarette; we are told:

A good woman's a good woman,
But a smoke's a smoke.

On the next page we find some sketches, seeming to indicate that the "prom" is a kind of college kissing game, and that at the end of this game the girl lies in a drunken swoon. Later on we find three drawings, "The Famous Prom Soak," which tell us in three funny ways that the "prom" is a place where both boys and girls get drunk and have a headache the next morning. A little farther on occurs an illustration of a boy and girl who are conversing:

"I know something that beats the Prom."

"What?"

"Buy a car, and park some place."

A little later we learn: "If it's stag, it's a souse-party." A little later we see a girl walking on an electric-light wire, and it is explained to us, "A modern girl can't be shocked."

I think I have quoted enough. I leave it to the impartial reader to decide the question—whose heads are empty at the University of Wisconsin? Is it the little group of devoted idealists of the Social Science Club, who in the face of ridicule and scolding have brought a series of writers and public men, both radical and conservative, to discuss modern problems before the student body? Or is it the little set of snobbish fraternity men, who run the social and political life of the university, and edit its publications for the advertising of their own sensuality and cynicism?

240

CHAPTER L

EDUCATION F. O. B. CHICAGO

There was one American captain of industry with a monstrosly developed bump of acquisitiveness; as he described himself: "I am a great clamorer for dividends." It was frequently charged that in the early days his clamoring—or at any rate that of his

subordinates—did not stop at arson and burglary; it is certain that it did not stop at railroad rebates, “midnight tariffs,” and numerous other violations of law. By such means he made himself master of the oil industry of the country, and was on the way to acquiring the railways and the banks and the Child’s restaurants. He had made one or two hundred millions of dollars, and was busily turning it into one or two billions; but he found rising against him a clamor of public execration, and the poor rich man, whose second most conspicuous bump was of fear, began casting about for some way to take the curse off himself.

About that time he met an educator—one of these typical American combinations of financial shrewdness and moral fervor, a veritable wizard of a money-getter, a “vamp” in trousers, a grand, impressive, inspirational Chautauqua potentate. The old oil king was completely captivated. We can imagine him going home to the privacy of the royal bed-chamber, or wherever it is that oil kings and queens exchange domestic confidences. “Say, Laura, I met a fellow today—by crackie, he’s a wonder! He’s a professor of Semitics, or pyrotechnics, or something or other, I forget just what—but he knows everything there is, and he’s going to build me a university and make me the greatest philanthropist in America!”

“Now, John,” says the oil queen, “you better be careful and hold on to your money. The Lord is able to take care of people’s souls, and they don’t need this newfangled modern learning.”

“That’s all right, my dear,” says the oil king, “but every business has to advertise. I figured out that this is the cheapest yet. And, besides, I always wished I’d had an education, so that you and I might get invited out to dinner-parties, and not have everybody laugh at us the way they do.”

241 This oil king had a pathetic trust in education, as something you could buy ready-made for cash, the same as a political machine or a state railroad commission. If anybody tried to put off on him an oil-field that had got salt water in, he would know the difference; but it did not occur to him that there might be fakes in education, or that a petroleum philanthropist might not be able to order the whole of the human spirit, F. O. B. Chicago, thirty days net.

I picture the educational “he-vamp,” President Harper, calling into consultation some fellow-faker in the architectural line. Says the architectural wizard: “I suppose this old bird will want something plain and economical—the biggest floor-space for his money.”

“Not on your life,” says the educational wizard. “He wants something he never saw before; he’s going in for culture. You know I specialize in these old things—Hebrew and Greek and Assyrian and Sanskrit and Egyptian——”

“How would it do to give him a row of pyramids?” says the architectural wizard.

“No,” says the educational wizard, “he would think that was heathen. He’s a religious old bird—a Baptist, like me; that’s how I got him, in fact—met him at an ice cream festival.”

“Oh, well then, it’s plain,” says the architectural wizard. “What we want is real old Gothic—stained-glass windows, mullioned, and crenellated battlements, and moated draw-bridges——”

“That sounds great!” says the educational wizard. “What does it look like?”

“I’ll have one of my office boys get you up a sketch this afternoon,” says the architectural wizard. “It’s a good style from our point of view, because it uses about four times as much stone per square foot of floor-space, and stone is where we get our rake-off.”

A thousand years ago, you understand, men rode over the earth, clad in heavy iron armor, like hard-shell crabs. Every joint had to be tightly covered, lest a flying arrow should pierce the crack; and when they built themselves homes they were moved by this same terror of swift arrows, so they made the windows narrow and deep. They built the walls of thick stone to withstand the pounding of 242 battering-rams, and to hold up the enormous weight of the pile. Such was the origin of “Gothic” architecture; and I do not know any better way to expose to you the elaborate system of buncombe which is called “higher education” than to state that here in twentieth century America, where we know of bows and arrows only in poetry, and have the materials and the skill to build structures of steel and glass, big and airy and bright as day—we deliberately go and reproduce the architectural monstrosities, the intellectual and spiritual deformities of a thousand years ago, and compel modern chemists and biologists and engineers to do their research work by artificial light, for fear of arrows which ceased to fly when the last Indian was penned up in a reservation.

Not alone at the University of Chicago do you find stone towers with crenellated battlements—that is, notches through which arrows may be fired, and stones and flaming Standard Oil hurled down; you find them at college after college all over the United States. I look up some pictures I happen to have—here they are at Princeton and at Syracuse and at Colorado! You find Columbia University spending several millions for a huge Roman temple of white marble, called a library—a structure which

is magnificent for picture post-card purposes, but which gives about ten per cent of the shelf-room that should have been bought for the money, and compels everybody in the main reading-room to use electric lights most of the day!

I recall one of my earliest radical impulses, derived from the spectacle I used to see when I stayed late in the afternoon in this library building. From regions unknown would emerge an army of old women with buckets and scrubbing-brushes; pitiful, wizened up old creatures crawling about the marble corridors on their hands and knees, mopping up the dirt of the students' feet and the spittle of their mouths. Manifestly, this cleaning might have been done by machinery, it might have been done by able-bodied men with mops; but women were cheaper, and there were those in charge of the university's affairs who cared more about money than humanity.

Of course, we know what such persons will answer; the old women were glad to get the work. In the same way they answer that chemists and biologists and engineers are glad to get a chance to do research work, even at cost of their eyesight. At the University of Chicago they discovered that men were anxious to get such work, even at the cost of their health. In his book, "The Higher Learning in America," Thorstein Veblen tells of an incident which happened in a certain laboratory "dedicated to one of the branches of biological science." Having been for ten years a professor at the University of Chicago, Professor Veblen felt under the necessity of withholding names; but I am not under the same necessity, and I make so bold as to state that it occurred in the Hull Biological Laboratory of the University of Chicago.

The building was supposed to be ventilated by a hot air system; fresh air was taken in from the outside, and warmed over steam coils, and distributed through the building. It began to be noted that members of the scientific staff were mysteriously falling sick. They would be forced to stay at home, or to take a vacation; they would get well, and then come back and get sick again. Finally, one professor went rooting about in the basement of the building, and made the discovery that the university authorities, in order to save the cost of heating, had boarded up the outside intake, so that the air which passed through the steam-coils was being derived in part from a manhole leading to a sewer. The great capitalist university had found it too costly to heat its Gothic halls—playfully described by Veblen as "heavy ceiled, ill-lighted lobbies, which might have served as a mustering place for a body of unruly men at arms, but which mean nothing more to the point today than so many inconvenient flag-stones to be crossed in coming and going."

CHAPTER LI

THE UNIVERSITY OF STANDARD OIL

Providence arranged it that soon after the University of Chicago was built, the oil king's digestion gave out, and he retired to the country to live on graham crackers and milk and play golf all day. The job of turning his two hundred million dollars into two billions was left to his efficient subordinates, and they were not so much interested in the old man's advertising ventures, so that the university was left to run itself. Veblen describes its spirit as "a ravenous megalomania." For years President Harper followed the plan of buying everything he wanted, and sending the bill to John D. But that was stopped, and now the running of the university is seen to by the usual board of interlocking directors, mostly elderly Baptists. They have had in past times some first-rate scientists; what they have now is a faculty of aged dotards, who set the tone of the place, and the young men try to act dotards to the best of their ability.

They are sensitive on the subject of petroleum at the university; they blush at mention of the word, and do not admit the conventional book-plates showing the lamp of knowledge. Some time ago a wag composed a "doxology" for use by the students, and the young radicals have fun with this—

Praise God from whom oil blessings flow,

Praise him, oil creatures here below,

Praise him above, ye heavenly host,

Praise Father, Son—but John the most.

I met one professor at the University of Chicago who insisted that teaching was entirely free. He added, with some asperity: "Of course you will do the Bemis story! We shall never hear the end of the Bemis story."

"Too bad!" I said, sympathetically. "I haven't heard that story; what is it?"

"Just a piece of slander," said the professor. "I know positively that the case of Bemis was not a case of academic freedom at all, and he himself admits it."

That was something definite. I ascertained that Edward W. Bemis is an economist and engineer, with offices in Chicago and New York, so I wrote and asked him about the matter. I quote his letter, and leave it for you to form your own judgment:

I was called from Vanderbilt University to the University of Chicago to the chair of Associate Professor of Economics and Sociology, at the opening of the University of Chicago in October, 1892. In March, 1895, President Harper informed me that the trustees had dropped me from the faculty the previous December, to take effect in

July, 1895. He informed me then and in subsequent conversations that my attitude on public utility and labor questions was the cause, and that if he cared to 245talk about the reasons for my dismissal, I could not secure any other college position in the country.

A great deal was made of the matter in the newspapers all over this country, under the heading of College Freedom, and many papers took it up. I did teach after that, for two years, 1897-9, in the Kansas State Agricultural College, but, finding no openings in the larger universities, I turned my attention exclusively to the investigation of public utility questions, and to assisting states, cities and commissions in such matters. I found a congenial field as head of the Cleveland, Ohio, Water Department, under Tom L. Johnson, from September, 1901, to 1910, and have since then spent my strength on building up an organization of engineers and accountants devoted to assisting cities and states and other public bodies, including the national government, in appraisals and rate adjustments of public utilities.

I received no calls for teaching, save as above mentioned, since I was forced out of the University of Chicago, and for over twenty years have sought none. I have never been a Socialist, or an extremist along any line, but have investigated and to some degree favored public ownership of public utilities, and have had a friendly relation with the American labor movement.

My opposition to the efforts of certain Chicago utilities to secure lighting and street railway franchises, while I was at the University of Chicago, and the public address which I made during the famous Pullman strike in 1894, wherein I did not endorse the strike but did say that the railroads had often boycotted each other, violated law, etc., as well as had the men, were features assigned by President Harper for the opposition to me, resulting in my dismissal by the trustees of the university.

A professor at the University of Chicago who read this manuscript volunteered to get for me the university's side of the story, and he wrote me:

At the time of his "dismissal" Bemis was in the extension division. His appointment ran out and he was offered re-appointment, his remuneration to come from the fees of students. This action might, of course, be described in Mr. Bemis' phrase, "dropped me from the faculty."

I submitted that statement to Professor Bemis, who answered by wire:

My letter which you quote is absolutely correct. No proposition for continuance of my work, half of which was to advanced students within the university walls, was ever made to me.

Another of the casualties of Mr. Rockefeller's university was Professor Triggs, as I have told in "The Brass Check," and I gather they were not sorry when Veblen moved West. I was told that one professor had 246 recently been "on the carpet for excess of radical zeal," and I wrote to ask him if this was true. He answered that the trouble he had got into was for being away too much. Said he: "I have never known of anyone at Chicago being interfered with in any way 'for excess of radical zeal.' To be sure, no such excess exists." Which I find a charming reply!

To the same effect is the testimony of John C. Kennedy, formerly a professor at the University of Chicago. Questioned by Chairman Walsh of the Industrial Relations Commission, Professor Kennedy stated concerning the faculty: "A sincere desire to deal with fundamental conditions does not seem to be there in most cases.... I think they are a poor crowd among which to look for leaders to bring about any fundamental change in social conditions." The reason for Professor Kennedy's discontent was that he had been engaged by the University of Chicago Settlement to make a survey of labor and living conditions among the Stockyards workers. He had prepared an elaborate and thoroughly documented report, which several of the packers found satisfactory; but Swift & Company—which has a member of the firm on the board of the University of Chicago—objected that Professor Kennedy had drawn "political conclusions" from his data; that is, he had suggested a remedy for the evil conditions in the Stockyards, for the workers to organize to protect themselves! These portions of the report were cut out before it was published, and the whole matter was hushed up, both by the university authorities and by the newspapers of the interlocking directorate in Chicago.

They have one "renommir professor" at Chicago, and are very proud of him. I don't think I exaggerate in saying that out of the score of faculty members I talked with on the subject of academic freedom, not one failed to mention Robert Morss Lovett as the university's certificate of emancipation from Standard Oil. Out of the warmth of his big heart Professor Lovett gives his help to Hindoo revolutionists thrown into jail, and to Russian sweat-shop workers clubbed over the head by the police. I asked him to read this manuscript, and he tells me that he thinks I am too severe upon the university. He wonders what I will have to say about places like Minnesota and Illinois, which are so much worse. To avoid misunderstanding, 247 let me state that I have not been able to find a single one of the great American universities which is truly liberal or truly free; but there are degrees of badness among them, and the University of Chicago is one of the best. I have no desire to deny it due credit, therefore I note Professor Lovett's comment—that during the early days of the university President Harper stood for liberalism in religion, and thereby lost much Baptist money; also that

the university made an enviable record during the war, in that there was no interference with the private views of any professor on this question.

Shortly after the war there developed a strong movement to refuse diplomas to about a dozen of the students who were accused of radical activities, but this movement was defeated at the last minute. I talked with several of these students, and with others who are now struggling to defend ideas of social justice at the university. They had a little paper, called "Chanticleer," and were so indiscreet as to reprint an article from the Seattle "Union Record" praising the paper. So the student daily hailed them as the "boy Bolsheviks" of the university, and both students and professors joined in a campaign of ridicule and sneering. The climax came with the fourth issue, containing an article by Clarence Darrow; not twenty students could be found to distribute this. Among the most active in attacking the little paper was a dean who has just died; he never lost an opportunity to denounce the radicals, and gave no scholarships or honors to such. I am presenting in this book many cases of college professors "let out" for speaking intemperately about conservatives; I am wondering if anyone will answer me by telling of a single professor "let out" from an American college for speaking intemperately about radicals!

I talked with another professor at Chicago, who does not want his name used. I asked him what he thought about the status of his profession, and he gave the best description of academic freedom in America that I have yet come upon. He said: "We are good cows; we stand quietly in our stanchions, and give down our milk at regular hours. We are free, because we have no desire to do anything but what we are told we ought to do. And we die of premature senility."

They have another professor at the University of Chicago ²⁴⁸who is not entirely satisfied with America as it is, and that is Robert Herrick, the novelist. He expressed the fear that I might try to write the same kind of book as "The Brass Check"; that is, to show direct pressure of financial interests upon college professors—whereas the way it is done is by class feeling, by the tradition of academic dignity, the prestige of old and established things, "the tone of the house." I took the liberty of telling Professor Herrick of a few cases I had collected, and he admitted that he had had no idea there were things like that going on.

Robert Herrick would, of course, never fail in urbanity and graciousness; but fundamentally, I think he is more pessimistic about American education than I am. He said: "Universities can't get money except by getting great numbers of students; so they dare not set any higher standards than rival institutions in the same neighborhood. So the American soul stays flabby; all that counts is show, and in every

department you get by with superficiality. It is a lunch-counter system of education; read a novel and get a credit; then go out into the world, and use your college prestige to make a fortune; and then give your name to a college building. We do absolutely nothing for men and women who come to college, in the way of giving them true culture, higher standards of thought or conduct. I go to any university club and look over the alumni, and I see that we have given them no distinction—in dress, in speech, in morals, in ideas. You cannot tell them from the bathtub salesmen or the agents of barbers' supplies you meet in the lobby of the Blackstone Hotel."

The above is from a man who has been teaching for twenty-nine years at the University of Chicago; and you may compare it with the pungent remark of Professor Cattell, who was a teacher for twenty-six years at Columbia: "The average university club in America could more easily dispense with its library than with its bar."

249

CHAPTER LII

LITTLE HALLS FOR RADICALS

The touchiest problem with all academic authorities is that of "outside speakers." They can handle their own professors; by care in selecting instructors, and weeding out the undesirables before they get prestige, they can keep dangerous ideas from creeping into the classrooms. But it always happens there are half a dozen students who come from Socialist homes, and these get together and call themselves some society with a college name, and start inviting labor agitators and literary self-advertisers, to disturb the dignity and calm of scholarship. This puts the university administration in a dilemma; they are damned if they do and damned if they don't. If they refuse to let the radical propagandist in, there is a howl that they are repressing freedom of thought; on the other hand, if they do let him in, who can figure what millionaire may be led to alter his will?

There is always a little group of disturbers at every large university; and those at Chicago were moved to invite Upton Sinclair to come to their campus and repeat his Wisconsin performance. I was not present at the consultation between the president of the University of Chicago and his loyal and efficient secretary; but I have been able to imagine the scene. You understand, there isn't a particle of prejudice against radicals, and we have absolute freedom of speech at our university, we are willing for the students to hear anyone they wish; but we decide that we had better minimize the trouble by confining this literary self-advertiser to a small hall, so that students will not announce the meeting, and the newspapers won't hear about it, and the wealthy trustees and donors may not know that it has happened.

But the day before the lecture there is excitement in our president's office—Upton Sinclair has arrived in Chicago, and has telephoned asking for an interview. He comes; and we discover that he has shaved off the bushy black Bolshevik whiskers in which we had every right to expect to find him; also he has left off his red necktie, and has adopted a gentle and seductive smile—you know how cunning these Bolsheviks are! Our president's secretary ²⁵⁰tries to smooth him down—tells him what a great novelist he is, and how delighted we are to have him speak at our university, and how, of course, there is no particle of prejudice against radicals. Then he is taken into the dark Gothic chamber where our aged president sits by the dim light of arrow-proof windows.

Harry Pratt Judson has been at our university since it was founded thirty years ago, and is a holder of ten college degrees, and a high interlocking director in all the Rockefeller foundations for the guidance of American intellectual life. Also he is the author of a manual for college presidents entitled: "The Higher Education as a Training for Business," a book which deserves to be required reading for every course in educational administration, a standard guide to the art of persuading the rich to put up their money for mullioned windows and crenellated battlements and moated draw-bridges. There has to be somebody to keep the interlocking directorate aware of the importance of culture, and Harry Pratt Judson is the boy for this job; showing how a college education really does pay in dollars and cents, and putting it in language so simple that the basest pork merchant over at the "yards" can get the point. Says our President Judson: "Men buy and sell, not merely for fun, but for profit." And again: "A reputation for honest dealing with customers is a valuable asset." And again: "The habit of sustained mental application is got only by persistently applying the mind to work in a systematic way." Can any one deny these statements? If so, let him speak, or forever after hold his peace, while we, the administration of the University of Chicago, assert and declare that our Harry Pratt Judson is an educated educator and an inspired inspirationalist.

The Bolshevik author enters the presidential sanctum, still with that evil seductive smile. He explains that he has spoken to an audience of two thousand people at the University of Wisconsin, and fears that a hall seating only two hundred people will not accommodate those who wish to hear him at Chicago. He understands there is a large auditorium, Mandel Hall, which seats thirteen hundred——

"Ah, yes," says our president, with that urbanity which distinguishes him, "but we are accustomed to reserve ²⁵¹Mandel Hall for speakers who are invited by the university."

“Well,” says the Bolshevik author—could anyone imagine the impudence?—“I should be perfectly willing to be invited by the university.”

“I’m afraid that could hardly be arranged,” says our president, as sweetly as ever. “Of course, Mr. Sinclair, you understand that we are quite willing for our students to listen to anyone’s ideas; we have absolute freedom of speech at this university, but we have our established traditions regarding the use of our halls, and you could not expect us to make an exception in your case.”

“Well,” says the Bolshevik author, “it would seem, President Judson, that your idea of freedom of speech is that the radicals have a small hall and the conservatives a large hall.”

But even that does not cause our president to waver in his urbanity. He is an old and wise man, accustomed to handling many crude people—you cannot imagine the things he has had said to him by pork merchants! He smiles his gentle, rebuking smile, and says: “You must admit, Mr. Sinclair, it would be better for you to have a hall that is too small than to have one that is too large.”

To this the fellow answers that he is willing to take the risk. So our president sees there is nothing to be gained by prolonging the discussion, and tells him in plain words that the hall which has been assigned him is the only hall he can have.

The Bolshevik author goes out, and doubtless would like to denounce us in the newspapers, but our interlocking trustees have seen to that—they own all the newspapers in Chicago, and Upton Sinclair stays in the city a week, and not one pays any attention to his presence. More than that, we have got things so arranged all over the United States that Upton Sinclair can spend three months traveling over the country, stopping at twenty-five cities, and in all that time have only two newspaper reporters come to ask him for an interview!

However, we know that he is a dangerous customer, and we watch with some trepidation to see what he will do. On the evening of the lecture we go to the hall, and fifteen minutes before the time set we find a state of affairs—truly, we don’t know whether to be amused or 252irritated. We can’t think how the students managed to hear about this unadvertised lecture, and it is a distressing thing to see so many young people with a craving for unwholesome sensation. They have packed the little hall; the aisles are solid with them; they are hanging from our mullioned windows, and blocking all the corridors outside the many doors. And all the time more of them coming!

The Bolshevik author arrives, accompanied by two or three professors. We have always said that these “reds” ought to be kicked off the faculty, and now we see the consequences of tolerating them! The author shoves his way to the platform, and—we tremble with indignation even now as we recall his proceedings—he tells the students about his interview with our august president, and states plainly that he thinks we have discriminated against him because he is a radical. He asserts, on the authority of several students, that no difficulty has ever before been raised about giving Mandel Hall for speakers invited by students; also he mentions that the university has barred Raymond Robins and Rabindranath Tagore. And we note that a large percentage of the audience laugh and applaud, as if they thought such fellows ought to be heard! He goes on to say that outside is a beautiful warm spring evening, and a quadrangle with soft green grass, and thick Gothic walls to shelter it from the wind. If they will go outside and squat, he will come and talk to them, and there will be plenty of room for everyone who wishes to hear his self-laudations.

The students laugh and cheer—what can you expect of young people, who have little sense of dignity, and think this is a lark? They troop outside, and more come running up from all directions. Never in the thirty years of our university has there been such a violation of propriety. For an hour the man delivers a rankly socialistic harangue to fifteen hundred students, and when he tries to stop, they clamor for him to go on, they crowd about and ask him questions, and he is kept talking until eleven o’clock at night, telling our young men and women about strikes and graft—all the most dangerous ideas, which we have been working so hard to keep away from them! Even things right here in Chicago—the fact that our biggest newspapers have their buildings upon land which they have stolen from the city schools; the fact that our school-board has been stealing several millions of dollars of the people’s money, while a clerk of our city jail has got away with three thousand dollars belonging to his prisoners!

However, we are happy to say that some of our students resisted these Bolshevik blandishments, and gave proof of the principles we have instilled into them. We have a university paper called the “Daily Maroon,” which the radicals impudently dub the “Moron.” This paper next day had a report of the meeting, and it certainly was delightful the way they gave it to the oratorical author: “His talk was a more or less skilful combination of a frenzied street corner gathering (to be sure, there was no soap-box), and a lecture in Political Economy on capital and labor and the feudal system. All the old platitudes used for the last decade in liberal workmen’s papers were repeated.” You will not fail to appreciate the gentlemanly tone of that rebuke; and then, this most cruel cut of all: “One is tempted, too, to wonder what kind of novels

Mr. Sinclair writes; if they are as full of mistakes in grammar as his address last night, his publishers must be gray around the temples.” Reading the above, we were so much pleased that we sent marked copies to all the directors of the Standard Oil Company and the packers, so that our friends might have proof that the better classes of our students do not read socialistic books.

That was the end of the incident, except for a trick which the wretched Bolshevik played upon us. Would you believe it, he wasn’t cowed by the rebuke of the “Daily Maroon,” but actually tried to seduce our student body next afternoon by engaging in a tennis match with the champion of our university. Our champion beat him, though by an effort so mighty that it split his pants. But all the time the author was being beaten, he kept up a hypocritical pretense of good nature, intending thereby to win the regard of our young and unsophisticated undergraduates. In this purpose we are sorry to say he seemed to be successful, for next day the “Daily Maroon” appeared with a grave editorial, in which it took back at least a portion of the previous day’s well-deserved rebuke:

Upton Sinclair plays tennis more pleasingly than he talks or writes. Although he lost two sets to Captain Frankenstein 254yesterday afternoon, he did it with a grace that does not characterize his books and speeches. He played and lost like a sportsman. He gave no evident sign of petty displeasure at being defeated. One admires manliness, and one finds far more of it in witnessing Mr. Sinclair on the tennis court than in reading one of his tearful harangues of the yellow press which, he declares, has hounded him, and suppressed his thoughts.

All we can say about that is, how fortunate that so few Bolsheviks take part in athletics!

CHAPTER LIII

THE UNIVERSITY OF JUDGE GARY

There is another great ruling class munition-factory in the vicinity of Chicago, Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois. It is one of those terrible places, of which there are scores in the United States, which began as little church institutions, and by the grace of graft have grown to enormous size. Northwestern is Methodist, and has some ten thousand strictly pious students, and over six hundred instructors, and not a rag of an idea to cover its bare bones. The man who was until last year its president fitted himself for that office by being the university’s “Director of the Bureau of Salesmanship Research.” The first vice-president of the university is the general counsel of the Illinois Steel Company; the third vice-president is vice-president of the Illinois Steel Company; while the grand duke is the very grandest of all grand dukes in

the United States—that prince of open shoppers and potentate of reaction, Judge Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation!

For many years previously the leading grand duke was James A. Patten, the grain speculator, whose million dollar corner in wheat was the sensation of my boyhood. Mr. Patten began life as a clerk in a country store, and his claim to direct a great educational institution is based upon his acquaintance with the grain commission business, one of the most thoroughly organized of American swindles. Mr. Patten is director of two national banks, a trust company, a grain company, and an Edison company. He is a malignant “open shopper,” and during his reign at Northwestern waged incessant war upon two or three liberals who got into the place.

255One of these men was Professor Gray, whom we have already met at the University of Minnesota. Gray managed to stick at Northwestern for sixteen years. He taught economics; a liberal colleague taught psychology, and the president of the university remarked to a friend of mine that these were the two hardest departments he had to administer, because one touched on religion and the other on the pocket-book! Gray was handicapped in the usual way by low salaries and lack of promotion for himself and his assistants. For many years he tried to get Harry Ward as assistant, but could never manage it.

Mr. Patten was twice elected mayor of Evanston, and when he ran again, Professor Gray, who was a Progressive, talked against him, and led the Progressive forces in the legislature that drove Patten’s chairman out. Naturally, that caused Mr. Patten intense annoyance. He had given the university a gymnasium, and a generous share of the millions he had extracted from the bread supply of the American people. So he demanded that the president should support him; and the president sent for Gray, and proceeded to administer a rebuke. Gray asked: “Are you speaking officially or as an individual?”

The climax of the affair was that Gray asked to meet Patten and thresh the matter out face to face. They met at luncheon, and Patten presented his complaint. He was sore because Gray had quoted him as saying with regard to the pious students of the university—“it had cost more to get out the Bible vote than any other.” “But,” said Gray, “you did say that, didn’t you?” Patten admitted that he had said it, so Professor Gray finally offered to settle the matter by writing a letter to both the Evanston newspapers, stating exactly what Mr. Patten admitted he had said, and exactly what he denied; but Patten was not satisfied with this settlement of the difficulty!

A little later Professor Gray was appointed by the National Civic Federation as one of a committee of economists to investigate municipal ownership in Europe. They were all

supposed to be reactionaries, and their findings were supposed to be what they knew the National Civic Federation wanted; but Professor Gray had the wretched taste to become converted to the doctrines of municipal ownership by the facts he observed in Europe, and he so stated in his report. When he got a proof of this report 256he found that it had been doctored in the office of Mr. Ralph Easley, the very ardent “open shopper” and hundred per cent plutocratic secretary of that organization. The professor had to threaten a law-suit against the National Civic Federation in order to force them to correct the report.

Also, Gray had a “run-in” with Charles Deering, Harvester Trust magnate, the second grand duke of the board. Deering asked Gray to speak against a strike of the Harvester Trust workers, and said that he purposed to put this strike down with guns. “Yes, Mr. Deering,” said the professor, “but suppose the day comes when you are under the sod and the other fellow has the guns.” Needless to say, the authorities of Northwestern were glad when this too popular professor received an offer from the University of Minnesota, which had come for the moment under a liberal administration. A friend of mine was present at a private luncheon, at which Mr. Patten made the statement that he had got rid of Gray, and was now going to get rid of another man.

This especially pious university is the one we mentioned as having established a rule that only bachelors are to be accepted as teachers; also the one which we found officially declaring that excellence in a college professor lies, not in his being able to teach, but in his diligence in raking in the dust-heaps of history. Last spring they gave their grand duke the usual honorary degree, and took occasion to have him instruct their ten thousand students in the principles of American piety. A copy of the address lies before me, one of those beautifully but mysteriously printed pamphlets which bear the name of no publisher and no purchase price, but manage to get circulated by hundreds of thousands of copies all over the country.

The subject of Judge Gary’s address is “Ethics in Business,” and he begins by making some curious admissions. There was a time, “not many years ago, perhaps not much more than a score,” when in American business “the rule of might over right prevailed.... Competition was tyrannical and destructive. Weaker competitors were forced out of business, often by means not only unethical but severe and brutal. The graves of insolvents were strewn along the paths of industrial development and 257operation. The financially strong grew stronger and richer.”

Of course you understand what all this means; it is an amiable preliminary to the statement which Judge Gary is going to make, that now all these evil things have changed, this wicked time has passed! But I would like to put to Judge Gary the

question: how did it happen to pass? Who brought it about, and what were you, Judge Gary, doing at the time? Were you going about the country, telling boys and girls in colleges about the need of business reform? The question answers itself. At that time Judge Gary was head of the Federal Steel Company, and busily engaged in organizing the Steel Trust, the most perfect illustration in America of the evils he refers to. Also he was engaged in denouncing as agitators and disturbers of the public peace the very men, from Theodore Roosevelt down, whose labors on behalf of reform he now pretends to justify and accept.

In those wicked days, he tells the students, the masters of industry “did not give to employes just consideration. The wage rates were adjusted strictly in accordance with the laws of supply and demand. The welfare of the workmen was decided almost entirely from the standpoint of utility and profit.” But now, all that is over. “The large majority of business men now conduct their affairs” on the basis “that employes are associates rather than servants, and should be treated accordingly.... Conscientious treatment of employes which secures their respect and confidence will tend to increase their loyalty and efficiency.” And this from the man who continues to maintain throughout the greatest industry in America a twelve-hour day, with a twenty-four-hour day once a week! Who uses all the power of his colossal organization to deny to his employes the most essential of all industrial rights—the right to organize for their own protection! Who, as an incident to this policy, maintains the most widespread and most infamous system of espionage and terrorism that has ever been known in an Anglo-Saxon country! This man, who pays more money to spies and provocateurs in one year than the czar of all the Russians paid in ten—this man, whose hands are slimy with the blood of union organizers shot down in cold blood, whose lips are foul with ten thousand lies, told about his 258 wage-slaves during the last steel strike—this man has the insolence to stand up before a commencement audience at a “Christian” university, and declare that justice and kindness now prevail in American big business, and that wage rates are no longer “adjusted strictly in accordance with the laws of supply and demand!”

Such is the state of social conscience in the greatest educational institution of the Methodist church in America; but, thank God, the entire church no longer applauds this re-crucifixion of Jesus. The Inter-church Federation has issued a report on the steel strike; and if you want to know just how honest a man Judge Gary is, take the trouble to read their account of the handling of this strike by his Pittsburgh newspapers. After that you will be able to get the full humor of the comment of Bishop McConnell of the Methodist church upon the giving of the degree to Gary. At the “Evanston Conference” the bishop said that the conferring of this degree did not

mean any intellectual attainments on the part of the recipient; “it merely means that for certain specific and well-known purposes you are giving him a degree.” In other words, you are selling your soul for the price of a building!

CHAPTER LIV

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE GRAND DUCHESS

We take the Illinois Central Railroad, with its Columbia trustee, a recent University of Chicago trustee, a Knox College and a Rockford College trustee, and an Armour Institute trustee, and one First National, one Guaranty Trust, and two National City Bank directors, and find ourselves in the town of Urbana, where the state university is located. Here is another of these terrible mushroom places, with a thousand instructors, and ten thousand students exposed to all the ravages of commercialism. I first heard of this university after the publication of “The Jungle,” when the Chicago packers flew to their interlocking regents for protection, and a committee of the university faculty was appointed to inspect the stockyards and report that everything was all right. In return for this, Mr. Armour gave some money for a veterinary college, and Mr. Armour’s partner, Arthur Meeker, 259 was made a regent, and his portrait now hangs in the Sanhedrim where the interlocking regents meet.

This University of Illinois has made itself conspicuous in the glorification of trade; they have a whole college devoted thereto, with an especially large building, and ten years ago they had a solemn ceremonial in which they dedicated this temple to Mammon. The affair was known as a “Conference on Commercial Education and Business Progress,” and doubtless it caused great progress in the business of getting contributions from the plutocracy and its politicians. It lasted two days, and was addressed by such dignitaries as the president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, the dean of the College of Commerce and Administration of the University of Chicago, and the President of the Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois, who was, and still is, chief operating engineer of Edison Electric. There was an invocation to the God of Commerce by the Reverend President of Knox College, and an address by the President of the Illinois Bankers’ Association, who opened the Hall of Fame of the University by presenting a portrait of a lately deceased banker; then there was a prayer of dedication to the God of Bankers by the Reverend President McClelland; and on the evening of the last day there was a banquet tendered by the Commercial Club of Urbana, with all the big business potentates above-mentioned listed as “honored guests,” and preceded by an invocation to the God of Gastronomy.

The university traditions thus established have been reverently cherished. In 1916 the college put on three lectures, under the auspices of the Chicago Board of Trade, dealing with the art of gambling in the staff of your life and mine. A gentleman living in Urbana writes me:

These lectures were illustrated by lantern slides, conspicuous among which was one giving the signals used on the Board of Trade in the rapid gambling when the Board is in session. This was minutely dwelt upon and the manual code of signs fully explained. After the close of the lecture I went to a fine old professorial acquaintance. I said: "I know now where my children are taught grain-gambling. If they are to be gamblers I want them to be first-class gamblers. Where do you teach poker, baccarat and other games?" He said: "Upon my word, I never knew any such thing was carried 260on by the University of Illinois." He appeared much disconcerted, blushing greatly.

Needless to say, such an institution is profoundly and reverently religious. It is at this place that the various sects have been able to get credits for their teachings. The laws of the state prohibit religious instruction in public institutions; nevertheless, you can go to the University of Illinois and study in the Bible classes of the Baptists, or the Methodists, or the Lutherans, or the Campbellites, or the Seventh Day Adventists—and some day, no doubt, the Holy Rollers; you may learn about how Jonah swallowed the whale, and how David killed Cock Robin with his little bow and arrow; and as a reward for these labors you may receive a university degree—having just as much cultural significance as if it were conferred by the king of Dahomey.

I visited Urbana, and took occasion to inspect a file of the student paper, "The Daily Illini." A Jewish student had written to this paper a polite and respectful letter, suggesting that the university authorities should open the libraries and tennis courts on Sunday, for the benefit of such as might care to make use of them. The reply was a letter from the "dean of men," a piece of insolent rudeness. With elaborate sneering he informed the heathen student that he lived in a Christian community, and must make up his mind that this community intended "to preserve the Christian traditions."

Of course, there would be no use talking about a little thing like the constitution of the United States to so mighty a person as a dean of men in a state university. Nevertheless, I mention in passing that our forefathers put into the constitution a provision that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion"; and this, according to decisions of the Supreme Court, means state legislatures and all bodies deriving their authority therefrom, including regents of state universities and their presidents and deans. Perhaps it will be more to the point if I quote the second

letter of the Jewish student, who suggested that the dean of men should investigate how students really pass their Sunday afternoons and evenings at Illinois: "Shooting craps in the privacy of one's room, playing cards amidst dense clouds of smoke, 261 or shimmying to the strains of some horrible piece of canned jazz."

The board of this university is distinguished in that it has a grand duchess, who makes her home in Urbana, and runs both the university and the town. She is Mrs. Mary E. Busey, wife of a former Democratic congressman; she is president of the Busey National Bank, and a large landowner, and in the year 1913, while a regent, she sold a tract of land to the university for \$160,000 or \$1,000 per acre, while land adjoining the tract was purchased for \$600 per acre. Mrs. Busey herself attended these meetings and voted for this purchase from herself. (Attention Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University!)

For president of her university Mrs. Busey selected an aged and venerable product of the university's own regime, who began his career twenty-eight years ago as director of the School of Commerce. He is David Kinley, locally known as "King David." I am told by several who have been his victims that he never fails to question an applicant for a position as to whether he is a Socialist. "This is no time for disloyalty," he says; nor will it ever be such a time while King David reigns.

Before the war the university was not so careful, and agitators and disturbers of the academic peace crept in. There was one young member of the faculty who had acquired at the University of Oxford the evil habit of going without his hat, and in October, 1917, the dean of the Graduate School delivered an address to the graduate students, formally condemning this practice. Other members of the faculty were seen to be smoking on the street—whereas we have learned from the Jewish student that university smoking is done only at poker and jazz parties. Another member was reported to the president by the dean of the college, on the charge of having accepted an invitation to speak on the topic, "Philosophical Reasons for the Non-existence of God." Fortunately, he was able to prove that he had not accepted such an invitation; also that he had not received it.

Another member of the faculty received an elaborate letter from the head of the sociological department, reporting several evil remarks he was said to have made to other professors, regarding his having taken some whiskey 262 with him on a camping trip, and other such matters. This professor was placed on trial before his dean, and was acquitted of the evil remarks. Later there were dreadful allegations concerning members of the faculty having been seen to be drinking at a supper-party at the country club. All the servants of the club were interviewed by a faculty committee, and

denied the charges, and the agitation died down. Nevertheless, the activities of the scandal bureau continued, and the grand duchess became fearfully wrought up. Another investigation was conducted, this time by secret service agents of the United States government. Five professors were summoned, one of them a lady, Miss Shepherd, and she was told that she was “a rank, rotten, vicious Socialist and Anarchist.” Mrs. Busey was terribly upset, and wrung her hands, exclaiming, “To think that members of my faculty should behave in this way!” “My faculty?” questioned Professor Tolman. “Do you mean to say we are your hired servants?” “Well,” replied Mrs. Busey, “you are in my employ!” This was one of the incidents I mentioned to Professor Robert Herrick, who lives in his ivory tower at the University of Chicago, only a hundred miles away, and thinks that college professors are controlled by “the tone of the house,” and never get direct orders from the plutocracy!

The upshot of the matter was a formal trial before the interlocking regents, with the dean of the Graduate School presiding. A great array of witnesses were summoned, and several of the victims described the scene to me. The affair was carried through with the utmost solemnity; the master of ceremonies would enter and announce: “Two witnesses wait without.” The two witnesses would be led in, and questioned as to what evil things they knew about the radical professors. One old lady, wife of a high-up faculty-member, had a dreadful charge: “Well, they sit next us in the Faculty Club, and it’s very unpleasant; Mr. Stevens laughs a great deal!”

The ceremonies lasted from ten o’clock in the morning until ten o’clock at night, and every now and then the accused professors would demand a chance to cross-question this or that witness, and they would be told: “Wait; you will have your chance.” Witness after witness testified as to their political and religious beliefs, but they themselves were given no chance to be heard, neither ²⁶³were they permitted to call any witnesses for their side. Late at night the proceedings were adjourned, and the chance they had been promised was never given.

Even with this one-sided procedure, nothing wrong could be found with them, and the report of the regents exonerated them completely. Nevertheless, two of them were let out at the end of the year, and a third, Professor Richard C. Tolman, resigned. It is amusing to note that the charge against him had been disloyalty to his government, and as soon as he quit the university he was taken by his government into its most difficult and confidential service—the Department of Chemical Warfare! Apparently he gave satisfaction, for his government made him a major, and later on put him in charge of nitrogen fixation work.

CHAPTER LV

THE UNIVERSITY OF AUTOMOBILES

We take the Wabash Railroad to Detroit, traveling under the protection of a Columbia University trustee; and from Detroit we take the Michigan Central Railroad, with a Columbia trustee, a Cornell trustee, a Rochester trustee and a recent Yale and New York University trustee for directors and two First National, two Guaranty Trust, and two National City Bank directors; and so we arrive at Ann Arbor, home of the University of Michigan. In the upper peninsula of this State are enormous deposits of copper, with a great trust, Calumet and Hecla, in charge of the region. We shall feel at home here, because the enterprise is financed by Lee-Higginson, and all the old Boston families, the Shaws, Agassizs, Higginsons and Lowells, got in on the ground floor. So now when strikers have to be shot down or kidnapped, we find highly cultured graduates of Harvard in charge of the job; when they have to be lied about, the Associated Press is ready, with a Harvard graduate as general manager—see “The Brass Check,” pages 358-361.

In the lower peninsula are great manufacturing cities, including Detroit, headquarters of the automobile industry. The grand duke of the state university is Frank B. Leland, president of the United Savings Bank and brother of a great motor magnate. As his right-hand agent and local manager at Ann Arbor he has Mr. Junius P. Beal, former owner of the Ann Arbor “Times,” prominent Republican politician, director of a bank and an insurance company, and owner of most of the saloon property in Detroit; also Judge Murfin, a leading stand-pat politician; a doctor, who is also an active politician; the manager of the Grand Rapids street railways, who is interested in banks; and a Bay City manufacturer, who is president of a national bank.

No account of education in Michigan would be complete which did not mention Senator Newberry, the especial darling of the plutocracy of the state. Newberry is the son-in-law of A. V. Barnes, president of the American Book Company, which is the school-book trust, the most important single agency in the corrupting of American education. We shall come to know this American Book Company intimately when we deal with our public schools. Suffice it for the moment to say that when ex-Secretary of the Navy Newberry bought his way into the United States Senate, he used money which had been pilfered from the school children of the United States. Mr. Fred Cody, henchman of Newberry, and convicted with him, is an American Book Company agent, while his brother, Frank Cody, is superintendent of schools in Detroit. You see what a tight little system they have in Michigan!

As president of the university they had until two years ago a native son, who began teaching there fifty years ago. He is described to me by one who had much dealings with him as a typical “go-getter,” with the mentality of a hardware sales agent; very expert at getting money from the rich, but in the realm of the intellect “a bouncing old fool.” A year or two ago they got in Marion LeRoy Burton, the great inspirationalist whom we met at the University of Minnesota. We saw him introduced there with brass bands and fireworks, and I have a friend who saw the same thing happen at Ann Arbor; these inspirationalists, it seems, live always in the glare of fireworks and the blare of brass bands—or else the sound of their own eloquence, which is the same thing.

The University of Michigan is another of these huge educational department stores, a by-product of the sudden prosperity of the automobile business. Its spirit was interestingly revealed by the Detroit “News” of two years ago, at which time the enrollment amounted to twelve thousand. Said the “News:”

Whether it is wise or best for the individual and society is difficult to decide; but it is true and very natural indeed that for nearly all of these young persons an education is not greatly worth while if at the end of the college course or soon thereafter it can not be translated into good pay and the material comforts of life. The old ideal of education as an end in itself, as the deepening and broadening of one’s view of life, as the acquiring of a certain amount and kind of culture, has gone from among us.

At this university they have, of course, all the usual paraphernalia of fraternities and sororities and “student activities”; also they have an oversupply of what passes for religion in a commercial age. There are five or six hundred instructors, employed to prepare boys and girls for money-making, and a few fond idealists, who struggle to introduce a little understanding of the intellectual life. At this, as at other universities, you hear wailing about the impossibility of getting college students to study; so you would have thought that when a man came along who proved himself a wizard at that art, the harassed authorities would have grappled him to their hearts. I put it to you, overworked and troubled college professor, in whatever part of America you may be: suppose some one put to you the task of getting seventy-five college boys to come to you, begging you to teach them in off hours, and outside the regular classes, and without any credits; offering to rent rooms for the purpose, clean them up themselves, buy lumber and saw it and build benches with their own hands—would you say you know how to do that? Suppose you were asked if you could spend hundreds of hours in intimate association with such students, and never once hear a dirty story, never once hear talk about football or society politics, never see a man light a cigarette—would you say that any man alive could do such a thing? Suppose it were up to you to get yourself invited to the toughest fraternity-house on the campus, to read the Bible

to the men between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, and have everybody in the fraternity-house attend, and even bring in crowds from the other fraternity-houses—would you think that could be done in any American university? And if a man were doing all these things, would you say that he ought to be made dean of men, and then, as quickly as possible, president of the university—or would you say that he ought to be fired from the university in disgrace? Of course it would depend; before giving your answer, you have to know whether the man is a Socialist!

He is; and so he was driven from the University of Automobiles. His story was told to me by some of his former students, who ask me not to use his name; he has another job, and might very easily lose that. So let us call him Smithfield. He began teaching at Ann Arbor fifteen years ago, starting in on rhetoric. Naturally, the way to make rhetoric interesting is to see how it is used by live writers; so Smithfield and his classes would read H. G. Wells, and the plays and prefaces of Bernard Shaw, and the essays of John Stuart Mill. He would set his classes interesting stunts to do; a passage from Wells to write over in the style of Milton, or one of Shakespeare in the manner of Carlyle. His classes grew, and when he turned them over to others they fell off. The head of the department brought him three boys, sons of the interlocking directorate, who could not pass; Smithfield taught them, and they passed. "It's a marvel," said the professor; "I don't see how you do it."

But parents began to complain. Their children were coming home with different ideas; they were learning real things about modern life, instead of the pretenses the parents were used to! A nephew of Mr. Henry Leland, of Lincoln Motors, brought to Mr. Bulkley, the banker, at that time a regent, the dreadful story that Smithfield was a Socialist; so the president of the university summoned him in haste: "My dear Smithfield," said he, "can't you see that if you were to divide everything up, it would not be many years before the more able people had got possession of everything again?" Such was the mentality of the aged native product; and he was backed by Mr. Beal, the resident regent, owner of banks and saloon real estate. The boys had to come to this latter to ask for the use of a hall for a lecture by some unorthodox person, and they would regularly be asked this question about dividing up!

Matters got so serious, with complaints of rich parents, that there was a formal investigation by a committee. Thirty students were corralled and questioned by five members of the faculty. "Have you ever read a Socialist book? Have you ever been to a Socialist lecture? Where did you get these ideas? Were you taught Socialism by Professor Smithfield?" One and all, the boys testified that Smithfield had never taught them Socialism; he had taught them to think. He had been tireless in impressing upon them that they should learn to hold their minds in suspense, and to judge for

themselves; they should test new ideas, and accept what they found convincing to their reason. As a result of this investigation, one of the deans informed Smithfield that he had been suspended by the regents, but this statement turned out not to be true—not yet!

These professors were charming fellows in their social life; but when they were offended in their class prejudices, they became vindictive. They were incensed against Professor William E. Bohn, who was a candidate on the Socialist ticket, and made a speech at Kalamazoo, which was taken up by the capitalist press. Professor Bohn's manuscript showed that he did not say what the papers accused him of saying, and many members of the audience substantiated his statement, nevertheless he was fired. About this same time they barred Jane Addams from speaking in a college building; she was arguing for woman suffrage, and that was a contentious political question, unfit for student ears!

For thirteen years Smithfield was in perpetual hot water, being “called up” and cautioned and pleaded with by the authorities. “What is the matter?” he asked of his dean. “Can't I teach?” The answer was, “You teach too God-damned well.” This was Mortimer E. Cooley, a high-up authority in the engineering world, one of those valuation wizards about whom we learned in our study of Harvard. Dean Cooley has been interested all his life in privately owned public utilities, and he stated his point of view to one of his professors: “An engineer owes his first duty to the man who employs him.” In the pamphlet, “Snapping Cords,” by Morris L. Cooke, of Philadelphia, it is narrated how Professor Cooley serves his masters; he went to the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and told these students that “in 1911 the average rate of return on all the capital (of all utility corporations) was 268but 2.3 per cent.” Mr. Cooke cites a circular of Henry L. Doherty & Company, New York investment bankers, giving a table of net earnings of such corporations for the ten years from 1902, to 1912, and they amount to: gas and electric, 8.45; industrials, 7.79; railroads, 4.25 per cent. Mr. Cooke adds the important note that the securities of such utility corporations are from fifty to one hundred per cent in excess of invested capital!

Dean Cooley was troubled, because he could not get his engineering students to take any interest in ideas. They ought to have a little more culture than the average business men, he thought; so he tried to get them to read Shakespeare and Milton, but in vain; he tried to get them to read Darwin and Huxley, but in vain. Chemistry and physics they got in the laboratory, but they had no biology and wanted none. Smithfield tried them on the social sciences, introducing them to Bertrand Russell and Bernard Shaw; and these hustling young engineers suddenly discovered that literature had something to do with life. In six semesters this teacher had eight

sections, over two hundred students. But every bit of this was abolished by the university authorities, under pressure of the plutocracy of automobiles, railroads and banks.

It was then that Smithfield's students took matters into their own hands. They asked if he would meet with them for talks, and they started an open forum, renting some rooms above a drug store, and doing all the work themselves. They cut out smoking and drinking, and took to debating social problems. As one of them phrased it to me, "We let loose a spirit of real knowledge, and if we could have gone on, we should have changed the social order in ten years." But, of course, that is exactly what the plutocracy of Michigan did not intend to have happen; they are going to keep the present social order—which means that we are going to have civil war in America, with the horrors we have seen in Russia and Ireland.

Some boys came to Smithfield, saying they would like to meet on Sunday mornings and study religion. Smithfield thought he would like to know something about religion himself; so they got together and began to read the Bible. Of course they read it with their eyes open; they studied the class struggle in ancient Judea, the Hebrews enslaved by the plutocracy of Rome, the Hebrew proletariat enslaved by their own exploiters, with the help of priests and preachers of institutionalized religion. You can see the same thing in Ann Arbor and Detroit, so Professor Smithfield's boys discovered the Bible to be "live stuff."

Presently came the Y. M. C. A. hand-shakers, seeking to introduce Bible study into the fraternity-houses. They would select some fraternity man to read the Bible between five and six o'clock in the afternoon; and then it was the Alpha Deltas, who boast themselves the toughest bunch in town, came to Smithfield and asked him to read to them. All the other classes petered out, and came to nothing; and naturally the "Y" people were sore, because a radical was able to hold his classes while they could not.

Professor Smithfield's attitude toward the war was about the same as my own; that is, he swallowed the allies' propaganda sufficiently to think there might be a greater hope for democracy if the allies were to win. He made speeches, and sold Liberty Bonds, and his enemies could not get him on this issue. So the scandal bureau was put to work. Professor Smithfield's wife was a teacher of swimming in the public schools of Detroit, and presently it began to be rumored that she had had a red-headed baby. One of the students told me the origin of this red-headed baby story, but I forget it; maybe the wife had been seen to pat a red-headed baby on the street, or maybe she had taken care of a red-headed baby for some friend—any little thing like that will do for the scandal bureau. It happens that the wife is likewise a Socialist, and in 1919 she

answered some questions which students asked her about the Newberry case. As we have seen, the superintendent of schools in Detroit is a brother to Newberry's leading henchman, so Mrs. Smithfield lost her position as a teacher of swimming.

Shortly afterwards her husband lost his position as a teacher of modern ideas. They did not notify Smithfield himself, but the newspapers got hold of it, and the reporters interviewed his dean, and also Regent Beal, and both declared the report was untrue, it was a mistake. The dean told Smithfield it was a mistake; but shortly afterwards Smithfield discovered that it was the truth. And 270 if you want to know why college teaching is dull, and why college students drink and smoke and gamble and go to "petting-parties," you have the whole answer in this experience of one live and interesting teacher.

They have a newspaper at the university, the "Michigan Daily," and on Sunday they publish an eight-page literary supplement of very excellent quality. In October, 1922, a senior student, G. D. Eaton, published in this supplement a review of John Kenneth Turner's book, "Shall It Be Again?" an exposure of the dishonesties of the late war, based upon documents, and therefore not to be answered. The student who reviewed it had been an ardent patriot, and had endeavored to enlist; being rejected as under weight, he managed to get in by a trick, and performed his military duties competently. He was invalided, and is at the university as a ward of the Federal Board of Vocational Rehabilitation. Immediately on the appearance of his review, President Burton summoned the faculty members of the Board of Control of Student Publications, and directed this board to dismiss Eaton at once, the declared reason being one sentence in the review: "Most history professors are senile, simple and misguided asses." A faculty member visited the offices of all three student publications, and not merely forbade that Eaton should contribute to any of these papers, but forbade that the papers should mention his dismissal in any way. The Dean of Students endeavored to have the government withdraw support from Eaton, so that he would have to quit the university. Extraordinary efforts were made to keep the case from getting into the newspapers; but a month later the Detroit "Free Press" got hold of the story, and gave young Eaton a little course in practical journalism. They got an interview with him, and from this interview they cut everything that might be favorable to his case; as the rest was not unfavorable enough, they embellished it with fourteen distinct falsehoods, which Mr. Eaton lists in a letter to me. Also I ought to mention that this returned soldier was mobbed and badly beaten by the students for an article in the "Smart Set," discussing the university. His successor as editor has been forbidden to publish an article proving that freedom of opinion among the students is not desired or permitted.

CHAPTER LVI

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STEEL TRUST

We set out for Pittsburgh; and we can take either the Baltimore and Ohio, with a Johns Hopkins trustee for president and another Johns Hopkins trustee for director, also a Pittsburgh trustee, a Princeton trustee, a Lafayette trustee, a Teacher's College trustee, a Lehigh trustee for directors, also a Morgan partner and a First National Bank director and two Guaranty Trust Company directors, and a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania; or we can take the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is interlocked with the Guaranty Trust Company, Massachusetts Tech, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Yale, the United States Steel Corporation, Bryn Mawr College, Wilson College, the University of Pennsylvania, the Girard Trust Company, and the University of Pittsburgh. It is this Pittsburgh institution we are now going to investigate, and we shall have no difficulty in tracing its financial connections. As one of the professors remarked to me, "At Pittsburgh the plumbing is all open."

He might also have added that this plumbing has been "swiped." In other universities the members of the plutocracy who run things have put up at least a part of the funds; in Pittsburgh they have made the people put up the funds, while the interlocking directorate takes the honors and emoluments. We saw Judge Gary being made a learned doctor of laws at Northwestern University; and that was not so bad, because everybody understands that this particular title is merely a compliment for big-wigs and money-bags. But at the University of Pittsburgh they made him a doctor of science, which is supposed to be a real degree; and if you could plumb the depths of Judge Gary's ignorance on every subject except making money and killing men, you would appreciate the absurdity of this academic performance.

The grand duke of Pittsburgh is Mr. A. W. Mellon, Secretary of the United States Treasury, and reputed to be the third richest man in the country; he is president of the Mellon National Bank, and vice-president or director in a list of fifty-five great financial and industrial organizations. As second grand duke he has his brother, Mr. 272R. B. Mellon, vice-president of his bank, and vice-president or director of fifty-six organizations—beating his brother by one! As active assistant they have Mr. Babcock, mayor of Pittsburgh, lumber magnate and director in a long list of corporations. There are twenty-seven other members of this regal board, and any time a full meeting was held, they could transact the business of most of the banks and steel companies of Allegheny county. The typewritten list of their directorates, which lies before me, fills ten solid pages. I know you don't want to hear it all, so I will just give a glimpse, here

and there: a steel king, whose father left him sixty millions; the treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, western lines; a coal operator, vice-president of a national bank; the chairman of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company; a steel magnate; a physician who married Standard Oil; the head financier of the Thaw family; the chairman of a foundry company; a president of seven oil companies; another representative of the Thaw family; the owner of several newspapers; the president of an electric company; the president of a foundry company; the manager of several aluminum companies, Mellon enterprises; the president of the Heinz pickle palaces; a real estate and coal man; the president of a national bank and three coal companies; the president of a Mellon trust company; a United States senator and Mellon attorney; a young steel magnate; the president of the Carnegie Steel Company; two corporation lawyers; the head of the Carnegie Institute, a Presbyterian clergyman, and the Episcopal bishop, who has just fled from the smoky hell of the steel-country to his eternal reward.

We saw at the University of Pennsylvania a peculiar arrangement, whereby a private institution, entirely controlled by private plutocrats, receives a subsidy every year from the state, and spends this money for anti-social purposes. At Pittsburgh we see the same arrangement; the state contributes nearly a million dollars a year to be expended by these steel and oil and coal and railroad and money kings. This means in practice that every year the chancellor of the university has to make a deal with the political bosses. Finding himself inadequate to the task, he has turned it over to a firm of lawyers, one member of which was speaker of the legislature, and afterwards candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. Those who put through the appropriation get ten per cent of it; this is known as the “cut,” and is a regular custom—even the public hospitals in Pennsylvania have to pay such tribute. There is a network of graft, involving every kind of organization in the state; the saloons, the doctors, the fraternal organizations—anybody who wants special privilege or freedom to break the laws has to put up bribes. The lawmakers protest against this or that steal, but when the orders come, they vote. How big is the rake-off we may judge from the fact that the mayor of Pittsburgh put up six hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars to secure his election to an office which pays a salary of eleven thousand dollars a year!

The people are helpless; they have no idea what is going on, because they have no newspapers, the so-called newspapers of Pittsburgh being merely house organs of the steel companies. The papers have an association regulating their output and prices, also the number of editions. They have agreed to issue no “extras,” and have put up a bond of ten thousand dollars, which they forfeit if they violate this agreement.

At the time of the steel strike they flooded the country with hysterical lies about the strikers; the record stands complete in the report of the Interchurch Federation.

Pittsburgh University is another mushroom establishment, with five thousand students and no ideas. The steel kings condescend to run it, but they do not patronize it; the interlocking trustees send their sons, not to Pittsburgh, but to the big Eastern universities. "Pitt" is bitterly jealous of "Penn," which is old and aristocratic and athletic. For a time Pennsylvania refused to play football with them, and they went to the state legislature, seeking to have this made a condition of the state appropriations for their rival!

The chancellor of the university was a preacher named McCormick, but he failed to "get the dough," so he quit, and they put in ex-President Bowman of Iowa University, a product of the Columbia University educational machine. Bowman is known as "Mellon's man," but he also has failed as a "vamp." It appears that somebody tried to work a little scheme on Grand Duke Mellon; it was announced in the newspapers that he had made a gift of land worth two million dollars. The papers played it up, with pictures of the Mellon brothers and fatuous interviews with Chancellor Bowman. But Mr. Mellon came out with the statement that all he had promised to do was to put up a hundred thousand dollars to secure an option on the property. They are hard-fisted fellows, these steel men, and as the saying is, they "have to be shown." They can see that it is worthwhile to train experts in steel-making, so Carnegie Tech is taken care of; but when it comes to general culture, this Latin and Greek stuff and highbrow ologies—they let the legislature do it!

The professors tell a story about Mayor Babcock, lumber magnate and interlocking trustee. Chancellor McCormick wanted to advance a young man in the chemistry department over the head of his senior, who was a Jew. He explained in a meeting of the trustees that it would look all right, because the Jew was not a Ph. D. Mr. Babcock, deputy grand duke of the board, had fallen asleep, and now he opened his eyes suddenly. "Ph. D? What the hell's that?"

Needless to say, they don't waste much time fooling about academic freedom at the University of Pittsburgh. The nearest approach to a radical that ever got into the place is a professor at the law school, one of the twelve lawyers who signed the protest against Attorney-General Palmer's raids on the constitution of the United States. There was a terrible uproar in Pittsburgh over this. The professor received a letter of protest from the chancellor, and was called in for a long argument. The new chancellor came in at this time, and at the first meeting of the board he started his money "spiel." "Gentlemen," said he, "the first duty before the university is to raise six

and a half million dollars.” But Mr. Babcock thought that the board had another duty, which was to listen to him curse the radical professor. The secret service department of the Steel Trust was put to work, and there was a report on this professor, and he lost his chance to become head of his department. “We must lie low now,” said the chancellor. “We have a big program ahead.”

Needless to say, they are very devout at this University of the Steel Trust. One of their grand dukes was the elder Mr. Heinz, distinguished author of “Fifty-seven Varieties,” and proud owner of sixty-eight pickle factories 275 and forty-five branch houses. Mr. Heinz was an eminent Presbyterian, and head of the World’s Sunday School Association, and left a quarter of a million dollars to Pittsburgh University for a building to teach Sunday School work. Naturally, therefore, it seemed a dreadful thing to the interlocking trustees that the church should turn traitor to their interests. Trustee Follansbee furiously attacked the Interchurch World Movement report on the steel strike; at a meeting in New York he said that it had set back the cause of Christianity fifty years. And when the United States Senate sent out a committee to investigate the strike—then suddenly the fighting steel kings discovered what a handy thing it is to own an educational machine! Mayor Babcock gave the senators a grand dinner-party, to which he invited his chancellor and some of his trustees and deans, and these eminent and disinterested gentlemen loaded the senators up with information concerning the Bolshevik uprising in Western Pennsylvania.

Needless to say, there are no liberal movements of the students at this university, and no “outside speakers” bringing them improper ideas. A recent graduate writes to me:

One cannot describe the stupidity and ignorance of the students. Most of them could never see beyond themselves; most of them attended school to avoid working, for the sake of the diploma which at least would give them more pay, if not secure them a better job, and some even because they could not think of a better, easier, and happier way to spend four years. The professors and instructors were even worse, there being hardly one who could inspire a student.

Also needless to say, there is no organization of the professors; the university has the “open shop” as well as “open plumbing.” At the time of the Scott Nearing affair at Pennsylvania, there was a strong movement for faculty representation, and several of the men who stood for this movement were charged with insubordination and fired; others, who stood by the authorities in order to curry favor, got promotions. A University Council was established, but it proved a tender plant, and did not survive in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the steel country. Chancellor Bowman has now laid down the law, that all appointments are subject to annual renewal; teachers

are 276no different from other employes, and he intends to run the university like a business concern. This is the sort of talk that brings satisfaction to steel kings!

I was told about a professor who was brought before the chancellor, upon the charge of having destroyed the religious faith of one of his students. The boy's father had complained, and it developed that the professor, in a private talk with the boy, had been asked and had answered questions about the divinity of Jesus. There was a solemn council of the chancellor, the dean, and all the professors in this department, and the chancellor drew up a statement for the professors to sign, to the effect that they would do everything in their power to avoid tampering with the religious faith of the students. They refused; the utmost they were willing to sign was an agreement that they would not go out of their way to tamper with the religious faith of their students.

These men, of course, are teaching the scientific method, which is incompatible with revelation; they know it, and the chancellor knows it; all he asks is to avoid trouble with parents and interlocking trustees who are making money out of the system of private monopoly, and wish to keep the thoughts of their wage-slaves upon their future heaven and off their present hell. A friend of mine tells me that, at the time of the Braddock shootings the Pittsburgh professors "talked like Bolsheviks"—but only among themselves! When it comes to public talking, that is attended to by people like Mayor Garland, a former trustee, who at a big meeting of faculty, students and alumni declared that "in a community like Pittsburgh, which depends upon a high tariff for its prosperity, it would be very wrong for any professor to advocate free trade." A friend of mine asks: "Was he joking?" I answer that one might as well expect to hear a convocation of Catholic prelates joking about the Immaculate Conception.

And while we are in this neighborhood we ought to make note of the curious experience of Prof. G. F. Gundelfinger, author of "Ten Years at Yale," who was assistant professor of mathematics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and wrote a personal letter to the president protesting against an indecent orgy of the students, publicly conducted and led by the president. The 277letter was sent to the president's home, and was opened by his wife; Professor Gundelfinger was fired a few days later. He made a public fight, and the trustees dismissed the president—but they did not take Professor Gundelfinger back!

CHAPTER LVII

THE UNIVERSITY OF HEAVEN

We travel to Buffalo by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and from Buffalo we continue our journey by way of the New York Central Railroad, which has a Columbia trustee and a

Cornell trustee and a Rochester trustee for directors, a recent Yale and New York University trustee for director, a Lake Erie College trustee for vice-president, a Guaranty Trust director and two National City Bank directors; and so we arrive at the University of Heaven, which has God Almighty for a director.

Thirty years ago there was nothing here; now there are a score of elaborate buildings, and six thousand students. Never has there been such a series of grand dukes and duchesses as at this university; Mr. John D. Archbold, president of the Standard Oil Company, and Huyler, the candy king, and Samuel Bowne, the cod liver oil king, and L. C. Smith, the typewriter king, and Mrs. Russell Sage, the charity queen, and E. L. French, head of Crucible Steel and the Halcombe Steel Company. At present they have as their chief duke Horace S. Wilkinson, steel magnate, one of the leading powers in the steamship lines of the Great Lakes. As assistants there are half a dozen prominent business men of the town, including the two leading merchants; a former brewer of New York, who is head of a great asphalt company and a sugar company; Mrs. Bowne, the widow of Samuel Bowne; Mr. Childs, the coal tar king; Mr. Flaccus, the Pittsburgh glass magnate; the Honorable Louis Marshall, millionaire lawyer of New York; the Honorable Edgar T. Brackett, leading politician of Saratoga Springs, headquarters of New York state's gambling and political conventions; and the Reverend Ezra Squier Tipple, D.D., Ph.D., president of Drew Theological Seminary, professor of practical theology, and author of the "Drew Sermons, Series One 278 and Two," and of the "Drew Sermons on the Golden Texts, Series One, Two and Three."

All this has grown out of the genius of one man, the Reverend James Roscoe Day, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D., D.C.L., L.H.D., chancellor of the University of Heaven. He made it, unassisted save by God.

What is Heaven—in the plutocratic sense? It is a place whose streets are paved with gold and flowing with milk and honey. It is inhabited exclusively by the elect, all others having been cast into outer darkness. It is a place entirely under the control of the "right people"; all unorthodox thoughts are barred, "chapel" is conducted every morning, and if anybody does not like the way we run things, he can go to hell.

Some time ago I made you acquainted with the ideal university president of the metropolitan plutocracy, Nicholas Murray Butler; a man of the world, dignified and urbane, his religion of the Episcopalian variety, reserved and proper. Compared with him, Chancellor Day of Syracuse University is provincial and naive, representing the adoration of wealth in its primitive, instinctive form. His emotions flow with child-like enthusiasm; his denomination might be described as evangelical Mammonism. His fervor is such that he is not ashamed to bear testimony before the world; to raise his

hands in public and shout: "Money, money! Hallelujah! Amen!" This chancellor brings to the support of his plutocracy the direct personal revelation of the Almighty. When he makes commencement orations, or gives interviews to the interlocking press, or sends telegrams of congratulation to the murderers of strikers, he brings to their support the latest decisions and interpretations of the Throne of Grace. "God has made the rich of this world to serve Him.... He has shown them a way to have this world's goods and to be rich towards God.... God wants the rich man.... Christ's doctrines have made the world rich, and provide adequate uses for its riches." These are from the chancellor's book, "The Raid on Prosperity"; you can find more of it quoted in "The Profits of Religion."

Recently he has published another book, "My Neighbor the Workingman," and in this book we find God in a bloodthirsty mood. It appears that the radicals are taking advantage of our courts, which "assume innocence until guilt is proved." There must be "a suspension of this order of things," God says; "we have found no foe more worthy of extermination." Strikes, God teaches us, are efforts to make labor superior to law; "the strike is a conspiracy and nothing less." Yet when labor proposes to use legal methods, God does not seem to like it any better; we find Him discussing the founding of the Labor Party in Chicago, and speaking of the delegates as "these Simian descendants"—and just after He has made His chief complaint against strikers, that they call non-union men bad names! God portrays the Socialist utopia: "The soap-box orators, in the tramp's unclean rags, will take charge of the banks, and the bomb-makers can be started to run the factories." Opposed to this is God's own utopia, and you may take your choice: "The rich and the poor dwell together. There is divine wisdom in the plan. They always have so lived. They always will so live. Noble characters are in both. It must be the divine order."

This chancellor of the University of Heaven was providentially equipped for his rôle. He stands about six and a half feet high, and broad in proportion, with the face of a Jupiter commanding the lightnings. He has a magnificent rolling voice, so that Jehovah's commands are heard as usual amid the thunders of Sinai. He is a masterful personality; he knows instantly what God wants, and he goes after the bacon and gets it for God, and every plutocrat, meeting him, recognizes him as the ideal person to take charge of the thinking of posterity.

No nonsense is tolerated at Syracuse; they know what truth is, and how it should be taught, and you teach it that way or you get out, the quicker the better. Early in the chancellor's administration he discovered that John R. Commons was tolerant toward free silver, and he fired him, giving as his reason that the professor was tolerant towards Sunday baseball! Every year he discovers that several others are tolerant

towards something ungodly, and he fires them. There is no “tenure” or faculty control, or stuff of that sort; it is the chancellor who pays the salaries, and the chancellor who decides what the various men are worth—and he generally decides they are not worth much. He said at a faculty meeting, “You fellows needn’t 280 think you mean anything to me; I could replace you all in an hour and a half.”

This is his regular manner toward his faculty; he subjects them to the most incredible indignities. For example, he gave the degree of doctor of science to one of his grand dukes, Mr. E. L. French, president of Crucible Steel. At a faculty meeting at which this project was brought up, one of the professors ventured to suggest that it might be better to make it an LL.D., which is generally understood as having an honorary significance, instead of an Sc.D., which is understood to indicate actual achievement in the scientific field. Chancellor Day pointed at the objector a finger which trembled with rage, and shouted: “Sit down and shut up!” This was Professor E. N. Pattee, and I find him still listed in the Syracuse catalogue as “director of the chemical laboratory,” so I presume that he sat down and shut up as directed.

Several people described to me the eloquence of the chancellor’s sermons, with the tremolo stop which reduces his auditors to tears. I asked one of them, “Does he believe in his religion?” The answer was: “No more than I do. He has no particle of Christianity or of faith; he uses it merely as a shield.” To his faculty its purpose appears to be to beat down their salaries. If you go into his office to ask for a raise, he will glare at you and pound on the desk, shouting: “What’s this I hear about you, John Smith? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus? Have you been saying that you distrust the verbal inspiration of the Pentateuch?” Or maybe he will say: “I want you to understand, young man, I have been hearing reports about you. You were seen walking on the street with Professor So-and-So’s wife!” Or maybe he will say: “I have taken the trouble to inquire, and I find that you subscribe to the ‘Nation’ and the ‘New Republic.’”

Heaven, from the point of view of college professors, is an intellectual sweatshop. I was told of a professor of geology, who was there for twenty years, and finally got up the nerve to ask for a raise, and he got fifty dollars a year. Another professor asked for a raise, but the chancellor discovered that this man had written a book, and he said: “A man who has written a book ought not to expect promotion; it shows that he had spare time on his hands.” All contracts with the university are verbal, and you take 281 the chancellor’s word for your fate. It may seem a dreadful thing to say about heaven, but the fact remains that a number of the chancellor’s faculty, both past and present, unite in placing him among those college heads who do not always tell the truth.

A few years ago he got rid of his treasurer, Mr. W. W. Porter, who had served the university for nineteen years. The chancellor published a series of accusations against Mr. Porter, and the latter replied in a printed statement of twelve thousand words, which I have before me. It is a dignified and frank and convincing document. Mr. Porter bears testimony to that same "wrath and vindictive spirit and methods" upon which all authorities agree. He goes on to give the documents and figures of a series of petty grafts perpetrated by the chancellor: For example he states that laborers worked on the chancellor's farm, and were paid out of the university treasury amounts aggregating \$710.82; also, that the chancellor sold this farm to the university "at cost," and when the treasurer asked for proper vouchers, "he immediately flew into a passion, stating that his word was sufficient"; also, that a member of the chancellor's family purchased a building, and leased it to the university, to be used as a book-store, at an excessive rental; also, that the chancellor sold his old automobile to the university at an excessive price; "the chancellor sold horses, wagons, harness, etc., at various times to the university, making out bills in favor of himself and receipting the same, acting as both seller and purchaser." We might go on to summarize twelve closely printed sheets of this kind of thing; but space is limited, so we content ourselves by stating that we know where this document is, and we will submit it to Professor Brander Matthews on demand!

282

CHAPTER LVIII

THE HARPOONER OF WHALES

For a score of years the worst scandal at Syracuse was a sort of Rasputin, whom the chancellor maintained at the university as his intimate and confidant. The man was a Nova-Scotia herring fisherman, originally hired by the late Dean French to split wood and mow lawns. It is generally whispered at Syracuse that he must have found out something about the chancellor; at any rate, he was suddenly promoted to become superintendent of buildings and grounds, and became the chief power behind the throne. Dean Kent of the Engineering College, the most distinguished man who has ever been on the Syracuse faculty, criticized the inefficient heating and care of the buildings, whereupon this man demanded his dismissal, and incredible as it may seem, secured it. The incident almost caused a strike of the students of the engineering school. One professor writes me:

No picture of the chancellor's regime would be perfect without the portrayal of a half-dozen or more prominent members of the faculty waiting in the ante-room outside the chancellor's office, having been told that the chancellor was too busy to see anyone.

While they are waiting patiently, the chancellor's favorite struts through this room, dressed in a jaunty suit, jostles against members of the faculty in an arrogant manner without apologies, does not even knock at the door, enters and engages the chancellor in conversation, interspersed with ribald laughter, for an hour or more. This was almost a weekly occurrence for a generation.

And when someone made bold to criticize the chancellor for making an intimate of this low character, he flew into a passion and declared that anyone who so criticized him was criticizing Jesus; for had not Jesus chosen his friends among fishermen? So the intimacy continued; and last summer it came to a climax. The story is told in a letter from a friend at Syracuse, who is accurately informed concerning affairs at the university. I quote:

For some weeks Mr. Spencer, the manager of the dormitory grocery store, has been missing considerable quantities of groceries and meats. He made repeated complaints to the police, but nothing was accomplished. At length the situation became so bad that two detectives were stationed nightly at the store. Two weeks ago last Friday night about ten in the evening an automobile stopped about a block from the store, the driver then entered the building, and when he was well loaded with plunder, the detectives closed in. To their surprise they found that they had bagged the chancellor's favorite. He was taken to the police station and examined, and his house was searched, where more groceries were found. Hurlbut Smith, now president of the board of trustees, was sent for, and at his request the matter was kept out of the papers, because the pledges to the university emergency fund are being paid so slowly, that he feared the effect of such an incident. The chancellor and his favorite are now trying to bulldoze Mr. Spencer, manager of the store, into the statement that the chancellor's favorite often came to the store, took groceries and left a slip for them; but Spencer down to date has not made this statement, perhaps because he is not a liar.

Later: the board of trustees forced the "resignation" of the favorite. The chancellor stormed at the trustees, and two all-day sessions were held over the issue. His old legal supporter, Louis Marshall, tried all the wiles of a spell-binder on the trustees for over an hour, but could get only three votes for the chancellor's favorite. The chancellor has now made him his chauffeur and butler; but he will have to go down-town for groceries hereafter!

The chancellor's furious rages, the vileness of his language, and the slanders which he circulates about men who displease him—these things would be incredible, but for the fact that man after man unites in testifying from personal knowledge. Thus,

Professor A. G. Webster, now of Clark University, tells of seeing the chancellor insult one of his professors on the campus; and subsequently Professor Webster mentioned this incident in a letter to the Boston "Herald," whereupon the chancellor wrote to the "Herald" in scathing terms, denying all knowledge of the incident or of Professor Webster. But, as it happened, Webster had in his files a letter from the chancellor, offering to appoint him head of the department of physics!

Dr. Homer A. Harvey, a physician practising at Batavia, New York, was a brilliant professor of Romance languages at Syracuse, and was studying medicine in his off-hours, taking various courses at the university. After two years the chancellor discovered this grave offense, and his first step was to deposit the professor's salary-check in the bank, short the amount of a recent increase in salary. The professor did not discover this until some of his checks were returned by the bank; then followed an interview with the chancellor, in which the young instructor²⁸⁴ was stormed at and denounced, and commanded instantly to abandon his studies at the medical college. He refused to do so, and resigned his teaching position. The chancellor flew into a dreadful rage, but the young instructor walked out, and completed his medical studies and got his degree. A year later he wrote to the chancellor about another matter, and received a suave and sympathetic letter, disclaiming all knowledge of the late unpleasantness. Dr. Harvey declined to accept this statement, whereupon the chancellor flew into a rage, and wrote a second and furious letter, bringing a great number of false charges against Dr. Harvey—and incidentally revealing a complete and detailed knowledge of the unpleasantness which he had just denied! Shortly after that Dr. Harvey learned that reports were being circulated at Syracuse, to the effect that at the time of graduation he had "been caught cheating at the finals, and had been brazen enough to boast openly of it." Dr. Harvey adds: "The source of that falsehood I have no difficulty in surmising."

And the same despotic methods which the chancellor applies to his faculty he applies to his students—to everyone, in fact, but his rich donors. A student who had been working in industry during the summer started a "discussion club" in one of the dormitories. It was only a few hours before he was "on the mat" before the chancellor. "Young man, study your books. Do what you are told at this university." Some of the students took to meeting secretly at the home of one of the professors, and they brought a Socialist from town to explain his ideas. The chancellor's spies brought word of this, and he stormed into a faculty meeting. "This place is honeycombed with sedition!" Still worse was the situation when they took a straw vote for president in 1920, and it was discovered that four of the students had voted for Debs. The newspapers got word of this, and shouted for blood.

Recently the University of Heaven had a sensational experience. An instructor became insane, and shot and killed the dean who had discharged him. Chancellor Day has long ago adopted the thesis, generally popular among the plutocracy, that all Socialists are lunatics; he now committed what his professor of formal logic would explain to him as “the fallacy of the undistributed middle term.” He jumped to the conclusion that because all 285 Socialists are lunatics, therefore all lunatics are Socialists, and he trumpeted to the world the announcement that his dean had fallen victim to a Bolshevik assassin. To the bewildered editor of “Zion’s Herald,” a very pious Methodist paper of Boston, the chancellor announced that he had a right to “see red”; he had seen a pool of blood beneath the body of his slain professor!

The chancellor has personally excluded all radical and liberal publications from the library. Every book which deals with the subject of government ownership opposes that doctrine; all others have been systematically cleaned out. The chancellor even carries his hatred of labor unions to the point of crippling the university. Workingmen have been changed two or three times in one week; the chancellor set the maximum price that a workingman is worth at twenty-eight cents an hour, and as a result, the boilers of the heating plant were ruined, and the cost was four thousand dollars.

There is the same strenuous watching, with the help of spies and stool-pigeons, over the religious life of the university. Judge Gary was brought there last summer, to preach his piety to the students, who have chapel every morning, and “are expected to attend regularly the Sabbath church service of the denomination to which they belong.” The chancellor received a protest from some minister, whose daughter had learned something about evolution, and he announced to the faculty: “You men are hired to teach your subject; don’t try to teach theology.” Then, observing a cold silence from this group of scientists, he added: “I don’t expect you to change your opinions, but do, for God’s sake, be as pious as you can!”

The old rascal is decidedly cynical among his intimates, fond of telling smutty stories, and willing even to joke about the educational game. His professor of psychology came to him, telling him about the wonderful new intelligence tests which some universities were using in place of examinations. “Fine!” said the chancellor. “We’ll use them, but don’t let them affect admissions. We want to give everybody a cheap education. Tell them it’s a good one, and they won’t know the difference.” Confronted by the usual trouble of raising funds, he let himself be persuaded to try an appeal for small donations from a large number of the alumni; but the results did not equal 286 the cost of the circulars, and the chancellor remarked at a faculty meeting: “I never went fishing for small fish with a net; I went out and stuck my harpoon into a whale.”

In the days of his prime our vicegerent of Heaven was really a whale of a whaler; but he met with one great disappointment, which appears to have wrecked his career. He spent twenty years cultivating the president of the Standard Oil Company. He chiseled off the label of one of his buildings, the College of Liberal Arts, and labeled it the John Dustin Archbold College. He got Archbold to give him a stadium and a gymnasium, also a mansion to live in; but he hoped for more than that, and for ten years he whispered to his faculty: "Be careful now, behave yourselves, we have a great endowment coming." But Archbold died and left him nothing, and all the family could be got to put up was half a million dollars.

From that time on the chancellor's star began to wane. The university had been running into debt, and some time ago the banks refused to carry it any further, and the grand dukes refused to "come across." The alumni would do nothing, for they share in the detestation with which the chancellor is regarded by the faculty and students. In order to confound his enemies, the chancellor hired a firm of professional money-raisers, who undertook to get six million dollars in thirty-six weeks for Syracuse. But before they had gone very far they realized that no one would put up money, so long as the chancellor remained in office; they told him so, and he dismissed them for incompetence. They sued for thirty-six thousand dollars still due, and it was shown that the chancellor had spent a huge sum of the university's money on this fiasco, and without getting a penny of return.

The debts of the university now amounted to a million and a half, and so matters came to a head. The interlocking trustees had done everything they could think of to persuade the aged whale-hunter to resign, but all their efforts failed, so they worked out a most ingenious scheme. One morning the chancellor opened his copy of the Syracuse "Post-Standard" at breakfast, and there, to his consternation, he found himself confronted with an elaborate front-page article to the effect that he had resigned. There was his picture, and there were columns upon columns of 287 laudatory articles about himself, written by his leading teachers and his leading grand dukes and duchesses. Never was there such a series of panegyrics of a triumphantly retiring chancellor!

All the Syracuse newspapers had it, and what was the poor man to do? Should he dump out all that milk and honey into the dirt, and make for himself a horrible scandal? He bowed to his fate, and the trustees appointed Dean Peck as acting chancellor; but shortly afterwards Dean Peck died of heart-trouble, and our whale-hunter moved back into his office. There was no one with authority to keep him out, and he set the university carpenters at work making alterations on his new home and made to his faculty the triumphant announcement: "You see, gentlemen, God has

vindicated me; He has struck Peck down, in order that I may return to my position!" Such is the University of Heaven; and we close with the familiar comment: "Heaven for climate, hell for company."

P. S.—While this chapter is being prepared for the printer, the chancellor resigns once more. Whether this time it is permanent, only God knows.

CHAPTER LIX

AN ACADEMIC TRAGEDY

We continue on the New York Central Railroad to Albany, and then take the Boston & Albany, which is leased to the New York Central, and has a Harvard "visitor," a recent Harvard overseer, a Massachusetts Tech trustee, and a trustee of Clark University for directors. It is to this latter university we are bound, to study one of the tragedies of our academic history.

In the gold rush of '49, a hardware and furniture dealer of Massachusetts went out to California, and established a monopoly in his line and made a fortune. He came back home, expecting to be welcomed by the aristocracy of his state; but they snubbed him, and so he turned his thoughts to education. He endowed a university, and put at the head of it one of the most original and fertile minds that have ever appeared in the educational field in America. President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University has been interested in almost every branch of advanced science; he is the author of great works on adolescence and senescence, and was the first to introduce psychoanalysis into academic teaching. He brought Freud and Jung to America, and even made so bold as to apply the psychoanalytic method to Jesus Christ. Instead of making Clark the usual academic department-store, he made it a place where the most advanced men in every field of science found a home, and where students came to specialize in the highest and most difficult branches of knowledge.

The founder was a plain old boy, and gave them two plain brick buildings, modeled on his "Boston Store," the great retail establishment of Worcester. So undistinguished are these buildings that the story is told of a farmer driving by, learning that this was Clark University, and exclaiming: "Christ! I thought it was the jail!" Yet these brick buildings carried the name of American science all over the world. We saw in our study of Columbia University that the great home of the plutocracy had one distinguished scientist for every thirteen members of its faculty, whereas the poor and unpretentious Clark had the highest standing of any university in the United States, having one distinguished scientist for every two members of its faculty!

This was not what the old hardware and furniture merchant had wanted; he did not understand what was going on, and saw no sense in a professor of mathematics who filled six blackboards with a complicated demonstration, nor in a professor of chemistry who discovered substances with names that filled whole lines of print. He quarreled with President Hall, and cut off most of the funds of the university, and started a second institution, Clark College, where poor boys could get an education in three years; to this latter institution he left a large part of his money. Of course, there was no other plutocrat in America who cared for what President Hall was doing, so for a generation Clark University was starved for funds. Nevertheless, many of the scientists stayed, because it was a place where they could do their work in their own way. They were free not merely to teach their own specialties, but to help run their university. Never in America has there been such an unruly faculty; men would pound on the table, and shake their fists in the president's face, calling him a great number of impolite names, and threatening to resign; but he would argue it out with them, and they would stay on.

The strongest emotion which animated old Jonas Clark was a hatred of the plutocracy of Worcester, which had scorned him. More than anything else, he wanted to make certain that this plutocracy should never get hold of his university or his college. Concerning the university he laid down the law in his will:

And I also declare in this connection, that it is my earnest desire, will and direction, that the said university, in its practical management, as well as in theory, may be wholly free from every kind of denominational or sectarian control, bias or limitation, and that its doors may be ever open to all classes and persons, whatsoever may be their religious faith or political sympathies, or to whatever creed, sect, or party they may belong, and I especially charge upon my executors and said trustees, and the said mayor to secure the enforcement of this clause of my will by applications to the Court as above provided, or otherwise by every means in their power.

Such is the purpose for which Clark was founded. Its founder is dead, and two years ago its great president retired at the age of seventy-four, and the tragedy of America's most intellectual university can be told in one sentence—the plutocracy of Worcester has got it!

There are eight members of the board of trustees today. The grand duke is Mr. A. G. Bullock of Worcester, chairman of a life insurance company, president of a railroad and a railroad investment company, trustee of a savings bank, director of the Boston & Albany Railroad, two other railroads, a gas company, a Boston trust company and a Boston security company. The second grand duke is Mr. F. H. Dewey, lawyer, president

of the Mechanics' National Bank and of the Worcester street railways, president of five other street railway companies and a steam railway, trustee for a savings bank and a national bank, vice-president of a gas company and two railroads, director of three railroads, an investment company, an insurance company, and a telephone and telegraph company. The third grand duke is Mr. C. H. Thurber, business manager of Ginn & Company, school book publishers, the largest and most active competitors of the American Book Company. Mr. Thurber's political views are described to me by one who knows him well: "Anybody more liberal than ex-President Taft is a Bolshevik to him."

These three constitute the finance committee and run the university. As assistants they have Judge Parker, one of the most notorious of the aristocratic corporation lawyers of Massachusetts, counsel for the men who smashed the Boston police strike; Chief Justice Rugg of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, a former Worcester lawyer and a very conservative individualist; Mr. Aiken, a high-up interlocking director, formerly of Worcester, but now president of the National Shawmut Bank of Boston; a cautious young lawyer of Worcester, in partnership with Judge Rugg's son; and another young man, who has just been appointed to the board, and is expected to serve as another dummy.

This board is a close corporation, self-perpetuating, with no elected representative of faculty or alumni. For twenty years the finance committee has had charge of the investing of the endowment, and I should like to call the especial attention of Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University to what they have done. I am not intimately familiar with the changing standards of American high finance, but I do not know whether the administration of this finance committee is what would be described in banking circles as "honest graft" or "dishonest graft." They have invested the funds of the university through their own banks, railways, trolley lines and gas companies, and have paid the university four per cent interest on the funds, while neighboring institutions have been getting five or six per cent. For example, the treasurer of Wesleyan University writes: "All the invested funds of the university netted us last year 5.71%. This will show you, of course, that we carry very small balances in our banks and make no investments through them." As we have seen, Clark University has been making investments through the banks, and it has thereby lost 1.71% on \$4,700,000, or \$80,370 per year for twenty years, a total of \$1,607,400, which went to make fat the banks of Worcester instead of to educate the students of Clark. Also I took the trouble to inquire concerning the State Mutual Life Assurance Company of Worcester, and I find that for the year 1921 it realized 5.51% on its book 291 assets. Mr.

Bullock is chairman of this concern, and his son is vice-president and general counsel; and you see how much better they do for themselves than they do for Clark!

The treasurer of Clark is the head of a big Worcester bank, and his reports of the university's finances were not audited; this irresponsibility continued for some time, and this year Chief Justice Rugg asked that the report be audited in future. I am told by a former professor that it is almost impossible to get hold of a copy of this treasurer's report, and when you do get it you find it a mass of enigmas. Thus the university carries one large block of New Haven stock at 200, and another at 110! Mr. Dewey, the lawyer who handles the finances of the university, is one of the shrewd big business manipulators of Massachusetts. He and Bullock were with the Mellon crowd which manipulated the legislature, and Dewey was head of the New England Investment Company, the holding concern for the New Haven Railroad, the device whereby the big investors skimmed off the cream from that huge system, and left the "widows and orphans" hungry. It is only the peculiar workings of our system of justice which enabled these able gentlemen to escape the penitentiary; and you find that their university has large holdings in all these half broken-down railroads—the Boston and Maine, the Vermont Valley, the Norwich and Worcester, the Providence and Worcester—and more than a hundred thousand dollars in Mr. Dewey's gas company!

CHAPTER LX

THE GEOGRAPHY LINE

Needless to say, Clark University had been for a generation a cause of indignation to the town of Worcester, which is the largest manufacturing center in New England, and next to Pittsburgh the most notorious "kept city" and "open shop" town in America. Clark regarded Worcester as the Mammon of Unrighteousness, while Worcester regarded Clark as a nest of atheism, infidelity, and Bolshevism. An American university with no stadium, no gymnasium, and no chapel, no "eleven" and no 292 "nine," no rowing crew and no "petting-parties"! Obviously, no gentleman would send his son to such a place; it would be left for "muckers" and Bolsheviks. One of the trustees expressed his opinion of the matter to a student with whom I talked: "The college would fare better if it turned out a winning football team than if it had eleven of the most famous scientists in the country. That's what the public wants, and that's the way to get the money."

When President Hall resigned, the plutocracy of Worcester perceived that their chance had come. They arranged for the president of Clark College to resign at the same time, and they cast about for some man of their own type to take charge of both institutions. The selection was made by Mr. Thurber, business manager of Ginn &

Company; and again I don't know whether I should describe it as "honest" or "dishonest" graft. One of the principal "lines" of Ginn & Company is the Frye-Atwood elementary school geographies, which are handsomely illustrated, and have been sold to the extent of over half a million copies to school boards throughout the United States. The author of these books was a professor of geography, first at the University of Chicago, then at Harvard. It occurred to Mr. Thurber what an admirable thing it would be, if, instead of advertising these geographies as written by a professor at Harvard, he could advertise them as written by the president of Clark University! Also if he could use Clark University as a place for tea-parties to entertain visiting delegations of school superintendents and teachers desirous of meeting the distinguished author of Ginn & Company's leading "line"!

Of course I don't mean literally "tea-parties"; in the educational world these publicity enterprises proceed under the decorous title of Summer Schools. Elaborate advertising campaigns are undertaken, the praises of this or that particular "line" are seductively set forth, and the schoolmarm flock from all over the United States—likewise the principals and the high-up superintendents—and they meet the distinguished authors of school books, and listen to their patriotic eloquence, and go home singing the wonders of the various "lines." Then when the new orders are placed for text-books, the enterprising salesmen are on hand to get the business.

293Mr. Thurber announced that he had a new president for Clark College and Clark University; he announced it at the commencement dinner, and there was consternation on the faces of everybody present, because nobody had ever heard of Wallace Walter Atwood, professor of physiography at Harvard University, and author of "The Mineral Resources of Southwestern Alaska," and "The Glaciation of the Uinta and Wasatch Mountains." I am told that one of Professor Atwood's colleagues at Harvard, hearing the news, remarked: "I suppose Clark thinks it is getting a geographer and an educator; Clark will find it has neither." And Clark did! President Atwood may be a well-informed man in his narrow specialty; certainly he fulfils the ideal of the interlocking trustees, in that he is a hundred percent pious and a hundred percent patriotic and a hundred percent plutocratic. But when it comes to the administration of a university, and to broad questions of public welfare—I have cast about and tested all the terms in my vocabulary, but I have been unable to find any one word to describe the ignorant crudity and childish absurdity of this former Harvard physiographer.

He announced at the very beginning that he had no interest in being the president of a poor man's university; he was going to start a "drive" for funds, and make Clark a normal and respectable place. In an address to the students he set forth the

advantages of a technical education, using the standard phrases of the “go-getters”:
“As an expert witness you can sometimes get as much as a hundred dollars a day.”
This to a group of men whose chief pride was that they had a real understanding of the intellectual life! One student came to him to ask for time to pay his tuition fee. “Why do you come here if you can’t pay what you owe?” asked the president, sharply. On the other hand, to a famous athlete, member of a wealthy family, who had found it impossible to pass his examinations, he said: “Don’t worry too much about that; we all get by in the end; it took me five years to get through myself.”

At the formal inauguration ceremony President Atwood announced—doubtless with a sly wink at Mr. Thurber on the platform—that he was going to make Clark University the great center of American geographic and 294physiographic education. Now I have no desire to deny the importance of these subjects; they are interesting specialties and have their place; but when some one sets out to raise them into major sciences, we may be sure that we are dealing with a buncombe artist, and may look with certainty for commercial motives. In the Clark University bulletin we find the commercial ideal set forth in the plainest possible language: “Many of the universities and colleges of this country are now calling for trained geographers. Commissioners of education, normal schools, and high schools are looking for men or women who can serve as supervisors or as special teachers of geography. The large financial houses are endeavoring to train men in commercial geography in their own schools. The departments of the government are now using trained geographers, and the Civil Service Commission has recently recognized the profession of geography”—etc., etc.

Under President Atwood’s regime the graduate work in mathematics and biology has ceased. The two best psychologists are gone, and the department has declined to nothing. The department of chemistry is undermanned and woefully deficient in equipment. History and the social sciences are even worse off, and no adequate work in government is offered, in spite of the fact that the will of the founder specifies the preparing of useful citizens as the first task of the university. Instead of that—we have geography! There is an independent “Graduate School of Geography,” free from faculty control and headed by President Atwood himself, with a professor of meteorology and climatology, and a lecturer in anthropogeography—delicious mouthful for schoolmarms to take home to Main Street!—also four other professors and lecturers, and four more listed as “offering closely related work.” There are twenty-one courses in this Graduate School, and a “special series” of six lectures, besides a program of anti-Bolshevik propaganda, described as a “Conference on Russian Affairs,” with five lecturers, including Mr. A. J. Sack, ex-chief of Ambassador Bakmetieff’s lie-factory! In addition to this, there is the Summer School, with only one course in psychology, and

only two in education, and only two in social science—but with twelve in geography! And worse yet, there is to be a “Correspondence School,” with endless courses in the Frye-Atwood geographies, for rural school and grade teachers, with the horrified and agonized faculty of the university compelled to give university credits for this commercial work!

Men who can thus turn culture into cash are seldom permitted to hide their light under a bushel in capitalist society. President Atwood has also become editor of a magazine; or rather director of the “Institute of International Information,” a contrivance for getting subscriptions to a magazine called “Our World.” In its pages you may find a picture of our worthy physiographer in full academic regalia, holding one of his geography books, decorated with ribbons, clasped in his hands. For four dollars you may join this “Institution,” and get the magazine for a year, and “have the privilege of asking any question of international significance, etc.” The funniest thing about the proposition is that our pious and super-respectable president of a reformed atheist university is here working hand in hand with and advertised alongside of Mr. Arthur Bullard. Surely President Atwood does not know who this terrible creature Bullard is—an international revolutionary conspirator who, concealing himself under the alias of “Albert Edwards,” endeavored to undermine American institutions by a Socialist novel called “Comrade Yetta,” and a most shocking “free love” novel, “A Man’s World!”

CHAPTER LXI

A LEAP INTO THE LIMELIGHT

The program of converting Clark University into an advertising department of Ginn & Company proceeded merrily so far as concerned Ginn & Company; but it caused great distress to the faculty of the university, which held a series of meetings and prepared a memorandum to the board of trustees, in which they bitterly denounced the new policy. Also there were signs of revolt among the students; even the Rotary clubs and other business organizations of Worcester began to tire of a diet of geography, fried, boiled and hashed for three meals a day. I have not been admitted to the inside of President Atwood’s psychology, but some of his professors suspect that he began to realize that something desperate must be done, and resorted to the favorite device of George M. Cohan, who, whenever one of his plays began to lag, would come dancing out on the stage with an American flag.

The students at Clark maintain a Liberal Club, and invite speakers of all points of view to discuss public questions before them. They are accustomed to question these men and tear their arguments to pieces, and if the men cannot thoroughly document their

statements, they have an unhappy time. That the students really conduct an open forum is proven by the fact that they brought not merely Harry Laidler to defend Socialism, but the Reverend Murlin, president of Boston University, to speak against it. They invited Frank Tannenbaum to defend the radical movement, and they invited the Reverend Dr. Wyland of Worcester to denounce it. Dr. Wyland's point of view on social questions is sufficiently revealed by the fact that in the Worcester "Telegram" he referred to Scott Nearing's "licentious and seditious utterances"—and this without having attended Nearing's lecture!

It was early in 1922 that the Liberal Club announced a coming lecture by Scott Nearing, and obtained President Atwood's consent for it. A few days before the lecture President Atwood summoned the president of the club, and told him that there was to be a geography lecture that evening and asked that the Nearing address be shifted to a different and smaller hall. President Atwood himself, of course, went to the geography lecture; when it was over he came to the hall where Nearing had been speaking for an hour and a half to some three hundred people. I am told that on the steps of the building he met a high-up society lady of Worcester, wife of one of the interlocking directors. This lady was trembling with indignation, and told President Atwood about the horrible thing that was going on in the hall—a Bolshevik speaker was shamelessly defaming the American people.

President Atwood went in, and listened to the address for about three minutes. Scott Nearing was discussing the control of American intellectual life by the plutocracy, and, as it happened, he had just got to the subject of educational institutions, and was describing the contents of "The Higher Learning in America," by Thorstein Veblen—who happens to be Atwood's brother-in-law. Atwood listened, and his bosom swelled. Some poet has described Opportunity as a beautiful caparisoned white horse, which gallops by and stops for a moment in front of a man, and then gallops on. At this moment Atwood perceived that the steed had halted before him; here was the way to make the Frye-Atwood geographies known, not merely to all the schoolmarms of the United States, but to all leaders of patriotic thought all over the world! President Atwood leaped upon the horse—and rode into the limelight!

What he did was to rise up in the audience, and tell the president of the Liberal Club to stop the lecture. He had to repeat this several times before the bewildered student got his meaning; then the student went upon the platform and told Nearing to stop, and Nearing politely did so. In talking about the matter with Nearing, I told him that I thought he had made a mistake; he should have insisted upon his right to finish his lecture—and I was assured by students at Clark that if he had done this, the audience would have politely put the president of the university out of the hall. But it didn't

happen that way; Nearing stopped, and President Atwood went to the front of the platform and informed the audience that the meeting was dismissed. He said this three times, while the amazed people stared at him. He turned and instructed the janitor to “blink” the lights, so as to compel the audience to leave.

There were half a dozen of the faculty present, also the venerable scholar, ex-President G. Stanley Hall. One of the professors came forward and remarked that it seemed rather late to dismiss the meeting. President Atwood answered: “We can’t have these things going on here.”

“Why not?” asked the professor.

“This is no proper audience to hear such remarks.”

“But the audience consists of at least fifty percent college men.”

“Yes,” said President Atwood, “that’s the worst of it.” And he pounded on the wall in his excitement. “This kind of thing must be stopped! I am going to crush it with every means in my power!”

The author of the Frye-Atwood geographies was new to Clark University, and does not possess the mentality to understand the place; he was genuinely bewildered by the uproar which followed. The students called mass meetings of protest; they organized and appointed committees, and proceeded in vigorous and determined fashion to make good their right of free speech. The incident, of course, was telegraphed all over the country, and brought back upon the head of the unhappy physiographer a storm of ridicule and denunciation. He fled from it, and shut himself up in his house. The student committee could not get access to him; but finally they dug him out, and put him on the griddle.

I talked with a member of this committee, and he told me how the president had called to see him at a fraternity house, almost weeping, and saying that his life had been threatened. Next day he received a delegation from the student-body, and made them a prepared speech, in which he said: “I deeply and sincerely regret the dramatic manner in which I interrupted Dr. Nearing.” But a day or two later he appeared before a mass meeting of the whole student-body, and read them an address entitled “Extra-Curricula Activities and Academic Freedom,” in the course of which he said that Scott Nearing had “maligned the moral integrity of the American people,” and added: “I know that I should have closed that meeting. I do not regret that I have shown in a positive way that I disapprove of such influences within the halls of the university.” To a committee of the students he stated that he had evidence of “a world-wide plot to bring Bolshevism from the street corner into the colleges,” and this evidence he

intended to lay before the board of trustees. He intimated that the liberal professors at Clark were privy to this conspiracy; but when the time came for him to produce the “goods,” all he had was the absurd magazine articles of Cal Coolidge!

You see, the poor fellow is utterly ignorant of the problems with which he is trying to deal; a child in his mentality, he was talking to students who had been trained in the social sciences, and were accustomed to do their own thinking, and to produce evidence for their statements. 299 These students persisted in pinning him down as to what he meant by freedom of speech and of teaching, and they succeeded in extracting from him one extraordinary piece of obscurantist dogma. He said to them: “If, in teaching geology I had in my class Lutherans who believed in an actual six day creation of the earth, I could only state that scientists were aware that the earth is very old and it is our theory, nothing but theory, that it evolved through countless eons; but as to its actual creation, whether or not it took six days we do not know. I could say nothing which seemed to contradict the beliefs which they had gained in the home.”

Another student who had a session with him made very careful notes, and has placed these at my disposal. Said President Atwood: “When I came to this college and found that you had no chapel, I was shocked to the depths of my soul. My father was a minister, and I regard religion as the fundamental basis of all education.” The student replied by informing his president that the study of religion formed an essential part of all the sociology courses at Clark. Said the student: “Do you suppose that many members of the student-body agreed with what Nearing said?” “No,” replied President Atwood, “maybe not, but they would have if they had a chance to hear him.” The student laughed at this, and told him that if he had let the meeting alone and sat quietly, he would have heard Scott Nearing questioned and made to back his assertions, if he could. The president was told about the misadventure of the Reverend Wyland, who had come to talk against Bolshevism, without knowing a single thing about the subject; he had been questioned and backed into a corner, and when he got off the platform he was “as limp as a rag.” But somehow that did not satisfy President Atwood!

How simple-minded he is you may perceive from the fact that he allowed a professor of his geography department, coming forward in his defense, to point out that Harvard, by holding on to Laski, had lost more than a million dollars! He went before the Rotary Club at Worcester, which received him with tumultuous cheering; he was their kind of man! Also the Reverend Wyland defended him—with the result that the student glee-club canceled a concert at Wyland’s church. The clergyman 300 gave out to the press a statement that the reason for the canceling was that not enough tickets had been sold! President Atwood called off the weekly assembly, because he dared

not face the students; they might refuse to sing, he said. They used to cheer him on the campus, but now they passed him in silence; when he addressed them at the mass meeting, there were present not merely the state police, but a number of private detectives. The newspapers had scare headlines: "POLICE PROTECT COLLEGE PRESIDENT FROM STUDENTS."

An interesting aspect of this affair is the behavior of the kept press of Worcester. One of the students said to me: "I read 'The Brass Check,' and I couldn't believe it, but now I know it is true, because I saw the Worcester newspapers do practically everything that you told about." Throughout the whole affair the students were orderly and dignified; yet their local newspapers sent over the country wild tales about riots and threats. The Worcester "Telegram," in its first account of the incident, ran the headline: "SPEAKER FLAYS SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, GOVERNMENT"—whereas Scott Nearing had not once mentioned the government. Next day the "Telegram" quoted the president of the Liberal Club as saying: "If we could raise enough money we would engage Upton Sinclair." This anecdote is told in the "Clark College Monthly," a student paper, which declares: "This statement is without the slightest foundation in fact. Asked by a reporter if the Liberal Club planned to have any more radical speakers, as for example, Upton Sinclair, Fraser had replied: 'Why, he is in California'; and thus grows the mighty oak!"

One day more, and the "Telegram" buried the students' official statement in an obscure page, and ran the headline: "STUDENTS TALK STRIKE, PREXY SAYS, 'LET THEM TRY IT!'" The Springfield "Union" declared that the "notorious Scott Nearing was delivering an anarchistic lecture." Throughout the whole affair both these papers referred to the student-body by such phrases as "irresponsible college boys," "make-believe radicals," "children who should be spanked," and "sincere young people of an impressionable age"; entirely concealing the fact that the average age of Clark students, including the freshman class, is twenty-one years, while the average of the Liberal Club members at the time of the Nearing lecture was twenty-five and six-tenths years.

To conclude the story: the protests of the students availed them nothing. The author of the Frye-Atwood geographies announced his intention to oversee their activities and their thoughts; and he has done so. He did not announce his intention to get rid of the professors who had publicly opposed him, but he proceeded to make it so uncomfortable for them that they would hasten to remove themselves. The great tragedy of American academic life is the lack of solidarity of the faculty. Even the more courageous and public-spirited men among the Clark faculty did not seem to feel that they owed a duty to the institution and its traditions; instead of proceeding to organize

the faculty, and to stand as a unit against the degradation of Clark, what has happened is that six of the best men have resigned in as many months; they have found congenial places in other institutions, and their colleagues are left to their fate. As John Jay Chapman puts it:

“The average professor in an American college will look on at an act of injustice done to a brother professor by their college president with the same unconcern as the rabbit who is not attacked watches the ferret pursue his brother up and down through the warren to a predestinate and horrible death. We know, of course, that it would cost the non-attacked rabbit his place to express sympathy for the martyr; and the non-attacked is poor, and has offspring, and hopes of advancement.”

The students, of course, are helpless; no student-body can ever control an institution, except for a brief period, by some violent outburst. The best trained and most intelligent men go out every year, and a new crop of youngsters come in, who know nothing of the traditions of the institution; nor can they find out what is going on in the outside world, since the librarian of the university keeps the “Nation” and the “New Republic” hidden away in the basement, among the obscene literature which can only be got by special signed request! So all that the interlocking directorate has to do is to sit tight and hold on to the purse-strings. In two or three years the last trace of the Clark tradition will be forgotten, and the university which stood at the head of America’s scientific life will be one 302 more of the regulation standard educational department-stores—but distinguished by the fact that every summer it conducts geographical tea-parties, at which the distinguished author of the Frye-Atwood geographies tells the assembled fifth-grade schoolmarms that “the great object of you teachers is to prepare the minds of youth to stand firm against the great wave of radicalism which is sweeping American institutions off the face of the earth.”