

CHAPTER LXII

THE PROCESS OF FORDIZATION

While we are contemplating academic tragedies, let us take our familiar Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with a Johns Hopkins trustee for president and another Johns Hopkins trustee for director, also a Princeton trustee, a Lafayette trustee, a Teachers' 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. We travel to Baltimore, where we shall find another university fallen upon exactly the same pitiful fate as Clark; save that the interlocking trustees have handled the matter more deftly, and have not made themselves a scandal in the newspapers.

Johns Hopkins University was founded by an old Quaker, who left three and a half millions to endow a university, with a medical school as an integral part. He had the wisdom to call in a great educator, Daniel Coit Gilman, who did in Baltimore exactly what Stanley Hall did at Worcester; the money, instead of being spent on buildings, was spent on men. I doubt if any institution in America has made as great a reputation with as miserable a physical equipment as Johns Hopkins University. Recently a friend of mine was walking down the street with a stranger to Baltimore, and my friend remarked: "There is Johns Hopkins."

The other looked, and thought my friend was joking. "Why, that must be a 'nigger school,'" he said.

"That is Johns Hopkins." And the other asked: "Where is the rest of it?" But there was no rest of it; these old buildings were the whole thing. But to this 303rd place came live young men of ability, some of them for almost nothing, because here the intellectual life was honored, and scientific investigators could do their own work in their own way.

The business men of Baltimore regarded Johns Hopkins exactly as the business men of Worcester regarded Clark. It was opened without prayer; therefore it was an atheist university, a terrible place. Now that the work is done and the reputation made, of course they are proud of Johns Hopkins, as well they may be, since it and the "Star-Spangled Banner" are Baltimore's only contributions to world culture—unless some day they count H. L. Mencken and the author of "The Goose-step," both of whom were born there!

Some twenty years ago Gilman retired from Johns Hopkins, to start the Carnegie Institution at the age of seventy. For ten years the university was administered by one of its professors; then the interlocking trustees cast about for some one of their own

type of mentality, and pitched upon Professor Goodnow, formerly of the Columbia Law School. As we have seen, Goodnow did not get along with Nicholas Miraculous, but that was a long time ago, and the servants of the plutocracy gain in wisdom and caution as they grow older. Professor Goodnow had been legal adviser to the Chinese government, and had recommended that they should not attempt to found a republic—the last word of an American scholar to a people struggling for freedom! President Goodnow possesses a rather uncouth and forbidding personality, and I am told that he is a poor speaker, but he is a favorite orator at Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association banquets, because he tells them what they like to hear; also because he has set out to make [Johns](#) Hopkins what they like a university to be—an elegant country-club with athletics and “college spirit” and “rah-rah-stuff.”

They have moved out to a magnificent new site at Homewood, and have fifteen million dollars, and all the beautiful buildings which are the price of a university's soul. The board of trustees has as its chief grand duke Mr. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. As president the board has Mr. R. Brent Keyser, copper magnate, and director of Mr. Willard's railroad, also of a bank. There is Mr. Levering, coffee 304merchant, and president of a national bank; also Mr. Blanchard Randall, a merchant, director of a national bank, a trust company, an insurance company, and a railroad, and reported to have made a million dollars out of one speculation during the war; also Judge Harlan, reactionary politician, counsel for a trust company; Mr. Woods, a steel magnate; Mr. Griswold, a prominent financier; Mr. White, another; Mr. Theodore Marburg, ex-minister to Belgium; and Newton D. Baker, who called himself a radical, but forgot it when he became a cabinet member.

Also I ought to mention one of the hidden influences in the university, Bishop Murray of the Episcopal church, a sort of pope of reaction in Baltimore, a bigoted mediaevalist who drove the Reverend Richard Hogue, secretary of the Church League for Industrial Democracy, from his pulpit in Baltimore, and broke up the church open forum by publishing in the Baltimore newspapers advertisements carefully veiled so as not quite to be libelous. Now the bishop is busy immortalizing himself by building a twelve million dollar cathedral; giving lawn parties to the rich, and making speeches explaining how the great structure is to be four hundred feet long and to have the highest tower east of the Mississippi. As a Johns Hopkins professor phrased it to me: “The church is running to plant; and so is the university.”

Mr. H. L. Mencken, who lives in Baltimore and watches from a high tower, told me what has happened under the new regime. “It is a process of Fordization. The university has a campus, and the usual outfit of uplifters; it has a summer school, with advertising and journalism and gas engineering and folk-singing and pedagogy and

counter-point taught in six weeks, and every known kind of Main Street stuff. It has gone flop at one crack to the level of Ohio Wesleyan; it is a technical high school for the manufacturing of ten-thousand-dollar-a-year Chautauqua fakers." Mr. Mencken insists that a student got his doctorate degree for marking on a curve the vocabulary of Latin students after six months' training. Also he told me the tragic tale of a professor of psychology, who "had a hyena of a wife," and some other woman made love to him, and his wife started a divorce suit, and he had to leave the new Baltimore Chautauqua. On the other hand, a gentleman who was for many years one of 305 the most prominent members of the board of trustees held that position in spite of the fact that everybody in Baltimore society knew that he was living with another woman while he had a wife. He still holds a position on the bishop's committee to raise funds for the cathedral!

On the outskirts of Johns Hopkins hovers Miss Elizabeth Gilman, daughter of the former president, a gentle but indefatigable ghost, troubling the uneasy souls of the new Chautauqua-masters. Miss Gilman is a Socialist, and an ardent champion of starving wives and children of strikers. She sees her father's great university in process of being kidnapped, and now and then her distress breaks out into pamphlet or leaflet form. During a strike of the typographical union, Miss Gilman wrote to President Goodnow, protesting against the university's having its printing done in anti-union shops, but he coldly declined to have anything to do with "questions of that sort." I went to see Miss Gilman, to ask her to tell me about her experiences. She could not bring herself to do it, and, I think, in order to be fair to her, I ought to say that it is to others I owe what I have written here. I persuaded Miss Gilman to state over her own signature her opinion of the new Johns Hopkins, and this she did, as follows:

The university has been to me more like a sister than an institution. I gloried in what she stood for and in what she accomplished. During the last few years it seems to me that she has lost much of her intellectual leadership in America, at the very time when academic freedom and democratic principles need brave champions. The fine new buildings and campus have not to my mind compensated for a considerable lowering of intellectual ideals and accomplishments. Money getting is horribly dangerous to institutions as well as to individuals, and the Johns Hopkins University has been out to get money. It is true that this money has been given for education and not for profit, and yet even so, there may be the insidious temptation of adopting purely business standards. We need in Baltimore, as well as throughout the country, courageous, untrammelled leadership, as expressed in the motto of the Johns Hopkins University, "The truth shall make you free." My hope is that a new cycle may be at hand, and that the Johns Hopkins University will again lead in all that is best and highest.

I talked with three Johns Hopkins professors, and had a curious experience with each one in turn. Each told me of some feeble little effort he had made at liberalism, and how deftly and subtly he had been sat down upon by the university authorities. I made notes of the little anecdotes, planning to tell them here, without names, to show you how the proprieties are maintained by privilege; but to my great grief, each professor came to me in turn, or wrote to me subsequently, to ask that I should not use anything of what he had told me—the anecdote would certainly be recognized, and his career of usefulness might be hampered. Such pitiful little stories—and such pitiful little fears!

I found only one professor at Johns Hopkins who was willing to be quoted in my book. This gentleman I met at luncheon in the University Club of Baltimore, and he indulged himself in bitter sneers at the so-called “radical” type of professor. I myself could name about twelve really radical American college professors; but from the talk of this Johns Hopkins professor you would have thought there were thousands. To be a “radical” was the way to get promotion, said this [Johns](#) Hopkins man; to attract notoriety to yourself and make yourself somebody. Once you had got the name for being a radical, then the trustees wouldn’t dare to fire you, because that would be a violation of academic freedom. I smiled gently, promising this sarcastic gentleman that I would send him a copy of my book when it was written, and let him see how his statements sounded side by side with the facts! How do you think they sound?

CHAPTER LXIII

INTELLECTUAL DRY-ROT

There are a few other universities, which in past times have established reputations in America; for example, Cornell University, located at Ithaca, New York, on the Lackawanna Railroad, with a Cornell trustee, a Columbia trustee, and a Princeton trustee; also on the Lehigh Railroad, with a trustee and recent president of Lehigh College, a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and a trustee of Lafayette College for directors. Cornell today has some six thousand students, and as choice an outfit of trustees as a plutocratic imagination could invent. The grand duke is Mr. George F. Baker, reputed to be, next to Rockefeller, the richest man in America. I might take a page of this book to list all the various institutions of which Mr. Baker is an interlocking director. He is president of the First National Bank of New York, one of the three great institutions of the Money Trust, and also a trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, a great treasure-chest. He is director in a dozen railroads, and his son is director in many more.

Next to Mr. Baker stands Mr. Charles M. Schwab, president of Bethlehem Steel, and H. H. Westinghouse, chairman of the Westinghouse Company. It will suffice to indicate a few of the others—the head of the biggest bank in Ithaca; the head of a great machinery company, president of a national bank; a corporation lawyer and bank director; a metal manufacturer, director of many railroads; an ex-governor and prominent Republican politician; the chairman of the Bankers' Trust Company of Buffalo, president of a steamship company, a lumber company and a railroad company; the vice-president and counsel of the New York Central Railroad; a prominent corporation lawyer; a judge, ex-mayor of Ithaca, and director of a national bank; the president of a national bank and director of half a dozen others; the president of the Ithaca Trust Company, director of many other banks; an official of Mr. Schwab's shipbuilding corporation; the chief justice, and another justice, of the New York Court of Appeals; and, finally, that Major Seaman whose heroic defense of the Chicago packers you may read about in Chapter IV of "The Brass Check."

Not so very long ago Cornell had a famous president, Schurman, who had studied the Goose-step in three of the Kaiser's universities. I received an interesting account of him from Mr. W. E. Zeuch, who was on the Cornell faculty, when the Bolshevik-hunters got hold of some letters, written to him by another professor. This other professor was quite a "red," and Zeuch was trying to "tame him down"; the letters of Zeuch were not published, but he was represented as a Bolshevik, and his scalp was demanded. Cornell at this time was in the midst of a "drive" for ten millions, and a lumber magnate wrote to President Schurman that so long as Zeuch remained he would not lead the "drive." The economics department of the university appointed a committee, which 308 endorsed Zeuch and declared that a contract had been made, and that the university should stand by a competent man. In twenty-five years the university had never rejected the decision of such a faculty committee; nevertheless, President Schurman proposed that Zeuch should resign from the faculty, and accept a position as a "fellow," to do the same amount of work and receive the same salary!

Also they had a flurry at Cornell over Thorstein Veblen three or four years ago. He had been scheduled for appointment; his courses had been listed, and the members of the economics department had sent out to various colleges a circular letter calling attention to the fact that Veblen was to come to Cornell, and that graduate students could get work with him there. But the interlocking trustees got busy, and the call was countermanded. Nevertheless, in the interest of discrimination it must be specified that Cornell is to be numbered among our less illiberal universities. One professor made so bold during the war as to advocate the financing of the war by taxation rather than by bonds. This would have meant that the plutocracy would have to pay at least a

part of the costs instead of collecting it all by installments from you and me. The trustees of the university heard this professor explain his ideas; they did not take action to recommend this policy to the country—but they refrained from firing the professor. Also there is another professor, an elderly gentleman, who is a great favorite with the students, who take his liberal ideas with playful good humor. Several of this old gentleman's friends assured me that he would tell me the story of his twenty-five years' struggle for the right to think for himself; but apparently the old professor decided that he did not want to have any more struggles!

Henrik Willem Van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind," was also a member of this Cornell faculty, and gave me an amusing account of the atmosphere of the place. President Schurman was selling four hundred thousand dollars worth of education per year, "training boys to become superintendents of sewage disposal plants and presidents of Rotary clubs." Van Loon was gravely rebuked by Schurman, because of a humorous remark which created a scandal; he had been writing on the blackboard, when a thunderstorm had come up, and he playfully compared himself to Moses writing the Ten Commandments amid the thunders of Sinai. Van Loon swears it is true, and I am compelled to believe him—that when he asked to see the Dante collection they took him to inspect an electric manure sprayer!

Or take Brown University, located at Providence, Rhode Island, on the familiar New Haven Railroad. Here is an extremely wealthy institution, catering to the sons of the plutocracy, and almost as snobbish as Princeton. It was built in part out of Rockefeller money, and the man who has been its president for the last twenty-three years is a Baptist clergyman, for ten years pastor of Rockefeller's Fifth Avenue church in New York. For "chancellor" the university has an extremely wealthy cotton manufacturer, president of a bank; for treasurer it has the president of the Providence Banking Company, also treasurer of the United Traction and Electric Company, and of the Rumford Chemical Works. The three most active grand dukes of the board are Mr. Bedford, chairman of the Standard Oil Company, who represents the Rockefeller interests; Mr. Sharpe, head of the Brown & Sharpe Company, the largest manufacturers of tools in the United States; and Mr. Metcalf, a big textile manufacturer, president of the Providence "Journal" Company.

Also there is the manager of the Brown & Sharpe Company; the president of the Cadillac Motor Car Company; the head of a big New York banking company, president of a railroad and a coal company, director of three railroads, three trust companies, a milk company, a patent medicine company, and a brick company; a very wealthy manufacturing chemist; an influential New England textile manufacturer; a steel magnate; a lawyer, who is president of a land company and secretary of several

railroads and trust companies; the treasurer of the largest textile manufacturing company in New England, who is director in half a dozen others, and in half a dozen of the largest financial institutions; another Providence banker; and, finally, Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes. Mr. Hughes first came under my observation when I studied the life insurance scandals in New York City. I noted that he sternly carried these investigations to the point necessary to put Morgan and his group in control, and stopped exactly at that point. For this service he was awarded a national reputation and the governorship of New York State. He has since occupied the Supreme Court bench, and come within a few votes of being president, and is now guiding the foreign affairs of our country, making a desperate and almost a successful effort to exceed the futility of the Wilson administration.

What happens to a great and wealthy university under such a regime? Brown has a high tradition, derived from Roger Williams, most famous of New England's religious rebels. But in 1899 its president, Andrews, was ousted, because he had dared to back Bryan in the campaign of 1896. Quite recently occurred a similar case, when William MacDonald, professor of history, was forced out, to become one of the editors of the "Nation." Brown in its day had such outstanding men as Lester F. Ward and Meikeljohn, now president of Amherst; but those days have passed, and there has followed a regime of intellectual dry-rot. It is a League of the Old Men, maintaining a caste system, based upon seniority; any young instructor who arises to suggest a new idea is quickly taught his place. A professor who knows the situation intimately writes:

In the fields of history, political science, economics and sociology the policy under Faunce has been silent and safe decay. These departments were once among the most eminent in the country. Now they are absolutely dead. Except for some formal texts by Professor Dealey no important publication has come from these departments in over a decade. The economics department is now being made over into a business school to train men to make more money. The general educational policy throughout the institution under Faunce has been that of comfortable quiescence. With the exception of one man in physics and three biologists there has been practically no intellectual activity or scholarly productivity at Brown for the last fifteen years. This situation cannot be excused on the ground of lack of resources. Brown has plenty of money and pays very high salaries. It could get some of the best and most productive men in any line of research and teaching if it cared to do so. The decline of scholarly interests at Brown has been accompanied by a parallel growth of interest in and expenditures for the safer field of physical outlet, namely, athletics.

Under such a regime what becomes of the students? Exactly the same thing as we found happening to students at Harvard, Wisconsin, and California; they get

drunk. In "The Book of Life," Chapter XXX, I discussed the morals of our young people, as set forth in an editorial in a student paper of Brown University. Said this student editor:

The modern social bud drinks, not too much, often, but enough. She smokes unguardedly, swears considerably, and tells "dirty" stories. All in all, she is a most frivolous, passionate, sensation-seeking little thing.

Let us move on to Wesleyan University, located at Middletown, Connecticut, also on the New Haven Railroad. Here is an institution with an old-time Methodist foundation and traditions of liberalism, and the usual board of interlocking trustees, the grand duke being a Philadelphia manufacturer of gas meters who is most versatile, being director in four large gas companies, two street railways, a bank, a trust company, four insurance companies, a publishing company, a sugar company, and a transfer company. Nine years ago his university began its downward course, with an especially notorious case of invasion of academic freedom. Willard C. Fisher had been a member of the faculty for twenty years, and professor of social economics for fifteen. He was one of those college professors who insist upon being a citizen; he served two years as councilman in the Middletown city government, and four years as mayor. He was not a Socialist, on the contrary, an active opponent of Socialism; but he considered himself a servant of the people, and did not hesitate to warn them of the economic waste and social peril of extreme inequality of wealth and the oppression of labor.

As a teacher in a Christian community, he considered it his duty to assert that industrial relations should be moralized. He organized the Consumers' League of Connecticut, and served it for many years as president. He developed the habit of attending legislative hearings at the capital, and speaking in support of progressive measures, such as workmen's compensation, income tax, industrial sanitation, factory inspection, and prison reform. And there, of course, he came into conflict with the interlocking trustees and the interlocking alumni. One influential alumnus, a wealthy manufacturer, was always a member of one House or the other, in order to watch out for the 312 interests of industrial employers; and naturally it vexed him to be opposed by a professor of his own college. He declared this vexation openly; and also a group of Wesleyan lawyers declared their vexation, when the legislature employed Professor Fisher to write a workmen's compensation measure!

Also there arose an embarrassing situation, when Professor Fisher, as mayor of Middletown, discovered a trustee of the college to be delinquent with public school funds of which he was the custodian. (Memo. for Brander Matthews!) Mayor Fisher

exposed this situation; nor did he consider it necessary to suppress his disapproval of President Shanklin's well-known habit of taking the thoughts and utterances of other writers and giving them to the world as his own. This president, who has been at Wesleyan for thirteen years, got his degree from the Garrett Bible Institute at Evanston, Illinois; but apparently a number of other college presidents have sympathized with his lack of distinction, because no less than ten of them have showered honorary degrees upon him!

Matters came to a head when President Shanklin started a drive for a million dollars. In a public discussion the president of a Hartford trust company asked Professor Fisher if he expected to go about the state speaking as he did, and have trust company presidents contribute to the support of the college in which he taught. It was widely rumored at Wesleyan that President Shanklin got contributions upon the condition that Fisher should be kicked off the faculty. A number of men of wealth refused to contribute on other terms; and so the president cast about for a handy pretext.

He found one. In the course of a public address, widely reported in Connecticut newspapers, Professor Fisher made the playful suggestion that it might be a good idea to close all the churches for a while, to give the people a chance to find out the difference between true religion and church formalities. Very soon thereafter Professor Fisher was asked to resign, and the president gave the reason—not the suggestion of the closing of the churches, but the broad publicity given to this suggestion by the newspapers! Professor Fisher might have stayed and made a fight, but he had been so humiliated by the changed spirit and atmosphere of Wesleyan, that he quit; and now the university is on the intellectual level of the Garrett Bible Institute of Evanston, Illinois!

CHAPTER LXIV

THE UNIVERSITY OF JABBERGRAB

Some fifteen years ago my postman brought me a puzzling communication from Sweden; a large and expensive linen envelope, carefully sealed with a great deal of red wax, registered, and addressed:

"Editor, Jabbergrab, Finanz-Lexikon, New York City." At first I could not make out why the missive was delivered to me, but then in one corner I noted "Jabbergrab is mentioned in Upton Sinclair's 'Industrie-baron'" I recognized "Der Industriebaron" as the German title of my story, "A Captain of Industry," written when I was twenty-two years old; it is a satirical biography of a great financier, and after his ignominious death the story quotes some eulogies of his career from an imaginary publication, "Jabbergrab: Heroes of Finance."

I made so bold as to open the envelope, and found several sheets of heavy foolscap paper, written in German in an exceedingly fine hand, and giving the data for a biographical sketch of a wealthy Swedish lumber magnate and financier. Here, in carefully tabulated and precisely ordered form, were the minute details of his life—the enterprises with which he had been connected, the offices he held, the properties he owned, the names of his children, the college degrees they had earned, the names of his race-horses and the prizes they had won, the names of his yachts and the cups they had won—all these items duly attested and signed by the great man himself.

Gradually it dawned over me what had happened. The man had read my satirical story, missing the point of the satire. He thought that I really felt all that admiration for a man of wealth and social eminence; and reading about Jabbergrab's "Heroes of Finance," the desire possessed him to have his own career immortalized in this biographical directory. So he had sat himself down, and painfully written out the data for the proposed sketch, and had sent it by registered mail to "Jabbergrab."

314It is the Jabbergrabs of America who have created a good part of our "higher" education, and placed upon it the stamp of their crude and simple faith in material success. I have shown how the spirit of Jabbergrab has destroyed two shrines of American scientific life, Clark University and Johns Hopkins; I purpose next to show what that spirit does, when it has its way from the beginning, unhampered by any intellectual traditions. I invite you to visit New York University, an institution whose buildings are scattered about in various parts of the city, including an office building on Washington Square, in the heart of the clothing district, and another in Wall Street.

New York University has enrolled no less than thirteen thousand students, and is described to me by one who works in it as "an intellectual sweat-shop." As chancellor it has one Brown, who learned the Goose-step from the Kaiser, and as treasurer one Kingsley, a Wall Street banker, interlocked with the United States Trust Company, the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad, and the Union Theological Seminary. Last year Chancellor Brown published in the New York newspapers a series of thirty "advertising talks" on education, in the very latest "follow-up" style. These talks came to me in a little pamphlet, with a cover all printed over with photographs of newspaper clippings, and accompanied by a circular, carefully disguised to look like a personal letter, and beginning: "Dear Mr. Sinclair: You are one of the prominent citizens we had in mind when we prepared the enclosed advertisement. What we have learned of you encourages us to believe that this appeal of New York University must strike a responsive chord in you."

I may be over-suspicious, but I believe that these statements are not entirely in accordance with the truth; I believe that if they were made in accordance with the truth they would read this way: "You are one of the twenty-two thousand persons whose names we have got from 'Who's Who in America,' and we are taking a chance on being able to interest you in our university." These necessary differences between advertising and fact are understood and taught to the students in all university schools of advertising.

Chancellor Brown sets forth the fact that out of his thirteen thousand students, ten thousand are earning the 315 money to pay for their education. I believe that every college student in the country should do this—my own son is doing it—so I should be the last man to sneer at New York University's lack of academic and social prestige. But here is the point: self-supporting students who go to night-school in New York go in order to increase their money-making capacity, and they judge the education they get by that criterion, and they irresistibly mold the educational standards of the institution they attend. So the spirit of education becomes that of Jabbergrab—ravenous greed, veiled by buncombe and hypocritical pretenses. That is what you have at New York University, and the fact is made clear in Chancellor Brown's own pamphlet. Talk Number Sixteen is headed: "Welcome to the Advertising Men." Says our Chancellor of Jabbergrab:

New York University is host today to members of the National Association of Teachers of Advertising, who are holding a sectional conference in this city while a similar conference for Western members is held at the University of Wisconsin. I am glad to welcome the members of this Association. Since I have been writing these little talks I have gained a feeling of warmer sympathy with all advertising men and their work. I have learned something of the fascinations—as well as the difficulties—of the profession.

So you see, our University of Jabbergrab has discovered advertising to be a "profession"; it takes its place alongside chiropody, palmistry and fox-trotting. If you want to know what these new "professors" are doing to American journalism, I invite you to read Chapters XLIII-XLVII of "The Brass Check"; I invite you to study the samples of advertising there quoted—one of which occupied a full page in all the most popular and respectable American magazines—and then come back to Chancellor Brown's pamphlet and read his statement: "Many advertising men, I am told, were formerly teachers. The two professions seem to me to have a great deal in common."

I should be sorry indeed to believe that about all American teachers, but I know it is true of some of the teachers who have been selected by the University of Jabbergrab. For example, consider Professor William E. Aughinbaugh, an editor of the New York "Commercial," a director 316in sixteen corporations, and for seven years "Professor of Foreign Trade" in New York University. He boasts of having crossed the equator thirty-six times on commercial missions, and he publishes through one of our most esteemed publishing houses, the Century Company, an elaborately got up book, entitled, "Advertising for Trade in Latin America." The price of this book is three dollars, and if you will study its maxims and apply them, you will find it worth all that. For example:

Latin-American advertisements are replete with the nude female form, which appeals strongly to all classes of readers. Due to the fact that a majority of the inhabitants are brunettes, or have Negro or Indian blood in their veins, the blonde exerts a stronger appeal to their imagination and for that reason should be employed when necessary or advisable to use such an illustration.

And so we know what the Chancellor of Jabbergrab means when he writes:

Advertising men have it in their power to educate millions of people not only in an intelligent use of commodities but in well-considered habits of thought and action.

Let us hear Professor Aughinbaugh again:

Reproductions of famous holy or religious paintings or scenes from the Bible may also be profitably used.... It occurred to me that if a saint could be found whose special duty was to prevent loss of life during seismic disturbances, much might be done through his aid to bring calm into these regions of terror. I selected my second name, "Edmund," as the cognomen for the new assistant deity, added the prefix "Saint" to it, and wrote an appropriate earthquake prayer which was printed beneath the picture of the home-made saint. Of course each card contained our advertisement (of a patent medicine) which the supplicant for protection must have seen as he prayed.

And so we learned what the Chancellor of Jabbergrab means when he writes:

I can appreciate the reasons that impel any manufacturer to spread abroad through the columns of our newspapers and magazines the information about his worthy products. I can believe, too, that this information is often of real service to the public in guiding them to wise decisions regarding their expenditures and investments.

And again let us hear Professor Aughinbaugh on the subject of how to deal with the custom-laws of the countries with which you trade:

When I have decided upon an advertising campaign in any given Latin-American country, the requisite amount of cards, hangers, booklets, posters, banners, and other materials are boxed and shipped to the various ports, consigned to some man of straw. Upon their arrival at the local port they will be stored in the customs warehouse to await claim by the alleged consignee. At the expiration of sixty or ninety, or one hundred and twenty days, in accordance with the local laws, these goods will be advertised for sale to the highest bidder. By previous arrangement with your agent, or some merchant, who has been advised of the dispatch of these goods to his port, they can be bid in very cheaply and delivered to the person most concerned with their use. In Venezuela, for instance, on one shipment alone the duties would have amounted to much more than one thousand dollars, yet the local wholesale druggist bought the entire consignment at auction for eighty-five dollars.

And so we know exactly what the Chancellor of the University of Jabbergrab means when he says to the "Sectional Conference of Teachers of Advertising":

I believe, also, that the teachers of advertising can make a valuable contribution to the education of our future business men by teaching them how to use the force of advertising intelligently, effectively, and for the human benefit.

It happened that I saw Professor Aughinbaugh mentioned also as "Professor of Foreign Trade at Columbia University." Wishing to get the record straight, I asked my brother-in-law, who has been helping me get material for this book, to write Professor Aughinbaugh a note asking him where he was a professor. Thinking that possibly he might be away, or ill, or for some other reason might fail to reply, I asked my brother-in-law to write also to New York University for the information. The result was two letters: one from Professor Aughinbaugh stating that "for two years past I have held the same position in New York University and Columbia University. The work became too hard for me and I was obliged to resign my professorship at New York University, now devoting my time to Columbia University." The second letter was from the registrar of New York University, and stated: "Dr. William E. Aughinbaugh was, from October 11, 1915, to June 13, 1922, Lecturer on Foreign Trade at New York University. He did not, at any time, have professorial status."

Here was, obviously, a contradiction. Professor Aughinbaugh is listed in "Who's Who" as Professor of Foreign Trade; and "Who's Who" states that it publishes no information except that furnished by the person concerned. Also, in a circular of his book, Professor Aughinbaugh is shown as "Chairman of Foreign Trade." Wishing to make certain about this matter, I dictated to my secretary a formal note, calling

Professor Aughinbaugh's attention to the discrepancies, and asking him to state which title was correct. This note was signed by my brother-in-law and mailed, and no reply to it has ever been received.

But some three weeks after it was mailed, there called at my office in Pasadena a man who announced himself as an agent of the Department of Justice, and gave the name of "A. J. Taylor." He interviewed my brother-in-law, a young man of twenty-one, and stated that my brother-in-law had been writing letters of a "scurrilous and defamatory nature" to Professor Aughinbaugh; that he had asked questions such as he had no business to ask, that he had made "improper statements" about the wife of Professor Aughinbaugh, and that he was to "stop writing letters," or he would get into serious trouble. Subsequent inquiry of the Department of Justice in Los Angeles, of the United States Attorney for this district, Attorney-General Daugherty in Washington, and Post Office Inspectors of New York, Washington and Los Angeles, brought the positive statements that no such person as "A. J. Taylor" was known, and no investigation of any such matter had been undertaken. The Postmaster at Pasadena stated that he had received letters from private parties in New York, complaining of "blackmailing" letters written by my brother-in-law; and some ten days later there came a letter from Professor Aughinbaugh to me stating that he had learned from the postal authorities in California that I had written to him, under my brother-in-law's name, and asking what was the purpose of my inquiry. I replied, stating to Professor Aughinbaugh exactly what was my purpose, and asking him if he would in return answer some questions of mine, as follows:

1. Did you send this A. J. Taylor to see my brother-in-law?
2. Did you tell him to represent himself as an agent of the Department of Justice?
3. Did you make to him any statement which would have justified him in the wholly false and absurd assertion that my brother-in-law had ever mentioned your wife?
3194. If you did send this "A. J. Taylor," who is he, and where can he be located?
5. If you did not send him, can you offer any suggestion as to how he learned about the correspondence between my brother-in-law and yourself, and what interest he had in troubling himself about the matter?

To these questions Professor Aughinbaugh made no answer, except to send me in an envelope three circulars of his book, in one of which he is described as "lecturer," in another as "instructor," and in another as "chairman." I wrote again, calling his attention to his failure to answer, but no further response came. From the publishers of "Who's Who" I learn that the lecturer-instructor-chairman-professor himself

furnished them with the information concerning his status; also that he has recently written to them asking to be recorded as no longer “professor” but as just plain “lecturer!”

CHAPTER LXV

THE GROWTH OF JABBERGRAB

Modern industry is an enormously complicated thing, and specialized teaching of industrial processes is just as necessary as any other kind of education. I would not give anyone the impression that I object to the teaching of advertising or foreign trade or finance, any more than I object to the teaching of plumbing or manicuring fingernails. My point is that all these arts should be taught in trade schools, and they should be taught *as trades*. For example, the International Harvester Company maintains an excellent school for training its employes; it does not pretend that this school is a “university,” it does not call the turning out of harvester machines a “profession,” and it does not constitute a high-speed steel worker a “doctor of science.” It is when these schools of commerce and departments of trade crowd into universities, and take to themselves academic honors and dignities, and exploit themselves with high-sounding phrases of religion and social idealism, that I am moved to protest; as when I see some parasitic vine climbing a beautiful shade-tree, spreading out over the surface of the tree, blocking its light and air and choking it to death.

That is what is happening in the field of American higher education; it is happening not merely at New York 320University and other great “intellectual sweat-shops,” it is happening at practically every one of our state universities and at most of our great endowed institutions. It was Harvard which started this vile business, with a College of Commerce and Administration; Columbia followed suit, and the plague has spread from Maine to California. I consult a few college catalogues at random, and I find that at the University of Illinois they are teaching millinery, also at the University of Nebraska and the University of Southern California. At the University of California they have a “costume laboratory,” also a course in “jewelry.” At Boston University, made out of the millions of Isaac Rich, the merchant, and Lee Chaflin, the shoe manufacturer, they will teach you how to collect tips at summer hotels. The commercial men and women who specialize in such subjects come into the universities, and they bid against the professors of liberal arts for power and prestige and pay—and how much chance do you think a scholar or lover of belles-lettres stands against such people?

You understand that the president of a university, making up his salary budget, is like all other business men, he pays what he has to pay. And here is the Professor of

Department-store Advertising pointing out that at Goldberg & Isaacstein's, in the shopping district, he can get fifteen thousand a year, and he has a letter in his pocket to prove it. He will come to the university for twelve thousand, because of his love of the higher things of life, but he won't take a cent less, and the president tries once or twice and finds out that he is not bluffing. For a year the president has been trying to get a first-class Professor of Commercial Correspondence, who understands the three varieties of "follow-up letters"; and the Director of his School of Business keeps telling him that any man who really commands that precious knowledge can get ten thousand a year. But who is there in the outside world that will pay anything to a professor of archeology, or to a man who can explain the Einstein theory, or a man who knows more about the life of Dante than anyone else in America? Such men have to take what they can get, and their salaries remain stagnant while the value of the dollar is cut in half.

At the University of Minnesota I was told about a 321 discussion at a meeting of the regents. The president of the university was very anxious to get Professor Stuart P. Sherman, well known as a conservative literary critic. Some one remarked that Sherman would want six thousand dollars; whereupon the grand duke of the board put down his fist on the table. "There's not an English man in America worth six thousand dollars!" he declared. I am sorry I cannot state exactly what value this gentleman sets upon the services of a grand duke of the plutocracy, but it is at least a score of times the sum of six thousand a year. But you see, this gentleman has all his life been buying men at their market price, and he knows that market price, and has no idea that they have any other value.

At the University of Chicago they have a School of Commerce, which is growing like the weed that it is, and in their advertising literature, with its variety of "follow-up letters," they tell you that after two years' training you can command a salary of twelve thousand dollars. This, of course, is the kind of talk that brings the business; these are the courses which the "he-men" take. And after they have got a degree, they become professors, and perhaps deans, and they run the university. If it is a question of starting a drive for funds, they are the ones who know how to get out the "literature," they are experts in the psychology of mendicancy. They understand the newspapers, and how to get favors from them; they understand the politicians and the big business men who run the politicians; they are the fellows after the trustees' own hearts, and when the time comes for the old president to be shelved, it is one of these "go-getters" who is in line for the place. We have seen that happen at one university after another; at the University of Illinois President Kinley was Director of the School of Commerce,

and at Northwestern University President Scott was Director of the Bureau of Salesmanship Research.

Let us return to our University of Jabbergrab, where these new educational tendencies “rule the roost.” Chancellor Brown sets forth that the “School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance” of his university contains six thousand students, and that from it has sprung a “Graduate School of Business Administration,” also in the last three years a “School of Retailing.” Twenty-two department-stores 322 and other retail establishments in New York “have made direct connection with the university, and thirty-seven college graduates are each morning pursuing their studies in retailing in our class-rooms, and in the afternoon of the same day are receiving practical experience in the various operations of the stores themselves.” I have not attended these classes, but I do not need to inquire what these students are learning; I can go to the New York department-stores, and see them displaying “marked-down” goods, which were marked up before they were marked down. I have only to read their imbecile advertisements in the New York newspapers, setting forth the latest fads and foibles of “Milady,” and the latest “importations” of the latest “creations” of the keepers of French mistresses.

New York University’s catalogue lists three professors of marketing, five professors of finance, four professors of accounting, four of business English, three of management, one of salesmanship, one of merchandising, one of foreign trade, one of life insurance—and a Director of the Wall Street Division!

Of course, this new kind of education is yet in its infancy, and we must not expect perfection. Pick up this university catalogue ten years from now, and you will find its deficiencies made up; you will find a Professor of Stock-watering and an Instructor in Political Manipulation. You will find an eloquent statement setting forth the fact that the handling of labor has now become an enormous American industry; that there are hundreds of large agencies for the putting down of strikes, and salaries as high as twenty and thirty thousand dollars a year are paid to competent masters of such work; therefore the university is establishing a Department of Strike-Breaking, with a Professor of Gunmanship and a Demonstrator of the Third Degree. Also there will be eloquent “advertising talks,” explaining that business men now spend most of their time keeping agitators out of their factories, and that the secret service departments of great corporations have come to be the most important part thereof; so the university is now establishing a Department of Espionage, with a Professor of Varieties of Bolshevism, and a Dean of Deportation Proceedings, and a Special Lecturer on Attorney-Generalship.

CHAPTER LXVI

JABBERGRAB IN JOURNALISM

In all these new academic department-stores one of the leading departments is that of journalism. Here they teach you how to write for and edit newspapers; and needless to say, what the students want is to be prepared to fill positions on the capitalist press, and their judgment of a school of journalism is conditioned upon the salaries secured by its graduates. The first school of this kind was started at Columbia, with an endowment left by Joseph Pulitzer, the father of “yellow” journalism. Being curious to know what kind of ethics Mr. Pulitzer’s school is teaching, I pick up a publication of the Alumni Association, “Clean Copy.” The title page contains a list of officers, and I note the chairman’s name, and his address—prepare yourself for a laugh!—care Ivy Lee, 61 Broadway, New York City! So we learn that the Columbia School of Journalism is preparing students to work in the offices of “Poison Ivy!” Its standards are such that it is willing for an employe of “Poison Ivy” to be chairman of its Alumni, and to advertise that fact in its paper!

When I first came in touch with Mr. Lee’s lie-factory, he was press agent for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a thousand dollars a month; then he became prize poisoner for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and now he has in New York and Washington a great publicity bureau, serving all the railroads of the United States in their war upon the American people. What “Poison Ivy” gets for this work I have no idea, but it must be a generous sum; a friend of mine was looking for an apartment in New York, and entered one of those new palatial houses just off Fifth Avenue, and was informed by those in charge that the cheapest apartment in the place rented for twenty-five thousand dollars a year—and one of the tenants is Ivy L. Lee! It is interesting to note that it took a combination of our three most aristocratic universities, Princeton, Harvard and Columbia, to turn out this super-professor of prevarication!

Also the University of Wisconsin got in early on the journalism business. One of its professors got out a textbook, which was used until quite recently at Wisconsin, 324 and is still used at many other places; there are thousands of practicing journalists in America today who got their ethical ideals from Professor Hyde’s text-book, which advises students about dramatic criticism: “Very few critics are so fortunate as to be able to say exactly what they think about a play; they must say what the editor wants them to say.”... The dramatic critic “must praise more cleverly, and give his copy the appearance of honest criticism.”

Needless to say, they have a school of journalism at the University of Jabbergrab. The director of this department is James Melvin Lee, who got his training for the teaching of journalistic ideals on the staff of “Leslie’s,” the barber-shop weekly, and later for four years as editor of “Judge,” the bar-room comic. Concerning Professor Lee’s journalistic standards I have intimate knowledge, derived from a protracted controversy over “The Brass Check”; so here I can draw you a complete picture of Jabbergrab in action.

A controversy with Professor Lee is a good deal like fighting one of those enchanters you read about in the fairy tales—your sword goes straight through him, and leaves him the same as he was before. He made his first attack on “The Brass Check” at the Brownsville Labor Forum, and his cry was that he wanted definite facts—there were none in my book! Again and again I supplied him with facts, and discovered the curious phenomenon—he paid not the slightest attention to any which I supplied; he would come again, demanding the same ones! The New York “Globe” saw in our controversy a good journalistic stunt, and they invited Professor Lee and myself to row it out, and gave each of us a total of six columns. And here in the “Globe,” Professor Lee repeated one after another all the various demands and challenges which he had issued at the Brownsville Labor Forum—overlooking almost all the data I had furnished him in the meantime!

For my first article in the “Globe,” I took the trouble to go over “The Brass Check” and count the number of cases which give complete documentation—names, places, and dates—and these came to a total of two hundred and thirteen. In addition, there are perhaps a dozen or two anecdotes which I narrate upon the authority of other people, being in every case careful to name my authority. 325 Finally, there are half a dozen trivial incidents—such as the fact that an old college professor of mine fell down an elevator shaft in a department-store—which I did not document, for the reason that these incidents occurred to me in the final revision of the book, and I could not have the files of the New York newspapers consulted in time. Professor Lee’s method of controversy was to pick out these few trifling incidents, and recite them to the Brownsville audience, and to the readers of the New York “Globe,” with elaborate challenges to me to produce this information. Thus, to a single anecdote of Gaylord Wilshire being misrepresented by the Associated Press, Professor Lee devoted three paragraphs in the “Globe,” demanding at great length the names of the newspapers and the dates; I supplied him with the names and dates of two newspapers—but to no result that I could discover.

Both in his Brownsville address and in the “Globe” controversy he took up my story of the Associated Press crimes in Colorado; but he was careful to confine himself to one

detail, my telegram to President Wilson—because he was able to argue that this telegram was libelous and that it was “self-advertising.” He made no mention of any other aspect of the whole series of suppressions which I proved against the Associated Press during that Colorado coal strike. Still more significant is the fact that nowhere in these controversies could I get him to mention the conduct of the Associated Press in the West Virginia coal strike. The reason was obvious enough; the Associated Press had here been so indiscreet as to come into court and submit its own dispatches in evidence, and its poisoning of the news was proved by its sworn official admissions. This was not the sort of “facts” that Professor Lee was looking for, and so he never let anyone hear about them!

Equally significant was his handling of the false report sent out by the Associated Press, to the effect that my wife had been arrested during our demonstration in front of the Standard Oil Building, New York, during the Colorado coal strike. I stated in “The Brass Check” that my wife notified the Associated Press of the falsity of this report, and demanded a retraction. In his first letter to me Professor Lee made the flat statement: “*The Associated Press does not have proof; it did not receive it.*” In 326 my reply, I pointed out to Professor Lee the naïveté of his own statement; how without one particle of evidence, he accepted the word of the Associated Press, and turned it into a flat statement of his own. My wife filed libel suits against thirty Associated Press newspapers which had published the false report, and the Associated Press was liable for every dollar that these newspapers might have to pay. Was it humanly believable that not one of these newspapers would notify the Associated Press of the filing of these suits? On the contrary, was it not certain that every one of these papers, under the advice of their attorneys, would notify the Associated Press of the filing of the suit, and of the paper’s expectation that the Associated Press would defend it? I sent to my New York office a copy of a newspaper, containing an account of the filing of the suit, and Professor Lee inspected this evidence in the presence of my New York manager; but did this make any difference to him? It made not a particle! When he took up the controversy in the New York “Globe,” he brought up the same argument again: “The point at issue is whether such attention was called to the Associated Press!”

Still funnier was what happened in the case of Professor Lee’s demand that some one should name a newspaper which had suppressed the name of a department-store in connection with a discreditable news item. Professor Lee, reading “The Brass Check,” observed that most of my anecdotes of this kind dealt with newspapers in Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee and other cities. Therefore, he phrased his challenge at the Brownsville Labor Forum so that it referred only to *New York* newspapers; he

called for names, places and dates—and of course nobody at the Brownsville Labor Forum could supply such data. In the New York “Globe” he repeated this challenge, very proudly and very confidently. But, alas, right in the middle of the controversy, his friends on the kept press threw him down! On June 27 he published in the “Globe” his article headed, “Lee Calls on Sinclair for Names, Dates, Places”; and nine days later the New York “Evening Sun,” in its baseball edition, Wednesday, July 6, 1920, page two, column eight, published a story about a man who had sued a department-store and collected 327 money from it—and nowhere in the article was the department-store named!

Also I ought to mention the behavior of this professor of Jabbergrab in connection with the New York “Times.” This controversy, with all the documents, is given in a pamphlet, “The Crimes of the ‘Times,’” which you may have for the asking. I will here mention only one or two details. The “Times” reported Professor Lee’s Brownsville address to the extent of two columns, quoting mainly his defense of the “Times.” I replied in a letter, and the “Times” did to this the most dishonest thing a newspaper can do—it refused to publish the letter, but discussed it in an editorial, and falsified its contents! I sent the “Times” a telegram, calling attention to the falsifications, but they refused any sort of redress. These falsifications stand in the files of the paper; they are listed in its index, found in every large library in the country. Students of “The Brass Check” will come upon those falsehoods; but they will know nothing about my answer, for my humble little pamphlet is not catalogued in libraries. I trust therefore that the reader will pardon me if I take two paragraphs of this book to state the facts; especially since every step of the controversy was a test, not merely of the “Times,” but of the Director of Journalism of New York University.

The incident in dispute is told on page 77 of “The Brass Check,” dealing with the publication of my novel, “The Metropolis.” The New York “Times” had prepared a front-page news story about this novel, and the story was killed at the last minute by Mr. Ochs, publisher of the “Times.” Professor Lee, in his Brownsville speech, declared that this narrative of mine was absurd upon its face. In my letter to the “Times,” I put it up to the “Times” to say whether my narrative was true or false. The “Times,” refusing to publish the letter, declared editorially that no such incident had occurred. Said the “Times”: “Mr. Sinclair refers to this tale in his letter to the ‘Times,’ but with a shifting of ground. For his own positive statement in ‘The Brass Check’ he now substitutes the alleged statement of a ‘publicity agent’ of a publishing house,” etc.

Now the facts were as follows: “The Metropolis” had been published in serial form in the “American Magazine”; 328 and in “The Brass Check” I had stated that it was this magazine which had arranged for the story in the “Times.” Subsequently I recalled that

it was Moffat, Yard & Company, the publishers of the *book*, who had made the arrangements, and this correction I noted in my letter to the “Times.” Manifestly, this made no difference, so far as concerned the “Times”; but you see what use they made of this “shifting of ground”! Their assertion, that I “relied upon the alleged statement of a publicity agent of a publishing house” was a flat falsehood; for in my letter to the “Times” I told them that “I saw the proofs of the proposed story with my own eyes.” A day or two later I was able to telegraph them statements from the two gentlemen who had composed the firm of Moffat, Yard & Company, Mr. W. D. Moffat and Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, both declaring that they plainly remembered the preparing of the story by the “Times,” and their disappointment when they found it did not appear as promised. The “Times” received this testimony, but refused publication to it, and paid no attention to my telegrams of protest!

And now, where was Professor Lee during this controversy? Professor Lee had furnished the “Times” with the ammunition to attack me; he had defended their journalistic practices, and they had published his defense. Here he saw them committing a piece of the baldest journalistic rascality—and what did he do about it? I telegraphed him again and again, asking him to take steps to induce the newspaper to correct its published falsehoods. Later on, I challenged him again and again to withdraw his published endorsement of the newspaper’s ethical code. His reply was to go before the University Settlement, and repeat his attack upon “The Brass Check” and his defense of the “Times”—and the “Times” once more featured his address! To the manager of my New York office Professor Lee made the smiling statement that he was publishing a magazine for business men, and he did not care how much I attacked him in public—it would only help him with his business clients!

You have heard me protesting against the practice of covering commercialists and servants of privilege with the mantle of academic dignity; and here you see what it means, and why it is done. The New York “Times” did not dare to answer “The Brass Check” itself; for a year it had ignored the book—save to post in its editorial rooms a statement that anyone found with a copy in the office would be summarily discharged! But then came forward a personage with the high-sounding title of “Director of the Department of Journalism of New York University”; and the “Times” made itself into a megaphone, to carry this hitherto negligible voice to the farthest ends of the earth!

CHAPTER LXVII

THE CITY COLLEGES

There is another crowded institution in the great metropolis, the College of the City of New York, where I got the one degree of which I boast. I went back there this spring, after twenty-five years, and it was a curious experience. They have their new buildings, all in the venerable Gothic style, with arrow-proof windows; and in the faculty room I inspected a row of oil paintings of those old professors who had been the chief torment of five years of my youth. They were so lifelike it gave me a chill; I expected to see the old red-whiskered professor of Latin, or the old white-whiskered professor of Greek, come down from his frame and denounce me for my twenty years of socialistic agitation.

This college has grown to enormous size, with some sixteen thousand students, and all the regulation "Main Street" courses; also there is Hunter College for women, with four thousand more. These are the only colleges in New York to which Jews can now get admission on their merits, and the student membership of "C. C. N. Y." is eighty-five percent Jewish; the Anglo-Saxons who constitute the interlocking trustees have a difficult time to keep down the active-minded East-side boys. One of them, Leon Samson, ventured to ask a question of General Webb at a "preparedness" meeting, and for this he was expelled. (He moved on to Columbia, from which he was expelled on the basis of garbled newspaper reports of a speech in opposition to the draft.) The students have not been allowed to have an open forum, and the list of speakers is sternly censored. Scott Nearing was barred, also the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, and a lecture by Bouck White was forbidden very dramatically an hour before it began. Incredible as it may seem, Glenn E. Plumb was not permitted to debate the "Plumb plan" before these students!

I found here all the regular methods for holding down the faculty. Said one young professor: "Our president commands a cruel form of torture; he sets you to teaching freshmen for the rest of your life." Promotion depends upon conformity, and dark secrets are whispered, and suffocation befalls those upon whom suspicion lights. I talked with one professor, a bit of a liberal, who gave me a curious picture of the operation of the academic terror. He had been recommended by the head of his department for promotion, but had been passed over; he went to his dean, and tried to drag out of him what was the matter. "Do you know?" Yes, the dean knew. "Will you tell?" No, the dean shook his head. "Will you tell me this, then? Does this reason, whatever it is, operate next year?" No, the dean wouldn't tell that. But for three years it did operate, and a live man was deprived of his right to advancement, and kept upon a dead routine until his spirit should be broken.

I sat with three of these young professors, and one after another they told me their stories, and I noted their phrases. "There is nothing brutal about it; we know our

places, and we keep to them; but we think of things that we ought to be doing, and we don't respect ourselves; we invent sophistries to quiet our consciences, we build up a defensive mechanism." And one of the men told me how he had gone out during the summer, and had got a job as a salesman. "I was trying to get over my fear," he said. "I wanted to make sure that I could earn a living in the world."

"Did you earn it?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered; "but I didn't get over my fear. I don't want to be a business man and have to sell things!"

They told me of the efforts of various professors to introduce courses in literature, biology, political science. The heads of these departments are old men, some of them in office forty years; dull, timid, afraid of new ideas. To them everything since 1870 is worthless, and until quite recently they would not allow any modern 331 courses, obviously in fear that if live teaching were introduced they would lose their students. I picture these poor pedagogues; I picture the other old men I knew on that faculty—exactly the same as all the other old men of all the other old faculties of all the other old universities. Modern life comes rushing down upon them like a storm, and they have no idea what to do with it, how to handle it. It is a hail-storm of boys and girls—thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of them. What are they? What do they mean?—these strange, wild creatures, thrusting themselves forward, demanding their "rights," clamoring for new things never heard of by old professors! Despising Tennyson, and demanding Bernard Shaw! Doubting the Bible, disputing property rights, questioning marriage, discussing outrageous things—divorce, birth control—actually right out in public! I recalled Jack London's short story, about a group of old Indians up in Alaska, who saw the white men coming in and undermining their ancient civilization. These Indians formed a society to destroy the new intruders: "The League of the Old Men." And I thought to myself: that is what modern education is—a league of the old men to make the young what the old want them to be!

Colleges which are located in big cities have one advantage, in that the students more frequently live at home, and are less apt to develop that pest known as "college spirit." On the other hand, being in the midst of roaring commerce, they are even less apt to think about anything but preparation for money-making. Most of these "city colleges" and "universities" are nothing but trade-schools: for example, the University of Cincinnati, which boasts of four thousand students. The same men who control this place control the banks of the city; they took a professor of economics and made him president of a bank, raising him from four thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand—a lesson for all college professors to ponder! It was this institution which started the

wonderful scheme of having students spend their mornings in college classrooms and their afternoons in factories, department-stores and banks. More than a thousand students are now following this plan, in some two hundred and fifty business places in Cincinnati!

Or take Washington University, in St. Louis, which ³³²also has four thousand students. The trustees of this place were described to me by a member of the faculty as “hard-boiled, self-made millionaires.” The university advertises in the newspapers for students, setting forth in plain language the increase in earning power attributable to a college training. The students here were forbidden to organize a liberal club; a young lawyer, a member of the faculty, is known as a Bolshevik, and when I asked him why, he said it was because, in a group of millionaires, he heard the opinion expressed that Judge Gary was the best man in the country for president, and he kept silence!

The other day I received a letter from a man in Philadelphia, sending me the advertisements of “Temple University”; I had never heard of such a place, but I looked it up—and behold, it has over eight thousand students, with a School of Theology, a School of Chiropody and a School of Commerce with courses in Salesmanship, Hand-lettering, Advertising Copy and Layout, Advertising Campaigns, Psychology of Advertising. The president and creator of this place is Russell H. Conwell, a Baptist preacher, one of Philadelphia’s great men, described by John Wanamaker as “my yoke-fellow.” He is the author of a lecture entitled “Acres of Diamonds,” which up to 1915 had been delivered five thousand times, and had earned four million dollars. This, with a biography of the preacher and a history of his university, is available in book form; the most characteristically American thing which I have read since the autobiography of P. T. Barnum; a perfect product of that combination of commercial ecstasy and sentimental religiosity which is the soul of my country. The title, “Acres of Diamonds,” is derived from the story of an Arab who went out to hunt for diamonds all over the world, and never discovered that he had acres of them on his own farm. Dr. Conwell has discovered that you can exploit the labor of your fellow man in Philadelphia just as well as anywhere else, and he pronounces the law of God that “to make money honestly is to preach the gospel.” I took the trouble to go over the first forty pages of his lecture, checking off the words which refer to wealth in its many forms—money, gold, silver, diamonds, riches, millions, dollars, fortune, etc. You may think I am joking, but try it for yourself; in the first forty pages of the lecture I counted ³³³two hundred and eighteen such words! And each one of them spoken five thousand times—more than one million words of greed uttered to American audiences by one single preacher of Jesus!

Or take the University of Southern California, with nearly six thousand students, located in the heart of Los Angeles, metropolis of our “land of orange groves and jails.” I have no words to describe the ravenous commercialism of this region, the earthly paradise of oil stock salesmen and “realtors”; its varied and multiple greeds affect my imagination like the sounds of a vast menagerie at feeding-time. Needless to say, the university of this outdoor stock-exchange has all the Jabbergrab courses: Feature Writing, and Advanced Advertising, Investments, Commercial Banking, Credits and Collections, Corporation Finance. The catalogue gives a list of commercial organizations which are called in to supervise various courses; for example, the course in business correspondence is under the patronage of the “Better Letters Association!”

The grand duke of this institution is Mr. E. L. Doheny, jr., whose father is the biggest oil magnate in the West, president of half a dozen bloated Mexican and California oil companies, of which Mr. Doheny, jr., is vice-president. Mr. Doheny, sr., boasts of owning the biggest private yacht in the world, and gives elaborate entertainments on this yacht, and has photographs of himself and his guests filling pages of our Sunday newspapers. Mr. Doheny has been vehement in support of intervention in Mexico, and fortunes of his money have been spent in intrigues to produce Mexican revolutions. Needless to say, therefore, he is deeply religious; appreciating the importance of all methods of holding down the masses, he gives a quarter of a million dollars to build a Catholic church, while his son is on the board of trustees of a Methodist “university.”

The articles of incorporation of this institution provide that the trustees shall all be Methodists. They have a School of Religion, with a big foundation, and courses in such topics as “Personality in Missions,” “Functions and Methods of Evangelism,” and “The Pastoral Office under Modern Conditions”—which might be more briefly phrased as “How to Handle Doheny.” As I write, the 334 devout young Christian commercialists of this school engage in a mass riot with the students of the University of California’s southern branch, and one of the students of the latter institution has the letters “U. C.”—that is, University of California—branded on his forehead with nitric acid. This was supposed to have been done by the students of the rival institution; but investigation by detectives brought out the fact that it had been done by some of the student’s own fellows. They did not like him, because he neglected student activities; also they wanted to discredit the University of Southern California, by putting the job off on it. You can learn everything at American universities—even the “frame-up”!

CHAPTER LXVIII

THE LARGE MUSHROOMS

America is half a continent, and its wealth is enormous, and there is a constantly increasing swarm of young people who want the social prestige which a college education gives. They have an opportunity to treat themselves to four years of pleasant idleness on papa's money, and they avail themselves of that opportunity. So all over the country spring up mushroom universities, swelling to unwieldy size, and making frantic efforts to accumulate traditions and reputation. We have visited a dozen of the great state universities, following our route along the Northern tier of states. To complete our survey we should also visit the prairie country, and see what this plutocracy of railroads and banks is doing to its young people.

Let us begin with the University of Nebraska, the dominant institution of the prairie country. This place contents itself with a small board of the big insiders—Mr. Hall, president of one of the largest banks in the state; Mr. Seymour, a banker of Elgin, and Mr. Landis, a banker of Seward; Mr. Judson, the largest retail merchant of Omaha, and Mr. Bates, wealthy rancher and insurance man. All of these gentlemen know money; they know nothing whatever about education, yet they guide the thinking of some eight thousand students. A study of promotions and salaries reveals the usual fact, 335that instructors who deal with commercial subjects have been advanced far beyond those whose humble task is the improving of the students' minds.

I am told of one professor who has been twenty years in the place, and who is a liberal, though in no sense a Socialist. Being a staunch believer in democratic institutions, he has criticized the anti-democratic elements in the university, and has been called into "conference" by those in control, and had the law laid down to him concerning his teachings. He has been held back upon what amounts to a starvation salary. Being an elderly man, he cannot make a change. Another, a professor of economics, a widely-known authority on matters of taxation, was appointed on a commission to study the revenue system of the state. He proved his competence so thoroughly that he was invited by the state legislature to appear before its committee on revenue and taxation, and give them the benefit of his knowledge. One of this man's colleagues describes to me what happened:

Back-stair influences were instantly mobilized. The professor was called into conference and warned not to meet with the committee, because it was not advisable for an instructor of the university to become involved in political questions. The professor insisted that he ought to give a law-making body the benefit of his own information. Suffice it to say, the professor never met with the committee, because it was hinted to him that dire consequences might follow. This man also is on a starvation salary.

Equally significant was the case of the gentleman who had charge of the dairy department of the University of Nebraska. The dairy business of Lincoln and vicinity is in the hands of a grasping corporation, which flagrantly adulterates its products; so the head of the dairy department conceived the idea of distributing the products of the College of Agriculture at a price much below that charged by the corporation. The dairy products of the university being genuine, there was great demand for them, and as my informant tells me, “the upshot of the competition on the part of the university led to a fight on the man who had charge of the dairy department, and ultimately resulted in his dismissal.”

I explained my purpose to deal with “war cases” in this book, only when the war was used as a pretext to get rid of liberals. There was a series of such cases at the 336 University of Nebraska in 1918. Several professors were dismissed, but the records of the trial plainly show that they were dismissed because of economic unorthodoxy. One taught mathematics, and stated to the board of regents that he had not considered it his business to teach his students about the war. We have noted many cases of college professors being told that it is their duty to teach their specialty, and not meddle in public questions; now again we note that this rule applies only when they are advocating measures contrary to the interests of the plutocracy. When the plutocracy wants to go to war, then all professors have to teach war—even those who are supposed to be teaching mathematics!

An interesting demonstration of the policy of depriving college professors of their citizenship has just been given at the University of Oklahoma. Here is a state of oil speculators and starving tenant farmers. One of the products of their degradation is the squalid frenzy known as the Ku Klux Klan; and the board of regents has just issued a decree, declaring that the university must “keep the good-will of all factions and parties,” and therefore members of the faculty are forbidden to take part in the controversy over the Klan. What this means is that they are forbidden to oppose it; I am told on good authority that the president of this board is a member of the Klan, as also the vice-president of the university, and about two-thirds of the faculty! The same decree forbids members of the faculty to take part in politics; but this does not interfere with five out of seven members of the board of regents being actively engaged in putting down the Farmer-Labor party by every means of intimidation and corruption.

Next let us glance at the University of Iowa, which has nearly six thousand students, and is controlled by the railroads which run this “rock-ribbed” Republican state. A member of the faculty writes me that its president is “politically a Harding Republican, and personally he has no curiosity about or sympathy with liberal thought of any kind.

His attitude toward freedom of teaching in his faculty is a purely pragmatic one. Since his main job is to get funds from the state legislature, he does not propose to allow the 'indiscretions' of a professor to damage the cause of the university there. In 337 other words, a professor can say anything he wants to in the class-room, if his students don't talk too much and thus arouse sentiment in the state unfriendly to the university. An 'injudicious' remark might cost the university a half-million dollars in much needed appropriations." An excellent motto for this state of Iowa has been composed by Ellis Parker Butler, as follows:

"Three millions yearly for manure,
And not one cent for literature."

Or take Ohio State University, with nine thousand students. Here the president is a clergyman—"missionary and pastor," he describes himself; also he is a coal merchant and farmer, vice-president of a bank and president of an insurance company, and faculty committees have to wait while he keeps his important business appointments. His professors are underpaid, and when they get into debt, he doesn't increase their salaries, but loans them money from his City National Bank at the prevailing rate of interest. This, you perceive, offers a quite unique method of controlling academic activities. President Thompson, I am told, is frequently quite kind-hearted to those who conform to primitive Calvinism in their personal righteousness; but on the other hand, a man who does not subject himself to the established order is sternly disciplined—for his own good, of course, as when a child is spanked. Ludwig Lewisohn was on the faculty for six years, and tells me of one professor who struggled many years to pay off a debt incurred for the funeral of his wife; another, an excellent teacher and scholar, who did not indulge in riotous living, but found that with the increase of prices during the war his family could hardly keep alive, delayed to pay a bill for a pair of shoes, and the shoe store sent the bill to the president of the university, and this guardian of the business proprieties fired the professor, stating that he "lacked integrity."

Lewisohn declares that at the faculty gatherings in this university he never in his life heard a fundamental discussion of any subject; everything was "silence and stealth." Another professor writes, describing the extreme patriotism prevailing: "A bugler plays taps every Wednesday at convocation hour, and everyone is supposed 338 to stand still with bared head. The president is attended at all functions by his 'military staff.' All instructors must swear to an oath of allegiance in the presence of a notary before they can receive their salaries." This correspondent tells me how a member of the staff was forced out because he had separated from his wife; also how the "university pastors"

on the campus are trying to establish a School of Religion, at state expense, and to get their courses listed for university credits. With a clergyman for president, this ought to be easy; especially when the president holds the opinion which President Thompson expressed in answer to a suggestion that his professors ought to have more opportunity to study and improve their education. He said that most of them held Ph. D. degrees, therefore their education was a closed matter, and their only duty henceforth was to teach, both in the regular session and in the summer schools!

A gentleman who was a member of President Thompson's faculty for more than ten years writes me about the place as follows:

"My personal difficulties were primarily with the head of the institution, who is a Presbyterian minister, a man who would not tell a lie, but a man whose word cannot be depended upon; very jealous, sensitive to criticism, apparently always your friend to your face and your bitterest foe to your back. My observation is that ninety per cent of the faculty at Ohio State are afraid to offend the president for fear he will make them suffer for it, either in failing to promote them or to raise their salaries. The result of this condition is a servile faculty that are working harder to have a good 'stand-in' with the president than they are to develop their subjects. I think another result of this condition is to make narrow-minded, selfish, self-seeking men. One of the reasons that prompted me to leave teaching was the little narrow-minded individuals with whom I was compelled to associate, men whose chief thought seemed to be, how can I get my salary raised. I am farming now, and I must say that I find the companionship of my cows and horses a great improvement over some of my associates in university circles."

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CHAPTER LXIX

THE LITTLE TOADSTOOLS

So far we have been dealing with the great educational centres, which number their students in thousands and even tens of thousands; but for every one such institution there are scores of little places scattered over the country, with anywhere from a hundred to a thousand students each. In general, one can say concerning these little places that they try to be as much like the big places as possible. They get the local financial celebrities on their boards; they get the Gothic buildings with arrow-proof windows, and ivy of the quickest growing variety; they dress up their faculty in fancy robes, and their graduating students in caps and gowns; they have their fraternities and sororities, their full equipment of athletic teams and alumni boosters. And, just as in country villages you find more spying and more spite than in big cities, so in little

colleges you find class greed and religious bigotry incessantly on the watch for any trace of a new idea.

To Beloit College, in Wisconsin, befell a singular fate—it got upon its faculty a young man of talent, who wrote a live novel. “Iron City,” by M. H. Hedges, is a picture of life in a small college, located in a manufacturing town, and of the ferment of modern ideas trying to break into such a place. Mr. Hedges declares that he did not indicate Beloit especially, and has received many letters from professors in other college towns, saying that the cap fitted them. But the gossips of Beloit insisted upon riveting the cap upon their own heads, and there was a dreadful scandal.

Beloit is a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, its one big industry being the Fairbanks-Morse Manufacturing Company, the largest makers of scales in the world. Mr. Morse is the grand duke of the Beloit board, and has as his assistants Mr. Salmon, director of the Beloit Water, Gas & Electric Company, and Mr. Tyrrell, head of a great knitting works in an adjoining town; also a big Chicago wheat broker; the head of Montgomery Ward & Company; a great paper manufacturer; a leading Chicago insurance man; a local preacher; and a 340 “special investigator” of the United States Department of Justice. So you see Beloit is fully equipped to install, not merely a college of commerce and a department of divinity, but also a school of spying.

With the publication of “Iron City” its secret service got to work immediately; I am told by one who was on the inside that three days after the book was out, one of the trustees called President Brannon on the telephone from Chicago, exclaiming: “I understand you have a novelist on your faculty. Why do you have people like that?” In less than a month the board of trustees had formally demanded Professor Hedges’ resignation. President Brannon is a scientist, whom we saw kicked out of the University of Idaho by the mining kings; he had some liberal ideas when he came to Beloit five years ago. He liked his novelist, and tried to save him, calling him his best teacher; but the uproar was too great—the outraged townspeople stopped speaking to Professor Hedges and his wife on the street. Shortly after this, three liberal professors were driven from the institution, and the president pleaded for them also; it is said that he threatened to resign—but I note that they are gone, while he is still in office.

President Brannon had an interesting plan to remedy the housing shortage and improve the community spirit in this manufacturing town. He started a “chamber of commerce,” for the purpose of constructing a million dollars’ worth of homes on a co-operative basis, with the help of the labor unions. The banks, the utility company heads, and the Fairbanks-Morse people vigorously opposed the plan and tried to head

it off; after it had got started they called up the local merchants and other members of the new “chamber of commerce” on the telephone, and ordered them to have nothing to do with so dangerous an undertaking, under penalty of loss of credit at the banks. So the “chamber of commerce” no longer exists.

There is peace now in Beloit and its college. The last danger passed when a student was expelled after publishing in the student paper a review of “The Brass Check”! The head of the local knitting works, one of the ultra-religious type of trustees, comes to the college and makes orations, being introduced as “a progressive 341 Christian employer”; whereas it is well known among the students that the white slave industry of the town is recruited from girls who cannot earn living wages in the knitting works.

These manufacturing towns are scattered over the Middle West, and they and their colleges are very much alike. Let us have a glimpse at Marietta College, in Ohio. The recent president of this institution was formerly editor-in-chief of the Chicago “Inter-Ocean,” and championed the infamous Lorimer and the greedy Yerkes. A student with whom I talked was present in a class in sociology, to which President Hinman made the statement that preachers should not discuss social and civic problems. Some of the students took exception to this idea, and attempted to argue with him, whereupon he barred discussion in that class for the rest of the year. He fired a Y. M. C. A. secretary for the crime of having offered to a student a ticket to “Damaged Goods”—a play which had its opening performance in Washington, attended by President Wilson and his wife, and all the members of the cabinet and the Supreme Court.

The grand duke of this board was Mr. W. W. Mills, local traction magnate and capitalist, president of the First National Bank, interested in a cabinet company, a brick company, a bridge company, a chair company, a floral company, a paint company, and a street railway company. This versatile gentleman also controls the two newspapers of the town, and censors the proceedings of the state conferences of the Congregational church. His brother, also on the board, is director in the bank and president of the chair company. The rest of the board was made up of Mr. Mills’ nephew, Mr. Rufus Dawes, a powerful millionaire of Chicago, president of a dozen different gas and electric companies; and his brother, Mr. Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, and comptroller of the currency under President McKinley; a retired merchant, director in the Mills bank; a local railway attorney, related to the Mills; the president of the Mills paint company; the postmaster of the town, protégé of the Mills; an attorney for the Mills corporations; the pastor of the Mills church; a corporation lawyer, director in the Mills bank; and a retired minister, related by marriage to the Mills. 342 Professors Morse and Owens were let out of Marietta upon suspicion of liberalism, and in explaining the various

reasons, the latter wrote: "Mr. John Mills expressed a sincere desire to wring my neck because I remarked at a dinner where he was present that the men in his mills are an unusually intelligent set." This referred to the chair company, in which conditions were especially terrible; there were cases of married men receiving as low as seven dollars a week in wages! Says Professor Owens:

We were urged to be Americans, and yet if we raised our wee small voice in favor of a wage that would enable the workers to live up to accepted American standards, we were at once regarded as dangerous anarchists. They were utterly blind to the fact that wages should be raised not only in the interest of justice but of efficiency. Repeatedly we stated that we were entirely willing to stand by each and every statement we had made. If we had lied we were willing to suffer the penalty. But we were denied every opportunity to present our view of the situation, denied a hearing which one of our by-laws said we were entitled to.

You remember Professor Bolley of the North Dakota Agricultural College, and his brave statement that a college professor is a citizen. For example, may a college professor become president of his local school board? Surely, yes!—you will say. But wait a moment; let me complete the sentence, "May a college professor become president of his local school board under a labor administration?" Well, now—of course—that depends!

At Rockford, Illinois, a manufacturing and commercial center, is a very exclusive college for young ladies, with a wonderful board of trustees, including a great agricultural implement manufacturer, another large manufacturer, and the widow of a third; the attorney for the town's principal industrial enterprise, also a large stockholder in the concern; the town's principal merchant, its principal lumber and fuel dealer, and the editor of its interlocking newspaper; a bank president, a steel manufacturer, a judge, and an ex-governor of the state of Illinois, a notorious corporation tool. May a professor in such a college accept any sort of office under a labor administration? Let us see!

President Maddox of Rockford College went in for liberalism and the enlightening of the masses. He had got a very conscientious young teacher by the name of Seba Eldridge, and gave him a couple of impressive titles—"Head of the Social Science Department and Professor of Economics and Sociology." Professor Eldridge went out and did "social work," and presently the labor men of Rockford elected themselves a mayor, and this mayor appointed a school board. It would seem to have been of a representative character—a Catholic business woman of independent mind, a Socialist ex-teacher who was a good Methodist, a Swedish workingman, self-taught

but of particular intelligence, a building contractor of large practical experience, and finally, as president of the board, Professor Seba Eldridge of Rockford College. Professor Eldridge had served on a local school board of New York City, and is author of two books, including a useful work on social legislation; the very man for the place, you would have thought. So thought the president of the college and the chairman of his board of trustees; and Professor Eldridge accepted the post.

But the business men of Rockford had still to be heard from! They had control of the board of aldermen, and they meant to smash this labor administration, so their aldermen rejected the board of education proposed by the mayor. Their newspapers fell to denouncing Professor Eldridge, and the big bankers made it plain that the city of Rockford could sell no school bonds until the board had a “business man” for its head. The interlocking trustees came round and interviewed the president, whereupon that gentleman suddenly changed his position, and withdrew his approval of Professor Eldridge’s acceptance of the school board presidency. As the school board position paid no salary, and as the young professor had a family dependent upon him, he decided to let the mayor name a school board president who would be confirmed by the city council! He resigned from the college also and accepted a position elsewhere.

Mr. Fay Lewis, who lives in Rockford, has been kind enough to supply me with a file of newspaper clippings on this incident, which occurred in 1921. Among these clippings I find a curious illustration of the method by which the “Morning Star” of Rockford serves its interlocking directorate. There was a discussion before the 344 Rotary Club between the labor mayor of the town and a former president of the school board, representing the business men. The newspaper reports this discussion in full; that is to say, it quotes twenty-nine inches of what the representative of the plutocracy had to say, and two inches of what the labor mayor had to say in reply!

Also, I ought to give you a little glimpse into Williams College, at Williamstown, Massachusetts. It was originally established as an institution for poor boys. It has become the most exclusive country club in the United States, with the possible exception of Princeton. Like Brown University, it is a place of dry rot; the faculty is devoted to social life and respectability, and has been rewarded by Mr. “Barney” Baruch, who has established a summer school of politics for the purpose of promoting the “Bankers’ International.” The president of the University is Harry A. Garfield, son of a former president of the United States; and as I read the proofs of this book he rushes into the newspapers to set forth his ideas on the subject of a living wage. Unskilled workers, it appears, should not receive a living wage for their families, but only for themselves. Should the worker marry, the wife should help him to earn the

household income until he educates himself out of the unskilled status—presumably by going to college and having President Garfield show him how!

Before we conclude this chapter, you might be interested to learn what the invention of gunpowder has done to higher education; something which is on demonstration in the state of Delaware. This home of the powder oligarchy ranked almost at the bottom of the list of states in matters of education, until Mr. Coleman du Pont, the powder king, took the matter off the hands of the people, and put up the money for a new educational system. That was kind of Mr. du Pont, of course, and the people of Delaware appreciate it; but it means that we have the feudal system permanently established and officially recognized in an American state. The powder oligarchy has a university, located at Newark, and here was a typhoid scandal, exactly as at the University of Oregon, with the local magnates controlling the situation, and a young instructor persisting in telling the facts. It was Ibsen's play, "An Enemy of the People," precisely re-enacted. 345 On the day that one student was buried, this young instructor published a letter, in which he accused of murder the people who had refused to put in a sewage system. He was threatened with tarring and feathering, and the president of the college was very sorry he could not offer this young instructor a raise. But he always did what the treasurer of the college wanted—and the treasurer was the man who had blocked the efforts of the board of health to avoid a typhoid epidemic! A gentleman who was for many years a member of the faculty of this university writes me, in very temperate language, as follows:

"I think the university needs an awakening to the fact that political and social conditions in the state and nation are proper and necessary subjects of the freest possible discussion. I also believe that, in spite of Pierre du Pont's altruistic attitude, the du Pont wealth stands at the gates of opportunity in Delaware, and that some who enter renounce, consciously or unconsciously, their personal freedom of opinion and action. As to the du Pont control of politics, it should be fully and forever repudiated by the people of Delaware as an insolent attempt to enslave the state to a single great interest."

CHAPTER LXX

GOD AND MAMMON

I have tried in the closing chapters of "The Profits of Religion," and also in "The Book of Life," to make plain that I honor the religious impulse in its true form. But that does not mean that I owe respect to human systems which call themselves religious, and which make the spiritual needs of mankind a basis of enslavement. I can tolerate the business man who tells me that "money makes the mare go"; I can show him how,

under a cooperative system, money would make the mare go faster. But I find it hard to tolerate those preachers of “personal righteousness,” who keep the eyes of the working class uplifted to heaven, while their pockets are picked on earth; our modern Pharisees, who take the greatest of the world’s proletarian martyrs, and bind him anew, and deliver him to be crucified upon a jewelled cross.

I make this explanation because we are now going ³⁴⁶to have a glance at some of our “religious” colleges. Let us begin with Wooster, Ohio, an institution run by the Presbyterian church. We have seen how at Clark they are introducing a summer school, to make education pay; and we can see what that will end in, because the college of Wooster has for many years been run by its summer school: an absurdly crude, privately-owned, money-making institution, which draws schoolmarms by offering gold watches as prizes for those who bring in the greatest number of new students, and by advertising in terms of dollars and cents the amount of business done by its free teachers’ agency. In country newspapers it advertises itself as “a School of Inspiration, Preparation and Perspiration.” Fifteen hundred schoolmarms come each summer, and the local papers explain that they are “free with their expense accounts.” The regular college, having only five hundred students, is relatively unimportant.

The active trustees, being local business men, naturally want to boost the summer school; whereas the faculty of the college have absurd notions of the dignity of true knowledge. Out of this grew a furious quarrel, which lasted for several years. The partisans of the summer school kicked out the excellent president of the college, who had spent sixteen years building it up from nothing. They brought in to replace him a shouting Y. M. C. A. evangelist of no college training, an utter ignoramus, and so many kinds of a liar that it would take the rest of this book to tell about it. The American Association of University Professors investigated the affair, and devoted a hundred and thirty-six pages to it, and the bulletin for May, 1917, is a study of the mental processes of a religious hypocrite, shouting about the love of Jesus, while stooping to every kind of vile and cowardly intrigue.

Also, while we are in Ohio, let us have a look at Muskingum College, at New Concord. We may see this through the eyes of Professor Arthur S. White, who was let out of the Department of Political Science and Sociology this year. The charge against him was that he had created “a critical attitude” among the students. The vice-president of the college charged him “with having taught the students to think, and that they were not thinking the right things.” At the very beginning of his work, three years ago, he had explained to the students his dislike ³⁴⁷of “the compartment method of education,” whereby students are crammed into a certain tight mold. “I remarked that such

methods were destructive of personality, and must foster decay in our institutions. When I had finished the whole class applauded. At the end of the hour, some eight or ten waited to tell me that they were, and had been, victims of such methods, and that they hoped my work would be different.” As a result of this, Professor White’s classes in political science increased from twenty-seven to a hundred and forty-two.

There was no fault to be found with his character or personal conduct, nor is he a Socialist or propagandist of any sort. I quote again from his statement: “My method was to present all the facts on every question that were available; to analyze ideas, dogmas and institutions in the light of their original professions and accomplishments. I tried to respect the personality of my students, by insisting on their being free to make a conscientious choice of their loyalties.” But, of course, this did not fit into a college whose dean phrased the duty of the faculty: “Our attitude toward the president should be that of the soldier to the general, it should be the attitude that he can do no wrong.” Muskingum is a Presbyterian institution, and in order to get the financial support of the church, it advertises itself widely as a “safe” place for parents to send their children. Everything must be “in accordance with our tradition of ideals and customs.” So, of course, the professor who taught his students to think had to move on.

Let us also move, to Meadville, Pennsylvania, where there is a little religious toadstool in the heart of the oil country, and with a Standard Oil board of trustees. On this Allegheny College we have a report of the American Association of University Professors, in the bulletin for December, 1917. The president (now president-emeritus) is a product of Judge Gary’s Northwestern University, a Methodist clergyman, and trustee of the Carnegie Foundation. An alumnus who got to know him writes me: “Crawford is a man who has seemingly lost his moral perception, and throughout his stay at Allegheny was notoriously untruthful and untrustworthy.” For fourteen years he had a professor of English literature by the name of Frank C. Lockwood, who was an ardent Prohibitionist, ³⁴⁸and came into conflict with the two local grand dukes of the board of trustees, political bosses and attorneys representing applicants for liquor licenses in Meadville. Professor Lockwood had the audacity to run for congress on the Prohibition ticket, with the backing of the Progressives; and, worse yet, although he himself was a Methodist minister, his wife joined the Unitarian church. The report does not make clear what the interlocking trustees expected the Methodist professor to do about this; they would hardly have been satisfied if he had divorced his wife for being a Unitarian; maybe they expected him to beat her until she reformed. Anyhow, the board adopted a resolution forbidding its professors to take part in politics by becoming candidates for public office; and, furthermore, it made

clear its intention to drop Professor Lockwood at the end of the next year—so he quit. A college professor is not a citizen in Pennsylvania, any more than he is in Illinois!

Let us have a look at the prairie country, the “free state” of Kansas. At Washburn College, an institution of the Congregational church at Topeka, we shall again find the worship of God and Mammon perfectly blended. All the local plutocracy is represented on this board, and also a collection of clergymen, headed by the Reverend Charles M. Sheldon, famous throughout the Middle West as the author of “In His Steps.” The president of Washburn is the Reverend Parley Paul Womer—I am aware this sounds like a novel, but it isn’t. Washburn had been in financial need, and President Womer was called in as a “fund-raiser”; he being the perfect type of plutocratic piety, with knees calloused from constant worship before the altar of the Golden Calf.

His record also is set down in a report of the Association. We find him requiring one of his professors to promote a certain student, because his father was “a prominent and well-to-do man,” and “had intimated that if Washburn would graduate his son he might do something handsome for the college in a financial way.” We find him continually humiliating members of the faculty, by warning them not to do this and not to do that “which might conceivably be displeasing to any persons from whom we might hope for aid.” We find him refusing all reforms in the way of faculty control, because “Washburn 349 depends for its financial support on business men, men of large financial interests who would be quick to resent any appearance of Bolshevism in the administration of the college.” We find him summarily discharging professors who opposed his combination of boot-licking and bullying, and then lying about these professors, and then asking that the committee of the Association should consider these lies to be “confidential”!

Finally, matters came to a head; more than half the faculty either resigned or were discharged, and the students rose up and began bombarding the pious president’s house with rotten eggs. But did that make any difference to President Womer? It did not! The smell of rotten eggs evaporates quickly, but money endures, and he is the boy who gets the money. His interlocking trustees stood by him, and one month after the publication of the damning report of the Association, I find in the Topeka “Daily Capital” a front-page story about the culmination of President Womer’s marvelous drive to raise the endowment of Washburn to eight hundred thousand dollars. He has raised three hundred and seventy-five thousand outside of Topeka, and three hundred thousand inside. Fifty thousand of this comes from Mr. Joab Mulvane, the grand duke of the city, and according to the newspaper, “the walls of the Chamber of Commerce shivered in the greatest uproar of applause they ever enclosed.... President Womer

received at last night's meeting a demonstration of cordial good-will and appreciation such as few public men hope for in a lifetime." "One of the greatest days in the history of Topeka," was Mr. Mulvane's own characterization of the event. There are two columns of this kind of rapture, with the names of all the donors and the "volunteer workers," and descriptions of parades, fireworks, dancing, brass-bands, and the singing of "Washburn pep songs."

Also the Catholics have their educational machine, and raise money from wealthy Catholics for the protection both of Catholicism and of wealth. In the city of Washington they have a great central institution. An official of the United States Department of Education writes me:

I made a study of the American University in Washington not long ago. There are a number of wealthy men on the board. 350 They are obviously placed there for the usual purpose. Most of them never went to college themselves, and they know nothing about higher education in general or in particular. Now I saw no occasion to doubt their desire to do the best they know how for the institution. But some things they know about, from their associations, and others they do not. They simply cannot appreciate, for example, the fine zeal the founders had for the establishment of a great graduate university. They can see a considerable demand for education in law and business, and so they very naturally let the institution turn in this direction. Consequently a low grade law school and a lower grade business course are being established. The trustees can see some use in these courses and some demand. The need for a great graduate school, so patent to educators, the trustees are blissfully ignorant of, and I doubt very much whether on account of their limited educational experience they will ever be able to appreciate the need for such a graduate institution in Washington.

We move South to Durham, North Carolina, home of Trinity College, a considerable religious institution, founded by Washington Duke, the tobacco king. A friend of mine who knew the old gentleman tells me how he furnished his mansion, ordering the books for his library by the size and color of binding; and now his statue decorates a college grounds. The present head of the family is James B., locally known as "Buck" Duke, and it would be a poor pun to describe him as the Grand Duke of Trinity College. He and his brother, Mr. B. N. Duke, his wife, his son and his daughter, have all purchased the good will of North Carolina Methodism by making public gifts to Trinity, amounting to four million dollars; all three of the male Dukes are therefore on its board of trustees. James B. has just given a million to the endowment, fifty thousand towards a new school for religious training, and other sums for gymnasium and law

building. So I note in the Greensboro "Daily News" an editorial headed: "The Duke Also Has Virtues."

Forty years ago "Buck" Duke could not borrow ten thousand dollars in North Carolina; today he boasts that he is worth four hundred million, beside what his father and brother have accumulated. Assuming that his services in providing the world with tobacco were worth a hundred dollars a week, it would have taken a hundred and fifty-four thousand years to earn his own share of this money. "Buck" is distinguished among interlocking trustees in that he has had a decision of the United States Supreme Court on his money-making methods; the exact words are that he "persistently and continuously and consciously violated the law." The Supreme Court has not yet passed on the fact that a man who is worth four hundred million dollars pays only eight hundred and twenty-eight dollars taxes in the state where he lives in a magnificent palace!

The Methodist church is, as we know, violently opposed to the use of tobacco, but it applies the ancient saying of one of the Roman emperors, *Pecunia non olet*—money has no smell. Mr. Duke completed his purchase of the church by a so-called donation for the support of its superannuated ministers, and so his right to run both church and university is undisputed. He brought in a South Carolina minister of pliant principles, and made him president of the university, and this president never lost an occasion to chant the praises of his grand Duke. The grand Duke had this chief chanter made a director of his Southern railroad, and wanted to have him made also a bishop of the church, but for three successive years he failed; then he hired some regular lobbyists and sent them to the Methodist General Conference—and that was the way to do it. "*Pecunia non olet*"; and also, "*pecunia parlat*"; and also, "*pecunia ambulare equinam fecit!*"—if you will let me fix up the Latin.

CHAPTER LXXI

THE ORANG-OUTANG HUNTERS

There is a part of the United States which suffered for a century or two under the blight of Negro slavery; in consequence, from Virginia to Texas, the population still lives in the ideas of a hundred years ago. Here are communities which are not content to use religious dogmas as a shield for special privilege; they really believe the dogmas, and are willing to fight about them and to torture one another, as in the old days. In these states there has sprung up what is called the "Fundamentalist" movement, made up of seventeenth century Cromwellians in modern machine-made clothing; the only difference being that whereas the old Pilgrims wished to "come out from among them," the idea of these modern fanatics is to drive out 352the other fellow. They are

carrying on an enormous campaign in the evangelical churches, seeking to keep out of the pulpits people who do not believe in the literal inspiration of Scripture—in Noah's ark, and Jonah and the whale, and Joshua blowing down the walls of Jericho; also in the virgin birth, and the six-day creation of man. They are especially indignant against "evolution," which means to them one thing, that man is descended from the monkey—something it does not mean to any scientist.

The leader of this new fanaticism is no less a personage than the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, the Peerless Commoner, who, having made several hundred thousand dollars out of lecturing, is not so keen for the breaking of the money power, but gives his time to the preserving of the ignorance of his forefathers. Mr. Bryan has used his enormous prestige with the legislatures of the Southern states; he came within one vote of putting through the Kentucky legislature a bill providing that no public appropriations should be used for salaries of employees who teach Evolution or Darwinism. Incredible as it may seem, he succeeded in putting through such a measure in the states of South Carolina and Oklahoma, and he expects to make a tour of the legislatures this winter and try with others.

These reactionaries are busy in all the Southern colleges, plying their brooms against the tide of modern thought. They succeeded in driving Professor Wheeler from the University of Mississippi, and Professor Rice from the Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas. Also they are strong among the Baptists, and at Waco, Texas, they have got possession of a large school called Baylor University. This place had a professor of sociology, G. S. Dow, who devoutly believed in his Baptist faith, and earnestly protested that he did not teach that "man came from another species"; but he published a text-book, "Introduction to the Principles of Sociology," in which he used some phrases of modern science, and the howling dervishes of Texas took it up. In Fort Worth is a Baptist preacher, who publishes a paper called the "Searchlight," and has grown rich out of waging war upon modern thought; in what delicate language his controversies are carried on you may judge from one sentence, referring to the expulsion of Professor Rice: 353 "While the Methodists have put their orang-outang out, we are keeping ours in!"

I really felt sorry for Professor Dow, as I read over a mass of clippings concerning his trouble; he is such a humble and patient Christian gentleman! But, you see, in his book he actually made reference to "primitive man," and we all know there was no such beast; says the "Searchlight": "Those of us who read our Bibles have always thought that he was made in the image of God." So Professor Dow was forced to resign, and he stayed resigned, in spite of indignant protests of his students.

The Baptists of Texas appointed a committee, which went about in these educational institutions, submitting to every instructor a questionnaire, and forcing the resignation of several who were too honest in their confessions. They held a “pastors’ and laymen’s conference,” in which they laid down “uncompromising opposition to the teachings of Darwinian evolution, and the substitution of social service for regeneration.” Reading their literature is to a modern man like having a nightmare; it takes you back three hundred years in human history, when they burned witches at the stake, and tore men to pieces on the rack. In Texas now they burn only Negroes; but the wretched, half-starved, rack-rented tenant-farmers and their wives are victims of the most degrading sort of terrors. In one issue of the “Searchlight” I find a portrait of a maniac with a big black moustache, cavorting with clenched fists on a platform, and advertised as “the man who preaches sin black, hell hot, life short, death certain, eternity long, and calls sinners to a blood-bought redemption.”

In “The Profits of Religion” I have pictured the “Bootstrap-lifters,” with their eyes uplifted to heaven while the agents of the Wholesale Pickpockets’ Association are robbing them on earth. Just so it is with the “Fundamentalists”; while they were getting the professor of evolution fired from the Southern Methodist University, the public utility interests of Texas, camouflaged as the “Texas Public Service Information Bureau,” have been poisoning the minds of the students. They have contrived a course of lectures, to be given by expert public utility pickpockets—the general manager of the telephone company, the president of the power and light 354company, the general manager of the traction company—so on through a long list.

Also these Fundamentalists are active in Tennessee, where they brought destruction to an old friend of mine, a thoroughly trained scientist and most humane and charming gentleman, who was director of hygiene and physician at the state university. They were cordial to him in the first weeks, until he began attending the Unitarian church; then a pillar of the rich Baptist church in Knoxville refused to donate to the “Y” work at the university “so long as they had Unitarians on the faculty.” In the hope of forcing my friend to withdraw, the president and dean proceeded to make him unpopular by requiring all freshmen to take a course of two hours a week in “personal hygiene” with him—and receiving no credit for the course! Still, the professor made a success of it, and more students came to him for treatment than he could handle; so last spring he was unceremoniously dropped.

At Bethany, West Virginia, is a college of the religious body who call themselves the “Disciples of Christ,” or “Christians”—to distinguish themselves from Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians and other kinds of heathen. This institution is described as “a literary, moral and religious school,” and it now has some five hundred students,

and thirty or forty members of the faculty. They got a young professor by the name of Croyle, in the “Chair of Hebrew and Old Testament,” and they kept him less than a year, and then summarily fired him without notice. The professor put the case in the hands of the American Association of University Professors, which wrote to the president of the college and proposed an investigation. The president’s name is Cramblet—again I have to explain that I do not make these things up. President Cramblet replied to the effect that he and his college did not want any interference from professors’ associations. “For the present we are quite sure that we can make our own rules and conduct our own affairs better than some people who are not able to take care of their own business.”

It is interesting to follow this story and watch the slow process of the opening up of this religious hard shell. It took the Association about a year and a half to do the 355 job; they kept boring away—a little publicity here and a threat of publicity there—until finally President Cramblet popped open and wrote a long letter, explaining the crimes of Professor Croyle, and agreeing to meet a committee of the Association and prove his charges. It appeared that Professor Croyle had come from the Union Theological Seminary, with his mind full of what in the West Virginia mountains is known as “destructive criticism.” In one of his classes he had explained that maybe the story of God’s plan to drown everybody in the world except Noah and his family was not to be taken quite literally; that night President Cramblet was called to the girls’ dormitory, “because a number of them were weeping and well-nigh hysterical over this experience!”

It is interesting to note that the Professors’ Association does not attempt to insist that church colleges shall maintain any standards of freedom of teaching or of thinking. All it lays down is that “church colleges should fully and unequivocally inform the public and their professors of all restrictions that their tenets impose upon academic freedom.” And it notes that this “Christian” college has now taken out of its catalogue the statement that “Bethany seeks the latest and best results of modern scholarship,” and that “the latest results of archeology are used in an attempt to understand the vitality of the Prophetic Activity!”

I close this chapter with the singular adventure of my friend, Harry Laidler, who went a few years ago to lecture at Emory and Henry College, one of the oldest institutions in Virginia. Laidler was secretary of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, and the students had asked to hear him, and the president had consented. It chanced, however, that an itinerant preacher was present that morning, and he strongly disapproved of a Socialist lecture, and took occasion to save the students from the consequences of their wayward curiosity. He took the platform, and lifted his hands in

invocation to the Almighty, imploring Him to protect these young minds from the heresies and false doctrines to which they were about to be exposed!

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CHAPTER LXXII

THE ACADEMIC POGROM

It is natural that in a time of reaction such as the present, every form of organized cruelty and hatred should lift its ugly head; and so we have in our colleges not merely campaigns of religious bigotry, but also of race prejudice.

We know the ideal American college student. He comes from our best families, his figure is tall and straight, and his features regular and blank, according to the Gibson standard. He is perfectly groomed, in the Arrow collar and the Kuppenheimer clothes and the Brogue boot. He has always had plenty of servants to wait on him, so he does not know how to work. He is thoroughly skilled, however, in every form of play, and has been raised in a system of conventions which constitute "good manners." He comes to college to spend the four pleasantest years of his life in the company of his social equals. His father and big brothers before him have belonged to the right clubs, and are prominent in the alumni association. He goes in for athletics, and for the glee club, and gets a fraternity pin and a big Y, or whatever letter it may be, on his sweater; he becomes a leader of his class and a social favorite, and takes the college girls to dances in his big car, and now and then he takes one of the town girls out into the country on summer evenings, or to a road-house in winter. He is an expert in smoking tobacco, and connects up with the best university boot-legger—but all quietly, of course, and nothing to excess, except on football nights and special occasions.

There is only one thing wrong with this four years of paradise, and that is a lot of fool pedants and bookworms, who think they have something to do with running the college, and worry a fellow to death stuffing his head with old Anglo-Saxon roots and mathematical formulas, names and dates of dead kings and battles, and peculiarities of French and Greek irregular verbs. The young gentleman in college regards these pedants as his natural enemies, and the outwitting of them as one of his entertainments. If you have plenty of money you 357 can hire sharp fellows to study examination papers and work out the science of "getting by," and two weeks before examinations you shut yourself up in your room, with a wet towel about your head and a pot of strong coffee on your desk, and you cram your mind with the necessary mass of facts, and so you pass. You understand the unwritten law of colleges—just as the old French marquis understood the heavenly system, when he said that God would think twice before he damned a gentleman like him. Make yourself a power in athletics

and in social life, and pay a certain minimum debt to the thing called “learning,” and you may be sure that no member of the faculty will have the insolence to “flunk” you. Such is American college life today, and when we read in college journals and in the capitalist press about the preservation of Anglo-Saxon traditions in our institutions of higher education, that is what we are talking about.

But now along come a lot of fellows—and worse, a few girls as well—whose features lack the regular vapidness of the Gibson type, but on the contrary, have been distorted by suffering and struggle. These people have for the last two thousand years been an oppressed race, and they display the painful qualities which oppression causes in human beings. Sometimes they cringe, and again, when they get power they may become insolent. For two thousand years they have survived in the world by two qualities, racial and religious solidarity, and commercial shrewdness. We in America are full of the raptures of dollar-getting; but here is a people who can make two dollars while we are making one, and can save ten dollars while we are squandering a hundred. Being people who have had to make their own way in the world, they are apt to be pushing and thick-skinned; they sometimes come where they are not wanted, and do not always take a hint to leave.

They try to break into “society”; that is, having acquired wealth, they assume they are entitled to the perquisites of wealth. But we bar them from our dinner-parties and our clubs, and sometimes from our hotels. Naturally their sons and daughters turn their eyes upon our colleges; and here is an atrocious situation. These institutions have established no social tests, but have left their doors open for anyone who can pass an examination. And these people take advantage of us—they actually expect to break in among our sons and daughters, just by learning more than our sons and daughters know! That is easy for them, you understand; not being admitted to fraternities and glee clubs, they have nothing better to do than to sit in their rooms and read and study. And what chance do our “Gibson types” stand against such a proposition? They stand no chance whatever; and so the Jews carry off the honors and the prizes—actually, if things were allowed to go on, they would become members of the faculty, and we should be sending our future Anglo-Saxon conquerors to be taught by Jewish scientists and men of letters!

Such is the problem faced by our interlocking trustees and their faculties; it is an embarrassing problem, because, in the first place, the Jews are enormously wealthy, and they stand together, and have not merely financial but political power. Also, they take pride in their culture; they point out that they gave the world its first great literature, and have given to Anglo-Saxon countries practically everything in the way of religion which these countries consider divine. They have contributed their due share

of scientists and writers and statesmen of modern times; also they have given to the world the religion of the future, through the labor of Marx and Lassalle, Jaurès and Liebknecht.

In the light of these varied facts, we cannot come out boldly and say that we refuse to admit Jews to our universities; we find it easier to employ those peculiar talents for prevarication which our college heads have developed. We invent what are called “psychological tests”; we fill our examination papers with “catch” questions—little details of language idiom and social observance and historical tradition, with which the Jews are less apt to be familiar. Or we conduct oral examinations, concerning which there are no records, and therefore no proofs of prejudice. By these means, in a couple of years we cut down the percentage of Jews at Columbia from forty percent to twenty-two percent, and at New York University we cut it down from fifty percent to fifteen.

Our really aristocratic university, Princeton, has never “made any bones” about it. Very few Jews and no Negroes have been able to pass the “examinations” for admission to Princeton. At Harvard it has always been possible to get in by passing a much stricter examination; but even by this method the percentage of Jews keeps creeping up, and when I was in Harvard last spring they were talking about introducing the “psychological tests,” as at Columbia. One student reported a conversation with Richard Cabot, professor of “social ethics,” who said that he did not object to the exclusion of Jews, but thought it should be done frankly. His idea prevailed among the overseers, and shortly afterwards a statement was issued which gives an amusing illustration of what Harvard regards as frankness. The statement set forth that there were more applicants for admission than Harvard was able to accommodate, and the governing body must take some action in the matter. Then: “It is natural that with a widespread discussion of this sort going on there should be talk about the proportion of Jews at the college.” In the course of the “discussion” that followed, we find President Lowell deploring the growth of anti-Semitic feeling, and suggesting a marvelous plan to eliminate it from American colleges—let the Jews keep away!

And then the Negro question. They have a Memorial Hall at Harvard, and make much of their heroes who died to abolish Negro slavery. I have a cousin who went to Harvard twenty years ago, and though he is a Southern man, he was able to live comfortably in a dormitory in which there was a Negro student. But a year or two ago a student engaged a room in a freshman dormitory, and went to occupy it, and when they made the discovery that he was a Negro, they told him that a mistake had been made, they had no room vacant in that dormitory, or in any other dormitory. Not until they had

been exposed several times in such evasions, did they come forward and announce that in future no Negroes would be admitted to freshman dormitories at Harvard.

We have mentioned New York University. During the controversy over Jews at Harvard, Chancellor Brown favored the press with the proud announcement that there was no discrimination against Jews at Jabbergrab; and a week or two later there was published in the "Nation" 360(July 12, 1922) a letter from Mr. Joseph Girdansky, who made a reputation as an athlete at this place, telling about the experience of his younger brother, also an athlete, and presumably acceptable to his fellow students, since he was elected president of the junior class. When this result was announced, the faculty of Jabbergrab rose up and called off the election. First, it appeared, the officers elected were Bolsheviks; second, there had been ballot-stuffing; and third, fourth and fifth, the elections were null and void. Several Jewish boys were threatened with expulsion for having been elected to class offices!

Mr. Girdansky went on to tell about his interview with Dean Archibald Banton of Jabbergrab. This was two or three years ago, and the dean quite frankly admitted that it was a Jewish question. In the elder Girdansky's day, said the dean, the percentage of Jews had been from two to four, while now it had got to fifty. So the university was introducing what it called an "Americanization plan." Mr. Girdansky threatened to expose this state of affairs—right in the midst of Chancellor Brown's advertising campaign for funds! The dean begged him to wait until the fall, promising that the class elections would be settled satisfactorily. They were settled by a great number of the Jewish students leaving, and new class officers being elected, or appointed by the faculty—all the important ones being non-Jews!

At Barnard, which is the women's college of Columbia University, they have a committee on admissions, which in actual practice means the dean and the secretary, who decide upon the eligibility of girls who have passed the examinations. Highly competent graduates of New York high schools are left out, because they happen to be Jewesses; and in their place girls are taken from the fashionable "finishing schools," who are so poor in scholarship that they have to be conditioned. I was told of one case of a Russian Jewish girl who had been excluded and went to Hunter College and made a brilliant record. There was some agitation about this case, and the dean sent someone to look it up, and the report was that "keeping her out was a good job." The teacher who told me this story was interested in the matter, and went over to Hunter College herself to find out what was wrong about the girl. There were two things the matter with her: 361first, she was a Socialist, and second, she had expressed her opinion in favor of the recognition of Soviet Russia.

Also at the University of Pennsylvania the issue has been taken up. The endowment drive was held up because the leaders wished to engraft upon it the verbal pledge to anti-Semitic contributors that Jewish enrollment would be curtailed. One seminary course at the university during the past year was largely devoted, under cover, to sounding out the views of the graduate students in economics upon the Jew menace. It was freely stated in that course that desire to reduce the high percentage of Jews in the Wharton School was the motive prompting the "intelligence test" requirement for admission.

Needless to say, the academic pogrom extends not only to students, but to professors. You may find this situation effectively set forth in a vital criticism of America, "Up Stream," by Ludwig Lewisohn. Mr. Lewisohn tells how he studied under the aegis of Nicholas Murray Butler, and made himself a master of English literature and English style. You do not have to take his word for this; he proves it in his book. Few indeed are the Anglo-Saxon professors in American universities who can demonstrate equal attainments! This German-Jew was poor, his family had made heavy sacrifices to give him an education; but he could get no teaching position, and for a long time the Columbia professors who had charge of his career kept from him the dark secret, that Jews are not employed to teach literature in American universities. Lewisohn was forced to do newspaper work, and not until years later did he get a chance to teach at the University of Wisconsin.

Also you ought to hear the experience of Professor Kornhauser of Denison University, at Granville, Ohio. He taught zoology, and was admitted to have one of the best departments in this Baptist institution; he was an active Y. M. C. A. worker, president of the Faculty Club, and commander of the American Legion post—it is difficult to see what more a Jew might do to take the curse off himself! He was offered an important position at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and as the price of declining this, was made a full professor at Denison, and spent three years building up his department. But last April the president of the university asked him to resign, ³⁶²and stated as his reason that some of the financial supporters of the university objected to the presence of a Jew on the faculty. The students protested, and in the effort to silence them the president threatened that if they published anything about the case he would refuse to recommend Professor Kornhauser for a job at any other university. The senior class, by a vote of eighty to six, passed a resolution asking for the president's removal.

Also you should consider the experience of Professor Robert T. Kerlin, a high-minded and devoted Christian gentleman, who was dismissed from the Virginia Military Institute for having written a dignified open letter to the governor of Arkansas, protesting against the execution of some Negroes for the crime of having defended

their lives against a mob. You may read his letter in the files of the “Nation,” June 15, 1921.

And then, to return to the Jews, hear the strange experience of Mr. S. S. Catell, who was an instructor in accounting at the University of Oklahoma. Mr. Catell happens to be near-sighted, and was turned out upon the pretext that he was unable to teach properly on this account. He sent a questionnaire to his students, and out of a total of forty-nine, thirty said that his work was above the average, while eighteen said it was average; one was absent and did not reply. But this did not get Mr. Catell restored, and so he investigated, and discovered that the head of his department did not like Jews. The way in which the young instructor made this discovery would seem sufficiently convincing to anyone. He met the head of his department in the hallway of the latter’s home, and the department head put to him a question: “Do you know who killed Jesus Christ?” Mr. Catell, in his letter to me, says that he contented himself with the answer: “I do not know, since it was so long ago!”

If I were a cultured Jew in America, I know what I should do. I should not flatter the race conceit of Anglo-Saxon colleges; I should make it my task to persuade wealthy Jews to establish an endowment and gather a faculty of Jewish scientists and scholars—there are enough of them to make the most wonderful faculty in the world. And then I should open the doors of this university to seekers of knowledge of all races—save that I should bar students who had anti-Semitic prejudice!

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CHAPTER LXXIII

THE SEMI-SIMIAN MOB

Race prejudice is merely one side of the many-sided snobbery of college life. The college is the collective prestige of a mob of socially superior persons, and each and every one of them is interested to protect that prestige. I asked one of the most eminent of American scientists, a man who has lived most of his life in universities, what is the matter with these institutions, and his answer came in an explosion: “It is the semi-simian mob of the alumni! They have been to college for the sake of their social position; they have gone out utterly ignorant, and made what they call a success in the world, and they come back once a year in a solid phalanx of philistinism, to dominate the college and bully the trustees and the president.”

“You don’t think it’s the president’s fault, then?” I asked, and the answer was: “It is the alumni, that semi-simian mob!”

The problem of who is to blame, the president or the alumni, is like the ancient question: "Which comes first, the hen or the egg?" The president makes the alumni, and the alumni make the president, and the vicious circle continues ad infinitum. The alumnus who counts is the "successful son," and he values in his college those qualities which have enabled him to succeed. The college is to him a place where he can be sure of having his son made into the same admirable thing he knows himself to be. The college is an insurance agency for the business and social prosperity of his progeny. When he has got the youngsters into Groton, and then into Harvard, and finally into the Harvard Club, they will have made so many affiliations that nothing can hurt them; there will always be ["openings."](#) desirable friendships, quick promotions, favors and honors: there will be rich girls to choose from, a welcome in homes of luxury.

The college is to the alumnus a place in which he has invested four years of his life, and he wants to keep up the value of that investment. He welcomes everything which enhances that value—football victories, for example, which fill the columns of the newspapers, and enable him to swell out his chest and remember that he is a son of "Old Eli." On the other hand, if there are stories in the newspapers that his college has become a "hot-bed" of some kind, that is a humiliation, that is a diminution of his prestige; he calls up the president and trustees on the telephone, and wants to know what the hell does this mean?

College is the place in which the alumnus spent the happiest years of his life; it is the center of pleasant memories, about which to grow sentimental. He goes back to renew old friendships, to sing old songs, to feel tears in his eyes, delicious emotions stirring his bosom. And just as a shrewd mother of many daughters employs their charms and exploits the weaknesses of the male animal, so the college "alma mater" utilizes the tender emotions of her "old boys" to separate them from their cash. I have before me a begging circular of Yale University, got up in the best style of the schools of advertising, attractively printed in two colors on tinted paper. "Yale's power lies partly in your hands," we are told in red ink; and then in black ink: "An Endowment to Yale: Yourself. Interest on the Endowment: Whatever you can afford each year."

And when the time comes for a "drive," these herd emotions are whipped up to frenzy. We learned these tricks in the war days, and immediately after the war the colleges with one accord started to apply the technique: class quotas and sectional quotas, "follow-up" letters and daily "dope" for the press; the members of the faculty shutting their books and turning into "gladhanders"; "prexy" making speeches to the Rotarians and the Kiwanis and the Elks, and proving himself a "mixer." In 1920 I find Northwestern setting out after twenty-five millions, Pittsburgh after sixteen, Harvard

fifteen, Princeton fourteen, Cornell ten, followed by Boston University, New York University, Oberlin, Bryn Mawr, Massachusetts Tech—a total of more than sixty institutions, demanding over two hundred millions of dollars. I have no objection to colleges getting money; I am merely pointing out the price of money in a class civilization—which is conformity to class ideas and ideals.

One of the most entertaining stories I heard on my tour of the colleges was told by a young congressman of 365the modern college type, who was graduated from one of the “little toadstools” in the Middle West. He is a handsome fellow, and made a reputation as a quarterback, and was selected by his alumni association to lead a campaign for funds for a group of colleges which had combined together—Beloit, Ripon and Lawrence, all in Wisconsin. It was his duty to travel from city to city throughout the state; he would summon the “old boys,” and rout out the football squads, and lecture at the Y. M. C. A.s, and call on the clergymen of the town for the names of the likely “prospects”; he would visit the homes of the rich, and make tennis dates with the sons, and take the daughters driving. All his expenses were paid; he was provided with the latest sport costumes, and automobiles without limit. He would be invited to dinner-parties, where he would talk about the institution, awakening tender memories in the bosom of the “old boy,” and literally “vamping” him. He was furnished with a supply of fraternity pins, which he allowed the girls to extract from his necktie; needless to say, he was many times engaged. Sometimes, he told me, he even stooped to kiss the babies. He came back in triumph, with a total of three hundred thousand dollars to his credit. And one of his crowd made an even greater success—he not merely got engaged, but got married to the daughter of a multimillionaire wheat speculator; the bride gave real estate and money to the institution, so the bridegroom’s share of the loot was not begrudged him.

You thought perhaps I was exaggerating when I portrayed the childish pleasure of the oil king in his Gothic buildings, with crenellated battlements and moated draw-bridge. But that is the precise and calculated purpose of these trappings; they are part of the vamping equipment—they create an atmosphere and a glamour, they set the college apart from wholesale haberdashery, or hardware, or whatever may be the “line” of the successful son. This is the purpose of the ivy and the college songs, the sheepskins and gold seals, the gowns and mortar-boards and solemn processions. I have before me the picture section of the New York “Times,” showing the installation of the new president of Yale. It is only a photograph, but if an artist had composed a picture of college flummery he could not have done better. In 366the background are the venerable buildings, with ivy-covered walls, memorial tablets, and huge iron gates; and here comes a procession, headed by a solemn young official in a long black night-

gown, carrying a huge drum-major's baton, covered with filigree like a bridal cake—a mace of office, no doubt copied from the one used in the House of Commons. Behind him stride the outgoing president and the incoming president—a pair who might be labeled, like the patent medicine advertisements, “Before and After Taking.” “Before Taking” you are a fairly capable and intelligent looking human male, but “After Taking” you have a large mouth, with jaw hanging down, and an expression of withered imbecility; in both cases you wear gorgeous colored robes, and immediately behind you, in frock-coat and silk hat, walks the grand duke of your board, grim-faced, solemn, and paunched. Next come half a dozen army officers, then a long double file of scholars in caps and gowns, the faculty, carefully ordered according to the amount of their salaries. On each side stand the rows of graduating students in their black nighties, their heads respectfully bared, their hands folded across their tummies.

This kind of monkey-business goes on once or twice a year in every American college and university. There is no “toadstool” so small that it does not hasten to get up such a performance, and to contrive itself a set of “traditions.” There is none big enough or mature enough to put away childish things, to dispense with the tinsel and gold lace of the scholastic life. At Harvard they have a solemn commencement day parade, with the House of Morgan and the House of Lee-Higginson all in top hats and swallow-tail coats—the only sign of a sense of humor being that they forbid the taking of photographs! At Columbia, Nicholas Miraculous appears in a rakish tam-o'-shanter, which is of almost infinite dignity, because it signifies that he has not been content with a baker's dozen of honors from up-start American universities but has received the supreme academic accolade from Oxford.

We have heard the statement that “colleges grow by degrees.” There is no law regulating the distribution of fancy names, and they serve just as peerages and lesser titles serve in England—to get campaign funds for the 367 gang in office. Through the pages of “Who's Who in America” they are scattered as if with a pepper-box, and a study of them is an amusing revelation. Pick out the leading old Tories in the United States, the blind leaders of the blind who have almost tumbled our country into the ditch; you will find everyone of them with a string of academic dignities tacked to his name. William Howard Taft has nine, Charles E. Hughes eleven, Woodrow Wilson ten, Leonard Wood nine, Henry Cabot Lodge nine, William C. Sproul nine, Robert Lansing six, Elihu Root sixteen, Herbert Hoover twenty-four. On the other hand, think of the men who have been struggling all their lives to make this country a little bit of a democracy: take the very truest and bravest of them—how many honorary degrees have they? How many has Louis D. Brandeis? Not one! How many has Robert M. LaFollette? Not one! How many have William E. Borah, Samuel Untermyer, Clarence

Darrow, Lincoln Steffens, Fremont Older, Frederick C. Howe, John Haynes Holmes?
Not one to divide among them!

No, the academic honors are reserved exclusively for the darlings of the plutocracy, the henchmen and retainers of special privilege. You remember the pious Senator Pepper, trustee of the University of U. G. I. Six colleges have honored him—including, of course, his own. Three honored Philander C. Knox before he died, and six honored Thomas Nelson Page. Four have honored David Jayne Hill, Col. George Harvey, Alton B. Parker and Frank O. Lowden; three have honored Judge Gary and A. Mitchell Palmer, two have honored Otto Kahn, four have honored Brander Matthews—including, of course, Columbia. We saw Columbia conferring a degree upon Paderewski; they also conferred one upon Miller, editor of the New York “Times,” of whom Brisbane caustically remarked that the paper had been sold several times, and he had been sold along with it. Senator Depew, the aged buffoon, has one, Howard Elliott has one, Augustus Thomas has one; Owen Wister got one from the University of U. G. I., and Booth Tarkington one from Princeton—a little wee one, he being a mere writer of novels.

It is at the commencement ceremonies that these honors are bestowed; and always the president makes a speech, telling the great one how great he is.

Sometimes 368the great one also delivers an address, and furnishes a copy to the newspapers in advance, and so the university becomes a center of propaganda for every form of class greed and cruelty. In the spring of this year, while I was touring the colleges, Judge Gary fed his pious poison to the graduating class at the University of Heaven. At the University of the Steel Trust they gave degrees to the president of Indiana University, and to an Episcopal clergyman, and to the chairman of the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company—a gentleman we met as one of the grand dukes of Brown University. “This highest honor of the university is appropriately bestowed upon Mr. Bedford in recognition of his activities in the development of the American petroleum industry,” etc. At the Pennsylvania Military College degrees were conferred upon Secretary of War Weeks and the pious Senator Pepper. Mr. Weeks is described by the “Literary Digest” as “a banker and broker of high standing in private life,” and he takes the occasion to give a boost to the liquor lobby, and recommend to these budding soldier-boys the return of Bacchus to America.

And while I am revising my manuscript for the printer, the college hordes reassemble, and the college orators remount the rostrum, and the broadcasting stations go into action. The world is informed by the president of Dartmouth College that too many students are trying to get an education in America, there is no use wasting our time on any but superior minds. And a few days later the new head of Colgate University, Dr.

George Barton Cutten, repeals the Declaration of Independence and overthrows the political theories of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Democracy is a delusion, “founded on a mistaken theory,” and more than ever we must look to be ruled by aristocracy. “Manhood suffrage has been our greatest and most popular failure, and now we double it by granting universal suffrage.”

With exceptions so few as to be hardly worth mentioning, the rule holds good that everywhere, in every issue involving a conflict between the people and special privilege, the universities and colleges are on the side of special privilege. In the San Francisco graft prosecutions the University of California was almost unanimous 369 in support of the grafters, so much so that when Rudolph Spreckles and Francis J. Heney entered the University Club in San Francisco, every man in the room would get up and leave. On the other side of the continent the Harvard alumni machine fought almost to a man against the appointment of Brandeis to the Supreme Court; and for twenty-nine years this machine has voiced its political ideals in the United States Senate through Henry Cabot Lodge.

At the risk of boring you, I am going to take you to just one of the meetings of these Harvard alumni. It is a dinner, the fortieth anniversary of the class of 1881, held in the University Club of Boston, June 22, 1921. The principal speaker is a distinguished member of that class, Mr. Howard Elliott, C. E. of Harvard, and LL. D. of Middlebury College. Mr. Elliott was at this time a Harvard overseer, and chairman of Harvard’s favorite New Haven system; he is now also chairman of Mr. Morgan’s Northern Pacific Railroad, and a trustee of Massachusetts Tech. He is, therefore, the beau ideal of the successful son, and what he says to his classmates after forty years’ experience in the outside world represents the very soul of the alumni. Mr. Elliott is naively proud of his remarks, and has had them printed in a pamphlet, which he sends about freely. Try to enter into his primitive state of mind for a minute or two, and read half a dozen paragraphs of his oratory:

There is a spirit of unrest, of discontent, of extravagance, of idleness, of expected perfection, and impatience when we should remember that perfection and success are not immediately within one’s grasp.

There has developed out of this a noisy effort by a relatively small number of people to upset and dislocate the established order of things and to “Fly to evils that we know not of.”

What are called Radicalism, Socialism, Sovietism and Bolshevism are advocated, and too many people who should know better lend a receptive ear to those foolish, yet

dangerous, doctrines, and thus encourage the ignorant, the thoughtless and the wicked.

In schools, colleges and even in our beloved Harvard, there is some of this atmosphere, and it is disturbing many of the best friends of education and progress in the country.

In giving young people their physical nourishment, we do not spread before them every kind of food and say, "Eat what you like whether it agrees with you or not." We know that the physical machine can absorb only a certain amount and that all else is waste and trash, with the result that bodies are poisoned and weakened.

In giving mental nourishment, why lay before young and impressionable men and women un-American doctrines and ideas that take mental time and energy from the study and consideration of the great fundamentals and eternal truths, fill the mind with unprofitable mental trash which, with some, result only in sowing the seeds of discontent and unrest? And which can result only in absolute life failure, spiritual and material.

The first thing we note from the above is, what an extremely low standard of English composition prevailed at Harvard from 1877 to 1881. The second is, upon what feeble intellectual equipment it is possible for a man to have charge of two great American railroads. The third is, why Mr. Howard Elliott declined an invitation to discuss the railroad problems of the country on the same platform with Glenn E. Plumb. The fourth is, why an advocate of special privilege tries so desperately to avoid giving the young people of the country an opportunity to compare his mental equipment with that of the radicals.