

## CHAPTER LXXIV

### THE RAH-RAH BOYS

The most conspicuous of the activities of the alumni have, of course, to do with athletics; this is the part of college life which the students have made for themselves, and it is what college really means to the great bulk of them. Now, the sedentary life is one of the many evils invented by our civilization, and if college athletics meant that all the students in the institution, both men and women, were getting a thorough “work-out” three or four times a week, I should be willing to say that the athletics justified the colleges. But what college athletics really means is that two per cent of the students, or in small colleges probably ten per cent, get an excessive amount of exercise, sometimes to the permanent injury of their vital organs; while the great bulk of the students are surrendered to the mob-excitements of a series of gladiatorial combats and sporting events, which provide exercise only for the vocal cords and the gambling instincts.

College athletics, under the spur of commercialism, has become a monstrous cancer, which is rapidly eating out the moral and intellectual life of our educational institutions. College rivalries have been erected into the dignity of little wars, enlisting an elaborate cult of loyalties and heroisms. The securing of prize athletes, the training of them, the exploiting of them in mass combats, has become an enormous industry, absorbing the services not merely of students and alumni, but of a whole class of professional coaches, directors, press agents and promoters, who are rapidly coming to dominate college life and put the faculty on the shelf. “Drives” are instigated and funds raised for the building of “stadiums,” and these, being a source of income, are a continual stimulus to new activities. So this evil, also, is one which breeds itself. The athletic alumni bring in new students for athletic purposes, and these students increase the athletic excitement while they are undergraduates, and go out from the institution to multiply the athletic alumni.

I am only stating what every insider knows perfectly well, that our college athletics today is almost universally commercialized. All the big colleges have “alumni committees,” who are out scouting for the best athletic material; they are watching the athletic life of all the “prep” schools and other institutions where likely material is to be found—including steel-mills and lumber camps. They are offering husky men all sorts of inducements to come to the right college. The offering of money is supposed to be forbidden, but there are very few colleges today which do not regularly and systematically violate or evade this rule. There are many kinds of jobs in connection with the gladiatorial life which can be made available to the right persons, and which are or can be made into sinecures. There are tickets to be sold and accounts kept;

there are duties as masseurs and attendants and janitors' assistants. I know of one case, of a student who managed the Intercollegiate track meet not so very long ago, who received eight hundred dollars for this small service. The athletic budget of Harvard is considerably over a million dollars a year, and football pays for it. First-class coaches claim twenty thousand a year and get it, and graduate managers also receive high salaries. There is a careful pretense kept up that this gladiatorial industry is managed by students, but in all the big universities this is a farce; the student managers are 372 puppets, the real masters of the industry being the alumni—business men who bring the business point of view into sport. Anything to win!

Consider, for example, the athletic developments at Stanford University, which have played their part in the demoralizing of that great institution. There is a noisy bunch of alumni who have been called upon to raise money on various occasions, and who have thus come to power, and know it. They have cast out the honest but unpopular Rugby game, and brought in the American game of batter and smash. They run the annual contests with the University of California, working in alliance with the railroads, the hotels, the restaurants, and the "sporting-houses," which of course make millions out of the enormous crowds of free-spending people. The stadium at Stanford seats sixty thousand, at five dollars apiece, so you can see how much money there is at stake, and how quickly there grows up in the university a powerful group of students who are nothing but sporting promoters, with the point of view and the vices of the underworld.

Of course, everything depends upon victory, and to make certain of victory there are professional coaches—the alumni pay the Stanford coach ten thousand dollars a year, which is more than any professor has ever received in the history of Stanford, and twice the salary of the professor of clinical history. The alumni have raised a "yellow dog" fund, to bring in professional athletes, and of course these fellows know what they are there for, and do not waste much of their precious time upon studies. A Stanford professor assured me that many of them did not even bother to get text-books. The committee on scholarship was changed, because some professors had made themselves unpopular by refusing to lower the standards for these athletic idols.

Such was the story I was told at Stanford in April; and in July I read in my paper that Stanford's Board of Athletic Control is beginning the construction of a four hundred and fifty thousand dollar men's dormitory, to be built out of the receipts from athletic contests. This news appears on the "sporting" page of my newspaper, and is written by a "sporting" man, with a "sporting" point of view. Note the haughty tone in which the academic world is taught its place:

This would seem to be the correct answer to the row about taking in gate receipts by certain academic minded professors in the East, who charged “commercialism.” The stadium cost Stanford approximately two hundred and five thousand dollars, and approximately one hundred and ten thousand was realized by Stanford as her share of gate receipts from the big game alone. A certain sum of money had already been advanced by the trustees to build the stadium. The crowd at this year’s contests in the stadium is expected to be even larger.

And of course, if Stanford has a stadium, the University of California must have one. Her alumni and athletic boosters set to work to raise a million dollars, using the methods of intimidation they had learned during the war-time “drives.” One member of the faculty, full professor and dean, became especially truculent about the meaning of “California spirit”—to be proven by putting up money for the stadium. Students were compelled to subscribe, and in the fall, when some of them found that they had not been able to earn money to pay their full subscriptions, they were refused admission to the university; that is, the university refused to accept their registration fees, until their stadium pledges had been paid!

Ex-President Jordan talked to me very emphatically about the athletic evil at Stanford and at other institutions. There was a famous coach at Stanford, who was taken to a university of the Middle West many years ago; he gathered in among his gladiators men who were too ignorant to speak English correctly, and some one paid them with cash, and with promises of college promotions, which the faculty duly delivered. Thus a certain famous football champion published in his home paper in California the statement that he had been offered fifteen hundred dollars and an education, to play football at this university. He went to the Law School, with less than a high school education, and he was graduated from the Law School the year he would only have entered Stanford. There was a gathering of college heads in Chicago, to consider the problem of professional athletics, and President Jordan was invited by a professor of the university in question to tell about his experiences with this coach. The result was that the alumni organized to demand the resignation of this professor. Concerning one of these gladiators President Jordan writes me: 374 “After leaving college, he used to stand in a San Francisco saloon where he collected small sums for letting men feel of his muscles. He is not now living.” It would seem that one needs more than muscle to secure survival in modern society!

That was ten or fifteen years ago, and the exploiting of muscle has grown like all other kinds of American big business. At Princeton, which is especially notorious for the

purchasing of athletes, President Hibben called a conference with the presidents of Yale and Harvard, to see what could be done about it; they solemnly passed a series of resolutions to the effect that the athletic managers must obey the amateur rules—which they knew all about and laughed at; they laughed none the less after this conference. I talked with a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who saw at first-hand the process whereby Princeton bought a champion hammer thrower and shot putter from that institution. It fell to my friend to answer the telephone in the athletic association office while the Princeton alumni were trying to get this man. The students at Tech are bitter about the way their athletes are bought or stolen—they haven't as much money as Princeton. Another all-around athlete was not allowed to run by Tech, but this did not worry him very much—because he had such a handsome offer from Bowdoin!

To get a famous athlete is the only way these little colleges know to “put themselves on the map.” They make desperate efforts, and sometimes the results are comical. For example, in Kentucky is a little religious institution known as Center College. No one had ever heard of it before, but a couple of years ago it turned up with a carefully selected assortment of gladiators, and beat Harvard at football. I happen to know about one of the leading athletic lights who achieved this triumph; he was a pool-room hanger-on before he was brought to the college, and now that his brief day of glory is past, he is a farm-hand!

Everywhere these mighty men of muscle and money are coming to feel their power. Speaking at an alumni meeting of the University of Pennsylvania, a British rowing coach laid down the law to the vice-provost of the university:

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You, Mr. Vice-provost, as representing the faculty, have told us that the university has added from eight buildings in '76 to eighty now; that the students have grown from one thousand to seven thousand, but what has made your university? Why, athletics. Athletics are the biggest advertisement for any university, and athletics have made Pennsylvania. What has the faculty ever done for athletics? Nothing.... Get busy and alter it all.... Pressure on the faculty quick, and you can do it.

Thorstein Veblen, in his book, “The Higher Learning in America,” gives an amusing illustration of the methods used to get these professional gladiators “by” in their classes. The athletic committee, casting around for “snap” courses, selected Italian as a likely one, and when examination time came round the gladiators were required to read a passage in Italian—the passage submitted being the Lord's Prayer! Professor

Veblen does not name the university at which this happened, but I have ascertained that it was Mr. Rockefeller's University of Chicago.

A curious illustration of the operation of the athletic system in our smaller colleges is found in the January, 1922, bulletin of the American Association of University Professors, dealing with the affairs of Washington and Jefferson College, a religious institution located at Washington, Pennsylvania. All these little toadstools are trying to turn into big mushrooms, and there are two essentials to the procedure; one is—if you will pardon the mixed metaphor—the harpooning of whales, and the other is the winning of football victories. At Washington and Jefferson there was one member of the faculty, a professor of chemistry by the name of H. E. Wells, who failed to appreciate the supreme importance of football victories in college life. He had his mind set on the upholding of academic standards, and he ruthlessly “flunked” some prominent athletes, who had failed to make good in their class work.

Naturally, this roused the indignation of the athletic alumni, who were putting up their good money to pay the tuition and college fees, board and room rent of members of the football team. (This was proved by a committee of the trustees appointed to investigate the athletic situation.) The athletic alumni set out to “get” the cantankerous professor of chemistry, using for their purpose a man who was listed as “general secretary” of the college, but had been energetic and successful as a “field agent,” recruiting 376 students for athletics. This man, backed by the alumni, caused the publication in their interlocking newspaper, the Washington “Reporter,” of an article attacking Professor Wells’ record as a teacher, and presenting statistics as to the number of students he had “flunked.” These statistics were entirely false, and Professor Wells sent in a correction—which correction was, as usual, buried in an obscure part of the paper. The American Association of University Professors points out the important fact that the college administration made no move to protect Professor Wells against these false charges; on the contrary, says the report, “the administration permitted a professor to be struck below the belt in such a way that his popularity with students and with alumni was extensively damaged.” After that, of course, it was easy for a committee of the athletic alumni to appear before the trustees and charge that Professor Wells was “unpopular among the students.” So Professor Wells was dropped by the trustees at three months’ notice, without giving him a hearing, without giving him a right to face his accusers, in fact without his even knowing some of the charges against him.

Still more curious was the case of George Winchester, professor of physics. He had raised the money for the only first class laboratory at the college, and he had given more money than the majority of the trustees; but he committed the offense of putting

studies above football, and for that he was punished. In March, 1918, the board of trustees granted to Professor Winchester “a leave of absence for the duration of the war, or so long as he remains in the service of the allies.” After the armistice the board wrote to Professor Winchester, to ask him when he would be ready to take up his work again, and Professor Winchester cabled that he would be ready to resume work on July 1, 1919; after cabling, he went to Toulon to do work with the French Admiralty. Meantime, the athletic alumni got busy with the board, and the board summarily dropped Professor Winchester, and appointed his successor! Says the committee of the Professors’ Association:

It would require stronger language than is suitable to this report to characterize justly the action taken. Regardless of any argument that might be developed to account for the extraordinary action of the board, it is sufficient to recount the bare fact that the board, after having granted a leave of absence, dismissed Professor Winchester in absentia, while he was in France on active service in the work for which leave had been granted, without a previous notification, without a hearing, without any redress whatsoever. It constitutes an act about which there can be no difference of opinion among right thinking men.

## CHAPTER LXXV

### THE SOCIAL TRAITORS

The failure of colleges to impart culture is a standard topic of our time, so I shall not dwell upon it. The theme of this book is something of far greater importance—the success of colleges in imparting a spirit of bigotry, intolerance and suspicion toward ideas. Says a teacher in a Pennsylvania college, who asks me not to use his name: “Our students are climbers, strangers to idealism, or at best mere dabblers at it.” Or consider the testimony of Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who taught at Cornell, and later at Antioch, which is trying a novel experiment in combining education and everyday work. Van Loon declares that he found in the students of both colleges a profound and deeply rooted hostility toward originality, a personal resentment toward anyone who interfered with their standardized notions. They are taught from textbooks, and they follow the book, and refuse to think about anything that is not in the book.

To the same effect testifies Robert Herrick, after thirty years experience at the University of Chicago. Our colleges follow the English monastic tradition, says Professor Herrick; they pretend to watch over the morals of their students, but with the crowds now thronging in, the task is impossible, and the pretense is dishonest. No large university would today dare attempt any real control, nor would the parents support it; because fathers who send their sons to college with large allowances and

high-powered cars know perfectly well that these young men go on “bats,” and that they take girls out into the country in their cars.

What discipline they get, according to Herrick, they get from one another in their fraternities and clubs. They are uncritical, naive and barbarous, with herd feelings 378 instead of ideas. The first requirement is that everyone shall be alike, a part of a mob. They teach the newcomer the rules; he must wear a freshman cap, and if he has opinions of his own they tell him he is too “tonguey,” and proceed to knock the nonsense out of him. The faculty know of this, and think it is fine; they mix with the men, and join the fraternities, and help in the production of subservience and conformity. I quoted the above remarks to a professor in another university, and he threw up his hands. “My God!” he cried. “I am stupefied! My students accept everything that I say as gospel. If only I might once discover a crank in my classes!” And he quoted the phrase of William James, once of Harvard: “Our undisciplinables are our proudest product.”

I have before me a letter from a professor in one of the “little toad-stools,” Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa. The Student Council passed a rule, which was later approved by the faculty, that all freshmen were to wear green caps. A hundred and fifty freshmen meekly submitted; but there was one “conscientious objector.” My informant writes:

The upper classmen got together and announced that unless every freshman got a cap by noon of a certain day he would be subjected to the gauntlet of the paddling machine. I wish I could have gotten a picture of that mob of upper classmen on the campus of a “Christian” college, each provided with a club, as they lined up and forced Ball through the line of clubs, each taking as hearty a swat as possible—a fine specimen of the type of civilization we can expect from the leaders we are training in the Christian colleges today! What a new social order it will be! Through it all, the president has practically approved the whole procedure, from the chapel platform. Ball still refuses, in spite of a boycott by the student body, even his own fellow freshmen; and I understand a paper is to be read in chapel next week denouncing him, and calling for a boycott unless he submits. This is supposed to be the daily Christian religious service—the hour of devotion for the students!

Yet another professor compared his students to the crackers which are packed in tin boxes by the wholesale bakeries; all cut from certain patterns, and stamped with certain standard designs. We have sheltered them from realities, and kept them ignorant of the problems they are to confront. We have taught them a few formulas of morality, utterly unpractical and impossible to apply—as we prove by not applying

them ourselves. 379 From their social life the students learn what the real world is—a place of class distinctions based upon property; they learn the American religion—what William James calls “the worship of the bitch-goddess Success.” They throw themselves into the social struggle with ferocious determination to get ahead; and when they go out into the world, they carry that spirit into the commercial struggle.

In every profession they find, of course, that the way to get ahead is to serve the powers that rule, and to betray the general welfare. I could take you through the professions which are taught in our universities, one after another, and show you how the prevailing ethical standards constitute treason to the human race. I could show you in academic teaching how these same standards are justified, in phrases only partly veiled. Take, Harvard, for example, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, admitted to have the highest standards of any engineering school in America; we saw the professors in these institutions selling themselves to predatory corporations, and laying down high-sounding “principles,” whose sole effect and purpose is to enable the Wholesale Pickpockets’ Association to plunder the public. I have a letter from a high official of the United States Bureau of Education, who tells me more about these engineering traitors. He says:

I recall one man, for example, who was called in by a water company for expert service in connection with the purity of the water, which was being questioned by the people. He contended with me that it was “his business” if he could find remunerative employment of that sort, and that he was under no obligation to give the public the benefit of his expert knowledge concerning the impurity of the water supply. But what aroused my ire more than anything else was the fact that he preached that kind of thing to his technical students as the standard of “loyalty” they should pursue toward the companies where they might be employed after graduation. This man was a real scientist. He was so thoroughly interested in his subject that he was willing to take considerable personal risks in conducting experiments, but he was sadly lacking in that social and religious conception which makes us realize our mutual obligations and duties.

Or take the work of inventors; they have a man at one of our greatest universities who is a famous inventor, and he makes great scientific discoveries, and then he goes to the big corporations and sells them—what? The right 380 to use his invention and spread it throughout the world for the benefit of mankind? No; he sells them the right to suppress the invention, and deprive mankind of the use of it for a generation or two! You see, a new invention may mean the scrapping of a great deal of existing machinery; if it falls into the hands of some independent concern, it may cost the big

monopolists enormous losses. So they pay for the right to suppress it, and a great inventor is turned by the social system into a kind of scientific blackmailer.

Or take the lawyers; surely I do not need to prove to you how the lawyers are betraying mankind. A professor at the University of Chicago told me of attending a class reunion, where a group of high-up corporation lawyers got drunk and began gossiping about the tricks they had played in their profession, and, as the professor said, it made him physically ill. I also have heard these high-up lawyers talking; the late James B. Dill, who was paid a million dollars to organize the Steel Trust, spent many an evening in his home telling me the game as he had seen it, and it began with bribery of judges, juries and legislators, and ended with wire-tapping and burglary. The late Francis Lynde Stetson, one of the highest paid corporation lawyers in New York, went down to Trenton on the train with Judge Dill to beat some railroad rate law, and he opened his suit-case playfully, showing that he had fifty thousand dollars in new bank-notes. "That's a fine kind of work for a pillar of the church like you," said Dill, and the other answered, with a grin: "How do I know but that I may have to pay for my lunch?"

Or if you cannot believe Judge Dill, believe Judge Lindsey, who told me about a young man who came to Denver from the Harvard Law School, full of the fine phrases of altruism with which his teachers had filled him, and when he learned what he had to do to practice corporation law in Denver, he broke down in Lindsey's office, and buried his head in his arms and cried like a baby. Afterwards, so Lindsey writes me, "he capitulated and joined the gang."

Or maybe it is medicine the young man has studied. He has heard about the nobleness of the healing art, but he has to keep an automobile, and his wife wants to get into society, and competition is keen. There is one way <sup>381</sup> a physician can make a thousand dollars by a few minutes' work, and any physician who is in touch with the leisure class has women on their knees to him every week, begging him to take their money. Dr. William J. Robinson estimates that there are a million abortions performed in the United States every year, so you see that our medical schools have not steeled all their graduates against this temptation. Now we have another one added—every physician in the United States is made by law a dispenser of joviality, the seneschal of the castle, the keeper of the keys to the wine-cellar!

Or maybe the graduate becomes a newspaper reporter. One of the oldest Wall Street reporters in New York talked to me last spring, telling me a little of the way things are going there. The newspaper reporters also are keepers of the keys of the wine-cellar; they have police passes, and some of them are running a bootlegging industry between New York and Canada! Others have gone into high finance on a large scale—

because, of course, a financial reporter comes on information which is worth thousands, and sometimes tens of thousands. “Nowadays,” said my friend, “when a Wall Street reporter gets a tip and rushes to the telephone, you don’t hear him call his city editor; you hear him call his broker.” I was told of one newspaper man who had the fortune to be called in when Mr. Charles Sabin of the Guaranty Trust Company gave out some news of the German overtures for peace, and this enterprising young man cleared fifty thousand dollars from the information.

Or perhaps the young man becomes a college professor; if so, he hides his convictions and makes himself a tight little snob and reactionary, to win the favor of the college machine. He hides the truth from his students, or he “shades” it, which is the same thing, and takes his pitiful little bribe in the dignity of a full professorship. He turns out class after class of young men, as ignorant of life and as helpless against temptation as he himself was once. So reaction rules in our country, and men who plead for social justice are slandered and maligned, and turned into criminals in the public eye; all the agencies of law and justice become mobs, and the Ku Klux Klan meets every night in lonely places, and lights its fiery cross and prepares for the wholesale slaughter of the future of mankind.

Just now the rich are having it all their own way; they can do the killing and the bludgeoning and the jailing—and it never occurs to them to think what an example they are setting to the workers, and what it will mean when the tables are turned, and the disinherited of the earth have their way for a while! It ought to be the chief function of educators to point out things like this to the public; but that would be “meddling in politics,” and we have seen that politics in colleges is a privilege reserved to presidents and trustees. There are going to be ferocious attacks made upon this book, and this seems as convenient a place as any in which to explain what they mean. Faculty members will rush forward to defend their institutions; in some cases, no doubt, there will be resolutions of protest, with many signatures. They will have some ammunition; for, of course no one can write a book of this size, full of such masses of facts, and not make a few slips of detail. These will be taken up and magnified into gigantic blunders, and denunciation of them spread broadcast in the capitalist press. When you read these things, bear one circumstance in mind: that any young professor who wants to become a dean in a hurry, who has a vision of himself selected as president in the course of a few years, will know that he can find no more certain way to win favor with his overlords than to find something wrong with this book, and then tell about it gallantly!

CHAPTER LXXVI

PREXY

I promised early in this book to consider how it happens that so many college presidents are men who do not always tell the truth. We have now seen far enough into the inside of colleges to understand the reason. The president of a college or university is the great reconciler of irreconcilabilities; he is the chemist who mixes oil and water, the high priest who makes peace between God and Mammon, the circus-rider who stands on two horses going in opposite directions; and all these things not by choice, 383but ex-officio and of inescapable necessity. The college president is a man who procures money from the rich, and uses it for the spreading of knowledge; in fulfilling which two functions he places himself, not merely in the line of fire of the warring forces of the class struggle, but between the incompatible elements of human nature itself—between greed and service, between hate and love, between body and spirit.

Consider the rich, how they become so. Either they or their ancestors before them have taken from others, and that which they have taken, the others have lost. The very essence of their richness is that there are many poor. If all were rich, there would be no sense in wealth, no power in it, for there would be none willing to serve. It is plain to anyone who can think that richness means possessing material things, and excluding others from possession thereof. Of such is the kingdom of Mammon.

And of what is the kingdom of God? In the region of the mind the situation is exactly the opposite; the wealth of one is the wealth of all, and the highest joy of possession is that the thing possessed may be shared by all and be of benefit to all, with no diminution to anyone. I am trying here to write a useful book; my pleasure is in communicating to you what I believe to be truth, and exactly proportionate to my success in spreading this truth is my own gratification. This applies to Shakespeare writing a play, it applies to Beethoven composing a symphony, it applies to Newton discovering a natural law; each gives something which all mankind may enjoy forever, and no one's pleasure in "As You Like It," or in the "Fifth Symphony," or in an understanding of the movements of the planets, is any less because at the same time millions of other people are having that same pleasure.

This fact determines the attitude to life of the true scientist, the scholar and the lover of the arts; it is as different from the attitude of the trader, the speculator and the exploiter as black is different from white, or night from day. There can be no greater irreconcilability conceivable to the human mind. But now comes a new species of superman, whose function it is to make peace between these two forces, to persuade the lion of commerce and the lamb of learning to lie down in the same 384pasture together! The name of this great American enchanter is PREXY.

How does he do it? I am moved to be blunt, and say in plain English that he does it by being the most universal faker and the most variegated prevaricator that has yet appeared in the civilized world. He does it by making his entire being a conglomeration of hypocrisies and stultifications, so that by the time he has been in office a year or two he has told so many different kinds of falsehoods and made so many different kinds of pretenses to so many different people, that he has lost all understanding of what truth is, or how a man could speak it.

The college needs money. Colleges always need money, because college students get three times as much as they pay for, and the hope of getting social prestige, to enable them to live easy lives, brings constantly increasing crowds each year to the college gates. So “prexy” seeks out possible donors; “prospects,” as they are called in the slang of mendication. He cannot go to them directly and ask for money; the man who tries methods so crude is speedily eliminated from the list of college presidents. The successful one is the possessor of what is called “tact”; that is to say, he understands the weaknesses of human nature, he is an expert in the predatory psychology, a hunter who knows how to pierce the tough and scaly hides of old commercial monsters who have spent a lifetime watching people trying to get their money away from them, and have managed hitherto to resist all threats and blandishments.

The college president has to meet these plutocratic monsters socially; he has to be “human” to them—that is to say, he has to pretend to be interested in them, to admire them and their ways of life. He has to flatter their vanities, invite them to meals and find out what they like to eat, hold their overcoats and escort them to the motorcar, be gracious to their wives and a bit flirtatious to their daughters. After he thinks he has sufficiently gained their confidence, he begins a careful approach, to make these monsters realize the indispensability of propaganda to every ruling class. There is a battle of ideas going on in the world, dangerous notions are clamoring for attention, class hatreds and jealousies are raising their hideous hydra heads. What safety can there be for vested interests, unless <sup>385</sup>they make it their business to see that the new generation is taught respect for the property clauses of the Constitution? There is no department of human thought into which this struggle with new ideas does not penetrate, there is nothing that universities do or teach that cannot be related, in the eloquence of college presidents hunting money, to the cause of law and order and safe and sane stagnation.

On that basis the college president does his “vamping”; and having got the necessary papers signed and witnessed before a notary, he gets a bath and a shave, and puts on clean clothes, and draws a deep breath, and expands his chest, and confronts the world with a proclamation of magnificent devotion to the service of truth and the

welfare of mankind. These millions which he has just collected from the aged oil dinosaur, or steel megatherium, or beef pterodactyl, or whatever the beast may be—these millions he is now going to spend in a free and absolutely disinterested pursuit of understanding, with utter loyalty to scientific facts wherever they may lead, with complete trust in democracy and the wisdom of the people, with reverent humility before the God of Truth and Justice and Love. This that I am pronouncing you will immediately recognize as a standard commencement oration; delivered in the presence of a hundred plutocrats in decent frock-coats, and five hundred faculty members in caps and gowns, and a graduating class of a thousand young people; published next morning to the extent of four columns in all local newspapers, and relayed by the Associated Press to the extent of half a column to thirteen hundred morning newspapers throughout the United States. In the course of my trip among the colleges I was talking with a certain eminent scientist, and I spoke of the tragedy and horror that had befallen mankind through the failure of Woodrow Wilson to mean any of his golden words. “My God!” said the scientist. “Didn’t you know what all that was? Haven’t you been hearing that kind of thing for thirty years? Didn’t you know that those speeches of Woodrow’s were commencement orations?”

It makes no difference whether the college president is dealing personally with the interlocking directorate, as in privately endowed institutions, or whether he deals with the politicians who run the government machine for 386these same plutocrats. As a matter of fact, the college president who represents the so-called public institutions is in the more humiliating position of the two; for the free lance man has an open field, he can get himself invited to dinner-parties, and always has the hope that some day he may run into a politer plutocrat; but the president of a state university has no choice, he has to deal with the “boss” whom he finds in power. He will be snubbed and insulted until the tears run down his cheeks; and then he will go back to his deans and his kitchen cabinet and explain what it is that the political machine demands—the expulsion of this or that professor, the support of the university for this candidate or that bit of graft; and the president and his cabinet will work out the proper set of lies to tell to the discharged professor, or to the plundered public, or to both.

Thus the college president spends his time running back and forth between Mammon and God, known in the academic vocabulary as Business and Learning. He pleads with the business man to make a little more allowance for the eccentricities of the scholar; explaining the absurd notion which men of learning have that they owe loyalty to truth and public welfare. He points out that if the college comes to be known as a mere tool of special privilege it loses all its dignity and authority; it is absolutely necessary that it should maintain a pretense of disinterestedness, it should appear to

the public as a shrine of wisdom and piety. He points out that Professor So-and-So has managed to secure great prestige throughout the state, and if he is unceremoniously fired it will make a terrific scandal, and perhaps cause other faculty members to resign, and other famous scientists to stay away from the institution.

The president says this at a dinner-party in the home of his grand duke; and next morning he hurries off to argue with the recalcitrant professor. He points out the humiliating need of funds—just now when the professor's own salary is so entirely inadequate. He begs the professor to realize the president's own position, the crudity of business men who hold the purse-strings, and have no understanding of academic dignity. He pleads for just a little discretion, just a little time—just a little anything<sup>387</sup> that will moderate the clash between greed and service, the incompatibility of hate and love.

Either he succeeds in his purpose of persuading the professor to be less a scientist, a citizen, and a man of honor, or else he decides, in conference with his kitchen cabinet, that a way must be found to get rid of this unreasonable marplot. He and his cabinet now start a campaign of intrigue against the professor; they set going rumors calculated to damage his prestige; they contrive traps into which to snare him; or they wait until in the war between greed and service he gives utterance to some plain human emotion—whereupon they find him guilty of “indiscretion,” and announce to the public that he has shown himself to be lacking in that “judicious” attitude of mind which is essential to those occupying academic positions. Or perhaps they find that they have too many men in that department; or they decide to combine the departments of literature and obstetrics. They have a thousand different devices, scores of which I have shown you in action. Always they tell the professor—with their right hands upon the Bible they swear it to the public and to the newspapers—that it is purely “an administrative matter,” there is no question of academic freedom involved, and everyone in their institution lives, moves and has his being in the single-minded love of truth.

I have on my desk a letter from a Harvard professor, who tells me that my chapters on that institution are interesting, but he thinks I attribute too much cunning to the objects of my indignation. “These conforming preachers and editors and teachers are more of the genus Babbitt than of the genus Machiavelli.” This is a question of psychology, which only the Maker of the creatures can decide. In any case it matters little, because my purpose here is not to apportion blame, but to point out social peril, and it matters not whether social traitors know what they are doing—the effect of their action remains equally destructive to society. I have called the American college and university a ruling-class munition-factory for the manufacture of high explosive shells

and gas bombs to be used in the service of entrenched greed and cruelty. The college president is the man who runs this indispensable institution; and he is not one of the military leaders who sit in swivel chairs in city offices, he is one who sallies forth in person at the head of his armies, bravely hurling commencement bombs and Fourth of July torpedoes.

The college president is a human radio, a walking broadcasting station, a combination of encyclopedia and megaphone. He is that man whose profession it is to know everything; in his one mind is summed up ex-officio all the knowledge of all the specialties. He tells his professors what to teach, and how to teach it, and has little birds and whispering galleries and telepathic mediums to advise him if they obey. He is a human card-index, an information service bureau concerning the reputations of professors in all other institutions, and of promising undergraduates and Ph.D. candidates, and just what they are worth, and how much less they can be hired for. Or, if he does not possess all this knowledge, he possesses a perfectly satisfactory substitute—the ability to look as if he possessed it, and to act as if he possessed it. Such is the advantage of being an autocrat; criticism does not affect you, and whether you are right or whether you are wrong is the same thing.

The college president has acquired enormous prestige in American capitalist society; he is a priest of the new god of science, and newspapers and purveyors of “public opinion” unite in exalting him. He receives the salary of a plutocrat, and arrogates to himself the prestige and precedence that go with it. He lives on terms of equality with business emperors and financial dukes, and conveys their will to mankind, and perpetuates their ideals and prejudices in the coming generation. It is a new aristocracy which has arisen among us, and they all stand together, they and their henchmen and courtiers, against whatever forces may threaten. I have shown how they have invented a new set of titles of nobility, which they sell for cash, or use to exalt their patrons and overawe you and me. We shall find it worth while to turn over the pages of “Who’s Who in America,” and see what these mighty ones of the earth think of one another, and what they do to flatter one another’s pride, and to keep their own order in the public eye.

“I do not give degrees to scientists,” said Wheeler of California. “I give them to statesmen and college presidents”; which means that these gentry have a system of “you scratch my back and I’ll scratch yours.” Wheeler managed to get scratched no less than twelve times during his life, Eliot of Harvard eleven times, Shanklin of Wesleyan eleven times, Smith of Pennsylvania twenty times, Lowell of Harvard twenty times, Nicholas Miraculous twenty-five times. Descending in the scale of plutocratic importance we find Angell of Yale with nine honorary degrees, Faunce of Brown with

nine, Schurman of Cornell eight, Judson of Chicago seven, Day of Syracuse seven, Burton of Michigan six, Goodnow of Johns Hopkins five. Jordan of Stanford got only four—you remember that our ichthyologist and race-horse expert was tainted with pacifism and democracy!

You remember also the mushrooms and toadstools, and the absurdities we discovered at these places. I look up the present and recent heads of these institutions, and there is scarcely one who has not been able to get his back scratched. I find Crawford of Allegheny with seven degrees, Thompson of Ohio State with five, Mitchell of Delaware with three, Wishart of Wooster with three, Few of Trinity with three, Garfield of Williams with five, Conwell of Temple with two, Hixson of Allegheny with two, Brooks of Baylor with one, Buchtel of Denver with one, Parsons of Marietta with one, Goodnight of Bethany with one, Montgomery of Muskingum with one. Also, it is interesting to note, you will find all these presidents of little toad stools duly recorded in “Who’s Who.” You may look in that volume for the best minds in our country, the men who are serving as pioneers of social justice and democracy, and three times out of four you will not find their names, or, when you do find them, they are relegated, like the present writer, to a back volume. But all presidents of colleges, no matter how insignificant or absurd, take rank with senators and cabinet members and ambassadors and supreme court judges and admirals and generals, and go into every volume *ex officio*.

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## CHAPTER LXXVII

### DAMN THE FACULTY

We have seen the successful sons returning to shed their glory upon their alma mater; and we have seen the successful grandsons enjoying their four years of play at learning and work at football. Let us now have a glimpse at the life of the scholar amid all this worldly pomp and gladiatorial clamor, the thunder of the foot-ball captains and the shouting of the cheer-leaders.

There are few more pitiful proletarians in America than the underpaid, overworked, and contemptuously ignored rank and file college teacher. Everyone has more than he—trustees and presidents, coaches and trainers, merchants and tailors, architects and building contractors, sometimes even masons and carpenters. A young instructor in a great endowed university, living on a starvation wage, made to me the bitter remark: “We are the fellows of whom the Bible speaks—we ask for bread and we are given a stone”—he waved his hand toward a showy new structure rising on the campus. I have before me a copy of “School and Society,” for November 6, 1920,

giving the result of an investigation: "How Professors Live." At the University of Illinois a hundred and sixty-seven men, or forty per cent of those at the institution, filled out a questionnaire. I quote a few paragraphs from those of the associate professors, each paragraph referring to a different man:

Old clothing is invariably made over for children. Have gardened a lot and kept chickens. Use butter substitutes. Wear clothing until frayed. Above expenses do not consider depreciation of furniture and household equipment.

Using vacations to earn money. Postponing dental services. Using inferior grades of clothing and using them when they should be discarded. Cut down food in quality and quantity.

We have no help, do our own washing and my wife makes all the children's clothes, etc.

Neglecting necessary repairs; inferior clothing, butter substitutes, etc. Almost no theatres, entertainments, travel or books.

Small apartment, clothing below standard of position, entertainment almost eliminated, etc.

General retrenchments (food, clothing, medical services, etc.) and the discontinuing of newspapers, magazines, all amusements, concerts, etc., that are not free. Am unable to subscribe to worthy causes (relief funds, etc.).

391 No vacation trips. Postponed dental attention. Inferior grades of clothing. Cannot wear as good clothes as I did when in high school and college. Have not spent as much on entertainment.

We use butter substitutes; I run a garden and sole the family's shoes; my wife makes all her own clothing.

Unable to take vacations or trips to relatives who live at distance. Buy no books, only clothing absolutely necessary. Self-denial in almost everything imaginable.

There you have nine little family tragedies, out of ninety I might have quoted from the article, out of one or two hundred thousand that exist in our country. So the poor professors and their wives and children live; and above them is the world of prominence and power into which they dream of climbing. The way of success is the way of toadying and boot-licking, of conformity and reverence for the gods established. Do you wonder that, as Harold Laski says, some men deliberately adopt reactionary ideas as a means to promotion, while others, whose brains do not permit

them to be reactionary, conceal their real opinions? Do you wonder that the young instructor comes like the chameleon to take the color of the environment which surrounds him? However much he may be absorbed in his books, his wife knows about the world outside, and their children have to be reared in this world.

To show you how college professors are tempted, let me tell you an anecdote, the experience of a teacher of political science at one of our leading Eastern universities. I will call him Smith; and he was invited to meet the head of one of the largest universities of the Middle West, whom I will call Jones. President Jones had suggested that Professor Smith should come to his institution as head of a big department, and while Jones was in the East they met to talk it over. Said Smith, telling me the story: "This was a big chance, and I was disposed to accept it; but first I wanted to find out what would be my status. Of course, I could not ask the man directly: 'Shall I be free?' I might as well have asked: 'Shall I be allowed to commit rape?' What I did was to set a trap; I said: 'You know I teach a ticklish subject, public service work; the question is, should my teaching be administrative, or should it be policy-determining? My conception of the matter is that I should get the data, but not determine policies.' And you should have seen the man's face light up! 'That's it exactly!' he said. 'I'm so glad to have you make the distinction! That makes the matter perfectly clear.' And he went home and told his faculty that I was the best man they could possibly get!" While Professor Smith told me this story we were sitting at dinner in a restaurant, and he added: "It happened right in this room—at that table over there. I declined the appointment, of course. But you see how it is; when men face temptations such as that, it breaks down their characters in the end."

How much direct bribery of college professors there may be, I cannot say. A dean at the University of Wisconsin told me how a wealthy father had offered him money to "pass" his deficient son; and I suspect that kind of thing happens more often than it is told. But most of the time the thing is done through what I call the "dress-suit bribe." A college professor is human like the rest of us; he likes a good dinner and a good cigar; he likes to be invited to "nice" homes—and his wife likes it still more. I know a professor at a state university who "flunked" the son of a trustee—and this in spite of all kinds of pressure from those above him. But the average man can hardly be expected to jeopardize his career in a case like that. Where such temptations exist, it is a psychological axiom that many will fall.

I have heard faculty members—mostly very young ones, or else very old ones—assert that there is never any favoritism in college examinations; and I have contented myself with a gentle smile. Imagine such a situation as we saw at Columbia, when young Marcellus Hartley Dodge, heir to untold millions, was an [undergraduate](#). He gave to

the university a building while he was still in college, and was prepared to make a still larger donation upon his graduation, and to become a trustee at the age of twenty-six. And now, some little whipper-snapper of an instructor of English composition, or of French syntax, presumes to “flunk” Marcellus Hartley, and subject that young prince of the plutocracy to the humiliation of stepping down among despised lower classmen! Let the whipper-snapper try it, and he would soon find out the meaning of that Columbia student-song whose chorus runs: “Damn the faculty!”

Sydney Smith made the remark that there was no use expecting every curate to be a St. Paul; and we may say, quite as safely, there is no use expecting every college instructor to be a Charles A. Beard. Men who are trained in colleges of snobbery come out snobs, and if at the top of your educational system you heap all the honors upon wealth and all the humiliations upon scholarship, you will have at the bottom of your faculty young men who have learned what the world is, and have set themselves the task of getting up by the methods established. I assert that from top to bottom in our colleges and universities today wealth is replacing knowledge, and worldly-minded and cynical members of the faculty are catering to the rich among the students, knowing that when these students come back as “successful sons,” they will be the persons whose friendship counts.

The students are organized into exclusive fraternities—perfectly ridiculous and perfectly banal things, and yet they run the social life of the colleges, and without exception they run the alumni association, and speak with the voice of the college in the public press. And do you think they fail to impress the faculty? Remember, the fraternity men are the ones with money and good clothes and good manners; they stand together and make a gang, they do “log rolling” for one another, they tip one another off to the “snap” courses and the “easy” teachers; they study the psychology of the various “profs,” and advise one another how to “work” them. They frequently take faculty members into the fraternities, and thus get their backing for the system.

A professor at the University of Wisconsin told me a curious story. A group of boys had failed to get into any of the fraternities, and they had a bright idea; why not organize one for themselves? Somebody had organized every fraternity at some time past, and there were plenty of Greek letters still not taken up! So they proceeded to devise a new combination, and a mystic pin, and a set of pass-words and initiation idiocies; they rented a house, and invited some “goats” in other colleges to follow their example.

Now at this university there was a certain young professor whom I call Black, to distinguish him from my informant, whom I call White. Black was a country boy, who

had worked his way through college, and had always <sup>394</sup>been a non-fraternity man. Now he came to White, very much flattered, revealing the fact that he had been invited to join a fraternity. White asked which one, and was told—it was this one of which White had witnessed the organizing only a year ago! It seemed just as good to Black; and in a few years it would seem just as good to everybody. But imagine the intellectual state of an institution when one of its professors, a mature man, a scientist and master of an important specialty, could be naively pleased at being invited to take part in flummeries got up by a dozen boys not yet out of their teens, and whose sole aim and ideal was to prove themselves superior to a mass of other boys!

You miss the point of this story if you do not understand it as a symptom of the disease which is poisoning our intellectual life. Every little “fresh water college” is trying to “make” the big fraternities; every president of every little toadstool is shaping his policy to such ends—because that is the way to get the rich students, which is the way to get the rich alumni, which is the way to get the money. In the big Eastern universities, which are the fountain-heads of this imbecility, the social competition amounts to a ravenous and frenzied war, involving not merely the students, but the very mightiest of our academic big-wigs. Look them up in “Who’s Who,” and you find them solemnly recording their phi-beta-babbles and their kappa-gamma-gabbles and their [alpha](#)-apple-pies.

And when men of science and learning come down from the thrones of reason and take part in the jostling and the trampling and the climbing of this silk-hatted mob—then you witness sights that make you despair for the human race. Not so long ago the greatest thinker of our time came to America—Albert Einstein, who happens to be a Jew, and still more terrible to mention, a German. As fate would have it, there came to our country at the same time another distinguished visitor, the Prince of Monaco—a mighty potentate, his bosom covered with various ribbons and jewelled orders. He is owner of the world’s greatest gambling-hell, at Monte Carlo, and keeps himself out of jail just as do the gambling-princes of New York—by owning the police.

Now the institution whose duty it is to welcome visiting scientists is the American Academy of Science; and <sup>395</sup>this institution prepared to welcome Einstein and the Prince of Monaco at the same banquet. But, horror of horrors, his Excellency, the Prince, refused to be received along with a German! There was terrible excitement in academic circles. The master of ceremonies was a high-up scientific snob, married to a member of the Morgan family, and a pet of Nicholas Miraculous. He decided that the invitation to Einstein must be canceled. But finally a compromise was arrived at; His Excellency consented to come, provided Einstein was put away in an obscure place at the foot of the table, and not asked to speak!

The greatest thinker of our time is a naive and childlike person, simple and human, and he apparently had no idea what was happening to him. He was not used to the world of what calls itself “science” in America, with its “pushers” and “tuft-hunters,” forcing themselves to the front, while the real workers stay in their laboratories and do their work, suffering in silence “the insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes.”

## CHAPTER LXXVIII

### SMALL SOULS

What every man and every organization of men in America want is to grow big. If you ask why they want to grow big they are puzzled, because it has never before happened to them to hear anybody question the moral axiom that bigness is greatness. An office building which is twelve stories high is twice as admirable as one which is six stories high; a city which has a million inhabitants is twice as important as one which has only half a million. It matters not that the additional population may be festering in wretched slums; whatever they may be, grafters and grabbers, drunkards and morons, a greater number of them is a thing to be boosted for and boasted about. The city grows big in body, but in soul it remains small.

And the same thing happens to the college. Every little college wants to be bigger than its neighbor, and looks forward to being the biggest in the state, and to that end employs the noisy arts of the real estate promoter and 396the circus agent. An article published in “School and Society,” April 22, 1922, tells about the activities of “field secretaries” and “field agents” now employed by colleges. “According to the president of one of Ohio’s state universities, only four or five of the forty colleges in the state are able to dispense with the services of one or more of these functionaries. Their use is apparently growing in favor. The dean of one of Ohio’s strongest colleges confessed regretfully that the authorities in his institution are about to yield to the pressure being exerted within the institution to appoint a man to ‘sell the college’ to prospective students.” Crossing the prairies I stepped from my train to get a breath of fresh air on a station platform, and found myself confronted by an enormous sign, hailing me in the breezy Western fashion: “Hello, this is Manhattan, Kansas, a Good Town, home of the famous Kansas State Agricultural College, 1400 acres, 50 buildings, 433 faculty, 3500 students. Free auto camping grounds.”

The professor, needless to say, is expected to be a “good sport,” and contribute his proper share to the “uplift” of his institution. Anything notable that he does is seized upon and exploited by the college press agent; and sometimes the efforts of publicity hounds to deal with unfamiliar sciences and arts produce comical results. Professor

Jacques Loeb began to experiment in the artificial fertilization of the eggs of sea-urchins, and this was marvelous material for stories, it went all over the world. Hardly any of it was right, but that made no difference—not even in academic circles; Professor Loeb's star ascended, and so did his salary. He was invited to the University of California to continue his researches, and there he found the successful sons prepared to use him as they do the Mission bells and the Bohemian Club "jinks." They put a "booster button" on him, and got out picture post-cards of his laboratory, and a real estate firm started an advertising campaign to sell lots in his neighborhood. But when they found that Loeb resented this kind of exploitation, they lost interest in artificial parthenogenesis, and discovered that the professor was a godless materialist and a poor hand at teaching freshmen.

The average faculty member of course never scales the heights of fame, never sees his portrait on picture post cards. The college grows big in body and stays small 397 in soul; while the professor is apt to stay small in both body and soul. His salary does not permit a generous diet, and his work is confining and tedious. He teaches three or four classes a day, and corrects compositions and test-papers, and keeps records and makes out reports, and obeys his superiors and keeps himself within the limits of his little specialty. He leads a narrow life, withdrawn from realities. He goes to lunch at the Faculty Club and talks "shop" with his colleagues, men who live equally empty lives and are equally out of touch with great events. There is gossip and intrigue and wire-pulling; a professor at the University of Chicago heard his colleagues talk for an hour about the fact that someone had got an increase in salary of two or three hundred dollars. A professor at Johns Hopkins compared his colleagues to the lotus eaters: "Peaceful, endowed and dull."

As I write, Professor Frank C. Hankins, one of the rebels at Clark University, hands in his resignation and formulates his criticism of the teaching in our higher institutions:

The teacher of social science may treat his subject matter in a purely formal manner, as is done in most high school courses in civics, where attention is given to the powers and duties of Congress, the number of justices in the Supreme court, etc. This is a pity; but the high school teacher and, unfortunately, a large number of college teachers of the social sciences must reckon with the "man in the street," who would feel that "sacred" things were being defiled if civics courses discussed the origin and development of institutions, the relation of patriotism to war, or the relative merits of individualism and collectivism in social life. It is a real tragedy in the life of a teacher if he must squeeze all the juice out of his subject matter and give his pupils the dry pulp, in order to hold his job.

And to the same effect testifies Ludwig Lewisohn, out of many years experience at Wisconsin and Ohio State. I jotted down his phrases in my notes:

It is like teaching from a cook-book. There are certain receipts which you follow. You try to explain the scientific spirit, but you find that in college the word “science” means cut and dried experiments without meaning. You teach the principles of a subject, but you never apply them. You explain the “Novum Organum,” for example, but you don’t apply Bacon’s method to the current formulas of capitalist imperialism. You explain the relativity of morals according to Locke, but you never test present-day marriage and divorce, property rights and the duty of obedience to the state.

398And again, a professor now at Wisconsin: “You teach the facts, but you do not interpret them; and especially you do not deal with remedies. You teach details, not vision. You accumulate ‘learning,’ in the narrow sense of that word; raking in the dust-heaps of the past, and producing carefully documented treatises about absurdities.” I have given a list of such topics in the chapter on Harvard; I ran into others here and there—Professor E. A. Ross mentioned two theses which won degrees while he was at Berlin—“The Linden Tree in German Literature,” and “The Hay Supply in the Army of Frederick the Great.” Or, if Germany is too far away, perhaps you would be interested in a Columbia thesis, composed by a man who is now a professor at Princeton: “Metaphors Concerned with Nature in the Prose of Aelfric”; or a Columbia thesis, by a professor who is now at Charleston: “The Dialect Contamination in the Old English Gospels.” Said [Nietzsche](#): “You beat them, and they give out dust like meal-sacks. But who could guess that their dust came from corn, and the golden wonder of the summer fields?”

Colleges are growing like those prehistoric monsters, the size of a freight-car, with brains that would fit inside a walnut-shell. And as they grow, there is more and more “administration,” more and more red tape and routine; the professor is turned into a bookkeeper and a filing clerk. Writing in “Science,” President Maclaurin of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology drew a picture of the adventures of Isaac Newton in a modern American university:

The superintendent of buildings and grounds, or other competent authority, calls upon Mr. Newton.

Supt.: Your theory of gravitation is hanging fire unduly. The director insists on a finished report, filed in his office by nine A. M. Monday next; summarized on one page; typewritten, and the main points underlined. Also a careful estimate of the cost of the research per student-hour.

Newton: But there is one difficulty that has been puzzling me for fourteen years, and I am not quite ...

Supt. (with snap and vigor): Guess you had better overcome that difficulty by Monday morning or quit.

How can dull men, absorbed in dull routine, hold the attention of large groups of wide-awake youngsters? The answer is that they do not, and that is the failure of our 399 colleges. The situation is summed up in a delightful anecdote, which was solemnly sworn to me by a college professor who dares not let me use his name. He was doing the customary “glad-hand” stunts at a reunion of the “old boys,” and one of these successful sons came up to him, beaming with pleasure, and clasped his hand in a hearty grip. “Professor Smith! Well, well, Professor Smith, I sure am glad to see you! You have no idea what a good time I had in that English class of yours. We read ‘Hamlet,’ you remember, but we only got halfway through. I often find myself wondering how that play came out.”

Or, if you cannot believe that story, take the testimony of Professor C. T. Titus of Whitman College, who tried the experiment of asking college seniors in what state the city of St. Louis is located. There were guesses as far apart as Louisiana, Kentucky and Tennessee! No wonder that Bertrand Russell remarks that “Education has been one of the chief obstacles to the development of intelligence.”

## CHAPTER LXXIX

### THE WORLD OF “HUSH”

Knowing as I do the economics of our plutocratic empire, I had a general idea of what I should find in my tour of the colleges; but I had little idea of the details, and went with an open mind, prepared to follow the facts where they led. After I had visited a dozen colleges, I began to be struck by a peculiar [circumstance](#); not merely was I encountering similar incidents—I was hearing the same phrases over and over! Certain expressions became familiar, and I would wait for them; if they did not come, I would suggest them, and note the instant response: “Yes, that’s it exactly!”

I go over my note-book and cull out these phrases: “It is a slow strangling.” “It is the wearing away of a stone by drops of water.” “It is an intangible thing, an atmospheric pressure.” “It is a question of good taste, of loyalty to the institution, to one’s colleagues.” So ran the story, over and over, all the way from California to Massachusetts and back again. I came to realize that the important fact about academic freedom in America is not 400 the extreme and dramatic cases I have been

narrating; it is the whole system of class prejudice and class repression, which operates for the most part without its victims being conscious of it.

I quote other statements from my note-book: "Our young instructors are weaklings, selected as such. They seek a comfortable berth, sheltered from the storms of the world." "They find that promotion depends upon conformity, and they conform." "There is a tremendous absence of freedom, but the victims don't realize it; they think they are merely being polite; before they know what has happened to them they have become small men." "No man who thinks can tell just when he will become a victim, or how he will be tripped up." "I can count an indefinite number of friends to whom I would express myself—up to a certain point." "You may stay in the place for years, and then some day discover one man to whom you dare to talk." "Those who go out have adventures, but pity those who stay." "The plow-horse does not feel the rein until he tries to step out of the furrow." "Yes, our men are free; they are horses that stand without hitching." Such statements, with varying phraseology, were made by scores of men, in as many different colleges and universities.

I sat in one group of faculty members discussing this subject, and the conversation took a humorous turn; they started making a list of the various offenses for which a man may be fired from an American university. You may be fired if you don't like your wife, or if your wife doesn't like you. You may be fired if you use the word revolution, referring to anything since the eighteenth century. You may be fired if you get into a fight with the janitor. "That happened to a very distinguished botanist of my acquaintance," said one professor. You may be fired if you go to church too little, or you may be fired if you go to church too much. I asked how the latter could be, and the explanation was that there are aristocratic universities like Harvard and Princeton and Pennsylvania, which follow the Episcopal tradition, and an excessive demonstration of piety would be highly offensive. You may be fired if you are near-sighted, and also if you are far-sighted. You may be fired if you are discovered to have Negro blood in your veins—an incident narrated by Alvin Johnson 401 in the "New Republic," under a thin veil of fiction. You may be fired if you undertake to prove that a candidate of the Republican party for President has Negro blood in his veins—the singular experience of Professor W. E. Chancellor of Wooster. Of course you will be fired if you are discovered in any irregular sex relationship; also you may be fired if you discover the president of your university, or one of your prominent trustees, committing a similar offense. In general, you may be fired if you depart in any way from the beaten track of propriety—and this whether your motives be the lowest or the highest, whether you are subnormal or supernormal, a crank or a genius.

And here is the all-important fact; the decision in this difficult matter lies not in the hands of your colleagues, who know you, but in some autocratic individual who is too important to know you, and too busy. Says Professor George T. Ladd of Yale University, discussing the position of the college professor:

“His whole career, and the reputation and influence which he has won by a life of self-sacrificing labor, may at any moment be in peril through the caprice, or cowardice, or ill-will of a single man, or of a little group of men who have influence with that single man.”

There are many college professors who have learned to adjust themselves to this situation, and make the best of it. They will call this book exaggerated and even absurd; but can they deny the statement of Professor Ladd above quoted? Can they deny that this is the situation in ninety-five per cent of American colleges and universities? The professors have no tenure and no security, save the kindness and good faith of those who hold the purse-strings and rule their lives. Says Professor Cattell in his book, “University Control”: “In certain departments of certain universities, instructors and junior professors are placed in a situation to which no decent domestic servant would submit.” If you will look up this book in your library you will find in it overwhelming evidence of the discontent of college professors with their status. Three hundred leading men were consulted, and out of these, eighty-five per cent agreed that the present arrangements for the government of colleges are unsatisfactory. Says 402 James P. Munroe, for many years a professor at Massachusetts Tech:

Unless American college teachers can be assured that they are no longer to be looked upon as mere employes paid to do the bidding of men who, however courteous or however eminent, have not the faculty’s professional knowledge of the complicated problems of education, our universities will suffer increasingly from a dearth of strong men, and teaching will remain outside the pale of the really learned professions. The problem is not one of wages; for no university can become rich enough to buy the independence of any man who is really worth purchasing.

Or consider the testimony of Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, in the “Publications of the American Sociological Society,” Vol. IX, 1914, p. 166:

I agree with Professor Nearing; academic asphyxiation is much more common than is generally realized. President Pritchett’s paper is, I think, far too optimistic. The dismissal of professors by no means gives the clue to the frequency of the gag in academic life. We forget the many who take their medicine and make no fuss. There, indeed, is your real tragedy. Don’t waste any pity on the men who, despite repeated

hints and warnings, go ahead until they are dismissed. They will generally prove to be able to take care of themselves. Pity rather the men who, without giving sign or creating scandal, bow to the powers above and cultivate a discreet silence. There are very many of them. I know it, for many of them have come and told me with bitterness and rage of the gag that has been placed in their mouths.

Remember, too, that the source of danger is not endowment, at least if the donor has kept no strings upon his gift or is dead. It is not what has been given but what is hoped for that influences most the policy of university authorities. When a sizable donation is trembling in the balance, when an institution has been generously remembered in the will of some conservative gentleman who takes an annoying interest in the details of its life, how the governing board of the institution caters to the prejudices of the potential donor and how intolerable and unpardonable appear untimely professorial utterances or teachings which put the gift in peril!

I have before me a letter from Mr. Arthur E. Holder, who is not a college man, but a labor leader who had four years' experience with college men, as representative of labor on the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Mr. Holder writes:

My conclusion after several years' contact with college professors and public school teachers is that the environment of school and college life is degenerating to the male species. Outside of a bare half dozen, these men seem to be afraid to say that their souls are their own. They apparently admire boldness in others, and they applaud when another exposes the economic evils surrounding them. They do not hesitate to whisper as to their experiences; but it almost always is followed by a caution, "Don't say I said so," or "This is on the square," or "This is just for yourself alone," etc.

My experience in collecting material for this book brought out the academic situation with startling vividness. To begin with, I had the idea that if you wanted information on any subject you had merely to write to the people who had it. I collected from various sources the names of one or two hundred college professors who were supposed to be sympathetic towards social progress, and I printed a little circular outlining my proposed book, and asking them to tell me their experiences and conclusions. I mailed these circulars, and waited for replies; I waited two or three months, and the number of replies I received could be counted upon the fingers of one hand!

Of course, that might be because all these professors were satisfied with their position, and had no information to give. But I doubted that, and decided to travel over the country and talk personally with these individuals. I laid out a schedule and wrote again to arrange for interviews. Taught by experience, I explained that everything

would be strictly confidential; but even on this basis I failed to hear from two-thirds of the men to whom I wrote. In various ways, through friends or colleagues, I would learn that this one or that one had thought it best to be able to say that he had never met me!

Still further insight came to me on the trip. I visited some thirty institutions, and met men and women who had taught in two or three hundred. Out of all these I should estimate that ninety-five per cent accepted my offer to consider what they told me confidential, and some even accepted my offer not to mention to their colleagues that they had talked with me. I would not need but one or two fingers to count the number of men and women now teaching in American colleges and universities who told me their experiences frankly, and stated that I might quote them by name.

Still further evidence: I came home after my seven thousand-mile journey, and sorted out my notes, and made a list of new names and new sources of information which 404 had been suggested. There must have been four hundred such names, and I wrote a letter to each one, again enclosing my little circular and making careful promises of secrecy. Out of these four hundred I may have heard from one hundred, and I should estimate that three-fourths of these told me about the experiences of other men. There are eight or ten who profess themselves fully satisfied with the conditions under which they work, but even most of these do not care to be quoted. A number avail themselves of my offer, not merely to consider their communications confidential, but to send back their letters after I have read them!

Another detail, even more significant: there would be places in my notes concerning which I was in doubt, some statement for which I wished additional verification, and I would write to the people I had met. I recall them now, one after another—men with whom I sat at luncheon or dinner in a quiet corner in some restaurant, or in their homes; some of them talked to me for two or three hours, telling me their experiences and the experiences of their colleagues, some shameful, some grotesque and absurd. Many of these men promised me additional data, a clipping or a letter or confirmation of some sort; and I write to remind them of their promises, or to ask some new questions—and there comes no reply! I write to some of them two or three times before I realize what is the matter; these men are dead so far as concerns the mail! As matters now stand, they can deny that they ever met me—many of them told me that they would do that! But if they should send me so much as a line of their handwriting, some day the Black Hand of the plutocracy might raid my home and steal my papers—and then there would be ruin for them and their families!

Can you think of stronger evidence of terrorism than this? Out of not less than a hundred men who welcomed me with every courtesy, who expressed cordial interest in my project, and complete agreement with my view of the academic situation—out of these hundred men I need just the fingers of my two hands to count the ones who have been willing to write and answer my questions under the strictest pledge of secrecy! I take this occasion to send my greetings to the others, and assure them that I do not blame them too severely.

405 While preparing my proofs, still more evidence comes to me. In two different cases I sent a chapter of my book to university professors for them to revise, as they had offered to do. They dictated to their secretaries cold and stern letters, stating that they did not care to comply with my request; and along with these letters they sent me the manuscript, carefully and minutely revised! They understand that I will get the point; they have done what they promised to do, but at the same time they have protected themselves, and have a letter which they can display to college authorities, proving that they had nothing to do with my nefarious book!

Another case, still more significant: the liberal professors in one state university in the Middle West banded together and sent me a message through a former colleague, imploring me not to tell the story of their experiences in my book! The details of this controversy have been given full publicity in the press, and are public property; nevertheless, I am implored not to mention them, because it will stir up the reactionaries once more! Another professor in a great Eastern university, who told me how he took a public stand on an issue of academic freedom, telegraphs forbidding me to mention his name—and this though the story of his action has been publicly praised in the bulletin of the American Association of University Professors, and in several of the liberal magazines! A former professor in one of our largest Middle Western universities begs me to omit his name in telling his story—and this although I have newspaper clippings telling every detail! What am I to do about cases of this sort? Whom shall I consider, the individual professor or the public welfare? Read the man's pitiful words:

I realize the value to you of specific instances, and am well aware of how much I am asking when I request the omission of my name. But it means my livelihood! If I am again kicked out of educational work I shall never be able to accomplish such educational reforms as I have in mind for the future. Please don't put me in jeopardy! Sociological investigation often, of course, sacrifices the individual with perfect equanimity; but in this instance the individual is perhaps worth saving. Please let me know that you will spare me.

And here is another letter from a professor at another great state university in the Middle West:

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I am greatly interested in the subject of the book which you are preparing, and I gladly give you my answer to the questions contained in your circular, with the definite understanding, however, that you will not mention my name as the source of information, or in any other way disclose my identity. The mere fact that as a matter of self-preservation and of protection to my family I feel compelled to make this proviso—disgusting as otherwise it is to me both as a man and a scholar—is proof sufficient of the control which special privilege exercises over educators in this country.

And here is one more letter, perhaps the most significant of all. The writer is a young scientist, who got his training at the University of Wisconsin, where for two years he took part in the activities of the liberal students. He tells me the effect which these two years have produced upon all his later career. Read his analysis of “academic freedom” among scientists; it covers the case completely, and every fairminded scientific man who reads it will be forced to admit that it is as exact as it is painful.

My position was student assistant, a half time instructorship. I stayed at Dr. P——’s house two years, and my relations with all the faculty of that department were intimate and cordial always, and still are. I was known as a rather harmless and intellectualized radical, and as rather a hard worker, one who spent long hours in his laboratory and applied himself assiduously: being especially useful around a scientific department by reason of ingenuity with apparatus. A sufficiency of all the technical virtues, you see, and the result was that I was very well thought of. A taste for sociology and radical discussion was looked upon as an amiable and altruistic weakness, which might serve to give my biology a humanistic turn....

No specific thing has ever happened since which I could lay against any of my professors at Madison. They have backed me cordially and enthusiastically whenever the occasion demanded. However, my reputation as a radical, still re-echoes through my career as a scientist; almost overshadows it. My chief professor, though he said I was the best man he had ever turned out, when I wanted a job, said also privately that he didn’t think I would ever make a scientist, I was interested in too many other things. Another Wisconsin professor, when asked about me, questioned whether I would ever “settle down to a scientific career,” though I had done absolutely nothing else for three years since I left there. A third expressed doubt, to me personally, that I would ever “accomplish anything.” My reputation has followed me through two jobs, so that when

considered for the one I now hold, the question of my radical proclivities was again raised. All these things, and many others, are hard to get at objectively; but they sum up to a condition in which an activity incidental to three years study on a Ph.D thesis appears still to be of more weight in the eyes of the men who pride themselves on being unbiased and liberal-minded scientists, than anything scientific that I may have accomplished. Every one of them would unhesitatingly state that a man's radical opinions were of no concern to them "if he did his work"; and no one of them would admit that any man would be "doing his work" if they knew he held these opinions. My own reaction is to pretend that I have lost interest in unconventional affairs, and to sedulously avoid any appearance of such interest in them in my professional capacity; in effect, I am one thing as a scientist, and another as a human being; I have dissociated most of my private concerns from my official ones; and the barrier between my school activities and any other intellectual interests is complete. I have two sets of ideas, two sets of friends, two modes of behavior, a regular double standard of morality, and I suppose I am only half a man in either capacity.

This is something of a tragedy to me personally, though that is not the interesting thing in general. The aspect of this that has struck me is, how perverted the whole unconscious thought of the academic institution is. As I have said, this is not evidence for a book. I might have trouble in demonstrating that my professors were not right about me. But one thing is certain; that I could have spent more than the amount of time and energy I spent on radical activities, on any of a number of more or less creditable things; on Wine, Women and Song, on student activities, golf, poker, or just plain idleness, and never have attracted any discreditable attention scientifically. Those things my professors and colleagues would disregard, provided I kept up a reasonable show of professional proficiency. There is only one realm of relaxation or dissipation which is recognized academically as a vicious incursion into scientific singlemindedness and assiduity; and that one is an intellectual interest in social unconventionality. That one distraction, and that alone, is recognized as an inherent and incontestible enemy of *scientific* right thinking. And the amusing part of it is that the scientists themselves fail to realize their own bias. For that is what it amounts to, even in the best of them; about one whole set of data, if they are not positively reactionary, then they not only have no positive opinions, but they impose upon themselves and others a negativity of opinion that amounts to a condition of positive prejudice.

## CHAPTER LXXX

### THE FOUNDATIONS OF FRAUD

I have taken you about from college to college and shown you the interlocking trustees, using the institution for the protection of their money-bags; also the successful sons, guarding the prestige and good name of their alma mater. To complete the picture I now draw your 408 attention to the many organizations, national in their scope, which have been formed for the purpose of keeping our educational system in the capitalist fetters.

I begin with the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, which was started seventeen years ago with a gift of ten million dollars. Its purpose was to provide pensions for superannuated college professors, and in his letter to the trustees Carnegie announced that “according to expert calculation” the revenue would be ample “to provide retiring pensions for the teachers of universities, college and technical schools in our country, Canada and Newfoundland.” This statement was speedily shown to be absurd; the total cost of the system for Columbia University alone would have been twice the income of the Foundation, and the cost for all the country would have been two hundred times the income of the Foundation. So very speedily the Foundation was compelled to limit the institutions included in its list, and it began laying down rules for colleges, and assuming control of higher education. It refused pensions to professors in the University of Illinois unless the university would alter the conduct of its medical school at Chicago. In like manner the governor of Ohio was informed that the universities of the state must be “reconstructed” on lines laid down by the Foundation. Becoming still more embarrassed for lack of funds, the Foundation discovered that it was bad for teachers “to have the risk of dependence lifted from them by free gifts,” and it proposed to have the professors begin paying for their own insurance.

Now, in the first place, a slight knowledge of economics will enable anyone to realize that a free gift of life insurance to professors at certain institutions would not permanently benefit the professors, because, under the stimulus of competition, this benefit would at once be taken into account in the salaries paid by the institution. So, what the Foundation amounts to is an endowment to certain privileged universities, with a highly autocratic control accompanying the gift. Under the plan as modified to compel the professor to pay for his insurance, the plan becomes a method of binding him to the institution and subjecting him to the administration. A part of the professor’s salary is held out, to be repaid to him later on as a reward for good behavior. Says Professor Cattell: 409 “The professor who does not see eye to eye with Wall Street and Trinity Church may be compelled to sacrifice either his intellectual integrity or his wife and children. He is under heavy bonds to keep the peace; but it will be the peace of the desert.”

If you are interested in this shrewd device for the enslavement of college professors, you are referred to Professor Cattell's book, "Carnegie Pensions," published in 1919. The new insurance organization is headed by Elihu Root and Nicholas Murray Butler, a sufficient guarantee of its character. That the sheep have learned to recognize these wolves in shepherd's clothing is shown by the fact that a questionnaire sent out by "School and Society" to a great number of college professors, asking for their opinions, brought a vote of thirteen in favor of the scheme and six hundred and thirty-six against it! The American Association of University Professors appointed a committee of twenty-four to study the scheme, and this committee submitted two elaborate reports condemning it.

The gentleman who was appointed by Mr. Carnegie to run this Foundation, and who worked out the scheme, is Dr. Henry Smith Pritchett; I look him up in "Who's Who," and find amusing evidence of what it means to have a strangle-hold over American institutions of learning. Dr. Pritchett goes about like an Indian war-chief with scalps at his belt—no fewer than eighteen honorary degrees from American colleges and universities! What the professors think of his administration you may guess from the comments on his last statement made by Joseph Jastrow, professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin. "There is the same copious shuffling of the issues, the same lack of frankness, the same assumption of benevolence of motive, the same disregard of accepted principle as of actual opinion, the same aspersions and evasions."

The next great benefactor of our educational system was Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who has given one or two hundred millions of dollars to a foundation for the purpose of improving our schools and colleges according to Standard Oil ideals. The General Education Board has millions to give to those educational institutions which conform, and it holds over the head of every college and university president a perpetual bribe to sell out the interests of the people. Great numbers have accepted, a few have refused, and these have been the object of continual intrigue. Turn back to the chapter on North Dakota, and read the statements of Dr. W. J. Spillman of the United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics, concerning the efforts of these Rockefeller "educators" to dominate the land grant colleges. And let me call your attention to a speech delivered by this courageous public servant before the semi-annual conference of the National Board of Farm Organizations, February 11, 1919.

In order that you may understand Dr. Spillman's charges, I will first make plain the economics of the situation. After the war there was a frightful slump in values; the Federal Reserve Board, which controls our banking system, gave unlimited credit to the Wall Street banks, which they passed on to the big corporations, to enable them to

get by the crisis without dropping the prices of their products. The farmers were left to “hold the sack,” and they were ruined by millions—on my trip through the Northwest I was told of whole counties in which every single farm was for sale for taxes. The farmers wanted to know why the price of farm products should drop to nothing, while the price of manufactured articles was not affected. They wanted to know the cost of producing farm products, and they looked to the experts of the Department of Agriculture to get these figures. On the other hand, of course, big business decreed that the figures should not be got.

Their agent in carrying out this decree was the Secretary of Agriculture, David F. Houston, Harvard graduate, ex-president of the University of Texas, ex-chancellor of Washington University, and holder of seven honorary degrees; a member of the Southern Education Board, a subsidiary of the Rockefeller General Education Board; later chairman of the Federal Reserve and Farm Loan Boards, and now president of the Bell Telephone Securities Company. Dr. Spillman portrays Dr. Houston as lying, cheating and intriguing, resorting to every device in order to keep the facts about farming costs from being collected. Says Dr. Spillman:

I cannot give you the full facts about this matter without exposing honest and honorable men to the fury of this brutal autocrat, under whom they unfortunately have to serve.... Early in his administration there was circulated through the department 411a typewritten sheet said to have been written by a member of Mr. Rockefeller's General Education Board, and which was said to represent Mr. Rockefeller's views, in which Secretary Houston concurred. This sheet purported to outline the duties of the department. It stated that the department should make no investigations that would reveal the profits made by farmers, or that would determine the cost of producing farm products. No representative of the department should ever under any circumstances even intimate that it is possible to overproduce any farm product. The entire business of the department was to teach farmers how to produce more than they now produce.

The General Education Board, you understand, possesses unlimited funds, it pays no taxes, and renders no accounting to anyone. Professor Cattell stated in “Science” that it “keeps for its own private use the information that it collects, and does not even publish the financial statements that should be required by law from every corporation, and first of all from those exempted from taxation.” And these funds are used in paying fancy salaries to experts in all subjects, especially intrigue and wire-pulling. Dr. Spillman tells how this board got charge of the farm demonstration work in the South, and how he kept them from getting charge of the same work in the Northern and Western states. In order to hamper Spillman's work, “Mr. Houston

issued orders to demonstration workers in the department not to co-operate with any outside agency except Mr. Rockefeller's General Education Board."

Soon after Mr. Houston became secretary he established an office in the department, known as the Rural Organization Service. The funds for the initiation of this work were furnished by the General Education Board. The important work of the Bureau of Markets was placed under this office, and Professor T. N. Carver of Harvard was invited to become head of the new bureau. He came to the department with real enthusiasm for his work, and at once proceeded to outline a series of important investigations on marketing of farm products, rural credits, and similar subjects. But when his plans were laid before the General Education Board by Secretary Houston they turned him down flat, with no explanation for their action. Professor Carver was much puzzled at this, and sought an interview with certain members of the board, for the purpose of finding out, if possible, why they had decided to discontinue their support; but he could get no information of any kind. He then told them in very plain language just what he thought of the General Education Board. Soon after this the newspapers carried a brief notice to the effect that Professor Carver had not found his work in the Department of Agriculture entirely congenial and would probably return to Harvard at the end of the year. He did return to Harvard soon thereafter. You will appreciate the gay humor of the fact that Professor T. N. Carver of Harvard University is named by Woodworth Clum, of the Better America Federation, the Black Hand of California, as one of two college professors who are heroically battling against Socialism in the colleges, and are deserving of the ardent support of all patriotic and liberty-loving Americans!

## CHAPTER LXXXI

### THE BOLSHEVIK HUNTERS

We shall next have a glance at those organizations and foundations which are frankly propagandist in their purposes, and which conduct departments of espionage and slander. We have already seen the work of the Better America Federation of California; there are a number of similar institutions which are nation-wide in their activities.

You remember, in the story of the University of Wisconsin, the young instructor whose career was placed in jeopardy by the National Association for Constitutional Government. This organization has been active in our educational centers, and among its publications is a pamphlet by a prominent corporation lawyer of Washington, advocating the establishment in all American colleges of a compulsory course in opposition to Socialism. Nicholas Murray Butler has actually established such a course at Columbia; it is required of freshmen, and is camouflaged under the name of

“Contemporary History.” The students have embodied their opinion of it in the phrase, “Contemptible History.”

Also, the National Association of Manufacturers has been active. It was this organization which was exposed, in the famous “Mulhall” letters, as expending many millions<sup>413</sup> in the bribing of Congress in the interest of big business. This organization has sent out agents to make propaganda in favor of commercial training in all colleges, and also to turn our public school system into an institution for the perpetuating of a class civilization. They call their scheme “vocational training,” and they wish to educate the children of the poor as workers, and to exclude them from general culture.

Also there is the National Security League, a high-up hundred per cent organization, whose active educational head received a three years’ leave of absence from Princeton [University](#), to carry on propaganda on behalf of capitalist nationalism. In the beginning it was Hun-hunting, but later it turned into a Bolshevik-hunt, with Woodrow Wilson waging a private war in Siberia and Archangel, and Attorney-General Palmer’s thugs clubbing the heads of men and women who dared to disbelieve in the divine right of the plutocracy. Just now this organization is carrying on a campaign in defense of the Supreme Court’s right to annul acts of Congress, and defeat the will of the people in the interests of property. It has what is called a program for “economic education”; it proposes to have “the Constitution” taught in the public schools—meaning thereby the inviolability of special privilege. It sends out “dope” to the press of the country—and in this material I note an amusing concession to the well-known habit of newspapers to falsify. The “date line” of this press matter begins with the word “New York,” and then a blank is left, so that newspapers may pretend to have received a long telegram from the metropolis!

There are such organizations as this in every section of our country. They call themselves merchants’ and manufacturers’ associations, chambers of commerce, citizens’ alliances, national protective associations, home defense leagues. They do not deal especially with education, but when their attention is called to unorthodox teachings, or to “outside activities” of college professors, they intervene with authority. From the “National American Council” I have obtained a list of seventy-nine such organizations, all pledged to keep the American people in “blinkers.” Recently a number of them—the National Association for Constitutional Government, the Public Interest League, the League for Preservation of<sup>414</sup> American Independence, the Constitutional Liberty League, the Anti-Centralization Club—have formed themselves into one super-organization known as the “Sentinels of the Republic.” They intend to enlist a million patriots, their motto being “Every citizen a sentinel, every home a

sentry-box.” The object of this sentineling is to smash the Socialists, and among the organizers are of course David Jayne Hill and Nicholas Murray Butler.

Also, this chapter would not be complete without mention of that immortal committee of the New York state legislature, which has given to the English language a new word. The “Luskers” hauled radicals of all sorts before it, raiding their homes and offices, smashing their furniture and stealing their papers. It went particularly after the school-teachers, and we shall meet it again when we come to the schools. One of its chosen victims was the Rand School of Social Science, which is really a college, but modestly refrains from calling itself such. It is an institution in which students are frankly and shamelessly taught to think for themselves, and the politicians of the state and city of New York understand that their existence is jeopardized by such a place. The first steps taken against the Rand School were to raid the place and throw the typewriters and the teachers down the stairs. As that did not cause the pupils to stop thinking for themselves, the Lusk committee recommended, and the New York state legislature passed a bill, requiring that all institutions which carry on teaching in New York state shall have a license from the regents of the state education board; the intention, of course, being that a license shall be issued to all institutions in the state except the Rand School of Social Science and the “Modern School,” organized by the followers of Ferrer.

The Rand School has refused to apply for a license under this law, and the Supreme Court, Appellate Division, has just ruled against the school, holding the act constitutional. The next step is to carry the case to the Court of Appeals, and after that to the United States Supreme Court. It is manifest that if this Lusk law is upheld, there will be no use talking any more about academic freedom, so far as concerns the state of New York. Common sense would suggest that the provision in the United States Constitution, forbidding the passing of laws interfering with freedom of speech and of the press, should cover this case; but when you investigate the subject you find that common sense and the plain words of the Constitution are not what count in capitalist law. There is a provision in our Constitution forbidding interference with “the right of the people to bear arms in time of peace”; but that right has not prevented the courts of New York state from upholding a law forbidding a citizen to keep a revolver in his home! It is pleasant to be able to record that Governor Miller, who signed these Lusk laws, was defeated for re-election in November, 1922, by a plurality of four hundred and ten thousand votes, the largest plurality ever cast in the history of an American state.

There are many other organizations watching our colleges. The interlocking newspapers are vigilant, and do not always confine their activities to their own

locality. The Chicago "Tribune" has exposed and caused the expulsion of more than one college professor. We have seen in this book such activities on the part of the "Oregonian" of Portland and the "Missoulian" of Montana, the Seattle "Times" and the Boston "Evening Transcript," the Grand Forks, North Dakota, "Herald," the Rockford, Illinois, "Star," the Fort Worth, Texas, "Searchlight."

In Rhode Island is the Providence "Journal," whose publisher we have met as one of the three leading trustees of Brown University. The editor of this paper is a super-patriot, Mr. John Revelstoke Rathom, who is tireless in war upon "radicalism" in the colleges, not merely of his own state, but throughout New England. I find Mr. Rathom lecturing before the Liberal Club of Clark University—the same organization which was so bitterly denounced by the Worcester "Telegram" as Bolshevik! Mr. Rathom put no restraint upon his contempt for the parlor Socialists; he denounced them as "unsexed brains," and declared that he "would not pay them twenty-five dollars a week" on his newspaper—this being the final test of excellence in human brains. "Still," says Mr. Rathom, "they are permitted to teach our young students all this filth, this infidelity to country, this bestial doctrine." He declared that in many places "our public 416 schools have become hot-beds of anarchy, instead of shrines of liberty."

Mr. Rathom's title to hundred percent Americanism is secured by his Australian birth and English education. In the days before America entered the war, this multiple patriot took up the task of bringing us in, and published in his paper an elaborate series of exposés of German intrigue in our country. It read like Sherlock Holmes, and was taken up by the interlocking press, and created an enormous sensation. Then Mr. Rathom started a series of articles in the "World's Work"—tales about German spies and bomb plots, and how Mr. Rathom with his host of secret agents had penetrated even into the German embassy at Washington! But something happened, nobody knew what. Mr. Rathom's narrative came to a sudden stop, and the "World's Work" said no more about it. It was not until several years later that the truth was revealed; the United States Secret Service authorities had objected to being represented as a collection of "boobs," and had forced Mr. Rathom to a showdown. Not merely had they made him stop the publication of his articles; they had made him sign an elaborate document, in which he admitted that a good part of his material was the product of his own imagination, and the rest had been furnished him by the Bohemian National Alliance, and the Croatian and Serbian national societies, and other anti-German and anti-Austrian groups in America! I quote you just one sentence of this document, in order that you may observe the nature of a worm when it wriggles:

I feel that the general public opinion, which has rather unfortunately credited us with the actual bringing to justice of German spies and malefactors, has been misdirected

to the extent that our only possible claim to valuable constructive work in the past three and one-half years ought in fairness to be restricted to the educational value of our combined efforts, and the newspaper enterprise which produced a great number of stories printed in our newspapers.

And then follow twenty-eight long paragraphs, in which Mr. Rathom admits in detail the falsehoods in the "stories" he published, and winds up by agreeing to make no more public addresses during the war! Also, one ought not deny the honor of mention to Mr. James M. 417Beck, corporation lawyer and amateur patriot. Mr. Beck holds three honorary degrees from American universities, and is described to me by a university professor as "the most notorious high-brow ass in the country." He travels about making commencement orations in our colleges, and clamoring for the casting out of professors who fail in loyalty to the plutocracy. If you want to know just how foolish one of these hundred percenters can make himself in public, read the controversy of Mr. Beck with Professor Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School concerning the Mooney case, published in the "New Republic" for January 18, 1922.

Another hundred percenter who is much concerned with our education is a leading corporation lawyer of Denver, Mr. Charles R. Brock, one of the grand dukes of Denver University, where we studied the career of Chancellor Buchtel. Mr. Brock is attorney for the "Big Four" utility corporations, which have run the city government of Denver for a generation; his partner was for a long time chairman of the infinitely corrupt Democratic party of Colorado. So Mr. Brock is terribly afraid of Socialists, and last spring I find him delivering a tirade against them to the young ladies of the most exclusive finishing school in Denver. Also he published in the Denver "Post" an attack upon President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, because of her radicalism. We shall have an inside glimpse at Miss Thomas's activities before long, and discover the truly comical cautiousness of her "radicalism."

It seems to trouble these corporation gentlemen especially that women should be venturing to think; they get after the women's colleges again and again. Thus, some years ago, the president of Vassar received a letter from a high-up interlocking trustee, informing her that it had been discovered that twenty girls in that institution had formed a Socialist group, and that the trustee proposed to take action unless this group was broken up. The president of Wellesley received a letter from a prominent successful son, stating that he had learned that two members of the faculty had voted for Debs! At Vassar they pretend to permit freedom of discussion, but they limit the Socialist organization to two speakers a year, while they place no restriction upon the number of speakers brought 418in by the Y. M. C. A. and other groups. A lecture by Albert Rhys Williams was canceled, upon action of the trustees, after that friend of the

Russian people had given his testimony before the Overman committee of the United States Senate. A professor at another woman's college—she will not permit me to name the place—told me a funny story of how the president was visited by a hundred percent banker, who frightened her with the tidings that he had unearthed “radical activities” among the faculty, and proposed to take action about it before the trustees. He had the “goods” in his pocket, he said; and after some persuasion, he consented to produce the “goods”—which proved to consist of a letter from a parent, reporting one of the professors as advising a girl to read “those Bolshevik and Anarchist magazines, the ‘Survey’ and the ‘New Republic’!”

## CHAPTER LXXXII

### THE HELEN GHOULS

I have reserved for a separate chapter our most active anti-socialist organization, the National Civic Federation, a combination of class-conscious capitalists such as Elbert H. Gary and Alton B. Parker, with high-salaried labor leaders who have sold out their class. Once a year these labor leaders are honored with an elaborate banquet in New York City, where they listen to patriotic speeches from the wholesale corrupters of our public life. This National Civic Federation has a special department, headed by Condé B. Pallen, a Catholic lecturer, the “Committee for the Study of Revolutionary Movements.” It runs an elaborate system of espionage, and is perhaps the greatest single agency for the brow-beating of college professors.

I had special opportunity to observe the workings of this enterprise, because I served for ten years on the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, which used to receive the special attention of Mr. Ralph M. Easley, secretary of the Federation. This gentleman subscribed for six copies of our little monthly magazine, and used to quote extracts from it as a means of terrifying his backers into parting with their cash. 419He would list the names of the professors and students whom we mentioned, and would stir up college presidents and trustees and local business men and newspaper editors against them. Some tragedies resulted from this; and often it happened that professors and students lost interest in our work, and offered no explanation.

The most prominent of the backers of this Federation has been Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, née Helen Gould; one of the half dozen children of Jay Gould, the old-time railroad wrecker and Wall Street gambler. His other children turned out wasters and wantons, but Helen was a woman of kind heart, who gave much money to charity, and was the darling of the New York newspapers in the days of my childhood. She married a corporation lawyer, an official in the Gould railroads, and now she has swallowed

whole the goblin stories of those who live by scaring rich people into putting up their money for class propaganda.

I do not mean to say that there are not men and women among the “reds” who would be glad to overthrow the American government and abolish the constitution, but I say that such people can only be met and overcome by free discussion, based upon an honest resolve to bring social justice into the world. Also, I say that the peril to our land which these “reds” represent is not one per cent of that represented by the big business criminals who run the National Civic Federation. I say furthermore that the constitution of the United States and the good name and credit of our country will not suffer as much damage from the propaganda of Lenin and Trotsky in a hundred years as they have suffered from the system of corruption and terrorism instituted by Ralph M. Easley and Condé B. Pallen with the money of Helen Gould Shepard.

When I was in New York I met a man who declared that he had been present at a luncheon-party, at which Mrs. Shepard stated that she had pledged her entire fortune to the stamping out of radicalism from our colleges. She was maintaining an organization for the carrying on of “investigations” into the teaching of social questions, and the ousting of those who taught unsound ideas. Within the last year Mrs. Shepard herself had caused the ousting of two such men. I did not want to repeat these statements without giving Mrs. Shepard an opportunity to confirm or deny them, so I wrote her a polite note, asking for an interview. This note was not answered, and a couple of months later I wrote a detailed letter, in which I stated what I had learned from several sources, and asked her to correct the statements if they were false. I pointed out that when persons of great wealth spend their money for propaganda, they enter a field which is of public concern, and the public has a right to be informed as to what they are doing. This letter likewise remained unanswered, so I take [it](#) as fair to assume that Mrs. Shepard admits the truth of the statements quoted above.

In these activities she is earnestly supported by her husband, who is a trustee of the University of Jabbergrab, and last spring was serving on a committee appointed by the state superintendent of education to browbeat the school teachers of the city who were suspected of unorthodox ideas. The sessions of this committee were secret, so I was not able to observe Mr. Shepard functioning. I have, however, a pretty good picture of the Shepard family life, in a letter from a well-known Methodist clergyman, who was invited to a dinner-party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shepard. Their conversation was devoted almost exclusively to “the intellectuals,” whom Mrs. Shepard “held responsible for the present disturbance in the social order.” She gave her guest the Lusk committee report—six large volumes, in the index of which the

author of “The Goose-step” is listed as “a violent literary Socialist.” Also, she gave him two books attacking modern ideas in religion—which books are published and distributed upon her bounty. Said Mr. Shepard: “It is the business of the preacher to preach salvation and let industry alone. When men are converted they will apply the gospel to business. My father was a preacher. What did he know about business?” Mr. Shepard characterized Judge Gary as “the savior of the country”; and Mrs. Shepard declared that “the Union Theological Seminary is the greatest menace to New York City today.” Says the clergyman: “I came away with the idea well driven home, that the social Gospel is Socialism; that Socialism is Bolshevism; that Bolshevism is Atheism; and that nothing but the pure individualistic Gospel can save the nation and the world.”

You may judge from this that it is not a diverting experience to be invited to a dinner-party at the home of the Shepards. I have before me another document, which indicates that it is a still less diverting experience to be invited to a cemetery with Mr. and Mrs. Shepard. This document is a four-page leaflet, containing an address signed, “Helen Gould Shepard,” and headed as follows:

*At the Graves of John More and Betty Taylor, His Wife*

The Cemetery, Roxbury, New York

August 31, 1920

Cousins of the More Family:

We are here today to honor the memory of our ancestors, John More and Betty Taylor, his wife, who came from Scotland in 1722 and settled in the Catskill Mountains, then a very wild region.

The little speech goes on for three paragraphs, to tell about the virtues of the John Mores; after which, for five paragraphs [it](#) proceeds to implore the cousins of the More family not to fall victims to the evil and insidious modern “isms” which are “threatening to carry us on to utter catastrophe unless the Christians of the nation awaken.” Imagine, if you can, this poor, good-hearted, feeble-minded rich lady reading a memorial oration at the graves of her ancestors, and devoting one-fourth of her time to reciting the bugaboo-stories sent out in the begging letters of the National Civic Federation! Hear a sample paragraph:

The forces of autocratic barbarism are not confined to the Socialists, Anarchists and I. W. W.’s, but the cause of Lenine is more actively furthered either frankly or by indirection by radical, pseudo-intellectual writers, editors, professors, teachers and

clergymen in our newspapers, magazines, colleges, schools and churches, and in some of these the enemies of democratic government are found to hold the very highest positions.

You will say that this is ridiculous, and you may say that it is negligible; but I assure you that nothing is negligible in America that has money. The wage-slaves of the railroads of the United States furnish millions of dollars every year for Mrs. Shepard to use in circulating such drivel, and subsidizing professional intriguers and 422character-assassins. I presume that Mrs. Shepard is a tender-hearted woman, who would be incapable of killing a mouse with her own hands. History reports the same thing of Queen Mary; but that did not keep her from causing Protestants to be burned at the stake. Moved by religious terrors and class arrogance Mrs. Shepard considers herself justified in setting in motion machinery for destroying the careers of men whose only offense is that they resent social oppression, and venture here and there to raise a feeble voice against it.

I have before me a letter from one such man, who has been blacklisted by the National Civic Federation, and in consequence has been hounded from college to college throughout the United States; I submit him as an exhibit of Mrs. Shepard's achievements, a scalp which she wears at her belt. Or perhaps I might call him a series of scalps, since the poor man has lost his job ten times in sixteen years. I refrain from giving his name, at his request; he says: "I am perfectly capable of accumulating enough notoriety for myself without any professional assistance."

He goes on to tell about his adventures, one after another. He was on the faculty of the Florida State College for Women, and was very successful as a teacher, but it began to be noticed that his students developed Socialist opinions, and the local newspapers took up the case, and the board of trustees fired him, in spite of the protest of the students. Then he went to Lenox College in Iowa, a town which had elected a Socialist mayor. "In the spring the president called me in and told me that he did not want me to think they had decided to drop me, but they made no move toward holding me for another year, so I got another job." He went to Maryville College in Tennessee, and at the end of the second year "monied people in the East objected to my writings"; so he was dropped. Next he was dropped at Clark University, on account of his opposition to the war. He went to the University of Kentucky, and after a year of teaching was invited to give a lecture on Russia by the college Y. M. C. A. "The head of the department said it would be as much as his job was worth to recommend me for reappointment, and that the same would be true of the dean and the president; so I was not reappointed." That was the summer of 1919, and he went to DePauw,

but 423before he got started the Chicago “Tribune” got after him, so that he was “out of a job before entering upon it.”

The curious thing about all these experiences is how little the professor himself realized the significance of them. He wrote me: “My record does not seem to occasion special suspicion!” Again he said: “There is no organized system of control by privilege over American education!” As it happens, I was behind the scenes in New York, and heard some mention of this same professor’s name. Some day we shall have a government in this country which will indict the heads of the National Civic Federation for criminal conspiracy, and then we may take a turn at looking into their papers, and this professor may learn why it was that the heads of so many colleges suddenly discovered that it would be as much as their jobs were worth to recommend him for promotion!

P. S.—It is interesting to note that only three months later this young professor had grown wiser. He wrote to me again, as follows:

I have been thinking that I might have to revise my letter to you in one point. I said I had never encountered anything like a black-list. Now I am not so sure. I had to hunt another job this year (just why I am not perfectly sure), but failed in my efforts to land anything suitable. A certain proportion of the institutions to which I applied answered in such a way as aroused no suspicion of anything ulterior. A good many did not answer at all, or else merely returned my material. I have a notion that some of them have me spotted. In one case where I was asked to apply in person, the case was closed in a dubious way, etc.

We have one supremely successful organization for standardizing the thoughts and morals of America, the Ku Klux Klan. The reason for its success is that its members dress themselves in night-gowns and white hoods, and its leaders call themselves Grand Goblins and Imperial Kleagles. These symbols and names of terror have proven so effective, that I wonder the idea is not taken up by the secret agents and scandal-hounds of the National Civic Federation’s “Committee for Study of Revolutionary Movements.” I offer the suggestion for what it is worth; let them name themselves the Helen Ghouls, and let Mr. Condé B. Pallen be known as the Shepard’s Watch-dog, and Mr. Ralph M. Easley as the Shepard’s Crook! I must not suggest this latter name without definite reason, so I set aside the next chapter to show you 424by what devious devices Mr. Easley does his work of destroying the reputation of educators who fail to recognize his plutocratic authority.

## CHAPTER LXXXIII

### THE SHEPARD’S CROOK

There is at Annandale, New York, an Episcopal church institution called St. Stephen's College, having as its president the Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell, who was dean of the cathedral at Fond-du-lac, Wisconsin, for five years, and chaplain of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station during the war. President Bell is a former Socialist, who resigned from the Church Socialist Fellowship at the outbreak of the war, but has not abandoned his belief that the way to confute error is to understand it and tell the truth about it, instead of to lie about it and repress it by force.

Immediately after the war the National Civic Federation invited Bishop Burch of the Episcopal diocese of New York to send delegates to a conference on labor conditions, and President Bell was asked to become one of the delegates; he declined, and wrote Bishop Burch advising him not to send any delegates, "since to do [so](#) would be to tie up the church officially with an organization which is suspect among most social workers of responsibility and reliability." As a result of this advice, Bishop Burch sent no delegates.

Shortly afterwards word of this came to Mr. Ralph M. Easley, and he was furiously incensed against President Bell. He met President MacCracken of Vassar College at a dinner-party, and "in a most violent and unrestrained manner" announced that he was going to "get this man Bell"; St. Stephen's College was "full of Bolshevism," etc. From various other people word came to President Bell that Mr. Easley was attacking St. Stephen's, "in the same violent and unrestrained manner, selecting especially those persons who were liable to make financial contributions to the college." President Bell thereupon wrote Mr. Easley a very courteous letter, explaining that he was under an entire misapprehension concerning St. Stephen's, and inviting him to come there and make an investigation of the place, and incidentally to explain the Civic Federation's work to the students. Mr. Easley replied that he could not come at once, but would take up the matter later. He never did take it up, nor did he ever accept the invitation several times repeated by President Bell during the controversy which followed.

What Mr. Easley did was to publish in the "National Civic Federation Review" for January, 1920, what President Bell described as "a vituperative article, based on false information and illegitimate deductions." These words were used by President Bell in a letter to Judge Alton B. Parker, president of the Civic Federation. Said President Bell: "I do not believe that the Civic Federation stands by this kind of thing, and I think it is high time that someone takes your publication in hand and teaches it the principles of honest journalism." President Bell went on to express his confidence in Judge Parker's belief in honesty and fair play; but apparently his confidence was misplaced, for Judge Parker never answered this letter, nor any other letter on the subject of the misdeeds

of Mr. Easley. What Judge Parker did was to show President Bell's letter, "with violent indignation," to the general counsel of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in the Metropolitan Club of New York, known as the "Millionaires." He was surprised to learn that this gentleman was a trustee of St. Stephen's, and that he stood by President Bell. The trustee undertook to obtain from President Bell a detailed statement of the falsehoods in Mr. Easley's article. So President Bell wrote to his trustee, pointing out a series of ten false statements and inferences in Mr. Easley's attack upon the college. I don't suppose the reader will wish to go into these details; suffice it to say that the clergyman proved his case thoroughly, and that his bill of complaint traveled by way of the trustee and Judge Parker to Mr. Easley, who wrote to President Bell, stating that he was turning the whole correspondence over "to a committee composed of members of the Protestant Episcopal Church who are interesting themselves in the subject of the extent to which the revolutionary forces have permeated that church."

This committee consisted of an obscure lawyer by the name of Townsend, an Episcopal clergyman by the name of Carstensen, and Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, a New York lawyer, whose excuse is that he is eighty-two years of age. Dr. Carstensen was courteous enough to advise President Bell that he was serving on this committee, and asked that an anti-Bolshevist army officer should be permitted to address the students of St. Stephen's College—which request President Bell cheerfully granted.

About this time happened one of the those mysterious things which may always be counted upon to happen when you are dealing with the Helen Ghouls and the Shepard's Crooks. Somehow or other the news of the affair gets to the capitalist press; somehow the capitalist press comes into possession of the complete documents—of one side of the case! This time it was the New York "World" which learned that a committee of the National Civic Federation was preparing a report on Bolshevism at St. Stephen's, and the "World" published this report upon its front page. Dr. Carstensen, who in the meantime had visited St. Stephen's, wrote to President Bell that he had refused to sign the report. He added that the report was about to be issued officially by the National Civic Federation; to which President Bell replied, expressing doubt that the report would be officially issued. The publication in the New York "World" had raised a storm among the supporters of St. Stephen's; and, said President Bell, "Easley is not fond of making charges the responsibility for which he cannot easily disavow, when he discovers that he has done something unpopular."

Sure enough, when one of the trustees of the National Civic Federation came out in the "World" supporting President Bell, Mr. Easley suddenly stepped from under! He publicly denied that he had anything to do with the attack on St. Stephen's, and

declared that the committee had no connection with the National Civic Federation, but that the members of the committee alone were responsible for what they had done! Imagine, if you can, the chagrin of poor Mr. Eighty-two-year-old Everett P. Wheeler! Mr. Wheeler wrote to President Bell to explain that he had nothing to do with the publication, that he had protested against it to the New York "World," and that he considered it "a shameful abuse by a great 427 newspaper." The purpose of the committee, said Mr. Wheeler, had been to act toward President Bell "as Christian brethren, and to give you every opportunity to explain your position. We are not without hope that we may convince you that you have erred."

So you can see what has happened; poor Mr. Wheeler blames the New York "World," but his aged mind does not go back to the question of who supplied the "World" with the data of which it made use. Who was it, do you think? Was it the Shepard's Crook, employing the name and reputation of an aged dotard, once a vigorous reformer, as a means to assail a liberal teacher and clergyman? Telling Mr. Wheeler that he is serving on a committee of the National Civic Federation, and that the purpose of this committee is to prepare an appeal to President Bell, in the hope of convincing him that he has erred; and then secretly permitting this confidential material to reach the New York "World"; and finally when he sees that his charges have overshot the mark, disavowing his aged tool, and leaving him exposed to public contempt!

I conclude with President Bell's summary of what this story shows about Mr. Ralph M. Easley:

1. His willingness to attack an institution and a person because of personal bias, and to involve the National Civic Federation in the task of pulling his personal chestnuts out of the fire.
2. The absurdity of his contention that his society has never attacked individuals.
3. His absolute lack of courtesy in correspondence.
4. His willingness to circulate sub rosa information about people whom he does not like, and when caught at it to deny responsibility in the name of himself and of his Federation.
5. His using of other people for his purposes, telling them only what he wishes of the controversies in which he seeks to engage their aid. This is especially plain in his refusal to tell the committee headed by Mr. Wheeler that this college was welcoming investigation and that it had invited him to investigate for himself or send others to investigate. If Mr. Wheeler had known all this it would have thrown an entirely different emphasis upon the whole situation.

CHAPTER LXXXIV  
CITIES OF REFUGE

The reader will be ready by this time with the question: are there no free colleges whatever in America, no institutions of higher learning where truth is sought and respected? There are a few, and we have now to give them credit.

We have heard Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard declaring at her dinner-table that "the Union Theological Seminary is the greatest menace to New York City today." Translated into commonsense, this means that there are professors at this institution who have come to realize the futility of basing the moral standards of mankind upon a literal acceptance of fairy stories, the product of the child-mind of the race; also who have read the words of Jesus about the impossibility of serving both God and Mammon.

Among these revolutionary theologians is Harry F. Ward, secretary of the Social Service Federation of the Methodist church. Dr. Ward was active in protest against the crimes of Judge Gary during the recent steel strike, and as a result fell victim to the Helen Ghoul. A man called upon him, being obviously not of the idealist type, but representing himself as a lecturer on Bolshevism, wishing to verify certain facts. After a brief conversation Dr. Ward gave the man a "calling-down," telling him that he was utterly ignorant of the subject with which he pretended to deal. Not long afterwards Dr. Ward learned of a document, issued by the National Civic Federation, but bearing no name, and accompanied by a request for its return after reading. It was being submitted to open shop employers and propagandists, and used as a means of money-getting: an alleged interview with Ward, in which he was represented as having said that Christianity would soon pass away, and Bolshevism take its place; the full absurdity of which statement you could not realize unless you had the fortune to know this passionately earnest Christian clergyman. Ward had mentioned a young Y. M. C. A. man named Hecker, as one who had first-hand knowledge of the Seattle strike, and this document named Hecker, and was used to procure his discharge. It was also used to bar Jerome Davis from Chautauqua platforms. When a committee of the Inter-church Federation called upon Judge Gary, they found the document on his desk, and he quoted from it liberally. Also it was in the hands of Chancellor Buchtel of Denver University when he barred Harry Ward from speaking. So far extends the reach of the Shepard's Crook!

There are other places in the country in which the revolutionary leaven of Jesus is working. There is the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Connecticut, a place of

open-mindedness and fine idealism, presided over by Dean W. P. Ladd. Wild rumors were spread concerning Bolshevik activities, and the grand duke of the trustees, Mr. Nettleton, president of the New Haven Gas Company, took up the fight. One of the charges was that the dean belonged to the Church League for Industrial Democracy—among whose members are fifteen bishops of the Episcopal church! The investigating committee of the trustees decided that it was unwise for the dean and members of the faculty to belong to this organization. They qualified their statement, “in the present state of the public mind, and from the standpoint of the citizen of the world”; to which Dean Ladd makes the pungent comment: “One would have thought that even a citizen of the world would prefer that a member of the faculty of a Christian divinity school should regulate his conduct, not with reference to the world and the prevailing state of the public mind, but according to the principles of the religion which he professes.” Also the committee laid down the rule: “We cannot for a moment permit any action or influence of theirs (the faculty), as teachers, which would seem to develop Socialism as a political idea.” And further, the committee laid down the rule: “What the teachings of the School shall be and how they shall be taught, and under what influences the students shall live are matters for (the trustees), if not entirely, at least in co-operation with the dean and the faculty.”

Dean Ladd issued a counter statement, in which he frankly and completely differs from this policy, and declares that he will not follow it. He says:

I cannot while I remain dean of the School be a party to a policy so entirely at variance with my own judgment and conviction of what is right. The Berkeley Divinity School is, of course, desperately in need of money. And trustees and others have repeatedly said that no money will be forthcoming so long as our present policy continues. I hope this is not so. But if the School has to die in a losing fight for a policy, one feature of which is to try to make justice and love the controlling motive in all social conditions, I am quite ready to say, with Bishop Brewster, “Then let it die!” Better so to die than to live on prosperously in an attitude of subservience and compromise.

The school still lives; but you may judge the drawing-power of social idealism in America today by the fact that it has only fifteen students. It has to exist by gifts, because its trustees invested most of its funds in the shares of the New Haven Railroad!

Also at Oberlin, Ohio, is an old college under religious auspices, struggling hard to preserve the high traditions of its abolitionist founders. From its beginning in 1833 it admitted women and Negroes, and its internal affairs have always been controlled by its faculty. Appointments are made by the faculty and ratified by the trustees, and so

far the trustees have behaved themselves. During the war they tried to drive out a professor on the ground that he was pro-German, but they were only able to get one faculty vote for the proposal, and so were forced to drop it. A professor at Oberlin writes me that the faculty is conservative, as in all other colleges, and they naturally try to appoint only those who conform; “but if a mistake is made there is never a thing said to coerce his freedom in the class or out.” As a consequence, this professor has ventured to advise his classes to read “The Brass Check.” When the librarian declared that the library had no funds with which to subscribe to the New York “Call,” the professor of Hebrew advised him to take the money from the “Old Testament fund,” explaining quite correctly that “the Old Testament is a book of prophecy.”

Also, in Denver is the Iliff School of Theology of the Methodist church, where several young professors are following the example of the dangerous Harry Ward. When Ward was barred from speaking by Chancellor Buchtel, they brought him across the street and triumphantly listened to his message. When I came to Denver they welcomed me in a church, and told me the story of their struggle against the infinite corruption enthroned in Denver politics, and worshipped in Denver churches.

And then, I must not overlook the Y. M. C. A. College, located at Springfield, Massachusetts, which through some freak of chance has secured a phenomenal president in L. L. Doggett, who brought his old Oberlin professor, Ballantine, to teach some truth about the Bible, and thus caused anguish to the orthodox. The war brought President Doggett to the conclusion that the world cannot be saved by prayer and Indian clubs, and he went abroad and got into touch with the London School of Economics, and other European progressives, and came back and founded an “industrial course,” in the face of bitter opposition from a solemn, prayerful and gymnastic faculty. The pious morons in the Association are fighting him tooth and nail, and have, of course, curtailed their gifts to the college. President Doggett has taken up an endowment campaign of his own, and I cheerfully give him this “boost,” though I fear it may do him more harm than good!

This part of my story would not be complete unless I paid tribute to the Church League for Industrial Democracy, and to the tireless services of Richard W. Hogue, an Episcopal clergyman who was kicked out of his church and his open forum in Baltimore, and now travels over the country, gathering groups of theological students and Y. M. C. A. workers, and preaching to them the real gospel of the crucified proletarian. He tells me that he finds increasing welcome; he tells of several little colleges throughout the Middle West, whose faculties—and in one or two cases, the presidents—believe in free discussion, and have given him a hearing.

Also, there is one free law school in America—at Harvard. We have seen Dean Pound and Professors Frankfurter, Sayre and Chafee taking a bold stand for freedom of speech. These men fearlessly teach the evolution of law, and suggest to their students the possibility of improvement in American institutions. Thus, from the last report of Dean Pound I quote a few scattered sentences, just to give you an idea of the tone:

A clear body of law has grown up already as the result of the experience of a generation in the Interstate Commerce Commission, a body of law is forming under our eyes through the administration of workmen's compensation acts by industrial commissions, and the exigencies of general peace and good order, if nothing else, must lead before long to a new body of law governing industrial disputes.... Collective bargaining is likely to compel us to think over again the whole subject of juristic personality in Anglo-American law. Criminal law and procedure call for the best efforts of thoroughly trained common-law lawyers acquainted with the social science of today.... For much that we have had to study and to teach in the immediate past is already yielding in importance to these new elements in the legal system. Much of our nineteenth-century law will presently be as obsolete as the learning of real actions and of the feudal law of estates in land which held so large a place in the curriculum of the Law School a century ago, or the elaborate and involved procedural law which was so important fifty years later, or the pedantic law of bailments which has given way to a modern doctrine of the obligations of public service.

Needless to say, such utterances as this, from such a source, are the cause of continually increasing distress to the legal retainers of our plutocracy!

Also, there is a New England college of considerable reputation, whose president has taken a firm stand for open-mindedness, and that is Amherst. President Meikeljohn was one of the live men who got out of Brown when it began to die. He is now trying to make one small college in which young men are taught to think, instead of just to believe in dogmas. He is in the midst of a fight with reactionary trustees; in 1920 they asked for his resignation, but he consulted a lawyer and told them they had no authority in the premises. He is still in office, for how long I do not know.

Also, there is Swarthmore, in Pennsylvania, in which some professors are making a brave struggle. This is an old co-educational institution established by the Quakers, a sect which had more than its share of persecution, and took pains to provide for freedom of opinion. But now the Quakers have become rich, and there is a new kind of persecution in the world, and shall they permit freedom of opinion about special privilege? That Swarthmore has not been entirely liberal, you may judge from the fact that its most conspicuous graduates are Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania, who

smashed the steel strike with his Cossacks, and Attorney-General Palmer, who killed and buried the constitution of the United States. The thousands of alleged radicals and helpless foreigners who had their heads cracked by Mr. Palmer's 433 thugs will appreciate the gay humor of the fact that this gentleman is a devout and active Quaker!

Governor Sproul gave to Swarthmore an astronomical observatory; the stars are a long way off, and the governor is not afraid of anything that might be discovered there. But Professor Robert C. Brooks of Swarthmore put his sociological telescope upon Delaware County, in which the college is located, and drew a diagram of the "jury wheel system," whereby the big political crooks managed to keep themselves out of jail. Certain men of wealth came to the president of Swarthmore, saying: "Here we have given five millions, and we can't do it with a man like Brooks running round and stirring up trouble"; so the president had a "frank talk" with Professor Brooks.

Nevertheless, some professors are holding on both to their convictions and their jobs, and so the place is regarded as a "hot-bed." There is a professor of philosophy, who is using modern literature as a door to Plato, and tells the students to read "Man and Superman" and "The Spoon River Anthology." He got from this experiment a lively response; some of the boys and girls were shocked, but they asked questions, and presently began to think for themselves, and discovered that thinking is a thrilling experience. I am told that the librarian of the college stays shocked. Never before had he heard of students in college being taught from a book like "The Spoon River Anthology."

There is also one state institution which deserves mention—the University of North Carolina, sometimes called the "Wisconsin of the South." Richard Hogue tells me that he was permitted to explain the meaning of industrial democracy to the students of this institution. I wrote one of the professors and received from him a letter, assuring me that here was a place, having some twenty-five hundred students, which was both free and democratic. I thought I would test the matter a little, so I asked him whether a professor who was an avowed Socialist would be tolerated, and whether the modern Socialist movement was adequately explained to the students. My correspondent replied that he himself was a "Christian Socialist," but that he did not mean "as Bouck White sees it, or even as Ward sees it." He adds: "My 434 experience is that the destructive radical is a chap with a screw loose somewhere—with a twist in his intelligence or with an excess of inflammable emotion. Oftimes he has intellect and courage, but is emotionally unbalanced, like Scott Nearing, for instance. Or he is intelligent and deliberately destructive like Foster." In comment on the above I will merely state my own opinion; first, that Scott Nearing is the ablest economist in the

United States today; and second, that William Z. Foster is a very constructive force in the American labor movement.

I have letters from several other professors, who are sure that their institutions are free, and I tested them also with these questions. You will be amused to know that one of them was a professor at the University of Pennsylvania! He stated that professors known to be Socialists would be permitted to teach “as scientific scholars. I suppose if they devoted their time to propaganda they would properly be eliminated.” Of course no mention is made of the many professors at the University of Pennsylvania who devote their time to capitalist propaganda—such as for example, Meade, Conway, Hess, Johnson and Huebner.

Some of the professors who seceded from Columbia University, including James Harvey Robinson, Charles A. Beard and Thorstein Veblen, organized a free institution known as the New School for Social Research; it was to cater to students who really wished to study, and to dispense with all the flummeries, including examinations and degrees. The enterprise has not proved a financial success, for a peculiar reason. The capitalist system does not permit people to study for the luxury of possessing knowledge; the purpose of study is to earn a living, and to that end you have to have a certificate that you have studied. In other words, you must go to an institution which fits as a cog in the educational machine. The New School for Social Research has on its teaching staff half a dozen of the best minds in America, and its purpose is really to teach people to think; therefore I give it a free “boost,” and advise you that its address is 465 West 23rd Street, New York.

There was another free college in America; it didn't last long, but I mention it because it was a gallant effort, and offers a model for the future. It was known as Wire 435 City College, and had a beautiful location in a big house high up on the banks of the Missouri River at Leavenworth, Kansas. Its professors, and likewise its students, were military prisoners of the United States government, and they proceeded to organize themselves, forming a really free college, governed by its students and faculty. All the teachers were elected by the students, and ran the class until they were deposed; all the papers were voluntary, there were no examinations, and—most vital this difference from other colleges—all the students studied.

There was a secret library of three hundred radical books, in addition to the prison library of seven thousand respectable books. The library reading room was the lavatory. There were lectures every evening from seven to eight; on Monday English was taught by H. Austin Simons, a former reporter for the Hearst newspapers; on Tuesday logic was taught by Carl Haessler, now managing editor of the Federated

Press; on Wednesday economics was taught by Carlton Rodolf, secretary of the Marx Institute of New York. (His students decided that he was too technical, so they fired him.) There was also Clark Getts, later connected with the Federated Press. On Thursday biology was taught by George Schmieder, former high school teacher and graduate of the University of Pennsylvania; on Friday philosophy was taught by Haessler; and on Saturday there were discussions.

The college published a paper, the "Wire City Weekly," also a bulletin, clandestinely made on prison typewriters; the time-schedules were printed by a conscientious objector in the prison printery. The institution was conducted for several months, until finally the authorities found out about it, and almost the entire faculty was kidnapped and carried off to Alcatraz Island, and almost the entire student body to Fort Douglas, Utah. So far as I know, this is the only college in America which has thus been dealt with; but no doubt the interlocking directorate has made note of the plan, and if free colleges should continue to spring up, we shall get used to the wholesale disappearance of college faculties and students.

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#### CHAPTER LXXXV

#### THE ACADEMIC RABBITS

There are, of course, a large number of individual professors in institutions of higher learning who take their stand for what they believe to be the truth, and risk their jobs and chances of promotion. I have mentioned the existence of eight "renommir professoren." At Wellesley is Vida Scudder, who "gets by" because she is a devout Episcopalian; also Professor Ellen Hayes, who "gets by" because she is old, and because she teaches astronomy. These reasons are not my guesses, but were the statements of the president of the college, when she was asked at a women's club in Denver why she kept a notorious Socialist and labor agitator on her faculty.

Professor Hayes got this reputation by running for office on the Socialist party ticket; I visited her on my trip, and heard some funny stories. Here is one of the sweetest and most lovable old ladies you ever met, who is not mealy-mouthed about her belief in the right and destiny of the workers to control the world's industry for their own benefit. She deliberately lives in a working-class neighborhood—with rather comical results. Her neighbors are in awe of her, because she is a college professor, and a little afraid of her, because of her bad reputation; the one way she might get to know them, through the church, is not available, because Professor Hayes is a scientist.

On the other side of the continent is Guido Marx of Stanford, who shamelessly avows his sympathy with the co-operative movement, and likewise with faculty control of universities. Professor Marx, it is amusing to notice, teaches mechanical engineering, a subject almost as safe as the stars. If there is a single professor in the United States who teaches political economy and admits himself a Socialist, that professor is a needle which I have been unable to find in our academic hay-stack.

Of course there are many radicals who conceal their views, and judiciously try to open the minds of their students without putting any label upon themselves. I have told in "The Profits of Religion" about Jowett at Oxford, who got by with the Apostles' Creed whenever he had to recite it in public, by inserting the words "used to" between the words "I believe," saying the inserted words under his breath, thus: "I *used to* believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." I encountered several college professors who have equally ingenious devices for salving their consciences in their unhappy situation. I might terrify the plutocratic world by stating that I know two presidents of small colleges in the United States, who in their own homes and among their trusted friends are real "reds." One of them, a young man recently appointed, was asked by his assembled trustees: "What are your views on property questions?" He answered, with an easy smile: "I fear I am far too conservative for a man of thirty-seven"—and he got by with that! The other one is head of a woman's college, and was asked by her trustees: "Are you a Socialist?" She said to me: "I could answer no with a perfectly good conscience, for I had just made up my mind that I am a convert to the Soviet form of political and industrial organization!"

Of course, it is perfectly possible to teach modern ideas without the labels, and to open the minds of your students by seeing that they hear both sides of every case. If you avoid the extremely crucial questions, such as the I. W. W. and Russia, you can get by with this in the majority of institutions, especially if you eschew outside activities and never get into the newspapers. Many professors are doing this, others have tried and slipped up, and have sacrificed promotion and security. Many professors are rovers in the academic world, staying in one place for two or three years, and when they are not able to stand it any more, moving on. There is an infinite variety of degrees and shadings in such cases; conditions differ with institutions, and with subjects taught, and with individual teachers. Some "get away" with what others dare not attempt. Some spoil their chances by bad manners or bad judgment; and, of course, many others are accused of doing this. You will seldom find a fight over a question of academic freedom where there are not other factors present or alleged, personal weaknesses or eccentricities. It is always easy to find defects in the characters and temperaments of persons whose ideas are offensive to us.

438 Likewise, of course, it is easy to find excuses for seeking the safest way, and holding on to our jobs. The psychoanalysts have a useful word for mental processes of this sort—they are “rationalizations”; and the masters of our educational system have provided an elaborate set of “rationalizations” for college professors who wish to avoid the painful duty of being heroes. They will be loyal to the institution and to their colleagues. They will be scholars and not propagandists. They will be judicious, instead of being “emotionally unbalanced, like Scott Nearing.” They will argue that their specialty is one of unusual importance, and they are privileged beings, set apart to work at that. Or they will plead that social evolution takes a long time, and that every man’s first duty is to look out for his wife and children. These, too, are phrases which I heard over and over again, and they reveal the psychology of the academic rabbits. You will perhaps be interested to meet one of these rabbits, so here is part of a letter written by a professor in a large college in New York City:

I do not believe that there is a single group of “special privilege.” The human race is made up of people who are looking after their own interests first—some with energy and ability, some with weakness and folly, but not with less singleness of purpose. All such groups, in so far as they have ability enough, want to control education and all other group activities in their interest. This is perfectly natural.... Of course the big book corporations work for the promotion of their friends just as you and I do. If they put bad people into the schools and colleges it is the fault of the employing agencies.

Before I conclude this chapter I ought to mention one hopeful incident which happened at Lafayette College, a religious institution located at Easton, Pennsylvania. The president of this institution, MacCracken, is a product of the University of Jabbergrab; he was professor of politics there for twelve years, and has five honorary degrees. He has as the grand duke of his trustees the president of the Hazleton National Bank and the Hazleton Iron Works; and as first assistant he has Mr. Fred Morgan Kirby, president of the Woolworth stores, also of a bank and a railroad; a high-up interlocking director in railroads, lumber, insurance, gas and electricity. Mr. Kirby decided that he did not like modern ideas, so he gave a hundred thousand dollars to Lafayette, to furnish a salary of seven 439 thousand a year for the teaching of “civil rights”; very carefully laying down his definition—“those absolute rights of persons, such as ... the right to acquire and enjoy property as regulated and protected by law.” Also he declared his purpose:

That the fallacies of Socialism and kindred theories and practises which tend to hamper and discourage and throttle individual effort, and individual energy, may be exposed and avoided ... with a firm belief that the protection of the civil rights of individuals has contributed greatly to the advancement of the nation and that the

encroachments, and threatened encroachments on these rights will imperil the country, and destroy the prosperity and happiness of our people, I, Fred Morgan Kirby, give to Lafayette College, etc.

These are high-sounding legal phrases, and we shall understand the situation better if we put them into plain business English, as follows:

I, Fred Morgan Kirby, having become owner of a chain of hundreds of stores throughout the United States, and wishing to have my descendants own these stores forever, seek to provide that the wage-slaves who work in these stores shall never organize, but shall come to be hired as individuals under the competitive-wage system. To this end I wish to hire a man to teach in a college that any proposition to have the Woolworth stores owned by the public, or democratically run by the people who work in the stores, will imperil the country and destroy the prosperity and happiness of America.

Mr. Kirby thought that seven thousand a year ought to buy a real high-up professor of political science, and his college president invited a young professor of a leading university, who asks me to omit his name in telling the story. This professor boldly asked for an opportunity to discuss the question with Mr. Kirby himself, so they sat down to luncheon, the grand duke and his university president and this young supposed-to-be rabbit. The supposed-to-be rabbit suggested that it might not be quite fair to lay down to a man of science exactly what he should teach forever after; which surprised Mr. Kirby, and rather hurt his feelings. He said that when he hired a salesman, he told him what to say and how to say it. Mr. Kirby is a nice, amiable old business gentleman, and he asked, plaintively: "Why can't I employ a college professor to sell my opinions?" The professor, who is a lawyer, said that he should be very glad to become Mr. Kirby's attorney if invited. He would give up teaching work and advocate Mr. Kirby's ideas—only the fee which Mr. Kirby offered was insufficient for a lawyer, and he would regard that merely as a retaining fee. Then the professor turned to President MacCracken, asking him if he did not think that possibly the terms of the bequest might have a tendency to control the opinions of the professor who accepted the chair. President MacCracken answered naively that he had never thought of that. Such a dear, innocent college president—he had given an honorary degree to A. Mitchell Palmer only a year before this!

The deal with this professor did not go through, and—here is the significant part of the story—President MacCracken asked one university after another to recommend a man for that chair, and not one would do it; not one economist of standing could be found who would accept seven thousand dollars a year to become the salesman of

Mr. Kirby's ideas! In the end they had to take an obscure lawyer from Washington, whom no one had ever heard of before, or has ever heard of since. That is encouraging—except for the poor students at Lafayette, who are innocently swallowing Mr. Kirby's poison!

## CHAPTER LXXXVI WORKERS' EDUCATION

We come now to one of the most important aspects of American education, the movement of the workers to take charge of their own minds. We have surveyed the field, and seen that our great universities and small colleges, with negligibly few exceptions, represent education of the people by the plutocracy for the plutocracy. As the class struggle intensifies, it naturally occurs to the exploited classes to have an educational system of their own, to be run by them for their own benefit. This is the movement known as Workers' Education.

I have been protesting in this book against class control of thinking. So the average American reader will be moved to say: "You object to capitalist class education, but now you are going to favor working class education!" 441 There are a few words to be said on this subject before we enter the workers' colleges.

Let us assume for a moment that, human nature being what it is, and the forces of capitalism being what they are, we have to have some kind of class control of education. Which would be preferable, capitalist class education or working class education? The first point in reply is that the workers outnumber the capitalists in our society by a hundred to one; education for the benefit of the workers would be, therefore, education for the benefit of a hundred times as many people. The next point is that the workers extend to all capitalists a cordial invitation to become workers; whereas the capitalists extend no such invitation to the workers. They may, of course, do it in Fourth of July speeches and political campaign platforms, but in everyday life they do everything possible to keep the workers from becoming capitalists, and compel them to remain workers. If the capitalists were to accept the invitation of the workers and become workers, we should have classes abolished in our society, and our workers' education would be education for the benefit of all.

For this reason the program of the workers is generous and free, whereas that of the capitalists is selfish and repressive. The worker is able to face the truth, while the capitalist dares not face it. The worker has everything to gain by the truth, while the capitalist has everything to lose. So it happens that if you compare workers' colleges with capitalist colleges, you invariably find this difference: the workers' college believes in free discussion, and will hear anybody argue about any question; whereas

the capitalist college fears free discussion, and invents a hundred pretexts to keep the other side from being heard. I have shown you everywhere throughout the country representatives of the working class being denied an opportunity to present their point of view to the students in capitalist colleges. I have never heard of a capitalist being denied an opportunity to explain his point of view to the students of workers' colleges; on the contrary, I have known of many cases of capitalists, or representatives of capitalism, being invited to debate, and finding some excuse to decline the invitation.

In the above discussion I am using the word "workers" <sup>442</sup>in the intelligent, revolutionary sense. I do not mean the men who dig ditches or who run machines; I mean workers of hand or brain, all those men and women who do the useful and necessary work of the world, whether it be digging ditches or surveying them, tending machines or inventing them, sweeping out the buildings of a college, or teaching in its class-rooms, or determining its policies. I am using the term workers in contradistinction to the owners, those who live by monopolizing the means whereby other men live, and exacting from the others a tribute for the right to work. Also, I should explain that when I speak of labor, I do not mean the old-style labor unions which hold the field today. I perfectly well understand that they are products of capitalism, animated by the greeds and jealousies of the profit system. Little by little, however, these labor unions are forced to widen their boundaries, to combine and take in larger groups of the workers; and at the same time they broaden their ideals, and approach the revolutionary point of view, which understands by social justice the right of all workers to access to the sources of wealth, and understands by freedom the right of all men to agitate, educate and organize for a society in which no man exploits his fellows.

In college after college we have seen the brains of the working class stolen away from them; we have seen young men and women who come from the working class, and who should fight for their class and save it, being seduced by the dress-suit bribe, the flummeries and snobberies of academic life, and becoming traitors to their class, betrayers and even murderers of their class. So come the organized workers to save their own; to teach their sons and daughters, first, class loyalty, and through that, loyalty to truth and social justice. Such is the meaning of Workers' Education.

We have seen the capitalist college reveal its true colors on many occasions; but never does it reveal it more plainly than when the workers proceed to organize their own educational system. I have shown you Professor Egbert, Director of University Extension and Director of the School of Business of Columbia University, displaying himself to the extent of three columns in the New York "Times," announcing that "workers' education has <sup>443</sup>virtually broken down in America." But the interlocking

professors do not content themselves with lying about labor education in the capitalist press; they and their masters intrigue against it, they boycott it, they turn loose their slander factories, their Helen Ghouls and “hundred percent” mobs against it. We have seen the typewriters and the teachers of the Rand School of Social Science being thrown down the stairs. We shall see professors of capitalist colleges being, figuratively speaking, thrown down the stairs for venturing to help in labor education.

Let us take, for example, the experience of the Workers’ College of Minneapolis, narrated in an affidavit by E. H. H. Holman, chairman of the education committee of some of the labor unions. The Workers’ College of Minneapolis laid down a very moderate program:

It is hereby proposed to organize an educational program for the workers of Minneapolis, under their own control, through which such educational work will be undertaken as will better fit them to serve society through a wider comprehension of social problems, through an understanding of the technique of industrial production, and through a better knowledge of the labor problem in general, thus to be in position to act effectively in the solution of pressing problems that grip the world today.

Not such a bad statement, you may concede. This statement was adopted in December, 1920, and classes were organized, among them a class in public speaking. Professor T. P. Beyer of Hamline University was asked to take charge of this class, and he did so. There were protests in the newspapers of the Twin Cities, and several of the interlocking regents of Hamline gave newspaper interviews registering their indignation. It had been stated in the contract with Professor Beyer that he was not expected “to advocate any theories or further any propaganda.” Nevertheless, the grand dukes of Hamline spoke, and Professor Beyer withdrew. Shortly afterwards Mr. Holman happened to meet President Kerfoot of Hamline University, a Methodist clergyman holding three honorary degrees; and this gentleman said that “it would never do” to have one of his professors linked up with radicals. “Those who contribute the money to support Hamline would never stand for it.”

Again in Topeka, Kansas, the labor men were conducting an open forum, and considering the project for 444a labor college. Some of the professors from Washburn College took to attending this forum, and meeting these labor leaders. The interlocking newspapers made a scandal out of it, the intrigue being conducted by the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers’ Association, who was maintaining a black-list against union men. One of the professors at Washburn College received a threatening letter; it was supposed to have come from the labor group, but manifestly

it came from this “M & M” agent, or some of his spies. Anyway, the Washburn College professors were compelled to cease attending the open forum.

In Denver the president of the newly organized labor college applied for the use of some of the high school buildings, in the evening. The request was turned down, on the ground that the college was too radical; if the authorities allowed working-class people to meet in the schools, they must also allow the capitalists to meet. In Denver, you see, they have never opened the schools for free discussion, or for teaching the people anything except what the politicians approve. In this case the school authorities said that they would allow the use of the rooms, provided they were allowed to appoint the instructors!

Johns Hopkins University moved out to its magnificent new site at Homewood, which it had obtained by the selling of its soul. The old buildings were left in Baltimore, and the Reverend Richard Hogue, secretary of the Church League for Industrial Democracy, applied for the use of one of the buildings. They had actually begun meeting, under the direction of one of the professors, but the university put them out by order of the trustees. The “hundred percenters” who superintend education in Baltimore call themselves the George Washington Society, and they bitterly attacked one Johns Hopkins professor for taking part in a labor college, and demanded that he be forced out of Johns Hopkins.

You may be interested to know how it comes about that a young professor in one of our most prosperous and important universities happened to be espousing the cause of self-education by the workers. This young professor at the outbreak of the war was a reporter for the Richmond “News-Leader,” and a strike was threatened 445 in the Richmond plant of the American Locomotive Company. The basis of the strike was the refusal of the company officials to comply with the regulations of the War Labor Board; and the young reporter wrote the facts, and his newspaper published them, to the great indignation of the interlocking directorate. In the midst of the controversy a stranger turned up—we will call him Brown—producing credentials from the New York “World.” He pretended to be sympathetic to the union men, and diligently sought information concerning them. The “News-Leader” became suspicious, and telegraphed to the New York “World,” and the answer came, “Brown is all right.”

So Brown continued his operations for a few days longer. He suggested to the young reporter a wonderful plan to get the facts about what the company was doing; he and the reporter were to bribe the book-keeper, and break into the company offices at night! Such temptations arise now and then in the lives of newspapermen, and if it is information against labor unions you are seeking, you may employ such methods. But

this reporter knew that you cannot commit burglaries against big business, and his paper investigated further, and discovered that Brown was a secret agent of the American Locomotive Company, operating under the protection of the New York “World”! The young professor suggested that this story would fit in “The Brass Check”; but it seems to me that it does very well in this place—showing how a college professor who leaves the shelter of the cloister is forced to revise his formulas concerning large scale capitalist industry!