

# WILSON'S DREAM OF A BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

## Secretary of State Tells How He Would Apply Golden Rule in International Relations

SECRETARY OF PEACE, and not merely Secretary of State, seems to be the title soon to be attached to the ranking Cabinet officer. It is one that will please him.

Since that day in 1896, when he declared "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," he has been preaching humanity and condemning any attempt to link commercialism with the machinery of Government. His text has been the golden rule, applied not merely to domestic, but to foreign affairs as well.

"The Lord has made us neighbors; let justice make us friends," is the message he sent to the South and Central American republics Christmas day, 1905.

He dreams of the brotherhood of man, and seeks to make the dream a practical thing.

Those who go in to see Secretary Bryan expecting to hear him bubble forth instantly with his old-time freedom of expression are disappointed. The advance of years and the responsibilities of high position have worked a change in what was once "the boy orator of the Platte." It is precisely the sort of change that those who know him best used to predict would result should he ever be elected to the Presidency.

But he will talk with comparative freedom on the question of what is now termed, sneeringly, "grape juice diplomacy" as opposed to "dollar diplomacy."

"The new policy," said he the other day, "inaugurated by President Wilson seeks to bring international dealing into harmony with the universal conscience; whereas dollar diplomacy was a repudiation of the fundamental principles of morality as universally understood and accepted."

"It is hardly fair to say that the foreign policy of this Administration, as put forth by the President's recent declarations, is a new policy. So far from that being the case it is merely a return to the simpler diplomacy of the earlier stages of the Republic. Briefly, it is the application of common sense, honesty and morality to our international relations."

"Most injustices which a strong nation seeks to perpetrate on weak ones are founded in an attempt to formulate a moral code for nations different from the code which should govern individuals. In their relations one to another nations properly should be governed by the same rules of conduct that govern individuals in their relations one to another."

"It is just as wrong for one nation to steal from another as it is for one individual to steal from another. All the sophistry of diplomacy cannot hide the evil done. The golden rule has just the same application to peoples in their international relations as it has to neighbors in a community."

"If anything a large and powerful nation like our own should be more scrupulous in its dealing with a small and weak nation than with a nation more nearly our own match. Responsibility ever goes with power, and we should not permit our admitted strength to lead us into acting the bully, but rather should we, mindful of our great place in the family of nations, by example and by just and fair dealings, justify our position and leave untarnished our national honor."

"The tendency of what has been called dollar diplomacy was to assume that every claim made by Americans against another nation was an equitable claim, merely because it was made by Americans. It is conceivable that even Americans operating in a foreign land may mislead in their own interests the terms under which they are operating and may set up claims that an unprejudiced tribunal would reject."

"For this Government to proceed on

the assumption that the foreign nation necessarily is wrong, or for this Government to insist upon prejudiced adjudications in the settlement would be manifestly an act of injustice. Nevertheless, such acts are precisely what were justified by the theory of dollar diplomacy."

Secretary Bryan holds that under the new policy American commercial and financial expansion abroad will be greater than under the old policy, which old policy was formulated with the idea of promoting that very expansion. The Secretary drew attention, as a concrete example, to a phrase in the language of President Wilson's declaration of March 19, withdrawing governmental support from the American bankers who were to participate in the Chinese "six-power loan." That phrase follows:

"The present Administration will urge and support the legislative measures necessary to give American merchants, manufacturers, contractors and engineers the banking and other financial facilities which they now lack, and without which they are at a serious disadvantage as compared with their commercial and industrial rivals." Those who have followed closely the course of the country's international relations since March 4 have commented on the fact that such declarations of policy as have been made are in accord with the ideas heretofore promulgated by Mr. Bryan when in private life. There also has been comment in certain quarters emphasizing the fact that most of the important declarations regarding foreign policy have come from the White House rather than the Department of State, as in the past.

First of these declarations was the statement as to the friendly and neighborly course to be pursued by this Government toward South and Central American republics; next the "dollar diplomacy" made in connection with the Chinese loan; third, the statement regarding the proposed recognition of the Chinese republic, and fourth, the statement regarding the alien land legislation in California.

All of this has given rise to speculation as to whether the President or the Secretary of State is the dominant figure in establishing the new American foreign policy.

Naturally the subject is not one upon which Secretary Bryan would talk. The attitude of those who are familiar with the department and with foreign affairs is that all of the facts cited point to the utmost harmony between the President and his Foreign Secretary.

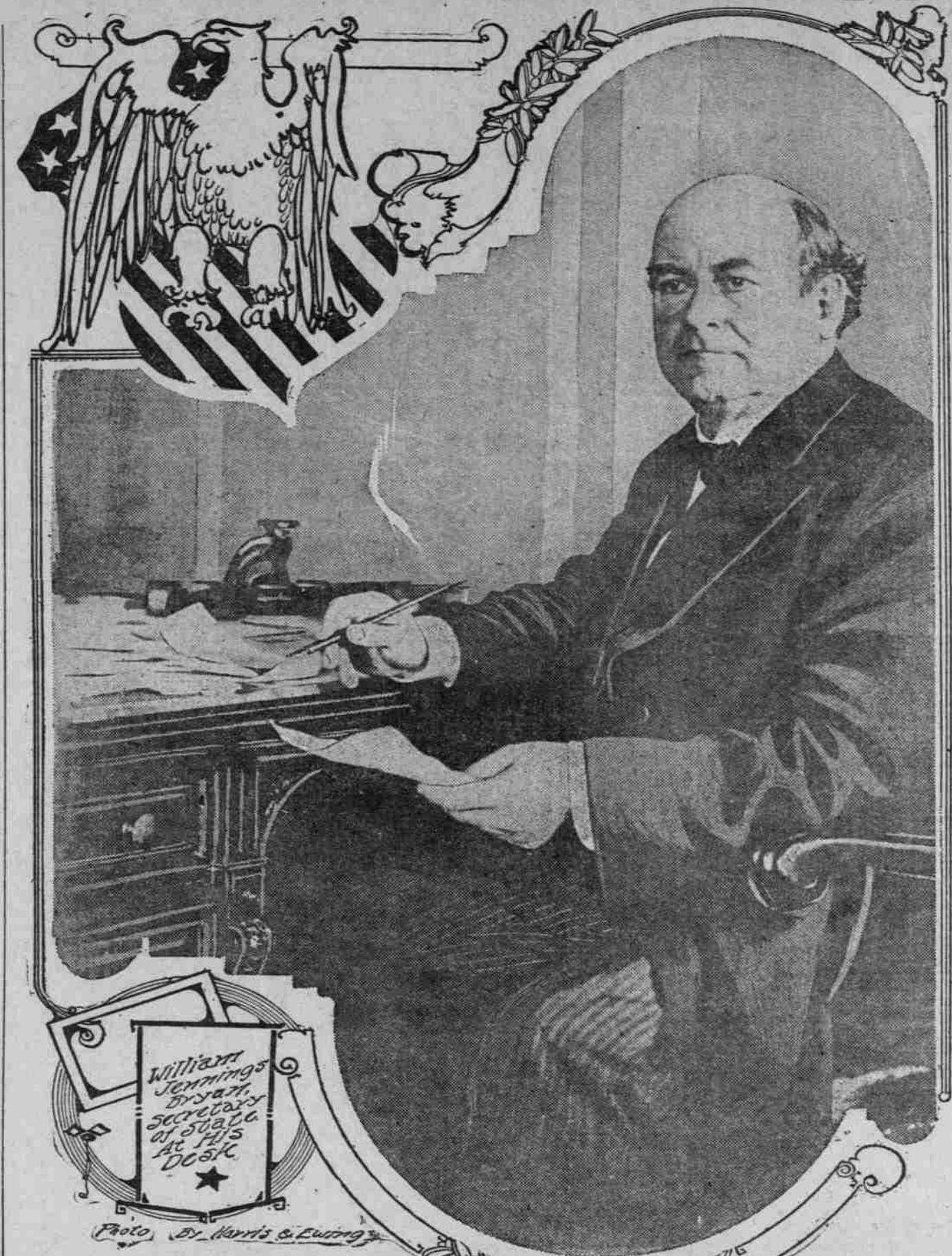
That the President has given out declarations regarding policy rather than have them given out by the Department of State is taken to indicate the President's extreme interest in and approval of the things which, in a general and nonspecific manner, Mr. Bryan so strenuously urged before assuming the responsibilities of office.

On the matter of international peace agreements, the formal statement was given out direct by Secretary Bryan. This was his plan of arbitration submitted by him to the diplomatic corps. After, of course, full approval by the President.

It was noticeable, however, that in his subsequent interviews with the newspaper correspondents Secretary Bryan spoke of the plan as being "proposed by the President," another fact which is being cited by friends of the Administration to demonstrate the lack of friction that exists and the loyalty with which the Secretary is working with his chief.

### Call of Playgrounds

The pursuit of happiness—set forth in the great Declaration as one of the three reasons for instituting a new



government—found slight official recognition in this country before the inception of the playground movement, about a decade ago.

It was the hard lot of city children, with no place to play, that first drew attention to the significance of the child's normal instincts led directly to vice and mental delinquency. The next step was obvious, and within the past few years provision for public recreation has become as distinctly a

municipal function as the supply of water or policing the streets. So rapid, in fact, has been the progress of the playground movement that it seems not unfair to compare it to a

and put her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Frank," she said, "you are right. Go. You ought to. I wouldn't have you stay a moment if you feel that way. Life would be intolerable for both of us. Only what fools men can make of themselves—sometimes."

"Taken your husband away from you?" Mrs. Peterson was sitting in the reception room of Mrs. Arthur Townley.

That lady came forward with a cordial smile on her face, and her hand outstretched.

"Mrs. Peterson, so good of you to telephone me you were coming. I hope, my dear (feeling the look in her guest's face) that nothing has happened."

"Nothing of special importance, Mrs. Townley—only that you have taken my husband away from me. Of course, that is a slight matter. Still, possibly, it will bear some discussion."

"Taken your husband away from you?" Mrs. Peterson, surely you are not in your right senses."

"Mrs. Peterson smiled. "I think I am in my right senses," she replied. "And if you will be kind enough to listen to me for a moment, possibly I may be able to convince you that I am, Mrs. Townley, you are what is known as a thoroughly good woman. You are a philanthropist by temperament. You are constantly going about trying to make people better. You can't help it."

"My husband, up to a month ago, was, so far as I am concerned, an ideal person. He was kind to me, considerate of my interests, and, from my standpoint, he was just the sort of man I wanted. I invested in him, if you will, but it paid."

"In the eyes of the world, however, he was a man supported by his wife. And he was blind to this fact until you undertook to enlighten him. You stirred him up. You meddled with what didn't belong to you, with your devilish, pious intentions; you spoiled him for me—at least for the time being. I hope that by and by he will come back cured."

"But whether he does or not, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have broken up my home, and in your confidential talks with a man who was perfectly adapted for the role he was playing, you ruthlessly tore open the fine fabric of a hitherto perfect home life and left us both parted—by what?—by an idea perfectly proper when applied to most men, but not to a man of this particular type."

"I am not for one moment claiming that Frank might not be a better man. But I was satisfied with him as he was, and you have spoiled it all. Mrs. Townley, you are a meddling, interfering, pious and dangerous woman; and, having said what I think of you, I will leave you to your own conscience."

III  
It was one month later. The club-room looked warm and cozy and inviting.

Mrs. Townley, the broker, and Mr. Clarke, the lawyer, sat at their table. Townley was just about to raise his glass when he paused to look at a young man who had just entered the hall.

"There goes young Peterson," he whispered.

"Is he back?" asked Clarke. Then he added: "Do you remember that chat about him we had a month ago? And the next day he cleared out. There was talk of a separation. Didn't I tell you so? I knew it. He had too much time on his hands. Did you hear about it?"

"Well, the story, as it came to me, is

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beneficent conflagration, spreading from city to city. The annual survey for 1913 taken by the Playground and Recreation Association of America, showed 533 cities having well-developed programmes of municipal recreation. This is the growth of about five years, as in 1907 less than a score of the principal cities had organized play centers.

A new profession has developed along with the play centers—that of the play expert. In the 533 cities reported upon here, 2994 regular, supervised playgrounds, requiring the service of 5320 expert play leaders. Courses of training for this work have been established in various institutions, and the new profession has appealed to many college graduates, especially women. Social, no less than athletic efficiency, is required for success, as story-telling and folk-dances are as important as the physical competitions.

### Average Blond Man Shaves Twenty Miles

SHORT-FACED blonds are in luck in this world of sorry things. They only have to shave 20 miles in a lifetime, whereas the man with the intense, black "stubble" frequently is forced to harvest 25 or 30 miles of the hirsute appendage.

It sounds absurd to say that a smooth-shaven man travels 20 miles with his razor. But a person with a mania for figures has estimated the distances.

The distance varies with the individual, because the measurement of faces is never the same, and also because the texture of the skin and the strength of the growth of beard are different.

The number of times a man passes a razor over his face depends on the thickness of his beard. Then there is the difference between light and dark complexion, the dark man usually being obliged to use the razor nearly a year sooner than the light-haired person.

Taking several examples, the average measurement around the chin from ear to ear is found to be 12 and half inches. From where the beard starts

A peculiar skill is required to direct the large groups of children under conditions quite reversed from those of the schoolroom. Where play centers were opened without this expert supervision, they seem to have accomplished little, and in some instances became a public nuisance.

Men and women of leisure, in various communities, have volunteered and given much time to a direction of the children in their play. But it is the skilled worker who must be relied upon here, and whose absence would mean permanent results. The Recreation Secretary is now, in most cities, the virtual creator of a new department. He devises the comprehensive plan for the entire city, supervises those in charge of the different play centers, and carries the work forward. The time is not distant when the Director of Public Recreation will be as important a figure as the Director of Public Safety.

### Fabrics Named for Cities of Manufacture

FABRICS in general use the country for the cities in which they are manufactured. All ages as well as the four quarters of the globe are represented. Some of the most notable instances follow:

Muslin is named from Mosul, a city on the banks of the Tigris, in Asia.

Cambrie is from Cambrai, a city in France.

Gauze is probably from Gaza, in Syria, though possibly from the Hindoo gauze, meaning thin cloth.

Baize, which we commonly think of as green, was named from its original color, a reddish-brown. The word is really the plural of bay, and the color is that of the horse which is known by that name. A form of the word is common to many tongues.

Damask is readily seen to be from Damascus, in Syria.

on the throat to the chin and thence to the edge of the under-lip is four and a half inches. That two strokes of the razor are required to each inch or fraction of an inch, in order to cover all the surface, and each section of the face is to be gone over twice in order to secure a "close shave."

So, multiplying the number of strokes by the number of times the razor is passed over the entire face, you get the figure four, and four times the two above-mentioned measurements gives you the figures of 60 and 18, respectively, which, added together, produces 68. Therefore the average man, whether dark or fair, shaves 68 inches once every 24 hours.

With these figures we arrive at the result that every man wearing only a moustache shaves 2068 feet four inches per year. Taking, then, the average life at 70 years, and that the fair man begins shaving at 18 and the dark man a year earlier, or at 17, we have the following result: that a fair man, if he lives till he is 70, will shave in the course of his life 20 miles, 651 yards and four inches. The dark man, if he lives till he is 70, will shave in the course of his life 20 mi. 1340 yards, one foot and eight inches.

### Has Ring Setting Made From Wife's Ashes

PRESERVATION of the ashes of the departed or the scattering of them to the four winds long has been the custom of countries where cremation is practiced. But it has remained for a London man to offer an ingenious plan of honoring the dead by having set for a finger ring from the remains of his wife. After the cremation he carried the ashes to a chemist and the iron was extracted. He now wears

Silk and serge are both from the Latin Seres, meaning the Chinese. These fabrics first came from that portion of Asia which is now Northern China.

Velvet is from the Italian velluto, meaning woolly, this from the Latin vellus, a fleece. Vellum is a derivative of the same root as pelt or hide.

Bandanna is from the Indian word meaning to bind or tie, and refers to the manner of tying knots in the fabric to prevent the dye from reaching every part. In this way the spots are left white and a rude pattern remains in the cloth.

Alpaca comes from the animal of the same name in Peru. It is of the llama species, and its wool is used to make the fabric which is so popular for Summer garments.

Calico first came from Calicut, a town in India, which was once celebrated for its cotton cloth.

### The Sorrowful Queen

By Anita Fitch

seemed to come from the very tips of his toes. The sorrowful queen had been a new mama, too, he remembered.

He looked over across the room. His new mama never sat close to his bed when she told stories. He didn't like that, any more than he liked some other things, and once when she did it he had said roughly: "Go farder, please."

Now she was sitting quite far away in the big armchair, where he himself always sat when he was getting well of something. Once—long ago, when he first came from Aunt Jane's—she had tried to kiss him in it, and then he had felt like hitting her. If she had been a gentleman he would have done it. But boys can't hit ladies and girls—father said that.

Tonight—Dickie couldn't tell why—he kept feeling sorry his armchair was so big. The new mama looked little in it, and white. She was wearing a white wrapper, too, and was sitting leaning forward, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands. She had been very sick, and Sarah—Sarah was the housemaid who dressed Dickie—said that she "refused to be comforted." That was because God had taken the baby back.

"Ah," sighed Dickie again very suddenly, and then he looked straight into the new mama's eyes. It had been her own baby; her ownest own, and he had had it just two days.

"P'raps," he ventured presently, "p'raps the 'Sorrowful Queen' is too long for tonight."

"P'raps it is," returned the new mama, smiling again.

But she didn't offer to tell another story. So after an anxious moment Dickie said "good-night" very stiffly, and the new mama said "Good-night, dear," quite humbly, and directly there was Dickie all alone with the dark.

But still he kept thinking of the new mama and of the sorrowful queen. In the story the queen danced sometimes for the little prince, who would never sleep unless she gave up the golden key to his heart, and once, when he came on a little visit from Aunt Jane's, the new mama had danced for him. That time before God gave her the baby and took it back again, and she had worn, oh, the prettiest ball dress, all pinky, with silvery bunches like grapes all over it. Still Dickie wouldn't laugh, though he loved dancing as much as stories. He had only made a big frown come in his forehead, and made his face all feel just like it did the day she tried to kiss him.

Now she never danced any more, and she never tried to kiss him any more. She only came into his room at night very quietly to tell stories, with the chair far away from his bed. Sometimes—sometimes—she looked almost like the sorrowful queen in it. If she



"AND so," said the new mama, "when the poor Queen came into her kingdom she was still very sorrowful."

"Why?" asked Dickie, lying still in bed and staring straight up at the ceiling.

"Dickie was only 'most seven,' so his constant 'whys' in the midst of stories he knew by heart were quite excusable. For the rest, he stared at the ceiling because he did not want to look at the new mama. She had been in the family almost a year now, but Dickie had only known her as intimately as this a very few weeks. Before that he had lived at Aunt Jane's; and when he left there and came back to live with father, for the longest, longest time he kept his eyes shut tight, and wouldn't answer when she knocked at the door at night."

But when one is only "most seven," and love-stories with words in them like jewelry—Ah, you know! Dickie's door opened at last—but only for stories.

"Why?" he repeated, now quite vehemently, for the new mama seemed to have forgotten entirely that she was telling one.

"Oh, because she was young and foolish, I suppose," she returned, laughing ever so little. "Or maybe"—she was looking wistfully at Dickie's stern cheek now—a fresh, wholesome boy

check—"maybe it was because the little prince royal wouldn't sing the song the others sang when she came there. He wouldn't sing that and give up the key."

"Sing it," Dickie broke in imperiously, drawing up his knees under the bed covers in delicious anticipation. "Sing it—out loud!"

For the song was the loveliest gem of all in the story of the sorrowful queen.

The new mama flung back her pretty head, and Dickie, who still wasn't looking, knew that it was pretty. Then she began singing, in the sweetest lady-voice imaginable:

"Welcome, welcome, gracious queen, since mistress now thou art, I give to thee the golden key."

"Which doth unlock my heart,"

"Ah," when he wouldn't, said Dickie, dreamily taking up the thread of the story, which somehow fascinated him more than all the others—"when he was looking, knew that it was pretty. Then she began singing, in the sweetest lady-voice imaginable:

"Which doth unlock my heart,"

check—now—a fresh, wholesome boy

## A WIFE MAN in the CASE

by THOMAS L. MASSON.



OUTSIDE it was a dark, gray, slippery day. The luxurious reds and greens of the interior of the club afforded a pleasant contrast to the gloom of the street.

The broker and lawyer were sitting in front of the open fire, a small mahogany table between them, indulging in the commonplace reflections of men about town.

The broker—Mr. Gilbert Townley—craned his neck slightly when a youngish looking man, immaculately groomed, flourishing a light stick in his hand, made his way past them through the door out into the hall, and to the street, where he got into a cab and was rattled away.

"There goes young Peterson," said Townley. "Pleasant sort of a chap."

"Very," replied the lawyer—Burton Clarke—"but he doesn't amount to anything."

The broker tapped his cigar meditatively on the receiver.

"Wife supports him, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Nice woman, his wife. Well, I don't

know. I presume he fulfills a sphere." Clarke puffed up his lips.

"The trouble with a chap like that," he said, "is that he hasn't anything to do, and he's bound to deteriorate. It's bad enough to have so little stuff in you to be supported by a woman; but when you are idle—well, something is bound to happen."

Townley shrugged his shoulders.

"Nonsense!" he observed. "He's a decent chap—makes her happy. What more do you want?"

His companion, in reply, brought his fist down on the table.

"I never knew it to fail," he said. "You wait and see."

Young Peterson walked upstairs, past the nursery into the cozy living-room, that his wife had designed for their own comfort. There was about it the evidence of luxurious taste, with that inevitable touch of extravagance in decoration common to most American houses.

Peterson threw himself in a chair and sat for a long time in moody silence.

"When do you start?"

"Tonight."

People in what may be termed the higher strata of society do not give way to their emotions, some play-wrights to the contrary. They go through scenes involving, as in the throw of a dice, their whole happiness, without a tremor of the lips.

Marian gazed at her husband for some time. She was studying him—studying the situation.

"We have been married for ten years," she said at last, "and you have just found this out."

"Yes—I suppose so."

"When did you arrive at this conclusion?"

"Oh—recently."

"About a month ago?"

"Perhaps."

"And before that you paid your daily visits to the club—you went your round—you laughed and talked with your friends with absolutely no thought of your own inferiority. It never troubled you until a month ago. And then the thing became unbearable."

"Yes—I suddenly seemed to wake up to what I was doing."

Mrs. Peterson got up. She went over