

MRS. ASQUITH FINDS AVERAGE AMERICAN IS CHIVALROUS BUT LACKING IN CULTURE

Divine Fire Exists in Spots, With Energy and Idealism Ruling Generally, but Quest for Money Makes Husbands Slaves to Business and Responsible for Domestic Infelicity.



"They do not merely endure noise—they adore it. Screaming elevated trains, clanging trams, jangling telephone bells—in the midst of bedlam that never ceases in a working day and changes only in key, not in volume, at night, they feverishly leap from task to task, issuing orders or carrying them out as though the safety of the world depended on them."

BY MARGOT ASQUITH. Wife of the ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain.

I HAVE dwelt in previous articles rather disparagingly on some aspects of things American. The crass commercialism which distinguishes with hideous billboards the beauties bestowed by a bounteous nature and the horrors of railroad travel in the United States and Canada are defects obvious to the visitor. One does not need time nor ability to observe and analyze, nor courage to see them and point them out.

Before me now, however, is a subject that for proper treatment requires more time, more power of observation and to discuss without an introductory apology, more courage than I have. Having made the apology, let me plead in speaking of the "average American" a complete lack of modesty and desire to be frank without flattery.

It has been my good fortune since my girlhood to have met many gifted Americans. If it had been my fate never to have met any others than those and the Americans and Canadians who made my recent travels interesting, I should have put down the whole race of the new world not only as chivalrous, energetic and idealistic, but as a race having the divine fire—the thirst for truth and beauty that is truly inspiring.

There is in the American naive desire to have the good points of his country appreciated. He is likely to call attention to some particular phase of progress in which he is interested and ask expectantly that you comment on it. In admitting faults he apologizes for them and in the same breath promises, prophesies or announces steps to amend them. The native is much more agreeable than the gross national egotism of which Dickens and other earlier visitors to America so bitterly complained.

There are no harsher critics of American modes and manners now than Americans themselves. They are keenly sensitive of their cultural defects in the presence of the visitor, but, though they admitted that the average American is not "cultured," and does not care, many Americans in public life are.

Among the interesting personages I met on this tour was Henry J. Allen, governor of the state of Kansas. He is a man of authority, not only intelligent but intellectual—a rare combination. It needs no witch to predict a great future for him. He was a fellow guest at the luncheon at the home of Mrs. Shields in Kansas City and arrived long before the luncheon hour. He remained at Mrs. Shields' lovely house in Cherry street from 11:30 till in the evening, in spite of having an appointment at 4, by which I inferred he could do what he liked.

Kansas recently has established an industrial court in which matters that might lead to strikes are to be settled. Governor Allen is deeply interested in the subject, and wrote me as follows concerning it: "States of Kansas, Office of the Governor—My Dear Mrs. Asquith: I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy of my book on the industrial question. I hope you will forgive me for intruding it upon you. I have no doubt that the industrial relations of the state and the constructive things you said at Mrs. Shields' house that I now find myself repeating in general discussions. It is an opportunity to hear more of your own conclusions."

Your generous comment upon Kansas City and the west has made me all happy and as a citizen I was glad to have a hearty appreciation of your compliments to this growing section of the country. I do not wonder that you drew from my remarks the conclusion that I am "liberal." I was stupid not to realize that your definition of the word "liberal" is different from that which characterizes it out here just now. In other words, "liberal" is an honorific word. Over here it has come, through misuse, to denote a peculiar class whose reaction is anti-government. The socialist, the socialist, the communist and the bolshevik are all put down in the class. And the "liberal" is a word used by a hundred at them by orators and editors. It isn't fair to the word. If you have the word "liberal" in your mind, you would look over "The Party of the Third Front" before you take any part in a programme of industrial peace and justice which the president has recently inaugurated in a message to congress and which New York is now trying to write into her state legislation. Doubtless if the word held to be constitutional by the supreme court of the United States, several states and the forty-nine legislative sessions will adopt the principle of industrial adjudication of labor quarrels when those quarrels occur in the essential industries of food, fuel, clothing and transportation.

I am sincerely glad you came to the middle west and am grateful to Mrs. Shields for the delightful privilege of meeting you. Yours sincerely, HENRY J. ALLEN. Governor Allen is typical of the leaders of progressive thought in America—practical, energetic, capable of putting his ideals into effect. In New York, among other well-known men, I met Arthur Brisbane, the famous journalist and friend of my daughter, Elizabeth Brisbane, who sat between him and Norman Hapgood and had an excellent conversation such as two great observers

and gifted writers can make. They both spoke in high praise of "I Have Only Myself to Blame," my daughter's book. Their comments were typical, too, of what the intellectual American sees in a book of the sort. Regarding this book, Clarence Day Jr., reviewing it in "The New Republic," quoted from it: "In a way I don't see why you should ever want to kiss me again. Do you understand what I mean—that I feel so merged, so eternally in your arms that I can hardly believe in the process of being taken into them again?" "Oh, my dear, do you notice how me never can use superlatives when they really would mean something? They seem to lose their force when they are used. We both do it too well. This is not an incident, a game, an art; ours is not a love affair, it is a life."

In answer to a letter of thanks from Elizabeth, Mr. Day wrote: "I made me so sad to read some of the views of your book. I knew, of course, how few people appreciated the writing, but now I know how few people have ever been in love. I mention these incidents to show that there is among Americans a real appreciation for the finer things, whether it be the betterment of the people's lives, such as in George V. Allen's ideal, or of better things in literature, as exemplified in the attitude of Messrs. Brisbane and Day."

It is, perhaps, presumptuous in me to comment on the "average American men" from the brief weeks I spent in America. I should not attempt to pass judgment upon them except that the "specimens" (if I may call them so, in all seriousness) appeared roughly to be made in the same pattern. It is characteristic of the "average American" that he must forever be feverishly at work; talking over the day's business at luncheon; planning his pleasures to attain some point in his business, so that his enjoyment at what he terms a "show" is modified by the impression his entertainment and his "proposition" made on his guest, a prospective customer.

Even his golf, which alone threatens to rival his work in interest, if often taken up with a view to the association it brings. The American should realize that leisure is not laziness. And, as a corollary, he should learn that business, even if itself a pleasure to him, is not inspiring. Nor is the mere accumulation of money, pictures, books or anything else inspiring in itself. It makes egoists out of us.

Knowing little of culture, he assumes, or really possesses, a scorn for it, leaving its pursuit to his wife. If she attains eminence in what he terms a high-brow pursuit, he is inordinately proud of her, although he affects a patronizing tolerance. He constantly declines, therefore, to cultivate his own intellect or to take pleasure in other. He gets his mental stimulus from the struggle of the business world and mistakes the intelligence he develops there for intellect.

Americans are not truly a nervous race, although hurried and hectic. They do not merely endure noise; they adore it. Screaming elevated trains, clanging trams, jangling telephone bells—in the midst of bedlam that never ceases in a working day, and changes only in key, not in volume, at night, they feverishly leap from task to task, issuing orders on carrying them out as though the safety of the world depended on them.

This noise, smoke and confusion is often pointed to as something to be proud of. The American business man regards it as a symbol of his industry and prosperity. To him the hustle and bustle represents a goal, not merely the means to an end. Their amusements are likely to be as strenuous as their work or to be the opposite. To some Americans, barbaric games bring recreation; others find rest from the cares that beset the day in painting their fences.

I hope I have not been too severe in this criticism. Hospitalized, tactful and tolerant, his innate chivalry has done much to put the American on a pedestal where many Europeans, however "polished" and gallant, would do well to study him. His faults are as well known, probably to himself as to anyone else. But one which he does not seem to appreciate, or to try to eliminate, is one I wrote of in a previous article: it is his refusal to allow his "women folks" to share in his business. And business is the lexicon of the average American man's life.

To this fact I am inclined to attribute, as I said before, much of the dissensions which beset the married lives of Americans. And while the American wife is partly to blame because she does not insist on sharing

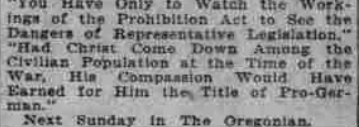
her husband's life and does not, as a matter of fact, actually qualify herself to share it, the larger part of the blame for the alarming amount of domestic infelicity in the United States is due fundamentally to the husband. I have charged him with a desire to keep his wife out of his business. He treats her with respect and admiration that makes her the envy of women of the old world. But he forces her to look on him merely as one who worships her with the practical sort of worship that provides her with every material comfort. He forces her to find her intellectual pleasures elsewhere than in his life or his company. Sometimes it appears that he would use her as a sort of show window in which to hang the symbols of his success. Success, indeed, is the god of the Yankee and the word, among an intellectual portion of the Americans, is synonymous with the proven capacity for making money.

Thus, one is told, as a measure of his success, how much such a writer made last year, how much a playwright's royalties from the cinematograph added to his liabilities for income tax and how much this or that artist spent in building the ornate country house which, in literature, in the drama and in the graphic arts.

Naturally this is but one side of the picture and unfortunately it is the side that makes a great display in proportion to its importance. There are countless men in America devoted to "art for art's sake" (to use the time-worn phrase); countless men who edit newspapers at paltry remuneration that they may be true to certain principles; unnumbered Americans who devote themselves to public service, not only with reasonable chance of success as told in terms of dollars, but with every possibility that they will be unrecognized by the hurrying American public entirely. It is the American public, without a doubt, that has established the pecuniary standard for success. I read in the papers one day a short item which I saved as a typical example of what I meant. First, what people want. Then let them know it. Through advertising is the secret of success. The old way was to let the people find out gradually and slowly. The modern way is to have it today, and make everybody know it tomorrow, or if possible, this afternoon. I have met in my time many dis-

BOY FINDS OLD-FASHIONED DEVICE WILL BRING MUSIC

Auto Detector, No Longer Used, Is Constructed by Lad to Get His Concerts From The Oregonian.



"Auto" detector receiving set used by young Portland amateur to bring in The Oregonian radio concerts.

EVER hear of the "Auto" detector, radio fans? Perhaps some of the old-time radio operators who were "hams" or experimenters during the early days of the wireless telegraph will recall several of the devices which were used at the time for the detection of radio oscillations. One of the forerunners of the "Crystal" type was known as the "Auto" detector. It consisted of two carbon pencils across the top of which rested an ordinary steel needle. Around the carbons was connected a single dry cell battery. Working on the principle of the microphone, this detector was rather a noisy affair. It picked up, besides the telegraph signals, all the noise around the block. The least vibration was amplified and brought into the telephone receivers.

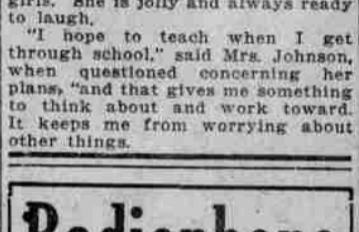
The "auto" detector was discarded when the crystal type made its appearance and it is not in use in any form of radio communication today. Not very long ago, William Taylor, a young radio fan living in the Belmont district, who is a member of the Portland Central Library Radio club, found a description of the "auto" detector in an old radio book and constructed one just for the fun of the thing. Instead of carbons he used two ordinary pencil leads, each extending out from a binding post. Across the pencil leads he laid a needle. Around the binding posts he connected a telephone receiver and a single dry battery. To one of the posts was hooked his aerial, and to the other, the ground wire. Without any tuning coil, or condenser or anything else, this simple outfit brought into young Taylor's hearing a radio concert being broadcast from The Oregonian about four miles away. The little simple outfit is now on exhibition at the Central library's library.

While this apparatus is not as sensitive as the crystal set it will be worth the trouble of making one like it as an interesting experiment. The cost of making such a set is practically nil. A description and hook-up is given above.

Indian Totem Poles of Alaska Beautiful.

Smithsonian Institution Sends a Representative to Study History.

KETCHIKAN, Alaska, June 10.—Indian totem poles of Alaska are as beautiful and as interesting as the Parthenon of old Greece, according to Dr. P. T. Waterman, who is in Alaska studying the totem poles for the Smithsonian Institution. Along the Alaska coast the totem poles are disappearing and Dr. Waterman was sent north by the institute, at the request of the



A radio concert in the wilderness.

War Widow Studies and Cares for Child.

Ontario Woman Continues Education—Smiles Way to Success.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, June 10.—(Special)—One young woman whose husband was killed in the battle of Argonne forest and who was left with a small child to care for, has found a way to solve her problem of reconstruction. She has gathered the scattered strands of her life together, picked out a real object, set herself courageously to her task—and has come out smiling.

Mrs. Florence Ruby Johnson of Ontario is the woman. Her solution of the problem was to go back to school to continue her education. According to the report of the Oregon Agricultural college, where she enrolled as a vocational student in the school of home economics. Mrs. Johnson had always been disappointed that she didn't finish her school work, said Mrs. Johnson, "so last summer I made up my mind to come to O. A. C. and see, I did not get to finish high school and that makes my work here harder than it would otherwise be. I am certainly glad I came and I am to stick to it. I thought that I might be able to get the baby into the Practice house," continued Mrs. Johnson, "but I found she was a little bit of a trouble maker in the suburbs and I do our own housework. The landlady takes care of Marjorie while I am away at school. It is really hard to care for the little girl in the suburbs, work, washing, mending and sewing and try to attend college at the same time, but I'll manage all right," she finished with a smile.

"Totty," as the little girl is called, has big brown eyes, lovely brown hair and a most captivating smile. She has the reputation of being a prettiest child in town. Her father saw her last when she was but six weeks old. Mrs. Johnson has bright, smiling blue eyes, red cheeks and light brown wavy hair. She is exceedingly strong. On her "gymnasium" days she can be seen on the lower campus playing baseball or tennis right along with the rest of the girls. She is jolly and always ready to laugh.

"I hope to teach when I get through school," said Mrs. Johnson, when questioned concerning her plans and that gives me something to think about and work toward. It keeps me from worrying about other things.

Thus, one is told, as a measure of his success, how much such a writer made last year, how much a playwright's royalties from the cinematograph added to his liabilities for income tax and how much this or that artist spent in building the ornate country house which, in literature, in the drama and in the graphic arts.

Naturally this is but one side of the picture and unfortunately it is the side that makes a great display in proportion to its importance. There are countless men in America devoted to "art for art's sake" (to use the time-worn phrase); countless men who edit newspapers at paltry remuneration that they may be true to certain principles; unnumbered Americans who devote themselves to public service, not only with reasonable chance of success as told in terms of dollars, but with every possibility that they will be unrecognized by the hurrying American public entirely. It is the American public, without a doubt, that has established the pecuniary standard for success. I read in the papers one day a short item which I saved as a typical example of what I meant. First, what people want. Then let them know it. Through advertising is the secret of success. The old way was to let the people find out gradually and slowly. The modern way is to have it today, and make everybody know it tomorrow, or if possible, this afternoon. I have met in my time many dis-

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Ex-Crook Lectures Before Class at University.

Berkeley Chief of Police Persuades Reformed Criminal to Appear.

BERKELEY, Cal., June 10.—Personal experiences in safe-cracking and pickpocketing were related by "Frisco Tommy," ex-crook, to some 300 members of the criminology class of Dr. Jan Don Ball at the University of California here recently. "Frisco Tommy," whose real name was concealed because he is now living an upright life, had been persuaded to appear by Chief of Police Volmer of Berkeley.

The lecturer was a police record in almost every large city in America. He first became a pickpocket following the death of both his parents when only a child. After that he entered the more advanced career of safe-breaking, and, during prohibition, became a "boozie runner."

Coming at last into contact with honest people, he studied their methods as he had studied those of thieves before. It was not long, he said, before he was convinced that "to go straight is to be happy."

Pet Cat Makes Big Jump.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—Nig, a pet cat, that makes its home at the American end of the steel arch bridge over Niagara gorge, jumped 150 feet into the gorge the other day when chased by a dog. Nobody ever expected to see Nig again but the next day a little ruffed as to fur, Nig came back but no one can say how many of his nine lives he has left.

The best oriental rugs represent product labor. On each square foot of surface a weaver works about 23 days. A rug 12x12 feet, therefore, represents the labor of one man about ten years.

Dr. Waterman expects to spend another month in southeastern Alaska studying totem poles before returning to Washington, D. C. He has devoted the past twelve years to Indian research work.

Along the Alaska coast the totem poles are disappearing and Dr. Waterman was sent north by the institute, at the request of the

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Do you understand tuning? Can you bring in distant broadcasting stations? Is your set 100% efficient? The Oregon Institute of Technology will conduct a practical Radio lecturing course in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, beginning June 16th. The lectures will be given by Walter Haynes, Radio Engineer, a recognized authority on the subject, Tuesdays and Thursdays. The same lecture will be given three times each of these days in order that all may have the opportunity to attend. (12:15 to 1:00 P. M., 5:15 to 6:00 P. M., 8:00 to 9:00 P. M.)

Here is an opportunity for you to learn practical Radio—through questions and answers and by actual demonstration. The cost of the entire course is but \$5.00; a special rate is made to two members of the same family who attend.

A Special Free lecture will be given Tuesday, June 13th, at the hours mentioned above. Call 4th floor Y. M. C. A. or phone Main 8700 for reservations.

OREGON INSTITUTE of TECHNOLOGY

Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Sixth and Taylor

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