

Acclaiming Italy's New Caesar



Not since days of Rome's greatest glory has any man had the power in Italy that is Mussolini's as he begins the third year of his dictatorship. While country is being stirred by details of a plot to assassinate him, in which high names are implicated, he is being accorded honors usually given a king. Photo shows "Il Benito" being acclaimed at great Fascist demonstration in Milan. Inset is photo showing him reviewing great parade.

The First Citizen of Paris

Ambassador Herrick was in a gay mood as we rode along in the inevitable Rolls, enjoying the beauties of golden, summer-time Paris and talking, as he loves to do, of the folks we knew at home. His shining eyes caught and held the brilliance of the Parisian morning. His fine, shaggy head tipped back now and then in hearty, silent laughter. His big, overhanging shoulders relaxed against the padded luxury of the car. His firm, masterful hand lay alternately on his knee and mine—or suddenly, almost convulsively, grasped my upper arm. He was more youthful, more buoyant more chipper than at any other time during my Paris visit.

I had found him that morning struggling through a letter of some eight or nine pages, closely written in a most illegible hand. I learned afterward that it was from an American citizen traveling in France, who had been defrauded, as he believed, of a few francs. The man had taken no account of the value of his ambassadors time—or of his own—so eager was he to tell his hard-luck story.

"Is that from a personal friend?" I asked. "I haven't reached the signature," replied the ambassador, and then he added, "But if he was, he isn't!"

It is impossible for the ambassador to be idle. Even when he talks, he has a pencil in his hand and draws pictures on anything that happens to be near. He amuses himself that way at luncheons and dinners. And he is really an excellent cartoonist. He made a sketch of a certain high French official that was so good

I begged that he would let me keep it as a souvenir. He gazed solemnly at the startling—and devastating—likeness of the French statesman and then he slowly tore it into a hundred pieces.

Ambassador Herrick is a man of fleeting almost fugitive moods. He is wise in counsel and eloquent in debate. But he is at his best in all that concerns the human heart. His philosophy is never without humor, but seldom without sadness. Sometimes his mood changes so rapidly that his hearers hardly know whether to laugh or cry.

"There are two or three things," he said as we stepped into the elevator one sultry afternoon, "that I would like to finish up before I go home for good. But really, you know, my job is done."

Then suddenly he again gripped my arm above the elbow—it is a gesture, as he makes it, of almost boyish enthusiasm—and exclaimed:

"But a man's best work should be done when all his ambitions are satisfied."

I had hardly readjusted myself to the new mood, when he added, solemnly: "Satisfied—or dead!"

There is a note of tragedy about the man. He is old and full of honors. He is respected as few public men have ever been, without regard to party lines or affiliations, by the people of his own country. Nobody remembers whether he is a republican or a democrat. He has proved himself an American—and that is enough for us. And he is loved, as no other American has ever been, by the country of his ad-

option—or rather, by the country which has adopted him. But he is not what the world calls a happy man. He was joking when he said the other day that his idea of happiness was like Mark Twain's, "Being absent when his turn came," just as he was when he answered a similar query as to what he considered the most tragic moment in his life by the quick rejoinder, "The moment when I was born."

But I carried away with me from my visit with him in Paris an impression of underlying sadness.

"It seems to me," he said, that real happiness is a sort of idealistic aspiration rather than an actual fact in the lives of people and that there is really more misery than happiness in human existence. You perhaps are too young to recollect the debates in the little red schoolhouse on the burning question, "Is there more happiness in anticipation than in realization?" But "hope does spring eternal in the human breast" and "man never is, but always to be blest."

The reason for much of Myron Herrick's recurring sadness lies close to his heart. He did not travel the path that led from the banks of the Ohio to the banks of the Seine alone. For fifty years he and his childhood sweetheart trod the way together—and, as the old coater song would have it, it didn't "seem a dye too much." When the war came Mrs. Herrick gave herself as unsparingly as did her husband. She plunged into every French and Allied charity. And in the midst of her tireless endeavors she died—as much a victim of the Great war as the poilu who fell in Flanders fields. From that day Myron Herrick has just been "finishing up."

At present he is engrossed in two of the projects which lie nearest to his heart: the new embassy is a fact and the new government office building, which is

still a dream. Until Mr. Herrick won his victory over a reluctant congress, the plight of the American ambassador in Paris was even more difficult than that of our representatives in the smaller continental capitals. He has all the ordinary expenses which the less prominent ambassadors have, and many of which they do not dream. Everybody of importance in Europe—of importance, I mean, to the American government—comes sooner or later to Paris. The American ambassador must entertain them. He is a sort of ambassador-at-large for the United States to the world. Then, in the summer-time, nearly half a million itinerant Americans roll into the French capital looking for entertainment and assistance. Senators, congressmen, bankers, journalists, delegates to this convention and that, leading citizens from every state in the union—hundreds of these annual visitors to Paris look upon the hospitality of the American embassy as something to which they have a right.

Herrick, fortunately, doesn't have to think of money. But he doesn't approve of a situation which confines our representation in the diplomatic capital of the world to men who happen to be fabulously rich. So, after long months of log-rolling, he succeeded in wrenching from congress an appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a city where embassy investments of other governments range between the million and two-million mark!

His successes were more discouraging than failure could possibly have been, because congress, having made the gesture, would now sink back plausibly content. But one day the "old man," as everybody in the diplomatic service affectionately calls Mr. Herrick, had an idea. The French franc had been falling lower and lower until it was worth something less than four cents in American money. The ambassador had an option on just the kind of building we should have for an American embassy, though naturally at a price far in excess of the small congressional appropriation. Fortunately, however, the option was in francs. So, as the ambassador lay on his back, snatching a nap between functions one Saturday afternoon, he said to himself, "Why shouldn't I take some of my good American dollars and turn them into francs while the franc is low. Then I can take these francs and buy the house I want for the embassy. Of course I can't keep within the hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but if I move fast, before the franc goes up again, I may be able to get within hailing distance of it."

So it was that Myron Herrick, using his banker's brain and his banking fortune bought an embassy building that had cost over six hundred thousand dollars for something less than two hundred thousand—and cabled congress they could take it or leave it. "If you take it," he said in effect, "the government will make four hundred thousand dollars. If you leave it, I'll make the four hundred thousand. Please Messrs. Congressmen, don't force me to make all this money!" And for a wonder they didn't. They were so amazed by Herrick's unprecedented coup that they came through with another hundred and fifty thousand, three hundred in all—two for the house and one for furnishings and equipment.

"Now," he said, "I want to do the same thing for the business activities of the government. Do you know that we pay nearly thirty thousand dollars a year rent for inadequate offices scattered all over Paris? Thirty thousand dollars! Why, that's four percent on three quarters of a million. And for half that money I can buy a building that will save the government fifteen thousand dollars a year."

The new embassy is the joy of his life. The dignified mansion, formerly the home of the late President Grevy of the French Republic, stands in a most desirable section, on the Avenue d'lena near the Place Trocadero and overlooking the Seine. Americans visiting Paris can beam with national pride when the guide says, "On the left, ladies and gentlemen, is the home of the

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American ambassador." Perhaps it is the poet in Myron Herrick that makes him say just the right thing at the right time. When a German bomb dropped almost on the steps of the American embassy and half of official Paris rushed to congratulate the ambassador on his escape, he expressed in unforgettable words the thought that must have been in every French mind. "Don't you think," he asked, "that the death of the American ambassador would have been more useful than his life?"

On September eighth of that eventful first year, when the invading army was almost at the gates of Paris, Herrick received from Berlin the following telegram:

"German General Staff recommend that Americans leave Paris via Rouen-LeHavre. They will have to leave soon if they wish to go."

Many Americans, on the ambassador's advice had already left Paris. The diplomatic representatives of other countries had already taken measures for their personal safety. But Myron Herrick stood by his post.

"I represent many important interests" (he wired in courteous reply to the arrogant warning of the on-coming foe) "and I deem it imperative that I remain, together with my staff, under all circumstances. I feel satisfied that

should German forces enter Paris necessary measures will be taken to protect not only American property but other property entrusted to my care."

This decision of the American ambassador was a tonic to French nerves and a spur—if there were need of one—to French courage.

"It seemed clear to me," he said, "that as the representative of the greatest neutral power I should remain in Paris to save the art treasure of Paris from the fate of Louvain, for while it was true that France held the title, and was the owner, in a much larger sense my country and all the world were joint owners in that art treasure. I meant to exert every effort so that the posterity of all nations should not be denied the benefits of this precious inheritance that France held in trust for the inspiration

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant: "I kin remember when if Sunday came it didn't mean there would be some of the members of the family missing on Monday." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

of all mankind. I would even protect it for the posterity of the Hun, who in his madness would destroy it."

Myron Herrick is the only man now alive who is known to be personally important to the peace of the world. He is much more than an ambassador from the United States to France. He is a symbol of friendship between the two republics. When the French people, burdened with debt and resentful of delay, incline to forgetfulness of America's part in the rescue of civilization, they think Herrick—and remember. When the American government, impatient with France's impatience, incline stern measures and sharp rejoinders, they look once more upon France's sufferings through Myron Herrick's sympathetic, understanding eyes.

A symbol! That's what he is. As the tricolor is a symbol. As the Stars and Stripes are a symbol. Few men in our day arrive at such a dignity.

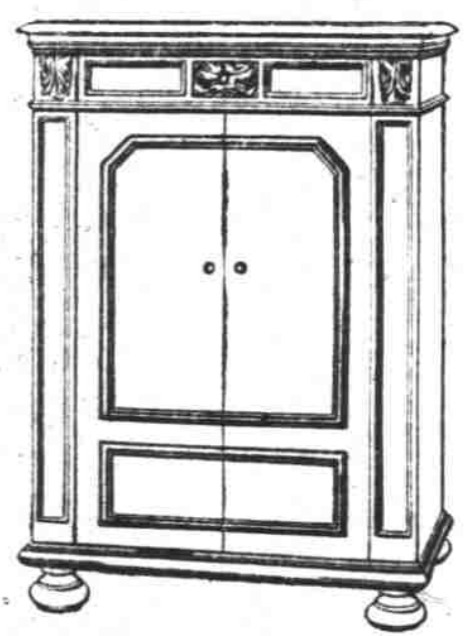
FIELD MAN PAYS VISIT

DR. G. L. TUFTS OF WILLAMETTE HERE FOR WEEK

In an interview with Dr. G. L. Tufts, field secretary of Willamette university, he stated that he was spending the week at headquarters in office work. Referring to an extensive trip of 2,000 miles which he made this fall throughout the eastern and southern parts of the state, he said:

"Wherever I met W. U. graduates I learned that they were held in the highest esteem. Teachers and lawyers and business men and doctors of earlier days, all are making good. Not only the institution, but Salem also is being advertised by the graduates to the farthest bounds of the state. At Pendleton and Bend and Ashland and Klamath Falls and Marshfield and intermediate towns the traveler hears people saying, 'what a beautiful city is Salem,' while others declare 'Salem is the most beautiful city in the state.' And even a Portlander could scarcely deny the truth of the declaration."

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