James E Howell

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.,

BEFORE

THE WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION
OF NEW JERSEY

With Introduction by STEPHEN PIERSON, Vice-President
and Proceedings of the Celebration

AT HEADQUARTERS, MORRISTOWN, N. J.,
On February 22, 1911

ADDRESSES

Before the Members of the Washington Association of New Jersey, at Headquarters, Morristown, N. J., February 22, 1911.

DR. PIERSON: Fellow members of the Washington Association: Your officers are very glad to welcome you to your own home again today. We hope that you have been pleased so far and we know that you will be pleased after you have listened to the program of the afternoon. We also hope that you will return to your homes feeling that it has been a day well spent.

The program for the afternoon will open with the selection that might be entitled "The Adoration of Columbia," an ode to be sung by the audience standing, with Brother Bennell slightly in the lead. Be sure to remember to repeat the third line.

(Singing of HAIL COLUMBIA.)

You are all very sorry, I am sure, that our President, Mr. Roberts, can not preside in person today. For the last two years he has sent you his greetings, using the voice and words of a second party. This year he has taken a hint, something like that which Priscilla gave to John Alden when he came to court her for Miles Standish, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John." So Mr. Roberts will speak to you this afternoon in his own words, through a letter, which will now be read by Vice President Alfred Elmer Mills. [Applause].

MR. MILLS: Before reading this message from the President I am requested by him to make an announcement. We have, strange to say, three vacancies still left for membership in the Association and the President asks me to announce that if any of you know of some first-class candidate whom you would like to propose, he would be very glad to have it done. The names can be sent to any officer of the Association.

I will now read the President's message, which, I know will be acceptable to you all.

Morris Plains, N. J., February 22, 1911.

TO THE WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION OF NEW JERSEY:

My Dear Associates, Fellow-members and Friends:—Your President, now in his ninetieth year, extends a warm and hearty greeting to each of his fellow-members and their guests assembled here today.

For more than a quarter of a century, he has had the great pleasure of joining in these festive gatherings, but now he is physically incapable of doing so—his lower limbs, having faithfully served him for about 88 years, have gone on a strike and have refused to serve him longer, or even to arbitrate the case, and in consequence he and they have not, so far, come to a satisfactory settlement, thus making it impossible for him to be present and to enjoy the great privilege of taking each of you by the hand, as he has done for many years.

He feels that he has no right to longer occupy the position with which you have honored him in the years past, and supposed that he had arranged at the last annual meeting to terminate the holding of his office but failed in doing so, notwithstanding his earnest request to be relieved, having urged the selection of our honored and able First Vice-President, Dr. Stephen Pierson, as his successor.

[MR. MILLS: At this point I might state the next two sentences will be read by me, but all the officers mildly protest at the contents and especially Doctor Pierson.]

But, as you know, Dr. Pierson, is a very modest man, and the only man in this Association or among his friends or acquaintances who does not realize his eminent fitness for the place which he has heretofore declined to take.

With Stephen Pierson as your President, Alfred Elmer Mills and Willard W. Cutler as Vice Presidents, Henry C. Pitney, Jr., Secretary and John H. Bonsall, Treasurer, with their associates in the Board of Trustees, you would lose nothing in my dropping out.

This Association ennobled by the name of Washington and these Headquarters hallowed by his presence in the days past, are very dear to each of us and must be maintained and preserved, and the State of New Jersey has never done a better thing than in giving its aid to this patriotic purpose.

The Washington Association of New Jersey knows no party in politics and no sect in religion. Patriotic citizens of good character are eligible to its membership whether native or foreign born, or whether descendants of Patriots or of Loyalists. And while always conservatively progressive, it is mindful that "all is not gold that glitters" and that what is new is not necessarily an improvement on the old, and although we gladly welcome all that is good in the present, we will not fail to give due honor and reverence to all that is good and great in the past. And knowing as we do, that then, as now, women were better than men, we are inclined to the belief that our ancestors were neither saints nor angels, but very human, but withal are entitled to our grateful and undying remembrance and respect.

We not only disclaim all credit for the virtues and patriotic deeds of our ancestors but generously concede to them all the honor of having such remarkable descendants as ourselves.

We must not be unmindful of the patriotic men who founded this Association and who have gone from us, Theodore F. Randolph, George A. Halsey, N. Norris Halstead, and within the last year our constant friend, William Van

Vleck Lidgerwood and their associates. Also we should remember our loyal friends and fellow-workers, Albert H. Vernam, for many years our genial First Vice President, Henry C. Pitney, who gave us such valuable legal service when much needed, Edmund D. Halsey, our able historian, William L. King, George H. Danforth, William Walter Phelps, Ferdinand J. Dreer, Thomas C. Bushnell and others; especially, one very dear to me, who by her many and generous gifts devoted labor and deep interest in the collection of relics for these Headquarters is justly entitled to our grateful remembrance, Mrs. Jonathan W. Roberts.

And now in conclusion permit me to urge upon the present members of this Association, and their successors, fidelity to the trust imposed upon them as members, in maintaining and perpetuating these Headquarters as a memorial to General George Washington and his associate officers in the War of the Revolution.

Although not bodily present, I am with you in mind and in spirit at this celebration today and ask you to accept my sincere regard for each of you.

Again with a warm and hearty greeting to the Washington Association of New Jersey, I am, as ever,

Very faithfully yours,

JONATHAN W. ROBERTS.

MR. STULTS: I offer three cheers for President Roberts! [Cheers were given, with a tiger].

Resolved that the Washington Association of New Jersey highly appreciate the letter of greeting from our honored and beloved President and tender him our sincere regrets that he cannot personally be present:

JUDGE CUTLER: I would like to offer the following resolutions:

And be it further resolved that we fully realize his untiring efforts on behalf of this Association and appreciate his invaluable services and hereby unanimously insist that

he shall continue in the office of President which he has so long and acceptably filled in the past:

And, Mr. Chairman, recognizing the modesty of our President in that he has not thought fit in his letter to mention the services of one who has done more than any one else, except himself, to keep this building and grounds in their present beautiful and splendid condition, I would add:

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That we tender our thanks and appreciation to his niece, Miss Atha E. Hatch, for the faithful and able manner in which she has filled the office of Curator. [Applause].

MR. NELSON: I take great pleasure in seconding the resolutions which are so felicitously expressed as read by Judge Cutler. I am sure that they voice the sentiment of all the members of this Association and I think that we all feel, when it comes to the question of Mr. Roberts retiring from the Presidency, we would go on a strike, like his lower limbs, and I am sure that we would have our Vice President lead us as the business agent in that strike. [Applause].

DR. PIERSON: Gentlemen, you have heard the motion of Judge Cutler, seconded by Mr. Nelson. All those in favor of that motion will please rise.

(Entire audience arose).

It is a unanimous vote. [Applause].

Gentlemen, if after listening to what Mr. Roberts so kindly said about his official staff you noticed that our faces are a little reddened, I hope you won't think it was because we have been sitting by that punch bowl too long. [Laughter]. There hasn't been much said about that punch bowl of late years. It has been standardized. [Laughter]. Its component parts have been carefully thought out and now they slip into the swim with ease and precision. Bearing in mind the rather strict motor laws of New Jersey, the punch has been geared down to the lowest rate of speed consistent

with your pleasure and a good time. [Applause and laughter].

The usual political weather map and forecast will be omitted this year. Things are too mixed. Our forecaster has not yet been able to decipher to his own satisfaction just what did happen last November, or why it happened, nor how it happened, nor what is going to happen. [Laughter]. From Vermont and Maine, on down through the autumn months, the political barometer kept steadily foretelling a fearful disturbance of some sort. Many hugged to their bosoms fondly the delusion that it would only be some wind puffs, only that and nothing more. But when the storm did burst in November it proved to be the real thing, and the slaughter of unsuspecting political innocents was unprecedented. [Laughter]. The identity of the particular sparrow, who, with his little bow and arrow, killed all these cock robins, was the subject of much acrimonious dispute at the time and has not been settled yet to the satisfaction of everybody. Perhaps there was more than one of him. During all this time, too, the political seismograph, or earthquake indicator, kept busy. Its oscillations were extreme, indicating a tremendous upheaval going on beneath the surface. Beginning in the west, that prolific mother of storms and notions, it started eastward, from the Pacific to the Atlantic it went, and from the Great Lakes south to what used to be the Mason and Dixon line—now a real line no longer, existent only in memory and a very dim memory at that, the Lord be praised. [Applause]. Below that line the usual unanimity prevailed,—too solid, last November, for even a tremor. [Laughter]. The political pool of Siloam was vehemently stirred; its waters fairly boiled; up to the edge of the pool the nation progressed tumultuously and then plumped in with both feet. Now, whether it (the nation) is to be healed or only scalded remains to be seen. [Applause and laughter].

Three years ago I was in New Haven, attending the fortieth anniversary of my class. The Corporation each

year, at commencement time, gives the alumni dinner to thousands of her graduates who return. That year some fifteen hundred or two thousand of us graduates were gathered at the long tables in the great commons dining room. Those occasions are understood to be "a feast of reason and a flow of souls." Well, as to the "feast" and the "flow" an elaborate discussion is not necessary. As to the former there was some bread, dry and plenty of it; a modicum of butter, some radishes, some cold meats, about a dozen strawberries per, a slice of tri-colored ice cream and some denatured coffee. [Laughter]. The "flow" consisted of Apollinaris and New Haven city water mixed, city water being in the majority. But the "reason" and the "soul" were all there, of excellent quality, in great abundance and with undaunted enthusiasm. After two or three had spoken, a collegeman from the Southland arose and delivered a message to the college men of the Northland. With his opening sentence he caught our attention and he held us to the close. When he had finished, with one accord we gave him round after round, because we felt that a man had been speaking to us. That man was Edwin A. Alderman, L.L.D., president of the University of Virginia, whom we will soon have the pleasure of listening to. [Applause]. And when he is presented to you I wish you would rise and as Jerseymen welcome a Virginian of today to the home of a Virginian of yesterday. [Applause].

Gentlemen, I present Doctor Alderman. [Applause].

ADDRESS OF EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.,

President of the University of Virginia.

"The National Spirit."

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Washington Association:

My first impulse to-day is to bring to you greetings and sympathy from a land of unlimited and seductive mint juleps to a land of "standardized punch and denatured coffee." [Laughter].

It is not often that a public speaker feels called upon to pay a compliment to the presence and personnel of an audience of mere men, but it has been a long time since it has been my privilege to speak to an audience of men exclusively, and I confess to a new sense of the dignity and majesty inherent in the presence of a great company of thoughtful American citizens, such as I see before me to-day. I wish it were possible for me to bring to you a better thought-out and a better-ordered discussion than I shall be able to do, owing to the exigencies of my life for some time past. I am just a bit in the situation of the old colored preacher who made a settled distinction between being a preacher and an exhorter: when asked what was the distinction, he said that he "preferred being an exhorter, 'cause the preacher had to stick to the resolutions, but the exhorter could branch." [Laughter]. So I distinctly claim, and I think if you knew my history for the past three or four weeks you would pardon me, the splendid privilege of "branching" here this afternoon.

I congratulate this ancient town upon the possession of this great spiritual asset, the Headquarters of George Washington, which constitutes an object lesson, a bit of concrete teaching to all generations and to all races. As an

American citizen who lives himself at another shrine of American greatness and patriotism—the home of Jefferson, —I am proud of the idealism, of the common sense patriotism that have moved the men of this community for a generation or more to do what they have so splendidly done to perpetuate this great building and to make it an inspiring influence in the life of this state and this nation.

On January 19th of this year the people who live in the states to the south of us celebrated the birthday of Robert E. Lee. [Applause]. On February 12th the people of the north and west celebrated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. [Applause]. To-day the whole people between the double seas are celebrating the birthday of George Washington. [Applause]. Three such men—Washington, Lee and Lincoln,—practically in one century, give to this young land of ours, this young civilization of ours, the sort of distinction which names like Pericles and Leonidas give to the Grecian Archipelago, for after all it is the output of great men that makes fame and friends for nations. And the whole people, north and south and east and west, will one day see all three of them as superlatively great men, great moral fires burning on the level plain of our existence, giving light and warmth to our national conscience and to our national ideals. It seems to me to fit in with the theory of an overruling Providence governing men's affairs that three such men as those three men should stand out in the forefront of American life, furnishing to you their ideals of greatness, suggesting restraint, teaching patriotism. The grave and thoughtful Washington incarnates to me the very genius of integrity, of glorified common sense, of well balanced righteousness. Abraham Lincoln, into whose face, as St. Gaudens has carved it, with its homeliness and its utter plainness and yet with its dignity and gentleness and strange sweetness, one can not look without seeing the soul of democracy shining there, and seeing revealed there somehow the whole splendid rise of man from animalism to soul and mind and spirit, symbolizes for me the genius of sym-

pathy and patience and devotion to unselfish ends; while the regnant figure of Lee, lying so stately on his bier at Lexington, stands for duty and unselfish love and stainlessness of life. Differing in character—they were all alike in one great essential, they understood the spiritual significance of patriotism. Patriotism is a hard thing to define, as I shall hereafter show. But so is it hard to define the love that a mother bears for a child, or the glory of a sun-set. But it is a very real thing, and these men felt it, and I believe this company feels it, and I believe there are times in this great mobile nation of ours, thrilling with all the emotions of ambition and growth, when it creeps into the hearts of the whole nation; and all men know that after all their country is a definite thing and that if need be they would give up their lives for it. A clear perception of civic purity and enthusiasm for the future marks this interpretation of patriotism.

Sympathetic and curious friends from other lands and states, if I may "branch" here, sometimes wonder and ask me and others why Virginia and the South give to General Lee a sort of intensity of love that they do not give to Washington. There is a reason for that and it is simple. Washington stands high, clean, spotless, like the shaft that commemorates his fame in the National Capital, at the very gateway of our republican history, symbolizing the majesty of the era of origins and success. Lee to them is a type, an embodiment of all there is in the sincere and romantic history of the state; its triumphs, its defeats, its joys, its sufferings, its rebirths, its tragedies, its pride, its patience, its sufferings, somehow all center in him. In that quiet figure of simple strength and invincible rectitude may be discerned, if you will look closely enough, the complete drama of a great stock. As he stood at Arlington on that fateful day in 1861, smiting his hands over a decision he needs must make, his agony, was his people's agony; as he rode in triumph, by virtue of valor and of genius through the storm of victorious battle, his glory was their glory; as

he stood forth amid the vicissitudes of war, unshaken by disaster or unspoiled by success, his fortitude was their fortitude; and as the result of their great appeal was seen at last to rise upon his broad shoulders and his stout heart, his constancy was their constancy; and as he stood at the end, amid the shadows of defeat, an appealing figure of virtue and of dignity, his dignity was their dignity; and somehow in the majesty of his manner and bearing he reached back into the roots of the golden past of the proud Dominion and connected that age and its ancient authorities with the wonder and the pity and the trouble of the present. And now, in this hour of reunion, reconciliation, of absolute forgetfulness of old strife, we can all see how, in those five quiet years at Lexington, he symbolized and marked out the future for every Southern man as it has come to pass and bade us live in liberal and lofty fashion, with hearts unspoiled by hate and eyes clear to see the needs of a new and mightier day in a new and mightier land. [Applause].

Can you wonder at the measure of love people with a tragic history bear for such an embodiment of their best, who is close, very close to them in their lives? We of the South are sometimes laughed at gently for our sensitiveness to local things and our pride of State. You will remember the dear old Virginia woman in the 'fifties, who always hesitated to ask a stranger where he was from for fear that he might have to confess that he was not from Virginia. [Laughter]. That would make an awkward pause in the conversation. Now, I am an American, and feel utterly at home in this Republic of my fathers, but while there is a sectionalism which distrusts all who do not live in their particular region, there is as well a fruitful and noble sectionalism which symbolizes love of home, and interest and affection for one's neighbors. Out of such sectionalism as this have come the great literatures of the world, the great heroisms of the world, the great sacrifices and the great men. And I do not think I speak in any parochial spirit, when, in bringing to this company in this great commonwealth which

Washington served and upon whose soil he lived, the greetings of the State that gave him birth. I say that Virginia seems to me the most encouraging, the most unselfish in a spiritual sense, the most fruitful of all of our commonwealths, for from out of her life rose the genius that clothed in noble phrase the reasons for revolution, that guided victoriously the legions of war, that bore for most initiative in shaping the constitution, that afterward interpreted its spirit, that widened colonial vision from provincialism to maturity, and that fixed faith, through the philosophy of Thomas Jefferson, in average humanity, as the philosophy of a new civilization. I think that one who is not a Virginian by birth can, in this presence, pay, without immodesty, that compliment to the birthland of George Washington. [Applause].

Now, my friends, the most fruitful idea in the world to me is the idea of democracy. The most interesting, mental and moral exercise is the effort to try to interpret democracy; to understand its currents as they flow in the life of this nation. Democracy is the greatest idea, but it is almost the most terrible idea, in a certain sense, that we have, because when democracy is once corrupted it is very difficult ever to reform it. You can cut off the head of a king—that has been done with expedition and success; you can take a sultan in an automobile and carry him to a seaside resort and get you another nice, good sultan; but you can not change the heart of a great democracy, or you do it with difficulty if it has ever become poisoned. The most glowing and wonderful thing to be seen in this world to-day to me is the spectacle of this Republic as it is likely to be shaped by the forces at work upon it. Somehow the rest of the world sees even more clearly than we do the national perspective, and feel dimly that America is to remake the world. Our nearness blinds us somewhat to the wonderful national panorama as it has unrolled itself before our eyes. First, a group of rustic communities, making common cause in behalf of ancient guarantees of freedom; then suspicious

colonies, unused to the shrewd air that blows through democracy, striving after some bond amid the clash of jealous interests; then a paper writing, a wonderful paper writing, compact, of high sense and human foresight and tragic compromise; then a young republic, lacking the instinct of unity, virile, unlovely, raw, wayward, in its confident young strength. Some confused decades of sad, earnest effort to pluck out an evil growth planted in its life by the hard necessities of compromise by the fathers, but which needs must blossom into the flower of civil war before it can be plucked out and thrown to the void. Then young manhood, nursing its youth, whole and undivisible, proven by trial of fire and dark days, opening its eye upon a new world of steam and force and siezing greedily and selfishly every coign of advantage. And to-day a great and venerable Republic of the world—we do not often reflect that we are practically the most venerable republic on this earth, but still young and brilliant and cosmopolitan and hopeful and breathless, doing our tasks like a titan, and asserting our will among the nations. We used to shout over this story, like boys at a picnic. The 4th of July speech of 1840, for instance, if you could read it, and the speech of men who talk on such occasions as this to-day, are very different in quality; the one, as I have said, was like the shouting of happy boys, the other is like the talk of mature men on the edge of battle. And it is proof of our maturity as a nation that the whole idea induces soberness and question.

It is somewhat difficult in these days to make a speech without mentioning Wall Street. Wall Street is bracketed with Gehenna, wherever that is, as a sort of symbol of sin. Probably that is going a little strong. A reflection that its great activities are founded on faith and integrity gives to it and its fellow sinners, Lombard and State, a certain aspect of greatness which increases my pride, in a certain degree, of the race. Sometimes I go down to Wall Street, impelled by that wonder which Plato called the beginning

of knowledge. I seldom stay long, for the atmosphere leaves something to be desired in academic peace; but I do not ever come away without stopping for a look at the finest thing down there, and you know what that is. It is the bronze figure of an old Virginia country gentleman, who was the richest man, and the most public spirited citizen at the same time, standing upon the steps of the Sub-treasury Building, looking out with his plain, homely face and his honest eyes upon that sea of hurrying men. That statue is the most remarkable allegory that ever did get placed by historic chance at just the right spot in the history of the world. [Laughter and applause]. It points forward to some high social order in the future, when the Places Vendomes and Trafalgar Squares of the world will celebrate the glory of the great citizen. The romance of American life for the last generation or so has been the story of the poor boy who got rich by the exercise of splendid qualities; and that wasn't a bad thing for him to do; but I am convinced that the romance of a coming age will not be that alone, but rather the story of the poor boy or of the rich boy who becomes a great citizen, fit to illustrate the dignity and the majesty of republican life. [Applause].

Now, how can such a nation as we have, so begun, so advanced, so beset, be so guided that all of its citizens shall become free men, entering continually into the possession of intellectual, material and mental benefits? That is the interrogatory of democracy as a sane vision glimpses democracy, robbed of its earlier delusions. Now, we have said that the richest man of his day was George Washington, whose wealth was estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars. And we have said that the most public spirited man of his day was certainly George Washington. Now, put the two facts together and they induce a desire to inquire what was the conviction in the heart of the richest man of his time that enabled him to be the most patriotic man of his time, for that conviction has enough strength in it, if it be

real and if it can be infused into the life of this nation, to carry this democratic experiment of ours past a very serious peril. Briefly, I believe it was a belief in his heart that democracy is the final and the triumphant form of human society; that power rests on fitness to rule; that you can trust men if you will train them; that the sole object of power is the public good, and that service to the republic is a glory quite sufficient in itself. [Applause]. That collection of ideas formed a religion to men like Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Clinton and Adams; they had a religious sanction in the air of an age of moral imagination and superb human enthusiasm, which counted any dual standard for public and private life the essence of republican treason. A century of trial has somewhat dulled the halo about that ancient concept of democracy, but only to men of little faith. It is quite true that our democracy of to-day is not what Rousseau thought it would be, nor Lord Byron, nor Shelley, nor Karl Marx. But as we talk about it and meditate about it and realize that it has not done everything that the dreamers dreamed it would do, we ought to try to settle first what it has done and chalk that up to its credit. Here are some things I think it has done, or helped to do. It has abated sectarian fury. Sectarian fury is ridiculous in this age; it was not always so. Was there anything finer in any country than the attitude of the country as to the unitarianism of President Taft? Did anybody say anything about it that amounted to anything? [Applause]. Jefferson was a Unitarian, but great numbers of the American people called him an infidel, and they only began there and then went on to fiercer epithets [Laughter]. He was nothing in the world but a devoted Unitarian and had the courage to think straight and talk clearly, and with his vast intellectual curiosity and integrity he couldn't do anything else; but he was an infidel to thousands of good people. Democracy has abolished slavery. It has protected and enlarged manhood's suffrage. It has mitigated much social injustice. It has developed a touching and almost sublime faith in the power of

education, illustrating it by expending six hundred million dollars a year in the most daring thing that democracy has ever tried to do, namely, to fit for citizenship every human being born within its borders. [Applause]. It has increased kindness and gentleness, and thus diminished the fury of partisanship. Have you ever thought how much less partisanship there is now than there used to be even when we were boys? Think of that spectacle in Washington of President Taft and Champ Clark passing the reciprocity bill, non-partisan zeal actuating both parties. [Laughter]. Think of President Taft appointing Edward Douglas White, a Confederate soldier and a Democrat and a Roman Catholic—all three—to the Chief Justiceship of the United States. [Applause]. Was there ever a greater blow in the face of combined partisanship and sectarianism than that? It preserved the form of the Union. It has conquered its wilderness. It has developed great agencies of culture and has somehow made itself a symbol of prosperity, of individual prosperity, and is diminishing daily the very possibility of war with any country, but especially with that great country from which we came and from which we separated, because it was right and just that we should separate. [Applause]. So I do not think that democracy has failed. I think it has done a world of good. It has justified itself of the sufferings and the sacrifices and the dreams of the men who established it in this new land. But it has also, without doubt, by the very trust that it places in men, developed new and hateful masters in politics and new shapes of temptations and wrong-doing, and in this generation, from 1870 to 1910, which, I am inclined to think, is the busiest, the most hot-footed generation that the world has ever seen, without sufficient leisure for ethical considerations, it is in danger of its own strength, and it must somehow find out how to protect itself with its own strength. Now, I am not going to rail against great constructive forces, or utter cheap prophecies of condemnation, or to doubt that the future of this country will be a happier future and a republican future. But I am simply

claiming that democracy, like a man's character, is never clean out of danger. You have got to watch it. The moral life of man, said Froude, is like the flight of a bird in the air; he is sustained only by effort and when he ceases to exert himself he falls. And the same, it seems to me, is impressively true of institutional and governmental life. It is not selfishness or corruption alone that we have to fear in our democracy, for we have vanquished these before and these existed before, but even more the temper of despair, of faithlessness, which blinds the eyes of men, and of youth especially, to the heroic simplicity, to the love of freedom and to the essential cleanliness of the heart of the American people. The chief weapon of the protective strength of democracy I conceive to be the acceptance of the Washington type of public spirit as a working form of patriotism, upon as large a scale in the social and political order as the principle of co-operation and combination has been accepted in the industrial order. By the measure in which the United States Steel surpasses a blacksmith shop in efficiency; by the measure in which municipal government surpasses the rural township in complexity of politics; in that measure must the national conscience become able to see the essential moral and public nature of both business and politics, not in a socialistic but in a democratic sense. Now, must this involve a moral miracle? Must we all be born again and have an utter change of human nature? Or does it involve a surrender of democracy to socialism, or to some other order? I think that it involves profoundly and yet simply the reaffirmation of the founders' idea of public spirit and simplicity of life as a dominant national motive and as a sort of inner well-spring of conduct in place of the idea of headlong strength and achievement that has dominated us for some generations back. Patriotism, therefore, as I said before,—which is hard to define and new with every age, and public spirit, which is hard to define and new with every age,—must redefine themselves; patriotism meant manhood rights when Washington took it to his

heart and fought for it here on these hills, as it means to the Russian to-day. It somehow spelled culture, refinement and distinction of mind when Emerson in his Phi Beta Kappa address besought the sluggish intellect of his country to look up from under its iron lids. It signified ideals and theories of government to the soldiers of Grant and to the soldiers of Lee. It meant industrial greatness and a splendid desire to annex nature to man's uses when the great business leaders of this generation and of the last generation built up their great businesses and tied the Union together in a unity of steel and steam more completely than all the wars could do and did it, with a patriotism and a statesmanship and an imagination that no man can deny. [Applause]. The honest business-man needs somebody to praise him. He has done a great service in this country, and when he is steady and honest there is no greater force in all our life. Now, to-day, patriotism means—I am just taking a fling at the definition of it—a reaction from an unsocial individualism—that sounds sort of academic—to restraint and consideration for the general welfare, expressing itself in a cry for moderation and fairness and justice and honor and sympathy in the use of power and of wealth as the states of spirit and mind, that alone can safeguard republican ideals. The emphasis was formerly on the rights of man; it is getting to be placed upon the duties of man. If in our youth and feverish strength there has grown up a spirit of avarice and a desire for quick wealth, and a theory of life in lesser minds that estimates money is everything and is willing to do anything for money, that very fact has served to define the patriotic duty and the mood of the national mind. And is not the theory of our overlooking special providence borne out again in the fact that, as in the period seeking to establish manhood rights there stood forth at the head of the nation the figure of Washington, a republican saint around whom a young nation could rally, so in this period, pausing to search its heart, there stood forth as our president for seven

years the figure of a bold prophet of common righteousness and common decency, strong enough to be everywhere and unconscious enough to preach his doctrine in a thousand voices, [Applause] to be followed in that great office by our present President, clear of heart, pure of heart, strong of mind, patient minded, seeking to put into law the thing that needs to be done? I, who say this of these two republican leaders, am a Democrat to the bone and rejoice that that party has come into power again. I am impressed with the patience and good sense with which its leaders have grappled with their problems. I take especial pride in the fact that Oscar Underwood, the foremost figure in the approaching Tariff struggles, is a son of the University of Virginia. [Applause]. This re-awakened patriotism of the common good has the advantage of appeal to a sound public conscience as yet unbalanced by hysteria and of being supported by a valid public opinion not yet dulled by contentment. It is an astonishing thing what our public opinion has stood. In proof of the soundness and the authority of public opinion I would claim that if there be a man in America to-day who has an unjust fortune and a pagan ideal of its use, he will not bask as cozily in the self-respect of his fellows, nor have half as much fun as Croesus had, or as Louis XIV had, or Cardinal Richelieu had, or Warren Hastings or any of that ilk. The gift of a hundred and twenty millions in one year by private individuals to the public welfare, the colossal development of the sense of social obligations is a substantial testimony on the affirmative side of that opinion. A servant of the people, in city or state, who is out for exploitation rather than service is not as highly an honored man as was Robert Walpole or Warren Hastings or Aaron Burr, as the roll call of some prison houses will show. The disposition which democracy has shown at the most inconvenient moment to ask the bosses that be whether they are the bosses that ought to be, to paraphrase Mr. Lowell's phrase, and the answer to that question, are the other testimonials to the affirmative side

of that opinion. Plain people, it is true, are not as awe struck at the names of the rich and powerful as they once were; but one may note a growing ability to render awe where awe is worthily rendered, which is a beautiful growth in discernment. The part that vulgar cunning has played in creating great fortunes has been made known to this great democracy and they know the genuine from the spurious, and some who were once looked at with awe and greatness as great ones, are not now looked at in that way. I am reminded of the tragic little verse:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
She took it to Pittsburg one day,
And now look at the damn thing." [Laughter].

This very growth in discernment gives us power to see in a nobler and truer light, for the people of America, the names of those upright souls in business and in politics who have held true in a heady time and who have kept clean and kept human their public sympathies and their republican ideals, and by so doing have kept sweet their country's fame. Away with the thought that this country is sunk in any mire of moral degradation. It has simply met and is out-facing—it hasn't yet outfaced it—one of the million moral crises that are likely to assail free government, and I believe that it is cleaner to-day in ruling passion, in motive and in practice, than it has been in fifty years. [Applause].

Now, let me hurry to my conclusion. I do not mean in all that I have said to be indulging in any easy and gracious optimism. This republic is trying to adjust itself, its old self, which was the product of rural individualism and a reaction against monarchy, to its new self, which is the product of urban democracy and natural science, in such fashion that it shall lose neither the individualism, which guarantees freedom, nor the co-operative genius, which insures power and progress. That is a colossal task.

Our old political philosophy contended that that government is best which governs least. The French have put

this theory of government into the expression "Laissez faire." Herbert Spencer shaped it into an ordered philosophy. The high priest of that idea in America is Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson feared kings and priests. He did not fear wealth nor great organized corporate power with money at its center. We hear a great deal about Thomas Jefferson in Virginia. He is not dead down in Charlottesville or in Albemarle county. He is living, is walking around, the most persistent type of immortality I have ever encountered. He is quoted on everything, from "How to Plough," to the nature of the curriculum at the University of Virginia. [Laughter]. Jefferson was a wise old soul, and the greatest bit of wisdom that the man had and the thing that lifts him among the great of this wide earth was a patient belief in the ultimate integrity of popular impulse, plus the determination never to cease giving the public an opportunity to fit itself for its work. [Applause]. That old man loved the plain people and trusted them. He was an idealist, a dreamer of dreams, and that spirit kept him young when eighty-six years had gone over his head, and made him sit on his mountain top in a certain splendid heroism and watch the slow-rising walls of the institution which he thought would train the democracy to right ways, and which, I thank God, has trained democracy somewhat for its work in this country.

Now, the young men coming up in life to-day are witnessing and being taught in the schools a new social philosophy which is making over the world in which we live. I do not know what to call it exactly. I would call it socialism, if that noble and beautiful word considered philosophically had not been bandied about until it had gained a sinister meaning and an evil significance. I can not find a name for it that quite suits me, but it differs fundamentally from the old philosophy which perceived government as a sort of near-sighted and benevolent policeman, and society as a group of units to be protected from violence, to be helped not at all, and to be allowed to do as they pleased

provided they didn't please to do other people. [Laughter]. It was the doctrine of non-interference, of each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Now, this new philosophy has arrived, which I have not found a name for. Call it collectivism, if you want to, anything will do. I am not arguing for it. You will understand I am simply attempting to describe it, to segregate it in a few words. It has three fundamental qualities; it treats society as an organism and proposes to study it and to make it scientific, and through knowledge of it to help it. Never in the history of the world have men set about to study society scientifically as they are doing now. Twenty-five years ago you could hardly find a chair in any American college for the study of sociology; the word had not been born and when it got born people sneered at it. Now, it is everywhere, in every college men are studying society. I do not think there is a more interesting thing in present day politics than the proposal to establish a tariff commission, and there is a likelihood that it will be established. Fifty years, thirty years, twenty years ago such a commission would have been laughed out of court. Back of it is this scientific spirit which urges people to find out the facts about things, and know about things before they do them, instead of doing them first and then, finding out about them afterward. [Applause]. Second, this new scientific spirit is informed with the spirit of sympathy and of brotherhood. It will not let people alone. It insists upon helping people whether they want it or not. It is sympathetic, merciful and curious. I had a dear friend, a woman in Louisiana, known to my friend Mr. Mabie, who heard me making a speech once, and I unfortunately used the word "uplift;" she came to me with face flushed and said "Don't you talk about any uplift to me. I don't want to be uplifted." [Laughter]. Well, now, a good many people feel that way, but the spirit of modern society is in the uplift business. The beggar has been known to literature for all time, but this age proposes to introduce him to political economy and

study him. The child has been a pathetic and a beautiful figure in our literature. This age, the first of all ages, is making scientific, passionate, devoted study of the child. That child exhibit in New York is one of the greatest things to be seen on this continent, or in any land. The child has become the center of the regard of statesmen and political economists. Men say that all this eager concern for the child is making him a little more difficult to handle. Perhaps that is true. I myself notice that it is getting a little more difficult for parents to give satisfaction to their children. [Laughter]. I do not think we have quite reached the danger point, however. Our new philosophy, then, treats society as an organism and studies it; secondly, it is informed by intense sympathy; third, it has a genius for organization and co-operation. This genius for organization manifests itself not only in individual organization for the public welfare, but in a passion for legislation and the enactments of statutes for the public welfare as well as in big business. Fifteen hundred laws in the last ten years have been passed to effect the betterment of the laboring man. If I were to read off to this great company a mere list of great organizations like the National Civic Federation, the National Society for the Suppression of Tuberculosis, the Public Health Societies, with two thousand members; the great foundations, like the Sage Foundation, the Carnegie Foundation, the General Educational Board, the Rockefeller Institute, great movements, voluntarily entered into by individuals to effect world purposes, I would consume all of my time. Think of Andrew Carnegie proposing to stop war in all the world; taking this great question and putting it on a basis so that patiently the futility of war can be taught to all nations. This will not come about in anybody's time, but there is a sort of majestic idealism in the thought of it.

Now, you can call this new social philosophy what you will, it is a new and mighty force in American life, one formed by sympathy, by vast human interest, by brother-

hood, by the instinct of a passion for knowledge of society and by a wonderful genius for co-operative effort. It has come to stay and we must adapt it to our new needs and make it a useful agent of genuine democracy.

Now, my friends it is difficult for me to close without saying just this one word. The Southern man is so often thought of as an ambassador from one court of public opinion to another, that I had thought of closing my speech without mentioning the South at all. So completely do I think of my section as one, simply one, with you and all the rest of this nation in social and in economic unification; but the impulse to declare to you, and I think you will be glad to have me say it, that the progress in Southern affairs constitutes one of the most satisfying visions of the nation's life, is too strong for me to resist. After isolation and submersion through the virtues of self-reliance and patience, the Southern States are now vigorous parts of the modern industrial democracy. Their development in education, in agriculture, in industrialism, in public spirit, is harmonious and equable, without frenzy or perversion of ideals.

Our people have learned that patriotism may express itself in terms of wealth, as well as in terms of loyalty, but somehow they have not learned it too well. They are happy over full smokehouses and corn cribs and cotton fields and savings banks, and it is very pleasant to wax fat a little after lean years. But their happiness is not yet sordid intoxication; they are growing rich, but yet not disgustingly rich. [Laughter]. They know that they have much to learn of the East and the West of the value of universal training, of orderly community effort, of industrial organization; and they are learning it and they are sitting at the feet of the masters of it. But they believe that they, too, have something to teach you and their brethren in the nation of the dignity of personality, of idealism, of unsordidness, of a certain individualism bred in the bone of an American untouched as yet by racial intermingling and unmoved as yet by restless urban influences. The Southern

boy of this generation, with whom I deal, has found himself at last. He has been wandering about; he didn't quite know where he was, but he has found himself in American life and he has made himself at home, at the very moment, I think, when the Republic is most in need of him, for I want to tell you that I believe him to be a fine, simple, helpful figure, this young Southern boy, whom I teach and whom I love and whom I know so well, of good political instincts facing tardily a fierce industrialism and a new democracy, with its temptations and its grandeurs and its opportunities, and yet somehow striving to hold fast, through the conservatism in his blood, to the noble concepts of public honor and public probity. And there is a fine justice that this should be true, at the climax of the heroic rebirth of his section, so long overborne with burdens and tragedies and misconceptions, but at last, and you will rejoice with me, I believe in this, unhindered and buoyant and free to run the course which Jefferson foresaw and Washington blessed with his transparent integrity and his noble common sense. [Applause].

DR. PIERSON: When I told you that three years ago a man spoke to us in New Haven, was I right? [Cries of "Yes, yes."] Now, I feel like adding to that that this afternoon an inspired, and an inspiring, man has spoken to us. [Applause].

I am sure I speak for you all when I thank Doctor Alderman for his address and ask for a copy for publication in our minutes. Do you so feel? [Members: "We do."]

We will now close by singing the first and last verses of AMERICA.

(Singing of AMERICA).

Good by, until next year.