

insufficient to explain the facts, what are the other secret reasons which may explain, even if they do not justify, the severe criticisms which have been passed on the Papal intervention?

The first impression of many outsiders is that the Papal intervention has come too late, and that his persistent and cautious silence from the outset of the war is bound to deprive his present utterances of the necessary moral authority. The time to speak was not in August, 1917. It was in August, 1914. The time to speak was when a ruthless conqueror invaded two peaceful and flourishing little States: the Catholic Kingdom of Belgium and the Catholic Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg. The time to speak was when a brutal soldiery massacred hundreds of Catholic priests and burned hundreds of defenceless cities. The time to speak was when the same conqueror deported whole populations and tore away thousands of husbands from their wives and thousands of children from their parents, and when one bold protest from Benedict XV. might have strengthened the hands of Cardinal Mercier in his heroic resistance to the tyranny of von Bissing. The time to speak was when Count Bobrinski persecuted the Catholics of Galicia and imprisoned the venerable Archbishop of Lemberg. No one then would have questioned the Pope's right to intervene. The whole world, indeed, was anxiously turning to Rome for the one word which might have stopped the crimes and overawed the criminals. No one would have misconstrued the motives of Benedict XV. if he had recalled the victors to counsels of moderation and humanity. Nor did we expect the Pope to pronounce on the rights and wrongs of the war, even though those rights seemed absolutely clear to the conscience of the civilized world. But every Christian of every denomination expected him to pronounce on specific deeds and specific methods which no casuistry could explain away and which were simply a revival of the methods of Sargon and Nebuchadnezzar. No special pleading can convince us that the Pope did not betray his solemn and sacred trust. If any doubt subsisted on the duty which devolved on His Holiness, it would be dispelled by his own declaration to the Consistory of January 22nd, 1915. "As for proclaiming that it is permissible to anybody for whatsoever motive to act contrary to justice, it is no doubt the highest duty which devolves on the Supreme Pontiff constituted by God as the supreme interpreter and as the avenger of eternal law." It is precisely because Benedict XV. has not been the "supreme interpreter and avenger of eternal law" that by his own admission he stands condemned.

—Schwarzkopf Flim-Flam

WHEN Henry Van Dyke—ex-United States Minister to Holland—went back to The Hague from Washington, a year ago last March, he found Holland aflame with helpless rage over the sinking of the S. S. Tubantia by an unseen submarine. The German government had denied all knowledge of the affair when the Dutch people demanded an explanation. Later one of the Tubantia's small boats drifted ashore with a piece of a Schwarzkopf torpedo sticking in her ribs. Here was an identification mark pointing the crime back to Berlin—the Schwarzkopf torpedo is manufactured and used only by Germany. A more urgent demand for explanation, apology, and reparation was sent by Holland to the Potsdam gang.

"The German Authorities coolly replied," says Mr. Van Dyke, in Scribner's Magazine, "with the astounding statement that there had been two or three Schwarzkopf torpedoes in naval museums in England, and that this particular specimen had probably been given to a British submarine and used by her to destroy the good ship Tubantia.

"Again Holland would have been left helpless, choking with indignation, but for a second accident. Another of the lost steamship's boats was found, and in it there was another fragment of the torpedo. This fragment bore the secret mark of the German navy, telling just when the torpedo was made and to which of the U-boats it had been issued.

"With this bit of damning evidence in his bag a Dutch naval expert was sent to Berlin to get to the bottom of the crime and to demand justice. He got there, but he found no justice in that shop.

"The German navy is very systematic, keeps

accurate books, makes no accidental mistake. The pedigree and record of the Schwarzkopf were found. It was issued to a certain U-boat on a certain date. Undoubtedly it was the missile which unfortunately sank the Tubantia. All this was admitted and deeply regretted. But Germany was free from all responsibility for the sad occurrence. The following amazing reason was given by the Imperial German Government.

"This certain U-boat had fired this certain torpedo at a British war-vessel somewhere in the North Sea ten-days before the Tubantia was sunk. The shot missed its mark. But the naughty, undisciplined little torpedo went cruising around in the sea on its own hook for ten days waiting for a chance to kill somebody. Then the Tubantia came along, and the wandering-Willy torpedo promptly, stupidly, ran into the ship and sank her. This was the explanation. Germany was not to blame. But if further explanations and some kind of reparation were demanded, the matter could be brought up after the war and settled before a German court.

"This stupendous fairy-tale Holland was expected to believe and to accept as the end of the affair. She did not believe it. She had to accept it. What else could she do? Fight? She did not want to share Belgium's dreadful fate."

—Champ on Clark

WHEN conning over what the Smiths, Jones and Browns have done for the world, did you ever give a thought to the Clarks? If not, you will be particularly interested in reading part of what the most distinguished Clark in America—Champ no less—has to say about himself in the November issue of Hearst's Magazine.

My parents, says the Speaker of the House of Representatives, named me James Beauchamp Clark. Clark is the seventh most widely diffused surname in America. It is a corruption of the old Latin word clericus, which means "a scholar."

J. B. is one of the most common combinations in Christian names—John B., James B., Julian B., Joseph B., and so forth. On the average there is perhaps one J. B. Clark at every post-office in America. As long as I was a boy that fact did not bother me, but when I became old enough to receive letters I was always getting mixed up with somebody else. Finally, when I was twenty-four years old, I went to visit my uncle, a lawyer, at Bowling Green, Kentucky. I ordered my mail forwarded to me there. There was a man of the name of James B. Clark living in that city. He was unusually dense. He not only opened my letters, which was reasonable, but he sent them all back to the places from which they came, which was not only unreasonable but annoying; so I made up my mind that I would not keep a name which was owned by so many other people. I first lopped off the James, but that left me with a name which nobody but a Frenchman could pronounce correctly and Americans pronounced it in a half-dozen different ways, all wrong. I would have liked very much to retain it, as it was my mother's name. It means "fair field" and is a beautiful name, but it could not be pronounced in this country correctly. By the way, "Campbell" is the same name as Beauchamp. "Camp" and "champ" mean the same thing, being the old Latin word campus, and "belle" is the feminine of "beau." I cut Beauchamp in two in the middle and retained the last half. Governor Hoadley of Ohio, one of my old law-professors, used to say that a man had as much right to cut off part of his Christian name as to trim off part of his hair. I state this small event correctly because it has been stated so often incorrectly.

My surgical operation on my name had one unexpected and beneficial effect—it caused my name—Champ Clark—to be printed in full in the newspapers, whereas other Representatives were generally referred to only by their surnames. That grew out of two facts: One was that I was the only Clark in America who bears the Christian name of Champ, and the other was that my Christian name and surname, taken together, contain only ten letters.

The first whole dollar I ever had in my life I made in this peculiar manner: Four of us were binding wheat after an old-fashioned drop-reaper. I was a fast hand at that sort of work. Consequently, I

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

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HELEN MUNRO was Henry Markham's private secretary; once a stenographer whom fortune, in the person of Henry Markham, designed for better things. In her hoyden days she had been a church friend of Hoag who had first put her on the office staff of Markhams Ltd. She was so amazingly efficient at stenography that he had to confess—when Markham put the thumb-screws on him about her—that she had a mind capable of grasping much more than the contents of a letter. Back of every letter she wrote, as he admitted, there was the instinctive mastery of the detail that made it necessary and of the business that arose out of it. Helen Munro was a perfect follow-up system incarnated in a splendid physique with no end of personal charm and a capacity for absorbing the atmosphere of business, of society, of art and all that, similar to the rose's capacity for sunlight and showers. Helen was a gorgeous and very superior parasite who needed just such an organism as Markhams Ltd., to grow into. Henry Markham observed that, and paid her a salary considerably larger than Hoag, his office manager, fitted her up a beautiful office in which she took good care of the flowers he bought her and the people who came to see him on business and the confidential letters not intended for common people like Martin Hoag and his office girls.

She had a romantic interest in Hoag and liked him even better than Markham suspected, even when sometimes in her obsession over Markham interests she rather despised him because he was strangely ethical, so impossibly idealistic, so much addicted to writing poetry, reading psychics and studying modern inventions. Helen had given up trying to make Hoag out. She devoted herself to comprehending the other man, which was more profitable. Besides Hoag always seemed humbly ready to be noticed by her, no matter how the boss might regard him as a misfit. Sometimes Helen wondered what would become of Hoag when the new Markhams Ltd., etc., got under way. Perhaps God would take care of him. But God never seemed to have any bother about Henry Markham, who was able to take care of God's interests among other people.

Money! Power! Business! Big people at the office; men with fur coats and limousines at the curb, waiting in her anteroom until she let them in to see Mr. Markham; some of them titled persons, heads of all sorts of big interests!

Poor Mr. Hoag! drifting about among his girls like a floor-walker, never knowing when to call his soul his own; going to queer meetings and movie shows and some funny little unorthodox church; living in a boarding-house, never getting ahead. Poor Mr. Hoag!

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