

HE GUIDES the NATION'S ARMY

THIS is a sketch of Newton D. Baker, President Wilson's new Secretary of War, formerly Mayor of Cleveland.



NEWTON D. BAKER, "I had been told by a man well acquainted with him, 'is the kind of thoroughly good citizen we all approve of highly—and fall to imitate! He has lofty ideals. He has high principles. He is utterly sincere. He is simple and unaffected both in thought and life. He has a clear, well-disciplined mind. He has an extraordinary command of concise and effective speech. Without being in the least effusive, he is a good mixer. You will find him full of charm. Out in Cleveland he lived in a modest frame house with his wife and three children, smoked flake tobacco in a 25-cent pipe, drove his own Ford, and for amusement read Greek and Latin books on the street cars.' Thus runs an article by Rowland Thomas in the New York World.

"It is interesting to notice," my informant added, "that he is the second of Tom Johnson's disciples to be lifted into prominence by President Wilson. Brand Whitlock is the other. It is hardly exaggeration to say that Brand Whitlock, in Belgium, has proved himself a great man. Will Baker be as successful in the war department? Frankly, much as I like him personally, I am wondering whether he will measure up to the job. What he has done he has done well. But—he has never been tested out in really big affairs. Has he the capacity for them? You know a .38-caliber revolver may be a perfect weapon—as a revolver—but fall lamentably if pressed into service as a soccer gun! Is Newton D. Baker big enough to be secretary of war at a time like this? That's what I'm asking myself. That's what the country is asking itself, I think."

Naturally those remarks ran through my head as I talked with the new secretary of war last week. I saw him twice, once in his modest bedroom at the University club, where he is living for the present as a bachelor "because the children are in school in Cleveland and we don't want to break into their year." The second time he was in his office in the war department, the office to which one penetrates through that dread antechamber where hang the portraits of all the previous incumbents of the office.

On both occasions I got the same impression of the physical man. Nature, in molding his body, did a neat job. He is a markedly small man, but in proportion all the way through. His littleness carries no suggestion of the dwarfish. His head is large, but not enough so to make him look top-heavy. His hands and feet are of moderate size, well formed and muscular. He has a chest big enough to breathe in, a waist which carries no adipose luggage. His skin is swarthy, his hair black and straight. A pair of hazel eyes full of life, but comprehensive rather than keen; the wide mouth of an orator or actor, mobile yet firm of lip; the brow of a scholar; a face in general in which the perpendicular lines of strength are accentuated, a manner at once dignified and friendly, a bearing which I should call attentive rather than alert—these are the characteristics of the outward man.

His mentality is not so easily characterized. I shall have to try to bring it out for you in a series of rather detached glimpses, as he himself revealed it to me in the course of our conversation.

Our talk ranged over many topics. We had, for instance, been speaking of the extraordinary amount of reading of standard English authors he had done before he was twenty years old, and I asked him whether the familiarity of his mother tongue thus acquired had not been an important element in his various successes. He said: "I think that is true. Ability to express myself effectively in speech has been of great value to me."

This led to a brief sketch of his personal history. Mr. Baker was born in 1871 in Martinsburg, W. Va., a community of 9,000 persons, wherein his father was the leading physician. He was the second of four sons. At the age of twenty, in 1891, he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from Johns Hopkins university, having completed the four years course in three years. Followed a year of graduate work in Roman law, comparative jurisprudence and economics, and then his law course, which he took at Washington and Lee university, completing the two years' work in one year. "That compression," he told me, "was done for family reasons. Money was not plentiful in a country doctor's family, and there were other sons to educate." After his graduation in 1893 Mr. Baker hung out his shingle in Martinsburg to indicate that he was "willing to practice law," as he puts it, and remained in that receptive condition until 1896, the last year of the Cleveland administration, when Postmaster General Wilson called him to Washington to be his private secretary. "I divided my two cases between the other members of the local bar," he told me, "and went."

In 1899 Mr. Baker was invited to come to Cleveland, O., as a partner with Foran & McTigue, one of the city's leading firms of trial lawyers. He went there, met Tom Johnson and was magnetized; by that association was drawn into local politics and had fourteen years of active campaigning there, serving four terms as city solicitor under Mayor Johnson and two terms as mayor after his chief was deposed. He declined to run for a third term, and had just resumed his law practice at the beginning of this year when he was called to Washington.

Returning to our topic, I asked him to what other qualities besides his ability as a speaker he felt indebted for what he had accomplished. He pondered that and said:

"Looking at myself impersonally, I am inclined to think I have a very patient mind. I mean by that a mind which moves slowly, which plods forward instead of dashing or leaping. There is nothing brilliant about it. A brilliant mind, it strikes me, is like a thoroughbred horse, good for a race but afterward needing to be stabled for a day or two. My mind is like a plow horse. It cannot spurt, but it can go on turning furrow after furrow. That lets me get through a lot of work."

"By a patient mind," he went on, "I also mean a mind which does not leap to attitudes and decisions, but feels its way. And a mind which does not get its back up easily. Opposition does not make my mind bristle. A difference of opinion is not a personal thing with me."

"And I think," he said, his dark eyes twinkling and his wide lips quirked with fun, "it has been a very decided advantage to me to be so little and to look so young. I really mean that," he hastened to add and cited two instances in illustration. One was his argument before the Supreme court of the United States in the Cleveland traction cases, an argument which attracted the flattering favorable comment of the learned justices. The other was a speech which was one of the outstanding features of the Baltimore convention which nominated President Wilson.

"Neither of those," he commented, "could by any stretching of words be called a great speech. The natural fairness of men was what pulled me through in both cases. I looked so handicapped that my hearers said instinctively, 'Give the boy a chance!'"

Such cool, almost academic self-analysis led me to ask him how life struck him, so to speak—what ambitions it stirred in him. "I'd like to practice law," he said. "That is my one ambition. There is no office or position that I care for. But I'd like to practice and practice and practice law."

Further talk along that line developed the rather interesting fact that the new secretary of war is one of those men who seem to have been moved forward by the urgings and propulsion of their friends instead of fighting forward of their own accord in response to an inner impulse. Postmaster General Wilson all but dragged him from his briefness in Martinsburg to get his first taste of cabinet ways and duties and responsibilities. Martin Foran dragged him to Cleveland to become a trial lawyer. Tom Johnson dragged him into politics. And Woodrow Wilson has just dragged him to the war department.

The circumstances of the Foran case are unusual enough to partake of the romantic. In 1897, when the young and still younger looking attorney was returning from his first visit to Europe, he was table mate of the late W. T. Stead and a mild-mannered, retiring English barrister. One day Baker came on deck to find the barrister in a peck of trouble. A stalwart, lawyerish, six-foot Irishman, full of Gaelic fire, had waylaid him and was charging him, in his own person, with all the wrongs England had ever perpetrated on the distressful country. "I happened to be rather familiar with the Irish land laws," so Mr. Baker tells it, "and contrived to substitute myself for the barrister in the argument. The upshot of it was that my opponent and I became good friends and spent the rest of the voyage playing chess together. We parted in New York. I went back to Martinsburg, and no word passed between us for two years. Then the man—Martin Foran—wrote me the firm's business had so increased that another partner was required and that he wanted me. I had long felt I should be in a larger community than Martinsburg, and I liked Cleveland, but I knew they wanted a trial lawyer, which I was not. So I went on full of excuses, prepared to thank him and be dismissed in friendliness. Before I could get my first excuse out Mr. Foran had ushered me into an office and said, 'Here's yours,' and before I caught my breath he had sent some clients in for me to talk with. I stayed in Cleveland and learned to be a trial lawyer."

His enlistment as an active fighter in the Johnson camp was equally casual. "Tom" was sick one night, and the young lawyer was pressed into service to fill his place at a rally. "Tom's sick," said the man who introduced him. "This is Newton D. Baker, who's going to speak in his place."

He's a lawyer. That's all I know about him. Go ahead, boy, and tell them what you know." Baker told them, and so began the activities which led to four terms as solicitor and legal leader of the antitraction combine forces and two terms as mayor.

I asked Mr. Baker how the mayor of Cleveland's job compared with that of the secretary of war. "I love personal relationships. One of the pleasantest things about being mayor of a city the size of Cleveland is the great number of people with whom it puts one into touch. At the war department I find a large part of my duties is taken up with seeing people. I am very glad that is so. I like to see people constantly. Of course," he explained, "I don't mean that flocks of casual visitors drop in to see me here. But the business of the department brings many people to me daily."

I had meant to ask him how the two positions compared in size and difficulty. He was non-committal on that point, and I suggested that at least he did not seem appalled by the size of his new task, even though the Mexican situation had given him a baptism of fire for a greeting. He said: "I am not appalled. No man can hope to escape mistakes. Mistakes are inevitable. I know I shall make some. But the only things one need be really afraid of are insincerities and indirectness. Also, it is well to remember that unfamiliar tasks have a way of looking mountainous. Familiarity reduces their proportions. At present I am working here from half past eight in the morning till midnight to become familiar with mine. That slow mind of mine," he said smilingly, "compels me to put in those long hours."

"What is your idea of the functions of the secretary of war?"

"The duties," he said, "are largely legal. Almost all the secretaries have been lawyers. (He cited the names of many, from Stanton down to his predecessor, Garrison.) Strictly military affairs are not my province. Experts must care for those things. Legal questions—touching the conflicting rights of state and federal governments, the navigability of streams, the proceedings of courts martial—such things comprise the problems I have to settle. I am an executive. Congress has made laws governing my department. It is my duty to see that they are carried out conscientiously."

About "preparedness" he felt obliged to decline to say a word, and I reminded him of an interview in which he was recently quoted as saying that he was "for peace at almost any price."

"So I am," he answered stoutly, "because peace seems to me the reasonable thing. I do not say that war is always avoidable. It seems to come sometimes as earthquakes come—a natural cataclysm. The French revolution, I think, was such a war. But war is always regrettable. Peace is what spells progress. We have to advance step by step. I do not think we can hope to force advancement by violence. And I believe that sometimes we shall have a court of nations, and no more wars. Was it Lowell said: 'The telegraph gave the world a nervous system?' As our world gets better co-ordinated by intercommunication, we shall have fewer of the misunderstandings which cause wars."

Constantly, as we talked, alike in his domestic and in his office, the new secretary's unpretentious pipe was in his mouth. Constantly his knees crooked and his feet curled up to comfortable positions on radiator top and desk top. Though there was always dignity about him, we might have been two undergraduates chatting together. His attitude was not suggestive of lounging or of affected carelessness. It was, I thought, the bodily ease which is apt to reflect outwardly the mental states of self-unconsciousness and serene self-confidence. As city solicitor of Cleveland, in the traction matters, he fought the mobilized legal big guns of Ohio to a standstill. As mayor he forced the people to retain him until he had done what he set out to do.

To be secretary of war just now, to be lifted at one step from local into national prominence at a critical moment like the present, is a far more searching test of his capacities than any he has yet undergone.

PIQUE AND PERIL

By FRANCES ELIZABETH LANYON.

She who would be always dainty was all bedraggled. She who was used to shelter, warmth and comfort was alone, darkness and a howling storm all about her. She who at her princely home had but to nod to bring a score of anxious servitors to her beck and call was all solitary.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" gasped Helena Waltham as she staggered against a tree, fairly blown there by the fierce wind and she clung to a vine encircling it and shuddered and crouched.

"Why did I do it, why did I venture when I knew the risk?" she wailed and then, her eyes flashing, her courage blazing out, she said with set lips: "I hate him!"

She hated him, her fiance, Gerald Morse, because she had found him out. She hated him because he had come into her life at its sweetest period of hope and happiness as an ideal only to be rudely shattered. She hated him—and she covered her eyes with her hands and sobbed bitterly at the thought—because he had inspired her to drive from her side a true good man.

"Oh, the sting of it—oh, the mean, cruel act!" she wailed and sank to the ground not caring much what became of her.

Rodney Preston! His grave face, full of character and nobleness, hovered now within her anguished mental vision. Three months ago they had been friends and he, a poor but rising young lawyer, had made her proud of his company, for he was a favorite with everybody. When her father had introduced Gerald Morse there was no right on the part of Preston to resent it. What claim had he upon Helena? But when one day Morse had almost



Looked Up.

ordered her not to recognize "that man," dazzled by the brilliancy of this new star, nettled because Preston had so seemingly accepted her action indifferently, Helena was influenced to award him a cold stare only. "I can make it up later," she whispered anxiously to herself when she mourned for the ignoble act, but she had cut Rodney Preston to the quick.

He did not cross her path again. She learned that he had left the town. Then had come her punishment to learn the real sordid selfishness of Gerald Morse. Disgust had come for this frivolous fortune hunter. And now—hatred, she could not help it!

It was just at dusk and she had endured the company of Morse in a stroll along the river, morose, unsober, unhappy. In her restless capriciousness she had declared for a row. Gerald Morse had demurred. He had done more—he had insisted that she abandon her design.

"A storm is coming up," he said. "We will pass up the risk of a big blow on the treacherous Vermilion."

"Not I!" declared Helena with resolute lips and disdainful eyes and she deliberately proceeded to the light skiff moored near by.

"My word!" uttered the daunted Morse as she set adrift with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"You'll have a master, I can tell you, when you marry me!" he shouted after her, nettled and unwise.

"When I do!" retorted Helena hotly and she wrenched the engagement ring from her finger and scornfully cast it into the water.

The blackness of dusk and storm overtook her where the stream was widest. Then there was chaos. She drifted, the oars were wrenched from her grasp. The frail bark struck a rock and collapsed like a cockle shell and she crept to shore drenched and blinded.

Soon Helena knew the spot where she had landed—Barren island, just below the town where the river broadened out to the dimensions of a lake. She shuddered as she recalled its loneliness. Many a time she had passed its uninviting length. It was rarely visited by the townspeople. Helena crouched down beside the tree. Even the pelting rain reached her there. She moved over to a thick clump of underbrush. Suddenly she paused and stared waveringly.

"A light!" she breathed flutteringly. "It must be on the island, it is so near. I never heard that anyone lived on the island. Oh, I hope it means shelter!"

She was shivering from head to foot. She stumbled as she started in the direction of the strange spark of light. It was to come up to a rude hut built of odds and ends of old boards, bark and logs. It had a window, Helena staggered up to it.

"It is he—oh, the cruel mockery of fate!" she moaned.

She clung to the window frame, half fainting. Then her senses reeled. Her shoulder bore a pane of glass inwards. A man reading at a rude table looked up—Rodney Preston. Then he rushed outside to catch in his arms the collapsing form of his strange visitor.

She swayed into insensibility. She opened her eyes to find herself on a broad settee encased in warm coverings, a blazing fire in the rude fireplace, her rescuer pacing the floor to and fro in anxious perplexity. Never had he seemed so strong, so noble, so dignified. He hastened to press to her lips a strengthening cordial. She shrank from his frank but kind treatment.

"You are safe here, Miss Waltham," he spoke at last. "It may be an hour or two more, but I must get to the mainland and make some arrangement to take you back to your friends—for your sake."

She understood the rare delicacy of his words. She could have screamed outright from anguish as he strode from the hut—to swim to the mainland. No craft could be guided through those boiling waters.

Within two hours Preston had returned. He wrapped his guest up carefully in a great blanket. He carried her through the storm to the beach of the island. There was a boat and reaching from a great tree to the mainland was a rope. And, holding to this, Preston dragged the tipping, tossing yawl across the rushing void.

An old ferryman led her to a carriage in waiting.

"You will come to me—oh, promise!" she pleaded, but Preston shook his head sadly.

"Then I will go to him!" she whispered tumultuously to herself three days later, and she did.

For she now knew of Rodney Preston's fearful battle with the flood that eventful night of her young life—of how he had sought out Gerald Morse to assist him in removing Helena to her home, of the selfish refusal of the latter to venture into such peril, of seeking other help and placing her in the hands of her family within the hour.

Rodney Preston, who had sought the hermit life of the island to wear out his longing love, sat in front of his little hut one bright morning when Helena appeared.

She spoke not a word at the first. She clasped his hand, she sank to her knees and kissed it. He was mightily moved, but he was mute.

Then she sobbed out her sorrow, her gratitude, and, too, her humiliation. She was free from her promise to the petroon who had shrunk from saving her at the cost of his own discomfort and peril.

"Oh, don't you understand!" she cried—"don't you understand!" and she lifted her pleading eyes to his own. And the light shone in upon his soul at last, for in their glowing depths Rodney Preston read the fervor of an undying love.

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FOR THE SHY YOUNG PERSON

The Ability to Forget One's Self is to Add Much to the Joy of Life.

One of the best ways to conquer a weakness is to forget it. And the very surest way to strengthen and confirm it is to brood over it, and to bemoan the fact that you are hampered by such faults.

Some young people never attend a social gathering without a preliminary paralyzing of their faculties by recalling the fact that they are shy. One, as she takes off her hat and smooths her hair, before going downstairs where the guests are assembled, is saying to herself: "Now, if I were a different sort of person, I should have a real good time tonight. But just as soon as I go into company I grow shy and tongue-tied, and I can't think of anything to say, and if I do, I'm afraid to say it. I shall be glad when the evening is over." And, of course, she is, since that is what she expects.

How different it would be if she could only forget she is shy, if she should say to herself: "I feel it in my bones that I'm going to have a good time tonight. Everybody will be agreeable, and I'm going to be as agreeable as anybody else. I shall like people and they will like me." Then the story of the evening would probably be very different.

Those who train children emphasize the importance of overlooking a great many things. Emphasizing a fault overmuch tends to confirm it rather than to eradicate it. And what is true of the children, is true of our older ones. Keeping the thought of your weakness continually before you is the very thing that will make it conquest impossible.—Irish World.

Enlightening Jamie.

"Papa," said Jamie, "the reason there's so many laws is because there are so many lawyers in the legislature, isn't it?"

"Yes," said his father. "Bed for yours, now!"

"Just one more question, papa," said Jamie. "Why are there so many taxes, when there aren't any taxidermists in the legislature?"—Judge.

Considerable Doubt.

"I hear you are going to give a big dinner dance," chirped the society reporter.

"I don't know whether I am or not," said Mrs. Flubdub. "Nobody seems to want to come, the cook threatens to leave if I do, and my husband is making bad talk about the expense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.