

g Day in Washington

Every Four Years—On Inauguration Day—the Capital Experiences a Big Shake-Up, With Nearly Every One Moving, for One Reason or Another, From the President Down. It Is a Time of Home Juggling Such as Is Found in No Other City in the World

By Hyde Clement

DRUM beats—brm-brm-brm. Music blaze. Brasses. Bright blue, bright red, Marine Band. Clatter-clatter, halt! Attention! Caisson stops. Prick-eared horses stop, cavalry pennons, fluttering. Infantry stops, khaki spic and span.

Drubbing muttering comes near, comes near, comes low; airplanes in the sky. Human walls along the street. Flags from windows, flags from streets. Murmur of thousands, handclapping of thousands, now and then a cheer.

Two plain black motors, eagle seals upon their doors. One goes up through iron gates to the white portico. The other goes under high stone arches to the waiting train.

The man who has wielded the greatest power of any man on earth departs under the stone arches—a plain American citizen. The man who will wield that power walks under the portico, now thirty-first President of the United States.

It is a phenomenon the like of which exists nowhere else in the world. It is a political fact which should make the heart of every American citizen beat faster with reasonable pride.

For in the symbolism of his surroundings are represented the wishes and the power of a mighty people. At the same time, never for a moment is he to feel that power as personally his, but that it is his only for a time.

It is Washington's moving day—a moving day which exists in no other American city and in no other city anywhere else in the world.

The throngs of visitors in the streets, crowding the barrack-like bleachers up and down "the Avenue"; jamming Potomac Park and Massachusetts Avenue with their motors; surging up to the steps of the Capitol, whose trees bloom with a strange fruit of sound devices; dancing at an "inaugural ball"; filling hotel rooms, overflowing into private houses; getting together by states; singing in a great festival—these crowds are like wide waters through which thread the barks of nationally and of interna-

tionally known dignitaries who are making their farewells and moving on.

Weeks before the White House moving had taken place. The lower hall, between the residence and the Executive offices, the basement between the aide's offices and the shining White House kitchen, the attic up above it all, had rung for days to the sound of hammers nailing up packing cases to carry away the personal possessions of the departing President.

He had come into that house a few years ago with the few belongings of a simple person. He is taking away with him the hundreds of gifts by which other simple citizens tried to express their personal regard for him or their sentimental regard for his office.

Let us put it on its highest plane. If some of these offerings were prompted by less worthy motives—the desire for advertising or the hope of recognition by the great—it is not for us to identify them. At any rate, there they are, and something must be done about them. So Mr. Coolidge has had them all packed up. "Don't try to get them all into the house," he is said to have adjured a "mover," his mind's eye upon the little house in Northampton. "Don't try to put them all into the house, or they'll stick out through the windows!"

What he will do with them all is a thing for you to wonder about. Some of them will grow in added meaning with the years. Such, for example, as the beautiful set of silver service plates presented to him by the Cabinet. And such, by a more real picture of the Coolidge personality, as the ten-gallon hat.

The hundreds of pairs of shoes ought to last for the rest of his lifetime. For he appreciates good shoes and knows how to use them. Just as Napoleon, when he saw the linen warder putting away the sheets, instructed her always to put the clean ones on the bottom of the pile so that all would wear evenly, so Mr. Coolidge wears his shoes in rotation.

But canes are something else again.

Canes of Malacca and thorn and ebony and jacaranda, headed canes, hooked canes, straight canes; canes of all known lengths and canes of special makes—and all of them called "canes" and not "walking sticks." There had to be a special case for them alone.

And cigars. More fleeting in the use but nearly as lasting in the memory. That wicked wit, Will Rogers loves his story of Mr. Coolidge opening in 1927 a box of cigars and finding upon the top of them the words: "Merry Christmas, 1921."

And Mrs. Coolidge, even more than Mr. Coolidge, has been the recipient of tokens of popular affection. The toilet sets and desk sets and "novelties" of one sort and another she has received would set her up in a small way of business. She could travel to every country in the world on separate journeys and carry a new bag every time she left. And the wardrobe of a Pompadour could never fill the trunks that have been presented to her.

But, most of all, there are the books which have been sent to Mr. Coolidge—thousands of them. Books upon every subject imaginable and in every sort of binding, from the edition de luxe to the plainest of covers. These have gone to the Forbes Library in Northampton, to remain there pending further determination.

The Laszlo portrait of Mr. Coolidge and the Leonhel Jacobs portrait of Mrs. Coolidge will remain in the White House. Their other paintings go with them to Massasoit Street.

And even as these packing cases of the present Presidential gifts go off by truck to Northampton, as two grand pianos are being wrapped up for shipping and as other packing cases are going by express for storage, another gift piano and other paintings and other personal belongings have been unwrapped and uncased and passed along upward toward that second floor of the White House whither the general public and the merely political never penetrate,

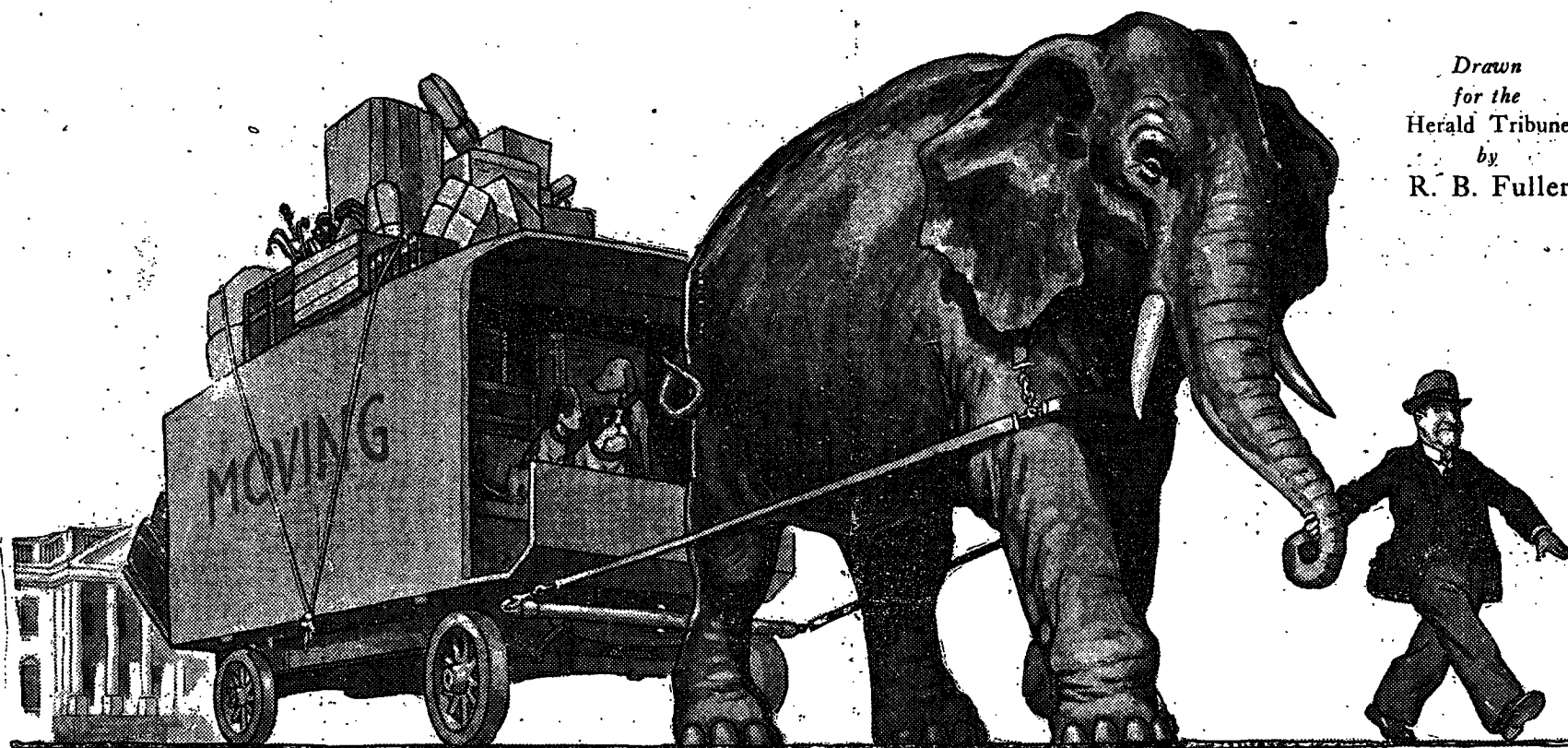
those costly but not grandly "furnished rooms" which the President calls home.

The Hoovers are moving in. It is the first time during the present memory of man that the incoming President and the incoming President's wife have had only a few blocks to move, the first time they already were supplied with "neighbors" in Washington, the first time that everyone in town knew what their house was like. For while it is true that the Coolidges had lived in Washington before they occupied the White House, they had dwelt in a hotel, and you can't call a hotel a neighborhood.

"Twenty-three hundred S Street" had come to have a special meaning. There, whenever the Girl Scouts nationally gathered, when the "Daughters" or any other of a dozen nationally known organizations wanted a tea party, they were always sure of a homelike welcome. And there foregathered every one of achievement in the world of science and business and scholarship, and every one who, if he had not yet "arrived," was earnest in his interest in the things of the mind.

There was never anything splendid or pretentious about Twenty-three hundred S Street. It was a comfortable red brick mansion of the American Colonial type as modified by the architects of the early nineteen hundreds, with a pleasant shaded garden for Washington's warm springs and hot summers.

There was always a certain impersonality about its furnishings. You felt that the true "home" was out there in Palo Alto. There were, however, a few belongings which the visiting public might not have recognized as such, but which actually were mute symbols of Mr. Hoover's efforts for humanity or of his status in the world of thought. There was the ancient Flemish chest presented to him by the Belgians, and the great Belgian painting, "Revolt," which hung above a fireplace. There were the engraved diplomas of scores of learned institutions



Drawn
for the
Herald Tribune
by
R. B. Fuller

for Mr. Coolidge was at the expense of his predecessor.

It was for him, if he had listened to the voice of a purely personal and immediate aggrandizement, to be a vociferous denouncer of scandals and a ruthless dissembler of Cabinet ministers, of all colleagues, of Mr. Fall and Mr. Daugherty, including (as the drastic cleansers would have had it, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover.

In other words, it was for Mr. Coolidge, wholly to wipe off the old slate and wholly then to present it, all new, with his own name signed at the bottom of it, to the American people.

The permanent peak of Calvin Coolidge as a practitioner of politics is that he preferred the restoration of the Republican party to the denunciation of it and that he achieved the restoration without commingling the innocent and the guilty in a common personal ruin. If, instead of being a consummate politician, he had been a facile and merely adroit demagogue, he could have saved himself for a moment by letting his party sink for a generation. It is his enduring title to a station among our historic geniuses of politics that he saved both his party and himself and that he was able to arrive, as he will arrive to-morrow, at transmitting his presidential office to a party successor.

The study of the observer of politics must then be directed to the means by which this miracle—accounted in 1923 an impossible miracle—was accomplished. Pursuing that study, the observer soon finds that he is confronted now so much with a method as with a man. Mr. Coolidge could not teach his method, for an insuperable reason. He could not teach because he could not teach his strange, his peculiar, his unique, objectivity.

It could be laid down as a theorem, that the inmost secret of Mr. Coolidge's politics is his unrivalled capacity for an absolutely dry-light objective examination of himself and of others. He comes ultimately thus to a power of almost uncanny calculation of the behavior of human nature in mass. He could not teach his method of politics unless—which cannot be done—he could teach his knowledge of men. That knowledge is his primary political capital. He can be a supreme politician because he is first a supreme psychologist.

He begins with an intent and intense scrutiny even of inanimate things. He tends to know all the trees, individually, in a familiar walk. He will note their separate different conditions and fortunes.

He is suspected even—almost—of counting the individual bricks in a familiar pavement and of trying to estimate, as it were, their reactions and intentions. He may seem to those who do not watch him closely to be oblivious of his surroundings, to be neglectfully or dreamily lost in them. That is a mere matter of manner. He in fact fixes himself upon the external universe with a photographic eye.

He turns that same sort of eye upon himself, his strength, his weakness, his capacity, his incapacity, his fate. He does not do this by feeling his way from inside of himself outward. He does not—that is—examine himself subjectively.

He was asked the other day if he had been happy in the White House. He recoiled from the question as if startled by it and as if even slightly scandalized by it. He manifestly had given it little or no thought. His subjective condition held small interest for him.

He can look at the powers and ideas and chances of Calvin Coolidge as externally as at those of any other man. He never deludes himself about Calvin Coolidge, any more than he deludes himself about others.

In 1919 his friend, Mr. Dwight Morrow, was motoring through Massachusetts. He determined to turn aside to Northampton to congratulate Mr. Coolidge on his spectacular re-election to the Governorship of Massachusetts. He found

him sitting alone in the library of his house reading a newspaper. He exclaimed to him:

"The newspapers are all booming you for the Presidency."

Mr. Coolidge looked up and said only: "They won't be in a week."

Nor were they. It was not the Presidency; it was only the Vice-Presidency that Mr. Coolidge could then get from his party.

A few months ago a friend said to him:

"After you leave the White House you should be the chief delegate of the United States to great international gatherings. Your national career should be topped by an international one. The next administration should see to it that this is done."

Mr. Coolidge, as if scientifically reporting the political habits of a colony of bees and ants, responded in his solemn manner:

"Every new administration likes new faces."

Then with his whimsicality, which is drawn always from his realism, he thought of another point and smilingly stated it. It was: "And every administration thinks—it thinks—it has new policies."

He saw the obstacles, the natural and unrepresentable obstacles, to his friend's suggestion. He did not sit down to dream out inwardly a theoretical future for himself. He saw his own circumstances as clearly as he could have seen them if they had been the circumstances of another.

It is this way of looking at himself that gives him his discipline of himself. Nature bestowed upon him no physical exuberance. He has been obliged to live and act through energy nourished and projected by self-control. When the self-control snaps there emerge, even at press conferences, little fits of nervous petulance that indicate the cost at which the self-control has been established. If ever a man began the conquering of the world with the conquering of himself, it is Mr. Coolidge.

He has conquered even that pride, that flatulence, that assertive egoism, which is usually the accompaniment of self-conquest.

It is doubtful if ever, throughout his whole stay in Washington, he has done one thing or said one thing in order

to impress himself upon others. He went through a long period during which the intelligentsia thought him, as it still thinks him, dull, and during which the political opposition thought him, as it abundantly has ceased to think him, feeble-witted.

Those were the days when the opposition, Republican as well as Democratic, rallied against all newspaper correspondents who credited Mr. Coolidge with a more than subnormal allowance of brains. He lived through those days without one effort to seem more than sub-normal to anybody who was pleased to consider him a moron. It contented him to out-think, to out-play, to lay low his self-supposed intellectual superiors. He never for a moment attempted to persuade anyone he was anything he was not.

When, for the first time as President, he entered the Federal city, he walked through the Union Station as if he were a shrinking prisoner under guard. Years later, when his political supremacy over the country had been achieved and fortified beyond all hope and almost beyond all precedent, his evening walks with secret service men around the public circle at the back of the White House still showed him as if he were being obscurely dragged to jail by a couple of forthright and competent officers of the law.

He came to dominate a nation of super-salesmen without once trying to "sell himself" to any man.

This quality in him is usually called modesty. That analysis of it does not suffice. Mr. Coolidge is not unconscious of his political prowess. The origin of his indifference of self-selling would seem rather to lie in that extreme realism, that extreme objectiveness, that extreme external awareness, that makes him see Calvin Coolidge as he might see any other human gnat and put him in the place to which destiny has appointed him.

Realistic thus toward himself in a degree that can justly be called supersophisticated, he gazes at others through the same uncolored and undistorted lenses. His penetration into the characters of his fellow statesmen in Washington is a theme which will yield innumerable anecdotes when he and they can no longer hear them. He could, if he would, write the best character sketches that could be produced for any

literary picture gallery of the nation's capital.

It is at that point, it is at the moment of considering him as an artist in character, that his skill as a master of politics begins to explain itself to the patient analysis of him and of his career. It has been said of him over and over again:

"He has character. That is why he has succeeded."

He indeed has character. He has it momentarily. A man with character, though, could wreck a party as readily as restore it. He could wreck it by insensitiveness to the characters of others. Mr. Coolidge, superlatively, has noted the characters of others, and thus little by little discerned the mass character of the electorate.

He was told by almost all the members of his Cabinet that the appointment of Mr. Morrow, a partner in Morgan & Co., to Mexico City would be universally disliked. He said it would be popular. It was.

He was told that what the country wanted was Presidential exonerations of scandalous Federal criminals in high places. He held that all the country wanted was the doing of legal justice upon them. He was precisely correct in this.

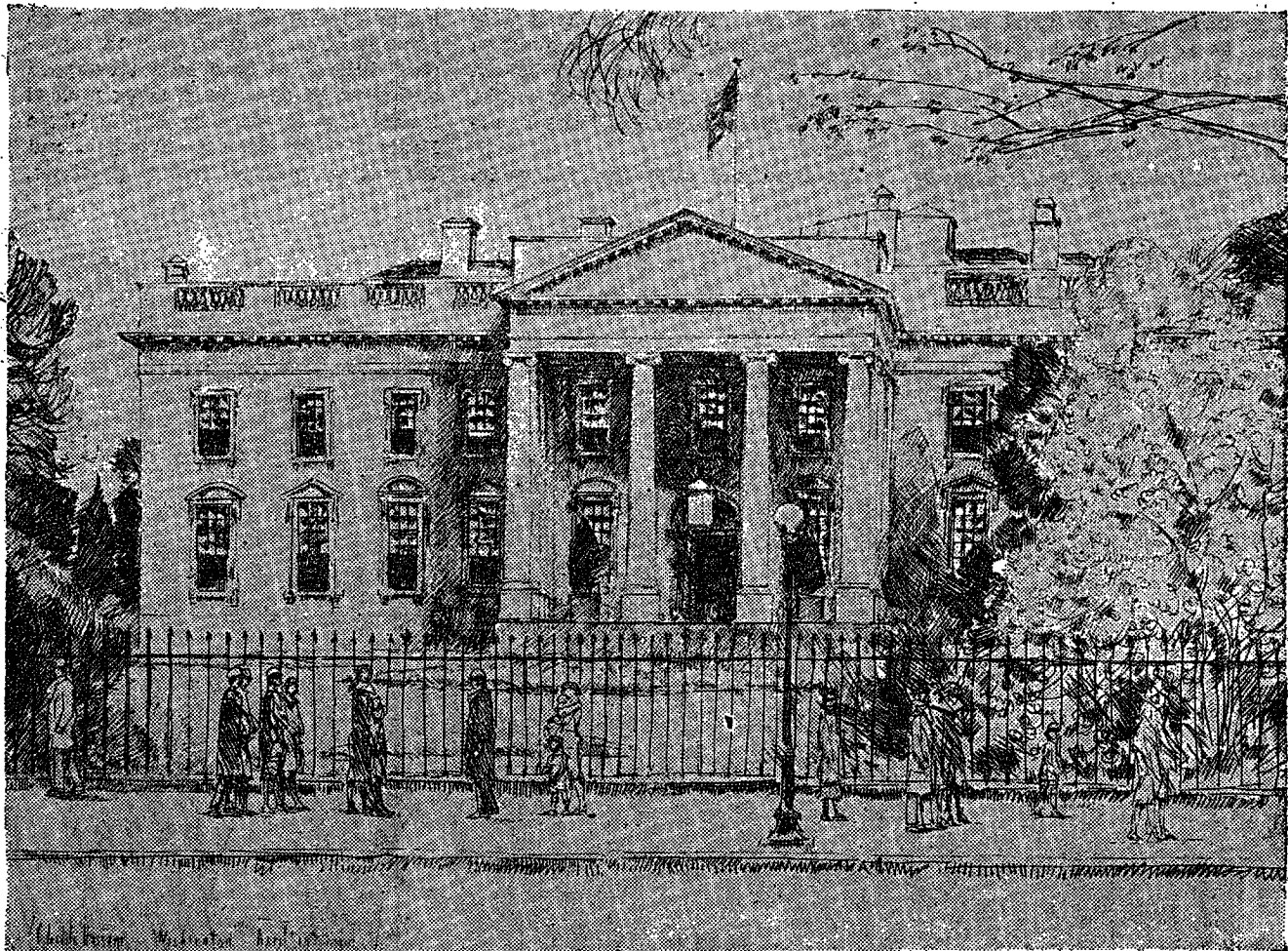
He was told that he must intervene in the great anthracite strike and quell the strikers. He held that most people would rather see the strike settle itself without injunctions or jails. The event justified him.

A hundred such illustrations could be recounted.

Mr. Coolidge, student of himself, student of his acquaintances, student of behavior, while others were going on human noises, went on the human nature behind the noises, and the listeners to the noises fell, and he prevailed.

The paradox that concludes and expresses his career to date, as he now becomes a private citizen, is that this great occasional recluse, who can spend whole days in the White House communing virtually with only himself, is also, in his mental explorations, continuously and essentially a humanist.

People—people on a vast scale—have become his specialty, his habit, his glory, his trade. He is bound to return to it. To-morrow we say to him, "Farewell," only surely presently to say to him somewhere, once again, "Hall!"



The White House

From an Etching by Childe Hassam

Courtesy of the Schwartz Galleries

that hung along the stairs. A few of the many beautiful objects of Oriental art which Mrs. Hoover particularly enjoys were there—and books.

These have gone with them to the White House.

And there is a natural curiosity about the next occupant of Twenty-three hundred.

Here comes Senator Walcott, newly elected to succeed Senator McLean, of Connecticut, who did not choose to run. McLean was warmly loved, his wife one of Washington's most interesting women. Yet such a town is this that the moving day which takes the one away submerges regret at his going in expectation fed by rumor of his successor.

That rumor says that Frederick C. Walcott is good to look upon, ingratiating, able and generous. He has not been long in politics, but has chosen his political friends wisely. His has been a great interest in wild life and in the outdoors. The last weeks before moving to Washington were spent in the wide open spaces of Arizona. In Connecticut he had financed an organization for the preservation of the wild life of his state and, it is said, himself paid the salary of a game commissioner until the state was ready to take over that work.

Best known and wealthiest, perhaps, of the new Senators, by quietly taking the Hoover house he has eluded the pursuing hounds of Washington realtors.

The lability and mutability of human nature, the fact that tempus really fugit is brought home at regular intervals not only to Presidents but to others in high station, with a loud bang that should make of them philosophers or cynics.

There is the Vice-President. During his minor and, as it were, more indolent days, when Mr. Charles Gates Dawes was only settling questions of an important governmental financial kind, and before he embarked upon the heavy duty of Vice-Presidential dining out, he lived in a hotel. This latter work involved the taking of a pleasant, spreading house high on a hill in Crescent Place, a house which could not be filled too easily. Now he goes on to the lovely and still more spreading stone house near the waters of Lake Michigan, where he calls out the Chicago Orchestra to play for him and seizes the flautist's flute to take his part in the score.

He goes, and Senator Curtis takes his place. Curtis, with his sister, Mrs. Ed-

ward Gann, has been living in a small house in that somewhat suburban portion of Washington known as Cleveland Park.

Curtis and Mrs. Gann always had been very popular socially in Washington, but they never had needed a large house. With the job which makes that sort of thing into a "duty," however, Vice-President Curtis has taken a suite in one of our most popular local hotels.

The case of Curtis, too, reminds us that some of our politically important citizenry actually are told off to official social events—as if they were, say, in the Navy—and assigned to a certain "duty." They not only must be entertained, but they must entertain in return—and adequate—both their fellow American officials and the members of the diplomatic corps. The Vice-President is the chief of these. He is our heir apparent, our Prince of Wales. He has to eat caviare and lobster and meringue glacé, and still less interesting foods of all sorts of cooks from chefs to mamies, leaving the entirely Presidential "tummy" to higher things and plainer fares. He has some help in his job in little ways, such as getting the flowers for his table from the government-run greenhouses, extra servants from government staffs, a motor with a chauffeur and secretarial assistance for his lists and his invitations. But he does not—yet—get a house.

Those who realize the extent of the social requirements officially laid upon the Vice-President have agitated for years for such a house for him—without achieving anything but agitation.

Among the best known women in Washington is a certain Mrs. Henderson. She undoubtedly has initials, but nobody ever dreams of using them. You just say "Mrs. Henderson" and every one knows whom you mean.

She is the widow of a Speaker of the House, and, having built on Sixteenth Street one of those brownstone "castles" which the luxurious taste of the American '80s so adored, she has entertained therein ever since with much pleasantness, and she also has (a rarer thing for Washington) taken a great interest in the development of the city. She got the name "Sixteenth Street" changed to "Avenue of the Presidents" and she built in it several houses, which she sold to various embassies and legations, and one house which she offered to the government to be the Vice-Presidential mansion.

The government never accepted her

offer, and the "Avenue of the Presidents" changed back into plain Sixteenth Street again—one more sample of the ingratitude of republics and another reason why the Washington moving day resembles a grabbag at a church fair.

Some buy, some rent and some rent furnished. Justices of the Supreme Court usually buy, because they are appointed for life. It was because he was a Justice and not because he was a Secretary of State that Mr. Hughes bought the house he lived in while in Washington—a not very cheerful brick house facing west in Eighteenth Street.

Frank B. Kellogg, departing successor to Hughes, has an attractive corner house with plenty of sunshine, which he "rented furnished." It is just the right distance from the State Department to provide the two-mile walk Mr. Kellogg enjoys every morning.

Like the Vice-President and like other Cabinet members, the Secretary of State has a number of little perquisites, such as a motor with a chauffeur. He has the added social comfort of being able to give large dinners at the Pan-American—the most beautiful building in Washington, where you sit down at a dinner table about a flowing fountain among palms and birds and take your coffee afterward in a charming marble gallery looking down over it all.

Usually our Cabinet officers have thought it necessary to live as "close to things" as possible. The Postmaster General and Mrs. New have been an exception. Their love of outdoors was not at all theoretical. So their house is located where town and country meet in Maryland, and there Mrs. New gardens with her own hands and plants hedges and shrubs and there the general builds birdhouses in the trees.

Secretary Kellogg is leaving for California and soon will resume the practice of law. Not so the News. They have every intention of keeping their Washington place for years to come.

And I must turn aside at this moment to point out that Washington life has in it something insidious which gets into the blood of the middle aged and well to do, causing them to seize the slightest excuse and often relatively inferior occupations—or no occupation at all—if only they may remain there. It is usually the young and the very ambitious who seem to escape it. It is a disease which frequently attacks the widows of the departed important. Those women become the backbone of the dining public, and their houses—when they take a Sabbatical winter in Europe—are the first to be shown to the incoming strangers on Washington's moving day.

One such house has been rented furnished by the Secretary of Labor, to whom we reluctantly bid good by as he

goes on to other labor. In the future, as in the past, his genuine interest is to be expended in his work for the Loyal Order of Moose, and most especially for the little children of Mooseheart.

Mr. Dwight Davis, Secretary of War, is not giving up his rather rococo house (also rented furnished). His beautiful and brilliant daughter came out in Washington last year and his other children are in school in the East. No moving vans will be drawing up to the home for some time to come.

Nor will the Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Jardine be leaving Washington, though they, too, like any tyro, are embarked upon house hunting. Some years of hotel life during the temporary glories of a Cabinet post are to give way to householding in the permanence of Mr. Jardine's new position as counsel of the Federated Fruit and Vegetable Growers.

Perhaps the most interesting "interior" of all in Washington is that of Mr. Mellon. Room after room in the large apartments he inhabits in Massachusetts Avenue is hung with his priceless collection of paintings. To mention them is to catalogue the greatest names in the history of art. And, with a modesty thoroughly characteristic of the Secretary of the Treasury, in the furthest end of the smallest hall hangs a vivid sketch of himself by Orpen and portraits by Laszlo and Oswald Burley.

To Washington, because of the various charms of their personalities, the flutterings and flitterings of householding Assistant Secretaries is quite as interesting as those of the Cabinet itself. Mr. F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation, has a pink plaster house in the Italian manner; Mr. William P. MacCracken Jr., of Commerce Air, has a typical town house, while Mr. Edward P. Warner, of the Navy Air, contents himself with a hotel suite.

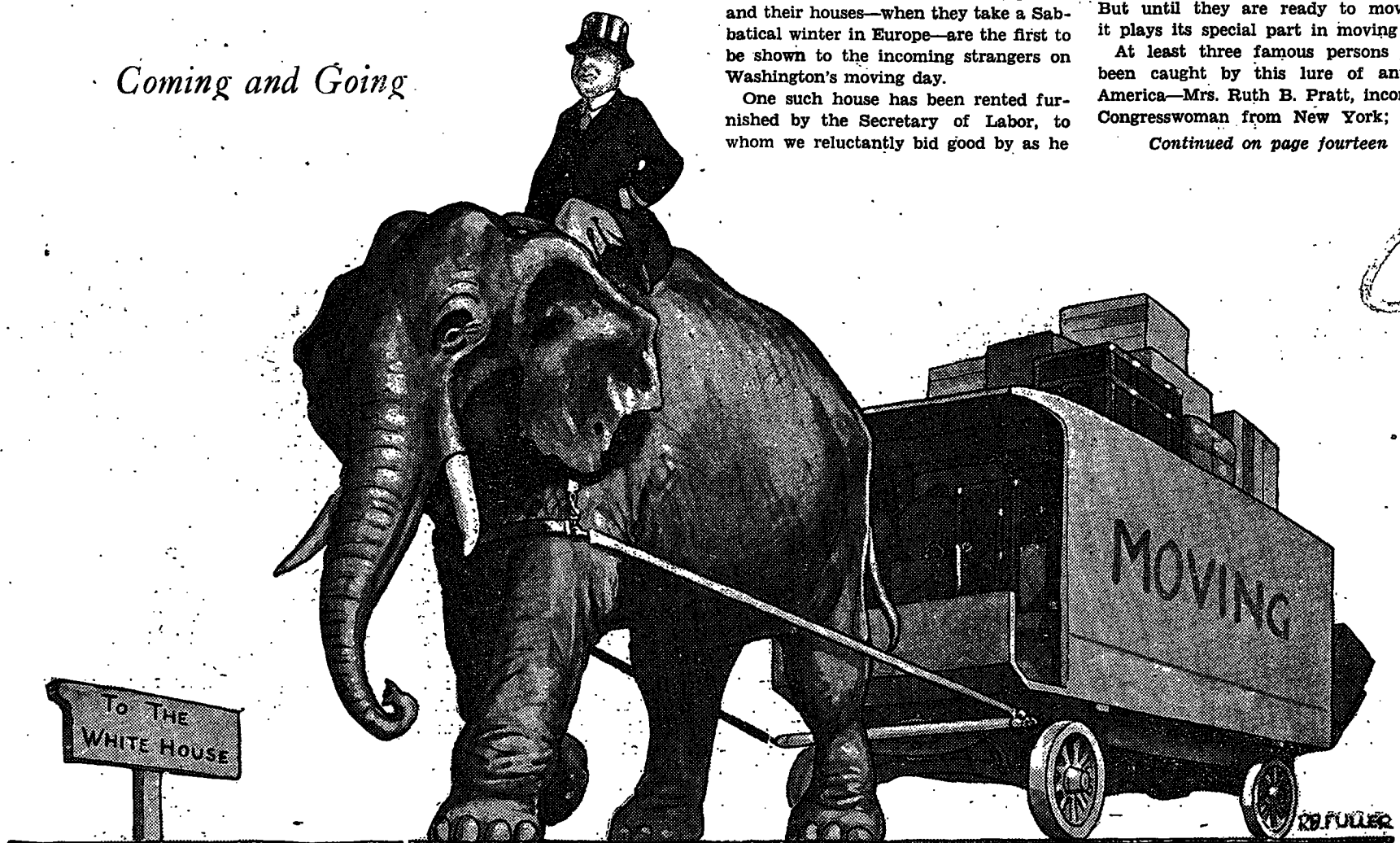
Theodore Douglas Robinson, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, departs for Europe from another "rented furnished" house well known for its habit of sheltering pleasant people.

Most unusual of those "rented furnished" houses was that from which Mr. Schuneman, of the Treasury, has just moved. It is a perfect specimen of the eighteenth century American Georgian architecture, as fresh and livable to-day as if it had not been built for the Carrolls, had not sheltered Dolly Madison fleeing from the White House with Washington's picture under her cloak. The Colonial Dames have bought it. But until they are ready to move in it plays its special part in moving day.

At least three famous persons have been caught by this lure of antique America—Mrs. Ruth B. Pratt, incoming Congresswoman from New York; Mrs.

Continued on page fourteen

Coming and Going



rose and opal stole over the still water and the tawny hills of September. Seven black and white herons sailed by, etched against the glowing mountains. Mrs. Hoover sat moveless, saying not a word, and I wondered to what distant lands her thoughts had gone while she watched the afterglow.

Thanks to a friendly old duck, resident of a neighboring ranch, we saw the sunrise also. Just before dawn he paddled slowly down the lake, a wake of faint rose and amethyst behind him. He landed at the tiny beach and stood bowing and talking in an affable undertone, looking so comic that I smothered a laugh.

"Did the alarm clock wake you?" came a whispered question, and there was Mrs. Hoover, watching our early caller with a smile.

I nodded, about to make a muffled reply, when she silently pointed across the lake. Straight away from us, high above the dark hills, hung the morning star, so big, so bright, that it made a golden pathway over the water. The violet and rose deepened as the sky grew luminous, and the hills came out of the shadows. The wild duck loitered about hopefully, with an eye to possible favors in the way of a snack or two—nor was his trust misplaced, for later he had half a waffle for his delectation, fed to him by a distinguished lady for the service he had done.

Days and nights among the giant redwoods! I remember Mrs. Hoover strolling along the little fern-bordered trails that threaded the forest, playing with the motion-picture camera that was part of our equipment, sitting about the campfire in the evenings.

This new First Lady never looked mussed, as do most campers, although she gave no more heed to her clothes than the rest of us. Her short tweed sports suit did not wrinkle, her pongee blouses, with the blue tie, always looked fresh. The feather lost by a careless bluejay, which she stuck in the band of her soft straw hat, was always perky. Also, her clear, pale skin did not tan or burn, however long she was out in the bright sunshine. Usually, on our rambles, she and her father strolled ahead, arm in arm, the rest of us straggling along as we chose. She could always identify for us an oddly colored rock—her knowledge of geology, general or specific, is as definite as on the day she finished college. Likewise she could place for us an unfamiliar flower, or a new bird—yet never with the slightest hint of pedantry.

Once when we were eating supper a queer sound pierced the dusk—something between a whistle and a call, repeated at regular intervals. Someone nervously inquired what it was.

Mrs. Hoover laughed. "Only a squirrel."

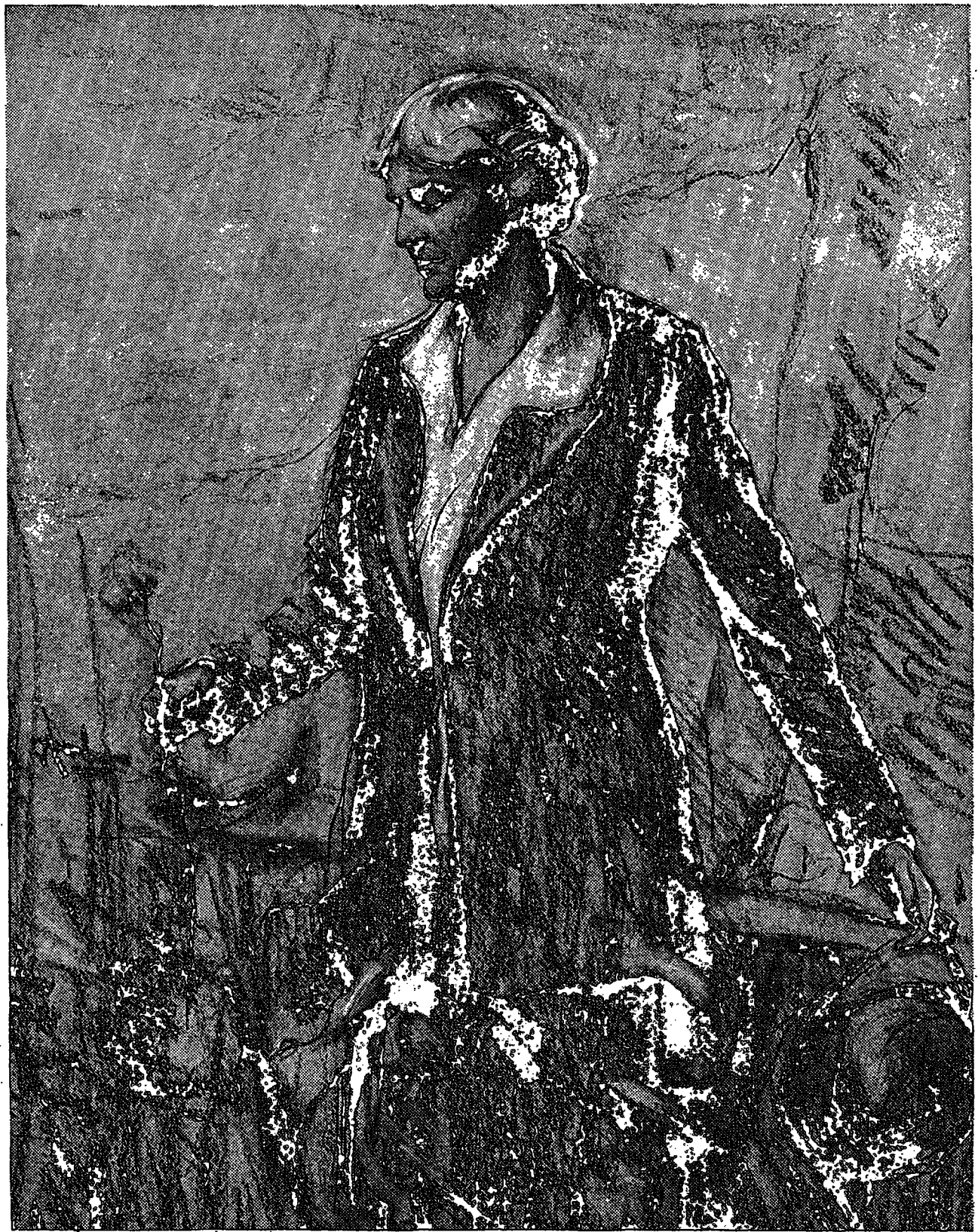
This did not sound like squirrel talk, and one of us said as much.

"But it is," Mrs. Hoover explained. "Once a squirrel sat outside my window in Washington and puffed out his cheeks and talked just like that for half an hour. I was so busy watching him that I forgot my letters."

We investigated, and sure enough, high on a redwood limb perched the small gray creature, making those meditative remarks. It so happened that none of us had heard one do this before, save Mrs. Hoover. Her powers of observation are unusually alert.

Her nerves are never on the surface. One afternoon the click of her portable indicated that she was writing letters—easily, matter of factly, she managed quite a number every day. The rest of our group had scattered, but I, flat on the needle-covered ground, was idly watching the great trees, rank on rank, sway gently in the autumn sunshine. I very probably dozed off for a few moments.

Very suddenly I was aware that a change had come over the clean, green world. The sunshine was yellowish. The



It Is One of Her Abiding Faiths That Every Life Needs Some Communion with Nature
Drawn for the Herald Tribune by S. J. Woolf

fragrance of the redwoods bore a tang, and fine white ashes were sifting down between the columns of the trees. I dashed excitedly over to where Mrs. Hoover was sitting and informed her that there was a fire and asked if we should not do something.

She smiled reassuringly. "It is not very near; I can tell by the smoke. The wind veered and brought it this way, but I don't think we need be alarmed. Sometimes smoke from fires in this kind of timber is carried fifty miles."

I was not altogether pacified and decided to walk to the near-by village. Her letters were just about finished, so she strolled along with me, and at the little town we found her opinion as to the source of the smoke confirmed exactly; there was not the remotest chance of danger. On the way back we fell into conversation with an elderly couple who lived in a clearing near our camp. Mrs. Hoover and the woodsman got deep into the discussion of forests. Finally the old man said:

"The redwoods get you. I've lived among 'em all my life. My wife has, too. We like them more and more. It's something you can hardly explain."

The little old lady confirmed his words. Their eyes lightened as they talked with Mrs. Hoover, and it was evident that they had instantly formed a high opinion of her personality and

her extensive knowledge of lumbering, reforestation and the like.

"You connected with lumber folks?" one of them asked, with frank admiration.

"No," she said. "But I've always loved trees." She was at home with these plain old people and they accepted her as one of their own.

We were taking snapshots one Saturday when a young teacher and her pupils came along on their way to a picnic. They paused to talk and were pleased to be included in a number of pictures—the large group gave an excellent idea of the huge girth of the trees. They posed in half a dozen different scenes. Of course, the little teacher had no idea of the identity of the friendly lady who was taking most of the pictures, otherwise she would have been immensely flattered when Mrs. Hoover asked her name and address. Shortly after our return to town the teacher was sent a print from each film in which she and her charges had figured, with a note of appreciation for her co-operation in our amateur photography.

One evening around the campfire we were saying "Old Man Kangaroo," one of the children's favorite classics. It was frequently brought to mind by the robe of kangaroo fur given to Mr. Henry years before by his eldest daughter—the

soft, furry thing was invaluable for camping and for sleeping in the open. "Auntie Lou, what's Spinifex?" asked Janet, her small niece.

"Auntie Lou" described the short, thick grass. Then she went on to tell with what amused delight she and Mr. Hoover had hailed the Just-So stories. They were in Australia at the time the inimitable tales were first published and knew the background as they knew California. I watched the play of the firelight across her mobile features, as she talked and found it difficult to decide what held the greatest charm, her expressive face or her low-pitched, humorous voice.

Thus the days went, delightfully, lazily, not ever to be forgotten. All too soon came the morning when we broke camp for the last time. All too soon we were speeding down the Redwood Highway to San Francisco and Stanford University.

Mrs. Hoover's love for outdoor living, the delight she takes in camping and tramping, her joy in the simple pleasures of nights spent under the stars, are likely to have an interesting effect on Presidential vacations for the next few years. Even if the bill for a summer White House passes, the President and his family may go to the wilds or one of the great national parks each year for a few weeks of relaxation.

Sparrow Hawks of Commerce

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primitive, they must acquire an insight into many a world of strange psychology.

For example, Arnold, in China, tells of the American exporter of foodstuffs who was looking for a market for an extra large crop of California dried figs made into fig biscuits. He encountered the Chinese superstition that those who eat figs can never become parents of boy babies. So he had to look elsewhere.

With stories such as this must our trade commissioners be aware. And then they must add another thing.

They add a willingness—a positively military eagerness—to endure any hardship or danger in going after the information they want. Rare but not unique are such stories as those of Louis E. Van Norman, packed in for days at a time with peasants, typhus cases, goats, peacocks, garlic and more peasants in post-war trains whose very seats had been ripped out by the Bolsheviks, crawling across Rumania, foodless, waterless, bedless.

"To sell abroad we must buy abroad," said Mr. Hoover.

To sell at home, we might add, under that new competition which is so often a competition of industry against industry rather than a competition within industry itself, we must be awake to every lesson in economical production and in novel expedient which the rest of the world has to teach us. And, smart as we are, the rest of the world can occasionally teach us something.

Among our sparrow hawks for this sort of learning I commend to your attention one Axel Oxholm, head of the wood products division of the Department of Commerce in Washington.

Oxholm leaps out from behind his desk and flings open a cabinet in the corner.

"Results of my last trip," he says, "enough for me to work on here for two years!"

The interior of the cabinet is filled with the most extraordinary miscellany of wooden objects. Here is something you kneel on while you scrub a floor. There is a wooden shoe hinged in the sole most cleverly for use in acid plants, cement works and so on. There is a new kind of folding chair and here is a piece of wood fumed in a new way to a beautiful finish and a piece of veneer glued along its edges in another new way. Up on top is something that looks like a beautiful Egyptian temple. Oxholm shows that off triumphantly. It is something he saw in Caen, in France—a new way of piling up lumber so that you save 4 per cent in your handling cost.

Here are the evidences of scores of ideas picked up in Sweden and Norway, in France and Holland and Germany, ideas which Oxholm is now demonstrating to the lumber industry for economy in production and for expansion in use.

So he, like others in this extraordinary line of men, is able to answer for the American exporter such a question as that which came over his desk while I was there:

"I produce fifty-six kinds of woods. Can I sell this kind in Holland—sample enclosed. And how can I sell it? Direct to the consumer?"

And he is able from field experience to answer:

"This wood is too hard for furniture, but the Dutch will like it for floors. You cannot sell direct. You will be boycotted. You should have a regular established agent. I inclose a list of possibilities. You will not want an agent who represents two houses in the same line, for he can play one against the other. He must be no sharper, but a conservative and reputable business man who will carry out your personal wishes."

While Oxholm was in Europe doing his regular job—though one hesitates to use so conventional an expression of the way in which Mr. Oxholm works—he was gathering thousands of tabulated records of the export agents of the various coun-

tries in which he worked. This highly confidential material he turned over to the department in Washington.

I have said that women were given an equal opportunity with men to qualify for this service. Three of them have so qualified. Two of them have already qualified in the field of action, and the third has just gone off with every prospect of making good.

The last I heard of Miss A. Viola Smith she was riding on a certain Sunday afternoon through the streets of Shanghai, on a truck which contained a new refrigerating showcase, and seeing that the window casing of the shop for which it was destined was taken out (since the door was too small) to let it in, and standing over the coolies while it was accurately installed.

Selling American goods to the Chinese market had not been enough for Miss Smith—as it would not have been enough for any other trade commissioner. She had to make sure that those goods would have every chance to function.

The St. Louis firm which exported the apparatus has her picture on its wall.

Miss Gundrun Carlson I saw in Washington the other day—a tall, handsome young woman, charming, yet full of pep. She is entering the service at a fraction of the salary she has been receiving, and she is doing it, among other reasons, because she likes "pioneering."

Young as she is (just turning into the thirties) she was one of the first women to strike out new paths in industry. An expert and a lecturer upon food and food products, she succeeded in making a new job for herself—and for other women—in the Institute of American Meat Packers. T. E. Wilson, then president, needed a woman for contacts, for scientific experimentation and for the broadcasting of its results. It was a new kind of work. Miss Carlson's fellow collegiate highbrows assured her she would lose her hard-won prestige in the educational world if she took it.

But Miss Carlson was the stuff of which our sparrow hawks are made. Her motto is: "New and difficult, and therefore interesting!"

Speaking Swedish like a native and with a fair knowledge of German and Norwegian also, she has just gone off to Oslo to the thrill of doing some more "pioneering"—to create in Norway the new work of being the first trade commissioner in Oslo.

Then there are the stories of Miss Elizabeth Humes, trade commissioner in Rome. Daughter of an American naval officer, much of her childhood was spent in Europe, so that she speaks German, French and Italian fluently.

There is no doubt that much of her extraordinary success has been due to that knowledge of Italian, but still more is it due to that personality upon which the expert committee of judges in Washington lay so much stress. For it was with both that she has been able to gain Mussolini's co-operation.

She had been doing Red Cross work in Italy during the war, and when we accredited Dr. Alfred P. Dennis as our first trade commissioner to Rome she went into his office as an assistant. Learned as that gentleman was, he had no knowledge of Italian, and he was soon using Miss Humes in all his "contacts." But she was far more than an interpreter of languages. She was a smoother and arranger of all sorts of politico-social situations.

Mussolini, in his first policy of creating an entirely self-dependent Italy, had issued his famous order on the "Batalo del Grano"—the battle of the wheat. Italy was to grow all the wheat it needed by a stroke of the dictatorial pen.

Dennis went to the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome. He went to the Minister of Agriculture. He went to many other sources for such informa-

tion. He worked for days. He ended empty handed. He happened, then, to mention to Miss Humes that he desired to know what would probably be the proportion of Italy's wheat crop to Italian consuming needs. She instantly gave him, out of the knowledge she had in her head, knowledge derived from official sources, the information he had been seeking.

When Dennis was given a roving commission covering nearly everything west of Turkey, Miss Humes went along for those contacts. Among others, they conferred with Stambouliski, Dictator of Bulgaria. With him Miss Humes conversed in German.

Next day the dictator gave a great dinner in her honor.

"Remember," he said to her, "I am not as the others. Other governments fall. I, the son of a goatherd, I understand my people. I shall remain. Ten, twelve years from now return and you will find me here!"

At the station, when she left, there were rows of young peasant girls who strewed flowers before her in the Dictator's name. As the train pulled into the station in Paris, the front-page news in the paper she bought headlined the assassination of Stambouliski.

Mussolini's wheat program collapsed. Stambouliski was assassinated. They were but passing incidents in the crowded life of the young woman who was to be made, two years later, a trade commissioner in her own right.

On more than one occasion a visiting American of importance who has asked for five minutes with the great Mussolini and has been blocked in other directions, has been taken into the presence by Miss Humes. And then it has been his opportunity to observe that the five minutes he has asked for has turned into a prolonged and animated conversation between her and Il Duce, greatly to the benefit and the interest of the important American.

Here and there across the world the lines of our trade run, carrying that extra ten per cent of business which makes for stabilization in our national industry, which takes up the slack in depression and frequently spells just the margin between profit and loss. Here and there it runs, spotting at nearly every pin

another story of the contribution of our trade commissioners to national prosperity.

And those trade lines tie back into district offices dotted across the homeland, where a telegram or a telephone call gets an absolutely instant response of spot news from Peking to Keokuk.

The day has passed when the American manufacturer has to rely upon casual information for broadening his markets. The day has passed when you are amused upon the steamer deck by the old classics of commercial travelers.

Such stories as that of the American exporter who tried to sell coal-burning cook stoves in Costa Rica, where there is no coal, which is the favorite tale of Commercial Attaché Peck in Panama. Or the story of the builder of street railway equipment who had all the trolley cars he had shipped to Caracas returned because the signs "Don't speak to the motorman" were painted in English. Or of the enterprising Cleveland merchant who journeyed all the way to Rumania to sell vacuum cleaners to the peasants, and who got a terrible shock upon his arrival by learning that Rumanian peasants have no electricity within some hundreds of miles and are not particularly interested in the virtue which is second only to Godliness.

To-day you are amused in a new direction, as I was, to find salted peanuts in Paraguay; to find Brazilians drinking grape juice in the midst of a wide-open town; to learn in Buenos Ayres the word "Quacka" as an Argentine word meaning porridge; to buy American silk stockings in Jerusalem from an Arab and a little yellow tube of toothpaste from an Egyptian, who had certainly never used it himself; and to be able to reach for your own brand of cigarettes in Turkey.

Those ancient stories of our ignorance of packing processes and of marketing processes which flourished before the days of Hoover have already become the Homeric epics, the myths of business.

It is out of world vision looking away from our shores, and out of intimate home study within our shores—the study of personality here, of broad psychologies there—that this foreign trade of ours is swinging on its upward course. Our Sparrow Hawks of Commerce are their own sample line.

Moving Day in Washington

Continued from page seven

Ruth Hanna McCormick, incoming Congresswoman-at-large from Illinois, and Colonel William Donovan, Assistant Attorney General under President Coolidge.

Mrs. McCormick moves from the old house she rented in Georgetown, where Edgar Allan Poe and John Howard Payne and the early Secretaries of the Navy once lived, to the Currier-and-Ives print of a house built in the early 1800s.

Colonel Donovan has bought the Georgetown house, whose history begins in 1795, with George Washington's nephew, Corby Washington, and goes on with Bushrod Washington living there while he was on the Supreme Court. Colonel Donovan has repaired the house without impairing its beauty and cherishes the great trees, older than the house itself, that shadow it.

Mrs. Pratt has been equally fortunate in finding a residence of antique charm. She has rented Evermay in Georgetown, whose sweet name is not belied by the lovely lines of the eighteenth century mansion built of brick imported from England, whose gardens, terraced down the hill, command a beautiful vista of the City of Washington, whose swimming pool and tennis court are shaded by a variety of trees and shrubs.

Senators, members of Congress and minor government employees by the thousands own their own homes in Washington to a very large proportion. It is the executive chiefs in the Administration for whom time is so fleeting that they scarcely unpack before they must

begin to consider the next moving day.

Time was when the quadrennial spectacle of the capital's great right and left meant an upheaval all down the line. Pre-war visitors remember the "For Rent" signs, thicker than the leaves above these shadiest of streets. Real estate firms used to keep a weekly printed list of houses as long as a man's arm and employ the time of a clerk for a whole day to keep it up to date. But stricter enforcement of the civil service has changed all that. Then no man nor woman was sure of to-morrow's job. To-day the two-score or so of fine houses inhabited by celebrities are balanced by thousands of new and cheerful little houses inhabited by home-owning families, who know they have some security in their work.

So as Mr. Hoover enters for the first time as President that pillared portico under which he has so often walked as a consultant on the nation's government, his joy in his own work will not be clouded by the thought that his coming is inevitably (through the operations of the ancient "spoils system") bringing unhappiness to thousands of obscure government clerks.

Washington's moving day this year will be a grand right and left among the renters of fine houses, who can amply afford to be disappointed and take a cure abroad. The little fellows can cheer the marching colors from the sidewalks and the bleachers and go home happy.