



All the MacKays.

HE BEST argument I ever saw for an aristocracy of birth is a family which preaches democracy. The MacKays—father, mother, four sons and a daughter—have achieved distinction in art or science. They publish books as a matter of course. They are like the families with a criminal strain in their blood, which sociologists tell about.

Their's is a conspiracy to further the happiness of nations. The father was Steele MacKaye, famous as actor-manager and author of "Hazel Kirke"; the mother dramatized "Pride and Prejudice"; it is true the oldest son, Harold MacKaye, is a lawyer, but even he cannot help being a novelist and sculptor besides; Percy MacKaye is a poet, a playwright, and a reformer in the theatre; Benton MacKaye is a forester, interested in the preservation of the forests from gypsy moths and Guggenheims; Hazel MacKaye is an actress; and James MacKaye is the philosopher who makes the whole family activity seem reasonable.

So, if you want to know what they are all about, you must go to James. He will tell you in his Yankee drawl, as he looms above you with his rosy cheeks and his curly brown pompadour. He will say that the purpose of life is to achieve "the greatest amount of happiness for all the world."

You will answer that you approve, of course. That makes him angry.

"Cannibals approve of cannibalism; the czar approves of

the czar; lots of people approve of working other people to death. Whatever they approve they call right."

"But conscience ought to—"

"Yes, you make conscience a guide to right, instead of making logic a guide to right and right a guide to conscience. You will work for the happiness of everybody if you approve of it—that is, if it doesn't hurt business, instead of working for it because it's right."

When I heard that I wanted to ask him a very natural, and a very personal question. Once, when I saw him take five lumps of sugar in his tea, I had the courage.

"Tell me, Mr. MacKaye, do you approve of your own philosophy?"

He smiled, almost sadly.

"No not of all of it, but what difference would my disapproval make?"

The fine sternness of the Puritans came out in that. But on it is built a love of the joy of life. "The Economy of Happiness," working through the rigid precision of scientific method, is a philosophy which finds its ultimate justification in the joy of men, and the laughter of a child. That is the MacKaye inheritance—novels, plays, poems, acting, scientific research, "fun, fishing, and philosophy" for all the world—a creative strain, strikingly like the criminal strain. It is in their blood.

Percy MacKaye's son, Robin, aged eleven, when asked what he was going to be when he grew up, replied:

"A father, dad."

WALTER LIPPMANN.

After Election

"It's the Boyg that's unwounded, and the Boyg that was hurt,
It's the Boyg that is dead, and the Boyg that's alive."

—*Pear Gynt*.

The dead Boyg is plutocratic Republicanism. The living Boyg is plutocratic Democracy. This is the way it happened in Massachusetts, for example. Governor Draper and the Republican party belong to the New Haven Railroad, and the banking interests of the state by birth, education, class and tradition. It is part of their equipment as gentlemen of culture. But this year it was plain that their defeat was inevitable—rebellion had reached Massachusetts. And as the Republican party in convention made protection its creed and Lodge its prophet, the people were sure to turn to the Democrats. Then

came the famous convention in Faneuil Hall. The drift there was clearly towards a radical Democrat, named Hamlin. But Hamlin told the representatives of the railroad that he would treat them with perfect justice. So the convention was wrecked by orders from headquarters; the railroads and the banks selected Eugene Foss.

The campaign then was a mere stage battle. The purely academic question involved was whether the railroads should rule through cultured New Englanders or "professional politicians." The people's choice was between snobbish and smug Toryism and unpretentious, unassuming, every-day corruption. The people had tried the Tories, and knew vividly what they were like. So they turned from the Republican party. Anything seemed better than what they had. That they turned to