

**FROM
GASLIGHT
to dawn**



**an
autobiography by
Julie Chanler**

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Julie Chanler

The most exciting game in the world is that of exploration. Knowingly or not, all of us are explorers. We explore ourselves, and the world. Precious guides along our own personal way are the records left us by prophets, idealists, by seekers for a better world and by the intense individuals who plunge into living with the passion of the conquerors of heights and jungles. Julie Chanler's story of her pilgrimage from the gas and cut-glass glitter of the lush 19th century toward the newest horizons of our time, her report of her discovery of One World within her own extremely individualistic spirit, strike the reader with the same kind of impact that one feels in reading records of the dedicated souls of the centuries. She "belongs".

The pure and the purposeful, those who build boldly and dream with clear confident vision, have no need to think of *how* to tell what they have to say. Their *how*, *why* and *what* are all clear and simple to them and therefore to the readers. Edison and Lindbergh, Gandhi and St. Augustine hold their readers' attention by readability far removed from the weights and measures of the slicks, the pulps, the quarterlies and "Little magazines." With utter naturalness Julie Chanler tells a simple, clearly told tale that might have been fiction had it not been true.

Because she belongs among great souls, she writes down her experiences in this our life as a cascade writes its record on the river bank. As you read, you do not think that she is writing, that you are reading, that this is English, that you should stop and eat your dinner, that there is a separation between

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From
Gaslight
to
Dawn

by the same author

HIS MESSENGERS WENT FORTH
The child life of the Prophets.

LIVING PICTURES
(co-author Mirza Ahmad Sohrab)
Dramatic history of the Bahai Cause.

SILVER SUN
(co-author Mirza Ahmad Sohrab)
A story for young people

From
Caslight
to
Dawn

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Alice and me

PART ONE

Chapter I

GLEN COVE and MADISON AVENUE

(1882 - 1889)

"WHY DO YOU work so hard?" people often enquire, and I answer "I don't know if I'm working very hard. I just keep on going." Then they ask more questions, often in letters, and sometimes they propose: "Why not write something about yourself? You're intimately connected with the Caravan and up to now we place you only as J. C. Don't you think that we, as Caravaneers, are entitled to know you a little better?"

Maybe this is true, and as most people write about themselves these days, it might be democratic to fall in with the custom. Emily Post once told me that anybody can be interesting for twenty minutes. So I'm going to start, and when I overstep the twenty minutes, as I must, the reader can just turn aside and leave me to claim, as Barry Gray occasionally does on his midnight radio program: "No one is listening, so I can say what I like."

GLEN COVE

I was born at Glen Cove, Long Island, New York, on October 21st, 1882 at my grandfather's place which was known as Elsinore. I imagine this name had nothing to

do with the residence of the Prince of Denmark, but that it was a tribute to my mother who, although christened Alice, was always called Elsie. I never knew my mother, but I loved her deeply as everyone did at Glen Cove, and this sentiment was nurtured by her nurse Louise, who was my nurse also.

Our house was of the gingerbread variety, much ornamented and painted in browns and yellows. It had a cupola, two tiers of deep, vine-hung verandas and a porte-cochère. A great silver ball, set on a pile of verdure, made a center around which the carriages turned. Everything was thoroughly Victorian, which was the modern of the day.

Many summers at Glen Cove are fresh in my mind. I can still see the smooth expanse of the Sound stretching from our lawn to the far Connecticut shore; I can still feel the throb of the afternoon sunlight as it blazed over the waters and down our hall, making the rooms on either side seem very dark, and can still smell the perfume of the honeysuckle vines which grew luxuriantly at one side of the house. Other flowers are vivid to me and remain my favorites—the climbing morning glory around the windows, the wisteria hanging from the arbor that connected the house with the stable and the pansy-beds up the hill, toward which my sister and I would dash every afternoon as the carriage appeared around the turn, bringing my father from the dock. Thus as the weary commuter returned from town, a boutonnière was awaiting him, plucked within the minute. Incidentally, although the dock was at our gate and our gate at only a four or five minutes walk to the house, no one ever thought of

covering the distance on foot. We lived with my grandfather, S. L. M. Barlow, and my grandmother who was an invalid, till the time they both died at my seventh birthday.

The chief thrill in returning to Glen Cove after the winter was to find Toto, our King Charles spaniel. I always associated this little dog with the spaniel in the Van Dyke painting of the Stuart children which hung in the drawing room, and Toto seemed partly remote and historic, and partly warm and companionable. He was our own, among the others belonging to my grandfather which were many and exceedingly well trained. At meal times these dogs would sit in a semi-circle behind my grandfather's chair, graded according to size, the small ones at the two ends, while my grandfather, Bon Papa we called him, would ignore them completely until he felt like tossing a bit of food to one or another of them. The food was always caught and the semi-circle remained unbroken. No dog ever dared solicit any favors.

Bon Papa took pleasure in a pair of horses named Kitty and Bell. He would set out behind them on long swift drives in a carriage of the lightest possible make. Often he would go to the Roosevelt place at Oyster Bay. Teddy was young then and no one could have dreamed that he was to become a dashing Rough Rider and one of the most picturesque of our Presidents. Sometimes we were allowed to make a little tour on the floor of the carriage. We felt it a great honor to drive behind Kitty and Bell.

My grandfather's study, halfway up the stairs, was arrived at by a few steps leading in reverse direction from the main ones. It was dark and spooky on the staircase,

the stained-glass windows casting pools of rich but ominous colors on the thick carpet. Sometimes we were invited into the study and given candy out of the desk drawer. Bon Papa said that a little monster lived in that drawer, protecting the candy. We didn't need to be warned, for we were strictly honest. Just the same we always hurried by that landing, thinking of the monster in the study.

Bon Papa delighted in giving us sweets. At breakfast he occasionally substituted maple syrup for the usual milk on our oatmeal. This variation of our menu was supposed to be kept strictly confidential.

We generally played on the beach, but sometimes were taken inland to spend the afternoon at the edge of the woods. Our favorite spot was by the foot of a plateau along which my grandfather's cows walked to and from the grazing meadows. We never saw them go out, but would watch them returning in single file with a lovely black one always at the head of the column.

"How do the cows know that she is the leader?" we would ask, and the answer was: "They know, and she knows too. She will lead for quite a while."

The long line of cows silhouetted against the sky was a pretty sight. We accepted it as a signal that we too should go home.

Two dolls held places in my heart, although I had counted on loving only one. The first was Blanche, a blonde with blue eyes, of a make entitled Bébé Jumeaux, very desirable in those days. Being completely absorbed in Blanche, I did not want a second doll, but another Bébé Jumeaux was presented to me, a snappy brunette who

little by little wedged her way into my affections, and I found myself in the grip of split loyalties. I suffered quite a lot over the situation, but had to accept the inevitable. I adored Marguerite almost as much as I adored Blanche, although in a different way.

A dark afternoon in my life was one on which I heard the crackle of shooting up by the stable. I ran toward the sound and found my uncle, whom we called Oncle Pierre, standing by a bloody heap of sparrows. The noise was horrible to me, the sight unforgettable. After this I would shudder when I heard Oncle Pierre singing by the piano after dinner, as was his custom. It was claimed that his voice was good, but it did not seem agreeable to me.

Louise, who was an Alsatian, came to our family when my mother was a little girl and Oncle Pierre a baby. She saw my mother married, after which she returned to France where she became the wife of a Monsieur Vast. Monsieur Vast could not have lived long, for shortly after my mother's death, Louise was free to return to America to bring up the children of her *petite fille*. She constantly spoke to us about our mother, extolling her intelligence, her goodness, her lovely ways until we, together with everyone else in the house, became devotees to the memory of "Elsie". Often we would go to the churchyard of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in the village and lay little bunches of flowers on a flat granite stone which bore the inscription:

ALICE WADSWORTH OLIN
 Daughter of Samuel L. M. Barlow
 Wife of Stephen H. Olin
 Born September 17th, 1853
 Died November 7th, 1882

My mother's closest friends were Consuelo Yznaga and Jenny Jerome, and Louise had many anecdotes to tell about these girls who were so often at the house. The former was queenly and beautiful, and the latter, a mad-cap who caused Louise no end of trouble, which was cheerfully accepted because everyone succumbed to Jenny's charm. These three girls, usually together, were the toast-of-the-town individually and collectively, and two of them made brilliant marriages. Consuelo became Duchess of Manchester, in an alliance strongly objected to by Louise, while Jenny as Lady Randolph Churchill, gave the world a remarkable personality in her son, Sir Winston Churchill. As her friends took their places in the British peerage, my mother cast in her lot with a poor lawyer. "I would rather have him" she confided to Louise "than all the titles in Europe and all the money in the United States."

MADISON AVENUE

Winters were spent in New York at No. 1 Madison Avenue. The front windows gave on Madison Square, and our nursery was on the 23rd Street side where the horse-cars plied back and forth. The heavy cars filled with people were a cruel load for the horses, but the sight was acceptable in those days. My grandfather's house was big and square, and rich in art objects. He was a connoisseur in paintings and porcelains. His Chinese "Sang de Boeuf" are now at the Metropolitan Museum. My grandmother was a Townsend—an old New York family, but my grandfather was a self-made man who amassed a fortune, much of which he afterwards lost, and an amazing amount of culture besides. I imagine that his system of making money

was of the usual kind employed by financiers, upon which nobody frowned, and I gather this from a story which my father repeated once or twice, to his own intense amusement. It was this: two men were walking on lower Broadway when one of them stopped suddenly and exclaimed "How amazing! Do you see what I see?"

His companion answered "No. I don't see anything."

"But look, right before you. There is Sam Barlow with his hands in his own pockets."

To dine at my grandfather's house was a mark of distinction, for only the highly intelligent were invited. Writers, journalists, statesmen sat around that table and the talk was both significant and amusing. My father, himself a brilliant conversationalist, appreciated this gift in others and in later years he often spoke of those dinner parties and of the exhilaration he derived from them. In fact so much was he addicted to wit and repartee, that he occasionally induced my grandfather to include in these parties a certain character of whom he thoroughly disapproved, simply because of this man's ability to entertain. Later the two would meet in the street and my father would give the cold cut to the guest of the preceding evening, on the principle that he recognized such a person only under certain conditions—which were at the dinner table.

I probably met few of those who came to the house but can remember Charles A. Dana, formerly of *The Tribune* and later of *The Sun* which he acquired, and Roscoe Conkling, U. S. Senator from New York. The latter lost his life following over-exertion in the Great Blizzard of 1888 and a statue of him was erected in Madison Park just

in line with our house. The Great Blizzard remained in my mind partly on account of this tragedy, but chiefly because of the condensed milk drunk during those snow-bound days, which I found most delectable.

My grandfather was a lover of animals. Once he saw me killing flies on the windowpane, to the applause of the house-maid, and he reproved me with much feeling. From that minute I understood that kindness must be shown to all creatures, no matter how small. This incident demonstrates the benefit of early training. I might have been taught quite otherwise.



No. 1 Madison Ave. House of S. L. M. Barlow

Courtesy of the New York Historical Society

A second valuable instruction came from my father. I was playing a solo game of marbles and, having no opponent, thought it permissible to arrange the pieces so that I should win. My father noticed my maneuvers and gave me a talk on fair-play. "If you are not honest with yourself" he said "you will not be honest with others." I never forgot this advice.

My sister Alice, a year and a half older than me, was persona grata with my grandmother and my father. They saw in her traces of my mother, and for this they indulged her at all times. Besides, she was a forceful character; even as a child, she expected to be deferred to, and she was. I, on the other hand, was very timid. They told me that I was born crying, and I cried a lot during those years. I was definitely the underdog, but my grandfather always petted me and Louise was my haven of comfort.

We were still babies when a formidable personage named Madame Biava entered our lives, and our happy days with Louise were infringed upon by the presence of a governess. We made no secret of our displeasure and this did not make the situation any easier. On Sundays we were taken to the French Protestant Church somewhere in the West Twenties, where a certain Monsieur Granilnard occupied the pulpit and seemed to threaten us in his every word. *Il faut battre les enfants* (children must be beaten) he often announced, to the accompaniment of twisted facial expressions. We were told that while doing missionary work in Africa, Monsieur Granilnard had once been chased by cannibals, and the memory of that experience had brought on epileptic fits which were apt to strike at any moment. Our impression was that these fits took

place every Sunday morning and, although we were greatly discomfited at the sight, we could not find it in our hearts to blame the cannibals. On the other hand, Madame Biava considered this pastor a martyr and she followed up his instructions of severity as far as she dared do so.

One can bear anything in the daytime if the nights are peaceful and secure. Louise slept in the day-nursery and Madame Biava in the night-nursery. It was my lot to sleep with Madame Biava. How well I remember those agonizing partings with Louise when she left me in my crib to the mercies of the governess. Tears upon tears, which occasionally evoked pity, for sometimes Louise took matters into her own hands and transferred me to her bed. Then, in spite of the fact that the procedure was often repeated, I slept in a fool's paradise only to awaken in the morning at the side of Madame Biava. So the weeping started up again.

Rumors of our unhappy state finally reached my father's ears and on a bright day, one of the brightest in my memory, we learned that Madame Biava had left to return no more.

Louise was near to being a saint, yet there must have run in her a streak of sadism, possibly induced by association with Monsieur Vast who had thought it appropriate to take her to the Paris morgue on their honeymoon. She constantly regaled us with murder stories, gleaned from *Le Courrier des Etats Unis* to which she subscribed, and allowed the exploits of Blue Beard to obsess my mind to such a point that I feared to look into any closet. In his photograph Monsieur Vast had a long black beard also, which may have been slightly bluish like the man of many

wives. His features did not attract me and I often got Louise to admit that while she respected her husband she loved my mother more.

We frequented the Eden Musée on West 23rd Street, where we viewed the wax figures, at best rather appalling, and never failed to get our money's worth by including the Chamber of Horrors in our rounds. I would walk through this section with closed eyes, clinging to Louise's hand, yet once in a while I caught glimpses of fearful scenes. I remember two of them: people being scalped by Indians and a man in the electric chair. On the nights after these visits I would wake up screaming.

I never had the usual child's love for the circus, because it was spoiled for me by the side-shows. We used to arrive early and descend to the subterranean quarters where one could stare at the Fat Lady, the Bearded Lady, the Lady with no body below the waist. One season it was reported that the head of Guiteau, the man who had murdered President Garfield, was to be shown in a glass jar. Louise was anxious to see this exhibit, but fortune favored me and we never found it.

Louise was an ardent Roman Catholic who believed it was next to impossible for a Protestant to be saved. As to the Jews and the heathen, their fate was sealed. I grieved with her over our condition and that of the irrevocably condemned, and promised to do what I could, at least for myself, by joining the Church when I came of age. It happened that my father heard of this resolve and he reproved Louise with such vigor that the matter was dropped permanently. I am sure that this was the first and last time that he spoke severely to her.

Although discussion on my own conversion was barred, I could still worry about the fate of others who labored under worse conditions than myself, and one night the chance to save a soul came my way. I was all ready for bed, when I learned that a Jew, Mr. Lazarus by name, was dining with my grandfather. I thought: What! A man doomed to eternal fire is in the house, and no hand is reached out to save him! I, even I in my night-drawers, will make the attempt.

I slipped out of the nursery and was halfway downstairs before I was caught.

"Where are you going dressed like that?" Louise of course spoke in French.

"I want to speak to Mr. Lazarus" I explained excitedly. "I want to tell him that he must stop being a Jew."

Louise was not impressed. "You would interrupt your grandfather's dinner? You really are naughty tonight."

I was hustled into bed and for long lay thinking about human callousness. Dinner! When the soul of a man was at stake.

I remember two birthdays at Glen Cove. On one of them, a party was held in my honor at which all the children were served ice cream except me. I was forgotten. I endured the humiliation in silence but was later taken to the pantry where everything was atoned for. On my seventh birthday there was no party at all and no presents, for Bon Papa had just died. Bon Papa, with his long side whiskers, his gay waistcoats and his good heart had left us to go to heaven. I was dressing when this news reached the nursery, and not knowing what else to do, I threw my flannel petticoat over my head and stood still. After a few

moments under the petticoat, I emerged and went on with the day's routine. Within a few weeks of this event, my grandmother died also, and the chapter of our life at Glen Cove and Madison Avenue closed with a bang. Uncle Pierre and his family took possession of the two houses and my father, who had lived with my grandparents since his marriage, was now on his own. We packed in haste and took the boat to New York. My father, with Louise and Joseph the footman, was setting out to make a home for his little girls.

Elsinore was sold two or three times, the section adjoining the dock finally becoming the property of J. P. Morgan, who made of it a lovely public park for the residents of Glen Cove.

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Chapter II

NINETEENTH STREET AND GLENBURN

(1889 - 1902)

MY FATHER SENT us to Flushing, Long Island to stop with his uncle, Mr. Eugene Lynch, while he went apartment hunting. Uncle "Dene" and Tante Mary were a jolly couple and their daughter Elizabeth, who was at a marriageable age and quite involved with a young army officer, was jollier yet. We loved the Lynches at sight and this sentiment never waned throughout the lives of all three of them.

Presently, we were established in an apartment house on Gramercy Park, where we lived for about two winters, after which we moved to a four story brownstone house at 136 East 19th Street. This was our home throughout our girlhood.

NINETEENTH STREET

For a while our studies took place at the house; then we entered one of Mr. Roser's classes, which were counted as very fashionable although it was generally conceded that the education derived from them was rather sketchy. Mr. Roser taught three classes a day of two hours each, two of them in the morning and one in the afternoon. The number of girls in a group was supposed to be nine and the sessions were held in the houses of various parents

who had contributed one of their rooms for the purpose. This same arrangement operated for the younger children, who were taught by two ladies, the Misses Tomes, under the direction of Mr. Roser.

Louise presided at the house; Joseph was butler and a nice Irish governess from Belfast, our companion. We played in Gramercy Park and went shopping with Louise at Denning's store, which later became John Wanamaker's. When Louise asked for anything over the counter, she invariably demanded: "Best quality." Our clothes were made by Mrs. Little, the dressmaker from Glen Cove, who stopped with us every season while our wardrobe was in preparation. With the passing of time and association with other children, we felt that our clothes were ugly, but so long as Mrs. Little was able to function, she was our fashion arbiter with no questions asked.

In Gramercy Park, we walked for hours on each side of our governess, along the gravelled paths. We passed groups of boys engaged in rough games and sometimes saw them shooting at birds with stones cast from wooden slings. Occasionally the mark was hit and the little wounded birds fell into the cruel hands of the boys. The horror of this sight darkened my days and nights, and even at Glenburn I couldn't shake off the memory.

Many relatives and friends of my father came to the house to confer with Louise over our general state. Louise received them with dignity and all had high respect for her. She would dwell on Alice's love for music, inherited from our mother, and on my tomboyishness. In speaking of me, she always included the statement: *Elle a un bon petit coeur* (She has a good little heart).

I always worried about the small, thinly-clad beggars that were to be seen in the streets, but Louise told me to forget them because these poor children did not feel cold and hunger as we would. Their sensibilities were altogether different. Just the same, she once brought a little girl home with us, bathed her and sent her out in our clothes. Louise had plenty of heart herself.



My father, Stephen H. Olin

Our prayers were in French but an English one, used by most children, was taught us also. It read:

*Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.*

I tried to get used to this prayer, although I disliked it. It was all about me. Eight times did *I* and *me* and *my* come up in those four lines. I couldn't address my Maker on nothing but myself, so I put in the plural and tried to say it this way for a while. However it didn't sound smooth enough so I gave it up altogether.

Every morning we woke our father with a kiss each, and at evening attended him while he dressed, after which he went to dinner parties or spent quiet evenings at the Players' Club. He himself gave quite a few dinners at which we received. When the guests had gone to the dining room, we retired to the floor above to try on the ladies' coats, among which we had our favorites which were apt to reappear from time to time. We thought Ada Rehan's coat especially sumptuous, only I wished that she would keep it on all the time as her décolletage seemed to me very startling. This actress was highly appreciated by my father, who often took us to Daly's Theatre to see her as Rosalind, Katharine the Shrew and in various other Shakespearean roles. Ada Rehan played opposite John Drew who frequently came to dinner also.

Another striking personality among the guests was the noted architect, Stanford White. He was big and sandy

haired, with a waistcoat aglitter with many strands of gold watch chain. Along with him came a vibration so intense that the room seemed to rock when he was in it. Everybody enjoyed his presence, myself perhaps most of all.



Ada Rehan in the Country Girl
Courtesy of the New York Historical Society



Stanford White

Oliver Herford, a wit of the day, came too. He was small and quiet but when he spoke, everybody laughed, and, more than that, they remembered and repeated what he said. Herford was a poet. I recall a sonnet of his addressed: To the Wolf at the Door, which ends as follows:

*Mine is a muse who listens with disdain
To any call, save that of appetite,
For while the purse is full, the brain is light,
Therefore oh wolf, I welcome you again
To speed the muse, that I may dine tonight.*

We lunched a few times at Café Martin, renowned for its clientèle and its cuisine. This restaurant was situated on the Fifth Avenue side of Madison Park in view of the beautiful Madison Square Garden designed by Stanford White. At the top of the tower, the lithe figure of Diana the Huntress shone golden against the sky. It was the work of the renowned sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens. My father told us that when the building had reached completion and the bronze was placed at its high altitude, Stanford White considered that he had made a miscalculation in proportion. Diana was too large, by only a shade, yet the defect was noticeable to the trained eye of the architect. So the gilded bronze figure was recast and finally set up in all perfection. I took this as a lesson on the importance of detail. It is never too late, too expensive nor too much trouble to rectify an error.

This was the age of gas-light, of hansom cabs and presently of bicycles with their bloomer-garbed riders. It was an age when actors and actresses were considered as barely

NINETEENTH STREET AND GLENBURN



*Madison Square Garden
Madison Avenue at 26th Street
Courtesy of the New York Historical Society*

respectable; the age of portly chorus girls in tights; an age when music halls were mentioned with bated breath. Women wore picture hats on all occasions, swept the streets with their skirts and endured tortures in iron-bound corsets. It was the Gay Nineties with a flavor all its own.

At that time Stanford White introduced "The Neapolitans" to New York. He had heard this music in Italy and had imported an orchestra for his own parties, to be used by others if so desired. The Neapolitans made a great hit and were followed by other Neapolitan orchestras which brought a foreign tone to the entertainment life of the city.

Our first trip was to the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. It meant a lot of new things including sleeping cars and a hotel, which were very exciting. So on the morning of arrival, as we were leaving our bedroom to descend to the restaurant, I embraced Louise with such abandon that I totally forgot the row of pins and needles on the front of her dress which I was accustomed to avoid. The result was that Papa had to sit at the table with a child marked from eye to chin with a bloody gash, and this did not please him in the least. Worse was yet to follow. When the meal was over and my father started toward the door, I lifted my skirt, emptied the basket of rolls into it and, holding the edges out before me, proceeded in his wake. On reaching the door he turned and saw me, and spoke most severely, but I explained with assurance:

"Louise told me that everything on the table was paid for. She said to leave nothing behind."

Of the Fair, I remember only some African dancing

girls in the Midway Plaisance. I received a strong impression that they were heathen.

Papa took a little tour in Europe by himself. Probably he needed a change from the responsibilities of family life, but he was very glad to get back to us. The voyage was rough and the trip had some complications. He said that in whole, it could be described quite well by the poem, *The White Squall* by Thackeray. This he read aloud to us with a lot of spirit, but choked up a bit when he came to the last lines:

*And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.*

We attended Calvary Church on Fourth Avenue and 21st Street, where we came to greatly love the minister, Dr. Satterlee, who later was appointed Bishop of Washington. There we went to Sunday School and were taught by a saintly lady called Miss Welling. The members of the class had the privilege of wearing little silver crosses which they purchased at the price of 25 cents. Louise thought it inappropriate for us to wear crosses just like the other children, so she induced Miss Welling to buy larger ones for us. This was done and we were provided with quite big crosses—costing 50 cents, which seemed to us less pretty.

We took books weekly from the lending library which, in my case were not read because I chose them simply for the titles. I recall two: *Last Moments of Christian Men* and *Last Moments of Christian Women*. I thought it a devout act to have such literature in the house, even though I did not have the fortitude to read it.

We each had a cardboard box on our dressing table into which we slipped pennies from time to time. The boxes were shaped like pyramids, one side bearing the inscription: "Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King."

On Sunday mornings our father would meet us after church and we walked up Fifth Avenue, three in a row. The streets were pretty empty, the traffic next to nothing, and Papa would doff his silk hat to practically everyone he met, or so it seemed to us. New York was small and intimate in those days. Often we would go to the Century Club to see art exhibitions and, on the way home, stop at the Waldorf for lunch. We all preferred the Palm Garden which had more atmosphere than the restaurant. There we would see Nicola Tesla, pioneer in the field of electronics, always alone and always at the same table. I did not know that this was one of the great geniuses of our times.

We witnessed the Golden Age of opera in New York with the de Reszkes, Plancon, Melba, Calve, Eames, Nordica. We often heard these great artists from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and sometimes recognized them in the streets. My sister always kept at hand a photograph of Jean de Reszke.

Meanwhile our studies were going on. We had risen

from the lower classes, presided over by one of the two Miss Tomes, and were now directly under Mr. Roser. We were not taught grammar. Mr. Roser estimated that we would never be exposed to poor English, so this study was unnecessary. Apart from this, our lessons were of the usual kind, with literature much featured. Mr. Roser considered our class as his best, and he called us his 10th Legion after the favorite legion of Julius Caesar. I was the worst pupil; mathematics was doom to me and Latin quite a foreign tongue, yet it was through Latin that I retrieved myself.

We had progressed to the point of translating the Aeneid, when Mr. Roser proposed that we should put the beautiful words of Virgil into metre, even as they were in the original. I liked the idea and came up with an English translation which was not only metred but rhymed. Mr. Roser read the first couplet:

*I sing of wars, I sing of him who from his native land
Was driven by Fate to Italy and the Lavinian strand.*

He grunted with pleasure and took the translation with him to read to other classes. Pretty soon I was told to put some Odes of Horace into English verse and presently found that my standing in the 10th Legion was greatly improved.

One day I received a letter asking me to the play and to supper afterwards. The signature was scrawled but the last name was clearly "White". I thought that the invitation came from Mrs. Stanford White and asked leave to accept. We were allowed to go to very few places, but my father had great regard for Mrs. White, so he said that he

had no objection. I was left at the theatre and found my way to a box where Mr. Stanford White and a few others were awaiting me. Mr. White was definitely a man-about-town and his ways were free and easy. Papa would not have approved of such a party, but there I was and nothing could be done about it. The play was *The Wild Rose* featuring Evelyn Nesbit. Mr. White was much interested in this beautiful young girl whom he was steering toward a career. A few years later Evelyn Nesbit married the millionaire, Harry Thaw, who, under pressure of retrospective jealousy, deliberately shot and killed the great Stanford White in his own Madison Square Garden.

GLENBURN

My father, Stephen Henry Olin, was son to Stephen Olin, who was known as an eloquent preacher. I was told that the Olins originally were French Huguenots. Papa's mother was a Lynch and of Irish extraction. Before them were Beekmans, Livingstons, Tillotsons—a background, very early American. Over a long period of years, my grandfather Olin was President of Wesleyan College at Middletown, Connecticut, and it was there that my father grew up.

My grandmother's home, where they lived on and off, was at Rhinebeck on the banks of the Hudson. This small place, less than one hundred acres, was part of a tract of land that had been deeded to the Beekmans by Queen Anne and had never changed hands except from one generation to another. The tradition, which my father hoped would be kept indefinitely, was that this area called "Glenburn" would never be sold. The house was in a

hollow surrounded by woods, through which ran a brook enlivened by a high waterfall at one end, with a little lake at the other. Actually, Glenburn was so charming and unique that no owner would have thought of selling it. So, when the problem of where to spend the summer months suddenly confronted my father, there was Glenburn waiting for us.

Soon afterwards, the Lynches decided to leave Flushing and build at Rhinebeck, which was in every sense their home. It was the best thing that could have happened for us because, while we had quite a few relatives there, Uncle Dene, Tante Mary and Betty gave us more pleasure and intimacy than did anyone else.

It was a quiet life—lessons with the governess, drives to the village to buy the groceries, happy hours with books. I read most of the long rows of Sir Walter Scott, Dickens and Thackeray and immersed myself in English history. I knew the characteristics of practically all the kings and could trace them from the Conquest, although I leaned for support on the doggerel poem of succession, which begins: "First William the Norman, then William his son", ending with: "God sent Queen Victoria, may she long be the last."

Out of my interest in royalty I plodded through volumes of Green's History of the English People only to complain to my father that this work was totally devoid of information on the kings. Papa looked at me sardonically and remarked that the title had probably escaped me. It was history of the English *People*.

Our father never allowed us to read at random. Every book that came into our hands had to be passed by him.



Myself and Stewart

Apart from the contents the language and style were important. He did not wish us to accustom ourselves to mediocre literature. So I concentrated on Shakespeare and learned many passages by heart, so that in the quiet evenings, while my sister was playing the piano, I could slip out to the lawn and repeat them half aloud to myself. As far as the lines were concerned, I could have taken the part of Juliet at very short notice.

Of all poems, the one that gave me the most satisfaction was Kipling's *The True Romance*. I did not understand it very well but found in it endless comfort. The following lines were especially appreciated:

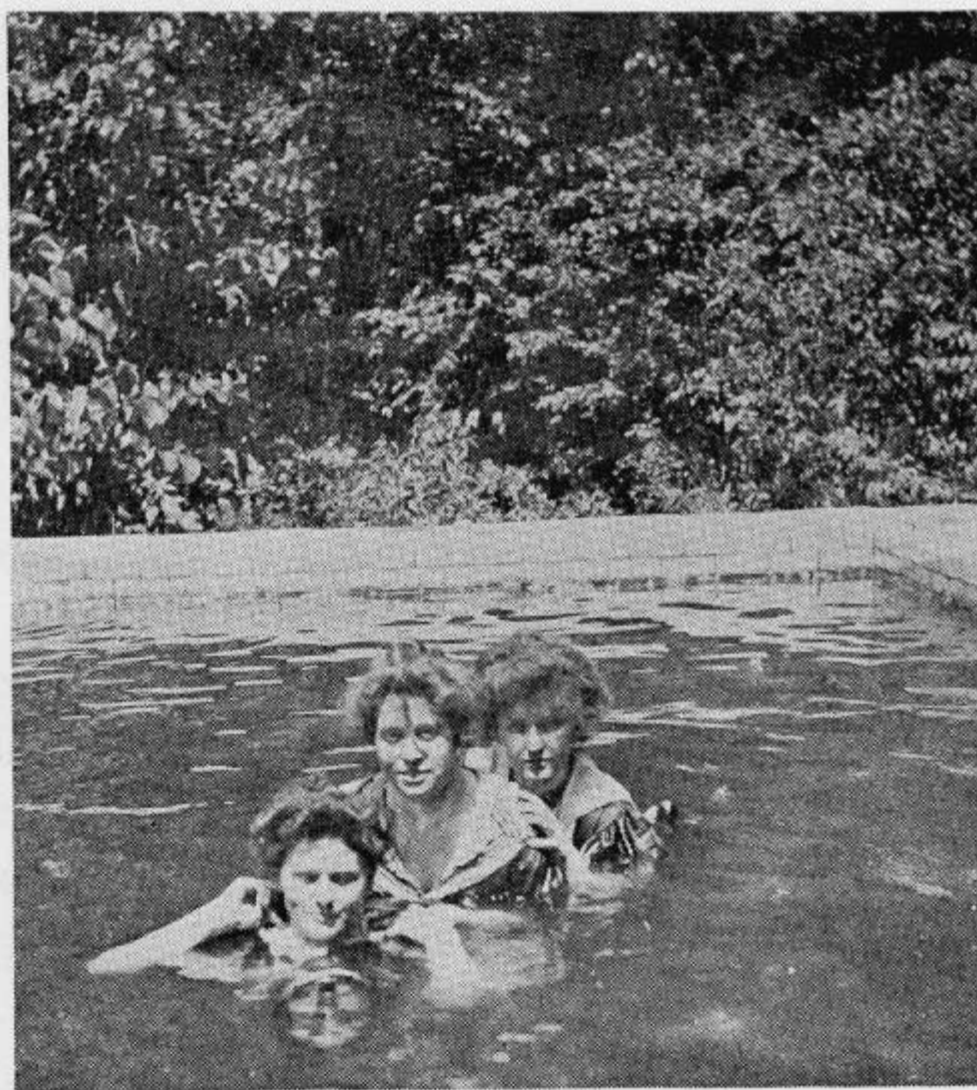
*The rule that tricks th'arithmetic,
Too base of leaguings odds—*

I did not like games. Croquet was a torture to me and tennis was best to be enjoyed at the lemonade table. I rode every day accompanying the carriage, but on weekends I rode with my father. We had three saddle-horses in succession (Alice did not use them so they seemed like mine)—first Taffy, a light colored pony with mane en brosse, then Guileless, a black beauty and the only vicious horse I ever knew, and finally Stewart, a chestnut.

Besides riding on horse-back, I rode a bicycle which was quite arduous exercise in a hilly country. Just after leaving the house I had to mount a short but steep incline and this took all my endurance. I found that if I even glanced at the top, I could never make it, so I would lower my head in order to make visible only a foot or two of road. In this way I was able to concentrate on just a little space before me, another little space and another, and presently I was at the top. It seemed that in handling difficult matters, it was a good idea to forget the end and just keep on going.

We bathed regularly in the tank, and sometimes at the base of the falls where the roar of the waters and the difficulty to hold a footing gave us a feeling of risk and excitement. As to beauty, our bathing suits left much to be desired, but as to modesty, they left nothing, being quite

FROM GASLIGHT TO DAWN



Alice, Anna Dodge and me in the tank



Myself and Betty Lynch at the foot of the waterfall

voluminous, with skirts halfway to the ankle. Nevertheless, my father, having taken a snapshot of my cousin Betty Lynch and myself bathing by the waterfall, was shocked at the picture when he saw it developed. As it was already pasted in the kodak book, he allowed it to remain but made me tear out my legs.

My sister and I were totally different. Alice expected everything of life; I hoped to have a little. She loved the country; I the city. She had real lace on her underclothes; I had no lace. She enjoyed people and had many friends; I preferred being alone. She was our father's favorite; I was Louise's. She was considered much of a Townsend; I was considered an Olin with, probably, a bit of Barlow. We were like the original cat and dog who could never make peace, yet we fought without ill feeling. Neither of us would willingly have hurt the other.

I had an aversion to meat, although some kinds tasted good. It broke my heart to order chickens from a farm house on the way to the village, to be picked up when we returned an hour later. I could imagine what happened during that hour and it made me feel very sick. I thought the practice of meat-eating was wrong, but was told that animals were raised for that purpose and that they had a period of enjoyment which would not have been theirs otherwise. It was a hard problem to think out. I finally reverted to the passages in the Bible where Jesus sat at meat with his disciples, and decided that, after all, he knew best.

Nevertheless my feelings were always raw on the matter and Alice loved to tease me and force me to make an exhibition of myself. She had a phrase which she would

bring out on occasions when guests were present. It was this: "The butcher's big knife that killed the little lamb!" No matter how many times these words were repeated, I would invariably burst into tears. Alice could not understand why I always cried for the lamb, but actually I wasn't doing just that. I cried for the people who could take such tragedy as a joke.

We went to church on Sundays, attending alternately the Methodist Chapel at our gate, built by my grandmother, and the Episcopal Church in the village. We preferred the latter where we could stare at our neighbor's week-end guests and take note of their clothes. Papa was scrupulous about our religious training, but he himself never went to church. It was evident that what was good enough for us was not good enough for him, and we accepted this fact. Louise said that his intelligence stood in the way, and I came to understand that in matters of religion, the mind must be kept at a dead standstill. This conclusion did not affect my religion. I was told to have faith, and I did.

Sunday observances puzzled me. We were supposed to spend the day in complete leisure while our cook was making an extra effort in the kitchen. I couldn't understand the double standard for I was willing to take the law of Moses quite seriously. Then there was a certain "Cousin Robert" of ours, who made of himself the naughty boy of his family by occasionally taking a Sunday's ride on his bicycle, round and round the tiny circle for carriages at his front door. His wife, an angel if anybody were one, took the offence very much to heart, while some of us,

who were Cousin Robert's supporters, laughed at this breach of Sunday etiquette in a nervous sort of way. It was hard to measure the extent of the sin when the face of the sinner was so amiable.

Sometimes I heard of individuals whose belief wavered because sorrow or suffering came their way. They said there was no God simply because they themselves experienced the trials which were the lot of so many. Much as I pitied human suffering, I despised such persons, because I felt that God would not ask of us more than we could endure. He surely would cast a veil of relief on ultimate agony. I thought of the Christian Martyrs, of Jeanne d'Arc, of the victims of the Inquisition, of the birds in Gramercy Park. They could not have suffered as much as they apparently did. Something happened at the end which only *they* knew. God, the All-Powerful, saw to that.

We rarely went out at night because of the long distances to be covered. On a few occasions we drove down to Mrs. James Roosevelt's house at Hyde Park to attend parties given for her son Franklin. Within a wide radius, we knew all the neighbors except the newcomers. It was a fact that families could inhabit that region for thirty years, or much longer, and still remain newcomers.

One day a horseless carriage driven at a fearful rate was seen on the Post Road, and after that, such carriages came by at long intervals. People were afraid to go off their places, for the horses shied and driving was no longer safe. John Jacob Astor was the first owner of an automobile in those parts and sometimes he took me for a drive, way down to Poughkeepsie. It was an experience

to reach a distance of some thirteen miles and return on the same afternoon. All the time, Mr. Astor talked of automobiles. He was very mechanically minded and an enthusiast on this new form of transportation.

One day as we reached home, he presented me with a tennis racket which he had just bought in Poughkeepsie. Holy code of prunes and prisms! A man, not of my family, was offering me a present and tennis racket at that, when I loathed tennis. Perhaps if it had been something else—but why speculate! I threw the racket into the car and fled to the house.

One summer we went to Europe and walked through endless Galleries in Belgium, Holland, France and England. Papa was familiar with the work of the Old Masters and he was an excellent guide. We also made some excursions in the Black Forest and did quite a bit of mountain climbing in Switzerland. Other summers we made trips to Canada or Maine.

NEW FRIENDS AND COMING OUT

My father was a great diner-out and had numerous women-friends, which was not surprising for he was handsome, very well-informed and more intelligent and entertaining than just about anybody.

He was a lawyer of the firm Olin & Rives and he idolized his partner but found a fault in him. Mr. Rives was apt to whistle and my father couldn't endure whistling, an allergy which I inherited, with humming added. He also objected to giggling. To him, a smile was delightful, a hearty laugh over something funny, agreeable, but a half-laugh over nothing represented a form of imbecility that

he couldn't tolerate. When discomfited, he would freeze up hard, and I knew how he felt for I was like him in this respect.

It was considered surprising that he did not re-marry, and then one day he met Mrs. W. Earl Dodge, after which his life changed completely. Mrs. Dodge was a widow with two exceedingly attractive children, Anna and Earl. She had a house in East 35th Street and her mode of living was both modest and luxurious. My father formed the habit of visiting her almost every day at five o'clock, which practice endured for years.

We became friends with Anna and saw a glamor in her surroundings to which we were unaccustomed. Our furniture in 19th Street was of the heavy inlaid type; the large rugs were Oriental; the curtains of red velvet, embroidered in gold. The effect was musty and gloomy. At Anna's house the furniture was plain and nicely polished; no rugs were there, only carpets of single light colors; the curtains were of gay chintzes. Added to this, there always were flowers on the tables and illustrated magazines to be picked up at will. A telephone was in the hall. To Alice and me, reared as we were in a setting of the Victorian era, the house in 35th Street was introduction to the simple and more gracious surroundings which little by little became the general taste. Anna and we were close companions and she held a place in our affections never occupied by any previous friend.

My loves were from a distance. There was the assistant Minister at Calvary Church who held my affections firmly until one fateful afternoon after catechism class was dismissed. I was part way down the aisle when, happening to

look backward I caught a glimpse of my ideal, thoughtfully picking his teeth by the baptismal font. This sight left me free on the instant to presently transfer my devotion to Richmond Pierson Hobson, hero of the Spanish-American War.

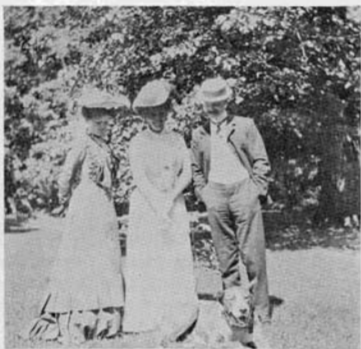
My third plunge into the sea of romance had again Calvary Church as locale. I had noticed a young man of swinging step and assured manner who passed the collection plate on Sunday mornings. I described him to Anna Dodge and she exclaimed:

"I am certain that I know him. It is Philip Benkard. He goes to that church."

I met Phil at Anna's house. I was seventeen then, and within a few months the time of our "coming out" had arrived, after which I saw him constantly at parties and danced with him more than with anyone else. I must confess, however, that I always liked the conservatory better than the ballroom. In those days, every house where entertainments were held had a conservatory, either large or small.

Coming out meant formal introduction to Mrs. William Astor, with subsequent invitations to her parties if she were so disposed. Mrs. Astor's visiting list was large, numbering 400. It was from this list that the term "the 400" was derived by others. Mrs. Astor certainly had nothing to do with it. She gave very big balls, while her son John Jacob Astor and his wife held more exclusive ones in the same great room. All dances were formal, the older people being present at most of them.

People entertained in their own houses, many of which were large and palatial. Cotillions were in vogue, with



*Myself, Alice and Phil
A Weekend at Glenburn*

always the same Cotillion leader and mountains of fluffy, tinsled favors. Under this system, the dancers had their partners for the evening and sat in chairs which they tied together with their handkerchiefs. When the music started, a number of couples would dance and then be given favors which they would present to those seated, after which there would be another dance with twice as many persons on the floor. So it continued around the room, all under the direction of the leader, until everyone had taken part in that favor number. Then the procedure would start again with another set of favors, and this would be repeated six or eight times. Usually there was a so-called

Jewel Number, when the favors consisted of small gold objects. The dancers generally reserved these for their favorites.

The girls considered it most important to be laden with favors as they left the house, thus making an impressive exit, and as experience taught them that favors were often misplaced or picked up *by mistake*, some chose to dance out the evening, carrying an increasing amount of booty. The result was that the ballroom finally looked like a whirling bazaar.

From the time I had met him, my heart was committed to Phil. No one else counted. He, on his part, was much liked by girls and women, so although I was certain that he cared for me more than for any other, doubts sometimes assailed me. It was in one of these doubting moods that I decided never to marry. I went to the closet, took out my dolls, Blanche and Marguerite, and carried them down to an East Side Settlement House. As I will never have children of my own, I thought, someone had better enjoy them.

At the close of my second season, I became engaged to Phil. Then my father took us to Europe by the Southern Route and my sister and I saw Italy for the first time. In Venice we happened to meet some friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, and did quite a bit of sight-seeing with them. Mr. Gibson was the creator of the "Gibson Girl", which was a reproduction of his wife. The Gibson Girl stood as the example of ideal femininity at the close of the Nineties.

Up to Paris, where I bought my trousseau, and home. I was just twenty when I was married in Calvary Church.

Phil was ten years older. We went to Washington on our wedding trip and there I received a letter from Papa telling me that he was going to marry Mrs. Dodge. It was one of those long expected things that brings a shock of surprise when it actually happens.

This was a year of weddings in our family. After my father's came my sister's marriage to Tracy Dows and then Anna Dodge's marriage to Jack McCullough. Alice and I stopped speaking French to each other as we always had when alone. We were grown up.

Then, her work done, Louise sailed for France and returned to Roumagny, her natal village in the vicinity of Belfort.

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Chapter III

THIRTY FIRST STREET and TUXEDO

(1902 - 1914)

WHEN I MET Phil Benkard he was an employee in the firm of Harry Hollins & Co. His father, Mr. James Benkard, had been ruined in the stock market, nevertheless Phil and his youngest brother Harry chose to enter Wall Street. I never knew Mr. Benkard, but was well acquainted with the story of his débâcle. It went as follows:

Mr. Benkard, Mr. Hollins and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt were close friends and a situation arose in which Mr. Vanderbilt, who was just beginning to spread his wings in the world of finance, chose to lock horns with his father in the arena of Wall Street. His two friends thought it safe to stick by him. The result was as could have been foreseen. The plans of the powerful multi-millionaire were not to be altered by an adventurous son. W. K. Vanderbilt lost the investments involved, a matter not too serious for him but devastating in the case of his associates. Mr. Hollins, from a very rich man became a moderately rich one and Mr. Benkard was stripped of everything.

While I was in Paris buying my trousseau, Phil and his brother Harry borrowed some money, the former from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and the latter from W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. With these funds they bought a seat on the

Stock Exchange and when I was married, the firm of J. P. Benkard & Co. was in operation. I had a little income left me by Bon Papa.

At first we lived in an apartment in 24th Street, which was entirely furnished with our wedding presents. The effect was quite conglomerate. There was an Empire sofa upholstered in red brocade, a table with gold legs and a large silver lamp topped with a round cut-glass globe from which emanated blinding shafts of light. This gift was from the owner of a railroad who probably had his own head-lights in mind. We had a cook at \$20 a month and a maid at \$18. Our friends were concerned over our poor circumstances but we were completely satisfied and very happy.

THIRTY FIRST STREET

Presently we were in a position to move and we rented a small house at 43 East 31st Street. We bought a big comfortable sofa, hung green velvet curtains at the windows and, although the wedding presents were still strongly in evidence, managed to have an attractive little home.

I was a poor housekeeper. I did not know what the kitchen looked like and never saw the inside of a market or grocery store. Once when I was ordering dinner for ourselves alone, I tried to be specific and told the cook to buy forty smelts. I remember this because Phil thought it amusing and never let me forget it. My mother-in-law came to the house often as did her second son Jerry. I was very fond of Mrs. Benkard and loved Jerry only a little less than I loved Phil.

One Sunday, Mrs. Benkard, Phil and I were playing pinochle in the sitting room, when the bell rang and my

father's face appeared between the portières. No sooner had we seen him than he was gone, and I realized that the idea of his daughter playing cards of a Sunday afternoon with her husband and mother-in-law was shocking to him. Probably this was an inhibition founded in early Methodist training.

We had two babies, first Phyllis and then Elsie. Phyllis wasn't beautiful but was altogether entrancing, or so I thought. Everything she did was funny and one just had to laugh. She had some striking points—great blue eyes set so far apart that that was funny too, and masses of lustrous light brown hair. Elsie, a blond with delicate features, was incontestably pretty from the start.

I lived the life of a broker's wife with Wall Street very much in mind. Was it a Bull Market or a Bear Market? Were new customers coming in? Were old customers being wiped out? Were we in a position to have an extra maid, or maybe we shouldn't have any maid at all! Sometimes Phil would surprise me with lovely presents; other times we would sit up all night for it was useless to even try to sleep. So it went. Phil and Harry paid back in full the money they had borrowed to start them in business. On the whole they were very successful.

One night Phil brought in a very provocative gift which filled me with delight, temporarily. It was a wolf-cub with all the ways of an adorable puppy. Then as luck would have it, he left me for the evening, having an appointment elsewhere. I played with the cub to my heart's content and then went to bed leaving him on the floor. This did not please the wolf a bit; he walked up and down, snarling and hissing as if he were in mid-jungle. I lit the light and

pacified him; then dozed to the sound of hissing in the dark. No use! So I walked for hours with the cub in my arms and when Phil finally arrived I was completely exhausted. Phil placed the cub in the woodbox in the hall, with the cover fixed so that it remained partly open for air, and the next morning the lovely baby wolf was returned to the place where he had been acquired. Shortly afterwards the celebrated ballroom dancer, Mrs. Vernon Castle, bought the cub and took him to her kennel on Long Island. I heard that he gave distemper to all her valuable dogs and the kennel was wiped out.

Phil and his brother Jerry were officers in the Twelfth Regiment, of which Phil's best friend, George R. Dyer, was Colonel. The regiment was their pride and relaxation and they spent quite a bit of time at the Armory. When Cornelius Vanderbilt, "Neely" as he was called, became Second Lieutenant in Company G, of which Phil was Captain, the regiment shot into social prominence. Mrs. Vanderbilt used to come to the reviews, on which occasions she would lead the Grand March with the Colonel, while everybody else fell into line behind them and marched around the dusty floor to music of the brass band. It was all very exciting. On a few occasions when I led the march on the arm of Colonel Dyer, I felt that I had reached the pinnacle of distinction.

Phil had another hobby which was his stamps. Whenever we stayed at home in the evening, he would bring out his books and his stickers and pore over them with passionate interest. He used only uncanceled stamps and developed a valuable collection.

A third pastime was Bridge. Every afternoon after leav-

ing the office, Phil would go to the Knickerbocker Club for a game or two. He also was much in demand at dinner parties for he was an excellent player. In fact, Phil did most everything well and he knew something on all subjects. He was always active and on the alert, and a most sympathetic companion.

For myself, I was just happy. The loneliness I had felt as a child was gone for good. I loved to be with my husband and children; I enjoyed seeing a few friends; I liked buying clothes; I read very little. As to religion, which I had felt deeply in the past, that was gone. It had left me when my children were born and I had come to suddenly realize that in moments of great difficulty, we were all alone. I had counted on a Beneficent Power to see me through, but I didn't find that Power when I needed it so badly. I remembered my one-time scorn of those who said: There is no God! just because they themselves had been hit, and regretfully fell into that category with a possible difference, my disillusionment not being for myself alone but for all those, in the past, present and future, who looked for help and found none. Thus I dismissed religion from my consciousness and felt that I had graduated to a state of self-respecting independence.

I loved perfume and spent much effort in seeking the ineffable scent. This was an expensive pastime as all bottles were sealed and no samples available. One simply had to buy perfume by reason of the name or color, and trust to luck that it would smell nice. I had rows of bottles which I didn't use, but was always buying more. Sometimes I came across a perfume that pleased me to a moderate extent.

Very soon after Elsie was born we received an invitation to spend a week-end on Long Island. The Duchess of Marlborough was to be there, and she was a friend of Phil's boyhood. I was still in bed, although I had counted on being up that Saturday, so the question was: should Phil go alone. He wanted to, but asked my opinion. Now I felt that the desire to go was the same as going, so I smiled sweetly and urged him to accept. At the same time I thought that there should be some reprisal on my part.

Phil went to Long Island while I considered what I should do for entertainment. I ought to find some appropriate friend, but I did not have any of my own, so I started to go over in my mind the list of Phil's friends. Not very promising! Then I thought of his First Lieutenant, a man with a broad, warm smile whom I had met a few times, and asked the trained nurse to call him up and invite him to come to see me. Somehow or other he came, and I found him to be agreeable beyond my expectations. He was very well read in books that I knew nothing of, and quite willing to discuss them. We had only reached the fringes of his ideas when the afternoon came to an end, so we made an appointment for another visit. Pretty soon the Lieutenant was calling once a week, then twice a week, and finally most every day. The time just sped along when we were together. Phil didn't like it a bit, so it was arranged that the visits should be fewer. I did not tell him that it all dated back to that week-end on Long Island.

When we were children at Glenburn, my sister was very conscious of an adjoining place situated on a plateau in full view of the river. Rather strangely, this elevated stretch of land was named "Foxhollow Farm". The owner's trot-

ting horses were exercised along the edge of the plateau and we often watched their speeding silhouettes as they passed above us. Alice would say: "Some day I will own that place" and she was apt to get what she wanted. Shortly after her marriage, her husband, Tracy Dows, bought Fox-hollow Farm and built a large and very beautiful house on the site overlooking the river. Here their three children, Olin, Margaret and Deborah were brought up, alongside of Glenburn where my father and step-mother lived.

My step-sister Anna Dodge was Anna no longer; she had changed her name to Vahdah and was so called by everyone. Her husband Jack McCullough was a successful broker and Vahdah had plenty of her own money. They lived quietly but most affluently, and their house was a delight to all their friends. Vahdah's linens and laces were fabulous and the flowers that filled every room included orchids, gardenias and long-stemmed American Beauties, together with the more usual roses and garden varieties.

Vahdah always dressed most simply, usually in black. She had an incomparable smile which made her loved wherever she went. When she drove up and down Fifth Avenue in her electric hansom, she would flash that smile at all acquaintances and leave behind her a sense of warmth and pleasure. At Sherry's or any other restaurant that she frequented, the head waiter would have given her the moon if he had happened to have it, but she was satisfied with one of the best tables and attentive service. Her great grief was that she had no children and she tried to make up for it by showering love and presents on my sister's children and on mine.

Vahdah's aunt, the second Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, was one of those box-holders at the Metropolitan who had her box for every performance, while many used their boxes but once or twice a week, letting others take them over on certain nights. Consequently, Vahdah had very free access to Box 6 and often passed it on to Alice and me. Some people went to the opera for the music, but the majority just liked to be in a box with their friends and look at people in other boxes. However, the performances of Wagner were popular and most everybody was glad when their invitations fell on those nights.

The Golden Era of opera was gone with the Nineties and music-lovers settled down to listen cordially to the best voices available. Since 1901 Jean de Reszke had become a hallowed memory never to be infringed upon, and then, in November 1903, there broke from the stage of the Metropolitan—the Supreme Voice. Enrico Caruso took possession of New York, and of the world through his records.

On its Opening Night of 1906, the Metropolitan overlooked tradition by presenting a mere beauty in the title role of *Fedora*. Lena Cavalieri sang opposite to Caruso. I remember the occasion simply because of the head-dress worn by the star. In those days tiaras were very much de rigueur and women who could afford them wore diamond crowns which were extremely unbecoming. Cavalieri knew better. Her head-dress was in the form of a cap, a scintillating diamond cap pulled deep on her head. It was the most ravishing piece of jewelry that I had ever seen.

A second Opera Company was a feature of those years. Oscar Hammerstein opened the Manhattan Opera House



Vahdah and Jack McCullough

on West 34th Street and it became the vogue. Mary Garden made her debut in *Thais* in 1907, after which she was heard in *Louise*, *Melisande*, *Salome*, *Electra*, *Carmen* and other roles, making her interpretations unforgettable. Ben Ali Haggin's full length portrait of her as *Thais* stood for weeks in Knoedler's show window at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th. Mary Garden was the sensation of many seasons.

TUXEDO

Summers were spent at Tuxedo Park set in the beautiful Ramapo Hills. Bon Papa had been among the pioneers of this project and so I had a dim recollection of the wooded hillsides and the lake. Polly Hare, who was my favorite friend, induced us to choose Tuxedo for the warm months, and so we rented a tiny house and later a more comfortable one and became part of the community.

The founding of Tuxedo Park took place in this way: Mr. Pierre Lorillard was owner of large tracts of land in Orange County. On this property he chose an entrancing section where the low hills overlooked two lakes, a large and a small one, and there he established a restricted estate which became known as Tuxedo Park. Membership in the Park Association was reserved for families of acceptable standing or of wealth, preferably of both. There was much land to be bought and any mansion or cottage built was an asset to the Park. Of course there was a Club House. When Mr. Lorillard died at the turn of the century, his son Pierre took over his responsibilities as Director of the Park Association.

The Lorillard place was atop of one of the highest hills. The house was large and rambling and the grounds beau-

*Lena Cavallieri*

tifully cultivated. Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard held a unique position in Tuxedo, for Mr. Lorillard was in a way the over-lord, in spite of the fact that others owned property also. Although they dined out occasionally, they chiefly saw people at their own house where they gave very big dinners every Sunday, and smaller ones in the course of the week. We went to their house constantly for Mrs. Lorillard loved Bridge, and Phil was a great asset at the game. Besides we became very good friends.

Mr. Lorillard talked a great deal, as he well realized, and everyone had to listen to him whether they wished to or not. He once said: "I see them looking to the right and to the left, but I fix them with my eye and they have to

hear me out." He was a man of unusual charm and very able. I always enjoyed any party at which he was present.

I hadn't had a horse since I left Glenburn, but Mr. Lorillard let me have his horses whenever I liked and I did a lot of riding. Phil played golf and sailed in races on the big lake. We bathed in the smaller one, called Wee Wah. At Tuxedo there was plenty to do.

Almost as regularly as Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard entertained on Sundays, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Mortimer held dinners on Saturdays. One night at their house I wore a new dress which was of clinging net in several shades of dark sea green. The back was cut in a narrow V reaching to just below the shoulder blades. This décolletage made quite an impression and, as we walked in to dinner two by two, Mrs. Lorillard who was just behind me threw her shawl over my shoulders. She did this to protect me from adverse criticism and, as I loved her very much, I kept the shawl throughout most of the evening. However, I continued to wear the dress when she wasn't there, and on this account was asked to pose in an evening of Tableaux which was being arranged for the coming season in New York.

Someone was wanted to represent Thais, according to Ben Ali Haggin's portrait of Mary Garden, and although this star appeared with her back exposed to the waist, the committee, having seen my green dress cut only half way down, thought that I could take the part. Being of a retiring nature I was very reluctant, but yielded on being told that Mary Garden was lending her jewels for the occasion. Besides I would not have to see the audience as my back would be turned square against it.

THIRTY FIRST STREET AND TUXEDO



Mr. Pierre Lorillard

After accepting, I spent a sleepless night, and in the morning I asked to be released from my promise. I felt that I couldn't endure being in the public view even for a few minutes.

At bridge-dinners I usually went home early, leaving Phil behind. In Tuxedo, transportation was easy. One simply telephoned the Club for a jigger and within a short time, a tiny rickety bus appeared. One night I got into a jigger with a beautiful lady who also didn't play bridge. We conversed until the driver stopped at her house to let her off, and by that time we were friends. The lady was Emily Post who was just publishing her first book on Etiquette. She told me about it and spoke of a novel that she was thinking out. I saw a great deal of her from that time on.

One day when Elsie was a little less than two years old, I noticed a strange stiffness in her body. When the doctor came he looked at her anxiously, saying that he feared this was something of which he knew little—Infantile Paralysis. A specialist hurried from New York and agreed that it was Polio. I had never heard the word and couldn't take it too seriously, but when the doctor said that she would never recover altogether, I nearly slipped to the floor. Then there was a seeking of opinions—one specialist after another, and the verdict was that although my baby had a light case, some traces would be left. Years of exercises and treatments followed and Elsie had to wear a brace. Finally she emerged from the ordeal with one leg slightly weakened.

Elsie was a wonderful sport. I remember her when she was still but a few years old, coming out of the anesthetic

after a tonsil operation. She looked sweetly at the surgeon, and her first words were: "Thank you, doctor".

Phyllis remained the amusing child she had been from her first breath. Her reactions to everything were simple and frank; thus she was always interesting. In her there was no shade of make believe. She stood eagerly at the threshold of life, her big eyes watching for what would come next. One thing about her worried me. I didn't believe in palmistry or any such thing, yet when I looked at her hand and noticed that the life-line was very short, that it stopped abruptly, I couldn't help feeling uncomfortable. Phil said it meant nothing, yet I often examined that life-line and wished it were longer.



Jerry and Elsie, Phyllis and Phil at Tuxedo

I began to read again, chiefly in French, and bought sets of books which I went through from first volume to last. The philosophy of Maeterlinck was a revelation to me. I had never dreamed of such fair and sensitive thinking, and to me the plays were purity itself. I loved Pierre Loti's *Iceland Fisherman* and felt that the pathos in that story could be rivalled by none other, and when I came to the *Revolt of the Angels* by Anatole France, I gave myself up to rapturous enjoyment. Nothing could be funnier! Certainly humor was the best teacher.

I read much of Balzac with little interest; de Maupassant very casually, and then I bought the works of Flaubert and lost myself in the excitement of literary appreciation. There was no book like *Salamambo*. With all its horror, *Salamambo* was the climax of art.

THE CHANLERS

The Lewis Chanlers had a place in the Park, but I had met them rarely as Mr. Chanler did not like going out, and besides they spent most of their summers in England. On an occasion when we were giving a dinner, Phil told me that Lewis Chanler had just returned from abroad and that he was alone in his house. Why not ask him! We did so and he came. To say that he was the life of the party was putting it mildly. He talked all the time and the evening was most successful. The next morning when I awoke, a telephone message was waiting for me. Would we dine with Mr. Chanler that night? We accepted and found the identical party. So it went through the week, each guest giving the same dinner all over again—Emily Post, Newbold Edgar, the Stuyve Pillots, the

THIRTY FIRST STREET AND TUXEDO



Phyllis



Elsie

Freddy Piersons and the Newell Tiltons. Mr. Chanler still continued to monopolize the conversation, until one night the others made a strong protest: Was no one else allowed to say a word? Mr. Chanler resigned temporarily. He took his watch off the chain and stood it on the table, saying that for five minutes he would not speak. It was the longest five minutes imaginable. Nobody had anything to say. We lamely tried to make conversation, but a pall had descended upon us. Finally Mr. Chanler put his watch back in his pocket. The time was over, and a very dull period it had been—so he said, and we could not but agree. So the fireworks started all over again and no one had the face to complain.

The week finished, Mr. Chanler went off on a yachting trip with Mr. Henry Sloane, for which purpose he had come back from England earlier than usual, but his anticipation had cooled down. He would have preferred to remain in Tuxedo.

The Chanlers were Dutchess County people even as my family was, their place Rokeby being a bit up the river from our home-town of Rhinebeck. The distance was a little too great for visiting so we never knew them, although we had always heard of these five sons and three daughters, orphans since childhood, and of their unusual characteristics.

The sisters were handsome and intelligent and the eldest, Elizabeth, was a beauty. The oldest brother, John Armstrong, known as Archie, was the most eccentric of all. In fact he was so eccentric that his family thought it wise to have him committed to Bloomingdale, an injury which he never forgot. He was pretty comfortable in this place,



Mrs. Lorillard

where he had his apartment, his own valet and free access to the grounds. Then one day he disappeared and a note was found in his room. The note explained that inasmuch as he had been imprisoned for believing himself to be Napoleon, he thought it permissible to take *French Leave*. He went to Virginia where the courts adjudged him sane, and there he remained, although he did take flying trips elsewhere.

The second brother, Winthrop, was clever and amusing. Willie was a Soldier of Fortune and a law unto himself. He was a Congressman for a while, dived in underground ventures in several countries and at one time became a Mohammedan for *political reasons*, so he said. He lost a leg, he never explained how, and even his brothers did not know the story.

Next came Lewis, a real Don Quixote who was ready to break a lance in any good cause. Having passed the Bar examinations, he opened an office in New York where he took as clients any criminals who were unable to afford counsel. In those days the state did not supply lawyers for the defense of the poor. Lewis took pride in the fact that out of one hundred cases, he lost only one life. He went to Ireland, where he worked under John Redmond for the freedom of that country. A seat in Parliament was offered to him but he felt himself unable to accept as the Spanish-American War had just broken out and he considered it his duty to return home. Finally he entered politics and became Democratic Lieutenant Governor under the Republican Administration of Charles Evans Hughes. It was at this time that I met him.

The youngest brother, Robert, at one period Sheriff of



*Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler
as Lieutenant Governor of New York State*

Dutchess County, was generally known as "Sheriff Bob". He was an artist of conspicuous talent and achieved great recognition. His house in East Nineteenth Street was a rendezvous of celebrities, and his parties were fabulous. Robert was a huge man with a great shock of hair and a mighty voice. He was rough and quite often had little regard for the feelings of others, yet he was most intuitive and hid within himself delicate sensibilities which he expressed in his art.

The Chanlers came of distinguished American stock, but one of their ancestors was a comparative newcomer to our country. It was from this source, the Astors, that their money was derived.

When Lewis Chanler returned from the yachting trip with Mr. Sloane, he developed the habit of calling on me often. Tuxedo was a glass house; everybody knew what everybody else did, and so these visits began to cause comment. The older ladies of the Park, who had regretfully accepted the fact that he was unattainable, even for dinner parties, began to object:

"What does Lewis Chanler see in this foolish person!"

On one such occasion, Sydney Smith, who was the wit of the day, spoke up in my defense.

"Don't worry about Mrs. Benkard. She's not as dumb as she looks."

This remark came to my ears and I was delighted with it, but Lewis did not think it at all funny.

Lewis loved fishing and occasionally spent the morning along the little stream by the Wee Wah. If he had any luck, he would come back with a feeling of exhilaration. Once he had a big battle with a tiny fish and he put his

heart into conquering it. Afterwards he spoke to me about the incident. He had felt actual resentment against that fish which had given him so much trouble, when the poor little thing was just fighting for its life.

"It's not good for me to have such a sentiment" he concluded, "and certainly it's not good for the fish."

He decided never to go fishing again.

A Charity Bazaar was held on the beautiful grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Mortimer, which included, among the usual methods of getting money, a novel and remunerative feature. Votes at 25¢ each were taken for the Best Dressed Woman in the Park and a tall dial recorded the way things stood. As the proceeding went on, the candidates having few votes were progressively eliminated and finally only two remained, Emily Post and myself. For a while we went on neck and neck, which was fun as we



Lewis stops by on his morning ride

were great friends, and then a jigger drove up and Lewis Chanler stepped out of it. Before he had time to even look around, a group of children ran up to him and asked:

"Oh, Mr. Chanler, will you give us a vote for Mrs. Post?"

"Certainly" he answered. "I'll back Mrs. Post for any job" and he emptied his pockets. In this way he was freed from shopping from booth to booth. So the dial shot up sky high, and Emily was adjudged the best dressed woman in the Park, which she was without any question at all.

Presently Election Time came around and Lewis ran for Governor of New York State against his Chief under whom he was serving. The Anti-Race-Track Gambling Bill was a main issue and Governor Hughes advocated it strongly. Lewis, on the other hand, realized that the passing of this Bill would greatly curtail a sport which he loved, so he equivocated. On this account, and doubtless for several other reasons, he was beaten and Governor Hughes was returned to office.

"Too bad for the Party" commented Lewis, "but unquestionably Hughes is the better man."

Lewis considered his political career at an end, but the Party-Leaders would not have it so. A new personality was on the brim of the horizon—young Franklin Roosevelt who had been picked for State Senator. Now Dutchess County was a Republican stronghold and the Chanler name was needed to strengthen the ticket. Much against his inclination, Lewis consented to run for the Assembly—a distinct come-down for a man who had presided over the Senate. All for the good of the Party! Franklin Roosevelt became Senator and Lewis returned to Albany as Assemblyman.

It was Lewis' custom to spend the week at the Capital and the week-ends in Tuxedo. On the way home he would pass through New York and every Friday afternoon, at exactly quarter to 3, he would call on me. Once there was an important measure before the Assembly and the voting came up for Friday. Chanler was nowhere to be found. It amused him to sit in our cozy drawing room while they were combing the streets for him up-state. Later he chuckled over the Albany papers which carried big headlines: "Chanler Missing."

"They had to get along without me" he said. "I never alter my schedule."

Robert Chanler wished to marry Lina Cavalieri, a mediocre opera singer but as beautiful as Helen of Troy, probably more beautiful. Having an eye to publicity, Cavalieri would not give her answer in private but promised to cable it to the newspapers from Paris. Robert awaited the verdict in New York. One night as I was dressing for dinner, Phil shouted upstairs: "Robert's elected", and so it was. The message was favorable and Robert sailed immediately.

Some proceedings had to be gone through before the wedding. Cavalieri demanded everything that her suitor possessed and so legal papers were drawn up, endowing the bride with all assets, which turned out to include the first wife's alimony and the inheritance of the children. The marriage took place in 1910.

Out of the depths of Virginia, Archie Chanler expressed himself through a cablegram, sent to Robert and shared with the press: "Who's loony now?" This phrase was widely repeated and became a by-word of the day.

The bride and groom went on a brief honeymoon accompanied by a Russian prince who also was an admirer, and then the couple returned to Paris. All was not smooth sailing because Cavalieri considered Robert's manners too crude for the social circles to which she was accustomed, and so she began to leave him behind. He had to stay at home anyway because his wife allowed him only two bus fares a day for spending money. Meanwhile the American papers kept pounding on the subject and the comics carried various scenes of the Chanlers' family life. I remember one cartoon depicting the dinner table. It was entitled: "Chanler crowns Prince Dolgerouky with a dish of cabbage."

Robert had to be extricated from his commitments and in making explanation to his lawyers, he said: "She just put those beautiful arms around my neck, and I signed. I didn't know nor care what I was signing." He was really in love.

The incident closed with a settlement. Robert returned to Nineteenth Street and in time Cavalieri married the singer, Muratore.

Phil's brother Jerry spent much of the summers with us and I loved to have him near. Also there was another person who was an integral part of our house. This was Elizabeth, our Irish housemaid who came to us casually, as maids do, and remained for life. With Elizabeth I had no worries regarding housekeeping. She saw to everything. She was a character, amusing, true and so original. I treated her with intimacy, and some consideration which was not always pleasing to her. Once as I was having breakfast in bed, I said:

"Oh Elizabeth, do you mind handing me that book?"

She got red all around to the back of the neck, and exclaimed:

"Don't speak to me like that. I can't stand it."

I was bewildered and asked how she wished me to express myself.

She answered: "Say: Elizabeth! Give me that book. Them's me orders."

One day as I was strolling down Fifth Avenue, I noticed a most arresting drawing displayed in a show-case on street level. I approached and looked into the eyes of a prophetic personage with white beard billowing like that of Michael Angelo's Moses. It almost was Moses, the majesty and the sorrow were to be seen, but there was also a warmth and a kindness that were different. I went upstairs, made inquiries and learned that this was the face of a Persian teacher, and the artist, a lady named Soulé Campbell. When I saw Lewis Chanler again, I induced him to go to that studio and order a drawing of himself. His features were so striking, I felt that a wonderful result would be obtained. He did as I wished but the portrait turned out to be nothing.

About this time, Vahdah spoke of an Eastern Prophet of whom she knew little, yet her interest was greatly aroused. I did not ask any questions.

1914

We went to Europe for the summer, taking the children. In Paris, the German governess left us to visit the home of her parents, and a maid was found to take her place temporarily. We had an honored guest besides—Louise, who had come up from Roumagny to pass a few weeks



Abdul Baha

Drawing by Soule Campbell

with us. It was a deep happiness to be together again, both for her and for me. Neither of us had changed in the eyes of the other. Toward the end of July we went to Trouville where we enjoyed the various pleasures of a seaside resort, and then certain news appeared in the papers—there had been an assassination in a place called Sarajevo. Some thought the event might have consequences. On August 3rd Phil was on the telephone, or I—I forget which, when the connection was abruptly cut. It was announced that telephone facilities were thereafter reserved for the military. Germany had declared war on France.

Phil did not wish to return to Paris, fearing we would be stranded there, so we boarded a boat for England, to the distress of Louise.



Louise and me at Trouville

"You Americans are so excitable" she complained, "and you know nothing. I can tell you, for I live near the Fortress of Belfort. No German is allowed to pass the frontier."

In London we told her of the advance through Belgium, but she was still unbelieving. Only when she learned that the Grands Magasins du Louvre et du Printemps were closed, did she accept the fact that France was at war.

We parted with Louise in London, she to return to her home without difficulty, and we to sail for New York.

Chapter IV

FIFTY FOURTH STREET and NEWPORT

(1914 - 1920)

IT WAS WAR. Although the United States was not involved, the fact remained that it was *our* war. The heart of most everyone quailed as heroic Belgium was trampled underfoot and the enemy advanced to Chantilly. "The Kaiser has bitten off more than he can chew" Papa remarked, but the power of Germany was terrific, as was her pent-up will. I read all the war news, joined a sewing group and did a fair amount of knitting.

For years I had asserted that I did not want a dog; they were too dirty, but one day Phil made me a forcible presentation of a Chow puppy, red-brown, fluffy and unusually good-natured for that breed. We named him Pickles, and he became part of the family. Pickles was endowed with every charm, but he had a failing and a most alarming one. As he grew older he became addicted to fits. At those times, he was uncontrollable; he snarled and frothed at the mouth, and then fell down, exhausted, while the fit passed away. These attacks came seldom, but sometimes they occurred in the street. On those occasions we were in a panic lest some policeman might pass by and think it necessary to use his pistol.

I became friends with the artist, Albert Sterner and

spent long hours in his studio. I liked to be where work was going on. Mr. Sterner was a great draughtsman and had a broad imagination which he used in other fields besides that of art. He was extremely well informed, a liberal thinker and a mighty conversationalist.

When Lewis Chanler met him at our house, he had a hard time to keep the floor and often gave up trying. We spent a summer at Cold Spring Harbor on Long Island and I lived by my beloved Sound once more. Sterner and Lewis often came down to stop with us and talk would proceed far into the night.

Sterner had made portraits of a few members of my family, some in black and white, some in pastels. He painted me twice, and then I got the idea that there should be a portrait of Lewis. This was partly with a view to giving Sterner a commission and partly because Lewis would make an excellent subject. The first sitting was arranged for and I was supposed to be there to discuss the pose, however, I was delayed on account of the children and arrived late.

When I entered the studio, the painter was already at work on his model who was sitting very erect, with his chin thrust forward.

"Oh, Sterner!" I exclaimed. "That isn't Lewis at all."

Sterner was an artist who was never above listening to a suggestion. If it were good, he was ready to take it.

"What's wrong? What do you want me to do?"

Lewis meanwhile had slumped into his accustomed pose and it was easy to answer:

"Paint what you see now", and he did. When finished, all of us considered the portrait a great success.



Pickles and me

About this time we heard a piece of news from France. Louise had died, right there in the war-zone at her little village of Roumagny. That lovely life of devotion and service was ended. If only she could have joined my mother, but that was a dream for children!

Louise left her money to Alice and me. Obviously, it couldn't be collected then. Afterwards we forgot about it.

One afternoon while Lewis and I were walking on the beach, Pickles went into the worst fit he ever had. It seemed that this time he really was mad. He rushed about; we thought that at any moment he would spring upon us, and then he blindly made for the water, swam to quite a distance, and then proceeded to go round and round in circles. We were afraid to call him back, and watched him as he became weaker until his head was almost submerged. Finally I could bear it no longer and I called out *Pickles!* My voice gave him the direction and he swam straight to shore. He stood there awhile shattered by the effort he had made, and then followed us to the house. I kept him on my bed all night, although he still growled from time to time. The next morning he was himself again.

FIFTY FOURTH STREET

Phil bought quite a big house at 135 East 54th Street and it was my task to decorate it. I was at a good deal of a loss, but Sterner came forward and helped me. We planned together, shopped together and made a very nice job of it. Black was the motif of the drawing room—black carpet, black and colored chintz, grey furniture, mauve walls. Quite a change from the era of wedding presents, and daring even for the teens of the Twentieth Century,

but I felt very much at home in that room and always took pleasure in it.

Phil acquired a Cadillac, but my heart sank when I saw it as the headlights seemed most unattractive. Theretofore headlights had been fixed to the front of cars like lanterns, but these bulged repulsively out of the fenders. I did not say that I was disappointed, but the next morning started off on a tour of second-hand shops. I thought that I might find something better and then plan for an exchange. The chauffeur took me from one place to another, but all the cars seemed about to fall to pieces. Probably he didn't want to give up a nice Cadillac, and he arranged matters so that I should see nothing but antediluvian relics. Anyway, I dismissed the idea and resigned myself to driving in a car which, to my mind, had the face of a frog.

A change had passed over society. Many went where they were invited, disregarding the matter of who the host or hostess were, the main concern being whether or not the evening promised to be entertaining. People from other states appeared on the horizon. Elsa Maxwell, herself from California, became influential. When she took up a person, the majority did the same. To all intents and purposes, Elsa was hostess at the parties given by newcomers. The money was supplied and that was all.

Violet Tangeman moved to New York from Brooklyn and it was quite a move because, in those days, Brooklyn was farther away than Los Angeles. Her husband stayed at home a good deal for he was an invalid, while Violet became more and more conspicuous. She lunched almost every day at Sherry's with her little girl. A small table at the left of the doorway was permanently reserved for her.



*Myself, Violet Tangeman and Louis Boissevain
having tea at the Hotel Vanderbilt*

Violet was tall and beautiful, and utterly unconcerned with people. If they wanted to know her, she was satisfied; if not, she was also satisfied. A distinguished and popular Hollander named Louis Boissevain was her constant escort, and Louis went everywhere. Consequently it was not long before Violet received more invitations than she could accept. Vahdah was among the first to make friends with her, after which I met her and she became part of my life.

Violet was most luxurious; her clothes were perfect and she wouldn't have known how to walk the distance of a block. She expected champagne for dinner and, although she ate little, the food had to be perfect. I remember dining with her and Louis Boissevain at the Ritz; the dinner had been ordered in advance and the menu included wild duck with which fresh peas were served. Violet and Louis looked at the peas and then at Theodore, the head waiter. No word was spoken, but Theodore began to apologize:

"There has been a mistake. With duck, the peas must of course be canned."

I do not remember whether or not the matter was rectified, but I realized at the time that I had witnessed a serious breach of dinner-table etiquette.

Louis Boissevain was manager of the Vanderbilt Hotel and no one knew better than he how to entertain. His suits fitted him as no one else's did, and although his taste was extreme, everything he wore was more than just right. He had plenty to say and spoke with a very attractive accent.

At First Nights, Louis and Violet were generally to be

seen, with Violet's husband Neeley. Mr. Tangeman was wheeled down the aisle, set in his place and the chair taken away. It was done very smoothly.

WAS IT LOUISE?

We spent a week-end with Mrs. Cooper Hewitt at her lovely place a short way up the Hudson, on the west bank. I hardly knew Mrs. Hewitt, but we often went on parties with her nephew Frank Roche and we were asked at his request. Mrs. Hewitt was of my father's generation; new notions did not appeal to her, yet she formed a close friendship that was startling to her own circle. This new friend, who claimed to be in contact with the world of spirit, gained a strong ascendancy over the mind of Mrs. Hewitt. People were amazed that a grand lady of the old school should associate herself with a person whom they considered as a sort of a fortune teller. The lady in question was stopping with Mrs. Hewitt during the week-end that we were there and, although she appeared very natural and normal, Phil and I looked on her with some suspicion.

One day, shortly before lunch, this lady and I happened to be alone on the terrace overlooking the river and suddenly she said that she had a message for me. I smiled and answered that I'd like to hear it. The message was from—and she began to spell out the name: *L.O.U.I.*

Perhaps she is reading my mind, I thought, or else she has heard some talk connecting me with Lewis, but she went on *S.E. . . . Louise*. I jumped. I hadn't been conscious of Louise for so long.

"Ask her where she lived"—I wanted to make a test.

The lady again pronounced letters: *R.O.U.M.A.G. . . .*

she lost the thread and stopped. Roumagny, Louise's village, certainly she was trying to spell that word.

"Ask her if she is happy" I suggested, and the answer came that she was lonely.

Then the lady said: "She is telling me about you. She says that you have a good little heart."

Elle a un bon petit coeur. How often Louise had spoken that phrase. I did not know what to think, and then lunch was announced and we joined the others.

Was it Louise, or wasn't it, and if so, how extraordinary of us to break up such a very long-distance call just to go in to lunch. Afterwards Phil said that it was all nonsense and I too thought it must be so, and yet—what if it had been Louise!

WATER LILIES

I used to spend the mornings in bed, reading the papers; then I was apt to lunch out, usually at the Ritz, stop at the dressmaker's and go home to receive friends for tea. I visited Galleries only when Sterner was showing, yet once I did go to look at an important collection which was to be sold. There I caught sight of two paintings by Claude Monet—water-lily scenes—a pink one and a blue one, and I became so entranced that I had to sit down on a big sofa in order to collect myself. On returning home I told Phil of my delight at those paintings and he immediately looked in the papers to find the date on which the auction was to be held. It fell on a night when we were having people to dinner, and this was a blow to me. Phil said: Never mind, I could stay at home and look after our friends and he would go to the auction.

When that evening arrived, I was much on edge throughout dinner and then, shortly after we had left the table, Phil walked in. I looked at him questioningly and he said "Blue." I was glad that he had chosen the blue painting.

I had the water-lilies framed in an inconspicuous silver moulding that hardly showed, and hung it all by itself on one wall of the library. The wall was of a fresh spring green; it seemed to form an open window beyond which lay a blue pool, glistening with water-lilies. I liked to sit in that room. I felt I was out-of-doors, and I loved the Monet better than anything we had. The other walls were decorated with drawings, all very beautiful and rare.

WAR WORK

The United States was at war and Lewis Chanler joined an Officers Training Camp at Plattsburg. He found the work hard but went on with it in all enthusiasm until his training period was finished. He was past the age to make a good soldier of himself, but he wanted to be ready in case his services could be used. Phil also went to camp, but it was different for him as he was a Spanish-American War Veteran and had remained in the National Guard.

Lewis was a wraith when he returned from camp and shortly afterwards he developed pneumonia with complications. His life hung in the balance and I was torn to pieces with anxiety. Yet through it all, I never said a prayer. Disbelieving in God when times were good, I could not lower myself to pray blindly when times were bad. Lewis recovered slowly and painfully, but the full measure of his health never returned. Nevertheless he was

a Chanler and, even in his weakened state, he had more vitality than most people.

I too received a physical blow. As the war progressed, I threw myself into it more and more and, although I did not give up my pastimes, I managed to accomplish a great deal of work, reading every scrap of news available, sewing for refugees and knitting one sweater every day. After a while my eyes began to weaken, but I kept on forcing them until they were strained beyond repair. This caused me great depression because I sensed the fact that my state was permanent. I never regained normal ability to read.

My usefulness to the nation at war weighed on me heavily; then an unimagined avenue of service opened up through Mr. and Mrs. William Wright. These friends of mine were engaged in something, I could not make out what, and then Sally told me that she and Bill were working for the American Protective League, unofficially under the Department of Justice. The members investigated cases of minor importance, thus relieving the Department of Justice of some of its responsibility. It was all very secret. I jumped at this chance of serving under conditions that would not tax my eyes, and presently I was enrolled and operating.

I assembled data on lots of cases and submitted reports; often I had to examine people's rooms, which I did with my heart in my mouth. Once when I was in the apartment of a government employee suspected of being a German sympathizer, I noticed a trunk. That must be opened, I thought to myself, so I dashed off to a locksmith and provided myself with a big bunch of keys. Back at the apartment I tried them one by one. No use. They didn't

fit. Then as a last resort, I attempted to lift the cover, and up it went. The trunk was open all the time!

I interviewed many people personally and received various impressions of their loyalty or disloyalty. In one instance, after questioning a lady I began to feel remorse, so on the way home I sent her a box of flowers.

On the whole, the American Protective League was satisfied with me and, in regard to the Government employee who had a trunk in the apartment, wrote a letter to my Chief which read in part:

"We wish to compliment Mrs. Benkard on her excellent work on this case and the League wishes to express its appreciation of these reports. We have conveyed the information forwarded to us through official channels, where we are sure it will be of help to the Government."

My father wondered why I was so often in town during the summer, so I had to explain the situation. He was deeply shocked. He said he had no use for spies.

A meeting was held at the Hotel Plaza where plans for a new kind of war activity were to be discussed. About a hundred women, including myself, were present and the Chairman, whom I knew slightly, outlined a recruiting project. The Red Cross had a large platform facing City Hall where it held rallies every afternoon. The rallies drew crowds, and closed at four o'clock. The idea was that a group should take over at that moment and appeal for volunteers, the main point being that there should be no pause between the Red Cross meeting and ours. The crowd must not be allowed to disperse.

The plan was approved and the Chairman proceeded to discuss details. The first session would take place the following afternoon. Mrs. Benkard would provide speakers and music.

I listened transfixed. To mention me as taking charge of this project, without any consultation whatsoever, was outlandish to say the least. I approached the Chairman and began to complain: I wasn't qualified for such a thing. I would help, but I couldn't take the responsibility. The Chairman was a very forceful woman and she didn't have time to bother with me.

"You can do it" she said decisively. "It's all settled, and I'll see to it that you have a Sergeant and a bus to carry off the recruits. And now, above all, remember: the crowd must be held."

I went home in despair. To get a speaker for the next afternoon was possible. I could count on Lewis, but music! What should I do about that? I made inquiries regarding orchestras and bands, and learned that music was at a premium. The war was making use of everything in that line. An unfruitful morning followed a sleepless night, and I was at City Hall Park, confident of my one speaker, but with no music on the horizon. The Red Cross meeting was drawing to a close before a huge crowd.

Perhaps an organ grinder would do, I thought, anything for noise! I crossed the park and spoke to a policeman.

"Where can one find an organ grinder?"

He looked at me skeptically.

"I really want one. Please tell me."

For some reason he was indulgent.

"Well, if you must have one, go to . . ." he gave me an

address, adding "but be sure that you don't go alone."

"All right" I agreed "and thank you very much".

I found the haunt of the organ grinders—a short way east of City Hall, and descended from the street into a large cellar, unlit save for a dim glow that came through the doorway. Nothing but organs was in the place; the grinders were crouching about. Charles Dickens could have made use of such a scene, I thought, but it was not the time for thinking. Every organ grinder was staring at me, so I began: Music was needed in the park. Would some one go with me? He would be paid.

They discussed the matter among themselves, and a man got up. "How much?"

I guessed at a price. He slung his organ on his shoulder and followed me.

The Red Cross meeting was disbanding. Lewis stood back of the platform which was still surrounded with people.

"Play now!" I said to the organ grinder, and he began.

I mounted the platform to see if the Sergeant were on hand and found him waiting. I breathed more easily. The sound of the organ was a symphony to me, and then—the sound stopped. I rushed through the crowd but the organ grinder had disappeared.

"Where did he go?" I asked of a policeman, a different one from my kindly informant of a few minutes past.

"Where did who go?"

"The organ grinder!"

"Oh, I sent him on his way. He won't bother you any more."

Sergeant Ellis opened the meeting and spoke for a con-

siderable time. He knew his subject and his audience listened attentively. Next came Lewis who told a string of stories. The people did not drift away.

The following days were easy in comparison. We were in the public eye and entertainment of all sorts was offered. We had playlets, some music and a varied and excellent assortment of speakers. The bus stood by and took off the recruits to heaven knows where. So it went on, through the allotted time. We had held the crowd.

Without Sergeant Ellis it couldn't have been done. He was the body of the enterprise, and he too appeared satisfied after borrowing a hundred dollars from me.

Looking back to that dread afternoon at The Plaza when I had received my assignment in the presence of so many women, I felt that everything had turned out all right, only I wondered what the other ninety nine had contributed toward the project.

My father went back for a while to Middletown, Connecticut, where he had lived as a child. He had accepted an invitation to be Honorary President of Wesleyan University and he liked this gesture of following in the footsteps of his father. He and my stepmother had a nice house close to the University where they entertained the students all the time. My stepmother had a beautiful library built on the grounds. It was in memory of my grandfather and is named Olin Library.

I had heard much of Evangeline Adams and of her horoscopes and thought that she might have something interesting to tell me. I went to her studio and gave her the required information as to dates. In time a very bulky report arrived and I hastened to read it over. I don't know

what I expected, but whatever that was, I received something quite different. Miss Adams' main prognostication was that my life would begin when I was well in my forties. Thus, I had to wait ten years to be born. What an assertion, when my life was so rich already! I tore up the horoscope in disgust.

NEWPORT

We were spending the summers at Newport. First we lived at Bateman's at the end of Ocean Drive and the next season rented a cottage on Bellevue Avenue. It was Bailey's Beach in the mornings, although I seldom went in swimming; fairly quiet weeks as a rule, and very animated week-ends. My special companion was Marjorie Oelrichs and this was convenient because little Marjorie and my children were great friends. Marjorie had had an unhappy marriage and was getting along as best she could with no money, yet somehow or other she was never poor. The explanation was that she had hosts of friends, mainly rich ones, so she always had plenty of people to stop with, or take trips with, and she paid her way with her own sweet company which was worth any price. At one time she had a novelty shop where she did very well, and she always had some business venture in hand. Marjorie was a beauty, with a heart of gold and a very good head, and ways opened up for her as if by magic. Her passion was little Marjorie, whom everyone called Baby and over whom she brooded unceasingly. When she dined out, she always left the table to call home and see if Baby were all right. Baby accepted all this consideration with indul-

gence. In many ways she was more grown up than her mother.

They generally stopped at Pierre's when in town. Marjorie liked to be in the very best hotel and, in order to assuage her conscience, made herself believe that it was the cheapest also. Undoubtedly the management liked to have her there and made special terms.

I saw much of Davelle Kountze, a Kentucky belle who had married a New Yorker, of Julie Shipman, the dashing wife of a dashing Bishop, of Mrs. Oliver Belmont who had been my mother's friend and was Phil's and mine also and quite a few others. Violet Tangeman was there, and always a center of attraction.

Our maid Elizabeth was glad to be in Newport for long years back she had spent many seasons as housemaid in one of the largest and most impressive houses on Bellevue Avenue. She always had stories to tell about the days when she lived in a palace, which days ended abruptly when her mistress found her in the garden being kissed by the footman. Her mistress must have been a bit strait-laced and Elizabeth nurtured a slight grievance on this score. Once I gave her a hat which I didn't want any longer, and Elizabeth tried it on before the mirror. She shook her head and took it off.

"I'm just like Mrs. B." she remarked. "Nothing looks good on me."

We had a butler who was very handsome and as efficient as any butler could be. When unexpected guests arrived at the last minute, he fitted them in so dexterously that they never knew that their presence was a shock. Phil and I liked him enormously and so did Elizabeth.

FROM GASLIGHT TO DAWN



Mrs. Oliver Belmont



Elizabeth

Now it happened that this butler was arrested on a serious charge and brought up for trial in the Newport court. Things looked black for him. What he needed was an alibi, so Elizabeth took the stand and testified that he had spent the evening in question with her in the kitchen.

"I took a terrible chance" she afterwards told me. "I gave up my baptism for twenty four hours."

I did not understand, so she explained that in her church, those who testified falsely under oath, resigned their privileges of baptism for a day and a night. In other words, if she had died during that period, her soul would have gone to a very uncomfortable place.

"I took a terrible chance" she repeated, "but it helped the poor man a lot."

I had heard of those who risked their lives for a friend, but I had not known of any who risked their souls. That action on the part of Elizabeth placed her very high in my estimation. I felt that she had demonstrated self-forgetfulness to the 'nth degree.

Pickles owned the section of Bellevue Avenue on which we lived. He was able to take care of himself and everybody knew him and admired him.

"Aren't you afraid to let him run around alone?" people asked, and we answered "Oh no! Pickles is so clever; no harm could come to him."

One day I was walking in the village, when a man whom I knew drew up to the curb and said:

"A dog has been run over down the avenue. I'm afraid it may be Pickles. Will you come with me?" I got into the car and we drove off.

"It couldn't be Pickles" I assured him, yet I was slightly worried.

When we approached the spot I saw our car standing by, and our chauffeur came forward to meet us. Then I knew. It was Pickles. He was lying on the road. The chauffeur took him home but I walked. I couldn't have lifted my feet high enough to step into the car. When I reached the house, the children ran to me but I was not able to speak to them.

"What is the matter, Mother? Say something."

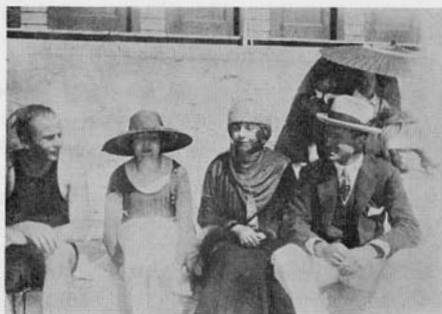
I didn't answer, but when they insisted, I tried. Then the tears began to flow, not in drops but in sheets. Elizabeth put me to bed and I called up Phil's office in town. I wanted to ask him to bring me a dog that very night. I felt that the pain would be less if I had a dog. Phil was out and when he called me a little later, the desire for a dog had passed. He took the train immediately and was there in the evening. I had cried without stopping and my head was bursting. When Phil sat by me on the bed, I calmed down. It seemed that I could go on living.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Pembroke Jones asked us to dinner. It was her car that had killed Pickles and the chauffeur had driven off without stopping. Mrs. Jones knew about it and felt terribly sorry. We thought that we should accept and we did. Mrs. Jones was one of the kindest women in Newport.

The children and I with Elizabeth and the governess spent one summer at Kirby's boarding house, because Phil was overseas and I did not want to spend one cent of his money while he was in the service. It was a sentiment on my part to live on my own little income during that

period, and I did not find it at all hard. After a while the war ended and he came back with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which he enjoyed wearing, although he admitted that most every one else had it too.

The pace in Newport accelerated with the return of normal times. People felt gay and frivolous. Marjorie Oelrichs acquired a cavalier much younger than herself, and so did I. We formed ourselves into a *parti carré* and had some very good times together. I received gardenias before most parties, which I hesitated to wear as I felt that a woman in the late thirties was too old for such things. We went on picnics and dined at nearby inns. Newport had become less formal.



Myself and Marjorie Oelrichs at Baily's Beach

One night in a dream I found myself on a great plane. Throngs of people were gathered around a little mount on which stood a young man. I was in the crowd to the rear of him, quite close, a little to his left; his feet were

about on a level with my shoulders. He was entirely dressed in dark olive green, something close fitting so that I could see the lines of his figure, and yet in a certain way, ample. He was teaching the people, and I heard his voice and words clearly and distinctly. All were listening, hanging on every syllable, and I together with the others was looking upward toward him. All of us were swept with ineffable love.

When I awoke, the room was alive with colored lights and the words were still in my mind. I lit the lamp and wrote them down. They covered three pages.

I lay awake for a long time. I could not have relaxed for my body seemed to be connected with some electrical power and my blood was dancing. The colored lights were stamped on my eyes and I could not lose them. Finally I dropped off to sleep.

In the morning my body retained a vibrancy and a strange lightness, and I wondered about the love that I had felt. It was so real; I couldn't say it hadn't happened, yet what had these things, which I didn't understand, to do with me? I read the pages written during the night. The words were rhythmical but made no sense to me. I put them away and tried to forget the whole thing. It took a few days. The year was 1920.

Phil was popular with women and had had a few lively flirtations. At this time he was very attentive to Mrs. Shirmer, widow of the music publisher, and she came to our house often. Mrs. Shirmer was extremely pretty and intelligent; she had much social talent and a good singing voice besides.

One day in Newport I received a telegram from Lewis

Chanler which was a great surprise to me. His wife had suggested a divorce in exchange for ample income during the remainder of her life. Lewis had accepted the proposition and planned to sail for Paris to attend to the legalities.

This news came to me like a bomb-shell. I felt obligated to my children who were fast growing up. I loved Phil very deeply and yet, Lewis was first in my life. I decided to get a divorce myself after a short wait.

It was sad leaving the house in 54th Street for it meant a break with so many things. I imagined Phil would marry too and we planned to always see each other. Phil and I had been together for so long, and there had never been a cross word between us. I felt permanently bound to him.

In due time I took passage for France, explaining to my friends that I wished Elsie to perfect her French in Paris. Phyllis was at boarding school so she would remain in this country. Before sailing, I felt that an explanation was due my father and, although I dreaded the ordeal, I tried to make an appointment with him. Papa had a slight illness, so he put off seeing me and I was spared what would have been a trying interview.

Phil took us down to the steamer; we said good-bye, and Elsie and I started on a new life. At dinner on the first night, we sat close to each other and my tears fell into the soup plate. Then I told Elsie of the real reason for our going abroad. I felt that she deserved perfect frankness from me, and she listened with eyes growing bigger and bigger. To her it meant a great upheaval and change. When I had finished, she just put her arms around my neck and said simply:

"Poor Mother! You have waited a long time."

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PART TWO

Chapter V

PARIS and SIXTY FIFTH STREET

(1920 - 1926)

WHEN IT WAS all over, the uprooting from home struck me forcibly. For the first time in my life, nerves took possession of me and I had to seek the advice of doctors. One of them gave me a dose of morphine which made me feel very much at ease, but when this treatment was recommended as a daily routine, I decided to take care of myself. Through it all, I was in a partial state of exaltation and very certain that I was doing the right thing.

I used to have my hair cut at a modern salon on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, where the proprietor, Monsieur Calou, constantly objected to my few grey hairs. He wanted to put on a slight application, just at the top. It would take but a few minutes, after which the grey would no longer show. I resisted this advice for a long time, and finally yielded, but not to him. If I were to attempt such a rash thing, I had better go down to the Rue Royale and have George, my step-mother's coiffeur, do the trick.

I went to George and explained that I wanted a little coloring, only on the top of the head, and of my shade

of brown. Above all, no suggestion of red. The matter was agreed upon and I sat down in the chair. An assistant applied something to my hair and I was left alone. In order to amuse myself, I brought out a pencil and papers and began to draft the outline of a scenario, the idea of which had come to my mind. The story comprised a desert island, a succession of murders and the finding of the lost arms of the Winged Victory. I was so absorbed in my work that I did not notice the passing of time, and probably the assistant had forgotten all about me for when he finally returned I was soaked with dye almost to the brain. I left Rue Royale with a head that looked like an enormous crimson cherry.

The next morning I appeared at Calou's, very much ashamed of myself.

"Why didn't you come to me?" he mourned. "*Quelle misère!*"

"I didn't know a good thing when I had it" I apologized. "I went to my mother's coiffeur."

"Time moves on" he commented, "and now what do you want me to do?"

"Take it off."

"Your hair will go with it."

"I don't mind."

I went to Calou's every day and the red disappeared. I was a blonde with a very short cut for most of the hair had broken off. Calou was a god to me, so when he went down to Monte Carlo for the season, Elsie and I followed. We had never seen the Riviera.

We stopped at Beaulieu, with Lewis at another place nearby. Every day we drove to Monte Carlo, and the blue



*Monsieur and Madame Colou
in front of their shop at Monte Carlo*

of the waters, the warmth of the skies and the music on every hand made me very happy. My hair was under control and improving every day.

Monte Carlo held endless glamor for me, but one thing made me sick at heart. It was the constant sound of shooting below on the water-front, where the pigeons were loosed right into muzzles of the *sportsmen's* guns. If some of these men later ended their lives in "Suicide Park" which lay before the Casino, as visitors to the gambling rooms often did, it was of no concern to me whatsoever.

Paris again and Spring! Either is enough to afford contentment but both together are a joy for anyone. I had this and something more. I was to be married to Lewis.

We were married at the Mairie and afterwards had a little reception at the apartment of Mrs. Hunt, 18 Rue Chalgrin. Mrs. Hunt was Phil's aunt and her daughter Lily, Phil's cousin, and together they were my rock of safety in an unfamiliar land.



Lewis and Lily Hunt on our wedding day

Phil Lydig acted as Lewis' best man and Violet Tange-man and Louis Boissevain were with us. We left Elsie in the care of Aunt Annie Hunt and drove to Fontainebleau.

That little Hotel d'Angleterre is probably the sweetest hotel in the world. It is just a low cottage rambling along in different directions, but so luxurious. I remember our

first breakfast, a tray with delicious coffee, tiny croissants and brioches and honey, all in the sunlight that streamed into the room. We wandered at ease through the Chateau, so impregnated with the personality of Napoleon, and there was no rushing to get back to Paris. For that week we were part of Fontainebleau.

After a while we motored to Versailles where Lewis had engaged a huge suite at the Hotel des Reservoirs. I unpacked and then looked around the great gloomy rooms. I felt that I couldn't live there even for a day, so I slipped out and walked to the comparatively new Trianon Palace Hotel, where I engaged rooms. Then I told Lewis that we were moving. He was quite disturbed and would have no part in it. Just the same we transferred ourselves to the Trianon Palace which he adored at sight and thereafter frequented constantly.

One day I ordered raspberries for dessert and, when the plate was placed before me, I noticed an aggressive looking worm poised on the top of the largest raspberry. I called the big German head-waiter and stated that I was totally allergic to worms.

His answer was: *Si Madame n'aime pas les vers, il ne faut pas commander des framboises.* (If Madame does not like worms, she must not order raspberries).

Phyllis came to pass the summer with us and we went to Biarritz; then back to Paris, some shopping and we sailed for home. We took an apartment at the Hotel Vanderbilt and acquired a dog.

Toni was a wire-haired fox terrier of notable lineage for his father, Wycollar Boy, had lately been awarded the prize for the best dog of any breed at the Westminster

Show at Madison Square Garden. Toni, like many examples of rarified stock, was a difficult dog. He was beautiful, but his intelligence, if he had any, was hard to locate. He was delicate too, and extremely nervous. Lewis spent hours teaching him to play with the ball. It seemed hopeless, but all of a sudden he caught on and carried it back to be thrown again. After that, the ball became an obsession with him and his mind was fixed on it without let up.

Physically, he was perfect, except for a tiny discolored spot on the right eye-tooth, and I entered him in the show at Madison Square Garden. Lewis bet me a hundred dollars that he wouldn't take First Prize, fifty dollars that he wouldn't take Second Prize, twenty-five dollars that he wouldn't take Third Prize, and ten dollars that he wouldn't even get Honorable Mention. I laughed at this lack of faith in Toni even though I wasn't very fond of him.

The Show opened and I took Toni from his pen into the paddock where the judges were examining the dogs one by one. When Toni's turn came, one of the judges looked him over carefully and then opened his mouth. He must have disapproved of the tiny spot on his right eye-tooth, for he approached me and said:

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave the ring."

I couldn't understand and asked: "What did you say?"

He repeated the doleful words and I realized that we were dismissed.

It isn't customary to remove a dog from a Show just because he has been eliminated, but I couldn't bother to be a good sport. I picked up Toni, ran to the entrance and jumped into a cab. On reaching the Hotel Vanderbilt,

PARIS AND SIXTY FIFTH STREET



Myself and Lewis at Fountainbleu



At the Grand Trianon, Versailles

my dog and I retired to bed, united in mutual disgrace. I had lost all my bets, but something else had happened. Toni and I were friends.

Incidentally, Lewis and I had a betting system which we always used. When he lost, he paid. When he won, nobody paid.

Elsie and I thought it would be nice to have a house, so we were given an address at 132 East 65th Street. We looked at the house, were satisfied and Lewis bought it. We consulted Shultz Bros. on Madison Avenue as to the remodelling, and Mr. Shultz asked me what I had in mind. I had been through so many periods! The Victorian period, the wedding present period which included Empire, the Chintz period—none of them was acceptable! I thought of Colonial, which was lovely and cold. No! that wouldn't do! Of Georgian—that would do even less. I'll have to go further back, I thought, to times when things were really rustic, and so I said to Mr. Schultz: "I want an old English inn."

He responded immediately: "I think you are interested in the Sixteenth Century," and I found I was.

Mr. Schultz made the sitting room in half timber, using the wood of an old sailboat; the mantelpiece showed the arms of the Kings of Scotland in plaster relief. The dining room was pink with green woodwork.

The front of the house showed an effect known as Parge. At the rear we made a garden with a fountain and a canal, and then the matter of furniture came up. Mr. Schultz had several English 16th century pieces which were good. We accepted these but reserved the drawing room for French 16th century.



Toni and I take a walk

The next summer in Paris, Elsie and I shopped with great interest and care. We made the rounds of many antique stores to discover the right piece for a certain spot and, having found it, made the rounds all over again for the next piece. In one shop we came across a 15th century wood carving of a monk. The face had been slashed off, as had the book which the monk was reading—destruction wrought by the Commune, but the lines were there and the spirit remained. Something about it touched me deeply, but the price was very high so I hesitated. We would come back, I said, and we did from time to time.

One day as I was visiting my monk, the proprietor demurred: "Don't look too hard. This piece has been sold."

I sat down in a big Louis XIV chair. It wasn't possible that I had lost this object which I loved so much.

"I'm sorry" he said sympathetically.

"It must be an American" I burst out, "an American who doesn't know what he is buying."

"It is an American" he admitted, and escorted me to the door.

Back at the hotel I felt that no price was too much to pay for the monk. I called up the proprietor of the shop to ask the name of the purchaser. I would visit him and make some sort of a deal. The proprietor refused to comply, yet he gave me some soothing words: "Do not give up hope."

"He must have meant something" I said to Elsie. "Perhaps we can yet find a way."

When Lewis arrived at the hotel, I was worn out with emotion. He must help me. He must assail that horrible American. Lewis shrugged his shoulders.

"I wanted to surprise you on your birthday, but you have made it impossible. Naturally, the horrible American is me."

Lewis had the disadvantage of being married to a woman with a teen-aged daughter, the two being as close as peas in their natal pod. Elsie's opinions were always quoted and what she said was right. When Lewis ventured a statement, I would come back with: "Oh no. Elsie doesn't think so." It went on that way; everything was Elsie, Elsie. One day as we were having lunch in our hotel sitting room, I disagreed as usual: Elsie thought otherwise, I said. It was once too much and Lewis shouted:

"To hell with Elsie! I don't care what she thinks."

There was a pause and I arose from the table. We had been cursed; we were leaving.

"Where are you going" Lewis asked.

I replied: "I haven't the slightest idea."

I got reservations on the next train for London and just as we were about to pull out, Lewis looked in at the window of the compartment. He simply wanted to know if we had enough money.

"We have plenty, thank you."

He stepped into the compartment. "I want to see", and he opened my bag. I had a single one-hundred franc note.

"So you are going to London with one hundred francs!"

"Oh no! I have my check book too."

"Small good that will do you in London!" He stuffed a wad of English notes in my bag and jumped off as the train started.

Knocking around London was fun. We did lots of sight-seeing, went to theatres and restaurants and had a cozy

time together, but suddenly I began to worry. How was Lewis getting along? Maybe he was ill. I bought places on the next train; good or bad it had to be the next one, so we travelled all night under wretched conditions and arrived in Paris at dawn. Lewis was still asleep when we entered his room, but he welcomed us with dignity.

"I think you should know" he said "that Toni was miserable all the time you were away."

Three members of my family died while we were in Paris, Vahdah, after a long illness, and her brother Earl, suddenly. It was a great grief to lose these two beautiful people who were so much loved and admired. When news of my father's death came to me by cable, I reproached myself for having left New York as I knew that he had not been at all well. It was a shock to realize that I would never again see that remarkable personality, so highly respected, so brilliant and, if a little austere, so true and above all, so charming. Papa was buried in the little cemetery at Wesleyan University alongside of his father and mother.

One Spring, instead of crossing the Atlantic on our way to Paris, we sailed by the Southern Route. We had very good company on the ship as Bourke Cockran, the great Irish orator, once Congressman from New York State, and his lovely wife were our fellow passengers, and Mr. Cockran was as exhilarating in private as on the platform. We were in Naples together and later on in Rome where we noticed young men in *black shirts* moving in bands through the streets and sometimes gathering around the hotel at night. We wondered what they were.

Bourke Cockran, a notable Roman Catholic, was given

an audience with the Pope. He invited Elsie to accompany him and one morning they started off, Mr. Cockran in full evening dress and Elsie wearing a black veil. It was an experience for Elsie.



*Bourke Cockran and Elsie before leaving
the hotel to visit the Pope*

Up to Venice and Florence, then back to Paris. We were now living in a beautiful apartment in the ancient Ile Saint Louis.

Elsie and I spent whole days exploring the small streets and nooks of the old city and once, as lunch time came around, we found ourselves in the vicinity of the Luxembourg Gardens. An unpretentious restaurant was at hand so we stopped in and ate a modest but excellent meal. I had money in my purse but was not prepared for the high

addition which was handed to me, so I asked indulgence of the headwaiter and promised to pay the bill on the following day.

Now Lewis was very rigorous in such matters, so when I told him about our adventure, he insisted that we should return that very night and settle up. As we drove to the door, he exclaimed: "Foyaut! No wonder it was dear!" Then we dined and paid our debt to the accompaniment of compliments all around. Lewis felt obligated to the management which had been so considerate to a penniless woman and child, so he made it a point to return often, and always when he was giving dinners in a private room.

Willie Chanler was a permanent resident of Paris. He had a ground floor apartment in the rue de la Trémoille, where he received strange callers who were associated with the underground political activities that he claimed to have. The walls of his sitting room were hung with wooden legs. He was always trying new models and, as there was possibility of his returning to the old ones, he kept all of them at hand. It was a gruesome example of interior decoration.

I loved to listen to his stories, but Lewis would give out big guffaws and say that he didn't believe a word of them. One night when this statement was repeated, Willie happened to be in a bad humor. He arose from his chair, his face convulsed.

"I have killed a man for less than that" he exploded.

I thought it wise to say goodnight without delay.

Willie had a ring made for me at Cartier's. It was a platinum band with signs of the Zodiac set in black enamel. I had never cared for rings and had made only feeble

attempts at using my wedding rings, but this one just suited me. I wore it all the time on my little finger.



William Astor Chanler

AT THE RACES

Lewis spent most every day at the race-track. He had a stable which he wasn't qualified to run himself, so Colonel Thorold, an English friend of his, generously took charge of the management. Together they acquired a nice line of horses, and quite a bit of luck came their way. One horse, named Chateaufort, was the pride of the stable for he won races consistently and generally ran as favorite.

Lewis was a figure on the race-tracks of Longchamps, Saint Germain, Chantilly and Vincennes, but he never

went to Auteuil because he didn't approve of the steeplechase. Chateaufort was a star at this form of racing but with Lewis he had no opportunity to display his powers. At Auteuil there were so many accidents, to men and horses. This sport was barred from our calendar.

We were accustomed to see our colors come in first, or at least close to first, but one season they lagged behind. Chateaufort was in excellent trim; his jockey, Bretès, was one of the best available; he continued for the most part as favorite, yet the Yellow and Black was always to the rear. No one could understand the change and the authorities of the Jockey Club began to look critically on the Chanler stable.

Lewis' responsibility was great, because the public was losing money. Besides, his reputation was involved. He, Colonel Thorold and Wallon, the trainer, began to watch the jockey through their field glasses, coming to the conclusion that Chateaufort was being pulled.

A notable race was scheduled for Saint Germain, with prize, the Vanderbilt Cup. In spite of his recent record, Chateaufort was favorite; the jockey, Bretès. Then, almost at the last minute, a name was stricken from the list of riders. Bretès was not to mount Chateaufort. Wallon, the trainer who had not raced for years, was taking his place.

A good friend of ours was with us on this occasion, Dr. Helen Brown who specialized on the spine and was adept at making the blood circulate as it should. She had been taking care of me for years because her treatments helped my eyes enormously. We were there on the lawn, Dr. Brown, Elsie, Colonel Thorold, Lewis and a few of his track cronies. Lewis was nervous and let-down for he felt



Chateaufort with Walton on the training track.

that Chateaufort was at a disadvantage with Wallon on his back. Nevertheless he had a good bet on him as usual.

The horses started off in a pack, keeping together half way round the ring; then one of them began to disengage himself from the others, continuing slightly in advance till they turned the curve and were on the home run. Lewis strained through his field glasses. Impossible! The Yellow and Black was leading the field. We watched scarcely breathing, and, as the horses neared the grand-stand, saw Chateaufort shoot out and come in lengths ahead of the others.

Dr. Brown began to scream and Lewis, who always wanted to maintain formalities, almost put his hand on her mouth. Yet I think that all of us had tears in our eyes as Wallon rode the winner to the paddock—Chateaufort, who had been given his head for the first time in months.

Bretès was barred from the track and retired to the race-courses of Africa. Undoubtedly he had placed many a bet against Chateaufort and was in a good position to start a new life.

Elsie was growing up and the time for her *coming out* was at hand. I bought her some lovely dresses at Jenny and Lucien Lelong and we sailed to New York with our little debutante.

FINDING AN OLD FRIEND

I didn't plan on having a party for Elsie. I felt that I didn't know how to give a ball; besides, she would be asked to most places, so why take the trouble. However, a dream came my way in which I saw myself as hostess at Elsie's coming-out party and, although I considered dreams

as more than non essential, I yielded to the influence of this one. Lewis did not mind, so we chose a date and set to work.

At such events it was still permissible to ask a few older people, so I brought out the Social Register and made a list of my friends, which included some that I hadn't seen in a long while. Among these latter was Mrs. E. R. Mathews, whom I hadn't even thought of in eighteen years or more. The party was held at the Park Lane Hotel and champagne was served, which was unusual as the country was in the grip of Prohibition. In view of the fact that entertaining was becoming less and less formal, I felt that a huge, cold ballroom was a poor setting for any festivity, so the dance was held in the attractive dining room and supper served in the ballroom. The shift was a good idea and the party turned out to be most successful.

Elsie looked like a dream-child in a very short white satin sheath, stiff with a diamond-shaped lattice effect done in pink, blue and gold embroidery. Her light curly hair stood out around her face and she smiled from head to toe. Just to look at her was worth all the effort of giving a dance.

Round about this time as I was looking over some old letters, I came across the three pages I had written on coming out of a dream in Newport. I again read the words which had meant nothing to me a few years before and, as they still meant nothing, I tore up the pages.

Loulie Mathews didn't come to the party, but the invitation had brought us into contact again. I saw her often and found in her more depths than in my other friends. She often referred to meetings which she held at her

apartment every Friday afternoon, but did not suggest my going to any of them. I was glad of this as I would not have accepted, nevertheless as time went on and she still did not ask me, I began to wonder why. Then as the winter drew to an end, she proposed that I should come the next Friday, and I went. This was in 1925.

Loulie's drawing room was filled with women who were listening attentively to a lecture given by a little old lady named Mrs. Ford. The subject was a sort of unity amongst all peoples, and allusion was made to Eastern literature. Two names were mentioned repeatedly: Baha-O-Llah and Abdul Baha. I thought they sounded strange and funny and, in my corner, giggled a bit to myself. When it was all over, I felt I hadn't grasped the meaning of a single word, yet something there pleased me and I asked if I could return the next week.

I did not miss a Friday after that. I always arrived early and waited for the spell which I knew would descend on me. The lecture began to make sense, the Oriental names were no longer funny, and the words read and quoted carried a rhythm which vibrated in the room. I saw Loulie constantly between lectures. I was attracted to that house and went there as often as I thought permissible.

She told me about the Bahai Cause. It was apparent that she loved it for tears sometimes came to her eyes as she spoke.

When we sailed for Paris, Loulie had provided me with a package of books and these I read during the summer, only a little at a time as my eyes continued to trouble me. In the autumn I returned home with my horizon greatly enlarged.

"It is pure common sense" I said to Loulie, and wondered why her face fell.

More meetings, more conversations with Loulie and Mrs. Ford, and then something happened to me. To the reaction of the mind, was added the reaction of the heart. I fell in love with the Cause. Then I understood why Loulie had seemed disappointed when I thought this teaching common sense and no more.

It was being loosed in another dimension, yet little by little I came to grasp the implications of the Bahai Cause. It was the modern revelation of the Ancient Truth that had been given humanity from time to time, its last expression being Islam, and its first that we know of being Hinduism at the beginnings of recorded history. Now that the whole world was becoming accessible and the scope of influence unlimited, three great personalities came together to carry out the Divine Plan: the Bab, the Fore-runner—Baha-O-Llah, the Manifestation—Abdul Baha, the Prophet of Peace, the three a quickening impulse toward the modernizing of thoughts and actions. This was a New Faith for a New Day, with Baha-O-Llah as the central figure of revelation.

The Bahai Cause reminded me that the earth was created without frontiers. What are these barriers, Abdul Baha had said, separating France from Germany and Germany from Russia, and so on. They are not to be seen, nor to be taken into account. Let the nations be states of a World Government. The earth is our native land.

Also, I had learned that racial superiorities were a pitiful illusion. All men have the same origin and destiny.

Differences exist, but they are differences of climate and opportunity. Every so-called race has unlimited potential. Actually there is only one race.

I came to understand that there are no heathen, that word which had obsessed me so much in the past. The Divine Power had not sent a single Messenger and condemned to oblivion all those people who had lived before, and all those who for some reason or other had been unable to hear or accept his words. Many Messengers had come and left behind Holy Books around which great religions had been founded. The religions were divinely inspired, although each and everyone had evolved dogmas, creeds and rituals that had spoiled them. Way back at their beginnings, they were pure and beautiful. One had only to read the Vedas of Hinduism, the Avesta of Zoroastrianism, the Tripitaka of Buddhism, the Kings' Classics of Confucianism, the Tao-Teh King of Taoism, the Old Testament of Judaism, the New Testament of Christianity, the Koran of Islam and finally, the writings of Baha-O-Llah and Abdul Baha of the Bahai Cause, to find that all rang true and on the same notes. It is one Book in so many chapters. It is one lesson of love and service.

When this realization dawned on me, I felt that I was caught in a current of air. The gaslight of *Myness* in nationality, race and religion was blown out, and the lonely glow of dignified self-reliance was dissipated. I had entered a sun-lit garden where anything could happen. I was in fairyland.

In meditating on the religion that I had been brought up in, I wrote a parable based on the following words of Abdul Baha:

It was necessary that the fundamental basis of all religious teaching should be restored; that the Sun of Reality which had set, should rise again; that the springtime, which had refreshed the arena of life in ages gone by, should appear anew; that the rain which had ceased, should descend; that the breezes which had become stilled, should blow once more.

THE CITY OF CHRISTENDOM

Once there was a Man who lived in the city of Christendom. Its walls extended as far as the eye could see, and its battlements were impregnable. A world in itself it stood, with domes, columns, spires, and the pure aspiration of Gothic arches. All that which hand could weave, or carve, or paint, all that which brain could conceive, elaborate and disclose, and all which power and wealth could create, embellish and defend were his heritage, and here he lived complacently and looked about him with pride and assurance.

Sometimes he would wander to the farthest limits of the city walls, and visit the site of the first settlement. There his forefathers had gathered together and, with a treasury filled with love, courage and devotion, had broken the ground in their high enterprise. The subterranean chambers still existed—dark catacombs which had afforded protection, while above, the heavens vast and lucid held a whisper which still vibrated. Great had been their progress, inconceivable their fortune. Churches and colleges had appeared, palaces and halls

of justice. The spaces of sky had grown narrower and the dwellings close; many races had gathered in the streets, many banners had flown. One banner bearing a Red Cross was laid away with reverence. An open Book upon a lectern still betokened a victory. And everywhere were scars of conflict and records of dispute. God had said of them: *They have not hated blood*, and Red became their color and their power increased. Now, ever-stalking Prejudice had become deified, and many an altar had been raised to him, whose adepts held all others in abhorrence. The air had grown very heavy and the sky had narrowed to a thread, but the city hummed with life, assimilation and progress, and the Man's senses reeled with confidence in his destiny.

Sometimes he would stroll upon the mighty ramparts, and from this point of vantage view the outer world. Smiling nature would be revealed to him, man's endeavor, glory also, and he would look upon them indulgently and extract from them whatsoever he desired. In the near distance an exquisite minaret tapered to the sky, but it bore no cross, and he did not see it. From the valley beyond the pure notes of the temple bells rose upon the wind, but the organ throbbed, and he did not hear them. Close to the horizon, echoes rolled about a lofty mountain: *Thou shalt have no god but Me*, but he deemed the words his own law, and he did not understand.

One day he sought out those in authority with an

untruth that he had discovered, and it was ignored, and later with a truth which he had recognized, and it was denied. Then he opened the gates of the city and passed through them into the world.

Out in the meadow fresh breezes assailed him; among the violets the earth took possession of him, and once he looked back upon the city and laughed, and then he lost himself in the moonlight and wept when it paled.

One night of nights, he saw a New Star upon the charted breast of heaven, and the star beckoned to him and he arose and followed it. Past the massive walls of Christendom, through the rolling country of his proud independence, it led him, drew him to a glowing East where its own light did not waver. Then he remembered and cried out: You are the Herald and once you shone over a manger! and the star grew very large and disappeared.

Then the *Sun* revealed itself upon the horizon, and Its rays spread over the world. Minaret, church, temple, all were bathed in Its glory—glory again returned to man who always had dimmed it—and Sinai smiled, re-kindled, while the Orient stood open, and the Voice again repeated: *Thou shalt have no god but Me.*

If my memory is not at fault, the above parable was published in Bahai News.

Thus I saw that sectarianism was obsolete for the sincere thinker, and felt that reliance on the material, or agnosticism, was likewise out of date. With the miracles of the

New World on all sides, with the wonders of the within knocking on every heart, there must be a Power that is beyond our mental grasp. Abdul Baha said that the worm, curled up in the kernel of the plum has not the senses with which to understand the gardener. Even so, we have not the senses with which to understand God.

At least we knew that there was no white-bearded Deity sitting on a cloud; no Omnipotence that will confer or withhold help to suit its own whim, but simply a force for Good, containing within itself all the attributes of Truth, loveliness and progress, and yet hampered by the encompassing forces of ignorance, ugliness and weighty materialism. I tried to express this thought in a poem which I called

The Answer

He shaped a pattern on the void
and loosed a universe within its scope,
He set the count that two and two is four,
He brought the tender freshness of the Spring
and of the morn. He made the blinding night.
He saw ambition take its place, and greed,
and here and there a bold, disarming smile.
He heard the wailing of both man and beast,
rent with an agony He could not quench
because it was inherent in the dust.

He placed the question and He gave the clue
to vault the straightened bonds of time and space
and reach beyond unto a better clime,
prepared and different, and the answer, Lo:
the scars of Love, allowed to every man.

Of all the Bahai principles, the one that struck me the hardest was: Independent Investigation of Truth. No more were we to rely on others, of the past and of the present. No more were we to adhere to customs that didn't click with our conscience. We were free to do what we thought was right. We were obligated to stand on our own feet. In this new frame of mind, it was natural for me to become a vegetarian and to dispose of my furs. Never again would I take part in merciless killings. At long last I could look the animal world in the face.

One exception I made. I loved stewed clams. Phil had taught me to delight in this dish and I held to the idea that the clam has no feelings. Then one night I saw a movie which showed clam-life underseas. The pictures were authentic and of course greatly enlarged, taking the audience right into clam social-circles. I saw a lady-clam conversing in her own ways with two admirers, while everything went pleasantly until one of the two made himself obnoxious to the other. A duel ensued while the lady looked on in smug satisfaction, after which she lightly drifted over the corpse of one of her suitors and went off, to all intents and purposes, on the arm of the victor.

After seeing this picture I decided that differentiating between the various forms of life was a quibble, so Phil's recipe for stewed clams went on the index.

When Loulie was convinced that I had become a Bahai, she asked me to join the Organization. I couldn't see any reason for this but was ready to comply, so I was escorted to the Bahai Centre at 119 West 57th Street, where I set down my name with due formality.

Loulie had warned me that the meetings at the Centre

were not as sympathetic as her own. "They are a bit dreary" she admitted and then she went on to give me a listing of the requirements of a Bahai which she attributed to Mr. Roy Wilhelm, one of their most loyal and respected members. The requirements were as follows:

- To believe in the Bab
- To believe in Baha-O-Llah
- To believe in Abdul Baha
- To have met the Bahais, and still be a Bahai.

After studying the history of the Cause, a conclusion dawned on me regarding the dream I had had in Newport five years before I had ever heard the word Bahai. The Bab was possessed of great mystical powers. During his lifetime, some persons saw and heard him before they had met him or even known who he was. The Bab was very young when he delivered his message: he wore a green sash, prerogative of the descendants of Mohammed. These things made me believe that the one I had loved so intensely in my dream was the Bab himself. True, that teacher was clothed entirely in green, but I took this as symbolism made very obvious and definite. The sudden understanding of my experience made me feel, although I hardly dared do so, that the Bab had indeed called me to do his work.

The Newport dream was the first spiritual experience I had ever had. The next came about six years later, in 1926.

I found myself in a garden which was bathed in light. The flowers were of such brilliant colors that they seemed incredible. A great temple of a rosy iridescent tone stood before me. It was high and very new in design, yet some-

thing of the old was there too. The facade was supported by great black marble columns with gilded capitals. I wondered at this blending of the classical with the modern, and thought: In this new structure, the beauty of the past is not discarded.

I approached the building, skirted it to the right and walked along the terrace at its side. A balustrade edged the terrace over which were hung rugs designed in miraculous colors, of similar intensity as those of the flowers in the garden. I looked over the balustrade and saw the rugs stretching far down into space. In the dim distance lay the earth.

I continued along the flank of the temple till I came to its rear. Here again were the black columns with gilded capitals, while at one side a curve bulged out, looking like a proscenium box at a theatre. The box was occupied by a group of people dressed in black.

I stood at a little distance looking upward at these people, and then a woman among them leaned forward, stretched out a black arm and pointed at me with a black finger. The arm seemed to cover the distance between us; the finger seemed to enter my heart, and the woman asked:

"What have you given?"

I quailed at the question and said to myself:

"Oh, I haven't given anything."

As I thought these words, the columns of the temple wavered and the building crashed.

When I awoke, the room was filled with colored lights and remained so for hours.

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Chapter VI

THE HOLY LAND

(1926)

MY GREAT DESIRE was to see the daughter of Baha-O-Llah while she was yet on earth, so we planned to leave New York earlier in the season than usual and make the journey to Haifa. Toni was a concern as it might be difficult to take a dog on this trip which would be more exacting than travelling in Europe. My brother-in-law, Jerry Benkard, agreed to look after him while we were away, and so it would have come about if a slight accident had not intervened.

One afternoon on leaving Maillard's where I had stopped for tea, I led Toni through the revolving door and he got stuck. An agonizing moment during which I did not know whether to push forward or backward! I pushed backwards and Toni rolled over on the floor, his foot slightly crushed and bleeding freely. I carried him home in great contrition at my stupidity in leading him through the door, and determined that he should accompany us on our journey, whatever the inconvenience.

At Naples we boarded the *Esperia* bound for Alexandria, where we ran into Elsie de Wolf, just married to Sir Charles Mendel. This was their honeymoon and it seemed that they were pleased at the idea of having company, so



Sir Charles and Lady Mendel



and Lewis and me in Egypt

all five of us stayed more or less together throughout our visit to Egypt.

We went up to Luxor, saw the wonders of the Temple of Karnak and the Valley of the Kings and then returned to Cairo.

From New York I had written to Shoghi Effendi, Abdul Baha's grandson who was Guardian of the Cause, asking permission to visit him in Haifa, and giving our address in Cairo. I was watching the mails for an answer, but time passed and no answer came so I decided to wait no longer. I left Lewis and Elsie at the Mena House, the entrancing hotel alongside of the pyramids, and started off for Haifa with our maid Clara. As the train left the station and pushed over wide sandy expanses toward the setting sun, I felt as if I were on my way to heaven.

We arrived at the small town of Haifa at early morning and put up at a very primitive hotel where I changed into clean clothes. Then I walked uphill toward Mount Carmel. The atmosphere was extraordinarily clear and fresh; the sunlight was warm and encompassing; my feet hardly touched the ground. I passed through the gate leading to Abdul Baha's house, now occupied by his grandson, crossed the garden and rang the bell at the entrance.

After a moment or two, the Japanese gardener, whom I later learned was named Fujita, opened the door.

"I have come to see Shoghi Effendi" I said.

The gardener answered that this was impossible as the Guardian was indisposed.

"Oh, but I must see him" I insisted. "I have come all the way from America."

The gardener told me to wait, and after a moment

returned with a lady who greeted me very kindly and took me to the Pilgrim House across the way. She told me that she was Berthalin Osgood, from New York too, and that she would stay with me and show me the Holy Places. It was apparent that this lady loved the Cause very deeply, and I was happy to be with her.

She took me to a terrace, partway up the slope of Mount Carmel where a building, large, low and most simple, enclosed the Shrines of the Bab and Abdul Baha. From there we could see the Mediterranean, sweeping along the circled shore toward Acca which shone phosphorescent at the tip of the curve, while directly across the bay lay Bahjee, where the Shrine of Baha-O-Llah was set in broad green meadows.

We turned to the doorway, took off our shoes and entered the Shrine of the Bab. I saw a large expanse of floor entirely covered with beautiful Persian rugs, along the center of which a few very low lamps were burning. Here I paid my heart's tribute, as far as I could formulate it, to the One who had risen alone against the forces of entrenched orthodoxy and launched a moral revolution in Iran. He was the Promised One of Islam and the Fore-runner of the Prophet of all the world.

We passed to the adjoining room and into the Shrine of Abdul Baha. The same wide expanse, great rugs, low lighting. Here lay the body of the Master, the great son of Baha-O-Llah, who first saw the light of day in Teheran on May 23, 1844, while the Bab was announcing the birth of the New World in Shiraz. During a life-time of captivity he had absorbed the teachings of his father, had abridged them into ten principles, and extended and elucidated

them through a vast amount of writing. On the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire when the political prisons were opened, he, at the age of sixty-five carried the Message to Europe and America where he won the respect and love of all who saw him. The Master was the first Bahai. Through his sagacity and illumination he became the builder of the New World, planned by his father and, before that, projected by the Bab.

Berthalin Osgood took me to lunch at the Pilgrim House where I met Ruhi Effendi, grandson of the Master and cousin to the Guardian. He was a handsome young man, with great eyes widely set apart and of very distinguished bearing. Afterwards we set out by car to Bahjee, a beautiful spot placed at the disposal of Baha-O-Llah during his last years when restrictions of captivity had been ameliorated. The house at Bahjee is very beautiful; some call it a palace.

The front door was opened and, having removed our shoes, we crossed the court which was enclosed by the house but was open to the sky. Birds were singing in the bushes; the air was heavy with the scent of orange blossoms. At the end of the enclosure was a doorway, the threshold of which was bright with yellow petals. Within was a room of moderate size; the floor was covered with rugs; low lamps were burning. We knelt, and looked and loved at the shrine of Baha-O-Llah, and I carried away with me a new fragrance and a new joy.

Flanked by his great Predecessor and his great Successor, the figure of Baha-O-Llah became imprinted on our times as the Manifestation of God in this age. He assumed the responsibility of founding a new society all over the earth.

His station was a mystery, but his plan was most simple: One World of justice for everybody, in this age when the impossible can be accomplished.

Driving back to Haifa along the curving shore, I saw the beaches dotted with myriads of huge turtles lying helpless on their backs. I wanted to stop and turn some of them over, although I was afraid to do so, and was relieved when the driver said that the incoming tide would put them right. Just the same I went back to the hotel with sharp qualms of conscience and couldn't forget the turtles.

Early the next morning I was received by the ladies of the household. Berthalin Osgood, who was stopping at the Pilgrim House, had arranged the meeting. A large semi-circle of chairs stood in the drawing room and we waited. Then the Greatest Holy Leaf, daughter of Baha-O-Llah, entered on the arm of Monireh Khanoum, wife of Abdul Baha. Behind them came three of Abdul Baha's daughters, Toubia Khanoum, Ruha Khanoum and Monavvar Khanoum. All were dressed in black with veils, either white or black. I approached the Greatest Holy Leaf, and she took my hands and led me to the central chair where she sat, placing me beside her. Then we talked, Ruha Khanoum and Monavvar Khanoum acting as interpreters. I was asked many questions and the conversation did not lag, although the interview lasted about an hour.

We spoke much of Abdul Baha and I noticed that the eyes of Ruha Khanoum and Monavvar Khanoum filled with tears every time his name was mentioned. There was nothing in that room but vibrant love. The Greatest Holy Leaf held my hand all the time. The awe which I had expected to feel had been substituted by ease and happi-

ness. Once she left the room and came back with a large colored handkerchief which she gave me, and later on she put her hand into her pocket and brought out her own little white handkerchief which she gave me also. I felt that I knew her very well.

I was taken to the bedroom of Abdul Baha. I took off my shoes and entered. I saw his bed where he had slept and where he had died from this world, and then, in that same room I was shown the photograph of Baha-O-Llah which is brought out occasionally for those who want to see it. It was a shock to look on his face, almost too much for me to bear. Of this photograph there are only a very few copies in the world. It was taken during the years of exile in Adrianople.

The ladies were worried because I had been at the hotel and wanted me to move to the Pilgrim House. They said that Shoghi Effendi would receive me the next day. However, I did not wish to remain. I could hold only so much of joy, and my cup was brimming over. I wanted to run away.

My maid Clara and I were motoring to Jerusalem that morning. The ladies asked me how much I was paying for the trip and were shocked at the amount. Their interest and kindness were extraordinary. I was very grateful when I left, as I knew that we were friends.

Clara had urged me to take my camera to Haifa, but I had refused to do this. I felt that I couldn't on my first visit. Other visits yes, but not the first one. Clara said that I would regret it all my life, but I never regretted it.

We drove through Nazareth where Jesus spent his childhood and along the Galilean countryside to Tiberias.

There we had a picnic lunch on the verandah of the little hotel where the Master used to stop. We proceeded on a long cold drive to Jerusalem and I reached the spot where the thoughts of the Christian world have turned for centuries. It didn't seem big to me, and really looked like the City of David built on a hill. I loved the inclines, the ups and downs everywhere, and the crooked streets with surprises at each turn.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre left me colder than ice; the large new one, taking so much space in the tiny Garden of Gethsemane, was to me a sacrilege, but the gnarled olive trees in that same garden, standing since the time of Jesus and before, moved me very much.

Across the valley from the Garden of Gethsemane stood the city, its approach and gate as they had been in ancient days when Jesus mounted the hill on his donkey leaving the countryside behind him forever. That gate was the Jerusalem I had come to see.

With the Bahai understanding so lately acquired, I felt more concerned with Jesus than I had when I was merely a Christian. In those days I had looked on him as so supernatural as to be practically self-sufficient. Now I thought of him as a man chosen as a connecting link between the natural and the supernatural, and being consequently dual. The natural part was just like ourselves, vulnerable to pain, loneliness and fatigue; the supernatural part had knowledge of, and intimacy with the power of Good that is beyond our ken. Thus, realizing the human aspect, I suffered for him more keenly than ever before and lost all sympathy with the cross as an emblem of faith. I who loved him could not treasure this

symbol of agony, because I wished that it had never been.

Even if I could have shared the Christian concept that through the cross my soul had been saved, I still would have rejected it. Who was I to concur with such a sacrifice! I was sure that Mary the mother would have winced at the sight of a cross. I always had, with no understanding. Now I did so consciously.

Baha-O-Llah suffered in prison; he wore a heavy chain around his neck. How would it be if the Bahais chose prison bars or a chain to signalize *their* faith? Such a thing would not only be wrong but inappropriate, for Baha-O-Llah came to bring happiness even as Jesus did. I concluded that the cross had something to do with the sadistic strain that, almost from the beginning, has impregnated Christianity with gloom and cruelty, and I looked on it as a sign of callous super-selfishness.

As I continued my way through the streets I came upon a Mosque standing on a broad expanse of polished terrace overlooking the valley. What could be this building that I had never heard of! It was the most beautiful thing I had seen in my life. I made inquiries of the guide and learned that it was the Dome of the Rock, more commonly called the Mosque of Omar after the Second Caliph. It covers the rock from which Mohammad ascended on his dream-flight to heaven and on which the proposed sacrifice of Isaac took place. How little I knew to be totally unaware of the existence of this marvel, and the Mosque had been there almost since the founding of Islam! This was the great surprise that came upon me in Jerusalem.

In Egypt, Lady Mendel had given me an introduction to Sir Ronald Storrs, Governor of Jerusalem, so I visited

him at tea-time. Sir Ronald and Lady Storrs were interested in my travelling experiences and amazed at the amount of sight-seeing I had done in a single day. Sir Ronald said that I was better acquainted with Jerusalem than was his wife who had lived there for years. He was delighted to hear that I was a Bahai. He himself had known and revered Abdul Baha.

The next afternoon I was back with Lewis and Elsie at the Mena House, and this was where I nearly lost Toni.

We had been taking a stroll and were returning to the hotel in the twilight, when a car suddenly came up behind us. Toni was right in its path and the car was moving fast. There was only a second in which to make up my mind as to what to do. I had to chase the dog across the road, I thought, and I could not get all the way. The far wheel would strike me, but by that time he would be safe. Fortunately for me I had overestimated my speed, for the near wheel struck me which was better, and the car stopped.

I lay there and pleaded: "Back your car off my foot" and the driver did so. Then I asked "Where is my dog?" and Toni was brought to me.

When Lewis, who had been walking more slowly, caught up, he saw me sitting on a chair, which appeared I don't know where from, surrounded by Arabs who were examining my bare foot. Another crazy thing, he thought to himself, she is having her fortune read on the soles of her feet. A new kind of palmistry! I will have nothing to do with it. So he stalked on to the hotel and I got there somehow, and to bed.

The doctor said, "Only a hair's breadth more, and you



Toni drinking in the Nile



and ruminating before the Pyramids

never would have danced again." As it was, I was on crutches and canes for a few weeks only.

We sailed back to Italy on the *Esperia*, and who should be on the boat but Berthalin Osgood, so we resumed our acquaintanceship and became permanent friends. We stopped at Sicily and I hobbled along to see the sights, with Berthalin holding my arm. She had met Abdul Baha and was a Bahai through and through. She had welcomed me to Haifa. Without her it would have been very different.

AN ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY PAPER

On the way north through Italy, we made a detour to spend a while with Loulie Matthews who had a sweet little house at Porto Fino. Here we relaxed completely, bathed, rested in the sunshine and wandered through the tiny harbor town. Mrs. Ford, the Bahai teacher who had given the lectures at Loulie's flat in New York, was there too and all of us together had long talks about the Cause.

One morning as I came down to the terrace for breakfast, I noticed a pile of American newspapers which had just been delivered. The colored illustrated section of the *New York World* of Sunday, July 11, 1926, was on the top. As I passed the table, I casually glanced at the paper and stopped short. There was a replica of the temple I had seen in my dream a few months before, with the same unfamiliar lines, the same translucent coloring and the same black marble pillars topped with gilded capitals. A difference there was in that the illustration showed some white-robed figures walking in the garden. I stared at the

picture with amazement and read the inscription and paragraph below which ran as follows:

"TEMPLE OF TRUTH, LOVE AND HARMONY

by Frank Zimmermann

The progress of the human soul in the life beyond, according to Frank M. Zimmermann, architect and decorator, whose series of mystic paintings have been recently exhibited in New York, is seen through seven celestial spheres, of which the seventh and ultimate one is here represented in a grandiose pavillion that looks like the detached nave of a vast Cathedral. The white-robed figures in attendance are forms of disembodied spirits, concerning whom the artist declares: 'I know absolutely that they come in visions to tell me of scenes in another world.' "

On returning to New York I tried to trace Mr. Zimmermann, but I had no luck and did not pursue the quest.

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Chapter VII

BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

(1926 - 1928)

WE WERE TIRED of hotels and even tired of renting a flat. We wanted a home. Why not, if our life was so arranged that we were in Paris every summer! Lewis had no objections, so Elsie and I started out to look for an apartment that we could call our own. It seemed easy in anticipation, but having applied ourselves to the task, it became very difficult.

Of course, we expected to be on the Rive Gauche (the left bank) because we belonged in that setting. The wealth and glamor of the Champs Elysées district were good to taste but not to live with, anyway not for us, so we looked at many apartments from the Cité to Montparnasse, but to no avail. Somehow or other we could not find the right place. Then in desperation we began to search in the Etoile quarter and even around the Parc Monceau. No luck, and for this we couldn't help feeling relieved, but what should we do, this American trio which needed a home?

Just for relaxation, although without hope, Elsie and I wandered to our own haunts on the Rive Gauche, along by the Cité and further down the Seine, and, in our promenade, we chanced upon a small one story house standing



*Our Entrance — Ile Saint Louis
Elsie returns from the Flower Market*



Polly Hare and Elsie before the Cathedral of Chartres

in a garden. The house was white and very attractive, and our hearts jumped at the sight of it.

"This is our little home, there can be no question," we said to each other and, with beating hearts rang the bell.

"Is this house for sale?" we ventured timidly, and were crushed flat by the answer:

"Obviously not. This is the crematory."

So with our disappointment relieved by a little mirth, we went back to the hotel feeling that there was no room for us on the broad or narrow streets of Paris.

Possibly not, but the air above the streets still remained, and presently we heard of a little building which was about to go up in the court of a house on the corner of Rue des Saints Pères and Rue de Grenelle. This was adjacent to the Boulevard Saint Germain, only a little way from the Boulevard Saint Michel and close to the Luxembourg Gardens. An ideal location. Thus, greatly exhilarated, we bought some air space and proceeded to make plans for our future home.

We watched the building go up to the limit of Paris restrictions, which wasn't very high, and before long our apartment was ready for decoration—three floors, each one tiny. It was a doll's house. How could we take advantage of its potential charm? By fortune, we met Tony Montgomery at a party given by Lady Mendel in her beautiful garden at Versailles and, although I didn't know that he was the very top decorator in Paris, for his friends only, I discussed the matter with him. The upshot of the conversation was that Mr. Montgomery put himself at our disposal without charge, and incidentally became a close friend to Elsie and me.

With his experience and excellent taste we managed to make a dream-house on the closest approach to a skyscraper that was permissible in Paris. The top floor was all one room, with a miniature terrace facing the setting sun, and windows on the opposite side, in case one cared to watch the dawn. As we stood on the terrace, all of Paris lay around, the Pantheon behind us, the Sacré Coeur to the right, the Trocadero before us, and the rest of the city running out of sight in all directions. The furnishings were chosen with great care. My monk, which had been acquired after so much emotion, hung over the mantelpiece, making the trip back and forth across the Atlantic season by season because I wanted him with me wherever I was. My husband was pleased with the result of all our efforts. Indeed anyone would have been pleased.

Lewis liked strawberries for dinner and we had them often, but one night when he was just in the mood for them, a pudding was served instead. He looked at the pudding and enquired coldly, "Where are the strawberries?"

"Tonight we have no strawberries."

"Oh yes we do" and he arose from the table.

"But it's so late! the stores are closed."

"We will have strawberries. Just sit still."

We waited at the table, incidentally we had guests that night, and after a long time heard his voice rising up to us from the Boulevard Saint Germain. He was taking Toni into his confidence, and all the neighbors too, explaining that he had been deprived of his rights and extolling his own nerve in having risen to the occasion. The voice came nearer and nearer along the Rue des



Robert Winthrop Chanler

Saints Pères and pretty soon he appeared in the dining room with a box of strawberries in his hand.

"I had to pay a mighty price for them," he announced. "I got them in a restaurant. Hope you will enjoy them."

"But you. Aren't you going to sit down and eat them?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "I bought them for you."

Robert Chanler came to see us and he liked the apartment immensely. He sat on the sofa looking out over illuminated Paris and revealed a side of himself of which I was ignorant. What sensitiveness and sympathy! We spoke of the Cause and there was nothing in it that seemed strange to him. He understood it innately and was completely in accord.

When we left New York, Loulie Matthews had placed a book in my hands. It was Baha-O-Llah's last work, Epistle to the Son of the Wolf translated from Persian into French by the distinguished Orientalist, Monsieur Hippolyte Dreyfus. Now Loulie longed to know what was in that book and she didn't read French. She requested me for her sake to translate just the first chapter into English.

I started on this task and was caught up in a rhythm of beauty. In the first paragraph I read:

He it is who made His Cause apparent to guide His creatures, who allowed His Verses to descend that they might render visible His argument and his Proof, and decked with explanation the preface of the Book of man.

I did not have enough eyesight to study the chapter and then translate it. I just applied myself to paragraph after paragraph as I read them for the first time. It seemed that my days and nights were made up of words; the right

ones must be found to catch the full significance. I lived in these flowing sentences and became accustomed to the style of Baha-O-Llah, which was much more difficult to grasp than the simpler terminology of Abdul Baha.

This is the only book in which Baha-O-Llah speaks of himself, and through it I came to feel his personality acutely. Here he reveals what transpired at his time of illumination when his Mission was conferred upon him in the deepest dungeon of Teheran. He writes:

One night of nights in a dream, these words saluted me from all sides: 'Verily we shall make thee victorious by thyself and by thy pen. Sorrow not for that which has befallen thee and have no fear. Truly thou art of those who are secure. Ere long the Lord shall send forth and reveal the treasures of the earth — men who will render thee victorious through thyself and through thy Name, by which God will call to life the hearts of those who know.'

Needless to say I did not stop translating after one chapter. Loulie probably knew this, and it was well that she asked me to do only a little. Had she proposed that I should put the whole book into English, I would have felt it impossible. This was something like climbing the hill on my bicycle when I was a girl. I then learned that it was best to look only at a few feet before me. In this way the ground was covered bit by bit and the summit attained. I finished the Epistle to the Son of the Wolf and realized that I had been given a supreme experience.

Chateaufort was entered for racing in England. The Channel was rough, and he was badly knocked about in

the stall, with the result that his nerves were overtaxed and his value on the track greatly lessened. Oddly enough his abilities for the steeplechase were unimpaired and Lewis had the chance of selling him at a very high price. This he refused to do. Instead he gave the horse to the owner of a stud-farm on the promise that steeplechasing would never figure in the life of Chateaufort.

Back in New York I continued to attend Loulie's meetings and I also went to the Bahai Centre, from time to time. I made many good friends: Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Maxwell, Juliet Thompson, Frances Fales and quite a few others. I got on nicely with Mr. Horace Holley, Secretary of the National Assembly, was very congenial with Mr. Alfred E. Lunt and came to intensely admire Mr. Mountford Mills. There was much affection in the Bahai community and all of us were closely united in a common interest and purpose. Permission was given me by the committee to remodel the platform at the Bahai Centre, and this was done very effectively, following plans made by Robert Chanler. Lewis was mildly interested in the Cause. If I liked it, that was sufficient for him and it went at that.

A VISITOR FROM CALIFORNIA

Among the Bahais was Valeska Surratt, a vaudeville actress who had been very conspicuous in earlier days and who was still beautiful and vital. She had met a writer in California whom she had commissioned to prepare a scenario on Mary Magdalene with the thought that this might be a splendid vehicle for her talents. The scenario

had been shown to Cecil DeMille, who had kept it several months and then returned it, after which Mr. DeMille had produced a much advertised picture entitled, *The King of Kings*. Miss Suratt was convinced that this picture contained the essence of the scenario written by the author in California and she was passionately seeking redress.

Thinking that an introduction to Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York State, would be of use to her, she begged me to arrange an interview. Lewis was not in town at that time so I couldn't ask his advice, however I sent a telegram to Governor Smith, referring to my husband whom he knew, and requesting permission to visit him with a friend. An answer came, informing me that the Governor would receive us on a certain evening at Atlantic City.

Now it happened that *The King of Kings* opened on Broadway that same afternoon, so Valeska and I, with our bags packed, stopped to see the performance on the way to the station. As the story unrolled, it was apparent to me that the plot was simply drawn from the Bible, yet Valeska saw in every scene her beloved scenario. She recognized many sentences as coming from the script, while I recognized them as quotations from the Gospels. Consequently it was with divided opinions that we drove to the Pennsylvania Station, and I boarded the train with my spirits at a low ebb.

The Governor received us in the large study of a clubhouse and Valeska laid her problem before him.

"What do you want me to do about it?" he exclaimed. "I don't know Cecil DeMille from a side of beef."

Nevertheless he was more than kind and gave Valeska a letter of recommendation to a quarter that she thought important.

Pretty soon Miss Suratt brought a law-suit against Cecil DeMille on the grounds that he had used the script of Mary Magdalene for his *King of Kings*. It did not make much stir in New York, but the Hollywood papers carried banner headlines and Valeska thought it essential to discuss the case in person with the author. Consequently it was arranged that he should come to New York for consultation.

One day Loulie Matthews called me up in a state of excitement. I was to be asked to dine that night at the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Little. The dinner was given for Abdul Baha's Persian secretary who had just arrived in town. I had to accept, she said, because I was one of the privileged few who were invited. I went and met the guest of honor, who was named Mirza Ahmad Sohrab.

The conversation flowed during the evening. Mr. Sohrab had much to say and I was fascinated by his knowledge of the Cause. He seemed impregnated with it, yet took it casually as part of life. He was funny too and made many little jests, and I thought: That is the way to treat the Cause—just naturally, as one treats one's best beloved.

Valeska whispered in my ear:

"This is the writer from California and he's a hard man. Try to win him for my sake."

Her wish was that he should uphold her in the law suit; also she wanted him to extend the period of time contracted for, during which the scenario was hers, and at

the expiration of which it would return to the author. In regard to this latter point I said I would do my best.

With this consideration in mind, it was necessary to see Mr. Sohrab again, but at the same time another idea was dawning on me. We needed this man in New York. With his background and evident ability, it was certain that he could bring spirit into the rather listless affairs of the Cause. I invited him to lunch the following day, together with three of my friends who were present at the dinner.

Lewis was liberal and tolerant in his ideas but conventional in his habits. He liked things to go on as they did yesterday, and in all the yesterdays, and did not welcome the unusual. Thus it was that I looked forward to my luncheon party with some misgivings. I wondered if he had in all his life met an Oriental.

The next morning I took a walk with Toni and, on returning home a few minutes before one o'clock, found three telephone messages neatly arranged on the hall table. Something had come up in the affairs of my three friends. None of them was coming, so the prospect was that the Orientalism at the table would be totally undiluted.

Mr. Sohrab arrived, his unobtrusive dinner clothes of the preceding night being substituted by a very loud checked suit, a purple satin tie shot with gold thread and a pair of orange shoes. We went to the dining room and he began to talk.

Now Lewis considered it his prerogative to conduct the conversation himself. Few words were expected of any guest, and here was a stranger who had no idea of even sharing the floor. He just took it over. Throughout the

luncheon period I sat on pins. I didn't dare to even glance at Lewis, so it was a relief, in getting up from the table, to learn that our guest had to leave immediately in order to keep an appointment with his lawyer. Lewis saw him to the door, let him out and then turned to me.

"That man is an ace," he said. "I'd back him through anything."

Although he did recognize some scenes in *The King of Kings* which he thought could have come from nowhere but his scenario, Sohrab did not take part in the law suit against Cecil DeMille. However, he extended the time of Valeska's ownership of the script, and Valeska continued to treasure it, keeping it on a table in her room between lighted candles. Pretty soon she came to believe that she had written it herself.

I asked Sohrab to spend the next winter in New York, promising that I would arrange a series of lectures for him on the Persian Poets. The meetings would take place in our drawing room; the lectures were to be twelve; the subscription fee \$25. I engaged myself to enlist twenty or twenty-five members in the class. This would be a big task for me as I had never done anything of the kind, but as the object was to let the lecturer get his bearings in New York in order to teach the Cause at a later date, the effort seemed worthwhile.

So the arrangements were made and Sohrab returned to Hollywood.

A VISITOR FROM VIRGINIA

Lewis' brother Archie came from the South to spend a few days in town. This was not customary for him as

Virginia, which had adjudged him sane, had become his home-state. What was less customary yet was that he had made an appointment to come to dinner with Lewis, against whom he had held a grudge for many years.

Since he had been consigned to Bloomingdale, Archie had nursed a deep resentment against all his family. He had published a book of verses entitled *Scorpio* which bore on the cover the design of a lash with seven strings, representing his seven brothers and sisters. Moreover, not wishing to be known any longer as a Chanler, he had assumed the name Challoner, claiming that this was the original family name. Thus he was called by everyone and referred to in the newspapers (he had great love for publicity) as John Armstrong Challoner.

In announcing his coming, Archie had prescribed the menu and the course of procedure. He was to be served a dozen oysters and an individual steak weighing several pounds. Any other food that we might have would also be considered. No one was to speak to him during dinner, as he ate only once a week and wished to enjoy the meal. So it took place. He arrived and proceeded to dispose of a quantity of food in silence, while I observed his beautifully chiselled features and courtly manners, and became definitely drawn to him.

After dinner he let loose a flood of delightful conversation, making it clear that he had decided to set aside all animosity. He was pleased with Lewis' marriage and treated me with much affection.

He told us of his life in Virginia where he had a fine big place and was highly considered. He had rigidly opposed the automobile when it first came into use, and

had refused to allow any such machine to be seen within the radius that he frequented. He rode a great deal and always armed. If a motor came in sight, he would block the road on his horse and level a gun. The driver of the car inevitably turned around discomfited and disappeared—so Archie said.

However, time converts many prejudices into acceptance, and Archie decided to have a car of his own. It had to be a special car, one in which he could relax completely, so he had a model made to order in which he could lie at full length. Then the day came when he issued forth in his car for the first time, but the conveyance was of such proportions that the chauffeur found it awkward to handle along the crooked country lanes. The result was a crash on the maiden-trip and a broken leg for the owner—so Archie said.

Archie ran weekly dances in a pavillion which he had built in the open and the neighbors were invited. In those days of the "Bunny Hug" and other such dances, couples were likely to move in a rhythm that was closer than the old-time waltz, so in anticipation of any misdemeanor, the host stood watching on a raised platform at the head of the pavillion, flanked by two cannon which were pointed on the dancers. Through this precaution, the Challoner entertainments became known as models of propriety—so Archie said.

Archie stayed in New York for several days and we saw him constantly. Disapproving unnecessary display, he never wore socks. He just put his bare feet into shoes. At the same time, his hand was adorned with an enormous opal which he said was of great use. In driving through

the streets he simply turned the opal and the green lights shot into view. He gave me a demonstration while we were out in his car, and all happened as he claimed, although I couldn't help noticing that he delayed turning the stone until it was about time for the lights to change anyway.

He had a place up the river named Orlot, which was situated very close to the family estate at Rokeby. Archie wanted to give us Orlot, but we were not in a position to accept, as Paris was our summer home. He wouldn't take no as an answer, so I had to explain that my father had left Glenburn to my sister and me, but that I had given my half of it to my nephew Olin Dows because we had no time for a country place, even for Glenburn, the most charming little spot in Dutchess County. Archie wasn't affected by my arguments and threatened to jump out of the window if we persisted in our refusal. We accepted Orlot, but it was ours in name for a short time only. Archie reconsidered the matter, remembering that his sister Margaret, who owned Rokeby, was unalterably opposed to divorce and would dislike having such neighbors as Lewis and myself. So Orlot was given to Lewis' son Stuyve instead.

My meeting with Archie was a happy event as well as an amusing one.

Summer in Paris and back to New York to organize the series of afternoon talks on Persian Poets. I did not find it too easy to call up people and ask them for \$25 in exchange for the privilege of listening to a man of whom they had never heard, but I forced myself to do it and my friends nobly stood by me. The lectures started off and were a success right through, the Persian topic being un-

familiar and fascinating. Mrs. Theus Munds felt that the lecturer must be backed up by some lofty philosophy of which she was ignorant and, on learning that he was a Bahai, she asked him to speak on the Cause at her house, which he did, over a period of several weeks. An altogether different group of Mrs. Munds' friends responded warmly to the new idea of a unified society based on justice for all.

Sohrab never accepted payment when he spoke on the Bahai Cause, but other subjects were different. My step-mother engaged him to talk at her apartment on the Great Religions of the world, and when this series was terminated we felt that we had made a fairly good initial start in New York.

Chapter VIII

CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON

(1928 - 1929)

SOHRAB'S POSITION in the Bahai community was a strange one. Some loved him; many mistrusted him; others were definitely opposed to him, and all were very conscious of him. It was impossible for me to understand these different attitudes and Sohrab did not enlighten me. I had to take him at my own evaluation, as far as he was concerned. My friends, on the other hand, were less discreet. They insinuated all kinds of things, but never came out openly with any facts. The result was that in regard to our work I was pretty much alone, with fitful support on the part of the Bahais. Lewis and I saw nothing but good in Ahmad, so we went ahead, trusting to our own judgment.

We had planned a dinner for Christmas Eve to which many of our Bahai friends were invited, Sohrab of course, also Mr. Horace Holley, Secretary of the National Assembly, who was so much at the helm of affairs that he had no second. Now the idea came to me that our difficulties might be smoothed out at this happy season and Mr. Holley was the person to deal with. Mr. and Mrs. Kinney had said to me that if an adjustment could take place between him and Sohrab, a new era would open up in

the Cause. So I asked Mr. Holley and Sohrab to lunch with me at Sherry's on the day before Christmas, as a preliminary to the dinner which would take place in the evening.

We had a table by the big Christmas tree and talked far into the afternoon. Mr. Holley was reserved but conciliatory; Sohrab was frankly critical of the Bahai Administration and its congealed methods. I was between the two, hoping that a basis for future cooperation between them might be established right on the spot. It was evident that the difference was basic, the one being absorbed in administrative procedure, the other believing that tight organization in spiritual matters was completely inappropriate. Both had come to this meeting with misgivings. In regard to Sohrab, I had given my word *not to sell him down the river*.

As hour succeeded hour in the dimly lighted dining room, festooned with Christmas decorations that always impart a sense of happy anticipation, I felt that these two men who, without question, were the leading personalities in the Bahai movement, were falling into a pattern of agreement. Each realized the accomplishments of the other; both were concentrated on the Cause; the atmosphere of Christmas hung heavy about us. When we arose from the table I had the impression that this Christmas Eve was a starting point for great developments in the near future.

Mr. Holley walked along with me for a few blocks and I expressed my satisfaction at what had taken place.

"Will you," I asked him, "speak a few words tonight after dinner in regard to this meeting and the plans that



Mirza Ahmad Gulistan

have been made just now? Will you welcome Ahmad in our midst and announce that all of us will from now on work together?"

Mr. Holley said that he would do so, and I went home to wrap up some presents and make final preparations for the party.

The dinner went off nicely, after which we repaired to the drawing room where little packages were piled around the Christmas tree. We opened the packages; thanked one another, and then I asked Mr. Holley to say a few words. My heart was beating high for I believed that he was about to make a statement of major importance. Mr. Holley got up, stood a moment in silence before the tree and then said:

"I wish you all a Merry Christmas."

He sat down, and my heart sat down too. He hadn't been able to express the words of promise on which so much depended. The two poles in the Bahai Cause remained the two poles. There had been no equatorial fusion. The Christmas party was a failure.

Meanwhile Ahmad had been lecturing at the Bahai headquarters. Following demands made by many of his friends, he had been given a chance to show what he could do. He had insisted on advertising in the papers, which wasn't customary at the Centre, and this, together with the interest felt by many Bahais, resulted in crowded meetings. The general distrust of him seemed to be melting away. Most everyone was happy, I more than any.

I was still in a state of amazement over the miracle of the Cause. A Prophet had appeared in our times. We did not have to look back almost two thousand years and

think of the privilege that had been accorded the early Christians. We, as the early Bahais, had that same privilege. I wanted everybody to know. The papers should carry the news that Baha-O-Llah had appeared to make a New World.

I asked Phil Benkard to send a reporter to one of Ahmad's lectures, and he did so, but the reporter did not announce a new prophet. Instead he picked up a rather facetious remark of Ahmad's which was to the effect that Jesus would not be recognized in New York, rather he would probably be brought before the court for turning water into wine. We were then under the laws of Prohibition. A small news item carried this story in a morning paper and some of the Bahais, who had been patiently waiting for a mis-step on the part of the lecturer, jumped at an excuse to close the meetings.

HEARTBREAK

Lewis was an indefatigable walker. Every morning he would take Toni to the park and around the reservoir, the whole making a distance of four miles. The ball always went along, for this was Toni's play-time. On entering the park, the ball would be thrown, brought back and thrown again, the procedure continuing without let-up. Consequently, while his master covered the distance once, the dog covered it three times and, added to this, they often would circumambulate the reservoir twice. Both enjoyed their morning outing, but the exertion proved too much for Toni. He became seriously ill and could hardly stand on his feet. For months he lay on a cushion in whatsoever room we happened to be. I would carry him from

one place to another, and he would lie there happy in our company as his strength ebbed out.

One night I was sitting on the floor holding his paw in my hands. The room was completely dark and I was praying with all the intensity I could summon, asking that a miracle might happen and that he would be spared to me. Suddenly there were lights in the room, brilliant ones such as I had seen in two dreams, except that these were of two colors only, while the dream lights were of many colors. The lights like emeralds danced everywhere; among them were a few like rubies. Then the rubies separated themselves from the green and drew upward, gathering in a cluster at the left corner of the ceiling. The cluster opened like a rose and out of its center came a tiny, deep blue star which descended toward me, becoming larger and lighter on the way. When it was close, the green lights began to dance again, taking my attention; then the few red ones, and the drawing together of the red ones at the ceiling; the opening rose, and the tiny, deep blue star appearing and descending on me till it was large and pale and near. All this happened numberless times while I watched the festival of lights and wondered what it meant for Toni.

When I described what I had seen to my Bahai teacher, Mrs. Ford, she asked intensely:

"Was it a five pointed star or a six pointed star?"

"A five pointed star," I answered.

"That is the symbol of the Manifestation," Mrs. Ford said. "You have been given a sign."

Toni died a few days later and we buried him in the garden. Afterwards I thought over what I had seen and

came to the conclusion that my prayer had been heard but that it couldn't be granted. I had been given something else in compensation.

Many sad things happened around that time. Louis Boissevain died while we were in Europe and was brought to our house. A rose bush which had stood by him was planted in the garden and bloomed for years as a reminder of him. Very soon afterwards, Violet Tangeman died and her husband also, and they were laid to rest alongside of Louis in the graveyard at Newport. Losing them made a big hole in my life.

Phyllis crossed the Atlantic with us to spend the summer in Paris and, on our arrival, developed spinal meningitis. Her illness was short. She was cut off in the fullness of life, an eager child-like nature, enjoying everything and hurting no one, even by a thought. I remembered that abbreviated life-line on her hand that I hadn't allowed to worry me too much. Was there significance in such things after all?

Another heartbreak! Phil was marching up Fifth Avenue in a parade. He had just passed his beloved haunt, the Knickerbocker Club, when he was seen to drop out of position and sink to the curb. He died within minutes and in uniform, as he would have wished. The stock market affords great opportunities but exacts a high price. The long years of strain told on him in the end.

THE DREAM-WORLD

Dreams now came more frequently, showing in symbols things that were and were coming. They were an encouragement during difficult times and a support in the new

life of effort that was opening before me. One dream told me several things:

A little brown boat was waiting by a grassy bank. I stepped in and it moved up-stream, stern forward, to the base of a waterfall. Then I heard a voice saying: *Backward up the waterfall* and the boat began to mount the sheet of falling water. Close to the top, it moored on the opposite side at the entrance of a smoothly paved tunnel, and I got out. I walked forward, and the click of my high heels sounded sharp in that enclosed space; also the action of my leg muscles was very evident to me. I could place the muscles used in walking as I had never thought of doing before. Presently I emerged into a large room. It was bare of all furnishings except for long tables which were covered with dolls. The dolls were of the dream-colors I had seen before and enticing beyond words. I longed to run about among the tables to look and touch, but I knew I must not do so. I passed out of the room and on to a terrace, below which in the deep distance lay the earth.

I was being attached to a derrick which was to swing me out into space. An attendant, with a kind but inflexible face, was watching and she remarked:

"Your great fault is fear. You will have to get over it."

Then I saw a Bahai friend of mine, and her rather sanctimonious expression seemed to say that one's faults are shown up in this place. The attendant turned and looked at her, although my friend did not see the look which seemed to say that I was not the only faulty one.

As they proceeded with the strapping, I asked of the attendant:

"Does Violet ever come up here?"

The attendant answered: "She arrived just before you."

I questioned again: "Does she ever see Louis?"

She said: "They are together now."

"That's a thing I'd like to see!" I shouted aloud. "That's a thing I'd like to see!" and the sound of my voice woke me up.

From this dream I learned three things. First: that the work before me was of such a nature that I had to go clear against the current, even to the point of breaking the natural laws. Second: that I was to renounce all the luxuries and frivolities of life. Third: that I had to put aside my timidity and gain courage to meet the tests ahead.

My dream of the little brown boat was very clarifying to me.

The second season we emerged from private houses and stepped into the public domain. We engaged the small Florentine Room at the Park Lane Hotel and advertised a series of twelve lectures on philosophy, for which charges were made for course tickets and for single admissions. It was a big undertaking, but somehow or other the people came and the room was always packed. Lewis brooded like an anxious hen over each meeting as it came around. He was even more nervous than I.

One night as the course of lectures was nearing its end, Elsie, Ahmad and I left the Park Lane in a taxi and, during the homeward drive, I said to them that the period of preparation was over. We must now speak directly on the Bahai Cause. I expected immediate assent, but Ahmad answered that he couldn't see it in that way and he had to refuse. The shock of this response stunned me. I could hardly stand on my feet as I said goodnight.

I had tried so hard to make a success of those two winters. I had worked so much, and all for one purpose — to teach the Bahai Cause in the end. Now the whole thing was finished. I did not know what to think, and I did not want to think at all. It hurt too much. When I got into bed I had reached the depths of disillusionment.

I dreamt that I was climbing a polished pole. There was nothing but sky around me. Elsie in the form of a little warm animal was nestled against my throat. She weighed absolutely nothing. I was mounting by means of my hands and knees, and I was very tired. I felt that I couldn't hold on, that I had to give up, and as I came to this realization, the pole branched off at right angles, making a broad semi-circular loop. I thought: "Now if I am to keep going, I must give up the support of my body and depend only on my hands. It is beyond me." Nevertheless I made an attempt. I swung out into the air, and no sooner had I done so than a power held me up and I was drawn around the loop to the top, which was on a line with the pole.

In the morning Ahmad telephoned, asking if he could come to the house. I answered that I was very busy—perhaps toward the end of the week. He insisted: "I really have to see you" and he arrived within a few minutes.

I came down to the sitting room where he was waiting and greeted him wanly.

"I have something to tell you," he said. "May I speak?"

"Certainly."

"I had a dream last night."

"Oh really," I answered. "So did I. Tell me about it." He began:

"When I left you, I was sick through and through. I had

failed to live up to an agreement. I had let you down. I did this because I was aware of certain things, certain obstacles, and I felt I had to act as I did. When I went to bed I was in despair. I couldn't even pray. I just said to the Master, 'You must tell me what to do. I can't work it out for myself.' Then I went to sleep."

He paused a moment and I saw tears come to his eyes, then he went on:

"I found myself in the hotel at Tiberias where I used to stop with Abdul Baha. I was working on my Diary and I noticed a great sweetness coming in through the window. 'The Master must be near,' I thought, 'I will go out and look for his foot-prints on the sands and place my own feet into them.'

On reaching the shore, I saw the sea in commotion and out of the waves rose Abdul Baha. His turban and beard were wet. He approached over the waters and joined me, and his turban and beard had become dry.

'We will walk together,' he said.

We walked by the Sea of Galilee and the Master turned and slapped my cheek as he used to do.

'Khehleh Khoub, Mirza Ahmad! Are you happy?'

'Very happy, Master.'

He continued: 'You have much for which to be grateful to Baha-O-Llah, and to show your gratitude, you must do what she wants. You must teach the Cause. Great blessings will follow.'

He withdrew over the waters which had become smooth as glass, and disappeared in the sea."

Then Ahmad finished his recital saying: "I've had my orders. I'm ready."

We put on our hats and coats and, like two children, ran down to the Park Lane to engage the Florentine Room for twelve Sunday nights. The Bahai Cause was to be taught in public for the first time.

ULTIMATUM

The lectures began and many Bahais attended them. Of course there was no charge as they were on the Cause. We advertised in the papers, sent out notices, and the little Florentine Room was consistently filled. Lewis always opened the meetings and charmed everyone by his presence. Elsie read from the works of Abdul Baha. Bahai books were sold at a table by the librarian of the Centre, and everything was most satisfactory on the outside. The inside was different.

The Bahai authorities in New York wrote to me demanding that our teaching work be placed under their surveillance, which meant that every word of Ahmad, written or spoken, should be passed on by them. I was informed that my voting rights as a member of the Bahai community depended on my acceptance of this ultimatum.

We did not accept and in my answer I said, in part:

"In my service this winter I have made use of an instrument prepared for this work by the Master himself. In view of the fact that when this instrument was in their hands, the Local Assembly did not find it in their hearts to allow the Cause to profit by it, and being convinced that it should be used, at this time when instruments are few, I, with the help of God only, brought the Bahai Cause before the public of New York with an effectiveness unequalled since the days of Abdul Baha.

Now since these services have, in the estimation of the Local Board, made me undesirable as a voter, I will, in conformance with their suggestion, absent myself for the present from the Bahai Centre."

On second thought and at the suggestion of my Bahai friends, I did send in my vote through one of them, so that my status in the Bahai community should be clear, one way or the other. My vote was refused.

They did not want Sohrab in New York. Even his friends, who looked toward him with hope, were tentative and uncertain. Why? The reason was simple. Ahmad had been privileged, possibly beyond all others. He had been brought up under the care of Abdul Baha, after which he had served his Master as secretary and interpreter for eight years. He knew Abdul Baha's way of teaching; he knew what he wanted better than anyone else. Abdul Baha had said that the Bahai Cause could never be organized, and it was organized to the eyes. The Bahai authorities planned to organize it yet more. Ahmad was a menace to their projects. He had to be eliminated.

It took quite a while for me to understand all these considerations. I had thought that everything connected with the Cause was so pure, so perfect. Little by little I came to understand Ahmad's last-minute refusal to teach when I had expected him to do so. He didn't want to subject me to the storm which he knew would break on my head; also he thought that I would bow to the storm when it came.

THE NEW HISTORY SOCIETY

Spring was at hand and it was almost time to sail for

Europe. The last lecture at the Park Lane was in view and suddenly a demand was made by a group which had attended regularly. These people did not wish to be disbanded. They wanted to form themselves into something permanent so that a nucleus would be waiting when the next season started. What could we do about this?

We agreed to form a little society and set a date for a meeting at the house. Ahmad drafted the Ideals around which we should gather and it was a beautiful, comprehensive paper. No name had been chosen for our group, although Ahmad and I had discussed the matter at length. He wanted *Soldiers of Light*, but I thought this name corny and a bit embarrassing. I suggested the *New History Society*, and this did not please him. We were at a deadlock one afternoon, when two of our prospective members dropped in. These were a Professor at the Long Island University and his wife, and the question was put to them. Which was the better name? They chose *Soldiers of Light* and my heart sank. Then to my surprise Ahmad said:

"I have great confidence in Mrs. Chanler's judgment. She wants the *New History Society* and so it will be."

Having settled on the name, the manuscript of *The Ideals of the New History Society* went to the printer.

"How many copies shall we have?" Ahmad asked.

"I should think fifty," I answered.

Ahmad laughed: "It seems you don't know what you're doing at all," and he ordered five hundred copies which incidentally were exhausted in no time.

It was a nice leaflet and the words of Abdul Baha which appeared on the front page gave me a thrill. Might it be that he was speaking of us? Here is the quotation:

The hosts of the Kingdom of Abha are drawn up and filed in battle array on the plain of the Supreme Apex and are expecting that a band of volunteers may step upon the field of action with the intention of service—so that they may assist that band and make it victorious and triumphant.

A large group assembled in the sitting room on the evening of April 5, 1929. It was pouring outside. Ahmad spoke of the followers of Christ and said that this Day afforded such discipleship once again. Thunder was crashing above us; the room was streaked with flashes of lightning. The atmosphere was tense. Then Admad read The Ideals of the New History Society and said that those who wished to join it might go to the drawing room where a book lay open between lighted candles before the picture of Abdul Baha. There they might sign their names. I went first and wrote:

“Julie Chanler.

I will help to form the New History of the World.”

Elsie came next, then Juliet Thompson, O. J. Hanko and others. Each one went alone to the drawing room and returned with radiant face, 28 in all, several Bahais among them. Ahmad's name was written in last of all.

Everyone present did not join. Quite a few said that they would think it over. The meeting closed happily. I felt that something very significant had taken place.

That night I wrote a long letter to Shoghi Effendi, describing the meeting, quoting things that were said and

telling him of our plans. It was an appeal for help in our perilous situation. I ended as follows:

"... and I who seldom dare to be hopeful, believe that a wonderful child has been born. Beloved Guardian, I place it under your protection."

From then on Shoghi Effendi and I exchanged several letters. His custom was to write through his secretary, who was Ruhi Effendi whom I had met at Haifa and later on in New York. At the end of these letters, the Guardian was apt to write a paragraph himself.

The burden of the communications was that my efforts were commendable; that the formation of a new society was not very acceptable, and that whatever was done should be with the sanction of the National and Local Assemblies.

Correspondence continued between New York and Haifa, many Bahais taking part. These Bahais saw in the New History Society reason for hope that the Cause might gain a new impetus. They assured the Guardian of our good motives and begged him to look on us with favor. On the other hand the National Assembly was uncompromisingly severe. Shoghi Effendi had to deal with both sides in this controversy.

Back and forth between New York and the Holy Land the letters went in a stream, while I wrote some from Paris and received answers. One letter from Ruhi Effendi closed as follows:

"May I assure you of Shoghi Effendi's prayers. I have often remembered you in my prayers and asked for your help and guidance. May my prayers be answered."

Rouha Khanoum, Abdul Baha's daughter, wrote to me from time to time, while a cablegram, received during the winter, remained my source of joy. It read:

Loving appreciation.

Bahiyeh

This was from the Greatest Holy Leaf.

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Chapter IX

THE STORM BREAKS

(1929 - 1930)

IT WAS OUR third season and we were really in harness. Bahai meetings went on at the house and we held Sunday night lectures at the Ritz-Carlton on all sorts of social subjects, with a different speaker each week. In his introductory words at these lectures, Ahmad always tied up the topic of the evening with the Bahai Cause; Lewis made a few remarks in the same vein, and Elsie read passages from the writings of Abdul Baha. We used the Oak Room, formerly called the Grill Room where I had lunched and dined so often, and on especial occasions moved up to the ball room.

GREAT MEETINGS

In January of 1930, Rabindranath Tagore addressed the New History Society in the ball room of the Ritz. The meeting was opened by Lewis, then one of Tagore's poems was read. I had chosen: *The Trumpet Lies in the Dust* because to me it meant the trumpet of the Cause which must be picked up. From the first lines,

*The trumpet lies in the dust
The wind is weary, the light is dead.
Ah the evil day!*

my heart thrilled to every word, right through to the dedication and triumph of the last verse:

*Sleep is no more for me—my walk shall be through
showers of arrows.*

*Some shall run out of their houses and come to my
side—some shall weep,*

*Some in their beds shall toss and turn in dire dreams
For tonight thy trumpet shall be sounded.*

It was a unique and memorable gathering of East and West. The New York Times of the next morning stated that "more than two thousand persons crowded the ballroom, lobbies and stairways of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel last night to hear Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Indian poet and philosopher, deliver his farewell message to America. At eight-fifteen the police were called in to aid in closing the doors leading to the ballroom and several hundred persons who had come to attend the meeting were turned away."

The great poet was awaited with expectation and excitement, and as he entered the ballroom and walked alone up the aisle, the vast audience rose in spontaneous reverence.

Basanta Koomar Roy, Indian patriot and our close friend, spoke a few words, after which Sohrab quoted some lines written by our guest of honor who found the world empty. Why was it empty?

*Oh I know! How can it be otherwise, when all have
entered my heart.*

Tagore's subject was The First and Last Prophets of

Persia and he dealt with the inspiration that had come out of that land, from Zoroaster to Baha-O-Llah, ending thus:

"We are here tonight to offer our homage to Baha-O-Llah. He is the latest Prophet to come out of Asia. His life is certainly a glorious record of unflinching human search after truth, and his message is of great importance for the progress of civilization. It makes me happy indeed to see that the New History Society is doing such splendid work for the propagation of the Message of Baha-O-Llah."

Helen Keller, blind and deaf, who overcame the liabilities of her birth and, through the use of other senses, became one of the intellectuals of our times, spoke also. Some of her words, taken down by her interpreter who understood her better than could others, were as follows:

"I think that many ideas will be sacrificed for one—liberty, and many beliefs will be destroyed, but in the loneliness and disillusionment that will follow the vanishing of the old order, the races will draw closer together, the heartache of the world will be forgotten in cooperation for the welfare of mankind, and out of the earth, soaked in blood and watered with tears, shall spring the heavenly flower of Brotherhood."

It is impossible to describe the spirit that flowed through that meeting, and when, a day or so later Tagore blessed our house in 65th Street with his presence, he left us with a memory to be forever cherished.

The following Sunday, Einstein was to speak to us. Lewis announced this at the Knickerbocker Club and was responded to with jeers. Einstein, who never appeared in public—it was impossible! Nevertheless, within a week of Tagore's significant meeting, Einstein addressed our group and the New York public from the same platform. He said: "If 2% of the people refuse to carry arms, there will not be enough jails to hold them." This sentence became a slogan, and buttons bearing the sign 2% were worn by thousands. The crowd at this lecture was enormous, to say nothing of the publicity. The New History Society was brought to the attention of the whole country.

Shortly after this, Professor John Dewey spoke for us on A Third Party. For this meeting we engaged the Community Church and, when making arrangements, were told that the gallery would not be opened as it was seldom used. We insisted that we had to have the gallery, and this was fortunate because even an extra flea could not have entered that church after the meeting began. So it went. We had great speakers, great crowds and were kept on tip-toe all the time.

Count Ilya Tolstoy gave a few lectures on our platform and, when Grand Duke Alexander of Russia appeared there also, it seemed as if we were presenting Russia in its opposite senses. Yet actually it was not so. The son of the great Tolstoy was no more universally minded than was the uncle of the last Czar. One had been born in love for the people, the other had evolved this philosophy for himself. In a letter addressed to me, the Grand Duke said:

"The experience of my fifty years of spiritual, political and military life taught me that all the existing religions, creeds etc. bring a human being nowhere if he does not submit himself and does not follow, in all his thoughts and deeds, the positive law of the world—the Law of Love."

After the meetings we were accustomed to come back to 65th Street for a light supper. On the night of the Grand Duke's talk, the house was very crowded. It happened that Count Tolstoy was in the sitting room surrounded by admirers and Grand Duke Alexander in the drawing room, equally surrounded. They had never met.

Now if I had been a hostess of ability, I would have brought the two together, and I wanted to do so, but I did not know whether I should bring Count Tolstoy to the other room to meet the Grand Duke or vice versa. So I let the matter slide and these distinguished men, both democrats at heart, did not have the privilege of shaking hands.

We knew of a beautiful and talented Bahai speaker named Beulah Lewis, living in California, and we invited this lady to come to New York to give a series of lectures on the Cause. Mrs. Lewis, who was definitely a liberal, was pleased at the idea of serving for a while in New York, so she came and we loved her at sight. Her lectures were widely advertised and large crowds attended. She was able not only to fill the Oak Room at the Ritz but even the ball-room. Solon Fieldman, another gifted Bahai, helped with the meetings, giving introductory talks and adding his

vibrant personality to these evenings which were really wonderful. Mrs. Lewis was lucid and charming, and utterly devoted to the Cause. She was a remarkably effective speaker and a great asset to our work.

PUBLICITY

Quite a few articles appeared in the papers. In one interview given to The Sun, I had said that I intended "to make God fashionable", and this phrase shocked the Bahais deeply.

"Ahmad told you to say that" they asserted. "Isn't it just like him, so cheap!"

I drew myself up proudly. "Those are my words. It is what I want to do, and is what I said. Ahmad wasn't even in the room."

This retort baffled them because, while Ahmad was always wrong, I was pretty much right in their eyes, so my reply left them with nothing further to say.

Of course I wasn't used to publicity and it frightened me. On one occasion, the Brooklyn Eagle was going to bring out a feature story in its Sunday edition with my picture in fancy dress. At first the idea didn't worry me, but when Saturday evening came around I fell into a panic. I couldn't face it.

"You have to face it" Ahmad said. "The paper will be on the street in no time."

"It must be stopped" I told him. "I'll do anything. We will buy the whole edition."

Ahmad explained that this couldn't possibly be done



Myself in fancy dress

and so I had to take his advice and try to catch hold of my nerves.

Meanwhile Ahmad had ventured to speak again at the Bahai Centre. Much pressure had been brought on him by our Bahai friends in order to induce him to accept their invitation. He had gone dubiously, mostly to please me, but the meetings were progressing well. The Bahais who believed in us were happy beyond words and I felt that

a reconciliation was in sight. In writing to Ruhi Effendi about these meetings, I said in part:

"Ahmad has proved himself a power of inestimable value to the Cause, as I saw in the beginning without need for proof, and now we are looking to a future full of promise with a rapt hope.

It is needless to dwell on how much we have suffered. Our nerves are nearly broken and some of us are ill. Our darling Juliet Thompson couldn't be present last night as her health has been affected, following the long strain. The tension has been very great.

The Cause can be spread in New York. It is not so very difficult, and we can do it so much better if we are happy."

Now Ahmad had a pet idea of building a Club House in New York. It must be very large and have facilities for many departments; religion, art, music, theatre, everything. Such a building would cost millions of dollars, maybe 25 million. Sohrab discussed the dream-project with his friend Alphonse Toniatti who happened to be a reporter on the New York World, and Toniatti was very much interested.

When April 5th came around, we celebrated the First Anniversary of the New History Society with a ball, given in the Persian Garden of the Ritz-Carlton. As the evening wore on, I happened to be dancing with Syud Hossain, distinguished Indian patriot and follower of Gandhi, when a bell-boy tapped me on the shoulder. I was wanted on the telephone. I went to the hall and took up the receiver. A newspaper man was at the other end and he asked:

"Is it a fact that you are building a twenty-five million dollar club house in New York?"

"What! I never heard of such a thing."

"There is such a report."

"Please deny it" I begged. "There is no truth in it whatsoever."

I got back to the ballroom almost too weak to stand and managed to get through the night somehow. The next morning the New York World gave a full column to the 25 million dollar club house that I was supposed to build, while in a statement of a few lines, incorporated at the foot of the same article, announcement was made that \$400,000 had been raised by the Bahai community for the construction of a Temple in Chicago. So much space allowed to an idea with nothing to back it up, and so little to an actual sum of money, raised at great sacrifice!

It happened that Ahmad's series of lectures at the Centre were terminating at this time and it was necessary to ask leave to continue. I wrote my request, well realizing that the moment was unfavorable, and received an answer which stated that owing to the serious problem involved in this publicity, the Local Board could not take action on my letter. So the meetings at the Centre were discontinued, to the deep regret of many.

A FACTORY FOR MEMBERSHIP

For some time Ahmad had been considering the problem of how to reach the young people. No movement could long survive without youth. So he wrote a set of ideals which were printed in a leaflet and he read the Ideals of the Young Caravan in a meeting of our younger

group which was held on April 2nd, 1930. It was the founding of the Caravan, and this time we surely did not know what we were doing. Now in some mysterious way, this leaflet reached Wellington, New Zealand, and was read on the radio, with the result that a package of letters from young New Zealanders was sent to us with the request that they be distributed amongst American children.

"It is out of the question!" I exclaimed. "We don't know any children."

Ahmad said "Of course it can be done. Something will turn up."

Something did. At our next meeting his attention focussed on two pretty young women whom he remembered to be teachers in a Brooklyn school, and he gave them the letters to distribute amongst their students. Thus the Caravan, as an international correspondence-club, started on its way via Wellington, New Zealand.

The meetings at the house continued weekly, with membership meetings coming around once a month, at which those who so wished signed their names before the picture of Abdul Baha. Thus our numbers increased steadily. From among these members, a group numbering 85, declared itself as ready to go to the official Centre to be registered as Bahais. This gave me the greatest happiness, as my object had always been to bring new life and strength to the organization. I didn't approve the methods of this body, but felt that it had to be supported, good or bad, for the sake of Abdul Baha who had warned his followers to allow no split to separate them. Consequently I was greatly shocked when I was informed that the appli-

cants from the New History Society had been rejected at the Bahai Centre.

The reason for this was pretty clear. The National Bahai Assembly consisted of able men and women who were voted in year by year. Practically no changes had taken place on this committee since time out of mind. The Local Board in New York was likewise well intrenched, for the community was small and few additions were made. Consequently the New History Society, being almost a factory for membership, constituted a menace to the comfortably established organization. A year or two, and our group would probably have run away with the Cause, electing entirely new representatives. Ahmad Sohrab himself was likely to be chosen for a key position, although such a compliment would have been most unwelcome to him. This was what the Bahais feared, and with good reason, no doubt. So the doors of the Centre were closed to our members and we were left with a large and increasing number of people on our hands whom we didn't know what to do with. The idea of forming a movement of our own had never entered our heads. We just wanted to bring in the people and let the Bahai Centre handle them after that.

Some of the most esteemed Bahais were our collaborators, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, May Maxwell and others. With them we organized study groups, placing their experience and knowledge of the teachings at the disposal of our budding Bahais. Our activities were so successful and promising that many of us kept on hoping that Shoghi Effendi, the Guardian of the Cause, would take our part and allow us to keep on serving him. I believed that this grandson of the Master must be wise and good for, in his will, Abdul

Baha had instructed us to hold to him and be loyal to him. This was what I wanted to do above all else.

SHOGHI EFFENDI'S COUNTRY

One evening, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, Juliet Thompson, Solon Fieldman, Frances Fales and Ahmad dined with us and we talked for hours about our precarious situation. Then, in order to relieve our feelings, Ahmad told us of his exploits as a hypnotist, which art he had long ago studied for fun and at which he had become expert, to his own surprise. Later when I fell asleep, I dreamt that I was in the same company, walking up a steep incline toward Shoghi Effendi's country. Ahmad said that he would put me in a trance, and we continued, all of us together, until we reached a gate of the country toward which we were aiming. Here some one met us saying that the Greatest Holy Leaf was ill and only Juliet could enter. Juliet demurred because she did not want to leave me, so I had to insist that she go in, and she did.

We found ourselves at a gate on another side of Shoghi Effendi's country. The gate was heavy and tightly shut. It was painted in crude, garish colors. All my companions entered. I was left outside.

Suddenly I found myself on the inside of the gate, standing with Lewis in deep shadow. Circles upon circles of people, all bathed in light, were looking toward a central spot where Shoghi Effendi and the Greatest Holy Leaf were supposed to be, but the spot was empty. I noticed that all these people were dressed in Gothic clothes and that the trees behind them were stiff and flat

like card-board trees. Then, as on a common impulse, everyone in the vast assemblage stretched out their arms toward that empty central spot. I did also, and I saw my arms in their tight Gothic sleeves, with long folds hanging at the point of the elbows, outlined black against the radiance of the others.

Then Ahmad offered to show us Shoghi Effendi's country which he knew very well, and Lewis and I rose up beside him until we hit the expanse of what we thought was the sky, but which actually was a roof of canvas, fitted air-tight over the land below.

Somehow or other we got through the canvas and were on the top of Shoghi Effendi's country. Starting at the middle, we began to go in circles as if on tracks. Lewis and I were standing. Ahmad, crouched behind us, was steering. He said "I am a servant!"

We went round and round in ever widening circles, until we reached the edge and shot off into space.

I found myself again on the outside of the crudely painted gate. My same companions were there, seated at a long, narrow table.

They asked me: "What did you see in your trance?" Not wishing to break the spell that was on me, I shook my head but, as they insisted, I left the table and walked away. Only Frances followed. "You will tell me" she said.

Then I knelt, looking toward Shoghi Effendi's country, while above me great pointed ovals of light, pink, white and lemon yellow, gathered and descended, each one breaking on my head, and my body fell back and lay on the ground like a wooden doll, and I arose into the light—outside Shoghi Effendi's country.

ANCESTRAL CLAIMS

Our office work was carried on under difficulties as we had no office. We worked in the sitting room, folding papers and stamping envelopes on the floor. We didn't disfigure the room, because we loved all of it except one item, which more and more seemed inappropriate. Lewis would look at the breast of the fireplace and ask:

"Why the arms of the Kings of Scotland? We're not Scottish. Why not my arms?"

Finally, I took the matter in hand: "All right. We'll have your arms", and I trotted down to Schmidt Bros. with the various insignia of his ancestors.

Schmidt Bros. made a drawing of the collected arms of Lewis' forebears, which included those of the Winthrops, of Roger Williams, Peter Stuyvesant, the Beekmans and others (incidentally, Lewis always took satisfaction in the fact that both of us were derived from Beekmans) and the effect of this proposed arrangement was quite as decorative as the first one. Then I said:

"Why the arms of the Chanlers? We're Bahais. We're looking forward toward the New World, not backward at the compartmentalized old world. The change would be of no profit."

So the arms of the Kings of Scotland remained in their place, undisturbed.

Not only humans have ancestral claims for in the dog-world, antecedents are equally important. We bought a Bedlington terrier whose pedigree was as impressive as any dog's could be. Peter was purely champion stock. Like all Bedlingtons, he was delicately built and quite con-

spicuous as a type. Lewis said that he wasn't a man's dog and that he would be ashamed to walk with him in the street. Nevertheless, in time, the two became great companions and were inseparable. My relations with Peter were never intimate although I admired his looks.

THE DECISIVE HOUR

As Spring set in, affairs in the Bahai world neared the boiling point for the National Assembly had determined to settle the matter of the New History Society once and for all. Ahmad Sohrab was instructed to appear before the Local Board, and our Bahai friends implored him to make this concession. Ahmad refused to do this. He said that he would meet the members of this committee, individually or collectively, at our house or at any other house they might designate, but that he would not go to their headquarters for cross-examination. He knew that the questions asked would be on this order:

1. Did he believe in Abdul Baha? The answer would be easy.

2. Did he admit that Abdul Baha required obedience to Shoghi Effendi, whom he had appointed as Guardian of the Cause. The answer again would be: Yes.

3. In view of the fact that Shoghi Effendi exacted uncompromising and unquestioning obedience and subservience to the National and Local Boards, was he ready to comply? Here the answer would be: No, and that would mean expulsion.

Ahmad did not wish this issue to be forced.

Our Bahai friends pled with him to accept the summons

and take a chance on the result. I pled with him; Lewis also, but he would not yield. Then some members of the two Boards, who were with him at heart, used their best arguments, promising consideration and leniency if he would only appear before them officially. Still Ahmad refused because he knew that these well-wishers would collapse in no time before the steam-roller of ecclesiastical authority. So it continued during harrowing days and sleepless nights, until a portentous meeting of the National Board was called. By that time I was so worn out with fear and anxiety that I had lost all control of myself. Continuous tears were now accompanied by raw sobs which I could not stifle. In my grief I seemed to myself hardly human.

Ahmad came in on a certain morning when we still had a last minute chance, and he looked at me with great pity for he realized the tremendous decision that I was about to make. Would I choose Shoghi Effendi, which meant standing by the Will and Testament of Abdul Baha, or would I choose him and the new-born movement which the Bahai authorities intended to destroy? Which would it be? Ahmad said nothing. At no time during the long period of doubt did he try to influence me as to which course I should take. It was my test, and mine alone. I had to deal with my conscience unaided.

Ahmad paced the room back and forth while I crouched on the sofa, hearing strange noises issue from my throat. Then a voice, which must have been mine, said: "Ahmad, come here."

He stopped beside me and I placed my hand on his shoulder.

"I will stand by you."

With these words the tears ceased, the sobs ceased and the mantle of fear fell from me. I got up. I was strong. I was free. The agony had passed away.

The National Assembly met and forwarded its verdict to Shoghi Effendi in Haifa. The Guardian's cablegram, published some time later, read:

"Approve action regarding History Society".

In a letter to Juliet Thompson, Ruhi Effendi's comment was:

"Thank God that the die is cast and the final decision is taken."

Lewis and I were in Paris when the blow fell on Ahmad in New York. When news that we finally were ostracized reached us, I expressed interest but little concern. Somehow or other, I felt extremely light-hearted. I cabled to Ahmad as follows:

"Received national statement. Have no regrets. Confident. Happy."

One letter had to be written, a farewell to Ruha Khanoum. In it I expressed my love for her and my hope in the future. A very kind answer was received.

Lewis sent a cablegram to Ahmad, saying that he would be at his side during the coming winter and share the weekly talks, himself speaking on the Bahai Principles.

This gesture touched me deeply for, although Lewis had supported our meetings in every way, he had never actually spoken at them, except briefly. To lecture consecutively every Sunday would be an effort, yet he was willing to do this out of loyalty to us and because his fighting spirit was aroused.

The summer passed and I returned to New York, leaving Lewis in Paris for a few weeks. A letter from the National Assembly greeted me almost on my arrival. It was signed by Alfred E. Lunt who had consistently been our friend. The Assembly wished to meet with Lewis and me, "for the welding of acquaintance and friendship". The object was evident—one more attempt to disassociate us from Ahmad. It took me just a few minutes to write an answer of refusal which included the following:

"Last summer I found myself unexpectedly in Rouen and there I visited the tower room where in the year 1431 Jeanne d'Arc was tried. As I leaned against those very walls where she had leaned, and as the questions and answers of her trial which were hung on the wall were read to me, my eyes filled with tears for her, and my heart with grief. She had been asked to believe in the row of priests before her as instruments of God to be submitted to, and when after repeated questioning she still insisted that she could not, they declared her to be outside of the Church and sentenced her to what they called the minimum penalty which was only burning. Two members of that Court went on record as thinking the punishment too lenient. So, forsaken by her king whom she had served for nearly two years and

loved so much, but with confidence in her God and in her Cause undiminished, she gave up her life on the Market Place and withdrew to her eternal glory.

Today it is not a woman but a man who stands before the Bar of the Church, and after the passing of exactly five centuries to the very year, the question asked is still the same. I myself am nothing in this, except that I see Truth in this man, as I believe I would have seen it in Jeanne d'Arc had I been there. That same day in Rouen I visited the Shrine where her memory is glorified by the same Church which condemned her and I lit a candle before that Shrine for the Cause of Baha-O-Llah.

After nearly two years, the question of the New History Society has passed out of your hands and out of ours. The Guardian has confirmed your action and there the matter must rest."

We were now practically alone. My own friends of earlier days had drifted away long before. The Bahais who had loved our work were afraid to even speak to us. However, there were two who disobeyed and associated themselves openly with the New History Society. They were O. J. Hanko, an early Bahai, and Berthalin Osgood whom I had met at Haifa.

Elsie was about to be married to Charles H. Clarke, a young insurance broker. The Bahai ceremony was conducted by Mirza Ahmad Sohrab in our drawing room. Elsie was dressed in the palest shell-pink and looked radiant. It was a wrench to give her up, for she had been my second self during so many years. She had stood firmly

by throughout my dealings with the Assemblies, and had often given me courage when my nerve was failing. Repeatedly she had laughed at the issues which seemed to me so overwhelming, and her laughter did me good. Now I had to laugh for myself.

Elsie's room, left vacant, gave us space for a much needed office. We equipped one and provided ourselves with a typist. This girl, our first secretary in a long succession, caused me some anxiety for she was apt to jump to her feet in the middle of dictation, and I would find her in the next room sobbing her heart out. In the fear that Ahmad had offended her in some way, I would calm her down and bring her back, but as the spells took place almost daily, I finally asked for an explanation.

"I am sorry" she said. "I really cannot help it. Mr. Sohrab's letters are so beautiful, I just have to go off by myself and cry for a few minutes."

Chapter X

IN THE OPEN

(1930 - 1933)

AFFAIRS BEGAN TO lose their clear-cut separateness and went on in a stream. The locale of our lectures was again the Park Lane Hotel, not the small Florentine Room where we had made our debut, but the great ballroom with its large adjacent lobby. The lectures were most invigorating and caught the attention of the public. Halidé Edib of Turkey spoke to us, Syud Hossain of India, Fenner Brockway of England, Dr. Parkes Cadman of Brooklyn, Margaret Sanger of everywhere and an array of distinguished representatives of the peace movement and of the great religions of the world. Customarily every chair was occupied, the room was outlined with one or two rows of people standing, and the lobby was packed. Our lectures were a success, although we hardly realized it for we just went on in continuous effort, always looking toward the next step.

A few Bahais filtered into these meetings for they were hardly noticeable in the crowd. May Maxwell used to come occasionally as her position in the Cause was so redoubtable that she was able to take liberties. It wrenched her heart to see this impressive Bahai activity conducted without link to the organization. She remained our good friend

even after the marriage of her daughter to Shoghi Effendi. We were always able to speak openly, except that for considerations of politeness, I somewhat toned down my opinion of Shoghi Effendi as her son-in-law although in the past I had been quite frank about my opinion of him as the Guardian. Nevertheless May knew that I considered him weak and lacking in sense of humor. More serious failings were not apparent to me at that time.

Juliet had retired immediately after the break, even as she had left me with regret in my dream and, following the pattern of that same dream, Frances had stayed on long after the others. Sometimes Frances would come to the house in the middle of the night and weep on our shoulders, and laugh because she loved us so much, and once she just rang the bell and went away, leaving a little bunch of flowers on the door mat. The organization, with all its power over the Bahais, could not break the bonds of affection and faith that existed among many of us. It never happened that we were not in contact, although secretly, with some of them.

CROWDS

The meetings at our house increased in attendance until it was necessary to make inquiries of the buildings department regarding the exact number of persons the floor would support. We were given the figure 140 and held to it, hanging a sign on the outside of the front door when the number was complete. This sign was displayed weekly when Sohrab gave a series of lectures on the story of his adventurous life.

We were in the phase of crowds. It seemed as if we could fill a hall were we to have a Punch and Judy show, and it so happened that we held a *soirée* under strange circumstances.

A certain old woman, named Mrs. Simonson, used to attend all our meetings and most other meetings too. She was very poor and very wide in dimensions. She wore voluminous clothes and carried several shopping bags which bulged with newspapers collected from the tables in cafeterias and salvaged from ash cans. The result was that she took too much space at meetings, as a single chair was in no way sufficient for herself and her belongings. This was a liability when the room was full, and our lady had another shortcoming. When the period for questions arrived, she had none to ask but a full speech to give, so that we always had to go through the embarrassment of cutting her short. We repeatedly reproved her for various faults and she would promise to do better, and never did.

Now many people dream of the one thing they ask of life. Mrs. Simonson was such a person. She wanted to hold a meeting all by herself, where she could speak as long as she liked. It must be at the best place in town, the Ritz-Carlton, nothing less, and under the auspices of the New History Society. Would we do this for her? She owned one hundred dollars and was prepared to expend all of it on this great experience.

It is a privilege to make someone's dream come true. The ballroom was engaged in Mrs. Simonson's name for a week night and, as we were good customers, the Ritz let us have it for \$100.00. We sent out invitations, presenting our speaker on the subject: *From Rags to Shining Rai-*

ment. A collection was planned which was not to go toward defraying the expenses of Mrs. Simonson, but was to be presented to a psychology teacher whom she idolized and who had promised to be present. So all was arranged and the big night came around.

Mrs. Simonson appeared on the platform of the New History Society before a very large audience. She wore a dress scintillating with gold sequins, a relic of earlier years no doubt, and she spoke with vivacity and vigor. She was intelligent in a way, and made use of information derived from the newspapers which she carried. There was much allusion to herself and to her life which was culminating at that hour. A good collection was raised and presented to the psychology teacher who was sitting in the audience. Then Mrs. Simonson spoke glowingly of this teacher who had been her inspiration and asked him to come to the platform to say a few words.

It was an awkward moment. Apparently embarrassed at the thought of identifying himself publicly with his disciple, the psychology teacher refused to move from his seat. Mrs. Simonson looked like a child who had received a blow from its mother. Her aplomb was gone and she turned trembling to Sohrab: "Will you speak instead?"

Ahmad was at her side in no time, drawing the threads of the meeting together and ending up with a warm tribute to the speaker. So all ended successfully and, although a slight scar may have been left on Mrs. Simonson's heart, she did have her night of nights at the Ritz.

One evening we were at a concert in Carnegie Hall and May Maxwell was in the box. The orchestra had retired to the wings; the lights had gone up, and we were looking

over the great auditorium.

"The day is not far distant" Ahmad said "when the name of Baha-O Llah will be pronounced on that platform."

May shrugged her shoulders. "I wish it could be so, but I don't expect it."

"It will be so" Ahmad insisted, "and after that on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House."

May arched her brows "And then?"

"Finally the Madison Square Garden".

She gave a little peal of laughter. May was charming and always very pretty. "We'll wait a while for that one".

"Yes" Ahmad conceded, "for that one we'll have to wait quite a while."

THE PEACE MOVEMENT

We were deep in the peace movement. Einstein's stirring statement of 2% had set us off on the path of War Resistance. We knew the leaders of the various groups; we went to their meetings; they came to ours. We evolved a peace shirt, calling ourselves the Green International. We had our newspaper of the same name.

The shirt was set up to rival the black shirt of the Fascists and the brown shirt of the Nazis. It was of the color of this green earth, created without frontiers. Paul Poiret had made the original model and Lanvin a second one. We stored mountains of Green Shirts at the house, which were sold at cost and sent to many countries. We also had distributing agencies in England and Germany. I always wore my green shirt at meetings and large numbers of our members did too. Wherever the peace move-

ment functioned, splashes of green were to be seen in the audience.

It was a risky gesture in some countries, Germany especially. There our members were in great danger and the time came when it was necessary to burn all the shirts and our literature as well. In New York we were likewise looked upon with suspicion, and agents of the Department of Justice visited us occasionally. In time, I came to wear my green shirt for the most part and had little use for my usual clothes.

During this period we started a monthly publication entitled *The New Historian*, which later became *New History*.

We held numberless peace meetings and finally decided to present a debate at Carnegie Hall. Those more experienced than we warned us against taking this step for it was difficult to fill a great house just for peace. Sohrab said that it must be Carnegie Hall or nothing. He felt that we could do it, so our plans went ahead.

The arrangements were for a double debate, the subject being: Resolved that Continuous Preparedness is Necessary for the United States. On the affirmative side were General Amos A. Fries and Admiral Bradlee A. Fisk. On the negative side, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Dr. John Haynes Holmes. Dr. John Dewey presided.

In February 1932, those who were prepared to take the risks of war and those who were prepared to take the risks of peace met in a contest of ideas on the platform of Carnegie Hall. So acute was the interest of the public in the subject of the debate and in the speakers themselves



Myself in the Green Shirt

that thousands had been unable to secure places, and this in itself was an indication of an awakening sense of responsibility among people who theretofore had unquestioningly accepted the program laid out by their government. Long before the scheduled time, the house was filled to the doors with representatives of patriotic, civic, educational, religious, military and peace societies and, when the distinguished spokesmen of the Army and Navy seated themselves on the platform opposite the advocates of a new and untried idealism, a wave of excitement passed over that audience of three thousand, remaining in the hall while Dr. John Dewey, New York's beloved philosopher, took the chair and throughout the tense drama that ensued.

Lewis Chanler opened the meeting with a short talk that included the following:

" . . . The world is in a situation of grave dilemma. Civilization is trembling on its foundations. Tonight representatives of the Army and Navy of our beloved country are here. Representatives of the advanced spiritual thoughts of America are here. All are looking for a way out.

In the latter part of the last century, Baha-O-Llah, the great universal Prophet of today, recommended that all the nations should pool their constructive and spiritual forces in such a manner that no individual nation may dare to resort to acts of aggression or violence.

This then is where the New History Society stands, and toward this goal it works. By literature, by educa-

tion and through inmost conviction it strives to abolish all narrow expressions of patriotism, and to help establish a new form of World Patriotism, where the weakest will be as much considered as the strongest, where our neighbor of whatsoever race, color or creed will be thought of as our brother, and where the Golden Rule will be practiced by every nation on the earth.

We are at the dawn of a New Era, but the night hangs heavy about us. There is no approved method. There is no accepted way.

The New History Society is less than three years old, but it knows what it wants, and it reveals to you its goal. I will tell it in ten words: *A United States of the World, and a Universal Religion.*"

Mirza Ahmad Sohrab said in part:

"Baha-O-Llah uttered many universal principles, the application of which would usher in a new era of unexcelled prosperity and happiness for all mankind, yet he gave us no more timely advice than this: 'Investigate Truth independently.'

We are gathered here tonight to listen with consideration and courtesy to the able exponents of two schools of thought, and to weigh their conclusions with the utmost care. Let us hope that we will leave this hall with a clearer vision, with a more ardent purpose, and that tomorrow we will take our stand on the tremendous subject of world-safety as though each of us represented an army."

On both sides the arguments were logical and effective, and the audience, well divided in its sentiments, expressed itself vigorously throughout. In his closing words, General Fries said:

"When the time comes that all the world has a common religion, and you can teach them to believe as you do, then the time to talk disarmament will have come, and not a day sooner."

In summing up, Rabbi Wise said:

"The last thing I would say to you tonight is this: **RESOLVED** (thus runs the debate) that continuous preparedness is necessary for the United States. It may shock the General, and those who honestly feel and think as he does that we are not thinking solely of what is necessary, what is good for the United States. We are thinking in other terms.

We are thinking, not chiefly, not solely, of what is good and necessary for the United States, but what is good for all peoples, what is necessary if we are to have a United States of the human race. The ancients said: 'My sword knows no brother'. We say: 'My brother shall know no sword, and every man is my brother'."

The meeting closed with Ahmad's prophesy fulfilled. The name of Baha-O-Llah had been spoken on the platform of Carnegie Hall.

The following spring, a great Anti-War Parade including fifty-two organizations was arranged by the War Re-

sisters' League. The day was warm and clear. The marchers, carrying their various colorful insignia, gathered in the several streets adjoining Washington Square and quietly formed into their separate units. The trees in the Square were in their springtime apparel. This color was repeated everywhere. At two o'clock the order was given to march and our own band, striking up to the tune of The Green International, fell into line.

The parade was headed by a contingent of Ministers and Rabbis. Dr. George M. Stockdale of St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, wearing the Green Shirt, held aloft a giant American flag. These men did not look like ministers, nor like pacifists, but they did look like leaders of the human race on the tangled path toward Truth.

Lewis had said that he would have nothing to do with the section of the Green International, as he could conceive of fighting under some circumstances, but he agreed to head the New History Society. So he took his place in all innocence and marched up Fifth Avenue leading the New History Society, every member of which had turned up in a green shirt. When he realized what he was doing, he submitted to the inevitable, and tried to ignore the great banner, stretched over his head, which bore the words: *If War Should Come, I'd Refuse!*

Included in our section was a float, bearing a giant picture of Einstein together with twenty-five pretty girls in green shirts, and white berets and skirts, who held standards which displayed sayings of the scientist, such as:

"The people must take disarmament into their own hands"



*Lewis and Ahmad at the head of our regiment
The parade halts at Madison Square and Fifth Ave.*

"I ask every newspaper to encourage the people to refuse war service"

"I ask everyone who reads these words to make this great and definite decision."

When the regiment of Green Shirts reached Columbus Circle, the advance guard of the parade had already disbanded and our leaders were standing around the grandstand from which speeches were to be delivered. The first figure that I recognized in the crowd was that of Rabbi Wise in his long ceremonial gown. "There is the Bahai Spirit!" he was heard to say as we passed by, and I was glad he said it because it was the truth. Some of our group were not very young and some were not very strong, but they had stood in the heat and walked for hours with unflinching cheerfulness and enthusiasm.

The New York Times estimated the marchers in the parade as three thousand.

In order to reach out beyond our little island of Manhattan we arranged a competition, inviting the students of the United States to write essays on the subject: How can Colleges Promote World Peace? After that we ran yearly competitions, presented to the youth of the five continents and our contacts became world-wide.

TWO DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES

Ahmad now spent the summers with us, stopping at Hotel des Saints Pères, a few yards down the street from our building. We saw a few of the Paris Bahais, especially Miss Edith Sanderson and Mrs. Jeanne Stannard, both of

whom had known Abdul Baha and had seen much of his family in Haifa. However in time, our strained relations with the organization began to tell even in Paris, and Edith dropped out of my life. Mrs. Stannard continued to be our friend right through.

One summer we had the privilege and happiness of meeting Mr. Hossain Afnan, eldest grandson of Baha-O-Llah who was serving as Aide-de-camp to King Feisal of Iraq. King Feisal, with his entourage, was spending a few days in Paris and so we were able to see Mr. Afnan several times.

We first met at the restaurant, Tour d'Argent, down on the Quai, and talked for hours at the luncheon table. Mr. Afnan approved greatly of our work and hoped that it would go on without interruption. Later at our flat, I showed him my correspondence with Shoghi Effendi, and he noticed the terms of devotion which I had used.

"Do you feel that way now?" he looked at me narrowly.

"Not quite" I answered, "yet I really don't know how I feel about him."

The name Afnan is used by the family of the Bab and by none others. Hossain Afnan, in being of the family of the Bab who was a descendant of Mohammed, and of the family of Baha-O-Llah, had a background that is unmatched. I found him worthy of this glorious heritage and liked him with all my heart.

Mr. Afnan took us to see his king at a hotel in the vicinity of the Etoile and later suggested that we ask His Majesty to lunch or to dinner. I said that we would be delighted, any day, any time. Our dining room was small

but it could accommodate twelve people, more if we didn't mind being crushed together.

Mr. Afnan was in a quandary. He couldn't see us entertaining the King of Iraq in our little flat, so he confided his sentiments to Ahmad and asked if we couldn't give the party at a restaurant. We were very willing to do this and engaged the private suite at the Ritz for a certain night.

The King's entourage was large, all men of course, so the problem was to find some women. This wasn't easy as Paris is pretty empty in August, however we managed to discover a few of my American friends and all of us assembled, well in advance of time, to await our royal guest.

This was the first king I had met so I was forced to ask of Mr. Afnan a few instructions. These were simple: French was to be spoken and his Majesty should be addressed in the third person. One of my friends, who was accustomed to meet various Grand Dukes in exile, insisted on other formalities. We were to stand in a row at the foot of the broad marble staircase which led into the reception room and, at sight of the King, were to sink into deep curtsies. She gave us a short lesson in order that we would operate all together and so, when the royal party appeared, we were able to bow without too much awkwardness.

King Feisal was very tall and thin, with strong clear cut features. In his beautifully fitted evening clothes, he looked as royal as any man could look. We had cocktails in the small palm-room and went in to dinner. I had intended to place His Majesty on my right, but Mr. Afnan taught me otherwise. A king is always host, no matter where he dines; the hostess sits on his right. So it was

arranged, and the meal went off without any faux pas except that once in a while I caught myself addressing His Majesty directly, instead of in the third person. Just the same I was very sure he did not mind in the least.

Of our conversation, I remembered one point that he made: the big nations were the menace to peace. If each of these could be reduced by sectionalizing it, the world would consist of small countries and the danger of war would be greatly lessened.

King Feisal of Iraq was a most attractive personality. I was greatly shocked some years later when I heard of his assassination.

A STRANGE DREAM

I had two dreams of Shoghi Effendi which revealed him to me in a light that I could never have imagined. The second one was in 1933.

I found myself in Haifa and was led to a great dark room where the family of the Master was sleeping. I laid myself on a couch and, for a while, looked at the darkness which was black as velvet. Then, very quietly, I swung my legs over the side of the couch, crept to the door and passed to the outside. Here the atmosphere was that of early morning and I walked up the hill, rejoicing in the fresh air. I passed the Master's house and noticed a cupola at the top, and I said to myself: "He used to look from there over the countryside," and then I thought again: "Everything is so real. Truly, if I stood for awhile I believe that I would see him at the window", but I went on.

Presently, from a distance ahead, I saw a group of men driving a young couple down the hill. They passed me,

and I saw the couple at the foot of the hill, near the wharf, falling to earth under cruel blows. I wondered what these young people had done, and then I saw the scene that had taken place before they were driven down the hill.

It was in the court-yard before Shoghi Effendi's house. Shoghi Effendi was there and his followers were having a discussion with the young people. They, the girl especially, were putting up a spirited opposition. All were in Gothic costumes; the girl's costume was brown; she was very lovely.

Now the followers began to strike the girl with policemen's clubs, and suddenly I couldn't bear it. I caught up a club from one of them and lifted it—aiming at Shoghi Effendi. The followers were ranged in two lines between myself and him, and they raised their clubs, forming a long avenue of clubs, and I thought: "He is too far away for me to reach", but I struck anyway, and all the clubs went down before my club—and I touched him.

When I touched him, a shock of amazement and horror went through me, but I struck again and again and again, and every time the followers protected him with their clubs, and every time mine crashed through and touched him. Then I turned and ran down the hill to the wharf and jumped into a newly-painted boat, and the boat started off. A strange little figure in a terra cotta colored Gothic costume, with straight hair cut like a page's swam after the boat and caught on the stern. We sailed around a point of land and then the little figure let go of the boat and swam back to shore.

On awakening I had a strong feeling, although it was not justified by anything in the dream, that the lovely girl

driven down the hill was Mariam, daughter of Ruha Khanoum. At the time I described this dream in a letter to Ruha Khanoum and mentioned my sentiment regarding the identity of the girl.

THE SORBONNE

The close of our competition offered to the Youth of Europe, found us in Paris and we arranged a Ceremony of Award in the Grand Auditorium of the Sorbonne. Taking this enormous hall was a hardy thing to do as, to all intents and purposes, we were strangers in that city, but Sohrab insisted that we could carry it through.

A certain Frenchman, who had shown great interest in the planned meeting, was in a position to be of use in organizing it, and we counted on his support. However at the last minute, after some critical articles had appeared in the papers, he retired from the project without ceremony. The press gave us a good deal of notice, some of it in sneering terms, some openly hostile. The competition, being on A United States of the World, was distasteful to the conservative elements of the public and, as far as we could see, there were no other elements.

Repeatedly we were advised to cancel the meeting. "Blood will run in the streets" we were warned. I was pretty frightened and expressed some hesitation, but Sohrab kept his nerve, saying that the ceremony would be held according to schedule and there would be no trouble.

A certain precaution was insisted upon by the authorities: the hall must be well dotted with plain-clothes men. To this we agreed, but would there be others present

besides the police? That was the question. Many assured us that our ceremony would be boycotted.

A most distinguished Jury awarded the Prizes, namely:
Devere Allen, Editor of *The World Tomorrow*

M. Emile Borel, Member of the Institut de France and former Cabinet Minister, Chairman of the French Association for the League of Nations.

Rt. Hon. The Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., K.C., Chancellor of the University of Birmingham, President of League of Nations Union, Delegate to the League of Nations.

Professor Albert Einstein, Author of Relativity Theory; Nobel Prize, 1921.

M. Salvador De Madariaga, Spanish Ambassador to France and delegate to the World Disarmament Conference.

Professor Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt., Oxford University and President of the Executive Committee of the League of Nations.

Colonel Picot, Former Cabinet Minister and President of the Association of "Gueules Cassées".

Professor Ludwig Quidde, Nobel Peace Prize, 1927.

Professor W. E. Rappard, University of Geneva, Switzerland.

Now to add to our difficulties, the First Prize Winner chosen by our Jury was a student at the Institut Universitaire de Hautes Etudes Internationales, Geneva, Switzerland. This young man, Russell Cooper by name, who won the prize in the name of Switzerland, was an American.

It is easy to see our dilemma. Here was an American Society giving a prize at the Sorbonne (with Second and Third Prizes of course) to an American! There was only one solution possible. We awarded a Supplementary Prize of the same amount to another student chosen by the Jury. In this case the decision had to be well thought out and a Frenchman was chosen. Of course the daily papers mentioned but briefly the actual winner and gave generous space to the recipient of the Supplementary Prize. It was the best that could be done, but the situation was none too easy.

For many years, Sohrab had proven himself a genius at getting audiences, for memorable meetings and for meetings of small account. This was the supreme test. We were in a vast hall in a strange city, and the cards were stacked against us. How would it turn out?

Actually the meeting came off very well. The speakers were excellent and the auditorium, although not completely filled, contained a very large sized audience which responded with warmth to the proposition, treated from several angles, of a United States of the World. Moreover, the name of Baha-O-Llah, pronounced but lately on the platform of Carnegie Hall was heard for the first time in the Sanctum Sanctorum of French learning.

The ceremony was held on July 3rd, 1933. The grand Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, for the first time in its history draped with the flags of the 26 nations represented in the competition, held on its terraced benches a large representation of the peace lovers of Paris, together with officials of various Embassies and Legations. Monsieur Henri Paté, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies,

presided, sitting in line with the white cross of Switzerland which was raised above the central platform in recognition of the University winning the highest honor. The speakers of the evening, which included Professor Rappard of that same University, Monsieur Emil Borel and Madame Malatèrre-Sellier were placed at the table on either side of him. Outside the doors, one hundred policemen awaited a first sign of disturbance, while plain-clothesmen mingled with the crowd in different sections of the hall.

Lewis Chanler opened the meeting with these words:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I stand before you tonight as a citizen of America, a man who respects his nation and his people to the extent—no more, no less—that he respects all nations and all peoples."

He closed with the following:

"Tomorrow in many parts will be celebrated the anniversary of that Declaration of Independence which brought into being the United States of America. May future generations recall this night as marking the First Declaration by the Youth of Europe for *A United States of the World.*"

Lewis was very much of a club man. In New York it was the Knickerbocker, in Paris the Traveller's Club. Once he took Ahmad to lunch at the beautiful old house on the Avenue des Champs Elysées where he spent so much of his time.

"I just want to show you around," he said, as he took Ahmad to one salon after another. "This is the reading

room with all the magazines and daily papers and, as a curiosity, you might look at *l'Action Française*. You probably would never buy it."

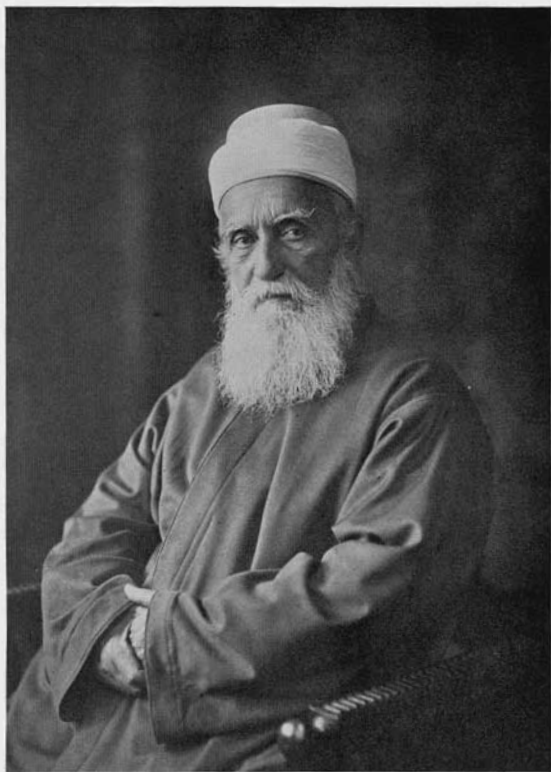
It might have been more suitable to call it *La Réaction Française*. Anyway, Ahmad picked up the paper and, as luck would have it, saw a long article about himself right on the front page. It contained nothing complimentary.

We formed a group which came to weekly meetings in our sky-parlor in the Rue des Saints Pères. Ahmad spoke in English which was understood by most of our guests and others gave short talks in French. We made quite a few friends who remembered us during our absence in winter and were there to welcome us when we returned in the spring.

THE RUE DE LA PAIX

In the very heart of Paris there is a little street which is known around the earth—the Rue de la Paix. Extending from the Opera to the Place Vendôme, it holds in its short length a miniature scene of the luxury of this present age. Here the world-famed couturiers, modistes and perfumers are congregated; here the shop windows glitter with priceless gems in the latest and most intricate settings. Around the corner are the Hotel Ritz and the American banks, while in the avenues adjoining, cafés with names of magical import entertain throngs of connoisseurs of the great art of French cuisine.

Midway along this street, opposite Cartier's dazzling display, is the show case of Tapponnier. The celebrities who have passed in and out of Paris have been numerous, and many of them took the opportunity of having their pictures



Abdul Baha

photograph by Tapponier

taken by this photographer of international reputation. Here every week, in the little window which holds only one picture, was seen a different face. A King or a Prime Minister, an opera singer or a General—the personages of the hour, it was easy to keep track of them as they regularly succeeded each other.

It was in 1912 that Abdul Baha was taken to be photographed at this studio, and presently his benevolent features appeared in the little show-case. Later, when the allotted period had elapsed, Monsieur Tapponier decided that he would not make a change that week; and when a fortnight had gone, he thought again that he would make no change, and when three weeks had passed, he still felt the same way. So the months went by and the years succeeded each other, and always the face of Abdul Baha looked out from Tapponier's window on that little gilded street—the Rue de la Paix.

One day I was in the shop ordering photographs of Abdul Baha, and Monsieur Tapponier spoke to me of these things. Almost twenty years had come and gone since the Master had entered his studio, and now the photographer was asking about the progress of the Cause. He himself knew almost nothing about it.

"You see," he explained, "I am a Catholic," and then he shook his head and added "but he was different."

Chapter XI

FEVERISH ACTIVITIES

(1933 - 1939)

OUR HOUSE was a haven to many and a thoroughfare to most. People entered it in streams; some remained for a while; a few stayed for life. Numberless projects were submitted to us, all at a cost. One man, who claimed to be persona grata in Fascist Society, offered to put the Green Shirt on Mussolini at a nominal price of one thousand dollars, paid in advance. There were other insinuating offers; people saw a thriving movement and wished to bend it toward their own aims. Chiefly we were advised to drop the Bahai name—then our success would be assured. This suggestion always made me feel a little sick. There were so many movements minus the Bahai Cause which might be promoted. Why try to mutilate ours? It would have been like removing the heart from an individual and then urging him on to great exploits.

A certain man came to our meetings very assiduously and seemed entirely won by what he found, but presently he retired with this explanation, made to a friend of ours:

"When I joined the New History Society, I was very much pleased because I thought it was a group of conscience-stricken millionaires. Now I realize that everybody comes here, so I'm disappointed."

We met people of all sorts, tried to help them and, in so doing lost most of them. It would have been easy to become disillusioned, but we never did, simply because we expected nothing. If we made a true friend, we were surprised and very grateful; if we made an enemy, we took it in the day's work. Lewis used to laugh at me and, over and over again, quote from the favorite poem of my childhood which I had taught him to love. It was Kipling's *The True Romance* and the lines which he repeated were:

*The faith that meets ten thousand cheats
Yet drops no jot of faith.*

He was justified in bringing up these lines, yet actually I did not have faith in individuals, I just thought—perhaps!

In a sea of *interested* people, of men and women who were always seeking and never finding, of those who, if they saw the Sun of Truth blazing before them would yet ask for something better, of the many who just had rent to pay or were hungry, we did find some who spread the green leaves of their personalities on the tortuous scene of our efforts. Mr. John Peterson, an old-time Bahai, was always at our meetings; he asked for nothing, he only gave. Mr. O. J. Hanko, also an early Bahai, held to us without reservations. Janet Osterman and her sister Claire sat with radiant faces in our drawing room, week after week. Mrs. Oliver, with Spiritualism as her mission, yet had capacity to embrace the Bahai Cause also. Grace Kopman, an artist who often begged us to include art in our program, which we didn't do, stood by us through thick and thin. Anne Gerner, a pretty Turkish girl who didn't like meetings agreed to come once in order to please her uncle. She never

left us. Eugenie Slaydon loved the Cause with all the warmth of her nature, as did Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyd to whom it was life itself. Sofia Froberg became part of us and everything we did.

There were Ellen Chater, often disagreeing with us but remaining an unfailing friend, and Taylor Graves, an actor who was a Charter Member of the New History Society, and his wife Rachel. Mr. and Mrs. Graves were inveterate globe trotters but they fitted right back into our group as if there had been no separation. Portia Willis Berg, active in the many sided peace movement, always kept us in mind. Mr. Baer Salov, a Bahai for many years, threw himself into Caravan activities with great effectiveness. In a sacrificial mood and in order to make me happy, Ouisse Vaupel, short story writer, offered herself as member at the Bahai Centre.

Outstanding among our friends was Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar who accompanied Gandhi on the *March to the Sea*. We trusted in his mental integrity and knew him as an ally.

With us was Erna Straus, M.A., who came to a lecture and found just what she wanted. Later, on returning to her home in Jerusalem, she opened her house for meetings to which the Jews and the Arabs were invited. It was a bold thing to do at a time when the enmity between these peoples was mounting high. Dr. Straus accepted the Bahai teachings with great understanding and feeling. With us also was Dr. Elfride Hesse who took the Cause with heart and hand. In other words, she not only lived in its atmosphere but found time, during the crowded hours of hospital life, to spread its principles in many directions.



Bhupesh Cuha



Chancy Carro

It took a season to observe Mr. Louis Meisler although he was always there, and likewise a long time before I knew the names of a beautiful Italian girl and her constant attendant, who was an equally beautiful Hindu. The girl was Chancy Carro and her cavalier was the dancer, Bhupesh Guha. There was Basanta Koomar Roy who used to sell the little booklet *Renaissance* at meetings, saying: "You shine your shoes for ten cents; shine your soul for five cents", and finally, although she came to us first, was Berthalin Osgood, later Mrs. Frederick Allien, who joined our movement with all the sincerity that was in her, giving of her time, her money and her faith, and becoming indispensable to us.

In dealing with the public one comes across so-called types, which term is generally a misnomer for the people one is apt to have in mind are not types at all, but purely individualistic. Of such an order was

OUR FRIEND, ROBERT SCHNEIDER

He slipped into our society very quietly. Months had passed before we knew that he was there, and having once noted this, we realized that he was with us at all times.

He took pleasure in the movement and in whatever it accomplished and, somehow or other, always associated himself with everything that was going on in it. When Einstein addressed our group, giving his immortal speech on Militant Pacifism, he at the close of the meeting managed to speak to the great man and receive a moment's attention from him, although nobody else was able to do so. Likewise many distinguished speakers, as they hurried away from the platform, paused and answered some ques-

tion of his. He liked to get in touch with celebrities, and they on their part, for some reason or other, accommodated him and made him happy. He attended every meeting of interest that took place in New York, as far as a single person was able to do this, and the proceeding entailed going from one to another, stopping a short while at each. In his Green Shirt, he was observed in most audiences, and his voice recognized in many open forums, and then people would smile tolerantly and say "There is Schneider again."

Once he came to the house when we were having a dinner party. He just walked in and sat down at the table. After a moment's mental resistance, the situation was accepted and finally none of us regretted the fact that he had been there. He never asked for anything, and if something were given him, he would not say "Thank you". He just smiled, slowly, broadly—his dimples coming into play.

Of his past we simply knew that he had studied at Harvard University, that later he had become a shoemaker (he looked at everyone's shoes and feet with the eyes of a connoisseur), that at one time he had had an illness from which, both physically and mentally he had never recovered, that he was some forty years old. That is about all. He was handsome, well built. It was certain that he came from good stock for he bore unmistakable marks of breeding expressed in his patience, his dignity, his gentle voice, his excellent choice of words. He was well read to an unusual degree and, as his memory held, could talk on subjects historic, philosophic, scientific, although always in a disconnected way.

Before we knew him he had met with an accident. His

leg was injured, and he persistently kept the wound open in the hope of some day collecting insurance. The result was that he walked with difficulty. The wonder was that he didn't develop blood poisoning.

His living quarters were startling, in that it was amazing that anyone could live amid such surroundings. The rent was paid by the Relief and, as he needed much space, the quality of the apartment was affected by reason of its size. Here in these dark rooms, actually piled up to the ceiling, were the possessions that he had accumulated during a lifetime. Collections of shoes, dozens of boot trees, china in cases and exposed on shelves, furniture, antiques, samples of various patents, books, pamphlets, stacks of newspapers, everything. One had to be as lithe as he to pass through those rooms without disturbing the heaped up *treasures*, without dislodging the mantle of dust that had settled upon them, but among all these encumbrances he cooked, read and listened to his radio, and slept in a bed swung high above the debris, just below the ceiling.

His main interest was diet. To everyone he would recommend the exclusive use of fruit and vegetable juices, though when we took him out to supper he, himself, would order pastries and cakes. His first love was for flowers. At all times he carried roses. Probably some good natured florist gave them to him at the end of the day, and often he picked them up at funerals which he attended assiduously without knowing in whose honor they were held. His chief concern was his birds. He kept varying numbers of them in his rooms; took them about with him, sold some, all the time appreciating their charm and helplessness.

In all his wanderings he invariably was laden with bundles—large ones and small ones, many of them. These he would stack about him at meetings, or, if he were in the house of a friend, place them in a closet or the ice box, to be called for the next day or month. The bundles contained samples of the various stores that he kept in his rooms, some food also, and were clasped in his arms most carefully, just as a child would be clasped.

Once when he was asked, "Schneider, why do you always carry a package?" he answered, "It is something to take care of."

He came to our office practically every day, and if there were work to do, as there generally was, he would sit down and attack mountains of mimeographed sheets, folding them in an extraordinarily precise manner. Then at evening, without being asked, he would tie up heavy parcels of mail and limp with them to the post office, sometimes making several trips.

He had an uncanny way of knowing when he was needed. Often, at midnight or later, when that day's work was still far from completed, a whistle would be heard in the street, and there was Mr. Schneider ready to lend a hand for an hour or two. Afterwards, tired, satisfied and hungry we would seek a nearby restaurant, and our dietician would order his coffee and pie with a big lump of ice cream on the top of it.

Then he stopped coming. Half subconsciously we noticed it for we were too busy to think very much, though we once or twice wondered aloud where he was. Presently his copy of the November issue of *New History* came back, with an appalling word scribbled in pencil on the enve-

lope. It took only a few minutes to reach the house where he had lived. We went hoping that somehow or other the postman had made a mistake, but on arriving learned that the scribbled word was a fact. Mr. Schneider had been found, one week after his death, stretched on the high bed swung just below the ceiling, dead from a heart attack, while on the floor of their cages, uncared for during all that time, lay his beloved birds, dead also.

He slipped out of our society very quietly. Days had passed before we knew that he was gone, and once knowing this, we realized how much we missed him.

He who had been an enigma in life was elusive even in death, for the laws of the city are complicated regarding those who have no available kin. However sixteen days after his departure, we were allowed to take his body. We followed it across the bay to the slopes of Staten Island, and there we laid it in the earth at the side of a wood. Four of us stood by the open grave while Mirza Ahmad Sohrab repeated the simple Bahai service:

Oh my Lord verily the poor one hath ascended into the Kingdom of Thy Wealth: the stranger unto his home within Thy precincts . . . I testify that Thou hast enjoined upon men to honor their guest . . . and I know of a certainty that Thou wilt not deny Thyself from that which Thou hast commanded unto Thy servants.

Then

Bring us together again, oh Lord, by the power of Thy Covenant; gather our dispersion by the might of Thy

promise, and unite our hearts by the dominion of Thy Love.

So we left him with utmost trust, in the care of his Maker.

CARAVAN HALL

The idea of our movement as serving youth was ever present in Sohrab's mind so, in order to afford relaxation to the younger element in our group he organized excursions and boating parties in summer, and dances and various entertainments during the winter months. Once we gave a play in a small auditorium, at the close of which I was suddenly called on to say a few words. Now the idea of my speaking had never dawned on me. I had nothing to say and besides I was much too shy. However I had to respond, so I got up and announced a simple fact:

"I was the first member of the New History Society"—a desperate pause, then I went on "and what a fool I'd have been if it weren't for you."

The audience laughed and I sat down in a twitter. It was my maiden speech.

For our different activities we rented studios, office rooms at shabby hotels, finding ourselves alternately out of pocket and out of place, until at last, the third floor of a building numbered 110 East 59th Street was brought to our attention. The location was good, being just east of Park Avenue, and the space very large. It had many possibilities. So we leased it and went ahead with the project in spite of the fact that the period allowed us was only one year and a half. We simply took a chance on

being able to renew the lease when our time was up, and this was quite a gamble for some construction and much renovation had to be done.

We had, little by little, been building up a Foundation Fund and the Committee decided to risk a portion of this sum in the present venture. We did so with a sense of grave responsibility, realizing that this money collected through sacrifice was a sacred trust, and we planned to do our utmost to replace it at the earliest opportunity. We remembered the many who had sent their donations both large and small—friends in far-off India, others in nearer lands, and right through to the very workmen on the scaffolds who were painting the ceiling of the ballroom. Among all these, thoughts of three persons come to us vividly, one who on the actual day of her husband's death, sent the Caravan a check of sixty dollars in his name; another, who for a year had deprived himself of a weekly evening of recreation at the movies that he might help; a third, guiding his barge on the Hudson River from dawn till late at night, who had subscribed to the Fund in good times and ill, although this had often meant going without the mid-day meal. With such a spirit, might we not expect that the new home of the Caravan, in which pleasure and aspiration should meet, would be one where *all the people will consort with joy and fragrance!*

The space which we were using had formerly been the studio of the renowned Isadora Duncan. Only an excellent floor and a great mantelpiece of the Regency period suggested former grandeur, but in the apartment below, which had been the dancer's living quarters, numerous remnants of luxury remained, among which a huge,

sunken black marble tub was conspicuous. Unquestionably there was atmosphere in the building and Bigelow, the superintendant, could, when he was willing to do so, recount many startling stories of art life in old New York.

I had been against the assuming of such a responsibility when our hands were already full, but was overridden by Sohrab and our committee. Actually the idea of fitting up a lecture room and ball room was appalling to me. I didn't know how to get started, much less how to continue once we were installed, and it was at this crucial point that an unexpected offer of help came our way.

At the close of a meeting at the house, while we were discussing the matter of the new hall, a rather striking looking man in the audience arose and said that he had much experience along these lines and was happy to put himself at our disposal. His name was Mr. Wilson. So it came about that Mr. Wilson accompanied me on all my shopping expeditions, during which we bought chairs by the hundreds, loudspeakers, dishes, tables, linoleum and many other things. It was comforting to have him along, but I did notice that after each purchase, he returned to the store and I was left waiting in the street for quite a while. Might he be collecting a commission? I wondered, and then snuffed out the thought as being unworthy of me.

Mr. Wilson instructed me in the ways of keeping a hall clean and listed the powders and soaps that should be used. He did much manual work himself and taught me to handle the big broom. As the time of our opening approached, I more and more felt that I couldn't get along without him. He was my support and besides, I enjoyed his company. Even Lewis found him amusing, well-read

and quite magnetic, and didn't object when I repeatedly asked him to lunch or to dinner.

Meanwhile our close members felt differently about this new friend and I was constantly in the position of having to champion him. This I did with spirit, although occasionally a sense of uncertainty crept in on me on account of the large sums of money which I was lending him. It is understandable, I assured myself, because all this service is being given for nothing.

On Saturday, April 6, 1935, the Sixth Anniversary of the movement, Caravan Hall was opened to our friends and the public. It looked beautiful, and to us it was a great occasion. After that we entertained right along.

Throughout these months I underwent a slight discomfort to which I didn't pay much attention. Often when I would leave my bag on a table or chair, at the Hall or the house, I would later find that most of the bills had disappeared. I would be annoyed, chiefly with myself for spending money without recollection of it, but when the experience happened to others, I began to feel seriously disturbed. A group of actors rented the hall for rehearsals and in course of time came to the conclusion that their pocketbooks were being dipped into. They put some one on the watch and this person noticed a young man casually placing his hand on a girl's bag which was hanging on a chair. It was enough evidence. The actor was accused of theft and driven from the hall. All of us, including Mr. Wilson, were very much upset.

Ahmad disapproved of the situation in general. He said that I must stop lending money, but I didn't feel able to do this. However I was pretty nervous too. I sensed some-

thing ominous, I didn't know what. One night at a late hour, Ahmad and I discussed the matter across the desk in the office. He recommended a break with Mr. Wilson, but I couldn't do this for I was so conscious of my obligation to him. We argued various points over and over, forgetting the time altogether, and suddenly we noticed streaks of sunlight in the room. We had talked all night.

Mr. Wilson married one of our pretty young girls who had a good job, and she also lost money from her purse. Our office drawer, where we kept considerable funds, was often depleted. So it went on. The last chapter of this story was a suit for annulment brought by Mrs. Wilson, and I had to appear in court and identify several pictures of my one-time friend, dressed in horizontally striped garments. It turned out that Mr. Wilson had for years been well known by the police departments of several states.

As our activities accelerated I became more aware of Chancy Carro and her sister May than I had been. They were with us at all our meetings and helped enormously at the Hall. Chancy took over the responsibilities of the buffet, where she served soda and coffee with the help of the Indian dancer, Bhupesh Guha. The two gave charm and glamor to this department and, when after a few years, Bhupesh left for California, Chancy continued at her post and became a bulwark of the Caravan both practically and spiritually.

Janet Osterman also was with us year after year. She was cashier at the dances and no one ever slipped by her desk. She put all her heart into this service because it was a detail of the movement which she had held to so warmly

since the early days. O. J. Hanko, a Bahai who had met Abdul Baha, managed the Hall for a while. Later when affairs called him back to his home in New Jersey, his place was taken by Mr. Louis Meisler.

Sohrab had many tussles with Mr. Meisler for each had a way of knowing just how things should be done, and of course their ways didn't coincide. They disagreed openly and constantly, but in spite of these intermittent fireworks, their affectionate regard for each other never faltered.

We didn't make money out of Caravan Hall but we didn't lose in the long run, especially considering the fact



Mr. Meisler

that our public meetings were held there instead of at the Ritz and the Park Lane.

THE CARAVAN

Meanwhile the office continued feverishly active. The competitions offered to the youth of the five continents being practically completed, we turned our attention to a World Competition on Universal Disarmament, offered without age restriction to the inhabitants of the earth. The essays were acceptable in eleven languages and well over three thousand were received. The labor involved in this undertaking was colossal, and its cost, in conjunction with the continental competitions, passed the figure of one hundred thousand dollars. Through this means, knowledge of the Bahai Cause was disseminated along all avenues of life in practically every country, and an unprecedented volume of correspondence was initiated.

Our literature, now in several languages, had reached numberless institutions and homes, and the young people were catching at the thought of the Caravan as a link to unite them the world over. Thus it was that, without any conscious effort on our part, the ideal of friendship contained in the leaflet of the Caravan was adopted by thousands of boys and girls in both hemispheres.

We were now an institution for correspondence. Chapters of the Caravan were springing up like mushrooms. We had our own paper *The Children's Caravan* in which the names of would-be correspondents were listed. As well as a factory for membership, we were a veritable factory for friendship.

Our lectures continued but in a milder way for the office work required most of our energy, and so it came about that the New History Society slipped into the background, a mother literally overridden and overwhelmed by an overgrown child. We had become the Caravan.

FRIENDS OF THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

One of the world's historic romances was claiming the attention of everyone. King Edward VIII of England had fallen in love with an American woman who was unacceptable to his family, his government and his church. I wept as I listened to his speech of abdication, broadcast over the earth, and felt it a crime that this courageous, liberal and democratic spirit should be driven into private life.

We knew a Mr. Gibbs Chase who profoundly admired King Edward, and this gentleman wished to form a society in his name. The object was to enlist as many people as possible to dine together once a year on the anniversary of the abdication. Sohrab and I were asked to join and, while the project didn't arouse in us much enthusiasm, we accepted and agreed that a committee should be formed at the house.

When the meeting took place, I was asked to be president. I did not want this position but, under pressure, said that I would act in this capacity until some one else were found. There the matter rested and it soon became clear that I was president for good.

This being the case, Sohrab and I started to think. A dinner club didn't interest us, but a kingly man in exile did. Might we help to bring Edward back into the arena

of activity? What could he do—a man without a country? Maybe a lot! Maybe more than anyone else! We caught up a term which had originated with Miss Olive Murphy of London—a *World Ambassador*, and proceeded to form a movement around this idea.

The stirring speech broadcast from Verdun by the Duke of Windsor gave us our material. We had it duplicated into endless copies and sent it by mail far and wide. We called our group Friends of the Duke of Windsor in America and enlisted members in New York and different parts of the Empire to support us in our demand that Edward should be the first representative of the people of the world to plead the cause of reconciliation and unity before the existing governments. We never tried to gain agreement from the Duke; we simply kept him informed of our efforts to serve him and the cause of democracy. No acknowledgment ever came from him and we did not expect any. The Friends of the Duke of Windsor in America was accorded quite a bit of notice by the press.

On one occasion, a reporter sought out the Duke in his villa at Cannes and asked him to comment on this movement which was carried on in his name. The answer was: "I neither approve of it, nor disapprove of it."

On the third anniversary of Edward VIII's succession to the throne, the Friends of the Duke of Windsor in America gathered at a dinner held at the Town Hall Club. A letter from Ireland was awaiting us with the management. It contained the question: "Why should any American tell us what we should do?"

Now we were not telling England what she should do. We knew enough to refrain from giving advice to anyone,

even to the members of our own family. Nevertheless we were interested in what should be done. In this instance, we wished to assure an individual who, according to our standards, had played the game in a square and honorable fashion, that there was a spot in the United States where his memory was treasured with warm affection. Further we wished to make it plain that we were not satisfied with a mere memory. We earnestly hoped that H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor would presently take his rightful place in the forefront of service to the cause of humanity. Exactly 102 persons sat down at dinner on that night. The guests were of several nationalities and races.

The toast, suggested by Mr. Chase, was offered by Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler who happened to have been first American president of the Cambridge Union, England. The words, adapted from Sir Walter Scott's "Here's a toast to King Charles" were as follows:

*Fill a glass for our toast
 Fill it up to the brim
 'Tis for him we like most
 And to all who like him.
 So friends come, stand up
 Scorning any rebuke,
 Were there death in the cup,
 Here's a toast to the Duke.*

During the week preceding the dinner, a large number of letters had been received at our office, expressing agreement, and disagreement. Among the latter, some bore signatures with addresses and some signatures, minus

addresses. Other writers chose romantic titles, such as: "A lover of my country—England", and one assumed a complete disguise under the pseudonym: "An English Lady".

A cablegram, sent through his publishers Frederick Stokes & Co., was received from Compton MacKenzie. It read:

London England

"Please convey to president Friends Windsor dining January 20 warmest wishes for success of American Society whose inauguration is gratefully recognized by Duke's loyal friends throughout British empire.

Compton MacKenzie.

We were touched by this endorsement from the biographer of Edward VIII.

The meeting closed with the reading of a message to be forwarded to the Duke of Windsor. Having been approved by the company, it was cabled that night. Here it is:

"H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor,
La Croc, Cap d'Antibes
Cannes, France

The Friends of the Duke of Windsor in America, assembled at the Town Hall Club on this evening of January 20th in tribute to your Royal Highness, beg to convey their greetings and expression of their warm regard to you and to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Windsor, together with the hope that you will presently appear upon the field of service in a capacity suited to your qualifications and the needs of the body-

politic—the world. The sense of this Meeting is that ways and means be evolved for the creation of an office, namely: Ambassador-at-Large for Democracy and Peace, and that you will consent to fill this—the first office of its kind in history.

Mrs. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, Pres."

In this cablegram a single point was questioned. One of the guests felt that we had no right to refer to the Duchess of Windsor as Her Royal Highness, however much we might wish to do so, because this title had not been accorded by the British Government.

We however, excused ourselves on the grounds that, as Americans we had little knowledge of English etiquette; that we naturally call a woman by her husband's name and title, and we mentioned the fact that the motif of the dinner was after all an office that actually did not exist—Ambassador-at-Large for Democracy and Peace.

I wished so much that this could have come about.

With no slackening up in our work I began to feel that summers away from town were no longer possible and, somehow or other, Lewis did not object to the idea. I believed this, even though in his magnanimity he was perfectly capable of putting up a pretense. At any rate we sold the apartment in Rue des Saints Pères and closed the chapter of our life in Paris.

A very few of our things were shipped to New York, but as for the most part, we just opened the doors from a distance and invited our Parisian members to come in and each take a piece or two. Our dining room furniture I gave to Toni Montgomery because he had had it made

and liked it especially. The Gothic monk was safely in my keeping, being accustomed to travel the Atlantic back and forth. Lewis now spent the summers in town, going regularly up the river to Red Hook to stop with the Chanler Chapmans over the week-ends. Olivia and Chanler were most hospitable and wanted him all the time, and he was happy to go to their place Sylvania which was adjacent to Rokeby his childhood home. Chanler, his sister Elizabeth's son, was like Lewis in many ways, so he was a favorite with me.

AN ALBANIAN RESTAURANT

Ahmad lived in a tiny apartment on Lexington Avenue, just around the corner from our house. One night as he was getting ready for bed, he went into the hall to look for a package and the door slammed behind him. There he was in his B.V.D.s, unable to return to his room and unfit to go anywhere else. He descended the stairs and, trying to maintain a foothold in the hall, looped his body around the doorway of an adjoining restaurant. The place was still open and the Chef, in a tall white cap, was arranging things behind the counter. Ahmad whistled and was noticed. Seeing the torso of a disheveled man and perhaps recognizing him, the Chef came forward to help and they went upstairs together. A little manipulation of the lock with a knife and the door opened. Great relief on the part of Ahmad and warm appreciation of his deliverer from a most awkward situation!

In the morning we heard of this experience and Lewis at once put on his hat and coat and went around the corner to express his own gratitude. Lewis was a man who

knew the value of a favor. Always his response was immediate and lasting. He had never focussed on this little restaurant, which was Albanian from the owner down to every worker in the place, but from then on he visited it every night and drank a glass of beer before going to bed. He singled out the Chef as his special friend, calling him King Zog after the Albanian king in exile, and pretty soon everybody else followed suit and King Zog became a personality to guests and employees alike. Usually Ahmad and I accompanied Lewis on his nightly excursions to pay tribute to King Zog and sometimes we stayed on at the table after Lewis had gone home. We always had matters to discuss, and sometimes ideas would crop up in our conversation which we held on to and later acted upon.

One night at the restaurant, after Lewis had left us, Ahmad was allowing his mind to wander placidly along familiar paths!

"When I was a boy", he ruminated, "I had a dream, or call it a thought—an idea anyway. I related it in India, and the people nodded their approval. I spoke of it with fervor in the Near East, and the listeners frowned and laughed alternately. In Europe, men shrugged their shoulders. In Canada and the United States, they politely changed the subject, but through it all, I held on to my dream."

"What was it?" I asked, feeling very curious.

"Simply, it was the creation of a Book to which humanity as a whole would turn, a Book that would mark the highest level of inspiration that each race has attained

and which all men would call *holy*. Such a Book would be the foundation of a New World Order and would become the Bible of a Universal Religion."

"Go on" I said, a sense of excitement taking hold of me.

"Since World War I" he continued "a vast change has taken place in the minds and hearts of men and women in all countries, and I believe the time is ripe for the appearance of a Universal Bible."

"Is this book to be a comparative study and a scholarly appreciation of the various religions" I asked, "or is it to be a work in which the Light of Truth, contained in each faith, will shine forth undimmed by the fables and dogmas that have distorted and misrepresented it?"

"Both of course, but the latter especially." The answer was quick and determined.

"In that case" and I too became assertive, "the editor of this book must be a Bahai. Furthermore that Bahai is you, and no one else".

"I never thought of that" murmured Ahmad, "not in all my life".

Chapter XII

LIGHT, STORM AND SHADOW

(1939 - 1942)

MY PACIFISM was being tested. I had thought it infrangible, and it did remain strong enough to put up a hardy battle against the doubts and anxieties that were creeping up on me, yet all the while it was melting in the heat of horror emanating from Germany. Could I cling to my principles in the face of the concentration camps, in the face of determination to wipe a race from the surface of the earth? I just couldn't. I knew that pacifism looks to the end and endures. Honor to the far-visioned ones, including Sohrab, who kept their colors flying! For me, I wanted Hitler to be opposed, come what might. I renounced pacifism.

This defection did not cause the slightest rift between Sohrab and myself. He allowed me the right to take an attitude on any matter, and I allowed him the same. We differed on the subject of vegetarianism which was most vital to me, but I held no grudge against him because he ate meat. I had to content myself with his conviction that this was an old-fashioned habit, to which he happened to cling. He told me that Abdul Baha had often said that the man of the future would live on vegetables and grains. So I was happy in this assurance. All of us are not cut on

the same pattern. We realized this obvious fact, and so we could face each other across the desk during the entire day without arguments or murmurings of any kind.

My green shirt, symbol of sincere intention, was laid away and I lived in the consciousness of war, likely to break out at any time.

In the world of that day, crippled by the legacy of so many yesterdays, we turned to the words of Abdul Baha, pronounced in reference to those very times and foreshadowing the World of Tomorrow.

*The darkness of this gloomy night shall pass away and
the sun of Universal Peace will dawn from the hori-
zons of the hearts.*

Have patience, wait, but do not sit idle.

Work while you are waiting.

Smile when you are wearied with monotony.

Be firm while everything around you is being shaken.

Be hopeful while the ugly face of despair grins at you.

*Speak aloud while the malevolent forces of the nether
world try to crush your mind.*

*Be valiant and courageous while men all around you are
cringing with fear and cowardice.*

*Do not yield to the overwhelming power of despotism
and war.*

Diffuse the fragrance of the rose of reconciliation.

Serve the cause of democracy and freedom.

Continue your journey to the end.

*The bright day is coming! The nucleus of the New Race
is forming!*

*The harbingers of the new ideals of international justice
are appearing!*

The trees of hope will be clothed with verdant leaves.

*The copper of scorn and derision will be transmuted
into the gold of honor and repute.*

*The arid desert of ignorance will be changed into the
luxuriant garden of knowledge.*

*The threatening clouds will be dispelled, and the stars
of peace and cooperation will irradiate in the clear
consciences of all the children of men.*

THE WORLD'S FAIR

In the assurance that the old pattern of existence was in process of being rolled up and put away in the archives of history, and that a new pattern, for a new order of life in a new world, was being studied in many quarters, we turned our attention from our worn city of practical and impractical reality to a Dream City rising as symbol of a better life on the borders of Flushing Bay.

The New York World's Fair! Color upon color! Light upon light! Fantastic structural effects, presented in striking simplicity of line! Everything fresh, clean and unworn. An enthusiastic and brilliant effort. The nations of the world congregated in their most constructive aspects, each making its offering to the well being of humanity.

In a corner of Science and Education Building we presented the biggest message on earth—the Message of Baha-O-Llah:

One Race, One Native Land, One Religion.

It was a pretty booth where the activities of the New History Society and the Caravan were dramatized as far as was possible within close quarters. The two hemispheres studded with pins showed the localities of Caravan Chapters; handiwork of the children was on display as well as examples in eleven languages of essays received in the World Competition. There was a picture of the Duke of Windsor with the proposition that he be drafted as Ambassador-at-Large for Democracy and Peace. There were our books, and our free literature which was carried away by tons. Most conspicuous of all, there was the Bible of Mankind.

Since our talk at the Albanian restaurant, Sohrab had devoted his days and nights to the preparation of a Bible for everybody, to appear at the opening of the Fair. He had a year before him, almost no time at all for such a gigantic assignment, yet he set himself to the task in the assurance that his life-long absorption in the Holy Books of the world would stand him in good stead. He set the religions into groups, as follows:

Aryan Heritage

Hinduism

Zoroastrianism

Buddhism

Mongolian Heritage

Confucianism

Taoism

Semitic Heritage

Judaism

Christianity

Islam

Synthetic Approach

Bahai Cause

Apart from a short preface to each section written by a distinguished adherent of that faith, the Bible of Mankind consists entirely of the Holy Writings of the world religions. Here one can read and compare the teachings of the Prophets and find the force, beauty and illumination that are in all of them. No longer any grounds on which to choose this or that as being superior to the rest, for they are the words of a Great Brotherhood whose thoughts were the same. He who reads this book with understanding loses the last trace of parochialism and becomes a disciple of Truth.

Sohrab's selections from the Holy Books of the world was an inestimable boon, for the material contained in this single volume had theretofore been accessible only to scholars with plenty of time for study and research in public and private libraries. That knowledge was now available to the public in the one book of its kind.

Our booth in The World of Tomorrow, by which name the Fair was known, was dominated by a large sized electrical Bible. The people stood and read a few paragraphs from the Scriptures of Hinduism, and the page turned. They read the sayings of Zoroaster, of Buddha, of Confucius and so on, and after they had come to the end of the book where the words of Baha-O-Llah and Abdul Baha

were shown, all the pages turned back and they could start again at the beginning.

The electrical book commanded much attention and produced a great deal of comment, pro and con.

"It is too bad you are going to hell", a lady spoke to me sympathetically. The page was open at the Vedas, the most ancient of recorded Scriptures.

"To hell! Me, but why?"

"Because you are teaching Hinduism and that sort of new-fangled stuff."

The Bahai Organization had a booth in another building manned by volunteers who took charge in rotation. Gita Orlova, an actress and a very brilliant woman, was on duty in the mornings and, at the stroke of one o'clock, she would race over to us where we would be picnicking in the shelter of the Great Bible. This was supposed to be under cover and I never heard that her digressions were noticed. However, she did break with the organization a while later and was free to spend all her time with us, which change was very much to her taste and to ours too.

Berthelin Allien managed our booth from nine o'clock until noon. Thus, we were able to remain in town and look after some of our office duties. For the rest of the day and evening we were at the Fair speaking with strangers, receiving visits from friends and having a very good time. At nightfall Lewis would appear and, turning over our duties to others, Ahmad and I would accompany him to the various enthralling national restaurants. Lewis especially liked the Czechoslovakian pavillion and we dined there most often, partly in tribute to the martyred nation. However we took all of them in our stride and



Lewis

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even enjoyed Italian cooking in the bombastic building dedicated to Mussolini. Those evenings were a joy—the lights, the glistening lagoon, the aspiring shapes, the crowds, the pleasure, the hopes for an actual World of Tomorrow, and all the while we were balancing on the brink of the cataclysm. Amid the pageantry of those national buildings one could feel the cold shadow of doom, and then the music, the colors and the effervescence took hold, and the mind gave way to the present.

In mid-autumn the World's Fair closed its gates and the merry-makers dispersed to all parts of the country. We returned to the desk, our hectic holiday over.

"Flushing had the Bible of Mankind" Berthalin mused, "but New York hasn't had it. Why don't we open a shop right here?"

Why not? We lived from day to day and were always ready for anything. Actually there was a vacant store on Lexington Avenue, only a block and a half away. We would inquire.

In almost no time we were established in Bahai Bookshop, 828 Lexington Avenue, with the great Bible running merrily in the show window. The streams of sightseers to which we were accustomed were missing, but there always were passers-by to stop and look and perhaps come in. All our books and pamphlets were nicely displayed and occasionally some were sold. We again had the opportunity of meeting strangers and answering questions on the Bahai Cause. Our devoted Berthalin held the fort during the mornings as she had at the Fair. I came in after lunch, and at five o'clock Ahmad and a number of others joined me for coffee. Felix, our Filipino butler

Bahai Bookshop

A new investigation of truth
a revelation of the principles
of the Christian religion
a new world view
a new way of life
A solution for
the world's problems
and a new era of peace

THE BIBLE OF HUMANITY

Containing the teachings of the
Bible and the teachings of the world
the teachings of the world
the teachings of the world
the teachings of the world
the teachings of the world
the teachings of the world

TAOISM

It is a book for the modern world
it is a book for the modern world
it is a book for the modern world
it is a book for the modern world
it is a book for the modern world
it is a book for the modern world
it is a book for the modern world

LIVING PICTURES

How to live the life of the
Bahai Cause
in the world
in the world
in the world
in the world
in the world
in the world

NEW BOOKS

THE BIBLE OF HUMANITY
15

TAOISM
5

LIVING PICTURES
15

REBIRTH
5

THE BIBLE OF HUMANITY
15

TAOISM
5

LIVING PICTURES
15

REBIRTH
5

who was a Bahai, brought a thermos bottle and cakes at that hour. Altogether we had a very nice time, a continuance of our holiday for six months more. This was the period of our lease, for with expenses to be met and next to nothing coming in, our little demonstration had to be temporary.

The great Maeterlinck came to the house a few times and one night I offered him a copy of the Bible of Mankind. I thought that he above all others would appreciate it. To my surprise he refused the book saying that one religion was sufficient for him. Might it be, I thought, that this illumined spirit clings only to Christianity just because as a Belgian he happened to have been brought up in that faith! However, Maeterlinck went on to explain:

"Nothing can be added to Hinduism. I do not need to go further."

This remark was interesting, but I was sorry that he could not recognize the so-apparent beauty in the Holy Books of the succeeding religions.

PROTEST

Meanwhile the war had broken out in Europe and the United States was standing by with all its heart, or rather almost all of it for the German community and much of the Italian community were holding to their monstrous Dictators with unaccountable loyalty.

England was bearing the brunt of the struggle. Almost alone she faced the gigantic Nazi war-machine. Everyone wondered if she could hold out, but the alternative was

so ghastly that confidence was restored. England couldn't go down, not in the world we live in, which in spite of disfigurements was still our world.

"We have nothing to offer you but blood, toil, sweat and tears" Churchill warned, and the people answered "We accept".

The dire condition in which Great Britain found itself spelled hope for another section of the earth. Even as victor, the Empire would be emasculated. Consequently the colonies were expectant. India, soul-trained by Gandhi, was heaving under her chains. At that time Pandit Nehru, lieutenant of the great Mahatma, was thrown into jail.

Now our love for England did not blind us to the incongruity of this act, and our love for India impelled us to give expression to our disapproval.

In December 1940 we held a meeting at Caravan Hall. The program read:

"A Group of Friends of England in New York PROTEST the imprisonment of Jawaharlal Nehru and other indian leaders."

At the foot of the page was an item:

"The entire collection will be turned over to Bundles for Britain, Inc. for the purchase of air-raid-shelter cots for British children. A fully equipped cot costs \$10.00."

The above named relief agency was enthusiastic over the plan. I spoke to its President several times and showed

her the proof of the program. Consequently my astonishment was great when, on the evening preceding the meeting, I read in the papers that Bundles for Britain had informed the press that any money raised at the Nehru demonstration would be refused. I also received a telegram to the same effect from the President of the organization. This information, added to other signs which we were slowly waking up to, made it clear that we really were up against public opinion.

The meeting took place. We had an array of six distinguished speakers, including Dr. John Haynes Holmes who was chairman. The talks were very much worth hearing but the audience was extremely slim. Our American friends stayed away because they considered this Protest as out of taste under war conditions, and what really was funny, practically all of our Indian members and friends, of which we had many and very close ones too, stayed away because they thought it out of taste to give the collection to England. Fortunately we were an international movement, so there were one or two Norwegians present, some Swedish members, a few Cubans, a man from Alaska, together with Italians, Poles and Africans. The attendance wasn't too bad for the collection amounted to approximately \$200.00, and at this point, our troubles started afresh.

None of the Anglo-American Relief Agencies would accept the money, a sum contaminated with the name of Nehru—a prisoner, an undesirable. So we went from door to door, with the equivalent of twenty cots burning in our pockets until finally the Quakers of London—it would

be Quakers—accepted the contribution and the nights of twenty children were made more endurable.

We treasured the memory of this demonstration with all its inconveniences. Some day this able leader for whom we had spoken would be free, as his country would be free. All indications pointed that way. When he came into his own, the people who had shivered at the very thought of him would assemble in masses to praise and applaud. We might not be there. Perhaps we would not wish to be crushed to death! Then we thought of the Bahai Cause, this mighty unifying power slowly spreading its influence over the world. Some day gorgeous festivals would be held in its name, within the life-time of our own Caravaneers, and many of them would not attend the festivals. They might not wish to be crushed to death! Instead, they would stay at home and remember the little meetings of the early days.

COURT PROCEEDINGS

One morning Berthalin left her post at Bahai Bookshop and locked the door. She arrived at the office trembling from head to foot and handed us a document which had been served on her. It was from a legal firm representing the National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahais of the United States and Canada, the import being that we had no right to use the designation Bahai Bookshop on the windowpane of the little store because the word Bahai had been registered in the U. S. Patent Office, No. 245,271. We were therefore advised to discontinue use of the word Bahai, not only on the show window but on our books

and all of our publications as well. Upon failure to accede to this notice, litigation would be initiated.

We laughed aloud. Could such a thing really be! Was the Bahai organization so obtuse as to appropriate for its little hide-bound group a name for which twenty thousand Persians had died!

"What would have happened to Christianity" Ahmad exclaimed, "if the early believers had had to contend with property rights on the name and teachings of their Lord? It is certain that such a liability would have stifled the movement in its infancy and that, before the passing of a hundred years, the words of Jesus would have been heard of no more. The Cause of Baha-O-Llah is no different."

In talking over the situation with Lewis, we didn't *decide* to fight the case. It was a point not even to be discussed.

We first consulted a patent lawyer and he, learning that the matter had ethical implications, referred us to the firm of Kleeberg and Greenwald. These attorneys took up the case and, in the course of preparation and proceedings both partners became our life-long friends. Gordon Kleeberg was jovial, witty and utterly charming. We didn't know him in his professional capacity. On the other hand Jacob Greenwald, who took charge of our case, was the lawyer par excellence, practical, exacting. Occasionally—none could guess just when or where—a shutter would seem to slide back, revealing a flame within him. When that flame shot out in the court-room, something happened.

Shoghi Effendi was intent on defeating the "puny adver-

saries of the Faith" as he called us. Two of his cables to the Assembly, sent in January, 1940, follow:

"Sleepless vigilance—ward off subtle attacks—enemies—first prerequisite—sound unfoldment—process—enterprise already operating."

"Praying victory similar—one recently won—covenant-breakers—Holy Land be achieved by American believers over insidious adversaries."

The National Assembly was confident of the outcome. In Bahai News, February, 1940 is stated:

"Under authority of the Guardian, the time has now come to act against these 'insidious adversaries' . . . The matter is therefore being taken to the courts, and as soon as possible their excuses will be made a matter of public record. It will be seen whether the present enemies of the Faith can succeed any better than those enemies who have preceded them."

Sixteen months from the day when Berthalin had been served with papers in the little Bahai Bookshop, Justice Valente of the Supreme Court of New York State handed down his decision. The heart of it was that:

"The plaintiffs have no right to a monopoly of the name of a religion. The defendants, who purport to be members of the same religion, have an equal right to use the name of the religion in connection with their own meetings, lectures, classes and other activities.

Defendants have the absolute right to practice Bahaism, to conduct meetings, to collect funds, to sell literature in connection therewith, and to conduct a bookshop under the title 'Bahai Bookshop'."

This was a good day for the Caravan and for all lovers of freedom—March 31, 1941.

The case went on appeal and, in the beautiful little building of the Appellate Division, just two blocks from No. 1 Madison Avenue where my grandfather's house had stood, Lewis, Ahmad and I listened to the arguments.

The Assembly had just about renounced hope of keeping the name Bahai to itself, but it pled that the defendants be prevented from using it in a manner to cause deception. Here our attorney, Jacob Greenwald, flared back with an authority that is familiar to him when his indignation is aroused:

"Are not the plaintiffs being too smug and patronizing toward the defendants? What greater right have they to say how the defendants shall use the word 'Bahai' than the defendants have to say how the plaintiffs shall use the word 'Bahai'?"

Ten days after the hearing, on June 20, 1941, the New York Herald Tribune headlined an article with:

APPELLATE COURT REJECTS BAHAI PETITION ON NAME

and the New York World-Telegram of the same date had the genius to tell the whole story in six words of tremendous import:

BAHAI IS PLACED IN PUBLIC DOMAIN

Among the many messages of congratulation received by Sohrab and me, a few are here reproduced, beginning with that of Dr. John Haynes Holmes who for decades had been a Voice for freedom at home and abroad:

"I feel that this victory is for us all since it involves the great principle of freedom of religion. Imagine any group arrogantly claiming monopoly in this great field!"

Our close friend John J. O'Neill, science editor on the New York Herald Tribune, wrote:

"I know that the winning of this suit will remove the last shred of hesitation, and that you will launch new efforts for man's enlightenment."

A Bahai, member of the organization, sent us a few lines:

"Just received the good news concerning Justice Valente's decision. I could hardly hold back my tears."

Although Sohrab and I had not initiated the lawsuit but were defendants pure and simple, the National Spiritual Assembly put out a pamphlet which stated that:

" . . . Mrs. Chanler, needing a weapon for attacking and wounding the sacred unity of the Faith of Baha'u'llah, seeks her sharpened blade in the realm of a legality developed for dealing with questions of property and neither intended nor adapted to realize and apply the

spiritual truths of a revealed religion. As the persecutors of the Babis and the early Baha'is in Iran seized torch, sword, rope and gun to inflict injury upon the innocent bodies of their victims, so now we have a similar motive and instinct expressed however, in conformity with very different social conditions."

Did we just drift into renting Bahai Bookshop at Berthelin's suggestion, or did a High Power lay the scene and actuate all of us for the legal liberation of the Bahai Cause? Who can tell.

LEWIS

Lewis would have fitted perfectly in a previous century. Brought up like a young squire on a large estate, taught by tutors at home, never earning a cent in his life, playing politics for relaxation although he found to his surprise that he was very gifted along this line—all these ways were unusual in the modern world. He was democratic, yet aloof; most convivial, yet his privacy was never to be infringed upon. He was conventional, but he didn't care a whoop what people thought. He was the portrait of an Old Master, brought to life under modern conditions and living with the freedom and detachment of a visitor to our times.

Nevertheless, when the accepted order of things began to change for the betterment of the people and to the consternation of the upper classes, he acceded to the social revolution without a backward look. A Roosevelt man, he went daily to his fortress of reaction, the Knickerbocker

Club, where the name Roosevelt was anathema, and extolled the exploits of our President in the gloomy circle of his friends. He repeatedly left New History on the club table and the next day would chuckle to himself when he found it missing. He always could replace it.

He was genial with the people of all sorts who more and more came to the house. The simpler they were, the more he liked them, but with those who had had a chance at education, he couldn't endure a trace of bad manners or a wrong pronunciation. He was very outspoken when annoyed, in which he differed much from me for I suffered in silence. Words such as "O.K." or "Pardon me" curdled his blood and, when shocked, he didn't mind leaving the room with no excuse whatsoever.

His sons were like him in this respect. As an example, one of them received a bill from a clothing store for coat, pants and vest. He wrote back that he had bought the coat, but that he had no recollection in regard to the other items. Subsequently an altered bill came in, with apologies, listing coat, trousers and waistcoat. It was paid immediately.

A story which Lewis brought out on occasions, because it appealed to him, went like this:

A man was entertaining a guest and, wishing to be hospitable, offered him a drink.

"Oh no!" the guest said "I never drink."

"How about a cigarette?"

"Thank you, no, I don't smoke."

In desperation, the host suggested:

"Would you like some hay?"

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books but with great understanding. There is an invocation in the Cause which is held as especially sacred:

“YA BAHA—EL—ABHA”

and we have a greeting

“ALLAHO—ABHA”.

Lewis would repeat these words to the best of his ability and certainly not correctly. In fact he jumbled the two phrases with a few additional syllables thrown in. He found the sound comforting; it seemed to him like a prayer, and I was sure that it was heard as such.

When he was stricken with illness, he concealed from the hospital authorities the period when he had first noted symptoms, because his own doctor had thought those symptoms of no account and had not investigated them. He knew that care given in time would have helped and so, in order to protect another, he lied on the matter. It was the only time I ever knew him to lie. His illness was long, a few years during which I too was lying all the time. I wanted him to think he would get well and, although both of us knew to the contrary, it seemed easier that way. On the last afternoon he greeted his doctor very effusively and noisily, and later when we were alone, he repeated “Ya Baha El Abha” in his own funny way. Then he drifted off in sleep.

At the Chanlers’ old family church, St. Mark’s in The Bouwerie, under the flooring of which lies the dust of his ancestor Peter Stuyvesant, services were conducted jointly by its Minister and Mirza Ahmad Sohrab. Then we took Lewis to Glen Cove where he was buried in the Barlow plot, close to my mother and grandparents. The simple

stone carried on the one side his name and the dates of his span of life, and on the side nearest to him, the symbol of the Bab.

In view of his long services to the state, Governor Lehman ordered that all flags on public buildings in Albany be lowered to half mast until after the ceremony. If 132 East 65th Street had flown a flag, it would have been lowered permanently, not in grief but in tribute to happy memories, in recognition of a presence that remained in the house.

Among the many messages received, I especially appreciated this one:

"I am deeply distressed to hear of the passing of Lewis. My heartfelt sympathy goes out to you and to all who mourn with you.

Franklin D. Roosevelt"

As to the press, I like simply to give a passage from Poughkeepsie New Yorker of March 2, 1942 because it embodies the thought of his own Dutchess County:

"Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, last survivor of Dutchess county's famous Democratic dynasty of Chanler brothers who made political history in the first dozen years of the century, died Saturday of a heart ailment at his home, 132 East 65th Street, New York.

Teamed up with his brother 'Sheriff Bob' Chanler, Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler sparked a political era in Dutchess county which saw Republicans turned out of their habitual control for about a decade.

In retrospect, Mr. Chanler occupied a pivotal posi-

tion in history, for as a veteran public official he had first refusal on the Democratic candidacy for State Senator back in 1910. He waived his claim to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then a young Hyde Park squire just embarking on his public career. The future president of the United States was elected to the Senate, and Mr. Chanler went to the Assembly. Reverberations of a sheriff's investigation early in the century, gave rise to the Chanler dynasty which had its inception in the town of Red Hook.

Out of the Chanler estate, Rokeby, at Barrytown came the colorful Chanler brothers, Lewis and Bob, personable young men of wealthy family, to assault the Republican forces in their citadel of control. Picnics, parties, parades, baseball teams, barnstorming, all the colorful old political excitements, became the program of the Chanler brothers as they swept into politics.

They opened a new era in Dutchess county, establishing Democratic control for the first time in decades and founding a Democratic dynasty that lasted until a young surrogate, Daniel J. Gleason, came out of Millerton to establish a new Republican organization in 1913 that endured to this day.

An outstanding political figure, both in the county and state for many years, Mr. Chanler once was the subject of a presidential boom which failed to put him in the White House. Last of five well known brothers, Mr. Chanler was 72 when he died."

PART THREE

Chapter XIII

I ENTER THE KITCHEN

(1942 - 1943)

I DID NOT intend to start a new chapter in my life. The years facing me would be a continuance. Whether here or in the Kingdom, Lewis was identified with the work that had been built up through his moral support and his money. It was for Ahmad and me to carry on with even more enthusiasm and vigor. I didn't have to think of my individual life. That had been merged in the Cause long since.

Of course there were adjustments to be made. Material matters had to be altered immediately for most of Lewis' assets were in trusts. He had struggled hard to make the best possible arrangement for me, but I would have to attend carefully to my finances. The first thing I did was to let the cook and parlor-maid go. I would manage with the butler and my maid Clara.

It seemed like picnicking to have just two in the household, and then I had a long talk with Mr. Lewis Morris of the firm of Morris and McVeigh, the Chancellors' family lawyers. During our conversation I learned that there was not enough money in the estate to pay the allowance specified for me without dipping into capital. Lewis had been aware of this fact. Now, my father had trained me in the maxim that capital must never be touched, so I

was horrified to realize that the estate would be partly disintegrated through me.

"I do not agree to it" I said to the lawyer. "I will live on my own small income."

"But that is impossible" he objected, "and it is not what Lewis wished. Besides, how about the movement?"

"The movement will go on. Sohrab and I will find ways. I have definitely decided to accept no allowance at all."

"Let me know if you change your mind" Mr. Morris said, and he went away looking very much disturbed.

I told Ahmad of my resolve and he spontaneously agreed. In matters of my personal life, he never used the slightest influence. So in a few days I said goodbye to the butler and Clara and the door closed behind them, leaving me alone in the house. Clara had been with us for so long!

It was a big place to take care of, four stories, and I knew nothing about cleaning except that I had held a broom at Caravan Hall. I threw myself into the work in all fervor, swept, dusted, made my bed, sent the linen to the laundry, answered the doorbell. I penetrated into the kitchen where I had seldom ventured before, feeling that it was the precinct of others. I found that things would cook in boiling water; Ahmad told me that they would fry in butter and, somehow or other, I mastered the art of making coffee. This was easy. To make good coffee, simply use plenty of it. My coffee was better than any we had ever had in the house. Lewis would have been proud of me, also he would have been incredulous. He couldn't have imagined me as a coffee-maker.

In all these efforts, I thought that I was serving Lewis. I was immolating myself in his memory and, incidentally,

I was so fully occupied that I had no time to think, nor strength to think with. This was a boon. So I went on straining myself to the uttermost and entirely neglecting my office duties.

One afternoon I rode downtown in the bus to visit John Miller at his apartment in the Grosvenor Hotel. He had been ill and I felt that I must look him up. John was an habitu   here; he loved the house, I think better than anyone else did, and was devoted to both of us. My circumstances at the time concerned him greatly and, being a lawyer, he began to ask me some pointed questions.

"Why do you refuse to accept Lewis' will, as he made it?"

"I want to do something for him."

"But didn't he wish you to have everything possible. Wasn't that his only thought?"

"Of course."

"And you are breaking up all his plans."

"Yes, but I won't break up the estate."

"The estate goes to his children and they are provided for. Also his sons have excellent jobs. One is Corporation Counsel, the other a Bank President."

"I know."

"Lewis wanted to protect you, and now you are ruining your health and placing the movement in jeopardy. Do you think he is satisfied?"

I was too tired to answer but, as I sat in the Fifth Avenue bus on my way home, I considered his arguments and, on alighting at 65th Street, my views had turned a complete somersault.

The next morning I called Mr. Morris on the telephone.

"I have changed my mind. I will take everything I can get."

"Good for you!" he answered. "The arrangements will be made."

Presently I was living in comparative luxury, with a cleaning woman coming in almost every day. Although still in the kitchen, I had resumed my place at the desk and the Caravan was moving on.

People began to look on me differently. There was no butler to open the door; no well cooked dinners were being served; the arresting personality that had stood at my side and imposed respect on my work was no longer there. Suddenly the Caravan appeared to be a questionable movement, possibly even subversive. Some of my closest friends reacted to the altered conditions.

A Persian Bahai, whom I loved very much, visited me once after the departure of Lewis. We talked in the sitting room and he wept. After leaving, he recalled loyalties to Shoghi Effendi which had lain dormant for many years and decided to return no more. Then there was a Southerner, as close to me as any soul, who ceased to ring me up according to his custom.

"Telephone him" Ahmad said, and I did so occasionally over a long period.

"Ask him to dinner" Ahmad finally suggested. "He likes to dine here. He will come."

It was difficult to agree but in time I yielded and, on a certain night, I opened the door to my old friend at eight o'clock. About six or seven others were there. The dinner, which was cooked by me and served in the kitchen, was pretty good. I asked my special guest to make the cocktails

as he always had in the past, and placed him at the head of the table where he usually sat at parties when Lewis was absent. I was on his right. This is the procedure with royalty, I thought to myself. I learned it when we entertained the King of Iraq in Paris.

It was a gay dinner. Everyone had a good time, my friend included. Just the same, I never saw him again. In his case, as in the case of the Persian Bahai, old sentiments had cropped up. The principles of the Caravan had always been alarming. Now they seemed more so. Better forget the whole thing! The dinner party took place close to three years after Lewis had gone.

These events did not cause me suffering. I had a skin of iron, and besides there were many to be counted on. Especially was there Ahmad who had never failed me. He gave me companionship, exhilaration and enough poise to expect nothing, but to be pleased at whatever came my way.

RUMI

I had another dog, a wire-haired terrier again, bought to replace Peter during Lewis' last months in the house. Lewis hadn't liked the new acquisition very much. He found him too rough and said he had no soul. On my part, however, I was charmed from the first moment I saw this puppy among others in a Long Island kennel. I had picked him out without hesitation and Ahmad and I had taken him home in a box.

"What shall we call him?" I asked, while we were moving along on the train. Ahmad suggested naming him after one of the Persian poets.

"Maybe Saadi" I proposed, "or else Rumi, after our beloved Jelal Ed-Din Rumi!"

"Rumi is good" Ahmad said, and Rumi it was.

Rumi was the son of Gallant Fox of Wildoaks, a noted champion. He wasn't actually beautiful, but his poses were. I took great satisfaction in all his attitudes and wished that I knew an artist who could reproduce them, yet strangely enough I never thought to have him photographed. He was hardy, independent and, in spite of his wild manners, most dignified. He commanded respect, at least from me, and in time more love than I had ever given a dog.

Ahmad was his master. This was a definite choice, while I came in for second place. When I called him, Rumi ran to Ahmad. It was exasperating, but I endured the slight for I was amused at everything he did.

Rumi liked to be taken to the park, where Ahmad would let him off the leash to run around in freedom. On an occasion when he was about nine months old, Ahmad was watching him as he careened about in circles, wider and wider, and then suddenly he had disappeared in the gathering dusk. Ahmad shouted, rushing in all directions. No Rumi! Finally in despair, he turned homeward to tell me the awful news. Back to the park gates and across four avenues, Fifth, Madison, Park, Lexington, all teeming with traffic in the dark, up to our door—and there was Rumi sitting on the mat. He had passed through all that danger, a puppy who had been with us only three months, and had reached home safely.

Living with Rumi was not living alone in the house. He was a delight and a comfort beyond words.

BOOKS

After the termination of the Bahai lawsuit, Ahmad had settled down to write on the principles involved in the legal battle. This entailed retrospection on the methods employed by the organization, covering the period between Abdul Baha's departure from this life and the decision of Justice Valente. Ahmad had always held his peace regarding the standards and rulings of the organization, but after the differences between the official group and himself had been brought out in court, he felt it his duty to at last express himself in print. As title to the exhaustively documented commentary which he produced, he chose the graphic name *Broken Silence*.

Despite the rather heavy and very controversial matters dealt with, the book turned out to be extremely interesting and amusing. Sohrab gave many word pictures of the Secretary of the National Spiritual Assembly which were as humorous as they were revealing. He presented a clear-cut analysis of him, starting out as a valuable and modest member of the days of Abdul Baha and finally becoming the dominant force which turned the free, progressive Bahai movement into an administrative prison.

Sohrab recalled the fact that Mr. Horace Holley had been and still was the editor of various Bahai publications and as such charted and canalized the mental and spiritual life of the Bahai community. An influential member of the Bahai Reviewing Committee, he censored the writings of the Bahais and saw to it that no liberal or anti-organizational ideas penetrated the minds of the followers.

Sohrab goes on:

"He has been elected year after year as the all-powerful secretary of the National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahais of the United States and Canada. I can call to mind but a single other instance where the occupant of so unpretentious an office as that of Secretary, maintained supreme and undisputed sway over the minds and lives of his community. This was in the case of Joseph Stalin, who also heads a movement which likewise is supposed to stand for social reform, and who, at the very pinnacle of power, retained the modest title of Secretary of the Communist Party."

Again we read in Broken Silence:

"There are indeed men and women within the Bahai organization who had the privilege of listening to Abdul Baha and who are fully aware of the changed atmosphere and of the freezing of all spiritual life, but the continuous droning of the black wings of organization and the undulations of the Administrative Python have paralyzed and incapacitated them.

Bandar-log! said the voice of Kaa at last (according to Kipling) Can ye stir foot or hand without my order? Speak!

Without thy order, we cannot stir foot or hand, O Kaa! Good! Come all one pace nearer to me.

The lines of the monkeys swayed forward helplessly. Nearer! hissed Kaa, and they all moved again.

Even so has the incorporated Kaa made soft, oozy triangles that melted into square and five sided figures and coiled mounds, never resting, never hurrying, while his

fascinated audience, fearful of excommunication, listened with rapt attention to every note of his low, humming song."

Underlying the historical events recorded in *Broken Silence* the dominant personality of Horace Holley stands out as the chief engineer who fabricated the iron-clad structure of the Bahai organization, and now Sohrab felt impelled to write again regarding the actions and influence of another personality.

In latter years I had thought of Shoghi Effendi as a rather cold and perhaps vain individual who found himself helpless in the face of the organizational Frankenstein which had been built up through his authority. The members of the Bahai community, who fretted under the constantly accumulating rulings of their Assemblies, always exonerated the Guardian from blame. They claimed that he had to support the organization, do what it would, in the firm belief that it would eventually emerge into the liberal and beneficent body that it was intended to be. So the Bahais calmed their doubts, looking ever to the Guardian as the true representative of Abdul Baha on earth. Then in the December 1941 and January 1942 issues of *Bahai News*, announcement was made of a calamity of such proportions that all former injustices were dwarfed before this new horror.

In cablegrams from the Guardian it was stated that Ruhi Effendi Afnan, together with his wife, his sister and his brother (all grandchildren of Abdul Baha) were excommunicated. The given reasons were that Ruhi Effendi had paid a second visit to America and his brother had visited

England, both trips being effected without the consent of the Guardian. Toubah Khanoum and Ruha Khanoum, second and third daughters of Abdul Baha, were implicated and in time excommunicated, and later news revealed the fact that Shoghi Effendi's two sisters and two brothers had likewise fallen under the ban. It was a wholesale wiping off of Abdul Baha's family from the scene of the Cause.

Excommunication, as the word implies, means outside of communication. Thus an excommunicated person cannot be spoken to by those who remain inside. In this case, it was intersecting a large and devoted family with charged wires. The wires stretched everywhere, between mother and daughter, between husband and wife, between brothers and sisters. All who tried to overstep them experienced the explosive shock of becoming outlawed in their own right.

What mania had possessed the Guardian, none might say. One could only realize, if it were possible, the stark facts. The family of Abdul Baha on which he had showered so much love and care, struck and struck again with a weapon so sharp and wounding that recovery was out of the question. These people had no life outside the Cause, and the gates of the Cause had been slammed behind them. They would not, as we had, start afresh. Their loyalty to Shoghi Effendi remained. Mistakenly, to my mind, most of them believed that the Guardian was *one* with the Cause, for the simple reason that Abdul Baha had set him in his exalted place. So they allowed themselves to become incapacitated. In other words, they accepted the curse.

Sohrab wrote a book about one member of this disrupted family, Ruhi Effendi Afnan, entitling the work Abdul Baha's Grandson. He sketched that single life because Ruhi Effendi was the most gifted of this third generation since Baha-O-Llah. His lineage was of the highest, for not only was he descended from Baha-O-Llah, the Prophet of our age, he also was of the family of the Bab. Ruhi Effendi would have been a power in the Cause had he lived, but to all intents and purposes that life was snuffed out by edict of his cousin the Guardian. In commenting on this book, our very good friend, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise said:

"Excommunication is self condemnation. One excommunicates only those of whom one is fearful, with whom one knows one cannot argue through a cause."

On receiving a copy of Sohrab's book, Ruhi Effendi wrote that under ordinary circumstances he would have been very much elated, and therefore thankful to see someone make such records of his services to the Cause, but that the references to the Guardian and the Administration changed his attitude completely. He did not wish to be defended; he felt that he must suffer in silence and be true to the Master's last will and testament. Then Ruhi Effendi referred to Ahmad as being in the same plight as himself, but reacting differently. He thought this very regrettable.

Here were two devoted Bahais with utterly opposed viewpoints. The one held to a document, the Master's last will and testament, and, in a wish to maintain the *unity of the Cause*, was resigned to disappear from the scene of life; the other remembered the Master's life-giv-

ing words for *the unity of mankind*, and thus remained in the thick of the fight.

Meanwhile the ecclesiastical scythe continued to cut down the innocent. Monavvar Khanoum, youngest daughter of Abdul Baha, fell next, then Mirza Hadi, the Guardian's father, and finally Zia Khanoum, Abdul Baha's eldest daughter—mother to the Guardian.

In regard to the family, the list of victims was completed.

This holocaust of excommunication had been ignited by the expulsion from the Cause of Ruhi Effendi and his wife Zahra, daughter of Rouha Khanoum. On their ruined lives, the bodies of the others had been heaped. They were the focal point of the whole tragedy. My mind drifted back eight years, and I saw myself again in a dream in the courtyard of Shoghi Effendi's house. His followers were beating a young couple, driving them down the hill. On reaching the wharf, the young couple fell to earth under the avenging blows. At the time, 1933, I had written to Ruha Khanoum and recounted the dream. I had said that I believed the girl to be her eldest daughter Mariam. Shortly afterwards Mariam died and, when the excommunications set in, I came to firmly believe that the girl in the dream was Rouha Khanoum's second daughter, the wife of Ruhi Effendi. The suffering of this young couple had been shown to me as symbol of the devastation that was to encompass their generation in the Master's family.

Ahmad prepared a deeply thought out commentary called Abdul Baha's Will and Testament—an Analysis, after which he wrote The Story of the Divine Plan. The latter is an adventurous tale of his own experiences in bringing to this country valuable documents written by

the Master while the doors of Palestine were closed in the course of the First World War. During this long period, when the American Bahais were out of touch with the Master, much trouble had arisen within the organization. Ahmad was instructed to pour oil on the turbulent waters and bring peace between the opposing factions. It was an alarming assignment. The author gives an historical account of the manner in which he acquitted himself.

These four books: *Broken Silence*, *Abdul Baha's Grandson*, *The Will and Testament of Abdul Baha—an Analysis*, and *The Story of the Divine Plan* fall under the heading of controversial matters. They became a most valuable addition to our publications, in all the rest of which Ahmad had applied himself to the constructive aspect of the Cause. Ahmad and I collaborated on two books: *Living Pictures* and *Silver Sun* for young people. By myself I wrote: *His Messengers Went Forth*, depicting the childhood days of the Prophets. This small volume was illustrated by my nephew, Olin Dows, a very distinguished painter. In his great generosity, Dr. John Haynes Holmes wrote of this book: "Every child in the world ought to have it, and all grown ups too."

Once in a long while the idea of a poem came to me. I liked this one:

They Sat in Silence

Sunk in the downy bedding of discretion,
Quick to condone and willing to applaud,
Closing their eyes, if need were, when their senses
Revolted at the ugliness they saw,

Above the slimy sands of Rome's arenas,
And by the Inquisition's blazing pyres,
They sat in silence. Yes, they sat in silence
Around the Cross.

In Africa and Asia where the natives
Lie crushed beneath the European heel,
In Mississippi and Louisiana
Where dusky bodies dangle on the trees,
Along the road whereon the Jew is driven,
Behind the pen that excommunicates,
They sit in silence—those who sat in silence
Around the Cross.

Meanwhile I was housekeeping in a fitful way. Occasionally I became ambitious and washed all the windows on every floor. I kept my balance nicely and wasn't afraid, although at night when I went to sleep I would feel myself on the sill again and losing hold. I did other strenuous work. One of our jobs was to take the mail to the post-office, at one time only four blocks away and later seven blocks. Ahmad and I would put several mail-bags in a canvas tub on wheels, if there were four we would strap them on with ropes, then he would pull and I would push along the centre of the street with Rumi alongside on the leash. On returning home, Rumi liked to ride in the tub.

Gemma was an Italian who had lived with us for years. Lewis appreciated her general cooking, and found her spaghetti and ravioli to be *haute cuisine*. Gemma went on from us to the families of the very rich but she always kept in touch with me. After Lewis died, she often would

come when I had a big party and surprise the guests with a perfect Italian dinner. Not only that, she brought boxes of wonderful flowers from the gardens of her employers. She had many good memories of this house, as we had of her.

My own fervor as a cook was subsiding. I found that whether I spent an hour or ten minutes preparing dinner, Ahmad would eat with equal abstraction. I could make a cake and produce it with pride; he liked bakery cakes as well, or better. Vegetable soup might simmer on the stove all day and yet come out pretty flat; minestrone from a can was delicious. So I made way for the can and the package and suddenly found life easy. The cook book was closed.

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Chapter XIV

THE GATE

(1943 - 1944)

THE CAUSE to which we were dedicated had been launched in Iran on the afternoon of May 23rd, 1844. Shortly after sunset in a little upper room in the city of Shiraz, the Bab announced his Mission to his first disciple. This is the long anticipated Day, he said, on which the old world will begin to disintegrate, on which the New World is born. I am the Gate through which men will pass unto knowledge of the richer life that is to be. He went on: "This day, this very hour will, in future times, be celebrated as one of the greatest of all festivals."

Almost one hundred years had passed since this momentous announcement had been made and we were nearing the First Centennial of the Bahai Cause. How would we acclaim it? In what manner could the Caravan mark this date? Ahmad spoke of the matter ceaselessly.

"There must be music" he said. "Something new. Perhaps a symphony."

"But we don't know any musicians", as usual, I was objecting.

"We will find them. The right man will turn up."

The right man did. Through a mutual friend we came in touch with Max Brand, Austrian-born composer-dramatist who ranked high in the musical world of the continent in general, and of pre-Hitler Germany in particular. His best known opera, *Machinist Hopkins*, for which he wrote

both music and libretto, created such wide attention on account of its individual musical idiom and daring social implication that thirty State and Musical Opera Houses throughout Europe and Soviet Russia produced it for long runs. Mr. Brand came to see us and we submitted to him our very vague project.

"Let me have some of your literature" he said. "After reading it, I will be in a position to discuss the matter. Just now I know nothing of the Bahai Cause and its purpose."

He took with him some of our leaflets and books, and in a week or so was sitting again in the same chair.

"I am more than satisfied" he announced. "This is pure reason, something very much needed in our world."

Now Mr. Brand was not only a liberal thinker as well as a musician. Almost first of all, he was a dramatist.

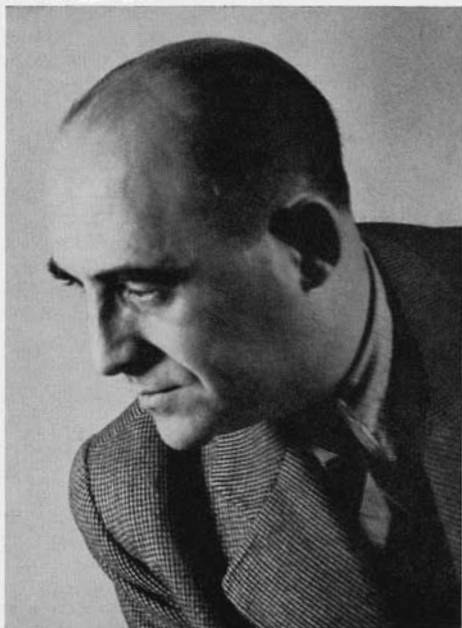
"We can't use such a story as a mere symphony" he remarked. "We must produce a Scenic-Oratorio".

We eagerly agreed, not knowing what we were getting into, and Brand proceeded:

"We will write the libretto together. Sohrab has the knowledge; Mrs. Chanler the facility of language; I will map the drama. We will work every afternoon, from two till six o'clock, and I have to be explicit on one point—there are to be no interruptions."

Whew! No interruptions in this house where the telephone rings without pause, where visitors are constantly arriving, where the secretary's work has to be supervised! It seemed impossible, but Brand was adamant:

"It is an all-important condition. I will make no compromise."



Max Brand

We acceded, and the work began in the back office on the third floor. It was exhilarating to collaborate with a Master. Over a period of eight months we applied ourselves to the story under his guiding mind and THE

GATE, Scenic Oratorio for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra, Actors and Narrator, in two parts (19 scenes) came into being. Here is a taste of the libretto. It began with a Prologue.

The Narrator announces:

"This is the Book of the Gate".

"What is the Book of the Gate?" he is asked.

He proceeds to explain, constantly heckled by the chorus:

"We know the leaders and have followed them."

Narrator: The saviors have followers too.

Chorus: They come to estrange, to divide us.

Narrator: Or to make of the world One Home.

Chorus: Into our cities they stride, leaving blood-red roads behind them.

Narrator: Over the deserts they walk—their foot-prints fill with flowers.

Chorus: Who are these saviors? Where is the path—the single one, the straight one?

Narrator: This is the straight Path.

Chorus: Prove it! Prove it!

The stage becomes dark

Narrator: In the spaceless house of Eternity . . .

Chorus: The curtain of night is hung over the earth.

Narrator: A light arises in Egypt . . .

Chorus: Amon Ra!

Narrator: A light rises in Babylon . . .

Chorus: Morduk!

Narrator: In Hellas . . .

Chorus: Orpheus!

Narrator: India . . .

Chorus: Buddha!

Narrator: Iran . . .

Chorus: Zarathustra!

Narrator: A light arises in China . . .

Chorus: Kung-fu-tse!

Narrator: Sinai . . .

Chorus: Moses!

Narrator: Jerusalem . . .

Chorus: Jesus!

Narrator: And in Mecca . . .

Chorus: Mohammed!

Voice from Above (amplified): It is done!

Chorus: Babylon, Babylon!

Babylon the Great is Fallen!

Narrator: (in a high voice) Baha-O-Llah!

Chorus: The leaders of the sons of men are advancing
over the spaceless steeps of time.

Narrator: The Dawn!

Chorus: The Dawn, the Dawn, the Dawn!

The Gate is a vast canvas, depicting the life of the Bab, of Baha-O-Llah, of Abdul Baha and ending with:

Chorus: With determination we will build the House of
Humanity where the sun shines for all.

Flags of all nations rise slowly behind semi-circle of chorus while those who have taken part in the performance advance from sides and down staircase, marching toward the apron.

All: Forward for freedom,
Strike against oppression.
Freedom of conscience,
Of expression.
Let us stamp the era
With a new impression:
Freedom from want
And from fear.

Fling out the banner,
Shout the declaration:
New ways for old ways,
Man and nation.
We, the people, carry on
The demonstration
Straight to the brink
Of the stars.

The libretto finished, our part in the task was over for the time being. Max Brand set to work on the score. After a few months, in spite of his continued absorption in composition, he began to organize the production. He enlisted the cooperation of Jean Morel, principal conductor of the Opéra Comique in Paris, who had also been Musical Director of the celebrated Orchestre Symphonique de Paris. With Monsieur Morel as conductor we were far advanced in the effort to give a noteworthy performance.

The orchestra consisted of 72 members of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the arrangement having been made possible through Mr. Jack Fishberg. The designing of the production and the projection were in the able hands of Leo Kertz. The singers for the leading

parts were auditioned by Monsieur Morel and Mr. Brand.

The People's Philharmonic Chorus, a well organized group managed by Max Helfman, was engaged. To it was added Caravan Chorus, the whole amounting to approximately 200 persons. Monsieur Morel, who is not by profession a choral director, assumed the task of training the Caravan Chorus from scratch. Later he merged our group with that of Mr. Helfman to react to his conductor's baton.

It took six months to train the chorus with rehearsals twice a week, then three times a week, then every day. As the date of production drew near, rehearsals were carried on simultaneously at Mr. Helfman's studio and Caravan Hall, and finally a third room was rented for the purpose. The training was a tough struggle. Often it seemed as if Max Brand's music had beaten us. However as counterbalance to the difficulties, the members of the chorus realized the high privilege that was theirs in working under an artist of the calibre of Jean Morel—severe, exacting, sarcastic as he was. They did their very best.

It had been decided to hold the performance on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

One late afternoon when the chorus had been driven to the breaking point, I stood at the door and watched the people as they literally staggered out of the hall. One woman, whom I had not noticed before, stopped at my side and began the whimper that she couldn't stand it any longer. I tried to reassure her, saying that soon it would all be over.

"But I'm so tired" she stated resentfully. "I can never rest. I can never sleep."

It seemed something like revolution and being alarmed, I tried again:

"It will be forgotten."

Then she flared up: "Never! As long as I live that music will stay with me, keeping me awake because it is so beautiful."

Throughout the months of preparation, Sohrab was far from inactive. He marshalled into play all his abilities as a publicist and plastered the city with posters and announcements by mail. It was for me to form a committee, hold meetings, give tea-parties, and all the while I was asking myself: How could we fill the Metropolitan Opera House!

The most disturbing point in my eyes was the tax. Every ticket used had to be accounted for to the Government. That meant that there could be no *paper* for we couldn't pay taxes on the seats in addition to meeting the huge expenses of the performance. Had it not been for this liability, I would have wanted to protect ourselves from humiliation by giving away half the house.

I didn't rest much that winter. Every night, finding sleep impossible, I would go down to the kitchen where I felt most at home, and sit for hours with Rumi at my feet. I imagined that enormous auditorium with most of the seats unoccupied, and I shivered within and without. Then I would climb three flights back to my room and perhaps forget for a little while. Meantime mail orders were coming in to Ahmad's satisfaction, and final rehearsals were being held at the Metropolitan, although the most essential—a dress rehearsal, was omitted because of the high cost.

The World-Première of a musico-dramatic work is invariably an event of proportions. The World Première of *The Gate* took on a deeper significance for a number of reasons. By virtue of what it had to say, *The Gate* was a contribution to the spirit of our times. It was a plea for the establishment of One World.

In the drama of *The Gate*, gigantic forces clash in a struggle for mastery. The towering figures of the Leaders—three Heroes of Liberty—are projected against the murky background of the sinister forces which they had arisen to combat. The story covers one hundred years, leading up to our day. Vividly, dramatically, its great theme of human emancipation is brought home and the issue placed in our hands.

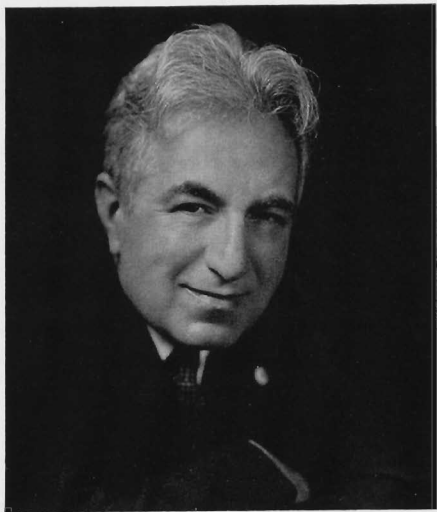


Julie Chanler

THE CURTAIN RISES

The long expected day came and went like all other calendar dates thus far, but the actual coming of it seemed surprising and its passing was hard to realize. We were entering the Second Bahai Century.

Ahmad and I drove to the stage door of the Metropolitan. The actors were there; the chorus was assembling. We entered the auditorium, empty and dark, and passed



M. A. Sohrab

through to the Broadway lobby. Presently the gate-keeper took his place and a few people wandered in. Time passed quickly for there were many details to be attended to, and the appointed hour was nearing.

The ticket-agent looked out of his window:

"Nobody's here. It's going to be a flop. Better lower the prices."

"They will come" Ahmad answered with assurance. "It won't be long now."

"Well, it's your funeral. Do as you like."

Then they began to arrive. Masses of people filtered through the gateway. There was no interruption. The lobby was seething.

"Where do they come from?" the ticket-agent was complaining in his box. "Nobody is buying from me."

It was enough that they were there. Ahmad's mailing campaign had borne fruit and presently a line did form at the box office. Besides, we had good friends. One of these was Chancy Carro who was the first person to buy tickets from us. Everyone in the Caravan knew Chancy, firstly because she was always there and secondly because she was always doing a nice thing for someone or anyone. Chancy, who works in a dress factory and looks after her father and mother, bought fifty tickets. How did she do this? She had been saving for the purpose for one year. None of these tickets was used by herself however, for on the night of the performance she was standing, chin level with the foot-lights, in the front rank of the chorus.

It was May 23rd, 1944. Mr. and Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Brand's brother Paul Bechert, Mirza Ahmad Sohrab and I took our places in box 15 and silently watched the house

as it filled up. It did fill, from orchestra to the topmost gallery the seats were uniformly occupied, with a few vacancies, quite unnoticeable, here and there. The orchestra was in its place. At exactly 8:15, Morel crossed the pit to a round of applause which came from every gallery and the parterre. He lifted his baton and, being wartime, the audience rose to the strains of the Star Spangled Banner. When we had resumed our seats, there was a pause, after which came a clash of cymbals and the curtain rose swiftly.

The stage was black, but little by little it turned to grey and one saw an infinity of heads—humanity itself spread out as far as the mind's eye could follow. This was a projection arranged by Leo Kertz. It passed, and rows and rows of white faces came to view, the front ranks just above the level of the stage; the others ranged upward in undulating lines. Black-robed, the People's Philharmonic Chorus and the Caravan Chorus were in their places for the evening.

"Een Ketabe Hazrate Bab-ast" the Narrator at one side was asserting, and the Chorus pealed out: "What does he say? We do not understand".

"This is the Book of the Gate."

So it was—the message that broke upon the world one hundred years before, presented uncloaked before the most sophisticated and unemotional of all publics.

The stage on which the action took place was raised to one side at the rear of the chorus. There, brilliantly dressed characters played their parts on varying backgrounds of light and shadow which rose to gigantic heights behind their tiny figures. No scenery was used, only projection. One saw the evening sky agitated by fast moving

clouds—slim poplars, opalescent in the moonlight—the multi-colored dawn. Again, the domes of an Eastern city—an immense window—the wide draperies of a tent and, most impressive of all, iron bars standing at a great height and curving inward as if making of themselves a trap rather than a prison. As I looked at the scenic effects of Leo Kertz, I knew that such purity and intensity, such sweep and grandeur had never been seen in New York before that night. It was the art of the New Day anticipated by Abdul Baha.

The actor who successively played the parts of the three Prophets rose to his highest moment in the declaration of the Bab. It was a risky scene, to my mind the most risky of all and by far the most important, for actually the great audience had been assembled in commemoration of that announcement:

"At this very hour, a new age begins."

We had the temerity to try in our limited way to reproduce those immortal minutes and, when the test came, I felt that our effort was neither out of place nor out of taste. That is saying a great deal.

There were so many beautiful passages. In the Nocturn one can feel the charm of the place even without the music:

The artless moon ascends the vault of heaven, spreading her spangled veil over the Gardens of Badasht.

The wide-branched trees are alive with the

murmur of a soft wind and the air is laden
with the breath of flowers.
Peace rests upon the earth.

When Baha-O-Llah and his family are escorted by
guards to the frontier of Persia, we have one of the love-
liest melodies:

Baritone Solo: Cherished homeland lies behind.
Westward points the way.
Wind blows from the mountain,
Snow falls all around.
No rest, no food, no shelter
and hope is flickering out.

Chorus: Yet morn will break from darkness,
spring will blossom out of cruel winter
time,
and the sun will shine again.

Later (in conversation) Mirza Yahya tries to induce his
brother to focus his mind on his nation alone.

Mirza Yahya: Isn't it enough to save the country, to re-
generate the faith?

Baha-O-Llah: What country? What faith?

Mirza Yahya: Persia! Islam!

Baha-O-Llah: The planet is my Persia. Mankind is my
Islam.

Mirza Yahya: And for this mad-man's dream you are
deserting all, sacrificing all?

Baha-O-Llah: Yes, for this mad-man's dream.

Again later:

Mirza Yahya: Are we to be nurse-maids for a whole world?

Baha-O-Llah: All are leaves of one tree and fruits of one branch. Distant are the ages when Moses, Christ, Mohammed brought God's message to mankind. Now God speaks again. If we are not deaf, we will hear his voice. If we are not blind, we will see his glory . . .

Mirza Yahya: I object!

Baha-O-Llah: The earth is plunged in an ocean of purity and I, your servant, am standing before you.

The Narrator firmly held the strings of the plot in his hands. His was the voice of history, continuous and unimpassioned. The Tahireh was beautiful and sympathetic while the actor who took the part of Mirza Yahya used his role to its full worth, both in rendition of lines and in pictorial effects. When at the end he arose from the audience in modern clothes and advanced to the footlights with the insistent cry "I object", the same which he had used all through his scenes, the most experienced play-goer thought it a bona fide intrusion. I was told that an usher actually sent for the police.

The bringing of the story down to modern times surprised everyone and startled many. The people did not follow the trend of the author's thought and winced at

the sudden drop from a rarified atmosphere into the conflict of every-day life. The Song of the Seven Sharks showed our civilization at its worst and the question arose: Is such stark confession appropriate or endurable after one has been soaring in the heights? I thought it was, for I appreciated Max Brand's realism. He dares to look at the ugly—a characteristic that is not unusual, even as he looks boldly at the transcendent and the ineffable—a characteristic that is very unusual.

The Song of the Seven Sharks followed the exit of Abdul Baha from the scene of his intense effort. It was found that the forces of darkness had not been impeded by the presence of the great Teacher.

"The sharks continued to flourish on the high seas of life, gathering at the junction points and fattening on the blood of the helpless. Business as usual, profit at any cost, success at any price—without compunction, without pity, without remorse." So did the Narrator explain the situation.

In the centre, near the apron, a semi-circular bar at which the Seven Sharks are sitting. These are: Theological Leader, Privilege Inc., Big Business, Perennial Woman, Rightist Leader, Leftist Leader, Propagandist. They are laughing merrily.

Theological Leader: Every sinner will be salvaged
if he comes to me,
Signs along the dotted line
and offers up a fee.
Sits upon his conscience, although

sitting will be hard,
 In the game of true religion
 I'm the winning card.

Sharks in chorus: Yes, oh yes
 We never stop nor pause
 We swallow minnows by the quart,
 etc.

During the period of composition, Brand had prepared music for this number which was very jazzy and violent, and he brought it to me for the lyric. Now I couldn't read music, so I made a diagram of the syllables in each line with the accentuations, and studied the problem overnight. In the morning Brand asked me on the telephone how I was getting along, and I told him that the lyric was ready.

"Not all seven verses and chorus!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. We will see how you like it."

When Brand read the lyric he was pleased. He said it was just what he wanted and, although both music and verses shocked many, he and I thought that the Song of the Seven Sharks was very apropos.

The Gate was on the air over WNYC from 9 to 10 o'clock, followed by short talks given by Miss Lisa Sergio, M. A. Sohrab and the composer. At the same time, the entire performance was broadcast over Frequency Modulation. A series of records was made on the spot.

ON THINKING IT OVER

The music of Brand is difficult to play—it is easy to listen to. Those who follow it with trained ears find great

satisfaction in its orchestral form; those who listen with the heart or merely with the senses can delight in its harmonies. In the score of *The Gate*, there is endless variety. It seems that the composer has tapped the source of melody and can draw on it at will. His haunting music added to his passionate modernism makes of his work a composite of the old and the new. It is the rhythm of a Milton in 20th century guise.

The music of Brand was the glorious garment in which the Bahai Message made its first appearance in the realm of art. It is music that will touch the lives of many people. It is a garment that will become legendary.

Brand accomplished a miracle in *The Gate*. He was composer, librettist, production director and business manager, all rolled into one. During one year and three quarters, his mind was working along all these lines while he shouldered the responsibility of a heavy-weight enterprise on a feather-weight budget. Everyone said that it couldn't be done, yet owing to his extraordinary capacity it was done, and on the night of the performance, as I looked at the striking stage-picture and then at the brilliant house, I found it impossible to realize that this indeed was a Caravan production.

So we sang our song at the Metropolitan on the evening of May 23rd, 1944. It may have been a swan-song or perhaps the dawn-song of Chanticleer. Who can tell! Again it may simply have been the song of the canary as he beats his wings against prison bars. Yet whichever way it will turn out, it was the song of the open Gate—the gate to freedom and equality for all nations, races and religions.

In the words of the New Leader, New York,

"It is the common cause of humanity today.
Keep open 'The Gate' to a better world!"

All this was a terrific effort for a single performance, but in presenting *The Gate*, we fulfilled an obligation to our times and celebrated the Bahai Centennial to the very best of our ability. Also we fulfilled Ahmad's second prophesy, spoken to May Maxwell: "The name of Baha-O-Llah will sound from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House."

SERMON OF DR. HOLMES

In the week of the Centennial anniversary, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Community Church, New York, addressed his Sunday morning's congregation on: *The Three Spiritual Heroes of the Bahai Movement*. This great orator gave an historic talk so profound and moving that automatically it became part of Bahai literature.

Summing up, he said:

"What shall we say of these three men who, thus through a period of nearly eighty years, led in unbroken succession the august destiny of the Bahai Cause?

The Bab must be described as the pure flame of the spirit—a miracle of mystic heroism and exaltation. Like Jesus of Nazareth, he was the type of Saviour, Redeemer, Prophet, who lives and dies for the salvation of mankind. It was the conviction of Professor Cheyney, the great Biblical scholar of Oxford, that the Bab repre-

sented a 'combination of mildness and power so rare that we have to place him in the line of super-normal men.'

Baha-O-Llah was the thinker and seer—as heroic as the Bab, but of profounder insight and loftier vision. It was Baha-O-Llah who transformed Babism, a reform movement within Islam, into a universal religion of the spirit. He it was who conceived and formulated the content of the faith, and rooted it deep in the soil of men's hearts. 'Baha-O-Llah,' says Professor Cheyney, 'was a human being of such consummate excellence that many think it permissible, and inevitable even, to identify him mystically with the invisible Godhead.'

Abdul Baha was the missionary and statesman, as well as teacher. Like another Paul he carried the Bahai movement to other lands, and thus at last made real all that his father had so clearly and beautifully dreamed. Said Professor Cheyney again, in Abdul Baha's own life-time, 'He was a complete man. No one in our time, as far as my observation reaches, has lived the perfect life like Abdul Baha.'

Here were three great men—a divine succession of leadership. The Bab kindled the spirit of the new faith; Baha-O-Llah fashioned its thought; Abdul Baha planted and organized its church. When Abdul Baha was finished, the work was done. The Bahai Cause was henceforth the possession of mankind."

Chapter XV

THEY PASS BY

(1944 - 1949)

IF I EVER were asked one question it was this: What is the Caravan? In casual or earnest conversation and by mail, people inquired regarding the underlying motives of the movement. They understood it as a correspondence club, but was it perhaps more? I explained, usually in simple words. If I had given rein to my feelings, I would have expressed myself somewhat as follows:

The Caravan is a means of bringing young people in contact with their fellows in all countries, in all parts. It deals with life in the making, in the enjoying. It is an instrument to add to that which we have by dividing it with others, with the result that our method becomes a pure form of multiplication.

*Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
and waste its sweetness on the desert air.*

The Caravan intends to discover these flowers, blooming in desert places and amid the hubbub of great cities, and to make of them a garden along paths that encircle the earth. In the garden of the Caravan there shall be flowers of every species, each lending lustre to all others. It will be the garden as it was in the beginning, before

twisted ambitions and cold prejudices planted a selection in tasteless enclosures and left the rest to die. It indeed will be the Garden of Eden where the Divine Spirit walks at dawn and in the cool of the evening.

The Caravan does not carry a faded olive branch nor offer a pipe of peace. It ignores these outworn symbols, desecrated too often. Having nothing to forget, nothing for which to atone, it simply has opened round, trustful eyes in a universe that responds to the asking, and in all modesty demands: *Give me the World!*

Out from the oases of comfort and the breathless alleys of depravation, out under the open sky, it has hit the trail; it is on the march—a pilgrimage, a treasure-hunt, a prospecting enterprise—this is the Caravan.

Nations, races, tribes and clans, princes and soldiers, priests and statesmen, with children, rollicking children riding at the head of the columns, and babies bringing up the rear—this is the Caravan.

TRAMPLED FRANCE

The conquest of France affected me very much. I thought constantly of the once gay streets of Paris, then echoing to Nazi footsteps. Sympathizers with the Vichy government were most audible in New York. I made a resumé of the subject, calling it:

The Flag of France

dedicated to General Charles de Gaulle

Bury the Flag

No longer would we see

It weltering in mud and slime,
 A doleful spectre of our time,
 Spurned by the foe and by his fawning henchmen,
 Oh horror, trampled by the feet of Frenchmen!

Bury the Flag
 And let the protective earth
 Pile on its sullied corse
 And raise a cross
 Black as despair.

Yet, can a cross-bar bear
 The weight of such contumely and remorse?
 Then let the bars be two, a voice replied,
 Thus cross on cross will mark the spot
 Whereon a nation died.

It was accomplished, and the grave
 Was given over to the care of God,
 And only silence clung about the cross
 And only darkness brooded on the sod.
 Then rose a gentle breeze,
 The pulsing of a heart that had no fears,
 And the spell of death was broken.

So, in the morning when the women came
 Bringing libations of their tears
 And incense of their memories, behold,
 The grave was standing open.

They have taken away the Flag,
 Oh, desecration!
 We cannot even kneel
 On holy ground,
 In lamentation.

No sanctuary can be found
The world around!

And moaning thus, they lifted up their eyes,
Swollen and dim,
And saw on the horizon's brim,
The object of their love—the Tricolor,
Flying at ease upon the breast of heaven.
Crimson and blue, as courage and as faith,
And on the innocence of white,
A cross of double bar, blazoned on gold.
The cross it was of old Lorraine
The cross of Jeanne,
Sainted, immortal,
Fighting once again.

Who robbed the grave?
Just a patriot
Who carried out his mission, single-handed.
He woke the mourners from their trance
And set aloft the Flag of France.

THUNDER OUT OF INDIANA

Wendell Willkie died in October, 1944. He was a successful business man born in Elwood, Indiana, a millionaire, a writer, but up to the convention of 1940, the nation at large was unaware of his existence. He had a backing though and a very insistent one, and when the cry "We want Willkie! We want Willkie!" began to shake the rafters of Convention Hall in Philadelphia, people everywhere were surprised, amused, intrigued and presently found that they wanted him too.

Willkie broke into the arena of politics as a simple man with a big mind and a great heart, and politics, unaccustomed to such entries, was forced to make the best of it. He conducted a whirlwind campaign to an increasing momentum of enthusiasm, and when he was beaten in November, his adherents actually cried and would not be comforted.

As Willkie with his unfailing cheerfulness returned home, it was found that a precedent had been broken. This time private life could not contain the unsuccessful presidential candidate, for the people simply would not let him go. Likewise, something within himself could not be stilled. Office or no office, Willkie had things to say and much to do.

A globe girdling tour at the behest of President Roosevelt gave him entrée to the rulers of the Allied Nations and access to the hearts of their peoples. Willkie came back to this country in 1943, an international figure. His book, drawn from the notes kept during his travels, was published shortly, becoming overnight (and much to the surprise of the author) a sensational best seller. In *One World*, Willkie established himself as a prophet and leading advocate of an organized community of nations, based on freedom, justice and equal opportunity for all. In *One World*, he left his testament to humanity—the recorded fruit of his illumination and experience.

Willkie understood the needs of the East as he understood the needs of the West, for to him there was no East and West. There was a *world* to be dealt with as a unit—*One World*, and this was not a title, a concept, a poetic plan derived from the ideals of others, it was a discovery

that he had made for himself, and he left it to everyone to discover it for themselves also.

Willkie had become a force to be reckoned with. Neither a Republican nor a Democrat, and a whole lot more than an American, he brooded from a station above factional and limited interests over the affairs of all men. No longer did anyone claim him as their own. One party was given in conscience to Roosevelt, the other had long since rejected him. He was alone, but he was there—the self-appointed judge of national and international attitudes and dealings, and he made his findings felt. The thunder of his voice reinforced the hardy and shook the conservatives in their strongholds.

For four brief years we had listened to that thunder, and it had presaged healing showers. How many gardens will flourish in the future, due to that four years' storm! I never had the joy of voting for him because I believed in the fated mission of President Roosevelt, yet I counted on voting for him some day with all my heart.

That day never came. He did not need our backing in the new worlds of his adventure, but we will continue to be backed by him, in his old world—the One World on which his image will forever be stamped.

He arose like thunder out of Indiana, and passed as lightning, the brilliance of which remains in our eyes.

THE GREAT TRAVELLER

When Willkie ran for the first office in our land, he placed Americans in a dilemma, for here was presidential calibre of the first order offered by each party. I person-

ally did not hesitate between the candidates. I was deeply committed to Roosevelt, and when he passed from this life in April 1945 the world seemed lonely for a long time.

On the night that he was transported from the White House to Hyde Park, my heart accompanied him on this last pilgrimage, and I thought also of the countless trips that had gone before, leading up and down the land and athwart it back and forth, again and again and again. I remembered the pleasure jaunts that had brought relaxation, the cherished home-goings to Dutchess County and the soul-stirring, breath-taking, nerve-racking air-voyages to meeting places where the fate of nations, great and small, was to be resolved. Moving, always moving, the landscapes, seascapes and skylscapes of the planet rushing by—and here the funeral train was passing through the night.

That was the physical side, but the rest of him had moved too. Not mere activity essential and important, but the advancing past milestones and landmarks of the old world into the unidentified spaces of the new. He loved the fresh winds that had not been breathed before, and vibrated to the storms that arose in the desert. The adventure had to be undertaken, that he knew, and he felt qualified for the task of exploration. With uplifted eyes, he disregarded the mutterings of the faint-hearted and the dissatisfied, even as Columbus aboard the *Santa Maria* ignored the complaints of the crew. The haven lay in the offing, he had seen it with the vision of spirit, and so he led a nation forth and beckoned to a world.

He did not sail into harbor, that was denied him. He died at the helm with the deck slanting under his feet,

but he had set the course, had charted the map and the engines were working at top speed. Would the Ship of State reach the destination? I thought so, as surely as the well aimed arrow will hit the mark when the hand of the bow-man releases the string. That arrow was speeding then through the firmament of human consciousness and, if



President Roosevelt

the broken hand had dropped away, what matter! The bow-man was thinking only of the arrow.

Recently when I was spending a week-end at Glenburn, Mr. Roosevelt came to tea with my sister. I saw the presidential party sweeping through the gulley below the house, the impact of transit arching the car's aerial transmitters almost to the dust, and on this April night, I thought of his spirit likewise shooting forth while his benevolent care spread earthward like the tail of a comet. I felt that we had not lost our incomparable Chief and never would, if we kept moving as he did, moving always with eyes upraised. On this I counted, in this I believed, while the funeral train was passing through the night.

He had written to me quite a few times for I was constantly asking favors of him. One letter of mine must have referred to Iran for he answered:

"Iran has the possibility of a great future. They need water for their crops, simple sanitation and lots of doctors. It is of course a pure tribal feudalism. Less than one percent of the population owns practically all the land. If I were thirty or forty years younger, I would take that job on too."

I thought the last line very exhilarating, just like himself.

Another angle of his character I remembered. I had noticed it one afternoon when Lewis and I were privileged to have tea with him at Hyde Park. It was a few days after one of his most important war speeches and I told him of the attention and satisfaction with which I had listened to him on the radio.

"Did you" he asked me "notice one word in my talk that was perhaps unusual?"

Now at the time I had been struck by a special word that I thought graphic and pleasing, but I could not recall it.

"It was 'athwart' " he said. "I had been seeking a word that would express traveling across the country, and across did not mean enough, so I recalled that on the deck of a yacht one could use *athwart*, and the word was expressive to me."

Then I remembered, although it was too late to say so, that I too had reacted to the word *athwart* when he had pronounced it over the air.

That was President Roosevelt! With a world war raging, he yet had the interest to spend a little time on the choice of just the right word.

WIDE EXPANSION

With the close of the war, the two defeated countries knocked at the door of the Caravan. Many young Germans had heard of the movement through our soldiers; we had corresponded with Mr. Kaiso Matsuda of Japan and, through this connection, lain dormant throughout hostilities, the ideals of the Caravan began to spread. In Germany, some six hundred Chapters were formed in many cities; in Japan about one hundred Chapters were established in schools. The total membership in these two countries amounted approximately to a quarter of a million persons.

Meanwhile the movement in Africa was out of hand. About five thousand Chapters were established in schools,

colleges and everywhere else. The majority of them died out, leaving some two thousand active ones, with many of their members winning our admiration by their sincerity and perseverance. Among them I was especially impressed by John Bedjezo Blay of Gold Coast who not only formed Chapters in his town, but took fearful trips through the jungles to carry the Message from one village to another. In a letter, he gave us a description of his travels beginning with: "I have made it my faithful aim to carry the Bahai Cause on my shoulders". He went on:

"On the damp ground of the forest there is a thick undergrowth of bushes and every step has to be cut through by means of a cutlass. From tree to tree run creepers hanging in loops and festoons and coiling themselves around the trees. These might be snakes of every description. There are wild animals crowded out by the trees, elephants and the hippopotamus that lie in the mud of the rivers along the way of my journey. There are apes and monkeys that move amongst the branches. There is also a great deal of rain and I suffered from hunger, but however terrible the conditions, with the Caravan as my aim and guardian, I am courageous to travel on these fearful paths."

In French Togoland, situated between Gold Coast and Nigeria, appeared another pioneer of force and devotion. Alexander John Ohin, who became known in his own regions as "The Caravan Man of Togoland", wrote:

"The establishment of the Caravan Chapter here is going to be incorporated in the general progress of the

country, and an entire chain will be formed, each Chapter placing its hand on the shoulder of the one preceding it. I am prone to believe that it will be a real center of radiation for the great principles of the Bahai Cause in Togoland."

The above letters show the spirit which animated our Caravaneers of Africa. Small wonder then at the proportions of the movement in that continent.

Nigeria was outstanding in numbers and enthusiasm. The interest in Kenya Colony was always on the increase. It was difficult to penetrate to South Africa, but we did get there.

In Australia, New Zealand and England, our membership was small but excellent. In India we had some hard-working and powerful groups. In time we became rooted in Pakistan. Our influence in Latin America could have been expansive, but the language barrier was a hindrance. At home, we had Chapters in thirty-five states. Actually Chapters existed in almost every country and the islands of the seas. Thus a vast net-work of comradeship had been thrown over the earth. The young people were looking over their frontiers and recognizing other young people as their kin. Viewpoints were changed; lives ran into new channels; friendships without number were cemented; a few marriages took place.

We had a *Watchword*: "The Caravan Knows No Frontier",

a *Pledge*: "The World is *One Home*, therefore I pledge myself to help the boys and girls of every land"

and presently, out of Africa, came the request for a Code. We drew it up immediately and it became part of the literature which went to every member.

Code: I am the child of the Caravan
 I shall work and give,
 be honest in thought, word and action,
 recognize the worth of others.
 I shall be happy and look happy.
 I shall be clean and wholesome in body and
 mind,
 courteous to family, friend and stranger.
 I shall train myself for service to all the world,
 living in liberty, conceding liberty to others
 and protecting man and animal.
 So will I play my part in the New Age that is
 dawning
 as the child of the Caravan.

The Caravan symbol was a proposed World Flag—green globe on white background, representing this round, rolling earth, created without frontiers. Many Chapters used the flag itself and most members wore badges bearing the symbol. This emblem, bringing the ideal of One World to the eye as well as to the mind, became an effective instrument for teaching and was universally loved.

The almost abnormal growth of the Caravan, which had put the New History Society so completely in the shade, recalled to my mind an amusing dream that I had in 1931. Following is the dream:

I had laid an egg and was very happy about it, then one day I went out for a walk. As I strolled along Madison

Avenue, I came to a florist shop and entered it. I passed a case of flowers, found a quiet spot behind a screen and proceeded to gather up some straw. Then I sat down on the straw and laid an egg. It was much larger than the first one.

On returning home with the egg, my maid Clara said to me:

"I see you took your egg along with you."

"Not at all" I answered with dignity. "I laid another one."

From time to time I wrote little articles for the young people which were printed in our publication: *The Children's Caravan*.

THE COLOR OF THE CARAVAN

The Sun shines in our Universe, sending forth light and heat to all sides. Sometimes it sends out more than that. Long, long ago, so long that we have no figures with which to mark the time, it sent out part of itself, and this piece of molten sun-stuff went shooting into the void—and the Sky caught it and soothed it on her bosom. While it was being rocked along the avenues of sky-space, it hardened and became a great round ball; then, gaining confidence, it stood a moment, balancing itself by its own weight, and began to revolve. This great round ball, child of the Sun and Sky, is called the Earth.

The Earth was made of golden light, but during that long journey from the Father Sun, while it was rolling and dancing and sliding through space, it became

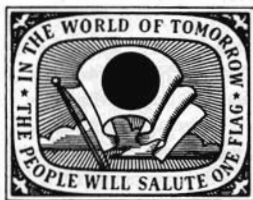
streaked with the tint of the Mother Sky, and this color passed into its very heart. Sun and Sky, yellow and blue—the two colors merged and ran into each other, and s-l-o-w-l-y, s-l-o-w-l-y *the Earth became Green.*

The boys and girls of the Caravan love their native land the Earth, and give allegiance to every inch of it. That is why green is the color of the Caravan.

THE FLAG

The flag flies overhead, spreading itself upon the breeze. How beautiful it is! Only a few bars of color, yet our hearts beat at the sight of it, and tears come into our eyes. How proud it is! Men by the million have died for it. How jealous it is! It will not share our love with any other flag on earth.

Sixty-six flags are flying on the breezes, all beautiful and proud and jealous, and sixty-six groups of people are staring, each group at a different flag. They have stared for so long that their necks have become stiff, and everything is out of focus—except the flag.



Some day a *Single Flag* will fly on the breezes of heaven. It will be so majestic, so marvelous, so magical, that each one of us will see and recognize our own beloved flag in that great one which overshadows the earth. Then the stiff necks will be cured, and the strained eyes and the broken hearts, and the people will stand all together to salute the *World Flag*—which never shall be stained with blood.

FOOD SHIPMENTS AND FOOD PARCELS

The aftermath of war has always been lack of food. As a result of the conflict that had raged over their lands, Europe and China were in dire straits and even India, outside of the war area, found herself in the grip of one of her recurrent famines. We felt that India was being given less attention than were the other countries and so the Caravan buckled down to help in a small way.

We launched a campaign for funds and made arrangements for shipping through India Supply Mission. This sympathetic and generous agency agreed to deliver free of charge whatsoever foodstuffs we sent. We invested in powdered and evaporated milk, soya and wheat flour, oatmeal and split peas, and these commodities were sent to Shah Ghulam Naqshband, Chairman of the Caravan of India, in New Delhi. On his own part, Mr. Naqshband formed a committee to add to the fund on the spot. Consignments started off regularly from here. The first went to the Chittagong district where floods had created havoc; the second and third were ear-marked for Madras and the next three for Assam. Through the ability and devotion

of Mr. Naqshband, the deliveries were carried out most efficiently. Contributions from our end totalled between three and four thousand dollars.

Of course we couldn't forget Europe, so we initiated a campaign to raise money for food-boxes. The dining room was converted into a grocery store, stacked high with provisions bought at wholesale prices. Then the boxes and cans would be fitted into the cartons and each one addressed to an individual. I did the packing myself, which wasn't too difficult as the boxes were identical. In one year we sent off four hundred boxes, costing \$5 each. They did a lot of good and the answers received were very moving. Here is a letter from a German girl named Clara Geise:

"With many, many thanks I received your literature and books, which I am enjoying with all my heart. Never before such a profound wisdom, so great a love to all men, such deep philosophy and thoughts have touched my very heart and soul as are doing this scriptures that are like holy islands of peace in the brutal egoism on this earth. Everything in your literature appeals to me, I somehow feel released and less burdened amid the gloominess of our existence.

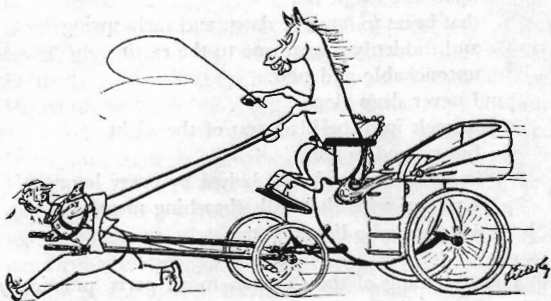
I experienced a great joy the other day as the postman handed me a slip of paper to be signed, telling me to go to the Customs House to fetch a package. Oh, tears came to my eyes. My primitive room, with its borrowed furniture and its blankness, suddenly had a brighter aspect, and the window, so cold without any curtains, did not seem to look sad and melancholy any longer. Never had I dared dreaming about a kind donor in the

States, and how strange, all of a sudden I was holding a piece of paper in my hand, and my humble self was being on the way to the Customs House. Many people were there and I had to wait quite a while. I was watching their faces, rejoicing with them. Then my name was called up. It gave me quite a thrill. The officer produced a package, oh such a big one! My eyes grew larger and larger as he opened it for checking. His hands were digging in all the lovely contents, and they seemed to caress each piece. I looked at his face, noticing how haggard and drawn it was. 'Do you never get a package?' I asked him. 'Never' he said. 'It must be tantalizing for you, occupying yourself eight hours a day with all the wonderful packages. Have you any children?' 'Two' he said. 'This is my first package' I said to him. 'May I offer you something to take home?' There were two boxes of whole milk, and I gave him one, and a box of spaghetti. 'This comes from an American lady and I am sure she won't mind', I told him. My was he happy! No less than I! At home I spread out my treasures on my bed, gazing at them almost devoutly. You could not hear my prayer for you and cannot imagine what you have done to me."

Another German, Alfred Dieterle, was a cartoonist. He often forwarded to us his excellent drawings and we reproduced a few in our publication *The Caravan*. Although the drawings were gifts, we were apt to return the compliment by sending food boxes. Sometimes I mailed to him poems I had written and he would illustrate them, as in

The Other Fellow

It's very good to understand
How the other fellow feels
For all of life is never
A pleasure-ride on wheels.
Some day we may wake to find
There's been a change of places,
The horse is high upon the box,
And we, between the traces.
There are always some must drag the load
With heavy, aching heels,
Oh, it's very good to understand
How the other fellow feels.



The next concern was clothes. All of Europe seemed to be in need of something to wear, so we started to collect dresses, suits, coats, shoes, just about everything, from those we knew or met. This wasn't a wholesale job as the food has been, for each box was different. Consequently the packing was more laborious and irksome. When six or eight boxes were ready, Ahmad and I piled them in the tub and took them to the post office, where we had to stand in line for a long time because most everyone else was doing the same thing. The sending of clothes-parcels went on for years.

The world-wide need was haunting to many. It caused me to write a poem which I called:

I Never Sleep Alone

I never sleep alone
and let my body pause awhile,
yielding my spirit to drift out again
upon the magic sea
that bears to lands of dawn and early spring
and suddenly returns me to the earth
untouchable and new.
I never sleep alone
to melt into the blackness of the night,
but riveted to self,
knowing each minute, lashed by every hour,
I reckon with that still, absorbing mate,
Hunger, who lies with me.

The spreading of the Caravan to all parts, practically effected through English alone, gave me the thought that

we were watching the slow but sure establishment of one of the Bahai principles: A Universal Auxiliary Language. Baha-O-Llah had said that the world language would be either a constructed one or one already in use. It appeared that without any conscious choice or decision, English was fast becoming the international medium of communication. There was much to be said on picking out a language that would favor no especial culture and certainly I was not racially biased, however the automatic use of English, without forcing, seemed to indicate that this was the natural universal auxiliary language.

GANDHI

A tremor ran around the earth in 1948 when it was learned that Mahatma Gandhi had been assassinated. Men and women were dazed, although not sufficiently so as to dull the pain in their hearts. He had held the spotlight of world attention for so many years that he had become familiar to everyone, consequently those who revered and loved him, and those who had doubted and scoffed, suddenly became one in mourning and in sense of loss. Humanity will continue on its march without the illumination that his presence shed far and wide, and his beloved India must struggle on without her captain.

January 30th! A date never to be forgotten. On this day, the world was robbed of Gandhi, its greatest living son. On this day, Franklin Roosevelt was born. On this day Orville Wright, who with his brother had founded the empire of air, died in Dayton, Ohio. Wright like Gandhi had undertaken a superhuman task. Both had won

supreme victory. Wright had set the airplane in the sky; Gandhi had freed India from Britain. Both had likewise suffered devastating defeat, not rectified in their lifetime. Wright had seen his ship of progress raining death and destruction over all the earth; Gandhi had seen his liberated country split in two, and burning with hatred and strife. Their chosen missions were accomplished, and then their fellowmen had stepped in. They must have felt like Michael Angelo would have felt if the finishing touches on his masterpieces had been undertaken by butchers.

"It shows how dangerous it is to be good", thus spoke Bernard Shaw on learning of Gandhi's death, but life and death held no dangers for Gandhi. He walked so high that the transition was easy—only a step, and the little man of India had taken his place among the stars.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

We had set up a Foundation Fund with a glamorous goal of a quarter of a million dollars. This was the approximate sum required to afford sufficient income for the carrying on of the work after Sohrab and I were no longer in the picture. A start had to be made so we invited everyone to contribute, and quite a few did so. Some gave small donations regularly. We held balls and other entertainments to swell the fund. Of course, progress was slow, but we managed to set aside a few thousand dollars.

Whenever we were in any kind of a jam, we visited our lawyer, Jacob Greenwald. One afternoon as we were consulting him on some small matter, he startled us by saying in a rather accusing way:

"If anything should happen to you two, there would be no one to take hold of the work. In such case I can see nothing for me but to go to 132 East 65th Street and close up the shop."

This friendly threat gave us pause for obviously it was more than in order. We put on our thinking caps, drew up a list, made a few telephone calls and established a Board of Directors of the Caravan of East and West with Mr. Greenwald as Chairman.

We had become office workers, pure and simple. Letters from inquirers, from sympathizers, from Chapter leaders, all had to be answered. Envelopes of literature were sent out in unimaginable quantities, also membership cards and badges to persons and groups. Books and pamphlets were given freely. Chapter libraries were opened in different countries. I was mimeograph operator. The machine had baffled me at first, but in time I came to handle it to my satisfaction. We mimeographed Pen Friends Guide, a bi-monthly publication, and there always were new leaflets to be issued. The reams of paper used during the years would have piled to the height of a good-sized skyscraper. Articles had to be written. Our one-time mimeographed magazine *The Children's Caravan* merged with our monthly *New History*, had become a quarterly bulletin *The Caravan*. There was continuous printing to be attended to. The far-flung Caravan needed every hour of the day; the Caravan at home had to be overlooked. No more meetings, except tiny ones. Actually there was no money for public lectures. So we forgot the crowds and the illustrious speakers, and our membership in New York dwindled low.

In past years, when our time was given to lectures, lectures, lectures, people had often complained:

"This is just words. Why don't you *do* something?"

Now that we were working in a practical manner, they said:

"No movement can *live* without meetings, for these bring a constant influx of new people."

We agreed with both quite sincerely, and then they started to object because no funds were coming into the movement. They advised:

"Open a store. Start a business of some kind."

This seemed fantastic. How could we make money without capacity for that sort of thing, without experience and especially without time! It was out of the question, yet we listened. We were used to listening.

SYUD HOSSAIN

The hurrying years bring gifts to the active; they also impose their toll. Within five months two friends, both of India, passed by on their way to a larger life.

In the last week of February, 1949, world society lost one of those unique personalities which even the centuries cannot replace. Syud Hossain, India's Ambassador to Egypt and her Minister to Trans-Jordan, died of a sudden heart attack at Shepherds Hotel in Cairo.

Here was a man whose outer brilliance was so marked that many were prone to doubt his inner worth, yet the compatriots for whom he worked so untiringly and the devoted circle of friends who ever attended him recognized him as one whose honesty of thought and action never



Syud Hossain

wavered, and whose nobility of spirit rode triumphant through the great and small circumstances of life. He had quite a few faults which those who loved him forgave willingly, and many everyday human virtues. Follower of Gandhi, friend of Nehru, he was at the same time brother to both Hindu and Moslem. He was a man of the world to the nth degree, an able scholar, a good companion, a scintillating conversationalist, a powerful public speaker. In debate, he was a devastating opponent. With a tongue like a lash, he had enemies, it goes without saying. Sometimes, if such were his mood on the platform, he argued at length on nothing, but his personality was so compelling that, for the most part, his audience went away satisfied. His love for India and his intention to see her free actuated all his life, and finally, his national ambitions attained, he accepted a post of honor in one of the hot spots on the map. Moslem by religion, he was no less than an Indian, giving allegiance to India as a whole. Indian by nationality, he was no less than a world-patriot, whose avowed home was every corner of the earth.

Syud Hossain was a charter member of the Caravan and one of its Directors. That Director's seat will always be held vacant in his name.

BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

In June, 1949, another vacant place stared at us—the place occupied since the first year by Basanta Koomar Roy. He died of a heart condition at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, following an illness of more than five months. Native of the Province of Bengal, journalist and lecturer,

having pioneered in the cause of freedom for India, friend and biographer of Tagore, art-lover, especially in the domain of the music and dance of both East and West, he was missed in a variety of circles. Most of all, he was missed at our headquarters where he spent many of his revealing hours, and at Caravan meetings where he was always in evidence.

Basanta Koomar Roy was a devotee of personalities. He intensely valued the rare spirits of his own race and of other races, and he loved the Founders of the great religions. In this he exemplified the Bahai spirit to an unusual degree, for he turned to each of these Teachers with reverence and intimacy, as to his own master and friend. Their names ever came into his conversation and public speeches, but most of all he spoke of Buddha, Jesus and Baha-O-Llah.

His loyalty to the Prophets brings to mind a verse in the Bahai writings:

*Hold Me in your heart; keep my Words upon your lips;
deck your body with the garment of my Name.*

He did this with the artlessness and enthusiasm of a lover as he speaks of his beloved.

Roy's path on earth was a rocky one, as anyone could see, but it led through many a garden.

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Chapter XVI

THE HOUSE AND THE HALL

(1949 - 1951)

WE WERE THINKING of finances in an immediate sort of way. The house had been left to me for life, after which it was to go to the estate. Now there were taxes to be attended to, interest on the mortgage and amortization, these payments coming to a high total annually. For years I had accepted the situation as a matter of course, until finally the actual significance of my housing costs dawned on Sohrab and me. We were straining ourselves to the uttermost to clear the house of mortgage, not for the Caravan but for the benefit of the estate. Why should we do this, we asked ourselves. We decided not to.

I gave up my rights on the house, but continued to live in it at a small rental, thinking that somehow or other, some time or other, we might take it over in the name of the Caravan. So we marked time, with our hearts in our mouths, until prospective buyers began to come in and look around. Then we got really frightened.

We appealed to the Mutual Life Insurance Co., but neither the Caravan nor I was sufficiently solvent to be trusted with the responsibility of taking on the mortgage. Matters looked very dark. Where might we go to start the movement afresh? We couldn't possibly afford to rent a place large enough for our needs. Besides we loved the house.

As a last resort, because asking favors was difficult for me, I wrote to Mr. Charles McVeigh who was Executor of Lewis' will. Realizing that he knew almost nothing of the movement, I thought it better to make a personal plea as a helpless widow, although I really was pleading for the Caravan. Mr. McVeigh turned out to be the magic power that solved the problem. Through his kind efforts, the house became the property of the Caravan and I was trusted with the obligations involved. The day on which we were apprised of this fact was a very great day indeed.

Our headquarters was safe; the work could go on as usual, and now Mr. Greenwald focussed his mind on another step to be taken for the permanent security of the movement. As an educational and a religious institution it should be tax exempt, federally and locally! Mr. Greenwald accomplished this for us as his second great gift to the Caravan, his first having been the winning of the Bahai law suit.

So the threatening clouds that had hung so low over 132 East 65th Street drifted away and the sun shone on Caravan House.

THE DANCES

For some time our Saturday night dances at Caravan Hall had been on the downhill grade. Many new clubs and friendship societies had been started, to our detriment. We had used our ballroom for a variety of constructive purposes and were constantly renting it for practically nothing, or else allowing it to be used free, while we counted on the Saturday night dances to bring in sufficient funds to carry on. Now Saturday nights were also a liabil-

ity. In past years we had grown accustomed to being in the red, but here we were sinking into the deep crimson. Besides an almost empty ballroom was a heart-ache. We were in a serious quandary.

The one bright spot on our calendar was Sunday nights. These were rented to a very nice Irishman for Irish-American dances, and the room was always packed. I began to wonder: Couldn't we too run Irish dances! I submitted the thought to Sohrab, but it seemed impossible to him.

"It would be discrimination" he said. "We can't have Irish people only."

I harped on the idea, but he wouldn't show interest. This was the only time that he held back on a proposal that was finally to be adopted.

It seemed fair to discuss the matter with our Irish host of the Sunday dances. Would he object if we copied him? It couldn't affect his attendance as he had more people than he could cope with. He answered that he wouldn't mind at all, but must warn us that it wouldn't be easy.

"The Irish are very clannish" he said. "They stick with their own kind and would never patronize a dance that wasn't run by an Irishman."

I wanted to take the risk, which actually wasn't a risk at all as we couldn't be any worse off than we were, and Sohrab finally agreed. We engaged an Irish orchestra, placed advertisements in the Irish papers and crossed our fingers till they were out of joint.

It took about three weeks to crowd the place, after which our problem was to conform with the fire laws. We were allowed just so many persons and no more, so after our quota was filled we had to keep guard at the front

entrance and see to it that the would-be dancers didn't break in. This was difficult as by degrees we had come to recognize the guests, and they would shout through the doors: "You know me. You wouldn't keep me out."

When a few left early, we filled their places, but as soon as the street door was opened some extra ones would always slip in. We weren't experienced enough to hire a private police officer, so Ahmad stood as gate-keeper and it was a very tough job.

Presently we began to hear murmurs from Columbia Broadcasting Co. which owned the building. It was claimed that we were overcrowding the premises, impeding traffic in the street and causing general confusion. We tried to placate our landlords and handle the people efficiently, and so we went on from week to week, feeling that we were sitting on a powder barrel that might explode at any moment. Needless to say we had shifted from the deep red into the jet black.

One summer Ahmad decided to visit Germany where the movement was so active that it needed supervision, and where we had acquired many valued friends. He also wanted to drop in on England, but I felt that this would be a waste of time. We had so few members there, why bother! Nevertheless Ahmad looked over our files, picked out some names which meant nothing to him and notified these persons that he would arrive in London on a certain date. I was left in charge of the Hall. So our Director started off in a big airplane and the next Saturday night came around.

The ballroom filled up as usual, the entrance was closed as usual, but a new gate-keeper was on guard—myself. The

crowd was clamoring in the street, but I was adamant. We had our quota. Not a single person more would be admitted. Then two of our guests came down in the lift. They wanted to leave and I had to open the door. Very carefully I eased them out, and then the rush came. The men and girls passed over me like a flood and raced up the back stairs. I followed, running as I had never run in my life, and I beat them to the door, not in time to close it but just to hold it. On the inside Mr. Meisler came to my assistance and one other man, and the three of us kept a grip on the door in the face of a seething mob of young people who were determined to dance, come what might.

For a moment I felt like Horatius at the bridge with a brave Roman on either hand, and then the hordes broke through leaving the three of us engaged in single combat as in the old days of battle. I was struggling with a big Irishman who loomed above me when, without thought or plan, I took hold of his tie and began to twist. The effect was miraculous. He became like a doll in my hands and I was able to push him out of the door with one finger. I suffered no injuries, but Mr. Meisler's ribs ached for weeks and our other friend was greatly shaken up.

The Irish had their way for that night, but they, as well as we, suffered the consequences for our landlords heard of the disturbance and closed our ballroom for the summer. This was my first experience at being in full charge of Caravan Hall.

ABROAD

On his arrival in London, Sohrab was met by a group

of Caravaneers among whom were John Snow and Ronald Bayford. The former was a Chapter leader of some years standing and his picture had appeared in *The Caravan*. He made such a good impression on our Director that the idea of forming the Caravan of England was proposed to him. John Snow accepted the responsibility of federating the existing Chapters in London and its vicinity under a National heading. Ronald Bayford was appointed Treasurer.

Sohrab set foot on German Soil in Frankfurt which he at once called the City of Children. Here the movement was in the hands of the very young, under the guidance of their able leader, Mrs. Maria Moldenhauer. The great winged plane came to a halt on a field where the Children of Light Caravan Chapter was waiting, while the clear voices were raised in:

Gruss Gott, Gruss Gott, mit hellen Klang
Heil Sohrab dir, hei-ei-eil dir!

continuing with the Caravan song: No More War.

The children were whispering among themselves: "Look for the badge", then a cry "There he is!" as their guest came to view. Mrs. Moldenhauer wrote to me, giving an account of the meeting:

"Still during that singing, our Director was among the young ones, shaking hands, giving kisses, taking flowers, smiling, looking, laughing, embracing them. Oh, it was overwhelming to see it! The elder ones stood behind until the youth had had its share, and then took their part. Thus that poor and happy gentleman did not



Sohrab arrives in Frankfurt

know where to look or whom to kiss first. Then Mr. Sohrab spoke his first golden words to the youth of Germany and later I heard the recorded broadcast. It is such a great kindness in his voice which meets everyone in his heart."

From that time on there were interviews with press and individuals, and arranged meetings in twenty-one cities of Germany.

Amid the devastation that was apparent on all sides, Külmbach stood out unique. It had emerged from the ordeal of war untouched by bombs. Miss Helène Hohberg was not a chapter leader at that time so Sohrab did not meet her, yet the name Külmbach remained vivid in his memory because of the later accomplishments of this lady. As the years passed, bringing many defections in Germany, Miss Hohberg held firm, devoting her time, which as a

school teacher was already well engaged, and sacrificing her health for the advancement of the Cause.

AT HOME

When Sohrab returned to New York, we had just resumed our Saturday night dances. Our landlords had relented and were giving us another chance with the provision that if Sunday night dances were held at all, these should be run by ourselves.

So we had to bid a regretful goodbye to the nice Irishman who had brought us good luck. He rented a ballroom on the corner of Madison Avenue, just a block away, and became our friendly rival.

While Ahmad was abroad, I had kept the office work pretty much up to date and had tried to contribute to the general welfare of men and nations by spending as little as possible on myself. I had evolved a diet of coffee, eggs, corn and peaches which suited my taste very well and cost little, but which probably did not contain the necessary amount of vitamins. Shortly after Ahmad's arrival, while I was walking along Lexington Avenue, I suddenly fell to the ground and lay there quite conscious but unable to move. I noticed the people passing by and wondered why they did not stop. Presently, I got up and crossed the street, but could go no further. The open door of a dress shop tempted me, so I staggered in and collapsed again. At this point the shop-keeper began to scream:

"Get this woman out of here! Call for the police!"

Almost immediately a policeman turned up, to find me on my feet again. Thinking that I was drunk, he

marshalled me home with little ceremony. Fortunately it was a distance of only three blocks.

I was sitting in the kitchen in a dazed sort of way when a friend of ours dropped in, and he, thinking that I looked very badly, took me to a doctor whom he knew by reputation.

After a long wait, I was lain on the table. The doctor looked at me suspiciously.

"What's the matter with you, Junior?"

"Nothing much, I just fainted."

"Did you have any drinks today?" the nurse broke in.

"Oh no, I didn't drink anything."

A sample of my blood had been taken and the doctor examined the report.

"Malnutrition! So that's it! Well, we're going to fill you with vitamins right up to the eyes."

Later he volunteered: "You certainly looked awful when you came in. I thought you were a drug addict."

I was injected with some life-giving fluid and walked home on air.

Dr. Max Jacobson became my doctor and Ahmad's too. There was something unearthly about him which gave me confidence. I found that he had no time to talk to his patients. He just knew what was wrong and helped them. His waiting room was always crowded. I never met a doctor who worked so hard. Just the same, on several occasions he thought out prescriptions for our overseas members who had complicated illnesses and even made up the medications himself.

We started the new season with three Irish dances a week—Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Having heard

of the advantages of a private police officer, we asked for one and, by good luck, Ralph Liezze came to us. With Ralph in charge, there were no complications. He was impressive and genial, and a friend to management and public alike. When January came around, we had paid the last installment on our debt to the Mutual Life Insurance Co. and the mortgage on Caravan House was liquidated. Of course, we gave a party.

So without planning it or even knowing it, we had gone into business. I wondered what Lewis would have said.

Throughout these events, Rumi remained my hourly companion and the master of my heart. He was as turbulent as ever and as adventurous. If the front door were open a crack, he was off. At the Hall, he was always watching for a chance to escape, and he often did. We would catch him trotting along, well on his way home, and once we found him at the police-station. He was a nerve-racking dog to own, but on the other hand we never had to worry about his health. He was always well, and so strong. One evening as I was walking with him along Lexington Avenue on a down-hill grade, he started to gallop like a war-horse. I couldn't restrain him and fell, landing flat on my nose. It was quite painful but the worst of it was that my nose was thickened for life.

"Prize fighters get that way" the doctor said. "Nothing can be done."

I didn't hold it against Rumi. I loved him too much to care.

One very hot Saturday night while I was sitting in the crowded lobby of Caravan Hall with Rumi pressed against me, the idea of getting another dog suddenly came into

my mind. I was surprised at the thought because I had never wanted two dogs at once, they were so much trouble, yet somehow or other and for no reason at all it seemed that this time it might be a good thing to do.

"What shall we call him" I asked myself, and then decided: "We will name the new puppy after Jelal Ed-Din Rumi, just as Rumi is, only now we will use the middle syllable: Din. Maybe Dina."

When we went to bed, I did not kiss Rumi and as he lay beside me, I did not even reach out my hand to him. I said to myself:

"Not tonight. Tonight I love him too much to touch him."

I slept very soundly, and when I awoke before eight o'clock I saw my dog lying on the floor motionless. He evidently was very ill. I threw on a dress, ran around the corner to Ahmad's apartment and brought him back with me. Together we took Rumi to the doctor. He died on the table, though I begged and begged him not to. It was a heart-attack, probably due to the heat.

Not having enough spirit to summon a taxi, we walked home carrying him by turns, and two days later we wrapped him up in his blanket and buried him in the garden alongside of Toni and Peter. Ahmad said some prayers. So Rumi passed by too.

JELAL ED-DIN RUMI

Why did I want to name two dogs after a Persian poet? Because I loved dogs, and I loved Persia, and I loved poetry. Especially did I love Rumi, the most sensitive poet of them all.

Jelal Ed-Din Mohammed, peerless among the Sufis and the greatest mystical poet of any clime or age, was born in 1207 A.D. On his mother's side he was of princely extraction, while his father was descended from Abu Bekr, the first Caliph. Owing to political differences with the government, his parents left Iran while their children were still very young and travelled extensively through the East. Jelal Ed-Din grew up and married in foreign lands, settling down for life in Qonia, Roman province of Galatia. Hence his name Rumi, meaning "of Rome".

The following extract from the work of Rumi is actually a brief exposition on the principle of evolution. To me, it was more convincing than volumes on the subject.

*I died from the mineral and became a plant.
 I died from the plant and reappeared in the animal.
 I died from the animal and became a man.
 Wherefore then should I fear?
 When did I grow less in dying?
 Next time I shall die from the man
 That I may grow the wings of the angels.
 From the angels too I shall seek advance.
 All things shall perish save His Face.
 Once more shall I wing my way above the angels,
 I shall become that which entereth not the imagination.
 Then let me become naught, naught, for the harp-string
 crieth unto me:
 'Verily unto Him do we return'.*

Chapter XVII

ART AND TREASURE

(1951 - 1954)

THE CARAVAN in Japan, for the most part operating in schools, suddenly gave us a surprise. It emanated from the brain of Hideo Kouchi who conceived the idea of reviving the relations between the art-lovers of his country and those of the United States. He presented his project to the Humorist Club of Tokyo which was composed of distinguished veteran cartoonists, most of whom were affiliated with the press, and the upshot of the deliberations was that a group naming itself Caravan Artists of Japan came into being. These cartoonists shipped off a collection of twenty-five watercolors of modern influence for exhibition in New York under the auspices of the Caravan.

I was simply non-plussed at the news that we were to sponsor Japanese art works. I knew nothing about painting, Japanese or otherwise, modern or otherwise. My grandfather had owned a Van Dyke; I remembered it well. My first husband had given me a Monet; I still missed it. I had induced Lewis to buy me a Francois Clouet and, finding I couldn't live with it, had exchanged it for a pre-historic Egyptian bowl. I had walked for miles through the galleries of England, France, the Netherlands and

Italy and become very tired. I had laughed at the Nude Walking Downstairs which heralded the advent of cubism. Such was my art-background, and now I was expected to be god-mother to a group of Japanese Humorists. Where would this lead us?

CARAVAN GALLERY

Ahmad wanted to show the paintings in the dining room and, after a good deal of discussion, I yielded to him. Electric current had to be installed as in the past we had been accustomed to eat by candlelight. So floodlights were set in the ceiling, the Sixteenth Century table was pushed to one side, the pictures were hung and we sent out invitations. Many people came, the press also, and a second shipment, this time Abstract Paintings by Japanese women, arrived from Tokyo. We were on the way to becoming a Japanese Art Gallery.

One afternoon, a well-known artist named De Hirsch Margules dropped in and fired a volley of questions at Sohrab.

"What is the purpose of this effort? What is back of it? What do you propose to do next?"

Ahmad started to explain that the Caravan felt obligated to serve along any path that opened up, were it for the benefit of this people or that people, and our visitor broke in:

"How about our own people? It seems to me that Caravan Artists of the United States is the next step and should be initiated right now."

A group of artists came to consider the project and the ball was set rolling. The plan was along these lines:

Caravan Artists of the United States would try to establish a non-commercial comradeship between the artists of this country and of other countries with a view to unify their aims and interests. One World being in process of development, the artists should share in the responsibilities and opportunities offered by new conditions. Always they have been pioneers. They must come to the front at this period of transition. There will continue to be a Japanese approach to art, an Indian approach, a European approach, but there can also be art expression through which the ideals of all nations may be merged. As the movement progressed with Caravan Artists of other nations falling into line, the commercial angle for the benefit of the individual would be considered, yet that angle in regard to the initiating group would never play a part. Caravan Artists would be a wing of the Caravan of East and West, a non-profit educational movement which had been drawing the people of the earth into a community that recognizes no frontiers among the races, nations and religions.

Caravan Gallery fell into full swing of activity. We had a committee, an ever increasing membership and regular monthly shows. By degrees we became familiar with the procedure of accepting submissions, of having works examined by juries, of hanging and of notifying the art magazines. We found interest in the new forms of painting and came to appreciate their originality and decorative value. The monthly Openings were crowded and exhilarating. We made many new friends, and one old friend was

supremely happy. This was Grace Kopman who for years had bided her time, hoping against hope that the Caravan would finally include art in its program. Anthony Buzzelli had likewise been associated with us since the beginnings of the Caravan. A distinguished painter, he also was pleased at the turn of events.

Among the most valued of our members was Marjorie Benke, an able water-colorist and a beautiful girl. From the start she identified herself with the Gallery and was of great assistance and comfort to us. Hers was a short life. An illness carried her away and "Benke", as her friends called her, became a living memory to be ever associated with Caravan Gallery.

Gwendolyn Smith helped us at the beginning and through the years, as did Samuel Springer, always on our juries, also Leiton Haring, who dips his brush in the oil of humor and Tom Guastelle, painting with the delicacy found in Old Masters. We came to know Romany Marie Marchand, an experienced and serene personality, deeply rooted in Greenwich Village. Marie had been a Bahai for a long time, so we came together with an electrical bang. There was Ann Mittleman, functioning perhaps a bit too much on the mystical plane, who found herself akin to the Caravan. She was effective as a speaker as well as an artist and we counted on her in both departments. Helen Gerardia was with us, sometimes as jurist, sometimes as exhibitor. We had Isabelle Meisels, who won First Prize in a Bahai competition and fell in love with the Cause. George Mangolin and his better half, the guitar, were generally somewhere about. Sally Duval consistently brought in her imaginative abstract paintings, as did Julia

*Benke*

Schulman her gay impressionistic ones. Therese Kahn, herself an excellent artist, expressed more interest in the ideals of the Caravan than its gallery. Emily Frank was an asset in her personality as well as in her painting. Elizabeth Erlanger was highly appreciated.

The noted sculptress Minna Harkavy showed her advanced thinking in her work as well as in conversation; Ruth Reisher was all feeling; Fanny Login won honors from time to time; Sylvia Bernstein's watercolors were generally noticed by the press; Gwytha McLean asked a hundred questions about the Bahai Cause; Peter Takal, master of line, gave us our book-plate for the library—two incredible horses “thundering in.”

Tahlequah, completely versatile, always presented something interesting and different. Cesar Algen from Turkey, painter, photographer, musician and bon enfant, came along with a smile and a jest. We had an art forum directed

by Gordon Brown, artist, art-critic and teacher, also yearly competitions.

We dipped into the realm of photography under the patronage of Katherine Young, herself an artist in this line, and became great friends with her as well as with Berenice Abbott, known internationally. Jack Fishberg of the Philharmonic Orchestra, who is all heart and enthusiasm, and Anton Rovinsky, composer and great pianist, both members of the Caravan Board, gave our group standing in the musical sense. Hari Govil of India, a being as selfless as they come, advised and assisted us in a variety of ways. Ruth Gage-Colby, who looks like a flower and speaks like a statesman, associated herself with us whole-heartedly. Alexander Gabriel, Chief: Trans-Radio Press, U.N. Division, possessing a formidable legal intellect, kept us up-to-date on world affairs. Dr. Arthur G. Rouse spared neither time nor effort when occasions of need arose. Zelma Brandt made long voyages in the Caravan spirit, while Mercedes de Acosta, practically the only link with my life of long ago, was completely in accord with the values of my new life.

Arthur D'Artois recognized the practicality and idealism of our work; Felicia Kornreich, all good cheer and kindness, consistently gave me a lift, and throughout the years we counted on Anne Fruciano who, in spite of duties to her husband and babies, and with never a murmur, was able to turn out perfect work on her varitype machine in large quantities and at short notice.

A gallery that is non-commercial, and has an angle other than art, is bound to arouse mild suspicion. Some of our members thought that the principles to which we were

committed might affect our standing in the art world. We didn't press our ideals on anyone, nevertheless it was obvious that the Caravan had social implications which might be distasteful to the artist whose interest was focussed on art alone. We lost some members, but made others who welcomed the idea of an art gallery, plus something or other which they found warm and pleasing. Cesar Algen made a watercolor of our World Flag with the suggested face of Abdul Baha smiling in the green globe of the earth. This small painting, being a gift to the movement, was hung to remain permanently.

So, little by little, many artists came to approve of the Gallery with its underlying, or maybe apparent motif of



A corner of Caravan Gallery

One World. They felt that the Caravan was not out of place in the art community.

One day a young man was viewing the paintings, and something in his manner made me think that he was among those who slightly disapproved. While we were talking, a very good friend of ours, Archbishop Francis of the Old Catholic Church, happened to drop in. He was wearing his habit and his cross as he always did, and naturally the conversation drifted into religious channels. The young man, who evidently held strongly to the rules of Christianity, seemed startled by the liberal sentiments expressed by the Archbishop. At last he broke out:

"May I ask what is your religion?"

"Certainly" the Archbishop answered blandly. "I am a Mohammedan".

I will always remember the look of dismay that crossed the young man's face and also my own delight at the whimsical response of this High Churchman. To Archbishop Francis, religion is service to humanity in consciousness of the Divine Power. That is all. It is a most simple religion, and the only one to my mind.

The Archbishop has many mischievous moments. He once told me of a visit he had paid to a parishioner. This lady sat in an armchair and poured tea in a most dignified manner, at the same time holding forth on a subject which affected her deeply. The subject was, her dislike for the Jews. The Archbishop let her continue until he thought she had gone far enough, then he remarked:

"But Madam, you must remember that our Lord was a Jew."

The lady flushed in discomfort, then admitted deprecatingly:

"Yes. On his mother's side."

Sometimes visitors to the Gallery expressed sentiments that were quite universal. One man assured us:

"I believe in all the nationalities—except the Republicans."

Modern art is many sided. An Abstractionist may not recognize the worth of an Expressionist; a Surrealist may not respond to an Impressionist. One of our exhibitors hung a painting which consisted of perpendicular streaks of grey, among which nestled some rather swollen looking cones of an orange hue. Happening to glance at a Cubist canvas on the opposite wall, she exclaimed rather impatiently: "I can't get the sense of this new art!" Then with an affectionate look at her own work, she concluded: "So I content myself with making portraits of my children."

A third collection from Tokyo was a joy from the moment we unrolled the sheets of thin blue rice paper compactly fitted into two tubes until, the exhibition over, we regretfully took the pictures from the walls. In this, our first One Man Show, we presented the work of Kiyoshi Saito, foremost contemporary wood-block artist of Japan.

One of our guests who had met Saito in Tokyo in 1946 described him as a member of a small group of hard-working, gifted wood-block artists who had broken with the classic traditions of the Ukiyoye print. Not only did these new "sosaku moku hanga" artists, as they called themselves, create the drawing, they also cut the blocks

and did the printing themselves. This was in striking contrast to the way in which the older prints were made, whereby three different persons contributed their skills to produce a print: artist, engraver and printer. Saito and his fellow artists were encouraged in their pioneering efforts by a few American collectors, eager to witness the rejuvenation of the Japanese wood-block print. After some years, Saito's art was recognized and acclaimed both at home and abroad.

Benke wrote of Japanese artists as follows:

"They are lovers of nature and, by depicting some commonplace natural fact, can suggest the sublime with startling directness. Here is a Japanese poem which has the same strange Oriental quality as their art:

An old pond
And the sound of a frog leaping
Into the water.

Saito has refined art to the simplicity of a grain of sand, but a grain of sand that contains the whole world."

Another effort toward international cooperation was initiated by a member of our Berlin group, by name Claus Gaedemann. This young man, professionally a journalist with good connections in the art world, imagined that a German Show held in New York would further friendly relations between the two countries. With this idea in mind he approached the Berlin Academy of Art, which is amongst the most renowned of German cultural institutions, and presented his plan to Professor Karl Hofer,

Director of the Academy and probably the best internationally known German painter. The result was an exhibition of twenty five watercolors representing the work of the youth of Germany, which was held at Caravan Gallery. Prizes were awarded by a jury. The New York Herald Tribune said of the show:

"One of the most delightful and interesting small exhibitions of the season has opened with a minimum of fanfare in the modest off-the-beaten track Caravan Gallery . . . the only evident homogeneity here is of a certain ordered, elegant, sensitive but somehow detached approach (the Hofer influence perhaps?) . . . It's definitely worth taking in."

By way of returning the compliment, the Berlin Academy asked us to provide a collection of the works of young American artists for exhibition in Berlin. This was done, and the paintings of our Caravan artists were hung in the rarified atmosphere of this august institution.

A CARAVAN ROMANCE

"That is the most beautiful girl I ever saw" Gordon Brown noted mentally as he accepted a glass of punch from a passing tray. "I wonder who she is!" It was his first visit to 132 East 65th Street, back in '54, and the personalities of the Gallery were new to him. Later he found that the lovely cup-bearer was a gifted painter and so, as an art expert, his interest was intensified. This was the beginning of a Caravan romance which culminated in a marriage.

The bride, Tahlequah de la Houssaye, is of American-Indian and French extraction, as her name implies. Besides being an artist, she is an exquisite dancer and she designs all of her own striking clothes. These two members were a great asset to the Gallery individually. Later they could be relied on as a unit. We were very proud of this Caravan romance.

We had a new dog of course. We bought him almost at once after Rumi died. Some telephoning went before as it was essential to me to have a descendant of Gallant Fox of Wildoaks. In this way I would still have something of Rumi. Hearing of puppies from Gallant Fox, Ahmad and I again visited a Long Island kennel. We found three puppies about six weeks old, chose the most beautiful and brought him home.



Dino

Dino, as we called him, had a pedigree that looked like the setting sun, for almost all his forebears were listed in red ink. At this time I learned the origin of the English term "in the pink" which is used to express being at the top. An animal's pedigree appearing in red ink means champion stock.

Dino was a sweet little dog. Lacking the adventurous spirit of Rumi, he was always under my feet, which was just where I liked him to be.

PRICELESS TREASURES

In the course of the successive exiles imposed on Baha-O-Llah, his family and close followers, the little band reached Adrianople. This was the last stop before the very final one—Acca, on the shore of Palestine. The sojourn in Adrianople lasted from 1863 to 1868. It was during this period that a photograph of Baha-O-Llah was taken.

Of this photograph, about eight copies were made. Baha-O-Llah gave some to his devoted disciples. Abdul Baha owned some. When I visited Haifa I had looked at the photograph in Abdul Baha's house, and long years afterwards I saw another copy. It happened like this.

Caravan members from all parts of the world send us their pictures. Ahmad is apt to open the envelopes, perhaps read the letters and clip the photographs to them. Then they pile up for further examination. One day when I was in the sitting room, I heard him calling to me excitedly from the office. I ran up to see him holding a photograph with a strange expression on his face.

"Do you know what this is? It has been lying on the desk for days, but how could you imagine!"

"I don't imagine anything. What is it?"

Hardly able to pronounce the words, he answered in a low voice:

"It is the photograph of Baha-O-Llah."

I took it in my hands. "Yes, I remember, but I can't believe that I am looking at it again. How does it come here?"

Ahmad explained that it had been sent from Palestine by Mr. Ezzedin Wadood Irani. The father of Mr. Irani had followed Baha-O-Llah throughout the series of exiles which ended in the fortress city of Acca. He had received the photograph from the hands of his beloved Leader and this priceless possession had remained with his family until now, when it was entrusted to the Caravan for safe-keeping.

Ahmad and I were overwhelmed. Such generosity beyond measure! We hardly dared touch the photograph, and sat looking at it, trying to realize the joy and responsibility that were ours.

"The letter was in Persian" Ahmad explained, "and I am rusty on my Persian, so I put it aside to study when I had the time. I didn't even look at the photograph."

Not daring to keep it in the house, we provided ourselves with a little safe-deposit drawer at our bank and there we locked up the treasure that had been given to the Caravan.

Already we had objects of great value, and from then on others were added from time to time. We received a Tablet in the handwriting of Baha-O-Llah, a flowing lock

of his beautiful black hair, the imprint of his Seal—these from Shua Ullah Effendi, grandson of the Prophet. We had numerous Tablets in the handwriting of Abdul Baha, a lock of his snow-white hair, his exquisite finely woven shoes, his robe (gift of Edma Belmont), also some embroidered panels of the tarboush of Baha-O-Llah. We were given many photostats of the Holy Writings, including some of the Tablets of the Bab. These last were sent from Cyprus by Jelal Bay Ezal.

During the years that Sohrab was in the service of Abdul Baha, sending out his Master's Tablets to the world, he always kept copies. These and countless other manuscripts and documents of all sorts constituted a record library of inestimable worth, and all this historical material was piled in most disorderly fashion on the shelves and in the files of the offices, and tucked away in different corners of the house. We realized that these treasures should be put in order and made accessible, but we did not know how to go about it on account of lack of space. So time went by while no adequate provision was being made to meet our grave responsibility. Then—!

We received from Jalal Irani, great grandson of Baha-O-Llah, a gift so rare and of such emotional value that we were startled into yet more acute realization of our trusteeship. The gift was a lock of the hair of the Bab, cut in Mecca and sent by hand to Mirza Mousa Kalim, brother of Baha-O-Llah. When this treasure was added to those which we already possessed, I knew no composure until the answer to our problem suddenly dawned on me.

One evening as I was sitting on the steps leading into the garden, I imagined a large room filling all the space

before me except for a little court at the side. Here our books would be kept, while somewhere at the far end would be a treasure room containing the holy objects.

I played with the idea for a day or two and then presented it to Ahmad. He didn't need to think it over. It was settled. We would start planning at once.

"We'll have to find an architect" I said. "As it happens, I don't know one even by name."

"That's easy" Ahmad responded. "We will look in the Red Book, where people of every trade and profession are listed."

"Oh no! Please don't think of such a thing. We want a really good architect."

Ahmad reluctantly agreed to wait for a little while, during which time we might get some ideas. We did, one or two, and then on a certain evening we decided to go to the movies. It wasn't often that we took a night off. Either we still had work to do or else we were too tired, but this time we thought we would indulge ourselves. There was a good picture playing at The Beekman, a brand new little theatre only two blocks and a half away. We would go there. We walked to Second Avenue near 66th Street and, from the minute we passed through the doors, we were ravished by the place. Everything was charming, simple, modern. The Beekman Theatre was a gem.

We didn't pay much attention to the picture and on the way out I asked the usher if he could give us any information on the architect. I thought there might be difficulties, but there were none. The usher went to inquire, and, returning, handed us a name and address

on a slip of paper: John J. McNamara, 701 Seventh Avenue. Ahmad and I walked home very elated and the next morning we called up Mr. McNamara. We liked him at the very first sound of his voice.

This architect planned buildings of all sorts, but theatres were his specialty. He built them not only in New York, but at long range. Just then he was directing construction in Alexandria, Egypt and Caracas, Venezuela. We felt that we were placing our library in just the right hands for it was to be no austere, scholastic nook, but a centre of activity and cheer, in keeping with the ideal of the true artist, that of making life a song.

BAHAI LIBRARY

Glowing in the consciousness of being the first Bahai building in New York, the Library opened its doors on Tuesday, April 21, 1953. Distinguished guests from the United Nation's Secretariat and Press, Caravan patrons and members, artists and musicians, and the library's architect were there to pay tribute to the idealism of Baha-O-Llah, in whose name this small centre of knowledge was being dedicated. It was a special anniversary, for ninety years before, on that very date and day of the week, Baha-O-Llah had assumed leadership of the devoted followers of the Bab, his inspired forerunner.

The Bahai Library, built on the site of the garden, remains a garden, for there the choicest flowers of the human mind, down the centuries, can be re-cultivated. It was planned along modern lines and everything about it is simple, serviceable and colorful. The east wall encases

the keystone of the building, a block of white marble bearing the words:

Sent by Abdul Baha about 1912
1953

The Master had intended this block to serve as cornerstone of a Bahai house of worship, but for some inexplicable reason the Bahai organization had not accepted it. After some vicissitudes, it came into the possession of Ahmad and for years lay on one of our office shelves. Finally, it was inscribed and placed on the wall of the library, bringing to mind a saying from Hebrew Scriptures, quoted by Jesus:

The stone which the builders rejected became the headstone of the corner. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

Opposite, stretching along the western wall, are the words of Baha-O-Llah:

*Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country
Let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind.*

At the far end of the library is the small Treasure Room where the irreplaceable manuscripts and objects intimately associated with the Cause are displayed in show cases. There, a tiny panel in the wall opens on the face of Baha-O-Llah, upon which a very few have looked up to this day.

On the night of the opening, a rare example of the first printing in the West was presented to the Library by the Archbishop of the Old Catholic Church, the Most Reverend, William H. Francis. It consisted of four pages of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica* printed by the famed Gutenberg, which pages survived a tragic fire which some years before had destroyed the Archbishop's library. This gift symbolized the distinguished prelate's true friendship for our movement which he expressed to the assembled guests in this simple declaration:

"I want to testify for the Old Catholic Church, of which I am the head, that the work of the Caravan is a great work."

The Archbishop continued on a personal note of high hope:

"We are going through the birth-pangs of a new era. I think about it when I go out in the early mornings between four and five o'clock, sometimes with a copy of 'The Caravan' in my hand, and listen to the birds. At the beginning, each makes a different sound, an altogether cacophonous noise; then more and more the sounds blend into harmony and, by the time the sun is up, it is a symphony."

Jacob Greenwald, chairman of our Board of Directors, closed his talk as follows:

"Consciously, deliberately, purposefully and passionately, we have set ourselves to further a Cause which foresees in this world the realization of a society where men will recognize that they are all kin, a society that

will find war unthinkable and where the present intolerance on international, local and household levels will be obnoxious. To serve that Cause, this library is dedicated. For that reason, Mr. McNamara has laid not only bricks to build a library, but a Temple."

Later on our books were put in order and have since been taken care of by Vera Russell, a very able librarian.

THE CALL

The Call comes, and it is not recorded on a disc to be repeated at a more convenient time. It strikes on the heart once, at an hour set as the birthday of the spirit—your hour, my hour, reserved for us.

We cannot help hearing the Call, but sometimes we lesser ones put it aside and try to free our minds of the memory. This we cannot do, and the echo of the Call remains in the furrows of our consciousness, to be answered perhaps on a certain festive day when we shall at last be born.

Jesus looked the fisherman in the eyes and said: "Follow me". Then he passed on, and the fisherman, untrained, unprepared, dropped his nets and followed. The nets were his all on earth, but time had struck *his hour* and the instinctive perceptions of the simple fisherman were equal to the test.

The Call may come in a dream, on the printed page or in the word of friend or stranger. It may come on the city square or by a moonlit wood. It reaches the quick; it is merciless and exacts a high price of the hearer. The Call is a bounty, a confirmation. It does not come to everyone.

A story is told in the Orient. It goes like this:

A group of pitiful humanity was huddled on the sands of the arena. The men, women and children awaited their last bitter moment. Some held each other's hands; a few lifted their voices in wavering song. The Romans seated in their high and low places, surveyed the scene casually or intently according to their natures. The hungry lions roared and whined. The doors of the cages rattled and swung open.

At this point one of the victims turned toward his neighbor in a desperate effort at conversation.

"What brought you here? How did you come to this?" and the answer was given:

"I was tending my booth at the bazaar when a stranger stopped by and bought a yard of silk. While I was measuring out the silk, he told me about Jesus and I believed."

A little business transaction, a moment to everyone else, but it was the merchant's hour and he was able to respond.

Could we be like the fisherman, like the merchant, like the child who is lightly bound to the earth? If the Call comes, will we answer it, or if it has already come and been put aside, can we recapture the sound and drop *our nets* on a certain festive day?

When did the Call come to John Snow? None of us can tell, yet come it did, probably after his acceptance to found the Caravan of England. We simply know that he heard it and stood up. Since the time that he threw himself into the work, without reservation whatsoever, the movement in England became our chief outlying bulwark. Laboring under great financial limitation, with its committee members earning their livelihood in one way or

another and yet finding time to give to the movement, the Caravan of England advanced alongside of the parent-group in full intimacy and cooperation. Once John Snow wrote:

"Since I met up with you, I have sure said goodbye to leisure. If it be God's Will, I can continue for many years."

Chief among his assistants was Ron Bayford, who stood by unflinchingly. He was John's second right hand.

WHEN A CAUSE IS YOUNG

What was there about the Bahai Cause that extracted so much devotion from its true followers? I asked myself the question, and it seemed to me that it was the actual youth of the movement that brought the extreme response.

Since all time, love has been an active beneficent force. Through love, man reaches his highest state, that of self-forgetfulness, for love possesses him wholly, spurring him on to achievement, allowing no room for anything but love.

In accord with the creative principle, love is inspired by youth. No matter how charming or mentally provocative a woman of middle age may be, few sonnets will be written to her, few sleepless nights will be passed for her and few men will be found to die for her. The face that launched a thousand ships was, in the first place, young.

From a spiritual standpoint, a thousand ships must be launched, millions rather if the world is to be saved, and love is essential to induce this launching—love for that which is young. A surpliced bishop may stand in his cathedral and speak on Christian fervor, but could he form a committee to meet the lions in case of need? Prob-

ably not. Yet Paul did not find it difficult. They did those things two thousand years ago when the Cause of Jesus was young.

The Powerful Wisdom animating this world of ours is ever true to form. That wisdom requires love for the fulfilling of the Divine Plan and it supplies the impetus. Occasionally in the annals of history, when men's hearts had grown cold, a Cause clothed in the magic of youth appeared on the horizon of consciousness, and the freshets of Spring broke from the ice-bound passes—for the launching of a thousand ships.

Men yielded their all to the great Reformers who came to purify the world. It is easy to give in the Springtime when the sun is close and the air throbs with life. Toward the middle of the last century, those who espoused the Cause of Baha-O-Llah, in Persia, met death with songs on their lips—over twenty thousand of them, while today others, more fortunate or perhaps less fortunate, support the budding movement with sheer hard work. The Cause of Baha-O-Llah is that of unity amongst the nations, races and religions. Here is a field in May fit for the most enterprising! Here is a sea at the dawning for the launching of a thousand ships!

Art and treasure! The man who gives greatly is the art of the world and the treasure of the Kingdom.

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Chapter XVIII

AFTER TWENTY FIVE YEARS

(1954 - 1955)

THE YEARS HAD led us to 1954, totalling twenty-five winters and summers of service. In a sense we had been moving in the dark because we had no fixed plan. We just kept active, taking our beloved Cause with us in whatever we did and wherever we went. Often it seemed that we had accomplished little, then looking backward we realized that much good had been loosed over the earth because of the Caravan, and the good had been welcomed and assimilated by minds without number. The world was richer because of our efforts. This we had to admit. I believed, many opinions to the contrary, that we were better off with no thought-out campaign. We were reminded of Eisenhower who had invaded Europe after a preparation of three years. He couldn't fail, we were told, because everything had been anticipated. I knew that Sohrab and I weren't qualified for such foresightedness. Maybe in the future, when able minds would be concentrating on the work, professional planning might be made. We hoped so. The Caravan was a field in which all talents could find expression. We had just heaved the heavy blocks of granite and set them in place. Let the pyramid rise four-square on the sands of our times. It will not be on our bones nor on the bones of any others,

but on the hearts of hundreds of thousands which will not feel the weight.

Since I had ceased going to Europe, the seasons had melted one into another so that I couldn't remember the years as they went by. It all was one period, sometimes joyous summer which I loved no matter how hot, and sometimes shivering winters during which I didn't mind the cold too much. If I had plenty of hot baths I was all right, and then one week, during almost zero weather, the oil burner went out of commission. I then discovered how much I adored hot water, and I wrote a paean of praise to this daily commodity which we usually fail to appreciate.

Hot Water

Hot Water! When I'm frozen like a stone
and everything is tied up in a knot,
you penetrate my body to the bone
and leave me happy as a Hottentot!
You wash the smudges and the grime away.
You jump like mad within the coffee pot.
I thank you every night and every day.
Even the stars don't give me such a lot.
Hot Water!

Every year the workers at Caravan Hall were obligated to go downtown to renew their cabaret licenses. We had to be fingerprinted and meet a barrage of inquiries. In my case, few details of personal life were omitted for the owner of a dance hall has to have a very clean record, or so it seems. I would answer everything to the best of

my ability, but once when the question was: Did I have a prison record?, I hesitated, because for an instant I wasn't actually sure. I had done so many things in those last twenty-five years which I had never expected to do, from acting as music and art-critic and writing on all sorts of subjects that I knew nothing of, to identifying a body at the morgue; again to scrutinizing the occupants of the dimly lighted bars of the lower East Side in the hope of finding a valued wanderer, or being brought to court by an artist of whom I was as fond as I was of Dino. So many half-recollections of such little importance! Had I "served time?" I took a chance and said "No".

An experience, which most of us hope to avoid, was an encounter with a burglar. One hot evening some years back, while I was in my bath, I heard quite a bit of noise going on in my bedroom. Thinking that Rumi was being unusually active, I shouted a few times, telling him to behave himself for I was coming. Then he would be sorry. Out of the tub, I started to put on some things while the noise continued. Papers were being crumpled and torn. My room will be in a state, I thought, so I opened the door and saw a young man crouched by the bed, taking things out of the drawer. It was almost dark. The idea that he might be an electrician, or something of the sort, crossed my mind; then I knew better. I withdrew into the bathroom to apply powder and lip salve without which I would be at a disadvantage, then I reappeared confidently to find him still intent on what he considered his own affairs.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Stand where you are!" he warned, in classical radio

and movie language. He edged past me and dashed down the three flights of stairs with myself after him. I kept him within sight, but must confess that I made better time when I raced with the Irish at Caravan Hall. Reaching the vestibule, he slammed the front door behind him, and the sound brought Ahmad from the kitchen where he was having a casual cup of coffee after a walk with Rumi in the park.

"What's going on?" he eyed my abbreviated costume critically.

"I was chasing a burglar out of the house."

"A burglar! You must be out of your mind."

"Come up and see!"

My room looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone and quite a few trinkets were missing, although nothing of much value as I had little worth taking. I regretted most a gold necklace which I had planned to give to Chancy for Christmas. It would have been so becoming to her.

Such experiences are of small account and not worth recalling. The memories that were vital applied to those who had helped us and were helping us yet, and among these I was very conscious of our lawyer, Jack Greenwald, who had never failed us and never would. I was conscious of Moses Blank who once upon a time had had an orchestra and had played for us at Caravan Hall. He was an excellent musician and drew a good attendance, then he turned to other occupations and we did not hear from him for years. At length he became a Certified Public Accountant and, learning of this, we asked him to help us with our affairs. He took full charge of our finances and

became a Director on our Board as well as adviser and confidant—very definitely in the Caravan picture. William D. Allen, also a Board member, was always ready to help us with German and Spanish translations. As an able writer, we could count on him at need, and as an amusing companion, he was very much to my taste. In the long list of friends whose names would fill pages, I was again especially conscious of two others—lovely, gay Chancy who for all those years had stood by with inflexible fidelity and Mr. Meisler, on whom we had relied by day and by night. This landmark of twenty-five years was a wayside shrine at which we could stop a moment and say "Thank you", and say again "Without you, it would have been different."

SILVER JUBILEE

Many features throughout the week marked our 25th anniversary, but the main Silver Jubilee celebration took place on the actual date on which the movement was founded: April 5th. That night one hundred and sixty persons sat down to dinner at Caravan Hall. The main feature of a dinner is the dinner itself, and according to the general opinion this one was just right in both quality and quantity. It goes without saying that the cooking was Persian.

After Turkish coffee had been served, Sohrab brought the minds back to the purpose for which we had gathered, and read cablegrams and messages from Chapters around the world, all in the spirit of the Caravan which is so

widely shared. Then, being introduced as President, I opened the proceedings with a few words.

Right off, I disclaimed the title, saying that for twenty-five years I had served as Sohrab's assistant. This was my privilege, for I believed in him, I believed in his mission and I believed that he had a destiny. Then, for fear of appearing too serious, I stated that I said such things only once every twenty-five years. Mr. Greenwald presented a picture of the destructive powers atop the world while, quietly, steadily, a new beneficent power was working up from the bottom and spreading far and wide. He concluded by pointing out that the hope of humanity lay with the United Nations.



*Romany Marie, myself and Gwendolyn Smith
at the dinner*

AFTER TWENTY FIVE YEARS



Tahlequah

at the dinner



Jacob Greenwald

Dr. R. S. Modak, also a member of our Board, couched his constructive views in the form of stories, in the telling of which he is a master. Ruth Gage-Colby gave us a poem of her own, written for the occasion, and lifted her audience to the path she herself treads—"the long, winding uphill way" where "not one divine detail of devotion is missed." Tahlequah closed the program with some dance numbers, contributing a final touch of grace to a happy evening.

Here is the toast given at the dinner:

Twenty five years old! A baby still, that is if the Caravan turns out as we expect, so let our toast be in the nature of a baptism, a blessing and a God-speed.

We salute you who are here tonight and the unseen members gathered in all parts of the world, as well as the new members who will come in with the months and years. Especially we salute the Caravan itself, first-born child of the Bahai Cause, the inspired link between East and West.

A happy march to the Caravan!

ONCE MORE OVERSEAS

Sohrab decided to take another trip. The progress of the Caravan of England was so marked, we felt that a visit from him was in order. From there he would proceed to Israel (Palestine in his day) and see the Holy Places again. I worried about the coming voyage because the last one had brought a serious illness in its wake from which he had not fully recovered, yet we both thought it right to

take the chance. Before his departure I spoke of a matter that had been on our minds for a long time.

"Couldn't you" I suggested, "look around while in England and Israel and perhaps find a young man fitted for our kind of work? We need help so badly, but of course it must be the right person."

"That's a difficult proposition" Ahmad said. "So many qualifications are needed."

"Certainly" I agreed. "First of all he must love the Cause. We cannot let the movement develop into just an Art Gallery."

Ahmad promised to survey the scene and went off in a big airplane.

A week in London among his friends, old and new—parties, meetings and long conversations with John Snow. Sohrab was struck by the valuable work accomplished in John's tiny apartment, an address known around the world, and felt that in some way, larger quarters should be provided. The project for a Caravan House in London was discussed, agreed upon and set afoot and, while donations were small, a start was made. We hoped and believed that on some happy day Caravan House would open its doors in London.

In spite of his pressing activities, Ahmad wrote a diary which he mailed to me regularly. As I read it, I was always looking for an indication that he had come across someone who could assist us in New York. From England, he wrote of Ron Bayford, John Snow's right hand:

"Ron was my guide and companion on this trip. He is a tall, lanky young Britisher . . . his eyes smile at you.

He is always ready to serve in any emergency. He has a sense of humor and is a companionable, likeable chap. Above all, he is a good, sincere Caravaneer."

That's it, I thought. He is telling me in his own way that he has found a possible assistant.

Ahmad flew to Israel via Cyprus, in which island he met a descendant of Sobh Ezel, brother to Baha-O-Llah. In Haifa and Acca he visited the Shrines of the Bab, Baha-O-Llah and Abdul Baha which he had not seen in so many years.

He was half impressed, half appalled at the changes that had been effected around the Holy Places. The once simple Shrine on Mount Carmel was converted into a great temple topped with a golden dome which dominated the bay of Haifa. The luxuriant gardens had been excessively formalized, making the general effect very imposing.



*The house of Baha-O-Llah at Bahjee
photograph taken in the early part of the century*

Around the bay and beyond Acca, he found similar conditions at Bahjee. The beautiful house of Baha-O-Llah had happily not been touched except on the inside, but the simple garden and the wide green stretches surrounding it were no more. In their stead were vast lawns, thickly dotted with stone pedestals bearing carved urns and peacocks. Broad, gravel walks stretched in different directions. Iron gates brought from England stood closed where no gates had been.

These changes had been made with American funds under the direction of the Guardian, Shoghi Effendi, and the result was that the Bahai property was much noticed and discussed in Israel. The Bahai Shrines had become show places for tourists.

This attempt to add to the value of holy spots with mere money made me think of the tiny Garden of Gethsemane which had been practically covered with a modern church (before the modern was beautiful). I had grieved over this when I visited Jerusalem long before. The present case was yet harder to bear. In both instances the money had come from America and the outcome had been the same—the obliteration of the scene as it had been looked upon by the Prophets, a loss that never can be repaired.

In Haifa and Acca, Sohrab met many Bahais who were under the ban of the Guardian and felt happy and privileged to spend hours conversing with them. Wherever he went, spies of the Administration followed him and, although he could scarcely believe his senses, he had to admit in his Diary that all his actions and words were duly observed and recorded.

It was a whirlwind trip lasting exactly a month. Ahmad returned in a very exhausted state. Then three days after his arrival, I received a document from Mr. Leroy Ioas, representative of Shoghi Effendi in Israel, which made me feel that we all must have shifted back to the Middle Ages. The letter, which was based on the report of the spies, gave a day to day account of Sohrab's activities while in the Holy Land and continued with an appeal to me to free myself from the "sinister influence and the entangling webs of this evil genius." Mr. Ioas went on:

"No doubt you will be as shocked as I have been and thus knowing to what state of spiritual degradation he has fallen, you will wish to retrieve your own relationship to the Cause of God and seek divine solace under the canopy of Abdul Baha's Divine Grace."

I always found it easy to answer such letters. The last paragraph in my reply to Mr. Ioas read:

"Ahmad Sohrab has never deceived me on his attitude. He loves Baha-O-Llah and Abdul Baha with everything that is in him, and he would gladly have served the Guardian, if the Guardian had allowed him to do so in honesty and self-respect. When people question him, reporters or anybody, he says what he thinks. He is not trying to undermine the Guardian, because he considers that the Bahai organization is not of much account. He is not impressed by structures, flower-beds and statuary, but only by the deeds of the people. He is

aware of the misery wrought by the Guardian in Abdul Baha's once happy family, now cleft, scattered and hopeless, and he knows that no golden dome and no far-flung gardens can counterbalance the waste of talents and the breaking of hearts.

You speak of Ahmad's 'spiritual degradation' and here I will let Ahmad answer for himself. In reading your letter he exclaimed: 'Why did not Mr. Ioas have the courage to say this to me, and discuss these things with me, instead of sending his spies to report? I was right there. He could have heard whatever I actually said from my own lips. No statement which I made would have been altered because of his presence. I knew that the Guardian's spies were everywhere.'

To establish the cause of love and unity on the earth is very difficult. I can only say that we are trying to bring a little happiness, a little tolerance, a little reason here and there."

Of course Ahmad could not refrain from replying to Mr. Ioas on his own part and, after doing so, a pamphlet entitled *Three Letters* (Mr. Ioas', mine and Ahmad's) was printed and lavishly mailed throughout Israel. We are not looking to attack the Bahai organization, but when it attacks us we are quite ready to express ourselves.

Although the first week or so after Ahmad's return was fully occupied with the above mentioned incident together with his account of the trip and his examination of my stewardship at home, I yet had time to wonder if in his travels he had found anyone to assist us. He didn't bring up the matter, nor did I although his silence disappointed



Sohrab

me greatly. Finally one night I thought it time to venture:

"Did you possibly come across some person to help us in our work?"

"I'm sorry" Ahmad answered. "There wasn't anybody."

My heart sank, but I went on:

"Not in England, not in Palestine?"

"I didn't find one who might give up his connections and throw himself into the activities of the Caravan."

"But" I persisted "you spoke so highly of Ron. I thought you were just letting me know, without saying it exactly, that he was the one."

"Ron" Ahmad repeated vaguely. Then, "You couldn't find a better man."

"Well, why didn't you say so?"

"I never thought of it."

Ahmad wrote to Ron in one of his characteristically voluminous letters and Ron answered on a post card, in a manner that is probably characteristic of him. The card read:

"Proposal accepted.

Ron".

BAHAI CAUSE BANNED IN IRAN

In the following year of 1955 a startling announcement appeared in the New York Times, with this caption: Iran Razing Dome of Bahai Temple.

The article dated May 23rd, announced, that the Bahai Cause had been outlawed in the land of its birth and that the dome of the Bahai temple in Teheran had been destroyed by the army. Later communications from the press of England, Egypt, Israel, India and from Iran itself

confirmed the shocking news, giving further details: Bahai property was being confiscated; Bahais were being driven out of the many high positions which they held; the faith was banned, and all this by order of the government. Naturally the fanatical Mullahs, taking advantage of the situation, were whipping the mobs to frenzy and much violence had taken place. The martyrdoms of the early days were being repeated in full horror.

Iran considering herself a modern nation, and as a participant in the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Man, was reverting one hundred years! We were overwhelmed at news of this disaster. Dr. John Haynes Holmes referred to it as "this latest form of barbarism." Mr. Roy Wilkins, President of the 'National Association for the Advancement of Colored People' commented:

"That the gentle Bahai doctrine of love for all mankind should be the target of any government is incredible."

The distinguished Jewish leader, Dr. Julius Mark, of Temple Emanu-El stated:

"Americans should raise their voices in vigorous condemnation, preferably through the State Department."

In June 1955, a meeting was held at Caravan Hall. The flier read:

"Friends of the Bahai Cause in New York PROTEST the ruling of the Iranian Parliament in outlawing the Bahai Cause in Iran and the action of the Iranian Army in demolishing the dome of the Bahai Temple in Teheran."

The world-famed champion of human rights, Roger Baldwin, was the Guest-Star of the meeting. He strongly approved the Caravan-led championship of religious freedom and promised to gain the support of the various groups of which he is the head, notably the International League for the Rights of Man. Mr. Baldwin is consultant at the U.N. on human rights.

A statement for action on our part was read to the meeting and unanimously approved, after which it was our duty to carry it out. I reviewed the facts in letters to Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the United Nations and to Professor René Cassin, President of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights. Then I wrote to our State Department, to President Eisenhower, to Senator Herbert Lehman and other personalities in key positions. Mr. Greenwald and I went to Washington to discuss the matter at the office in charge of Iranian affairs of the State Department. We were given a two hours interview.

In September of the same year, Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the U.N., took a hand in the matter, thus to a certain extent bringing to bear the influence of the United Nations on Iran. It was what we hoped for although not enough.

The Bahai Assembly together with ourselves had been stating the case both to the U.N. and to Washington and, although the appeals were made separately, both carried weight.

"It will be a long pull" Roger Baldwin warned us, "but keep at it and there may be a change eventually."

We will keep at it!

BRIGHT PROSPECTS

Life is very active at present. The idea of a Bahai Convention to take place in Jerusalem about a year and a half from now has dawned in Ahmad's brain, and I know from experience that these *dawnings* do not long remain in the twilight stage. Our opening show, presenting the works of Edmondo Poletti of Novara, Italy has been announced for December. An annex library, to replace the drawing room at Caravan House is under construction. A lift is being installed. Small relaxation for this summer, and much discomfort for the workmen are everywhere! All this will pass; the house will become orderly again and the constant climbing of stairs from morning till night will no longer be necessary.

My housekeeping too looks fairly promising. For long I had struggled with maids coming in and out, whose goings were preferable to their comings, and then I encountered Marie, of Finnish descent, who started to work here by the day. When she was in the house everything went well, then suddenly she would feel annoyed at some event or some guest and would disappear, leaving neither word nor trace. Her key on the kitchen table told the story. She got along with me personally, so that when she returned, as she always did, there were no accounts to settle, but during her absence I had to put up with various replacements and would become very tired. Then one fine morning she would walk in with a smile on her face and complain about the appearance of the house.

"It's your own fault," I would answer. "If you just stayed right along, there would be no trouble."

Finally after many disappearances and reappearances,



Caravan House - January 1956
photo by Cesar Algen.

Marie consented to live here, so I have an able house-keeper, and the situation, although fluctuating, is under control for the time being.

A week seldom passes without something on the press, so printing is a vital part of my life. During fifteen years I have paid more visits to Mr. Benjamin Fisher of the Pacific Printing Co. than to the whole of my acquaintance. I arrive down in 18th Street with my copy under my

arm and my mind on a dozen details of type and spacing, and Mr. Fisher calms me down assuring me that everything will be taken care of. I always leave his office somewhat relaxed.

My grandchildren are almost grown up—tall Chris and beautiful little Lili. Dr. Helen Brown visits me when I feel out of sorts, as she did twenty-five years ago, and I come to new life under her magical hands. Since Lewis died, her treatments have been free for me—those are her only terms, and my embarrassment at accepting so much gives way to simple gratitude. Mary Emanuele makes my dresses at half price and, as I like her work better than anyone else's, I am again satisfied. Mrs. Emanuele is usually hostess at the punch table; sometimes Gwendolyn Smith takes her place. With them and Marie to shoulder the burden, I have little of responsibility at receptions.

Ahmad's second trip overseas was followed, even as his first had been, with a grave illness. After weeks at the hospital it was learned that in the future his exertions must be very much milder and more restrained than they have been. He is now well on the way to recovery, and as I look at him sitting at his desk, with Ron, gaunt, grey-eyed, looking like the young Lincoln, beside him, I feel that the Divine Power has been very good to us. Abdul Baha is smiling on this house, one document out of all his teachings notwithstanding. He was our support every day, every hour. Without him we wouldn't have had the heart, nor the courage, nor the strength to continue in the service of the Bahai Cause.

Chapter XIX

THE AGE OF TRANSITION

IN THE AGE of transition, life is wonderful and hard. The new only beckons while the old grips, yet the vision is more weighty than a city built on a hill.

Ages of transition have come in different lands, leaving benefits behind, but in our times the transition is global and incredible. The parish has become the world community; the primer is the fairy-tale come true.

Born at the beginning of the unimaginative and conventional 19th century, and practically non-educated in one of the most backward of countries, the Bab declared on May 23rd, 1844, that the old world was dying and that a new world of undreamed of accomplishment was about to fit into its place.

"The secret of the times that are to come is now concealed" he said. "It can neither be divulged nor estimated."

The following day, the first telegraphic message was flashed from Baltimore to Washington and the Era of Progress had begun.

I also was born in the last century during which poverty and under-privilege were as acceptable as in feudal times and when colonization was a God-given right. According to my upbringing, the Anglo-Saxon alone was civilized; even the European was suspect, while the natives of Asia and Africa were not to be considered. The Protestant

religion was the sole respectable faith; Catholicism was endured; the rest were heathenism rampant. As with my cultural group, so with all others. Each one was of a chosen race in a world of foreigners.

It was an age of spiritual gaslight exemplified in the material.

I remember the blue globed oil lamp on the supper table at Glenburn. As the meal progressed it became ringed with the bodies of gnats and mosquitoes which lay on the tablecloth. The smell of the kerosene mixed not too disagreeably with the taste of the food. They seemed to belong together. When Papa was with us on week-ends, the lamp disappeared and candles were used. In the city we had gas, a weak blue flame, in the house and on the street corners.

Now, the beauty of indirect lighting on fantastic buildings—the dazzle of Times Square!

I remember the old buckboard and buggy on spindly steel-bound wheels. Then a few automobiles for millionaires.

Now, the nation on tires!

I remember my clothes and the discomfort of them. The bones of my collar pierced my neck, front and back, leaving small pink wounds. The steel of my corset, always breaking at the waist line, cut into me yet more painfully. I wore ostrich feathers at all times, and cotton stockings with silk dresses.

In summer, parasols and thick brown veils, sometimes two, were needed to protect the skin from the sun. Trains were *de rigueur* on the crowded ball room floor and long white kid gloves, obligatory. In regard to the latter, con-

tact with the warm hand of a partner would have caused any well-bred man or girl to shudder with dismay.

Now, sensible dressing and ease all the time!

I remember the food. En famille: soup, fish, meat, dessert. With one guest only, an entrée had to be added; if several, there were birds with salad. Naturally, the meal started with oysters and ended with fruit, and the whole was accompanied with successive appropriate wines.

Now, healthful food and not too much of it!

Great changes have come about in the realm of architecture and house furnishings. The rows of brownstone fronts are steadily disappearing, as are the ornate stone façades which took their place only a short time ago, and no one dreams of erecting a French chateau on Fifth or Park Avenue. The period drawing rooms, be they Empire, Colonial, Queen Anne or Louis XIV are considered less desirable than they formerly were. Instead we have most simple houses and apartment houses, and comfortable, exhilarating interiors. At last we are living amid the art-lines of our own epoch which are in process of beautiful development. We are becoming ourselves.

The Bahai Cause represents the modern in all phases of life. Abdul Baha sent out a clarion call to this effect.

I desire that old ideas be wiped away and new thoughts developed; that old garments be cast aside and new garments worn; that old furnishings and decorations be relinquished and new decorations used; that ancient politics founded on war be discarded and that modern politics founded on peace raise the standard of victory; that the new star may shine and the new sun illumine;

that new flowers may bloom; a new spring inspire; new breezes blow; new bounties descend; new trees give forth new fruits; new voices be lifted, and that this new sound may become audible so that the new will follow the new.

I have given but homely examples that are paralleled in the departments of thinking, working and accomplishment and, in the vast field of science are climaxed by the adaptation of nuclear energy. In the span of one life, conditions have changed at such lightning speed that the child of this age, as was said by the Bab, is wiser than the most venerable of a short time before. Used to gaslight, we have looked upon the dawn and the morning is at hand.

Turning back yet again, I recall a remark made by one of the most intelligent men I ever knew. At the beginning of the century he said:

"Man has achieved marvels and will continue so to do, yet fly he never will."

A few years later the Wright brothers mounted the air.

There is so much that we do not know, but we cling to that which has been accepted, denying all else. Compared with the vastness of possibility that lies around us, only a little has been proven. It would be well if we recognized the simple truth that almost anything can happen to us and to the world around us.

I think of that short life-line on Phyllis' hand, of her early death—and can I say that there is nothing in palmistry?

I think of the stranger who spelled out the name of Louise and the name of her village, and more, who

repeated a phrase I had heard Louise say a hundred times—and can I say that there is nothing in spiritualism?

I think of the horoscope cast by Evangeline Adams in which was stated that my life would begin after forty—and can I say that there is nothing in astrology and numerology?

I cannot any more, although I once did so glibly.

More than aught else, I think of the dreams that came to me, showing so many events that were to happen and giving understanding of what was happening. In that dimension I saw more clearly and felt more definitely and intensely than under earth-conditions.

Here in all conviction, I can say that there *is* something in dreams.

Of course all of them are not significant. Abdul Baha explained that dreams may be placed in three categories. 1—Indigestion. 2—Symbolism. 3—Vision. I have experienced all three.

I believe that there is truth in any number of channels that we haven't investigated and consequently know nothing of.

I believe that there is an answer to every question that we are able to formulate. The question implies the answer.

I believe in the impossible, because it is a word fabricated in our ignorance and, when the impossible becomes fact, I will again believe in the impossible.

Is there anything more to say of myself, fortunately born in the Age of Transition? Perhaps by recounting a dream of long ago, which applies to all of us, I can close more graphically than in chosen words. It goes like this:

A STRIPED GARMENT OF MANY COLORS

I came into a state of new consciousness as I stood in a meadow, facing furrows prepared for cultivation. Two or three of these, starting at my feet, were to be in my care. This was my assignment.

What happiness to attend to these strips of gardening, I thought to myself! How I shall exert every faculty, throughout the long, warm hours of service! Besides, I continued in my mind, what a satisfaction to work in common with others, for I will be flanked on either side by countless gardeners, every one intent on his own duties and all advancing together over the land, fast becoming fertile!

I knew that we were to be allowed complete freedom in our task. Whatever we might have of originality would be invested here. Some would plant hardy flowers and vegetables; others would experiment with the more delicate and exotic species, while each would strive to make his rows trim, luxuriant and decorative.

Yet, two or three rows did not amount to much. It looked as if our individual accomplishment would be pretty limited after all. True, I had been given to understand that a very few highly talented gardeners would be responsible for a row or so extra, but it was the exception, and, even at this, the measurement was still narrow.

I wondered, puzzled, as I waited at the edge of my tiny territory, questioning the value of the undertaking. Then I looked up, and the future flashed before my eyes. Behold! A limitless garden lay before me. Flowers, fruits and vegetables of all kinds dressed the expanse of earth. Purple,

red and blue were there, orange, green and yellow, in every variety of tone and tint, in every effect of blending. A covering fit for a royal domain! A striped garment of many colors!

Yes, the garden was striped. It mantled the undulating plane, each line defined clear to the horizon. My yard of ground, my two or three rows, extended from the spot whereon I stood straight to the Divine Threshold, discernible, distinguishable at the end as at the beginning.

This then was my allotment of work. I had thought it too modest; I had questioned the importance of it, while actually I had been commissioned to color a few stripes on the resplendent garment of God.

Subdued, excited, I lowered my dazzled eyes to the ground at my feet where my furrows lay prepared. Then I set to work.

SOME POEMS

The Caravan

To the Caravan—
tell us the way!
We're ready to fly,
we're ready to sail,
we're ready to hit the lonesome trail,
we're ready to march through snow and hail
by night or day.

The Caravan lies at the tip of the road
that has nor beginning nor end.
The moon and the morning star will guide you,
and frolicsome angels will travel beside you,
and you'll get some knocks, but oh, the ride you
will have to the Caravan!

My Unknown Friend

Letters can carry many thoughts
Within a five inch square,
You may send them abroad to distant lands
You hardly knew were there.
Geography books will offer a clue
To playgrounds without end,
For an answer found its way to me,
When I sent my letter across the sea,
Addressed to an unknown friend.

At evening when the glittering sun
Has crossed the western hill,
I too am a letter, slipped into my bed,
And I lie there cool and still
"Twixt the smooth white sheets that envelop me firm
Till I reach my journey's end,
And I close my eyes and take a leap
Head over heels in the post box of sleep,
Addressed to my Unknown Friend.

He gets His letters without fail,
They never go astray,
And He reads about all the things I've done
And tried to do that day.
And if love is spelled with a capital L
And compassion has no end,
He sends the answer I long for most,
It reaches my pillow by morning post:
"Received by your Unknown Friend."

The Wishing-Grounds of Children

The house was very quiet,
And so we ventured forth
Toward the wishing-grounds of children
Which lie leftward from the north,
We didn't take a compass
So we're sure to find the way,
And we won't be late in getting there,
For we're going to the country where
There is neither night nor day.

And when our destination
And our starting point are one,
And the seasons have disbanded
On the race-track of the sun,
We'll set up Christmas candles
On a blooming apple tree,
And send an invitation
To every man and nation
That is willing to be free.

Figures and dimensions,
We and you and they,
What does it all amount to
In a world that is ours for a day!
On the wishing-grounds of children,
Which lie deep in the human breast,
There's a summer breeze for every sail,
And silver wings for every heel,
And the happy way is the best.

Huddle

Huddle on the gridiron,
Huddle tight,
Padded shoulders touching
Left and right,
Here's the plan of action
Here's the call,
Scatter and stand ready
For the ball!

Huddle in the court-room,
Huddle close,
Faces are congested
And morose,
This is out of order!
That's a lie!
Public, press and jury
Wonder why.

Huddle on the sofa,
Huddle near,
We can keep our balance,
Never fear,
While the world goes skidding
Through the blue,
Where the constellations
Huddle too.

Stems

We speak about the flowers
their purples and their reds,
their perfume wafted all around,
their tender nodding heads,
we see the verdant meadow
as a mantle strewn with gems,
but none of us remembers
to speak about the stems.

They toss the jasmine airily
and hold the tulip tall,
they lead the honeysuckle forth
to cover up the wall,
they labor in the shadows
beneath their burden fair,
and never one remembers
save He who set them there.

The Birds and We

If birds could lay the mountains low,
build shafted cities on the plain,
if they could lift their voices overseas
and reckon true the distance to the stars
as we do—then they'd surely say: At last
the ultimate in bird-hood is attained!

If we could rise into the light,
revel in rosy atmosphere,
if we could soar imponderable and speed,
relax or palpitate upon the void
as birds do—then indeed we'd say: Behold,
the immortality of which we dreamed!

Are birds forever innocent,
and did we never have their poise,
or is there hid within ourselves, the gift
they use, and are our victories likewise theirs,
and do we wait and yearn, the birds and we,
for a salvation we shall know together?

Myself

I saw a rabbit lying dead,
a furry heap beside the road,
and thought that should I reach my hand
to touch those limbs, I'd feel the bones
set like my own.

I thought that should I press the muscles hid
beneath the sweet elastic skin,
I'd recognize each one and judge its place
through long familiarity of use.

I understood the senses, onetime stretched
in eager blood beat and in stab of fear,
I knew the warmth that had been, and I guessed
the cold that was—and was reserved for me.
I saw myself a heap beside the road
and fondly whispered: We shall meet again!

Dinner Party

So much wit and savoir-faire!
What conviviality!
This is super-life engaged
in gracious hospitality.
Lobster a l'Americaïne
leading to a roast,
and to top the artful meal,
little birds on toast.
All the while, we're standing by,
we who gave the feast
straightway from our beating hearts,
fish and fowl and beast.
De we clamor for revenge
on those who cannot see
the sorrows of the less evolved?
Oh no, our problem shall be solved,
till then: Bon Appetit!

True Love

I love animals,
the cat in my arms,
and the dog at my side,
the bird on the wing,
and the horse on the ride,
the frolicsome squirrel
that sits in the tree,
and the colorful fish
that inhabit the sea.
I love animals!

I love animals,
the beef in the broth,
and the veal in the hash,
the ham in the sandwich,
the mutton goulash,
the crab mayonnaise
and the partridge on toast,
and anything suited
to grill, fry or roast.
I *love* animals!

The Cannibal Speaks

I love children,
the ones that can toddle

and those that can dance,
the older ones able
to handle the lance,
the girls in the huts,
and the boys on the lea,
and the smallest of all
that I rock on my knee.
I love children!

I love children,
Rump Steak Adolescent,
Spare Ribs Hottentot,
Croquettes Africaine
served spicy and hot,
a ten year old shoulder
each hostess will prize,
but the thigh of a baby
brings tears to my eyes.
I love children!

On the Table Cloth

A speck of black upon the table cloth!
I cannot tell if it has wings,
my eyes are so untrained to minute things,
but this I know,
it has a formidable set of legs,
possibly four, but very likely more,
the number matters not, but note the speed
compared with its proportions, and behind
that speed, the keen and able mind,
alert to dangers as it issues forth
to high adventure on the table cloth.

A hand is reaching for a glass of wine
and everything within me stands at bay
lest through mischance, or by an ill design,
the speck of black, this little friend of mine
might not survive to see another day.

Help! Help!

Help me, oh Lord of heaven and earth! they cried
at the beginning, and are crying yet,
help me to hold my loved ones at my side,
to plant my field, to keep me out of debt,
allow me to advance my cause so dear,
help, help, oh help me Lord! and all the while,
a silent sound which only some could hear
vibrated in the breeze and in the storm,
in hot accentuation of the sun,
in every motion and in every form:
Help *Me*, oh man, to let creation run
without impediment of want and fear,
help Me to make *my* House a house of cheer,
allow Me to advance *my* Cause so dear,
turn to yourself, since you and I are one,
that all around the earth, my Will be done.

Your Threshold

I am always at your Threshold
which opens up before me,
a step—some yellow petaled flowers strewn,
the depths of space, and then the speed, the chance
to knock against a star, or enter it,
the will to reach a realm unreckoned with
and cast my anchor in the Sea of Joy,
the hope to kneel, as I am kneeling now,
with knowledge in the place of love alone,
still at your Threshold, yellow-strewn with flowers.

I Cling to You

I cling to you, oh Lord
as the flame clings to the wick,
a passing of the draft
leaves them still one,
a breaking through the clouds—
I cling to you oh Lord
as the day clings to the sun.
What perfume would I have
save the perfume of the rose,
what melody besides the lover's song!
As tears to watching eyes,
I cling to you oh Lord
while the night marches along.

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