

opportunity of compiling the account of the "last war." It should be cast in concrete blocks to be set up as mile posts along all the final frontiers of the world.

Church and State in Mexico

THE article in this issue of The Outlook by the Rev. John A. Ryan, a distinguished Catholic theologian and educator, deals clearly and forcibly with what he terms in his title "The Religious Persecution in Mexico." Father Ryan cites various acts and orders of the Calles rule that he regards as such infringements of personal liberty and religious and educational freedom as would not be tolerated in the United States. This view is strongly affirmed also in a statement by Archbishop José Mora y del Rio, titular head of the Catholic church in Mexico, published by the New York "World." For instance, the Archbishop says:

A Catholic priest, according to the Constitution of 1917, is considered a professional man, notwithstanding he is not granted the rights which men in any other profession have. He cannot own, cannot inherit, cannot direct a school, cannot give his opinion, has no right to vote in an election, neither can he be elected, nor can he use in the street his ecclesiastical robe.

The counter-claim of the Government is from its nature not so easy to frame in concrete form. It is that from early days on to the present the Church has tried to carry on a State within a State; that through acceptance by ignorant Catholics of its authority and pervasive influence, it has in political matters always been on the side of reactionary ideas and opposed to the spread of democratic principles; and that it stands to-day in the path of that advance in the condition of the many millions of Mexican workers which the present Liberal party (or Radical party, if you choose) now in power is trying to promote.

Thus, this contest in its broad lines is what has gone on historically whenever secular authority has found, or believed, that it was undermined by insidious use through religious channels of propaganda not properly of a religious nature. The result has been in the past that the power and freedom of action of the old church have been limited by drastic

measures not always in keeping with the degree of liberalism existing in the time and country. For instance, in America there is nothing whatever to interfere with the founding of a monastery or convent, but in England, France, Germany, and even Spain and Italy, and now in Mexico, monasteries have been suppressed in whole or part. In a way this may be interference with personal liberty, but these countries have thought it a necessity. So, too, with undue church control by foreign ecclesiastics.

There is nothing new in governmental interference in that direction.

What we would like to see in Mexico, and what in time we may see, is not only tolerance in both directions, but a whole-hearted unity of effort between President and priest, congressmen and churches, in the spread of intelligence and civic responsibility among the common people. To build up a nation capable of wise self-government will be a slow and halting task, but at least the country should turn its face in that direction.

Three Impressions of the Northwest

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

SOME of the readers of these pages may have already gleaned the interesting if unimportant news that I have recently completed a rapid journey from New York to the mouth of the Columbia River in Oregon and back again. Two weeks was devoted to the journey. When, more than a hundred years ago, Lewis and Clark, among the first American discoverers of the Columbia, made their famous and adventurous expedition to the same point, the achievement took them nearly two years and the records of their experiences and discoveries fill eight large volumes. No one can expect me to report any astonishing discoveries in a journalistic article of three or four columns. Nor can I promise any accuracy as to facts and figures. I am neither an astronomer like David Thompson nor a naturalist like Meriwether Lewis.

In my rapid journey I passed over portions of five great Northwestern States—North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. There is in my mind a kaleidoscopic picture of prairies, wheat fields, mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, Indians, and thriving and progressive cities. Out of this vast canvas I shall select merely three impressions, one educational, one industrial, and one scenic, to pass along to whom ever they may interest.

A Dakota University

ON the banks of the Red River, the eastern boundary of North Dakota, lies the pleasant city of Grand Forks. How old it is I do not know. I forgot to ask during my visit. But it is old enough to have a well-ripened seat

of learning, the University of North Dakota. To one stepping off a midsummer railway train its green and well shaded campus was as refreshing as the Harvard Yard. It has an excellently equipped library which speaks well for its love of literature. But the State authorities and the Faculty, I am glad to say, evidently think that the function of education is not limited merely to collecting and imparting the records of the past. A university, especially a State university, has an equal duty to prepare its students for the future. In this respect the University of North Dakota is doing its duty well. I am not sure but that it is doing it in a unique fashion.

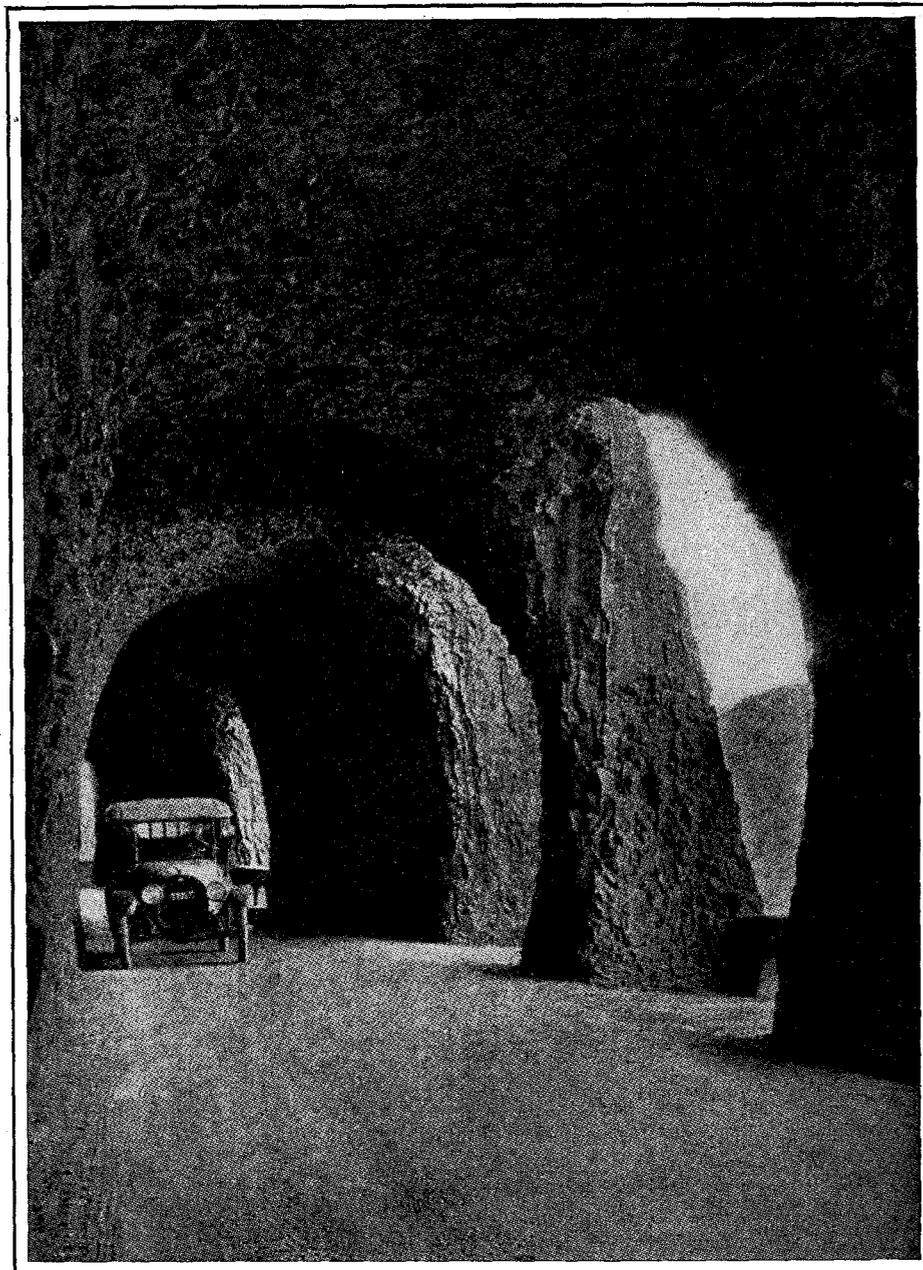
North Dakota has two natural resources as yet only partly developed—great beds of kaolin, or pottery clay, and of lignite, or imperfectly formed coal. The University at Grand Forks is making a study of these two resources both theoretically and practically. Its students and professors are investigating processes for making the kaolin and lignite commercially profitable. From the kaolin they are producing pottery which in color and form has artistic charm. They are not only discovering how the lignite may be made more combustible but they are extracting dyes from it which in time may be very valuable to the textile industry. One of the advantages of this kind of research is that it involves a study of chemistry, geology, anthropology, and the history of art. Thus the students are getting a liberal as well as a vocational education.

This is as it should be. One of the defects of American education in the past has been that the academicians have drawn an artificial line between institu-

tions of so-called liberal culture and institutions of technical training. There is no such line. Science, art, and industry are intertwined in actual life and they should be in education. While at the University of North Dakota I heard and saw a demonstration of pottery making by Miss Cable of the Department of Ceramics. Her spoken extempore lecture, while she manipulated the clay on the potter's wheel, was a fine exemplification of the way in which literary culture and technical training may be combined. The State government ought to be proud of its University, proud enough I hope not to interfere too much with its courses of instruction. Political interference has been the bane of our State universities as inbreeding and self-satisfaction have been the bane of our endowed institutions. I am sure my friend Governor Sorlie of North Dakota will not object to this friendly hint. He knows from experience what a fine product the University of North Dakota turns out.

A Montana Industrial City

RIVERS have been the arteries of Northwestern life. As Grand Forks, Dakota, was created by the Red River of the North so Great Falls, Montana, was created by the splendid water power of the Upper Missouri. I happen to know how old Great Falls is for a little history of the place, which lies before me as I write, tells me that its site was first surveyed and named in 1883 by Paris Gibson. Here is another instance where academic education and industry are knit together, for Paris Gibson was a graduate of Bowdoin College in the State of Maine. Great Falls is now the site of one of the huge plants of the Anaconda Copper Company. But it was not this great monument of industrial enterprise that most interested me. It was the fact that I stepped off the train into a beautiful park. I do not know of any city in America, not even Washington, D. C., that has a more beautiful front door than Great Falls. The railroad stations of most American small towns—it is certainly true of the small town on the Hudson where I am now writing this article—are surrounded by shacks and hovels, grimy factories, coal pockets, lumber yards, and sidings filled with dilapidated freight cars. How Great Falls happened to escape this blight was explained to me. It seems that Paris Gibson was "a crank on parks." With the



Photograph by Prentiss

The Mitchell Point Tunnel on the Columbia River Highway

co-operation of the late James J. Hill, the founder of the Great Northern Railway, he plotted parks before he did anything else. Mr. Hill sympathized with him. The result is that you cannot get into the city from the railroad without passing through a green and flowery park filled with trees which have been carefully watered and nurtured and have gratefully responded to the care that has been bestowed upon them. The railway station and its surroundings have scrupulously been made to fit the scene. Great Falls has a population of about 15,000 and has, I believe, more park acreage per capita than any other city in the United States. Industry in Great Falls has been innoculated with the park fever, apparently, for I noticed some parkways and groves of trees about the gigantic Anaconda plant which were a refreshing contrast to the horrors of

Gary, Indiana. The citizens of Great Falls like not only handsome parks but handsome newspapers as well, and they have one in the "Daily Tribune." As an Easterner of Yankee extraction I am happy to think that New England has played a creditable part in the development of Great Falls. As I have already said, its founder and first mayor was a graduate of Bowdoin and the publisher of its newspaper is a graduate of Dartmouth. Some of the quiet beauty of Brunswick, Maine, and Hanover, New Hampshire, have thus been transplanted to the banks of the Missouri.

A Wonderful Driveway

PORTLAND, Oregon, prides itself on being a city of roses, a just pride and properly maintained. But I have seen beautiful roses elsewhere—at Nice and Cannes, on the Riviera, for example, and