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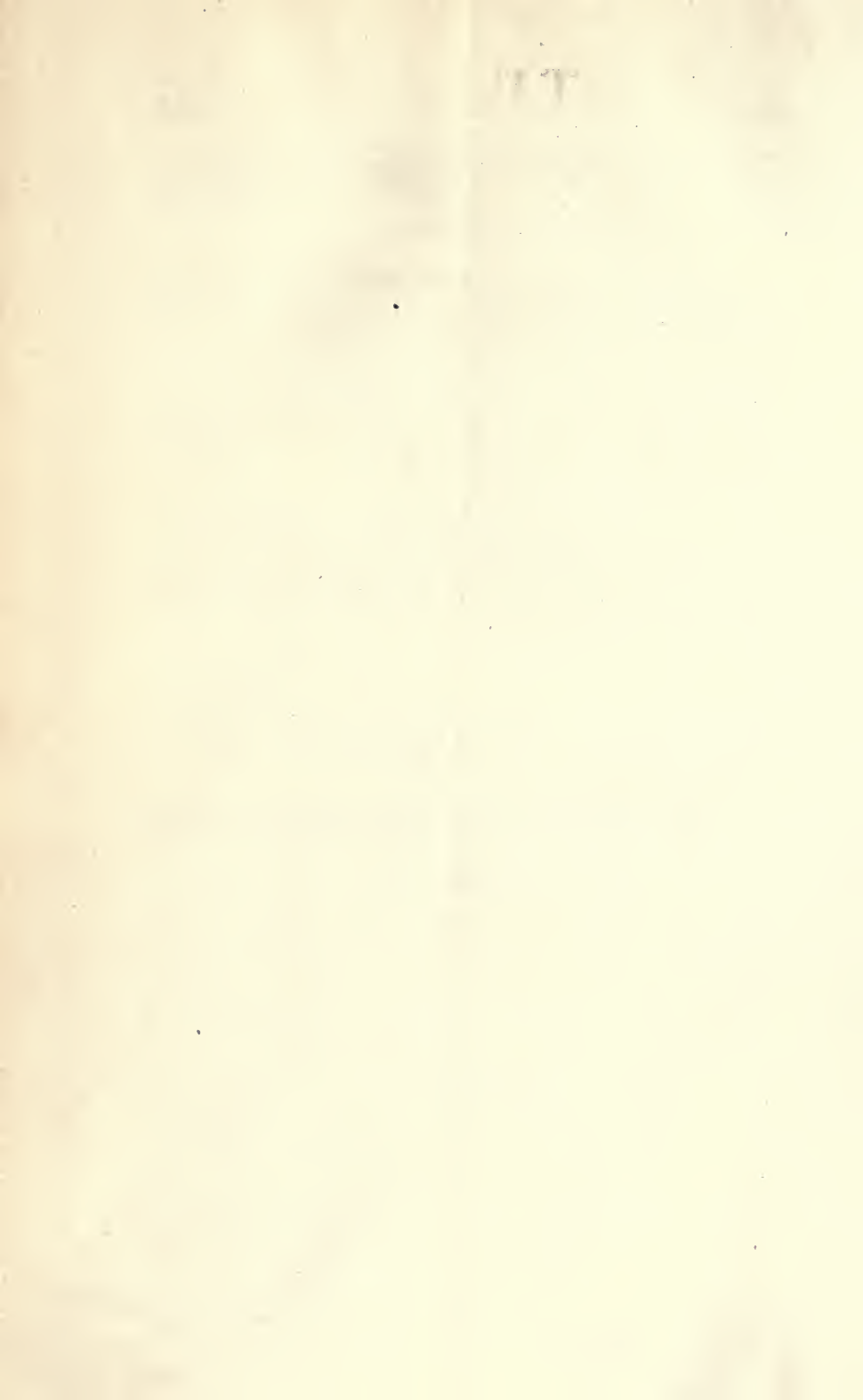
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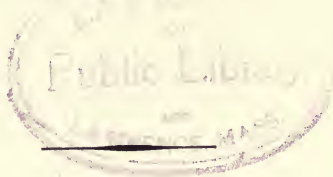
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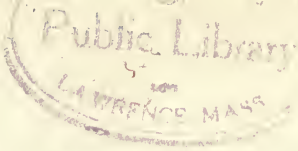
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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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NUMBER 1

Foreword

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW celebrates its one hundred and twentieth anniversary with this issue. During the greater part of its long existence it has been a quarterly, although at times it has been a monthly and a bimonthly. Its files comprise the most complete chronicle of American life and letters in existence; its two hundred and thirty-nine volumes contain work of most of the poets, statesmen, and economists that our nation has produced.

The function of a review may be defined as creative criticism. The method which we propose to follow is twofold: first, to focus the attention of our subscribers on the important trends of thought (rather than incidents) which are constantly molding and refining the American scene, just as the Gulf stream, unseen and unknown except to navigators, fashions the climate of the British Isles; and second, to define the terms and phrases which profoundly influence these trends, though representing, in the minds of many, only vague emotional patterns. There are professed conservatives who have never considered what part of American life they would conserve, and liberals who are liberal only with their own opinions and the taxpayer's purse-strings.

During the last five years, there has been an astonishing increase of interest in American institutions and American ideas. One of the blessings of the depression (and there are many) is the slackening of the pace of life: freed from the slavery of the stock-ticker and the mad scramble of "keeping up" with the Jones's we have time, once again, to discover ourselves and to enjoy human intercourse. Even the Jones's

have turned out to be intelligent and kindly people, keenly interested in American history and proud of America's achievements in the arts and sciences. If you will believe it, Jones has become something of an economist: he says he can put his finger on what is wrong today, though, to tell the truth, nothing is really wrong any longer, so far as Jones himself is concerned.

This newly popularized science of economics deserves more than passing comment. There was a time when priests and lecturers, senators and society women were interested in religion and ethics, art and human happiness — but now all seem to be concerned exclusively with economics. The Royal Oak Shrine of the Little Flower might better be called the Temple of the Paper Dollar; the New Deal is the supreme attempt to solve life's problems by economic experiments.

In a recent issue of the "Atlantic Monthly," Rexford Tugwell has a lucid and scholarly essay entitled "The Progressive Tradition." This statement of the aims and ideals of the New Deal commands both sympathy and respect: it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the author. "The policies which are spoken of as new," he says, "have an entirely honorable lineage in American history; they are an expression of American faith . . . Our nation came into existence as a protest against the aristocratic, ecclesiastical and commercial privileges of the old world . . . Both natural forces and social privileges have been regarded, with us, as obstacles to be overcome for some deeper purpose . . . To define this deeper thrusting purpose is to approach the realm of morals and religion, and to deal with life itself. The law of nature is that life is the purpose of life. . . . The law of the Western religions on which our civilization is based is that virtue — the good life — is the object of life."

Certainly no political creed can claim a higher purpose than this; so complete is our sympathy with it that we are printing in this issue an article which suggests a simple but effective plan for removing one of the most disastrous consequences of a certain type of privilege. Nevertheless, we perceive a growing attitude of disappointment and distress, and a

wide-spread recognition of the failure of the New Deal to attain its objectives.

The alchemists of the middle ages were not mistaken in believing that the production of gold from air and water was desirable, but their efforts proved fruitless — with the tools and materials at hand, the trick simply could not be turned. Modern economists have evolved statistical yardsticks which approximate the truth with marvelous precision. But a commodity index, for example, bears at best the same relationship to the price level that a thermometer bears to the weather. You can control the thermometer — smash it on the ground if it does not behave — but you cannot control the weather.

The New Deal represents neither a carefully prepared economic program which has benefited from the experience of the past, nor a philosophy of government produced by deduction from abstract concepts, such as Jefferson's or Wilson's. It is merely a slogan which aroused the hope of a bewildered people and gained their sanction for a series of unwarranted experiments. It is political pragmatism and nothing more.

When the branch of a tree is rotten, you can save its life by pruning the dead wood but you save nothing by chopping down the tree. In the fabulous 'twenties there were corrupt men in high places who abused their privileges and betrayed their trust. Our financial institutions needed to be purged but not destroyed. As the President put it, replying in his most recent fireside chat to critics of certain abuses which have appeared in the relief program: "It should be remembered that in every job there are some imperfections. There are chiselers in every walk of life, there are those in every industry who are guilty of unfair practices, every profession has its black sheep."

Might it not be wiser to concentrate on the elimination of the chiselers, rather than risk destroying the industries which they happen to infest? It is true that when rats are found in a house a most effective way of removing them is to burn the house, but that necessitates moving to a new house, and sometimes rats are found there, too. It is almost time for the New

Dealers to realize that government is needed chiefly to protect our liberties from foreign invasions and from the ruthlessness of predatory individuals: it can safeguard our freedom and husband the countless opportunities of an abundant land, but it cannot provide us with a substitute for work. Like Gulliver, it can injure its Lilliputian masters by a gesture or a sneeze, but it is incapable of helping them to help themselves.

Some economists talk about the absence of demand, the lack of purchasing power. The fact is that supply creates demand and production alone creates purchasing power. If you question this statement just look at American history. In 1800 there was no demand for rail transportation but fifty years later railroads had become a necessary part of our life. In 1900 there was no demand for automobiles, but in 1935 a single manufacturer is producing a million cars — to meet the “demand.” Twenty years ago there was no demand for airplanes and air-conditioning, radios and electric refrigerators, rayon and cellophane. Today there is no real demand for prefabricated houses and streamlined trains, television and transatlantic air service, but in twenty years they will be regarded as necessities. Remember that America is the land of opportunity, but also remember that opportunity and security are antipathetic, and that the buggy business was made highly insecure by the automobile. Even opportunity has its “just price.”

But what of other things than economics? Really it is curious that the science of money should occupy such a prominent place in the national consciousness at a time when the real value of money is rapidly declining. Value rests partly on scarcity, but mostly on prestige. Copies of the Gutenberg Bible and Shakespeare folios are rare, but so are many long forgotten books. Prestige results from the opinion of the community: fickle in many respects, it is strangely consistent in its attitude toward the masterpieces of art.

A generation ago, wealth conferred great prestige on its possessors: money was the symbol and the only symbol of success. Did anyone question the importance of a dowager in

a well turned out victoria? But something has happened to the prestige of wealth. If our standards were the same as those of our parents, movie stars would outrank bank presidents, and baseball players take precedence over supreme court judges. In the last few years racketeers and bootleggers have acquired fortunes, only to discover that nobody cares. *Kudos* can no longer be bought with dollars alone. The privileges which our reformers seek to destroy may already have become as harmless as Don Quixote's windmills. Even without the undermining efforts of communists and demagogues, the foundations of aristocracy are as insecure as quicksand and as mutable as the fortunes of a political party.

There have been aristocracies based primarily on cultivation. The age of Pericles and the age of Louis XIV afford examples. Certainly there has never been a greater interest in American culture than there is today. In the small towns of the east and middle-west people are eagerly listening to visiting lecturers who have more fundamental knowledge than the old Chatauquas. Most of those lecturers who have recently been out through the country report that they are moved by the simplicity and energy of this interest. An American ballet gave its first performances this winter; an American conducted the New York Philharmonic orchestra for the first time; and an American impresario was chosen to head the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Is it possible that an age of cultivation is about to dawn in this country?

J. P.

Who Bred These Utopias?

CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

TO MANY spectators of our unfolding national drama the most momentous — if not foreboding—socio-political resultant of the economic depression is the emergence of a militant mass movement.

The phrasing of that statement may tend to bog it down in quibbling over terms. At best, "mass" is an ungracious word. Those whose terminology follows the hallowed traditions of stump speaking will want to substitute "the common peepul." Others whose philosophy has a Marxian inspiration will insist on "the proletariat." While still others, taking their cue from Washington, will prefer the now accepted "underprivileged." However, I stand by "mass" as being more accurate, despite its curse of complacent superiority. And regardless of terms, the meaning is much the same. In the sixth year of the depression, we are witnessing perhaps the most widespread manifestation of aggressive mass-consciousness that has ever developed in the United States. No one who is aware of what is afoot can be insensible of that.

This mass movement of course takes many forms: Upton Sinclair's ill-fated EPIC, Utopia Inc., the Townsend plan, Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth society, Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice, and the immediate cash payment of the veterans' bonus, not to mention various agrarian schemes. Irrespective of differences in name and detail, all these have one element in common. They seek to improve the economic status of the low-income group by the more or less disguised expedient of taking from the "haves" and giving to the "have-nots."

To anyone who can separate thinking from wishing it is scarcely necessary to point out that, even granting the highest of motives, this fell-swoop solution of our difficulties is more illusory than promising. However, the fundamental problem which these glittering cure-alls raise is not economic

but human; not to show why the blue-prints of paradise would prove grim futilities if carried into practice, but rather to discover why such impossible schemes have become the spearhead of what gives every indication of being the greatest mass movement in our history.

Superficially, the explanation is simple. Whenever any considerable share of the population finds itself in want, chronic social stresses become acute, with the consequent emergence of schemes calculated to cure all economic ills. Every major depression has demonstrated this. During the hard times of the 'nineties, for example, Populism and Free Silver served as mouthpieces for mass discontent. The present mass movement is greater than its predecessors only because the present depression is more severe. But correct as this diagnosis is with regard to root cause, it does not explain the significant peculiarities which distinguish the current mass movement from its predecessors — notably, its scope and character.

Taking the membership claims of the various economic cults at anywhere near face value, it would appear that upwards of seventy-five million Americans subscribe to (more important, are financially supporting) one or another of the current millennial "isms." The Populists and Free Silverites never recruited any such host as that. The total far exceeds the most pessimistic estimates of the unemployed. Neither is it likely that so many people are in even what could rightly be called straitened circumstances as a result of the depression.

The character of the present mass movement is still more sharply different from its predecessors. The Townsendites, Utopians and Share-the-Wealthers are organized with a shrewd thoroughness that makes the efforts of the 'nineties seem crude and fumbling. Further, their programs are aggressive, not to say dictatorial. There is nothing of abject pleading about \$200 a month, a \$4,000 living standard, or the Kingfish's proposal of a home, food, clothing, a radio and a car. In short, the 1935 model economic cult gives ample indication of being based on the existence of a coherent and aroused mob opinion. Clearly then the present situation must

contain some factor or other which accounts for the distinguishing extent and militancy of the current mass movement.

The business community finds this factor as obvious as the proverbial sore thumb. Leading industrialists and financiers have of course given the matter much attention. Overwhelmingly orthodox on economic doctrine, they are meeting the onslaught of the millennial cults with a blast of denunciation which betrays deep concern over the possibilities implicit in the situation. And according to the conservative tycoons, the causes responsible for the disturbing clamor of the masses are these: Communist propaganda, "pink" professors, and wild-eyed demagogues. Since the popular unrest has been blamed so regularly and vociferously on this infamous trilogy, it may be well to weigh the evidence critically. Any statement repeated over often is likely to repay close inspection.

Begin with the item of Communist propaganda. It is true that there is a Communist party in the United States. And like all other parties it seeks converts to its doctrines. It is also known that a certain amount of propaganda has reached America from Russian sources. But notwithstanding the "revelations" of congressional committees, it is unlikely that the sum of these efforts can account for any considerable share of the present mass movement. American Communists are too few, and Russia can spare little energy for world revolution.

Consider then the "pink" professor. Granted, more than a few of the instructors at our universities hold economic views which are liberal under any construction of the term. They have not hesitated to express these views through media other than classroom lectures. To assume, however, that their utterances have played any important part in fomenting the masses is to pay them an undeserved compliment. The gulf between higher education and "the common peepul" is forbiddingly wide. Even assuming — as seems the conservatives' custom — that every collegian automatically becomes a carrier of revolutionary infection, the "pink" professors' wholesale inoculation of the masses would be a slow and doubtful process.

Remains the wild-eyed demagogue. Of business' three fa-

vorite scapegoats the case against him is possibly best. Thanks to modern communication which facilitates the marshalling of mob opinion, he is a more potent factor than in previous depressions. But it must be remembered that the type of public on which demagogues thrive is proverbially fickle. That alone reduces their effectiveness to a surprising extent.

So it is exceedingly doubtful whether these familiar malefactors are as black as the conservative business community likes to paint them. Together, they may have tipped the applecart of popular opinion. But they have not upset it. For the most part they work at cross-purposes. The worst that can be said of their efforts is that they constitute a contributory cause of the predicament in which economic orthodoxy finds itself. What then is the reason for the situation? Why are the citadels of conservatism — yes, of common sense and logic — being besieged by a swarming mob, following as fantastic an assortment of banners as ever deluded the unthinking into a foredoomed cause?

It seems to me that business itself supplies a considerable, if not the major, share of the answer. Admitted, this statement is not calculated to evoke enthusiastic cheers from the United States Chamber of Commerce. Neither is it intended to be universally inclusive. A goodly number of commercial institutions could be mentioned which stand out as heartening exceptions to the rule. In the main, however, I think a convincing case can be made for the proposition that business has — ironically — played an important, if unwitting, part in creating the situation it now finds so disturbing. Further, the case can be made without resorting to evidence beyond the ken of the intelligent layman.

As has been indicated, the distinguishing characteristics of the present mass resurgence are its unprecedented scope and the existence of a coherent and assertive mob opinion. Such things do not "just happen." The group is notoriously inert, amorphous, inarticulate. Therefore the current social solution must contain some catalyzer heretofore absent which has had the effect of awakening and spreading the sense of mass

consciousness. Far more powerful in this respect than the three widely publicized ferments is the reagent business has poured into the national test-tube: namely, mass selling.

THERE can be no doubt that the most important change which has taken place in the objective and method of American business since the last major depression is the development of volume distribution. At first thought this would seem to have no bearing whatever on the emergence of a militant mass movement. Technically, volume distribution is predicated on high quality merchandise at low prices, made possible by quantity production. Actually, however, it involves factors and practices which have had a profound socio-political effect, as will soon become evident if one examines the subject further. To state the matter in broad terms, business has not been content to build volume sales on the appeal of aristocratic quality at plebeian prices. It has improved on fundamentals by flattering the importance of the mob.

The first and perhaps most damning evidence of that is the fatuous "the-customer-is-always-right" philosophy. Like so many of the other sonorous dogmas in the public-relations creed of business, this is a dangerous half-truth. Sometimes the customer is right. But more often he is wrong. What with intensive specialization and willful ignorance, the average layman is pretty certain to lack sufficient information to judge the merits of even commonplace commodities. Yet the doctrine that "the customer is always right" is the implied, if not frankly avowed, premise of volume merchandising.

That glorious exponent of commercial progress, the automobile industry, supplies a devastating example of the tragic length to which this spineless principle can be carried. Anyone who has even an approximate notion of automotive costs is well aware that the dire need of the American motorist is a really economical car. Given a free hand, the engineers could turn out such a vehicle; one selling for less than three hundred dollars and assuring at least forty miles to the gallon of fuel. But no such car is to be had. The motor magnates go on sacri-

ficing economy — and public safety — to the insatiable god of speed. Their defense is that the public wants faster and still faster cars. What they mean is that they lack the intestinal fortitude to tell the motoring morons that they are criminally stupid when they demand eighty miles an hour or more. Many other instances of the same grotesque sort could be cited: lighting fixtures blighted by considerations of style, home radios capable of delivering auditorium volume, houses which sacrifice the primary necessities of shelter to “front.”

Technicians can and would design products admirably suited to the known needs. But their hands are tied by the master minds of the sales departments. To these eminently “practical” gentlemen the first and greatest commandment is “give the public what it wants, regardless.” Which, in practice, becomes “give the saps what they want.” For the moment you establish the principle that the uninformed layman — not the trained engineer or artist — is the arbiter of technical and aesthetic questions, you inevitably elevate the ignorant to a position of dictating the wishes of the buying public. It is a case of the fleet being held to the speed of the slowest ship.

But the cringing premise that “the customer is always right” is only the obscure cornerstone of volume selling. The gaudy superstructure reared on this insecure foundation affords more direct — and ironically amusing — evidence of the ways by which business has flattered the mass into assertive self-consciousness, without troubling to weigh the social and political consequences.

Consider for example, the volume merchandiser’s fixed and narrow conception of the average buyer. To the mere outsider it would appear that, even though a manufacturer wants a quantity market, it should not be necessary for him to scale down his typical prospect to a predetermined norm. Apparently there are intelligent as well as stupid people who might buy his product. But that assumption is hopelessly naïve. “To get volume you’ve got to concentrate on the common people,

and they're just a lot of dim-wits." So runs the cynical dictum of the sales departments.

The fine art of "talking points" shows how richly this thesis can be elaborated. To the uninitiate, a product is sold on its intrinsic merits: utility, desirability, the details which make it superior to its competitors. The modern "creators" of consumer-demand, however, have progressed far beyond these crude considerations. They hold that the "common people" (of whom the Lord providentially made so many) never think, they merely feel. To sell them, you must appeal not to reason, but emotion; preferably vest your product with a golden aura of romance, outlined against a backdrop of fear.

Accordingly by reading or listening to really advanced advertising, we find that the up-to-date maiden does not buy toilet soaps, dentifrices and antiseptic solutions for the sordid purpose of coping with dirt and germs. She employs them to ward off the host of dread menaces — all bearing horrific names — which stand between her and her coveted goal, the altar. Once she has "got her man" she buys certain foods, not for their flavor or nutritive value, but to cajole her sulking mate by the well-known stomach-to-heart route. Of course his ill temper is due to his having to endure that torturing masculine ordeal, shaving; and any of the certain aids to "starting the day with a smile" will solve the problem. In the remote event that happiness still eludes them, the fine ecstasy of the honeymoon can always be recaptured by the use of an (of course not habit-forming) laxative. And should there be a "blessed event," the heir is certain to become an athletic champion if he eats glowingly endorsed cereals.

To be sure, there is a modicum of truth in these glamorous claims. There is also a modicum of truth in the proposition that war brings out the best in man. Yet thinking people are not advocating wholesale carnage for that reason.

Such advertising — the rule rather than the exception — is of course nothing more than the frank exploitation of gullibility. It preys on shallow emotions and prejudices, not to mention superstition. (One manufacturer of an avowedly

scientific product has even used astrology to "ballyhoo" his wares.) It brazenly caters to thoughtlessness or downright ignorance. By doing so it inevitably, if unwittingly, prepares the soil of the public mind for the growth of "crackpot" economic cults.

Nor is this calculated exploitation of vapid sentimentality the only trick in the volume merchandiser's capacious bag. Another which is still more powerful in molding mass opinion is the sort of living standard set up as typical. Examine a dozen or hundred random specimens of our best advertising, not for specific content, but for atmosphere. Is there any suggestion that the millions of American families with modest incomes are content to live in decent simplicity; any faintest hint that millions more can make ends meet only by the practice of stern frugality? Spare the thought. According to the advertisers, the "typical" American family lives in a riot of luxury. Every detail of the domestic establishment, from the sublimated kitchen equipment which takes the "drudgery" out of housework to the intimate accessories of my lady's toilet, flaunts the hall-mark of an almost Lucullian magnificence.

Granted, there is a shred of justification for this distorted picture. The desire to possess is a powerful incentive to work. Unfortunately, however, desire and ability are not synonymous. For the overwhelming majority of Americans, the standard of living depicted in advertising is unattainable, and will continue to be under any economic system which can be evolved in this generation. That being the case, dangling such an impossible prize before those who cannot win it is not only sardonic cruelty: it has profound and sure social consequences.

The "typical prospect" for whom the volume merchandiser is gunning does not pause to reflect that the luxury depicted in advertising is as unrepresentative as the De Mille bathroom. She — for a woman is generally the chosen target — more or less consciously takes it for granted that every other woman has fur coats, evening gowns, filmy under-things, a swanky car, exquisite furniture, and a profusion of automatic gadgets that whisk all the grubby details out of her idyllic existence.

From this assumption it is only a short step to the credulous conviction that the possession of such an earthly paradise is a universal and inalienable right.

The certain result is a rebellious dissatisfaction, of the kind that breeds envy rather than ambition. Moreover, it has been intensified by a fantastic system of installment selling which seems to put every luxury within reach of those whose demands have been fanned to fever pitch, only to snatch it away when the day of reckoning dawns. To put the matter another way, volume merchandising has, for reasons of short-sighted expediency, created a composite American who can be described about as follows: well-groomed, well-fed, more than a little vulgar as to tastes, "smart" after the fashion of the "wisecrack," rather frankly sensual and possessing a mediocre mind which is rarely used.

THE social consequences of this caricature would be lamentable even though the type were merely an occasional individual. But again for reasons of short-sighted expediency, business has glorified its importance by the magic of multiplication. Consider those pet phrases of the "ballyhoo" artist: "the world's fastest selling line," and "ten million buyers can't be wrong." It is "immaterial, incompetent and irrelevant" that the "world's fastest selling line" has, in more than a few cases, been shown to be of dubious merit; or that ten million buyers can be deluded into paying fat prices for inferior goods. The mere fact of volume sales flatters the crowd into believing that its judgment is infallible. Given sufficient numbers, no matter how obtained, any error of opinion takes on the sanctity of the popular will, than which there is no higher law.

If this transformation of a mistaken judgment into unquestioned rightness by the magic of numbers had to be reckoned with only in the field of tangible merchandise, its effect on the mass mind would be serious enough. But the impact of its wholesale extension into the intellectual and cultural spheres dominated by commercial considerations shows how deadly the fallacy can become. Broadway and Hollywood fairly

bristle with "horrible" examples. It would be futile, for instance, to tell the average boxoffice patron that "Abie's Irish Rose" was an execrable play. Millions packed houses from coast to coast to see it. Therefore it must stand as one of the all-time classics of drama.

Similarly, Zane Grey is a greater novelist than Joseph Conrad; Irving Berlin a greater composer than Ludwig Beethoven, Edgar Guest a greater poet than John Keats; Aimee Semple McPherson a greater preacher than Harry Emerson Fosdick; and Walter B. Pitkin a greater savant than Ralph Waldo Emerson, for the unassailable reason that their work is more popular. The multitude can never be wrong.

Its domineering intolerance of anything above dead level dogs the steps of everyone engaged in writing or lecturing for "popular consumption." If technical phrases cannot be avoided, they must be ridiculed. Something requiring thought should be shunned as the plague. One must always be human and interesting; which is to say, obey every slightest whim of that jealous tyrant, mediocrity.

For a clear, if devastating, picture of the extreme to which this philosophy can be carried, no contemporary illustration is better than the radio. Here we have a perfect conjunction of the two factors — business, in the person of the commercial sponsor, and the mass audience. The result, as anyone can observe is a program tailored to the lowest common denominator of listener taste.

What is not so evident, and infinitely more significant, is the arrogance of the group whose tastes are being served. The "mass" listener not only dotes on his crooners, low comedians and syrupy "philosophers," but indignantly resents any suggestion that he may be wrong. If a poll shows ten thousand listeners want blues and only one thousand a symphony, a symphony is automatically condemned. It is a betrayal of democracy — nay, a sin — to have tastes at variance with the crowd. In other words, radio exemplifies the full flowering of that paradox of present-day culture, the insufferable snobbery of the overwhelming mass.

Now, running true to form, this insufferable snobbery of the crowd, this tyrannizing mediocrity, is spreading its indomitable sway into the politico-economic realm. Why not? All the elements of the national drama make that the logical next act. Glorified and kowtowed to in every other department, the mass is cocked and primed to accept the brood of mad millennial adventures which charlatans and deluded idealists have spawned.

To venture to point out that the Townsend plan means certain national bankruptcy; that Long's Share-the-Wealth menaces the middle-class along with the rich; or that Coughlin's inflation is sure to make the poor still poorer, is to brand the dissenter as one of those arch public enemies, "traitorous Tories." The mob, seventy-five million strong, has hailed these schemes as the infallible means to salvation. And the irrefutable logic of numbers makes anything right. So the mob will brook no parleying on the score of mere reason.

All this, it seems to me, is the partial, if not major, explanation of what lies behind the militant mass movement we are now witnessing. It would be absurd, of course, to say that it is the only cause. The situation is too complex, modern society is too tightly articulated, to warrant any such claim.

And when delving for basic causes one stumbles — paradoxically — on the factor of popular education. As compared with frontier conditions under which literacy was more the exception than the rule, our population now has general, if rudimentary schooling. But true to the principle of "a little knowledge," this has had the ironic effect of bringing disdain, rather than added respect, on the scholar. Save in the technical fields, the average individual, with his smattering of information, feels himself pretty much the equal of the genuinely trained mind. Certainly this must be set down as a contributory cause of the situation. In the main, however, I think the pragmatic philosophy of business with respect to mass distribution is a far more important factor, though one which thus far has been ignored.

Assuredly, by its sedulous if cynical truckling to mass

morosity, business had done an admirable job of tilling and fertilizing the soil for the bumper crop of economic quackery now so near to bearing thistles. It could scarcely be otherwise, considering the time and skill expended on preparation and the notorious susceptibility of the crowd.

The grim humor of the situation is that business, confronted with the imminent possibility that its very life may be trampled out under the feet of the mob it has flattered and pampered into self-consciousness, is frantically adjuring the public to pause and "think straight." The appeal seems perilously late.

After years of being not only permitted but taught to believe that deadly speed is the prime desideratum in a car, that cosmetics are the key to personality, that the "funnies" are the heart of a newspaper, that crooning is great music, and that luxury is the common birthright of all Americans, the mass is scarcely in a position to think straight on economic fundamentals. Under such circumstances, any wide-spread recognition of fallacies would be more than amazing. It would be a social miracle.

True, one can sympathize with the alarm of the tycoons. Every thoughtful person recognizes the grave dangers implicit in the situation. But unfortunately, the law of cause and effect cannot be suspended by invoking the emergency clause. A spoiled child does not become a self-disciplined adult in a twinkling. If the onslaught of the economic cults is stopped short of our common destruction it will be in spite of the decisive, albeit unwitting, part business has played in spawning them.

Polyphemus

THOMAS WOLFE

A ONE-EYED Spaniard, one of the early voyagers, was beating up the American coasts out of the tropics, perhaps on his way back home, perhaps only to see what could be seen. He does not tell us in the record he has left of the voyage how he happened to be there, but it seems likely that he was on his way home and had been driven off his course. Subsequent events show that he was in a very dilapidated condition, and in need of overhauling: the sails were rent, the ship was leaking, the food and water stores were almost exhausted. During the night in a storm off one of the cruellest and most evilly celebrated of the Atlantic capes, the one-eyed Spaniard was driven in and almost wrecked. By some miracle of good fortune he got through one of the inlets in the dark, and when light broke he found himself becalmed in an enormous inlet of pearl-grey water.

As the light grew he made out seawards a long almost unbroken line of sandy shoals and islands that formed a desolate barrier between the sea and the mainland, and made this bay or sound in which he found himself. Away to the west he descried now the line of the shore: it was also low, sandy, and desolate looking. The cool grey water of morning slapped gently at the sides of his ship: he had come from the howling immensity of the sea into the desert monotony of this coast. It was as bleak and barren a coast as the one-eyed Spaniard had ever seen. And indeed, for a man who had come up so many times under the headlands of Europe, and had seen the worn escarpments of chalk, the lush greenery of the hills, and the minute striped cultivation of the earth that greet the sailor returning from a long and dangerous voyage — and awaken in him the unspeakable emotion of earth which has been tilled and used for so many centuries, with its almost personal bond for the men who have lived there on it, and whose dust is buried in it — there must have been something particu-

larly desolate about this coast which stretched away with the immense indifference of nature into silence and wilderness. The Spaniard felt this, and the barren and desert quality of the place is duly recorded in his log, which, for the most part, is pretty dry reading.

But here a strange kind of exhilaration seizes the Spaniard: it gets into his writing, it begins to color and pulse through the grey stuff of his record. The light of the young rising sun reddened delicately upon the waters; immense and golden it came up from the sea behind the line of the sea-dunes, and suddenly he heard the fast drumming of the wild ducks as they crossed his ship high up, flying swift and straight as projectiles. Great heavy gulls of a size and kind he had never seen before swung over his ship in vast circles, making their eerie creaking noises. The powerful birds soared on their strong even wings, with their feet tucked neatly in below their bodies; or they dove and tumbled through the air, settling to the water with great flutterings and their haunted creaking clamor: they seemed to orchestrate this desolation, they gave a tongue to loneliness and they filled the hearts of the men who had come there with a strange exultancy. For, as if some subtle and radical changes had been effected in the chemistry of their flesh and blood by the air they breathed, a kind of wild glee now possessed the one-eyed Spaniard's men. They began to laugh and sing, and to be, as he says, "marvelous merry."

During the morning the wind freshened a little; the Spaniard set his sails and stood in towards the land. By noon he was going up the coast quite near the shore and by night he had put into the mouth of one of the coastal rivers. He took in his sails and anchored there. There was nearby on shore a settlement of "the race that inhabits these regions," and it was evident that his arrival had caused a great commotion among the inhabitants, for some who had fled away into the woods were now returning, and others were running up and down the shore pointing and gesticulating and making a great deal of noise. But the one-eyed Spaniard had seen Indians before:

that was an old story to him now, he was not disturbed. As for his men, the strange exuberance that had seized them in the morning does not seem to have worn off, they shouted ribald jokes at the Indians, and "did laugh and caper as if they had been madde."

Nevertheless, they did not go ashore that day. The one-eyed Spaniard was worn out, and the crew was exhausted: they ate such food as they had, some raisins, cheese, and wine, and after posting a watch they went to sleep, unmindful of the fires that flickered in the Indian village, of sounds and chants and rumors, or of the forms that padded softly up and down the shore.

Then the marvelous moon moved up into the skies, and blank and full, blazed down upon the quiet waters of the sound, and upon the Indian village. It blazed upon the one-eyed Spaniard and his lonely little ship and crew, on their rich dull lamps, and on their swarthy sleeping faces; it blazed upon all the dirty richness of their ragged costumes, and on their greedy little minds, obsessed then as now by the European's greedy myth about America, to which he remains forever faithful with an unwearied and idiot pertinacity: "Where is the gold in the streets? Lead us to the emerald plantations, the diamond bushes, the platinum mountains, and the cliffs of pearl. Brother, let us gather in the shade of the ham and mutton trees, by the shores of ambrosial rivers: we will bathe in the fountains of milk, and pluck hot buttered rolls from the bread vines."

Early the next morning the Spaniard went ashore with several of his men. "When we reached land," he writes, "our first act was to fall down on our knees and render thanks to God and the Blessed Virgin without whose intervention we had all been dead men." Their next act was to "take possession" of this land in the name of the King of Spain and to ground the flag. As we read today of this solemn ceremony, its pathos and puny arrogance touches us with pity. For what else can we feel for this handful of greedy adventurers "taking possession" of the immortal wilderness in the name of another

puny fellow four thousand miles away, who had never seen or heard of the place and could never have understood it any better than these men. For the earth is never "taken possession of": it possesses.

At any rate, having accomplished these acts of piety and devotion, the Spaniards rose from their prayers, faced the crowd of Indians who had by this time ventured quite close to all this unctuous rigmarole and discharged a volley from their muskets at them ("lest they become too froward and threatening"). Two or three fell sprawling on the ground, and the others ran away yelling into the woods. Thus, at one blast, Christianity and government were established.

The Spaniards now turned their attention to the Indian village — they began to pill and sack it with the deftness of long experience; but, as they entered one hut after another and found no coffers of nuggets or chests of emeralds, and found indeed that not even the jugs and pots and cooking utensils were of gold or silver, but had been crudely fashioned from baked earth, their rage grew; they felt tricked and cheated, and began to smash and destroy all that came within their reach. This sense of injury, this virtuous indignation has crept into the Spaniard's record — indeed, we are edified with a lot of early American criticism which, save for a few archaisms of phrasing, has a strangely familiar ring, and might almost have been written yesterday: "This is a wild and barbarous kind of race, full of bloudie ways, it exists in such a base and vile sort of living that is worthier of wild beestes than men: they live in darkness and of the artes of living as we know them they are ignorant, one could think that God Himself has forgot them, they are so farre remote from any lighte."

He comments with disgust on the dried "stinkeing fysshe" and the dried meat that hung in all the huts, and on the almost total lack of metals, but he saves his finest disdain for a "kinde of weede or plante," which they also found in considerable quantity in all the dwellings. He then goes on to describe this "weede or plante" in considerable detail: its leaves are broad and coarse and when dried it is yellow and

has a strong odor. The barbarous natives, he says, are so fond of the plant that he has seen them put it in their mouths and chew it; when his own men tried the experience, however, they quickly had enough of it and some were seized with retchings and a puking sickness. The final use to which the plant is put seems to him so extraordinary that he evidently fears his story will be disbelieved, for he goes on, with many assurances and oaths of his veracity, to describe how the plant may be lighted and burned and how "it giveth a fowle stinkeing smoak," and most wonderful of all, how these natives have a way of setting it afire and drawing in its fumes through long tubes so that "the smoak cometh out again by their mouth and nostryls in such wyse that you mighte thinke them devils out of helle instead of mortyl men."

Before we leave this one-eyed fellow, it is ironic to note with what contempt he passes over "the gold in the streets" for which his bowels yearn. As an example of one-eyed blindness it is hard to beat. For here was gold, the inexhaustible vein of gold which the marvelous clay of the region could endlessly produce, and which mankind would endlessly consume and pay for; and the Spaniard, devoured by his lust for gold, ignores it with a grimace of disgust and a scornful dilation of his nostrils. That act was at once a history and a prophecy, and in it is all the story of Europe's blundering with America.

For it must be said of all these explorers and adventurers, the early ones and the late ones, who came back from their voyages to the Americas embittered because they did not find gold strewn on the earth, that they failed not because there was no gold, but because they did not know where and how to look for it, and because they did not recognize it when they had it under their noses — because, in short, they were one-eyed men. That gold, real gold, the actual honest ore, existed in great quantities, and often upon the very surface of the earth as these men supposed, has since been abundantly shown: it is only one of the minor and less interesting episodes of American history — a casual confirmation of one of Europe's fairy tales. They tried to think of the most wonderful

fable in the world, these money-haters, and they evolved the story of gold on the ground.

It was a story as naïve and not as beautiful as a child's vision of the lemonade spring, the ice cream mountains, the cake and candy forests but, at any rate, America confirmed this little fable about gold in one short year of her history, and then proceeded to unpocket and unearth vast stores of wealth that made the visions of these old explorers look absurd. For she unearthed rivers of rich oil and flung them skywards, she dug mountains of coal and iron and copper out of the soil, she harvested each year two thousand miles of golden wheat, she flung great rails across the desert, she bridged the continent with the thunder of great wheels, she hewed down forests of enormous trees and floated them down rivers, she grew cotton for the world, her soil was full of sugars, citric pungencies, of a thousand homely and exotic things, but still the mystery of her earth was unrevealed, her greatest wealth and potencies unknown.

The one-eyed Spaniard, however, saw none of these things. He looted the village, murdered a few of the Indians and advanced eighty or one hundred miles inland, squinting about for treasure. He found a desolate region, quite flat, with soil of a sandy marl, a coarse and undistinguished landscape, haunted by a lonely austerity, and thickly and ruggedly forested — for the most part with large areas of long-leaf pine. As he went inland the soil deepened somewhat in hue and texture: it had a clayey, glutinous composition, and when rain fell he cursed it. It grew coarse grasses and tough thick brush and undergrowth: it could also grow enough of the pungent weed whose fumes had so disgusted him to fill the nostrils of the earth with smoke forever. There was abundance of wild game and fowl, so that the one-eyed Spaniard did not go hungry; but he found no nuggets and not even a single emerald.

The one-eyed Spaniard cursed, and again turned eastward toward the sea. Swift and high and straight as bullets the ducks passed over him, flying toward the coastal marshes.

That was all. The enormous earth resumed its silence. Westward in great hills that he had never seen, cloud shadows passed above the timeless wilderness, the trees crashed down at night athwart the broken bowl of clean steep waters, there was the flash and wink of a billion little eyes, the glide and thrumming stir, the brooding ululation of the dark; there was the thunder of the wings, the symphony of the wilderness, but there was never the tread of a booted foot.

The Spaniard took to his ship, and set sail gladly. He was one-eyed and he had found no gold.

Corporate Reserves vs. Prosperity

DAVID FIGART

FATHER NIEUWLAND, who was recently awarded the highest honors of the American Chemical Society for his discoveries in synthetic rubber, said: "It is surprisingly easy . . . to persist in overlooking the simply obvious." This study is an attempt to discover the obvious. It was prompted by the diversity of recovery measures urged upon the country. Its purpose is to show to what extent the country's welfare depends upon the manner in which industry uses its financial power, as reflected in surpluses and reserves.

Artificial combinations of capital and labor, as represented by the corporate form of organization, grew up in response to the need for more efficient means of producing and distributing wealth. But a corporate society of necessity involves the shifting of certain responsibilities from the individual to the corporation. A man in primitive society produces for his own needs; but when hired service is substituted for direct effort, continuity of employment becomes essential to prosperity. Shifting responsibility for maintaining employment from industry, where it belongs, to government, is the basis of certain foreign political systems, but should have no place in this country. It is not our government's job to engage in industrial operations when industry fails in its responsibility; it is government's job to compel industry to discharge that responsibility.

Advocates of some form of centralized control over industry overlook the fact that there are certain natural economic forces which, if allowed to operate, automatically maintain industry on a reasonably even keel. The trouble in the past has been that human forces have interfered in such a way as to cause the periodic disturbance of our economic balance, whereupon natural forces were expected to restore it by their certain but slow and painful operation. It would be better if the natural forces were allowed to operate in good times to maintain prosperity, so that they would not have to be de-

pended upon in bad times to restore economic equilibrium.

If we are to reach an intelligent appraisal of the part that corporate surpluses and reserves are playing in our economic well-being, it is first necessary to examine some of the present and proposed plans for restoring employment and prosperity.

MONEY

Taking up first the claims of the inflationists, it is said that inflation reduces the burden of debtors by decreasing the value of the money in which they will eventually pay their debts. The theory is based upon the false premise that all debtors are poor men and all creditors are rich men, and that the relationship between debtors and creditors is one of the most important factors retarding recovery. Inflation will transfer to debtors wealth belonging to creditors, but it will harm the latter to the extent it benefits the former.

Another theory is that inflation will cause a rise in economic levels by cheapening money, and that buying in anticipation of higher prices will commence — creating greater demand, and eventually causing the factories to increase production, gradually abolish unemployment, and increase purchasing power. The first effect of inflation, however, is instantaneously to cut the nation's purchasing power by the extent to which the inflation is effective. It does not seem logical that to increase purchasing power we first must reduce it. Unless re-employment and rising wages occur faster than inflation cuts the value of money, the country loses.

One theory that has led to much confusion of thought is that the supply of money or credit controls the state of business. The reverse would seem to be true. The money system of a country should be designed so that credit will expand with expanding business, and contract with contracting business. Inflating or deflating the monetary medium does not touch the fundamental problems involved in the economic well-being of the community. Wealth is created by labor, not by the printing press. Government edict can shift wealth from

one class of people to another, but it cannot create wealth. Nor can industrial output be stabilized by tinkering with the device employed for exchanging that output; but if there is an uninterrupted flow of goods from producer to consumer, the medium of exchange will automatically stabilize itself.

If a country's international trade is vital to her welfare, then the question of an international monetary standard becomes of great importance — not so much the specific kind of standard, but whether it is a stable or a fluctuating measure. If an exporter never knows from day to day what price his product is going to command, his activities will be hampered. When a country goes in for inflation it reduces the value of its own money in terms of other currencies. That means that to acquire foreign goods it will now take ten or twelve hours of labor instead of eight hours as before. How a country can grow rich by giving away more of its labor in exchange for the same things is not clear. To attribute such industrial recovery as England has experienced to a broadening home demand seems more logical than to attribute it to monetary manipulation.

As the result of a recent study, Colonel Ayres says: "Probably it is fair to draw the inference that the natural forces making for recovery tend to prevail over even such important influences as those of the money systems."

THE REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

The confiscation of all wealth above a certain figure, and its redistribution, would not solve our economic problems. The everyday livelihood of our people comes, not from past accumulated wealth, but from current production of wealth. If we produce much, we will have much to divide. If we produce little, there will be little to divide. How we should allocate current production, rather than past production, is the problem we must solve.

The extravagances of a few wealthy persons here and there, alongside of distressing poverty, may offend us, but such cases are too limited to be of great importance. The rich can eat only

so much, wear certain clothes, consume a limited amount of wealth. In their expenditures they are providing employment for others. The same is true of their so-called extravagances. Liquidate the wealthy, as the Soviets did in Russia, and you destroy the means of employment of certain types of skilled labor and artisans.

The trouble comes not with what the rich spend, but with what they do not spend — that is, with what they invest and how they invest it. It is not their possession of wealth that matters, but the power over wealth which that possession gives, and which has been frequently abused — sometimes knowingly, more often unknowingly. That those in control of great wealth should use this power to add to their wealth through unethical methods, such as market manipulation, watering of stock, or the destroying of competitors, is deplorable and should cease. But that does not solve the problem of men of the highest standards of honesty, motivated by a desire for the welfare of the community, who unwittingly invest their excess income in undertakings which prove harmful in the end. Our industrial history is full of instances of new investments destroying old investments — of current wealth replacing past wealth, instead of adding to it.

PUBLIC WORKS

The fundamental objection to any government relief program is that it violates the principle of industry's responsibility for its workers and for the community welfare. Any venture of government into the field of business is full of dangers. Aside from the question of politics which is bound to crop up, it is extremely difficult for government either to enter the field of private industry or to withdraw, without serious disturbance to those whom the measures are designed to aid. The bigger the program the worse the dislocation. If there is a method of insuring that industry itself shall maintain a proper economic balance, it is far better that government should keep out of business altogether. The philosophy of the Socialists is sound in many respects; but in substituting government operations for

private initiative, it is simply substituting unknown evils for known evils.

Public works must be paid for by those members of the community who pay taxes, and taxes are always painful. That part of our income which is taxed for public works is equivalent to savings confiscated by government and spent in something we may or may not think is of benefit. We would prefer to employ our income as we please, to save it or spend it; and if we save it, we want to choose our own type of saving. There are lots of things we might prefer to the projects upon which the Government is spending billions.

The fallacy of "self-liquidating" public works is shown in two articles by David Cushman Coyle in Harper's for December 1934 and January 1935. "The idea was that such projects paid for themselves, because the people who paid for them were not visible." He says capital invested in such projects is "distributed to the consumer with one hand and taken away from the consumer with the other hand."

GOVERNMENT REGULATION OF INDUSTRY

The government has tried to regulate industry by means of anti-trust laws. But these should take into consideration items other than mere size. From the standpoint of service to the community some of the biggest corporations are the best, some of the smallest are the worst. Where large corporations are less efficient than small, it is generally because of mismanagement. There unquestionably are economies in large-scale management, up to a point; and such economies enable the bigger companies to undertake the invaluable research and development work which has contributed so much to America's industrial progress.

Price-fixing is another suggested solution of industry's problems. This is impractical, in the first place, since no one man is wise enough to determine the proper price and no two men would agree. Price is the shadow, not the substance. That lowering the price expands the market is true only insofar as it reflects increased efficiency. The price at which goods move

from producer to consumer is not the most important factor, since price to the consumer is wage to the producer. (By wage is meant payment to labor, management and capital.) The fundamental question is the distribution of community income in such a manner as to permit consumption of the goods produced.

To delegate power over the complex industrial activities of the country to governmental bodies, code authorities, or trade associations, is to credit human nature with a wisdom which it does not possess. One weakness of the code system lies in an undue reliance upon the coöperation of individuals. In the stress of a great national emergency, our shattered morale will lead us to promise almost any reform — but as the emergency passes, human self-interest will begin to reassert itself. A further weakness in the code system is the principle of boycott and coercion of one group by another. This does not eliminate trouble; it breeds trouble, and it is un-American.

CAPITAL INVESTMENTS

Many competent observers say that we would solve our depression problem if we could restore employment in the durable goods industries. But if recovery is to come through adding to a capital investment, in building and plant, which already exceeds our present needs, are we not simply laying the foundation for the next depression? We may concede that the potential consuming power of this country is much larger than we have ever approached, and at the same time recognize that as a practical matter the capacity to produce goods in 1929 considerably exceeded the then-effective demand. One need only consult a few corporation executives who went through the cut-throat period preceding the crash to verify this statement — if it needs verification.

To bring recovery through large scale investment in industry would mean adding to an amount of debt which is already burdensome. If we cannot earn profits on present capital, it will be more difficult to earn on an enlarged capital. Yet to scale down present debt to make room for new debt not only

seems illogical, but involves the sacrifice of one section of the community to another. We might better strive to restore industry to a point which would justify present capital values.

It has been said that much of our plant has become obsolete during the last four years. It would be difficult to define the term "obsolete" in such a way as to satisfy everybody. There is a point where the modernization of plant may run up against the law of diminishing returns — where the cost to the community in terms of capital destruction, or increased competition, or unemployment, may be excessive. Any wholesale replacement of plant at this time comes in the same category as expansion of capacity, and would be a questionable policy until we have shown an ability to use our present capacity effectively.

AGRICULTURE

Chester C. Davis, in an article published December 9, 1934, in the *New York Times*, said: "Gross income of farmers and total factory payrolls are almost economic twins. . . . Increases in farm income depend largely on the increased buying-power of those engaged in industry. As this increase develops, the farm income will be boosted both through higher prices and through whatever increase in production can be consumed by a more prosperous industrial community." If farm income depends on factory payrolls, a rise in farm prices without a corresponding rise in payrolls simply means that wage earners no longer can buy as much as before.

It is known that in our most prosperous years a large part of our population was insufficiently nourished. It has been estimated that instead of restricting agricultural acreage, a substantial increase would be necessary properly to feed all our people. There are a few crops which still would show an exportable surplus. If our natural conditions are so favorable that we can market this surplus at competitive prices abroad, no readjustment will be necessary. If, however, we cannot compete with world prices, or if countries formerly importing from us have raised tariff barriers behind which their own

agriculture is being developed, then we must face some readjustment.

When government attempts to restrict crops wholesale, it may have the problem of transporting entire communities from one locality to another, which is certain to disturb seriously the industrial life of these localities. Such readjustments would come automatically and naturally, through individual action, if government did not interfere. Government can help on general financial policies, and in raising agricultural standards. To go farther than that, to invade the individual freedom of the farmer which is part of his compensation for being a farmer, would seem to be overstepping proper bounds.

No doubt part of the so-called farm problem lies in the existence of so many marginal farmers — men attached to the soil, loath to leave it, yet without any reasonable hope of making a fair living. One cannot see any clear future for such men; but if industry were speeded up to the point where the demands of the American people were reasonably well satisfied, the problem of the marginal farmer might solve itself — either by his being absorbed by industry, or by his being enabled to make a proper living through greater demand for his crops. The plans of Henry Ford looking toward the provision of part-time factory work for agricultural workers, and for ascertaining new uses for agricultural crops through research, may constitute one answer to this problem.

A large part of the farmer's problem lies in speculative purchases at excessively high prices, swamping him under a burden of debt from which it is difficult if not impossible to escape. If he has a few good years he may work out. If not, he faces bankruptcy. Extending federal aid may or may not be beneficial. When a man is suffering from too much debt, increasing the debt may not be the logical way to relieve him.

The objection to any artificial restriction of a product necessary to life or comfort is obvious. Designed to increase wealth, it starts out by reducing it. Theory may point to an inevitable price rise, and a resulting benefit to some one section of the community for the time being; but the very imposition of re-

strictive measures may have a depressing effect on consumers. It advertises either an existing over-supply, or a potential over-supply to be available as and when necessary; so why pay more? This was well demonstrated in the British rubber restriction plan of 1922.

Any restriction plan is almost certain to harm the people it was designed to benefit. The British rubber plan caused the substitution of reclaimed rubber for plantation rubber, and led to intensive planting by the native populations. The restriction of American agricultural crops will lead to the substitution of foreign-grown crops and the permanent loss of our market.

Restriction penalizes the efficient producer by subsidizing the inefficient. It makes no allowance for the unexpected — such as drought and floods. The supposed need for restriction may have passed by the time the measure is introduced. It would be difficult to prove that the increase in agricultural prices last year was due to crop restriction rather than to the drought and other natural agencies.

Moreover, any plan involving coercion is distasteful. Successful administration is impossible. As bureaucratic pressure increases, evasion increases. Efforts to enforce such a law will stimulate violations, which are demoralizing and which will nullify the law. Instead of having one prohibition problem on our hands, we will have hundreds. It would seem that with so many objections to a policy, all possible alternatives should be exhausted before it is adopted.

If America insists on growing wheat for export it will have to sell in world markets and compete with countries possessing lower living standards. Because of efficiency of production, we can do this in many manufactured articles. Can we do it in agriculture? Certainly not by reducing output and increasing unit costs. To attempt to maintain one price for domestic consumption and a lower price for foreign consumption offers almost insurmountable obstacles from the standpoint of practical business. To do this without government aid seems impossible; to do it with government aid brings up all the

problems we seek to avoid, besides still further problems in international relations.

SIGNIFICANCE OF CORPORATE RESERVES

Modern business is so complex, and the function of money so confusing, that intelligent and honest men, reasoning from the same set of facts, reach quite different conclusions. But there is another way of approaching the problem — that is, to reason from assumed premises which are drawn with such simplicity that the underlying principles are apparent to all. Since industry naturally falls into two main classes, (1) consumable goods and (2) durable goods, it will be useful for this purpose to assume two isolated communities, the first a fertile island where the population is engaged solely in the production of consumable goods, the second an island unsuited to agriculture, where the population is engaged solely in the production of durable goods — building materials, iron, copper. It will further simplify matters to assume that the affairs of the first community are directed by one manager.

The first community produces consumption goods in excess of its own requirements, and exchanges this surplus for durable goods produced by the second community. It is clear that so long as this exchange is uninterrupted, even though demand increases rapidly, both communities will remain prosperous.

If the manager responsible for the activities of the first community is guided by the needs of his people, he will end up each year's operations with his storeroom empty. This does not mean that he has not made a profit; it means that he has distributed the profit. If he turns out goods which he prices at one hundred thousand dollars, in the production of which he has spent ninety thousand dollars for labor and materials, he has ten thousand dollars' profit for his stockholders. Or, in other words, he has accumulated on his shelves goods worth ten thousand dollars. These belong to his stockholders, to whom he distributes them for consumption.

But if the manager forgets about demand, and begins to

think in terms of "accumulated profits" or "reserves" or "surplus" as reflected by his balance sheet, he will carry over unconsumed stocks of goods as "inventory," which will increase from year to year. It may be that he has kept half of his community on the verge of poverty while storing up the very goods they helped to produce. Finally the day comes when these stocks are topheavy; so he says to his community: "Operations must be reduced until stocks are wiped out." Since his citizens live by their labor, when the opportunity to work is now denied them, they are thrown into distress.

Or the manager may aspire to outshine his predecessor by building a bigger factory. So he withholds increasing quantities of consumable goods made by his community, to exchange for increasing quantities of durable goods with which he enlarges his capacity. If he builds beyond the combined needs of both communities, but does not utilize this increased capacity to accumulate undistributed inventories, no particular harm will be done; and the manager will be able to point with pride to a fine surplus on his balance sheet, proof of the "powerful financial position" of his undertaking. His citizens might feel that they would have liked a bigger share of the consumable goods themselves, but the manager has his eye on the balance sheet, rather than on community welfare.

The real trouble is going to come when the manager starts up the new factory on his "mass production" schedule, without regard to demand; when he attempts to operate his increased capacity to justify the increased capital employed. Then he will find inventories overwhelming him; his expansion program will collapse; demand for durable goods will dry up; unemployment will be general in both communities.

It is strange, but true, that the manager regards his power over his "reserves" as autocratic. He may concede that they belong to his stockholders, but will probably oppose any distribution even to them. It does not occur to him that since it was the labor of his communities which contributed most to the producing of the goods, these very same workers whom he has thrown into want possess a substantial equity in the goods

with which his shelves are loaded down. At best he is bound to go through some period of readjustment because people cannot suddenly eat a lot of accumulated food or wear out a lot of extra clothes. But if the consumption of the accumulated goods is facilitated by making them readily available to the needy, instead of discouraged by forcing the communities on to a mere existence basis, dependent upon charity, the period of readjustment will be short instead of protracted.

By return of these goods to the community at the first sign of depression the manager could prevent the suffering which his policies have brought on. But he would oppose such a policy because he objects to using "reserves" built up "to protect his business in times of stress." Yet events compel him to do precisely this even though he may not understand what is happening. As the depression develops he is forced, through charitable contributions, through idle equipment, through disposing of inventories below cost, to make the very contributions he would voluntarily refuse; he is forced to give back to the communities the goods which the communities helped to produce, but of whose use they were deprived.

What is the way out? Since his present factory facilities have been such as to create an apparent over-supply of goods, the manager will certainly not want to add to capacity, nor perhaps even to modernize equipment in such a way as to increase output — because by doing so he will be setting the stage for a recurrence of his present troubles. He may hit upon the idea of public works; and to the extent that he can utilize the products of the durable goods community in exchange for excess inventories of consumable goods he may be justified in this measure. However, he is perhaps unwarranted in deciding what the people want rather than letting them decide for themselves. It may be that they would rather have better homes than more public works. Realizing this, the manager may plan for a general housing program, but the first obstacle he runs up against is that those members of the communities most in need of new homes are least able to pay for them; they are unemployed, and lack any sense of security for the

future which would encourage them to assume the necessary obligations.

Confronted with obstacles whichever way he turns, the manager may finally become so harassed that he will be willing frankly to face the facts of his relationship and obligations to the communities, and to review his operations in that light. It may shock him to realize that his former ideas of successful management were pretty inadequate. In terms of accounting and finance, he has been a great success: for he has shown consistent profits and mounting reserves and surplus. Yet he has conducted operations in such a way that both communities have been thrown into turmoil. From the standpoint of his obligations, as the chosen representative of the community, to direct its industrial activities for the general welfare, he has failed. He will discover that all his trouble arose through the unwise employment of what he terms "profits and reserves"; that the more he attempts to pile up profits and reserves, the bigger the readjustment he will have to go through; that instead of accumulated profits and reserves being the goal of business, they are something that must actually be avoided.

REMOVING THE BARRIERS TO DISTRIBUTION

The even flow of goods from producer to consumer must be insured in order to prevent periodical accumulation — resulting in industrial chaos and unemployment. This could be accomplished by distributing corporate earnings after allowing reasonable reserves for unemployment and dividend insurance, for adequate depreciation of plant and machinery, and for special purposes such as research and development. A modest reserve for emergencies should be allowed, sufficient to carry the corporation through a brief period of stress, but not sufficient to disturb the economic balance of the community.

Possibly the simplest means of insuring the distribution of earnings would be by imposing a prohibitive tax on all undistributed earnings in excess of permitted reserves. Since a few large corporations are responsible for the employment of most of our industrial workers, the exemption of the smaller

corporations — to simplify administration — could be considered, as well as the exemption of public utilities and railroads, and corporations engaged in working natural resources. This is not a revenue measure. The proposed tax would probably never be collected. The purpose is control of corporate activities to safeguard employment, taxation being the device by which this control would operate automatically.

The policy of accumulating reserves and surplus as an insurance against emergency conditions is sound and commendable. The error has been in not earmarking these reserves for specific purposes, such as unemployment and dividend insurance, so that when an emergency arose, distribution of the reserves would begin automatically, thus maintaining community purchasing power and providing a measure of security to both workers and stockholders.

Corporations will point out that they must have capital available to modernize their plants and to expand in order to meet demand for new business. The device outlined above would not interfere with the legitimate growth of business, but would make the volume of community savings reinvested in a business depend solely upon the utility of that business to the community — as indicated by whether or not it was operating at a profit — instead of permitting the reinvestment to be dictated by motives unrelated to community welfare.

To limit the power of corporate management to withhold and reinvest earnings would not interfere with earning ability, but should enhance it by forcing the increase of effective community purchasing power through larger dividends and wages, since all earnings above the legal reserves would be distributed rather than reinvested in doubtful enterprise. Corporations could invite the immediate reinvestment of such earnings for purposes of expansion; but corporate management would be obliged to show an earning history, or a reasonable prospect of future earnings, to make the shares attractive to prospective investors. This proposal would compel corporate managers to operate at a profit or answer to their stockholders, and it would build up a type of management based on

efficiency and integrity, rather than on autocratic financial power.

To the argument that an enforced distribution of earnings would penalize the efficient units in industry, it might be pointed out that efficiency by no means determines survival in every instance. Often a financially powerful but inefficient concern will crush out a more efficient rival.

A great deal of commercial distress has been caused in the past by the small margin of profit — and at times loss — enforced upon manufacturers by large buyers. Under the plan suggested this would no longer be possible. Without reserves to absorb losses of this kind, no manufacturer could afford to sell to large buyers at an inadequate profit. The buyers would have no alternative but to pay the profit: since they would not possess the necessary reserves to enable them to manufacture the product themselves, and could not raise the needed capital unless there were marked inefficiency in existing plants or inadequate sources of supply.

Without reserves to finance over-expansion and destructive competition, corporate management would be obliged to shape policies with a view to continuous earnings. In case of losses they could no longer fall back upon reserves, dissipating the assets of the community, but would be compelled to take corrective measures without delay.

It may be regarded as too hazardous a policy to place the burden of new capital construction directly upon the community rather than upon industry itself, on the grounds that adequate capital for plant expansion might not be provided as and when needed. The fear is probably not well founded. The aggregate intelligence of the community, as reflected by its willingness or unwillingness to buy a certain product, should be fully as reliable as the intelligence of corporate management. If the time comes when all the factories in this country are operating at capacity to supply the wants of our people, and no capital seems available for industrial expansion, the situation can be reviewed.

Most of the leading corporations in America now possess

large surpluses and reserves. The effect of the proposed legislation — where present surpluses and reserves aggregate the maximum which could be set up under the law — would be to compel the distribution of future earnings in their totality. How such earnings should be divided between stockholders and employees might be left to work itself out equitably. If too large a share is distributed to stockholders, in the form of high dividends, the corporation will be making itself a target for new competition. The higher the profit, the more people will want to get into the game. Labor is likely to become restive under such a policy, feeling that its share is unduly low, and labor troubles may nullify a previous good earning history.

If the management of the corporation appreciates that its prosperity will depend on the purchasing power of the community, derived for the most part from wages, it will want to share profits fairly with labor in order to protect its market. It may do this either through high wages, or through recurrent wage bonuses. It would be to the interest of corporations to pay labor all the traffic would bear; and since labor obviously could not demand a share in earnings when there were no earnings to share, the opportunity for misunderstandings and conflict would diminish.

EFFECTS OF DISTRIBUTING SURPLUSES

The ownership of American corporations is becoming widespread, and any policy looking toward a better dividend history will benefit the entire community. As shares in industrial concerns become more stable in their dividend policy, they become more attractive to the workers as a means of saving; and as workers become stockholders, solving of industrial disputes becomes less difficult.

Depriving a corporation of reserves excepting those set up for specific earmarked purposes would leave no incentive for either corporate or individual speculation such as the country experienced in 1928 and 1929. Financial practices have been such that the owner of common stock is forced to be a gambler. Sometimes he buys stock because it has shown an earning his-

tory. Sometimes he is asked to add to his holdings in an insolvent concern with the idea of making it solvent. Most frequently he buys stock because he expects to sell it for more than he paid. The money that owners of common stocks have lost must amount to astronomical figures. If income were the controlling factor in investment, the field for artificial manipulation of any kind — well-intentioned or otherwise — would be eliminated.

The form which such legislation should take, the amount of detail to be included and to be left to administration officials, could be worked out without great difficulty. A maximum limit on the amount that could be placed to reserve should probably be fixed as some percentage of the capital issued. Perhaps this percentage should differ for different industries. There probably should be a minimum provided for, as well. The question should be treated on broad lines, as the principle of earmarking reserves for specific purposes is the important thing, rather than the exact amount of such reserves. The administration problem raised by the proposed law would offer little difficulty, since it means only a slight modification in the duties of tax officials.

The size of a corporation's issued capital probably would not matter so far as the operation of the law was concerned. If the capital is large, the reserves permitted would be proportionately large, but the corporation would be in a weaker position competitively from the standpoint of earnings on an inflated capital. On the other hand, if the capital were small, the corporation would be in a better competitive position, but the proportionately smaller reserves would give it less leeway in time of trouble.

Uniform accounting methods are desirable, and probably will come; but for the purposes of this law they would not seem to be essential so long as accounts are kept on the same basis from year to year. When uniform accounting methods are finally made compulsory, they should provide for proper methods of capitalizing an undertaking. At the present time new owners can take over bankrupt properties and operate

them at a level of income so low as to kill off competing owners, who have acquired their properties at reasonable values and operated them on sound business methods. Properties acquired through bankruptcies or receiverships or at sacrifice values should be capitalized at a figure which would be fair to competitors — perhaps at replacement values. The voluntary adoption of such a practice has been under consideration by one of our larger industries.

Uniform accounting methods should probably provide that each major department of a large corporation should show its operations separately. A corporation which makes little or no profit in one department or, as sometimes happens, consistent losses, which are charged up against the profits of other departments, is competing unfairly in that particular department and may disrupt a whole industry through such policies. We have had outstanding examples of this in recent years.

CONCLUSION

Corporate management thinks of profits and reserves in terms of money. But money itself is not wealth; it is only the means of exchanging wealth. If corporations thought in terms of goods instead of money, profits and reserves would assume an entirely different aspect. Thus a corporation with ten million dollars of accumulated profits, called reserves or surplus, instead of considering itself in a sound financial position, could see that it might be blocking progress in good times, and discouraging recovery in bad times, by the possession of ten million dollars worth of unconsumed inventories and of idle plant and machinery. Corporations do not have dollars in reserve: they have goods and plant; and it is unconsumed goods and idle plant — represented in the balance sheet by dollars — that bring bad times.

How Spring Comes in Georgia

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

This is the way that Spring comes in Connecticut.
Early in March the ice, set free, starts to drift down the river,
But then it is cold again;
There is sleet; there is freezing weather —
Winter's overlong pain.
Late in March, the sap stirs in the elm-trees and birch-trees.
The cowslips bloom hopefully.
Sometimes you see a bluet.
And then the wind swings back to the north-northeast,
And is wet with freezing rain!

In Georgia, there is no such sarcastic mockery.
In Georgia, Spring is a gracious lady.
She rides a white palfrey of dogwood.
She wears a frail garment of plum blossoms.
Her hair is the golden jasmine that trails through the pine
trees.
And even in February
(Then in Connecticut snow is still blue on the shadowed hill-
sides)
You hear, like the bells on her bridle,
The shaken bells of the hylas
Chime their refrain.—

This is the way that Spring comes in Connecticut.
Early in April, the sudden warmth of swift showers
Soothes the rich brown of the earth with gentle fingers,
Promises roses,
Promises lilacs abundant
As some fragrant soft haze.
But then —

The promise is broken.
It is a lie given by a shrewd trader who vends his goods to you,
A lie told by a Yankee who sells wooden nutmegs.
Spring in Connecticut is a bargain not kept.
It is a pledge one makes to secure some advantage,
And later betrays.

But oh, in Georgia how different!
And oh, in Georgia what glory!
This is how Spring comes in Georgia.
It comes like the song of a mocking-bird poised on a branch of
wistaria and swelling his throat in the moonlight.
It comes like the flight of a cardinal.
It comes like the bob-white love call
Or a fluffy young baby white heron.
Yet Spring is none of these.
Spring in Georgia is an old time southern belle made dainty
with crinoline.
She walks with soft step in the shadows under magnolias.
Her arms carry Cherokee roses,
And magnificent days.

The Very Last Deal

SYD BLANSHARD FLOWER

“WE LIVE in a swift age, gentlemen,” said the Oldest Member, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. He took a sip from his glass and seemed to ponder.

We waited. He frowned.

“But not swift enough,” he added, and drained his glass.

“It seems to you that we are a little slow?” someone inquired, with a hint of satire in his tone.

“Not slow,” amended the Oldest Member: “Blind! Blind, because, in spite of our willingness, even our haste, to mortgage our future to a public debt of hundreds of billions of dollars, we do nothing about the greatest of all possible human undertakings.”

“Which is —?”

“Changing the climate of the world, gentlemen,” said the Oldest Member, impressively.

“The climate!”

“Of the world?”

“We have done some pretty big things, sir,” said a younger man, “but when you speak of changing the climate of the whole world, really I suspect humor.”

“I was never more serious,” said the Oldest Member, solemnly. “But, come, you might like to hear how, why, when, where?”

“Very much,” we said in chorus.

“It is a matter I have thought out very carefully,” said the Oldest Member, “and in telling it I may seem to monopolize the conversation, but, if you don’t mind that, I shall really be glad of this chance to lay the thing before you. It seems to me important, and quite in the spirit of the times. Let us be glad, gentlemen, that we live in an age when nothing is too big for the United States to undertake.”

“And, perhaps, bring to a successful issue?”

“Perhaps.”

"To change the climate of the globe should be big enough to satisfy us," it was suggested.

The Oldest Member nodded to the last speaker.

"It should," he said. "Gentlemen, I shall take you into the thick of it at once. Are you all comfortable? Good."

"The north polar circle of our earth is depressed, like the flat top of an orange. It is actually below the present sea-level. The north polar region is therefore nearer to the molten center of the earth than any other spot upon the earth's surface. Do you see that?"

"Quite," we said.

"There is enough glacier, berg, and pack ice in the north polar basin to raise the oceans of the globe six hundred feet above their present level, *if that ice were all melted.*"

"How do you know that?"

"I have measured it," he replied, simply. "This ice has been often melted in past eons of time, following the successive Ice Ages, as every geologist knows. I say it can be melted *today* by boring holes to tap the heat that lies below the crust of the earth. One hundred of these holes, each five miles from the next, will start this melting over a sufficiently wide area. Once started, it will keep going of itself, enlarging the vents by heat and pressure from below. Ten miles depth will do."

"But, good gosh, no drill could bore at that depth!"

"On the contrary, American, British, Swedish, Japanese, Italian, Russian, German engineers will bear me out that harder drill-tools, resistant to heat, are coming, and that these, assisted by dynamite, will give us this boring to a depth of ten miles!"

"But, look here . . . !"

"I have said that there is enough glacier, berg and pack ice in the North Polar basin," the speaker continued calmly, "to raise the seas of the globe six hundred feet above the present ocean level, if that ice were all melted. Gentlemen, it has been melted before, with the effect, invariably, of deepening the existing oceans as the floods found their way at last to the sea. I propose now merely to melt our northern ice-cap, and to

melt it finally, so that there will be no more ice-caps on the north end of our globe, and this time, gentlemen, the melting will be done under intelligent human direction, to subserve human ends, human aims, human needs. This, I think, is entirely in line with the spirit of the New Deal. Am I right?"

"Yes, but . . . ?"

"This melting will raise the ocean level, slowly, at the rate of eight feet a year, proceeding continuously, summer and winter. In seventy-five years, therefore, the British Isles, and the greater part of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia, will again be six hundred feet beneath the sea. The Sahara Desert, the Gobi Desert, the Mississippi Valley and Great Lakes country will all, again, be mighty inland seas, as once they were."

"Yes, but look here. New York . . . ?"

"Boston?"

". . . Philadelphia?"

". . . Chicago?"

". . . San Francisco and Los Angeles?"

". . . Paris, London, Berlin?"

"Gentlemen, please! You interrupt the narrative. All the great sea-level cities of the world will naturally have ended themselves in face of the advancing waters."

"What about your precious climates then?"

"The bitter cold of Alaska, Siberia, Labrador, Greenland, Poland, Lapland, Finland, gives way to the grateful warmth of the Garden of Eden. Again man reënters Paradise, so to speak, retrieving Adam's blunder."

"What about the Gulf Stream?"

"That is unimportant, gentlemen. The courses of the Gulf Stream and the Japan Current will be switched. It is immaterial what becomes of them. The world will no longer have need of Gulf Streams. England, sunk fathoms deep, will not be interested, and Japan, having left her island chain to be the sport of earthquake, volcano, and the high seas, will be busy on the mainland of Asia, developing Manchuria, Mongolia, Korea. I wish Japan would realize that with an ocean pressure

of five miles' depth today, right against her shores, she is apt at any moment to be blown into fragments, without an instant's warning. Was Lisbon warned? Was Martinique? Was San Francisco? The sacred Fujiyama may blow her head off to-morrow. Japan is like a child playing with matches. She makes me nervous."

"Can't you have an earthquake without deep ocean pressure?"

"Certainly not. All earthquakes and volcanoes are due to deep ocean pressures which generate enormous heat, melting rock, and thrusting magma sideways and up into the shuddering crust. This proposed addition to the oceans, of billions of tons of fresh water from the newly melted snow and ice of the frozen north, will certainly ring every continent with new shorelines of active volcanoes, shattering old coasts, exploding new. There will be abrupt changes: lands will go, their people moving to more solid ground."

"In effect, to higher ground?"

"Exactly. To higher ground — not less than six hundred feet above the present sea-level. Any physiographic map of the world will show you where these people must come to rest. Arizona, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, averaging three thousand feet in altitude, become of course the most densely populated parts of the United States."

"Do I understand that the British Isles will be completely submerged, sir?"

"Naturally. Of course, a peak or two will show. But not many."

"Do you assume that England will mildly await this ending?"

"Gentlemen," said the Oldest Member, "we live in a reasonable age, I hope. We are familiar with changes undertaken in a commendable spirit of good fellowship. England will, perhaps, object to total submergence for the sake of the improvement of climates in general, but I feel sure that the common sense of all nations, echoing the altruism of our example, will urge upon England that in this matter of world-benefit the

narrow, selfish, insular view must not intrude; that the greatest good of the greatest number must be sought as the guiding principle; that her present climate is far from agreeable; that her present land area, even including Scotland and Wales, is ridiculously tiny; that her people are now unhealthily crowded; that she will have room to expand in the new land of her choice, wherever that may be."

"Where, sir, would you suggest that England make her home?"

"That is immaterial. In the New Day that is at hand all lands will be equally agreeable, equally attractive."

"Such as remain above the sea, of course?"

"Exactly. England will have room to expand in northern Canada where, in the new climate, palms and orange-blossoms will make sweet the air, where the sun will shine, where magnolias will bloom. In the course of seventy-five years she will have ample time to determine whether Canada, South Africa, Siberia, Australia, or Alaska, would best suit her."

"Is it not remarkable, sir, that you seem to have exactly caught the invigorating spirit of change that affects all connected in any way with the New Deal? Is that, too, a sign of the times?"

"Apparently. Yes. England, in moving her people and goods to fairer surroundings, will not be parted from her treasures, however such treasures may have come into her possession. I am thinking of Cleopatra's Needle and the Elgin Marbles particularly. On the other hand, she will be well rid of her hideous native statuary and squat buildings, which she leaves behind her with her slums, her fogs, her gloom. A happier day dawns for England. Her migration to this or that continent will be not only a blessing to herself, but an advantage to the native stocks, ensuring her a warm welcome, notably from Soviet Russia, where the mass-intermarriage of the Celt, the Saxon, the Norman, the Scot, and the Pict, with the Slav, the Circassian, the Georgian, the Mongol and the Tartar, will be watched with the friendliest interest by all ethnologists, anthropologists and eugenists. In short, as her

Byron so well said, she can look around and choose her ground — and take her rest practically anywhere, sure of a welcome.”

“Yes, sir, but if you’ll pardon me . . .”

“In thus benefiting herself,” continued the old gentleman, “England will have the opportunity once more to inject into the affair that tone of high moral purpose, as of one performing a duty to God, to King, and to Country, without which England never makes a move of any kind, to the enormous merriment of her neighbors, France and Germany, who have cursed her heartily through the centuries for a bare-faced old liar and a hypocrite of the blackest, while envying her cunning. In brief, this is another golden opportunity for England to spread the blessing of the British Crown among the heathen, with a fat commercial profit to herself on the side!”

“But who, sir, can be found to direct this stupendous hegira?”

“The hour and the man! Can you ask? The Right Hon. Winston Churchill, a most capable mover, will, I doubt not, take complete charge. That is a way he has. Standing, with reluctant feet, where new land and ocean meet, Winston will not hesitate, I think, to urge England to embark. He is no stranger to mobilizing fleets. And here at last is a right use for Britain’s Navy. To what worthier purpose than to this national moving job could its aid be lent? Moreover, there is no hurry. This is no scramble, like Mahomet’s hegira to Medina, but a leisurely transit. Much can be done, in the way of moving, in seventy-five years when your heart’s in the work.”

“Don’t you think, sir, that life can be made too easy for the undeserving?”

“I do not. In the Lexicon of the New Deal there are no undeserving. And what a lot of trouble that saves! But I see your objections. You would say that if life were made easy and pleasant for the mass of mankind there would be an end of ambition. On the contrary, I feel sure that whatever this new earth and new climate may offer, monotony will be no part of it. We do not picture the leaping lizard a prey to boredom. As

I see this Great Movement of the Nations it is full of pleasant activity for everybody."

"For everyone that's left, sir?"

"Of course."

"But how about national rivalries, sir, when every big nation is boring its own hole in the Arctic Circle to tap the interior heat?"

"Ah, yes. That calls for firmness, of course. Firmness with tact. But I anticipate no trouble on that score. The nations will be rather thoroughly occupied in getting to higher ground, I think."

"If that interior heat is allowed to work on the waters of the earth unchecked, the effect will be ultimately a boiling ocean, will it not, sir?"

"Undoubtedly. Yes. If unchecked. But, you remember, we have left the South Pole out of this work of alteration of the world's climate, and this for a two-fold reason. First, because the South Pole stands some ten thousand feet above present sea-level, and secondly, because we need the South Pole for a control, furnishing the brake that science demands. Even though we move to the liberation of an earth from its glacial incubus, we move, I hope, with none of the rash enthusiasm of the amateur, reckless of consequences. That is not our way. We are scientists first."

"Well, really, sir, I am speaking for all of us, I am sure, when I say that you have given us something to ponder upon tonight."

The Oldest Member bowed graciously.

"You are entirely welcome," he said. "The world does move, gentlemen, as Galileo was first to observe. Let it be the proud boast of this Newest of New Deals that it has taught the world the grandeur of moving on a big scale — in short, an approximation to Perpetual Motion. Good-night."

O'Neill—and the Poet's Quest

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

THE PLAYS of Eugene O'Neill have never seemed to be solely of the theatre. They have, as it were, followed one out into the noisy streets and into the privacy of one's room, into the greater privacy, even, of one's inner thoughts and feelings — and not for a few hours or days, but with a certain timeless insistency. They have become a part of the real world as well as the world of make-believe. They simply refuse to stay locked within the walls of the theatre. Nor, in this bursting of traditional bounds, do they confine themselves to one segment or another of realistic affairs.

Bernard Shaw was once capable of writing a play that mixed itself up later on with the actual doings of Fabian socialists; and Ibsen wrote many plays that prompted clinical quests into actual heredity or made one speculate moodily about false pride and the social order. But neither Shaw nor Ibsen had the poet's gift of reaching to the emotional and moral inwardness of life without any relation to specific events or times or people. O'Neill has that gift in abundance. His plays are neither social sermons nor contemporary satire. They are more like parables.

Parables of course are dangerous weapons in the hands of a poet of real stature. They are enormously effective in implanting an idea; but the idea itself may be a false one, or those listening to the parable may apply it in many ways never intended by the teller of the tale. O'Neill's plays have suffered, as parables, both from the confusion and variety of his own ideas and from the many interpretations audiences have read into them. As an individual poet, O'Neill has gone through countless phases of thought and emotion, many of them contradictory and many of them tortured with alternating doubt and premature discovery of spiritual solvents. All of this has found expression in his plays and has carried through, for good or ill, to vast audiences. He has been accused of every-

thing from charlatanism to extreme morbidity and immorality, and has been praised for everything from supreme tragic expression to profound philosophical insight. But there is another way to appraise and eventually to revere the O'Neill plays, and that is in their singular continuity as the expression of the immemorial "poet's pilgrimage" — as the representation in outer and objective form of certain elemental struggles and conflicts which were as much a part of the humanity and the poetry of China, Palestine and Greece as they are of the tumultuous life of our own day.

The poet lives a vastly larger life than the man. He lives to the utmost possibilities of human nature, both in good and in evil. He may be the summation of all virtues in his private life and yet experience in his poetic imagination the nadir of moral degradation. He may pass his entire life in a country village and yet encompass the catastrophe of an empire. His parables are not the outline of himself but the rhythm and splendor, and often the terror, of something far above and beyond his personal experience.

Eugene O'Neill has written many plays in which the material obviously results from the impact of personal experience — his early plays of the sea, for example. In other plays, a personal moral conflict is clearly indicated, not in the outer material but in the theme. Yet through all these plays, as well as through his more highly imaginative creations, there is a larger unity, almost like the movements of a symphony, which expresses the larger life of the poet as distinct from the personal life and problems of the man. It is this larger aspect of the O'Neill plays which has always seemed to be not merely of the theatre, but also part of the great stream of poetic literature coursing through all history and legend. It follows, in many extraordinary details, a universal theme found in all deeply rooted folk-lore, and in the innermost experiences of great mystics. In its simplest sense, it is the conflict of good and evil — a picture in objective form of the stretching and tearing of a soul between a will toward the good and an appetite for the revolt of sin. In its deeper sense, it is the quest for a resolu-

tion of this conflict and for ultimate peace and inner unity.

Folk-lore, as the poetry of a race, abounds in examples of this major theme. The dragon or the beast must be conquered before the peace of love can be achieved. The princess of legend is not content to let her knight languish at her feet in an ecstasy of love. A dragon is destroying the countryside. Her knight must go forth into the slime and terrors of this reality outside, before he can claim the perfection of her love. Often the dragon is a beast of many heads and many lives, like the multiplicity of evil to be conquered in the soul. Again, we have the whole series of legends, like "Beauty and the Beast," in which the struggle is not so much to conquer evil as to attain that maturity which transforms the fears and the monsters of youth into instruments of peace and beauty. A child is allowed to grow up with a vague horror of sex, as something evil in itself, only to discover later that it can become the supreme physical expression of man's creative impulses. The "beast" can be won, through love and understanding, to an end of beauty. In still another group of legends we have the fears of immaturity appearing as giants blocking the path to manhood. The Jacks must kill the giants of fear, before the world is fit to live in. It is hardly necessary to delve into the intricate theories of racial subconsciousness to see how universally mankind objectifies in legend and story, the common experiences and the terrifying inner struggles of the pilgrimage from tortured youth to peaceful maturity.

Poets are peculiarly sensitive to the almost infinite variations of this inner conflict. No matter how objective in detail the poet's story may seem, he is almost certain, in his major works, to catch up the fury and agony of inner strife to attain that ultimate virtue which will bring the warring elements into harmony. We find this in the wanderings of the Homeric heroes, in the Virgilian descent into Hades, in Dante's progress through the Inferno and Purgatory into a paradise filled with that love "which moves the sun and the other stars." We find it again in Milton, in Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," and in Richard Wagner's cycle, in the "Ring" tragedy,

culminating in the exaltation of Parsifal. Blake found in his "Book of Job" another expression of the universal conflict and quest. Shakespeare was never a more universal poet than in probing the soul of the searching Hamlet. The Greek dramatists thought and wrote of little else than the fates, furies and conflicting obligations which beset every human action and decision.

In a still larger sense, the peoples of the earth have fought and lived almost as if they were acting out a poet's dream. They have reached a summit of achievement and discovered the pride that follows it, only to sink again into blackness and despair and the terrors of a mighty purging. Greece, and the shadowy imitation of Greece that was Rome, fell into the dark night of Europe, to reawaken for a short period of incandescence in the thirteenth century. Then came pride of intellect in a new form, the renaissance of a Greek culture that no longer fitted the souls of men, and the new terrors of the dark age of science which was destined to last another five centuries.

Science, which was to liberate man through his own intellect, became the master instead of the servant. Instead of exalting man, each new discovery, like a mystical increase in the "knowledge of good and evil," made man smaller and smaller in his own eyes. It multiplied his problems of good and evil a thousandfold. It threw him into the wild and tortured confusion and savagery that reached their first grotesque crisis in the Great War. Mankind finds itself today a chained Prometheus for having brought the new fire of science to disrupt the soul. The problem of humanity today, as the poet would feel and describe it, is to discover the humility which can make man master of his new science. A paradox, certainly — but not a new one. It is "Beauty and the Beast" all over again. It is not science that is wrong, but the pride with which men have used science. It is men who have made science their beast; and the beast can be transformed only through a new humility among men themselves. It was in Palestine that the words of a parable rang forth — "he that humbleth himself

shall be exalted." These words were wholly forgotten when man proudly set out to free himself through his scientific intellect alone.

It is because Eugene O'Neill is of the very stuff and fibre of this age that his poetic intuitions are of immeasurable importance to us, as a reflection of what we are as individuals and as a rumor of what we may become. He is part of an age which, if we were not living in it ourselves and filled with the egotism of it, we would recognize as a darker night of civilization than the world has known for many long centuries. What man is there living, unless he be supernaturally inspired, who will tell you that he sees clearly the road ahead? The very multiplicity of our knowledge of detail has obscured our vision of the whole with a veil as black as midnight. Wars, conflicts, riots, revolutions, racial deities, sullen envy — are these the daylight of civilization, or rather the valley of the shadow of humanity's dreams?

O'Neill is not, in the accepted sense, a poet of his times. That is, he rarely attempts consciously to write of current conditions or problems. When he does, as in his play, "Dynamo," the result is not always happy, for he is not that rarest of all persons, a poet who is also a philosopher. But in the sense common to all poets, the problems that he objectifies in the characters of his plays are those of peculiar moment to the present day; and in an age which thought it had discarded morals, these problems turn out to be moral ones! It is precisely in this fact that his intuitions are probably far keener than those of the essayists and the philosophers. In an age which superficially deifies science and amorality, O'Neill is obsessed with questions of good and evil. In a world still given over to economic determinism, he writes of sin and retribution — and what he writes proves to be of absorbing interest to millions!

What O'Neill has done, after the historic fashion of poets, is to sense far in advance of the intellectualists a deep change in the currents of individual men's thoughts and emotions. In that curious super-life which the poet leads, which may be in

almost absurd contrast with his actual life as an individual man, the hunger and pain and doubt of great masses of people may of course seem very personal. He finds himself fascinated with the titanic pride of such a man as Emperor Jones, and writes of his tragic downfall with perhaps little thought that he is prophesying the collapse of a whole era of proud individualists. Or, again, the incest problem of the old Greek plays becomes strangely urgent. It may never occur to him that incest is in one sense a symbol of self-worship and self-seeking, and that this has become the besetting sin of a generation that denies any power greater than humanity, and so moves on to slow death through man's worship of mankind. The play is written as a story of individuals. But in the doom of its characters can be read the fate of nations.

Yet it would be a grave mistake to think of O'Neill chiefly as the poet of a social order in process of vast change. That would exaggerate the faint though discernible connection between his instinct for moral issues and the social characteristics of the day. He is, above all else, the poet of the individual soul, torn and warped, perhaps, by the surrounding mass currents — but still supremely the master of its individual choice. The Ibsens and the Shaws have used individuals to express the problems of masses or of a social system. Their characters have been almost passive victims of inheritance, or of a convention, or of mass view-point. But with O'Neill, the problem of the individual as a soul in distress or torment has been clearly supreme. It is the individual's rebellion against the mass, or his abject surrender to it that counts, rather than the action of the individual as representing the mass. O'Neill as a poet does carry something of the force of a prophet in his writings, but in the sense that the achievements of his characters prophesy the types of individuals likely to be bred from the anarchy of our times, rather than the mass types and the collective trends.

One might ask, for example, "Are the days ahead of us apt to bring forth a new Francis of Assisi?" and hope to find a hint of the true answer in O'Neill's work. But one could spend no

end of futile days trying to discover a rumor of the typical business man, or factory worker, or politician, or middle-class householder of the next generation. Looking backward, we can say that the long night of Europe did eventually produce a Saint Francis, a Dante, a Thomas Aquinas, and a Leonardo da Vinci. If we had lived in the tenth or eleventh centuries, we might have gathered this in advance from the poets of the day. The Troubadours of Provence, strangely enough, foreshadowed not a little of the Franciscan idea of love. But to discover what the mass population of Europe was going to be like, the poets would have helped us very little. In the clear progressive unity of O'Neill's writings, we can discover a great deal concerning certain rare individual types likely to emerge from our discouraging present. But to try to make a social philosopher out of him, as some have tried, is to miss the whole point of his special genius. He is the poet of the individual soul, of its agony, of its evil will, of its pride, and its lusts — of its rare moments of illumination, of its stumblings and gropings in surrounding darkness, and of its superbly romantic quest for deliverance through loving surrender.

THE preoccupation of Eugene O'Neill's plays with good and evil gives them at once their singular inner unity and their universal impact. Just as no European could have written these plays, because of their sensitive reflection of impending changes in American life and mood, so no European could fail to understand them, because they pass far beyond the limitations of the American scene and vibrate with the intensity of the universal life-struggle. Had O'Neill merely mirrored back the American soul to itself, he would have remained a minor poet. But he has searched instead into the depths of the larger soul of mankind itself.

It would be exceedingly difficult to catch the deeper notes of O'Neill's work without attempting to understand the quality of some of those rich and terrifying inner experiences which the poets and mystics of all ages have tried to express. The greatest of them have ultimately passed beyond the turmoil of

doubts and fears and divided selves, into something resembling a peaceful unity of mind and soul. They have actually moved from inner discord to inner harmony, and what they have learned has the value of perspective.

They tell us, with almost one voice, of a first state when they seemed to be two distinct persons, if not the tumult of a whole mob. Yet they were like two persons welded together with unbreakable chains. Their two selves could not live in peace — yet they could not live apart. They were dimly conscious that the binding chain itself was also a part of them. It was their soul and their will, the animating principle of their lives, torn and twisted and stretched between the two contending selves — a state which the saints, at least, called very simply, “temptation.” From this point, their progress might be termed the process of making the chain into a harness, light, flexible and sensitive, guiding the two selves into one path ahead.

It is the first instinct of the poet to put this struggle of the selves into words and, if possible, into objective characters. In the old morality plays, the authors freely labeled their characters with the names of sins and corresponding virtues. Bunyon carried on the tradition in English literature. The poets of our own day, like O'Neill, are often less keenly aware of what they are doing when they “create” characters which represent the many “selves” of a single person. The poet, let us say, is acutely disturbed by signs of his own potential weaknesses in people he sees about him. He suffers a sort of agony in the presence of a proud man, but quite possibly because he knows only too well the destructive effect of pride to his own inner peace. He knows the imperative need of checking his own pride and so resents furiously the pride he sees in others. He decides to write a play about the destructive force a proud man creates in his own world of friends. But almost inevitably, the poet will find another character to represent his own ideal “self,” either as the victim or the protagonist of the proud man. Then other characters will be added, each representing parts of the poet's personality which pride endangers. For he knows how devastatingly pride may reach into every corner of his

being, into his love-life, into his feminine tenderness and mercy, into his male forthrightness, into his spirit of friendship, even into his very creative ability as a poet. The play ends by being a complete description of his fear of the effect of pride.

The more sensitive the poet, the more apt he is to "project" after this fashion a great diversity of struggles between the divided selves. An ordinary mortal suffers from one or two major temptations throughout most of his life, and hardly notices his other faults. But the poet, very much like the saint, recognizes himself as beset with all the temptations in varying degrees. He lacks the smugness of the vegetable being which can say, "I am naturally honest and kind, and I have conquered most of my evil inclinations." On the contrary, the poet says to himself:

"I am a strange mixture of all possible beings. Given sufficient temptation, I could be a murderer or a pervert. I could dominate nations with my pride, if fate led me to be a ruler. My envy of others' talents and abilities is enough to make me lie and cheat to destroy them. I am not certain of my honesty and integrity if they were put to a real test. I am utterly weak-willed before the onslaught of my passions; and what little virtue I maintain is merely by strictly avoiding the occasions of lust. I love to possess both people and things. I am all these things in my mind and soul, and I despise myself for these hidden things which are really just as much myself as the kind, sympathetic, upright person my friends think me to be. My soul is stretched like a taut wire between all the evil I am capable of, and the good I desire. I know myself for what I might so easily be; and I run cold with fear when I see this possible self in others." Sometimes the poet is incapable of putting these torturing thoughts into words. He shuns them as realities, but he cannot escape from the vague and terrifying consciousness of their truth.

In his mind, if not in his actual daily life, the poet lives the tragedy of the proud man, or the hounding fate of the murderer, or the shame of the unnatural monster; and whether

his medium of making these inner struggles objective be painting or sculpture, or the written word or a play, he "creates" the very thing that torments him secretly. He projects it from his inner being to an outer form of expression. The number of such struggles which he gives us in his art is limited only by the possible selves to which he is still blind.

Those who do not concern themselves overmuch with the way of a poet, often ask why he chooses this or that "gruesome" or "morbid" subject for a novel or a painting or a play. On meeting the poet in the flesh, they are surprised to find that he may be a very affable and reasonable human being — "quite unlike the terrible people he writes about." There are many good people today who probably believe that the author of "Mourning Becomes Electra" must show in daily life the effects of a diseased mind. They do not understand the gulf between the potential evil in all souls, and actual wrongdoing. They do not understand (to revert to the terminology of the saints) the difference between temptation and sin. In fact, they understand very little of any of the deeper currents of life surging about them. Yet it is precisely because the poet reacts as he does to his own potential weaknesses that he is able to create the objective material for his work of art. Like the saints, he, above most other men, understands the sinner and fears the sin.

In the second stage of their pilgrimage, the great mystics tell us even more that is helpful in understanding the poet. The phenomenon of the divided self gradually gives way to a moment of apparent peace and discovery. The saint is a convert in more senses than one. He actually succeeds in converting the potential evil in his soul to a good end, recalling again the folk-lore analogy of "Beauty and the Beast." He accepts the facts of his nature, and through accepting them discovers that the wild beasts can be tamed. They are dangerous only so long as he fears them — and the saints have a way of seeking the end of fear through reliance on a spiritual power greater than themselves. They have called this power through the centuries Divine Grace; and the source of that

power, God. But we are concerned only in passing with the supernatural life of the saints. It is sufficient to record as a fact (though wholly inadequate as an explanation) that the saints do find a way of overcoming the fear of their own evil inclinations, and of harnessing them in such a way as to draw the soul forward on its chosen road. For a time the saints find unity instead of discord. They do this and have been doing it for centuries without ever hearing of the word "sublimation."

Unfortunately the saints have also discovered that the first taming of the beast is a transient victory. The beast has many forms. The saint may have tamed his beast in the form of lust, only to find that the same beast has grown twice as strong in the form of untamed pride. His renewed onslaught comes with astounding violence. The saint is plunged again in darkness and fear, and sometimes in that strange thing which is worse than fear — utter and devastating dryness of soul. What resistance he offers is reduced to a pure act of will unaided by emotional stimuli. In the writings of the mystics, we find this referred to as "the temporary withdrawal of Divine assistance"; as if the convert were being tested as to his own strength, or were being shown once and for all his dependence on God. But, again, we are not chiefly concerned with the supernatural life. This familiar "dark night of the soul" has its counterpart and foundation in purely natural religion, and in the experience of the poet as well as the saint.

One reason for assigning Eugene O'Neill an exceptionally high place among the poets of history, is precisely because his poetic experiences, as objectified in his plays, correspond with such depth and intensity to the universal pattern of the mystical experience of the saints. This does not imply, even remotely, that Eugene O'Neill as a man is in the process of becoming a saint! It merely implies that, as a poet, giving free rein to his creative imagination, he understands, partly by direct experience, of course, but even more by magnificent intuition the universal character of the struggle between good and evil and the clearly marked stages in the pilgrimage from turmoil to peace. He has made, or rather, his characters have

made some superb spiritual discoveries, even in his earlier plays. But the same characters, with different names, have again found themselves later on in darkness. Like the saints, they have reached a first crest, only to sink into another valley where new fears attack them and where the night is very black and without stars.

This is the universal language of the human quest, as the poets have always understood it. Odysseus found the long road home beset with greater and greater terrors as he neared his goal. The generations of the House of Atreus found no abatement in the attack of the furies as they sought expiation for primal guilt. Dante went down into the pit of the Inferno before he found himself pure and ready to ascend to the stars. The poetic genius of Richard Wagner, adapting folk-lore to his mystical intuitions, found ultimate release from the incest-cycle of the "Ring" only in the death of the hero and of the gods themselves. Not until Siegfried was dead to his old self, could he live again as Parsifal, the pure fool who could attain the Grail.

It is easy enough to say that there is no connection between the "Nibelungen Ring" and "Parsifal," that they were separate poetic concepts. But the unhappy Nietzsche knew otherwise. He felt the "betrayal" of the poetic concept of the superman when Wagner brought his hero back to life as a knight of the Grail, humble before God. It was not till then that Nietzsche's adored Wagner became "human, all too human." The whole point is that Wagner did become human! He became the universal poet of human experience, instead of remaining with Nietzsche in the twilight of dead gods, fashioned in man's own image. The universal poet seeks, with the saints, the resurrection from the valley of the shadow of death — a release in humble surrender, or in death to the old self, from that strangely insistent pursuit "down the arches of the years."

In the truly great poet, then, we may expect to find a spiritual progression corresponding very closely to age-old inner struggles of the human race. This provides the inner

unity to the poet's work. In the case of a playwright, we may expect to find the plots and materials of his plays widely diversified. There is no outer or objective unity between the hero of one play and the heroes of a dozen succeeding plays. Even the theme problems will vary, ranging through all the forms of sin and virtue. The choice of a theme problem will depend on which of the infinitely varied struggles of the two selves happens to be uppermost in the playwright's emotional life at the time he writes. The higher poetic unity between the plays will come out in the way the poet, through his objective characters, meets the successive problems.

In the case of Eugene O'Neill, it is very plain that the changing conditions of American life from the 'nineties to the present have largely conditioned his choice both of plot and theme. Environment has naturally made him more acutely conscious of certain inner problems than of others. The struggle of the 'nineties between a general smug complacency and a limited but intense idealism and devotion to beauty and art; the philosophic unrest and discontent of the succeeding decade with its intellectual pride; the defeat of scientific materialism in the great war, and the impulse to a new maturity in the disastrous years after the war — all of these national currents of mind and soul have influenced profoundly his consciousness of special forms of human struggle. But as a poet in the larger sense, he has also, in his successive handling of these problems, reflected the inner development in his own soul of the universal poet's quest. Moreover, we may well believe that his poetic progress is deeply prophetic of changes about to take place in the deeper sources of American life and emotions.

With the poet, reflecting intuitively the experience of the saints, our real concern is with the new forces of will, understanding and charity we can discover at work in the objective form of his characters. Suppose we were to say to ourselves, Robert Mayo, the Hairy Ape, and Bill Brown and Nina Leeds and Abbie Putnam, and Brutus Jones and John Loving and Young Richard Miller are all one person — one many-sided person trying to find a way through the maze of life's emotions,

temptations, sins, victories over self, storms of false pride and moments of great peace. At first it would seem preposterous. Then, as we caught the feeling of a great poet, as we began to understand his strange inner union with the highest and lowest in human emotions, we might know in our hearts that it was not preposterous at all, but the simple statement of a towering truth. We might begin to see his plays in an entirely new aspect as a progressive document of the immemorial experience of mankind. We might see about them the flickering shadow of our own day and times. We might also see something of the poet himself as an individual, living in our times, and inspired or distressed or angered by them — even limited and warped by them — but struggling constantly to rise above them to a life as broad and unlimited as the souls of men have ever known.

We would surely see something we had not seen as clearly before, of good and evil in mortal conflict; of human will girding itself for the passage through the valley of tears; of the human soul crying aloud for help from a power greater than itself. Our charity might be stirred at the sight of repeated failures, and our admiration unleashed at the sight of renewed struggle and increasing courage. Certainly our own problems would become clearer from this better understanding of one who is part of our own life. Eugene O'Neill is neither prophet nor saint. As his characters tell us, he has often, even as a poet, been deeply confused. Many of his darkest doubts and many of his most tragic defeats have sprung from immature emotions. But so have most of our own temptations and failures, not only as individuals but also as a nation. We should accept O'Neill as a companion on our own pilgrimage rather than as a leader — but surely as a companion whose poetic insight is deep, whose consciousness of our moral problems is vibrant, whose experience of the soul's conflict is sharper through intuition than most men's, and whose willingness to seek a path even in the darkest shadows marks an extraordinary tenacity and the quality of a high romance.

California — in Thy Fashion!

THOMAS SUGRUE

TO THE axiom that anything can happen in love, war and politics, there has been added by popular consent: "or in California."

California is the home of Aimee Semple McPherson, the Reverend Bob Shuler, the entire population of Hollywood and Max Adelbert Baer. It is the place wherein the late Luther Burbank succeeded in turning the biology of fruit inside out, and wherein the late Mr. Wrigley bought an island and offered twenty-five thousand dollars to the person who could swim from it to the mainland faster than anyone else. It is the place where, when it rains, cities are flooded; and where, when it does not rain, there is apt to be fog, an earthquake or a tidal wave. It is the place which possesses at one and the same time the highest and lowest geographical points in the United States, the largest landlocked harbor in the world, the biggest and oldest trees on earth, the nation's only active volcano, the highest waterfalls known to man, and the most publicized people on the globe — the movie actors.

It is the place wherein Al Levy invented the oyster cocktail and Walt Disney discovered Mickey Mouse; wherein will be found every known phase of surface geographical character, every geological peculiarity of the North and South American continents, every kind of soil known to temperate and semi-tropical zones, and all climates except the tropical. Soon it will have, between San Francisco and Oakland, the longest suspension bridge in the world. Already it has the longest motor highway bridge in the world, the San Mateo. Yet its population is less than that of the city of New York, and its government is facing a deficit of one hundred and thirty-nine million dollars in the 1935-1937 budget.

Its basic income dropped more than a billion dollars between 1929 and 1931; its exports dropped two hundred millions between 1929 and 1933, with an equal decline in imports.

Income from agriculture, its most highly developed industry, has been cut in half since the depression, and the small, individual farmers and ranchers are literally starving. Bank debits have dropped twenty-five billions since the boom years. During this period the cost of living for wage-earners and low-salaried workers dropped from eighteen to twenty-two percent, but it is still twenty-two percent higher than in 1914. And in 1934 one tenth of the population was unemployed.

THE state of California has been an enigma to the rest of the United States since a bleak day in November, 1916, when it tardily announced that Woodrow Wilson, the incumbent, not Charles Evans Hughes, the challenger, was to be the next President. Thin-checked, denim-wrapped men in Maine on that occasion gathered in groups and whispered of a madness beyond the Sierras. In Boston, school-teachers whipped the pages of the World Almanac in a frantic effort to discover the date on which Sutter's Mill was admitted to the union. There was wild talk of the new industry of motion pictures, the Mexican influence and the Yellow Peril. New England, scowling, faced a disillusionment.

I remember how my grandfather, reading the news at breakfast, looked dreamily past my grandmother and mused. He had not yet recovered from the shock of the Titanic disaster, which he considered in extremely bad taste, and this new catastrophe was almost more than he could stand. "Those people beyond the Alleghenies," he said finally, "are going to be troublesome. I had better have another egg."

After that we forgot about California and concentrated on the war, and when the war was over we concentrated on the coming of prohibition. Grandfather said it wouldn't work, completed his map of the tactical movements of the battle of Shiloh, and died. Senator Lodge became a figure and the League of Nations an issue; Rex Beach, Zane Grey, and other popular literary chefs began to serve a marvelous dish of romance and love; Arthur Guy Empey wrote a book about the war; sturdy Democrats hung a new portrait next to that of

Washington, from which the bland and dreamy-eyed physiognomy of the war President stared, somewhat fruitlessly, at an American flag. Suddenly, like a comet streaking across the track of a telescope, everything was going to be all right.

It was with this conviction that the state of California came back to the consciousness of its sister commonwealths. America had saved the world for democracy. There was plenty of money, and both liquor and prohibition. Women were allowed to smoke and show their knees, and to retain the jobs they had acquired during the war. The American Legion became an integral part of civilian life; savings banks began to pay higher and higher interest; building and loan associations promised every man his own home; the Notre Dame-Army football game was given the preferred position on the front page of New York newspapers; Mr. Grantland Rice compared Mr. Rockne's backfield to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Into such a setting walked California in the rôle of a land beyond the Jordan, holding out hands yellow with manna and speaking of the leaven of peace. From her mouth, as she spoke, rolled a sea, a rash, a plague of facts and adjectives and photographs taken with a red filter over the lens. Through the national magazines, the United States post-office and by word of mouth, the information went forth that heaven had taken up residence on earth, and was at home to friends from the Oregon state-line to the Republic of Mexico, and from the Sierra Nevada mountains to the Pacific Ocean. It was a splendid and an edifying announcement and everyone said it was undoubtedly true.

The population of the state of California increased sixty-five and a half percent between 1920 and 1930. The city of Los Angeles became, in area, the largest municipality in the world. More motor cars per capita were reported in the state than anywhere else in the country. The Tournament of Roses was begun, and the Rose Bowl football game on New Year's Day became an event of national significance. The University of Southern California turned out a championship football

team. It was decided to hold the 1932 Olympic games in Los Angeles. The Corning Glass Works in Corning, New York, began to make the largest telescopic lens in the world for Mount Wilson Observatory in Pasadena. The Mayor of New York visited the state to plead for the freedom of Thomas Mooney, a prisoner in San Quentin. My sister's godfather took up permanent residence in Los Angeles.

Then, almost simultaneously, the depression and talking pictures arrived. Hollywood, which had barely held its own with the climate and business opportunities as a lure, surged to the front. Newspapermen, hack writers, Tin-Pan-Alley bards and tap dancers flooded the studios. Dream women of the silver screen came to life and spoke to the millions who adored them. A new type of advertisement, the "trailer," inundated the movie palaces, showing enticing bits from forthcoming attractions which suppressed literary geniuses, for a hundred dollars a week, described as Stupendous, Amazing, Epic, Smashing, Daring, and Grim. New stars appeared, varying in age from six months to sixty years. The loves and lives of kings and queens came to the public in a silver chafing-dish. The newspapermen and hack writers rewrote Shakespeare and Dickens; the Tin-Pan-Alley bards composed torch songs for Roman courtesans; one of the suppressed literary geniuses, finding that Ernest Dowson's line, "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion," did not quite fit the allotted space, changed "faithful" to "true," and remarked that he considered the change an improvement.

Meanwhile the eternal sunshine, the manna, and the leaven of peace became a bit tarnished. Rumbblings of discontent came from the caravans encamped in heaven, and short answers were given to newcomers who innocently asked the way to the Elysian Fields. The sale of motor cars fell off, a state sales tax was greeted with snarls, and the Utopian Society of America came into being. Mr. Upton Sinclair, the writer, after sixteen years of quiet residence in Pasadena, decided that the iron was hot and devised an EPIC plan to end poverty in California, with which he struck terror into the

hearts of capitalists, Republicans and Democrats alike. Only after a campaign in which he was the target for mud-slinging such as has seldom been seen in America was Mr. Sinclair defeated by the incumbent, Frank F. Merriam, for whom Republicans, in their verbal and individual campaigns, sincerely apologized.

With that over, California faced the reward of her folly. In the land which she advertised as heaven are some two million malcontents, each sorry for the day he left his home in Iowa, Nebraska, Texas or wherever it was, to settle down and await eternity on the blessed slopes of the Sierras and along the shores of the Pacific. The savings they brought with them have, for the most part, been swept away. Many have lost the homes they built or bought. They drive the cars they had in 1928 and 1929 because it is an economic necessity to have a car in California. They came to retire, so they have no jobs, and even if jobs were available most of them would be incompetent. Their only accomplishments are horseshoe-pitching and the drawing of astrological charts. They have few friends among themselves, and none who are any better off. Some of them are starving, some are despondent, some are hopelessly ill. All, to a man, woman and child, want a change. Something, no matter what it is, has got to be done.

The larger portion of this unemployed population is in southern California, along with a complementary group of unemployed which is not included in the statistics of the labor department. This latter comprises those who came to California to retire and who are now forced, through the dwindling of their incomes, to seek a means of livelihood. The majority of both of these groups reside in and around Los Angeles county, where the Sinclair vote was heaviest, and where the Utopians are strongest.

Los Angeles is the boom city of the state. It was founded in 1781 by the Spaniards, and its first census listed forty-four residents. By 1910 it had over three hundred thousand; by 1920 it had nearly six hundred thousand; the 1930 census showed a population of well over a million, an increase of

almost one hundred percent in ten years. By 1933 it had a budget of seventeen million dollars, a debt of one hundred and fifty-five million dollars, and an assessed realty valuation of slightly more than a billion. It also possessed in 1933 the third largest stadium in America; an aqueduct as long as the state of Massachusetts is wide; more people over the age of seventy-five than any other American city except New York, Chicago and Philadelphia; and eighteen thousand, five hundred illiterates.

Unofficially (for statistics are not kept in such enterprises) Los Angeles has more psychic mediums, more spiritualists, more astrologers, more fortune-tellers, more esoteric cults and more bizarre religions than any other city in the country, not even excluding New York. Also, and again unofficially, it has the most baroque and variegated architecture, the oddest specimens of humankind, the greatest degree of self-absorption, and the most complete imperviousness to the realities of existence of any other city, town, village or nation on earth. It is in Los Angeles, really, that anything can happen. By comparison, the rest of California is a model of sophistication and cultural repose beside a farrago of nonsense and banal absurdities. Southern California, which revolves about Los Angeles as the earth revolves about the sun, is not what it said it was, back in the early 'twenties, when it set out on a career of self-exploitation. Neither climatically, geographically, artistically nor pleurably does it fulfill its own prophecy.

Instead, and paradoxically, it fulfills a much older and greater prophecy.

THE state of California begins at the top of the Sierra Nevada mountains and slopes to the Pacific ocean. From tip to tip it is a thousand miles long and half of this, roughly, is southern California. The northern half for the most part is well forested, sparsely populated, and given over to mining, agriculture, the city of San Francisco and the state capital of Sacramento. It conducts itself calmly and in good taste, looks after its affairs without fuss and keeps its house in order. Most

of the native Californians (rare specimens nowadays) reside there, and in the annals of American history and the minds of American people it occupies an honorable and well-thought-of position.

Southern California is a desert. Where there are hills, they are denuded, and when rain falls there is nothing to hold it in the mountains or on the slopes. Agriculture proceeds by irrigation, and the water supply is piped from a stream that begins high in the mountains, near Yosemite. The eternal sunshine beats down pitilessly during most of the year, blasting every vestige of color and feeling from the earth beneath. The trees that grow are those that need no rain — the eucalyptus, orange, fig, pomegranate and palm. There is no spring, no summer, no autumn, no winter. Every day, all day, the land is colorless, the ocean slate grey, the sky a faded blue. The grass and flowers and trees and all things that should be green are anaemic. The white houses shine like the faces of tenement children. The oranges are only oranges; the roses have no odor; the women are only women, doubly plain.

It was to this that a million people came between 1920 and 1934, leaving behind them their homes and their roots, seeking a heaven on earth. They had lived in the cities and towns of the middle-west, the east, and the south, and the families of some had not moved for generations. Some of them had amassed tiny fortunes, and were old; some had made nothing of life, and were young. Among them were pioneers, idealists and perennial malcontents. None among them was great; none was a genius. Mediocrity pervaded the lives of all, and a terrible gnawing. Yet they all believed in God; they all believed in heaven; they all believed in the Bible.

The Bible told them that the lot of man was happiness, that virtue was its own reward, that the meek shall inherit the earth. They were human, they were virtuous, they were meek. So when the word came that California was waiting — a Valhalla, Nirvana and heaven all in one — they girded themselves with the belief in happiness on earth, and strength of virtue, and the frightening faith of the meek. They came like an

army in armor, with trailers behind their shiny automobiles and travelers checks in their pockets. Quickly they built their homes, sent to mail order houses for furniture, erected churches, voted for more schools, organized chambers of commerce, canvassed from house to house for the community chest, attended strawberry festivals and entered teams in the horse-shoe-pitching tournaments. This done they relaxed, examined the sky, and nodded. Soon they wrote letters back home saying that everything was as advertised.

The wave that followed this news was not up to the standard of the first influx. In it were the halt, the lame, and the blind of intellect; the punch-drunk, the weary, the defeated and the mad. Babbling of Elysia, they came in broken-down motor cars, shorn of fenders, with patched tires. They lived off the land as they came along, and they lived off their friends when they arrived. But their friends, with faith unshaken, explained that their living was for everybody, and soon even the most worthless were maintaining themselves: selling hot dogs, pumping gasoline, training kinkajous, guiding tourists through the homes of movie stars, selling trinkets on the street corners.

They were not, in any sense, a united group of people. The Iowans took over Long Beach, a hundred and twenty-five thousand strong, and the Minnesotans and Nebraskans herded together in various spots. They all became ardent southern Californians, but this was the only exoteric bond. Esoterically they shared a single belief, but they were not aware of it. One man could not see the mote in his brother's eye because his own eye was stricken with a beam. Yet they all held this common, and nowadays singular belief: they were certain that they deserved happiness on earth and in heaven, regardless of what they did to attain it. They did not, in fact, believe that it had to be attained. To them it was a birthright, granted by God to all children on His earth.

The average man realizes, or feels intuitively, that happiness is something to be attained. That is why he labors, suffers pain, gives to charity, and prays for his own and his brother's soul. That is why, too, he is able to laugh. Man's humor is founded

on man's understanding of his own incompetence, his own unimportance in the scale of the universe, the ridiculousness of his vanity. The people who migrated to southern California did not have this understanding. They believed that in the scale of the universe each occupied a small but very important place, and they did not consider it a laughing matter.

Nor would they, after they had arrived, believe the testimony of their senses. They would not admit the colorlessness of the desert in which they lived, the drabness of the climate. They agreed that it was necessary to wear a topcoat on almost any night during the year, but they said such cool evenings made sleeping more enjoyable. They admitted that the small oysters which come from the Pacific ocean were not tasty, but they said that they did not care for oysters anyhow. They could not deny that the roses had no odor, but they argued that sight is more important than smell in the matter of a rose.

To offset the pitiless sunshine and the colorlessness of the earth they set about artificially enlivening the landscape. They built gasoline stations, rest rooms, hot dog stands, way-side cabins, markets, fruit stands, movie theaters and animal hospitals, in the most baroque forms their minds could conceive. They built them in the shapes of derby hats, howling dogs, weeping pigs, spouting coffee-pots, crouching monkeys, coiled cobras, automobiles, old hats, tin cans and Mother Hubbards. They colored them red, green, blue, sapphire, orange, yellow, or not at all. On the menus of their restaurants they jestingly called food "grub," spelled egg "aig," and advised the use of bicarbonate of soda after eating. (Strangely enough this is sound advice in most instances!)

And then, with nothing else to do, they became dilettantes. They had come to retire, many of them, and yet they wanted something to occupy their time. So they began to grow dates, bottle olives, train canaries, breed rabbits, and talk over the back fence about astrology and the great adventure that was still before them. Religion had naturally played an important part in their lives before coming to California, but there were not many who clung steadfastly to one creed. Having found

happiness and heaven on earth they turned naturally to the next step. Egotists all, their ectoplasm began to bother them — oozing out in the night when, had they worked hard during the day, they would have been asleep. Little groups began to gather and to draw each other's horoscopes.

Very quickly southern California became a stamping ground for all kinds of psychic and medicinal quackery. Theosophy, Buddhism, Mohammedism, Brahmanism and Reincarnationism forged to the front, and Aimee Semple Macpherson built Angelus Temple. The Rosicrucians sprang up in a dozen different places, and astrologers and numerologists flocked to the country. Palmists, spiritualists, ordinary fortune-tellers and hypnotists found themselves in a paradise, and every bookstore, magazine counter, novelty shop and newspaper stand stocked up on religious books, astrology handbooks and charts, and tomes on magic. A great friendship with the "Beyond" grew up, and the newspapers, cognizant of it, tabued the verb "to die" and referred to those who had left the world as having "passed on." Queer cases began to drift into the District Attorney's office, and the police began to scratch their heads over strange crimes.

Alongside the white magic there grew up, of course, a good deal of black magic. The Eleusinian mysteries arrived side by side with the Akasic records, malism, black cats and the swastika (not the Nazi variety, but that of Hermes). Swamis, Yogis, Water Wizards, Levitators and Messiahs sprang up by the hundreds, and those who had "passed on" came back to run the affairs of those still living.

A group of believers pickled a corpse in alcohol, nursed it as an invalid, seated it at the dinner table, took it riding in the afternoon, and each night waited for the soul to return. A man built a seven-branched candlestick of three hundred and sixty-five pieces in three hundred and sixty-five hours according to an order received in a dream, and sat down to await an explanation. Dominick Craddock owned four houses and six black cats—turned off the water, gas, and electricity, and died. His sister tried to nurse him back to life at the request of

spirits. Dominick had been dead for twelve days when police arrived.

Reincarnationists have discovered that Geraldine Farrar was Joan of Arc, that Elinor Glyn was an Egyptian queen who was buried alive, that June Mathis was Valentino's mother. Psychics have divined that ninety-two million dollars from the old San Gabriel mission were buried under Coyote Pass, in Monterey Park. People appear in court almost every day to have their names officially changed so that they can avoid a numerological curse in the letters.

Hypnotists regulate women's diets, so that they can become slim without effort; one hypnotist forced a woman to approach a seventy-year-old man, then blackmailed the gentleman with letters signed, "The Vengeance Club of Southern California." There was, and is, the Spiritual Psychic Science Church, Inc., with four hundred and fifty branches throughout the world. The Better Business Bureau of Los Angeles, investigating it, found that for ten dollars one can become a minister in the church, for five additional dollars a doctor of divinity, and for twenty-five dollars a bishop.

In a single building in the heart of Los Angeles, the following are listed as tenants — "Spiritual Mystic Astrologer; Spiritual Psychic Science Church, number 450, Service Daily, Message Circles, Trumpet Thursday, 8 p.m.; Circle of Truth Church; Spiritual Psychic Science Church, number 166; First Church Divine Love and Wisdom, Message Service Wednesday and Friday; Reverend Eva Coram, Giving Her Wonderful Cosmic Readings, Divine Healing Daily; Spiritual Science Church of the Master, Special Rose Light Circle; 233 South Hill Street, Nothing Impossible." Los Angeles also encompasses the Church of Applied Psychology, the First Church and Academy of Astrology, the First Church of Christian Metaphysics, the Truth Center of Hollywood, Jehovah's Witnesses, and the Unity Church of Divine Healing.

The most popular and respected astrologer in the Los Angeles district not long ago gave out the information that, according to her calculations, the next President will be a

Republican, there will be a revolution in America between 1941 and 1942 ending with a dictator behind a puppet President, Hitler will be assassinated by the spring of 1936, the United States will never have a war with Japan, there will be a war in Europe in 1936, Mussolini and Italy are under the benign rule of Leo, as is also a leading motion picture company. This astrologer has been serving screen stars, producers, and ordinary civilians of the community for twenty-eight years. Her opinions, as mentioned above, were printed in the Sunday Magazine of the Los Angeles Times, which has a wide circulation. What is a person's attitude toward life, his country, and his job when he believes the above?

On the other hand, what is the attitude of more than a million people who believe themselves to be victims of a great injustice, to revenge which the Hand of God will assist them?

Some indication of their attitude was given in the Sinclair-Merriam campaign last year, when they rallied behind the EPIC candidate. The power and the faith and the fanatical belief in predestined happiness on earth was gathered from the swamps of psychic quackery and the Nirvana of Hoover Republicanism, molded by hunger and poverty into a single entity, and sent forth to cry "Wolf!" at the door of every landholder, every jobholder and every capitalist in the state. From north, east, south and west of California the jobless and the malcontent swarmed, ready to hold the banner aloft for a New Day, and a New Deal that Washington never dreamed about in its wildest New Deal days.

It was a close call, and the victory may only be temporary. Southern California today is marching toward a prophecy it had not anticipated. Like the Promised Land of the Israelites, it is a desert. It has a voice crying in the wilderness. It is hungry and restless. United, it can out-vote northern California and rule the state. It is ready to try anything. Anything can happen, and probably will.

THERE are other things which contribute to the scene of California to make it an enigma, an anachronism, a

fabulous country with a charm that comes, not from its scenery or people, but from the spiritual undercurrent which drives it forward.

The people themselves seem lost, as exiles. They are friendly on the street and in public places, but they go to their homes alone, and seldom invite a stranger or mere acquaintance to visit them. Perhaps it is because the roots of their homes are elsewhere, or because they are tired of the mail order furniture which makes one house look exactly like another. Anyhow, they do not invite. They meet you in the lobby of your hotel.

They speak a strange tongue which many observers, hearing casually, report as excellent English. On the surface it seems so, because there is little broken English. The people were born in America, of American parents, and they all attended public school. But their speech is clotted with malapropisms, their vocabulary extends hardly beyond arm's length, and their grammar on many ordinary points is bad. In three months of intense listening I did not hear a single Californian, not even Upton Sinclair, say, "If I were." Every one of them, Mr. Sinclair twice in five minutes, said, "If I was." I was not able to find out whether the form is taught thus in the schools.

On the average they dress plainly, conservatively, and in absence of taste. What chic there is comes from Hollywood designers, and is more bizarre than tasty. Nobody bothers to observe the ordinary rules of dress for morning, afternoon and evening wear. At a Sunday night supper which I attended, one girl appeared in riding habit, another in a tea gown, another in a sports outfit. Other than myself, only one man wore a tie. Women wear evening clothes to the night clubs, but the men usually wear sports clothes or business suits. Black ties with tails and white ties with dinner jackets are common.

The average drink is Bourbon or rye with gingerale. Lemon is served with Scotch and soda, unless otherwise demanded. Little attention is paid to brand or age. Most people choose by price. If they are new-rich or out for a night they choose the most expensive drinks; otherwise they take the cheapest. They seem to have chromium-plated stomachs, and the women

never suffer from hangover. Next morning they ride horse-back, swim a few miles, or perhaps go out to the rifle range and ruin a few bull's-eyes. Their complexions, because of the climate and the incessant sun, are brown and dry. Few of them are beautiful, none exotic.

Except for Pierre's, in San Francisco, and a few of the hotels in that city and in Los Angeles, there are no good food spots in the state. The food is plain, the beef is local and second-rate, and the cooking very dull, without relishes or sauces.

The service in restaurants is amusing — if you are not in a hurry. There is no servant class among the white people in the state, and the waiters and waitresses have very little interest in their work. They are thinking of other things as they amble about among the tables, and they resent their menial position. The chefs apparently are in the same fix, because the average time for a simple four-course dinner is an hour and a half, and there is seldom anything palatable. The whole scene gives the impression of an I-am-doing-you-a-favor-by-feeding-you attitude, and after a while you get to believe it yourself.

Much of the food situation can be traced to the local beef and to the unfortunate Pacific, which besides being slate grey in color seems cursed with an inability to impart tastiness to its inhabitants. Except for the filet of Catalina sand dab, which is honey sweet, and such dishes as baby barracuda and sea bass, the things that come out of the Pacific are not fit to eat. Eastern oysters are brought here and transplanted, but even such a short life in Pacific waters seems to rob them of their taste.

The prosperity of the place, like its beauty, is largely mythical. Just as the homes, except the rococo castles of the movie stars in Beverly Hills, are a hodge-podge of freak architecture, so are they cheaply built and cheaply furnished. Things that easterners consider necessary to the comfort and dignity of a home are lacking, such as bookcases, a den, or etchings and paintings for the walls. The Californians have their cars, tennis rackets, golf clubs and slacks, but they have none of the other things. Culture is still a word in the dictionary that is sometimes bandied about by professors in lecture rooms.

Yet California has a public school for every one hundred inhabitants, and thirteen colleges and universities. The only cultural bulwark I found was the Henry E. Huntington library in San Marino, near Pasadena, with its privately assembled collection of a million and a quarter original manuscripts and its two hundred thousand rare books. In San Francisco I found only six bookstores for its seven hundred and fifty thousand people. In attempting to elicit, from a young lady clerk in one of these stores, information about the reading habits of San Franciscans, I asked her how many copies of James Joyce's "Ulysses" the store sold every month.

"About one every two months," she said. "We don't go in for snob literature out here. The people prefer Californiana."

Daily newspapers in California cost five cents, and there is little in them. National news is treated briefly, and the local news is handled according to the policies and prejudices of the paper and its owners. A story which makes the front page of one newspaper may not even be mentioned in the pages of its rival's edition. Newsprint is bad and the quality of the paper used is low. Sports pages occupy a prominent place, and during the football season coaches and players of prominence in the local colleges have daily columns, written by ghost writers who sometimes hire ghost writers to ghost for them.

The town of Carmel, near the old capital city of Monterey, on the coast a hundred miles south of San Francisco, takes precedence as the cultural seat of the state. It is inhabited by Lincoln Steffens, Robinson Jeffers, and a few hundred artists who live quietly in a wholesome community spirit. I spent a day examining the town, charmed by its woodland beauty, but I could not find any of the artists at work. A few dull still-lives were in the shop windows for sale, and a few books and pamphlets, written by residents, were also on sale. That was all. One of the most pretentious offices was that of an astrologer. On the bill-board at the post-office were a dozen requests for rides to San Francisco over the week-end, nothing else.

Monterey itself was still and drab when I got there. At the hotel bar, after dinner, one of the members of the Junior

Chamber of Commerce was telling a few friends why the town was dying.

"We don't capitalize on our Spanish history," he informed them. "We got to make our town all Spanish architecture, see? Make this hotel Spanish. Get some Mexicans here. Plant a lot of roses. Write books about our Spanish history, see? Then we'll get the Eastern tourists. Those guys got a lot of dough."

Other towns, such as Santa Barbara and San Diego, do capitalize on their Spanish history, holding Spanish festivals every year. Everybody goes and gets drunk.

FROM one end to the other, and from the Sierras to the Pacific, California is a colorful state. San Francisco has lost the flush of its youthful, bawdy days, but it still has its fascinating waterfront, its Nob Hill, and its Chinatown and cable-cars. Los Angeles is a pipe dream of pop-eyed wonders, with people who peep at life as a kangaroo looking timidly from its built-in papoosery. The lovely valleys of San Gabriel and San Fernando lull the eye with endless miles of orchards. Yosemite, General Grant and Sequoia national parks are superb works of natural art, ideal vacation lands. Hollywood is a madhouse. I watched the shooting of two scenes and fled.

Last night I visited a young man there who has taken a house on a high, almost inaccessible hill. As we sat before the log fire, trying to keep warm in the "ideal" California weather, there was a knock at the door. My host admitted two men in khaki uniforms. They said they belonged to a private police force which patrols the district, and wished to offer their services for a stipulated sum. My host said he did not own the house and considered the matter up to the landlord. The policemen said it was a matter of the tenant. My host refused the offer of help.

"We'll come back again when you've had a chance to think it over," one of them said. "You'll need protection."

When they had gone my host scratched his head.

"The last two district attorneys of Los Angeles were indicted on pretty serious charges, you know," he said.

Yet all of the foregoing has served but to fortify my belief that something great will come out of California. It has been the observation of many visitors that the beauty of California deserves better people than inhabit it. Perhaps the people will be worthy of it when they get together and become part of it. And the word beauty, I think, is here misused. Beauty does not overawe and compel. Beauty is not a desert without color, demanding irrigation and constant care. I think instead that California is a promised land, waiting for its people to catch up with it.

I began to believe that, when I was returning from Monterey to San Francisco. We stopped at a place in the mountains which called itself, in signs ten feet high, the Holy City. We stopped to eat sandwiches and discover the holiness.

It was only another cult, but there was something grand in its isolation on a mountain, and in its stern credo. Tersely, the sandwich man informed me that the white Christian male alone is supreme on earth, and that all other races and creeds are beneath him and fit only to act as his menials. Women, he added, were also inferior animals, to be used as slaves.

“Have you no women here?” I asked.

“Yes, but we don’t marry them and we don’t live with them. We are above them.”

“What do you do with them?”

“Make them work.”

Yes, I think that something great will come out of California.

Road through New Hampshire

FRANCES FROST

There was a road through summer; and the first
green field, by Indian-paintbrush flecked to red,
faded to mustard-gold; a cornfield's thirst
was quenched by slanting rain from a thunder-head.

The road curved into weeds, and there the shadow
moved over the white, five-petalled starry flower,
and there an infant fox, a russet fellow,
sped in a windy hemlock-colored hour.

And grassy stubble, golden in the sun,
abandoned by the mowers, sloped between
forest and forest, and the road went down
seeking the secrets of the further green.

And Indian-pipes their ghostly whiteness lifted
from ancient moulder, and the maple-thickets
flushed while the dappled waning sunlight drifted
over low mushrooms orange-thatched for crickets.

And the leopard-lily, bronze and spotted gold,
rose upon her tall and emerald stem,
and silvered by the swift September cold
hung pinched for summer's silent requiem.

There was a road through summer: where it went
onward through scarlet autumn and was lost,
I cannot tell: I know the grass was bent
with glitter and sumac-leaves were stroked by frost.

A Statistician's Dream

BURGES JOHNSON

THERE is no such thing anywhere on this footstool as a two; nowhere can there be found, in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, a three or a four. These are not things — they are figments of a mathematician's dream. When the user of them constantly remembers that they represent or qualify things, he may arrive at Truth by means of them. But if he continues to use them after they have ceased to represent anything in his mind, the result may be nonsense.

“If one man can do a piece of work in twelve hours, how long will it take two men to do it?” asks the teacher. Is a child permitted to bring his native common sense into action and ask “What kind of work?” No indeed. He is taught to divide twelve by two. That two men will do a piece of work in half the time that it takes one man to do it is an absurd fallacy. If physical labor is meant, two men can do it in less than half the time; if mental labor, then one can work faster than two. One may work faster than a hundred.

It is the habit of statisticians to collect the figures that are attached to objects, separate them from the things to which they are attached, deal with them in various mysterious ways, then attach the results to the objects again and think that they have truth. A boy in a tree can pick six quarts of cherries in half an hour; then let the farmer borrow the services of his neighbor's daughter, and the boy and girl, so he is told, can pick six quarts of cherries in fifteen minutes. But any child knows that if you put a boy and a girl together in a tree they may not pick six quarts of cherries all day.

Mr. Wilbur Nesbit did a most excellent piece of figuring when he asserted that if a fox terrier two feet long, with a three inch tail, could dig a hole three feet deep in half an hour, then to dig the Panama Canal in a single year would require only one fox terrier a mile and a half long, with an

eighty foot tail. Any statistician would gravely consider this statement, do a bit of figuring and assure you it is true; but a child would doubt it. He would question whether that kind of a fox terrier would dig where he was told.

It was once my pleasant fortune to be attached to a college for women (an attachment, may I add parenthetically, which in my heart still continues). In those days a statistician who lived in Pittsburgh, or some such place, announced that he had been making a study of the vital statistics of segregated colleges. He had discovered that the graduates of Vassar produced three-quarters of a child apiece, and the graduates of Harvard contributed to posterity only half a child per graduate. From this he deduced that such colleges not only were not reproducing themselves and must therefore cease to exist, but that they were a menace to civilization because they tended to reduce, generation by generation, the total number of educated people.

I was deeply interested in this; and my depraved fancy led me to wonder what gruesome fraction of an infant might come into the world if a graduate of Harvard married a graduate of Vassar. But as a more serious inquiry, I sought the source of the numerical symbols to which his mind had applied itself. I found that he worked with reports supplied by the colleges whose figures were obtained by "questionnaires" addressed to graduates. He had found the total number of graduates who had answered, and the total number of children that they had reported, and had conscientiously divided one figure by the other.

But a study of the letter-writing habits of college graduates, quite apart from any symbolic figures, reveals this interesting truth: that a young graduate who marries and acquires her first baby is very likely to write promptly to the alumnae secretary, or even wire the dean. When the second arrives, a belated postcard announces the fact. But after there are three or four in the family, the parent may forget to write at all. Moreover, such statistics are assembled from living graduates, seventy-five percent of whom are still physically able to bear

more children. Such data would be of value only if it dealt with those alumni who have been out of college for forty years or more, or are dead.

But the statistician is interested in figures rather than human behavior. Having detached his symbols from living things, manipulated them, and then reattached them, he finds that such colleges must eventually disappear through failure to reproduce themselves. This is based on the assumption that all future students are produced only by former ones. Granting that absurdity, it would still be questionable whether such colleges menace our civilization! Common sense points out, on the contrary, that if Harvard and Vassar were cloistered spots, sending out trained graduates pledged to celibacy, devoting their lives to teaching and social service, civilization still might benefit from their existence, or even be more greatly benefited than at present.

I recall that in that far-away time I wrote to the gentleman in Pittsburgh, pointing out some of the facts cited above, and added that my own researches revealed that statisticians were producing a quarter of a child apiece and that therefore in sixty years or so there would be no more statisticians, for which heaven be praised. I am still awaiting his reply.

Statisticians would do little harm if they avoided disguises. The mere preparing of statistical tables may perhaps keep them out of worse mischief. But it is when the statistician calls himself an efficiency expert that I most fear him. For then he takes his facts, detaches them from reality, manipulates them, and attaches them again, *with some sort of vested authority to operate in human affairs*. There is, for instance, the famous bricklayer and the stop watch. The efficiency expert observes the habits of the humble layer of bricks and times his motions. He discovers that the man picks up the brick, turns it over two or three times in his hands in order to get the facing uppermost, spoons up a little mortar with his trowel, perhaps even shifts his implement and his brick from one hand to the other, pauses to spit, and then puts the brick in place.

"If you will cut out three unnecessary motions," says the

efficiency man, "you can lay twenty more bricks in an hour. If you can make your helper place the bricks in his hod with their faces up you can lay thirty more bricks in an hour." Figures are just as true in this instance as in the case of the fox terrier. How the bricklayer may *feel* when his behavior is thus mechanized is not the concern of the efficiency expert. How much a man *wants* to hurry with his work is not a ponderable force. It cannot be added or subtracted or multiplied into the equation. So forty bricklayers lay thirty more bricks apiece per hour, for one week, and go on strike at the beginning of the second week, and that's that.

This is not a fanciful picture. At a certain canning factory within my ken a number of non-English-speaking women were employed at manual labor. Their employer had recently read about that converted bricklayer and was himself converted; so he sent for an efficiency engineer. First of all the factory was rearranged so that the several processes would be housed in logical order — the filled cans finally landing at the very doors of the freight cars. All that was well and good; the cans seemed to be as happy as ever, and production was increased.

But then the engineer began upon the lady Lithuanians. He studied their idiosyncracies and found that some discerned color more quickly than others, and some had speedier muscular reactions. So he jumped them about, until those who best distinguished colors selected labels for cans, and those whose feet moved most quickly operated foot-power machines, and so on. Then the wage was based upon a minimum output per individual, and a bonus offered for results in excess of that.

At the end of the first week a large number of these women earned a bonus and immediately struck. No one in the place could discover the reason. It was too subtle for the regular interpreter. But a priest was found in a neighboring city who spoke their tongue and he got at the root of the trouble. They had struck because they were overworked, but they did not know they were overworked until they were paid so much.

The efficiency engineer departed in disgust. There was something there in addition to his figures which he could not add up.

Let this be credited to the teacher of elementary arithmetic, that he never urges a child to multiply six apples by two hippopotamuses in the belief that he will get twelve of either. Only a very stupid teacher would ask a child to divide, even on paper, one bone among six dogs and determine the fractional result, either in dogs or bones. He would fear a recrudescence of the child's common sense. It is only after the teacher has become a statistician that he can subtract this year's white birthrate from this year's black birthrate, multiply by fifty years, and then frighten us with a rising tide of color.

I recall the pathetic instance of one such delver in digits who had spent years assembling figures relating to farm produce in a certain area. Finally he achieved his goal, which was to determine the average annual production. But by that time the inhabitants had begun raising something else.

FROM the foregoing you may assume that I entertain a mild prejudice against statisticians. But there is nothing personal about it; and I admit it proves me no whit wiser than the average of my fellow citizens. For a statistician is merely one kind of an expert. And it is a weakness of democracy to distrust its experts.

Let me be frank with myself and the rest of us: this distrust is due in part to jealousy rather than ignorance. It is our democratic tradition that success comes naturally as a result of dogged, plodding labor, or "sweat." We also allow for luck, or "striking it rich." Rail-splitting to our mind is the ideal background; if this is accompanied by the study of a few books, preferably by candle-light, so much the better. That much learning is within anyone's reach! But the intellectual expert has acquired a superiority which cannot be secured through mere plodding, or luck, or money, or votes; so we regard him with suspicion, and feel that there must be something undemocratic about him.

Most of my fellow democrats will explain that what they really distrust is a theorist. No man, they say, can gain special knowledge of a subject by reasoning about it; practice is the only teacher. Josh Billings is their prophet when he cries out, "It is better not to know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so." Bankers and insurance men, railroad presidents, soldiers, journalists, and farmers boast that their fathers attained success by a process of trial and error; so the sons who are spared the trials assert their right to continue the errors — theorists to the contrary, notwithstanding.

But having conceded this much, let me get back to my statisticians and assert that we distrust our experts mostly because of their own faults. First, they won't speak our language; second, they are likely to talk too much at the wrong time; and third, they devote their minds so undividedly to one pursuit that they lose their common sense.

When an expert so exalts his favorite idea that he cannot see around it or over it — whether it be a tonsil, or a grain of wheat, or a submarine, or a collection of digits — then he gains his only social pleasure from conversation with other specialists of his own kind about their common subject. The next step is inevitable: a new language is born. For it is natural that in such conversations a sort of verbal short-hand should develop which makes for scientific accuracy, and saves time.

But if the truth were told, accuracy and time-saving soon come to be secondary reasons for using this patter. It serves as a mystic symbol, a fraternal "high-sign," an abracadabra admitting initiates into a secret brotherhood, and effectively excluding barbarians. It is an awesome experience for any common man to overhear the conversation between two profound specialists in penology, let us say, or adenoids, or foreign exchange. I omit mention of the higher orders of statisticians, because they have probably gotten beyond the need for words of any sort, and talk to one another only on their figures. The common man shrinks from the sound of this esoteric vocabulary as though it were a malign incantation, or resents it as though it were a taunt. He begins to feel like

rejecting the expert's opinion even when he can understand it.

It is my observation that the more narrowly confined a specialist has become, the more he has recourse to this special jargon; with the unfortunate effect that he builds up for himself one more barrier between his mind and the common human mind, exchanges less and less the currency of common ideas, and so is likely to reduce still further his own quota of common sense. While he must retain the ability to translate into his own tongue the material for his problems, he loses all ability to translate his results back again into the vernacular.

Of course Heaven sends us in every decade a few specialists who keep themselves generally informed, and have a command of common, everyday English; but they are often martyred, and oddly enough it is their own fellow specialists who hurl the first stones. But the narrower ones — those who fill their minds so full of uncommon knowledge that there is no room left for common sense — are the ones who help to destroy popular confidence in experts, by talking out of turn. Perhaps one wins world-wide recognition as a builder of locomotives, or as a leader of armies. This recognized special knowledge gives to any of his pronouncements a wide hearing. Whereupon he is induced to voice silly views of art or history or politics; and a scornful public cries "I told you so," and begins at once to distrust even the man's profound special knowledge, and the profundity of all other experts as well.

But democracy is in most woeful need of all the expert theorists it can produce. It has bumbled along too far already without enough of them. In a monarchy or a despotism this is not the case (and if that be treason, make the most of it). Supreme authority scrutinizes its resources, discovers specialists in this or that, and summons them to the service of the state; and the populace does not resent this any more than other acts of omnipotence. On the contrary it is inclined to be boastful of its experts, making the same sort of fuss over them that it does over a royal family.

Certainly we democrats ought to have learned by this time what the expert theorist can do for us when we give him

a chance. There is, for instance, a wide-spread and apparently well-founded belief that our bankers have been saved from final discredit by men who are pure theorists, so far as banking is concerned. Insurance men once went through their own valley of the shadow, when they suddenly learned that the world had been changing around the insurance business, and it was necessary for a theorist to tell them about it.

Our railroads inevitably prospered, as migratory peoples flowed in along their rights-of-way; and railroad executives, while cheerfully paralleling one another's lines, claimed credit, like Father Abraham, even for the populations, and for a hundred years allowed an obsolete type of stage coach to determine the shape of a railway car. But at last when populations stopped flowing and business fell off they welcomed the counsel of government theorists.

But it is more tactful of me to write about farmers. They are thick-skinned fellows who do not mind being written about. Several years ago an elderly theorist retired to his estate in an eastern farming section. He was depressed by the depleted soil and inferior stock and antiquated methods of his farmer neighbors, and eagerly desired to be of practical use to them. He suggested the introduction of another breed of cattle as best suited to their hillsides; and certain European tricks of viniculture that promised better results. But they would have none of it. Finally his farm manager, who was a native and knew his own people, suggested building a good fence around everything, and then following a policy of extreme reticence. The plan worked. Neighbors climbed the fence by night and borrowed the ideas, as well as a little breeding from the foreign stock. The whole neighborhood was greatly benefited, and every farmer felt that it was a result of his own rugged individualism. Experts be durned.

I met a young stage driver in South Dakota who pointed across the distant prairies to his home farm, and I asked why he had not followed in his father's footsteps. "Because farmers haven't any sense," he answered. "Even after the state granted tree claims, you couldn't get some of these farmers to plant

trees. They never had planted trees before and why should they now? Wheat was what they planted, and they knew all they needed to know about that. When the state offered to give a squatter full title to a piece of land if he would plant trees and stay until they had grown into a storm barrier, a few outsiders came in and took advantage of the offer. But my dad never would, and he's had all his savings swept away twice by wind storms.

"Take pigs," continued the lad. "When I was a youngster we always kept one family of pigs around the back door. They used up the family swill and we killed them when they got big enough. One family of pigs was enough for one farmhouse. We knew they would thrive in this climate, but that didn't suggest anything to a farmer. All he could see was wheat. It took some crazy expert from the state college to pound into the farmers' heads the idea that they might raise more pigs, and they resisted the idea as long as they could. Now a big part of the state's wealth is pork products."

IT LOOKS as though democracy might get along better if the specialist and the practical man of affairs could work together in hearty coöperation, each supplementing the other. This might happen if any one of the following conditions could be brought about: first, if every practical man of affairs were also a specialist; second, if every specialist were a practical man of affairs; third, if we could train up a trusted and trustworthy body of interpreters.

The first condition will come about when every citizen is possessed of so thorough a knowledge in some one field that, with the humility of the true scholar, he respects the learning of others. This presupposes universal education, and the millennium. The second might come about if we could pass laws requiring every specialist to spend three days of every week in general reading or mingling with his fellow men and striving to understand them. This seems equally difficult! The third condition is a matter for the press. The newspaperman is our interpreter. If our experiment in democracy is to work,

we must be able to count on his integrity, high purpose and good sense.

Unfortunately, the newspaperman has become, to a considerable extent, merely a dealer in a commodity called Sensation. Instead of searching out the expert in order to explain his profound discoveries to common men, he persuades him to say something silly, and gives that to the world in letters an inch high. He teaches wise men to distrust newspapers and the public to distrust wise men. He might save experts for democracy; he might, and should, save democracy for itself.

One Purple Patch

B. M. STEIGMAN

EVERYTHING that man wears today reaches him in a more or less completely manufactured state. When he dresses he merely assembles, mechanically speaking, a number of standardized parts. A few bolts and buttons — and he is ready to be shipped from his dressing-room. There seems to be hardly anything that is actually constructed on the premises.

Not so in days of yore. The Roman cast his toga about him and experimented like a curtain draper before he was satisfied with the effect. The Indian made a heaping big mess with paint and feathers and wampum-beads before he strutted out to make a killing. The Turk passed hours in swathing his turban; the Jap took days to make honorable his coif, and spent months, years, in embellishing his unworthy kimono. The Assyrians and Phoenicians unfortunately were completely covered (the present investigator has found, after a visit to the museum) with square stone beards, beneath which considerable excavations must still be made if further corroborative evidence is to be bared.

Modern man is easier to investigate, for he makes no attempt to hide behind an unshaven hedge and — except for an occasional Frenchman, sensitive to style — exposes unobstructedly, from the chin down, how completely he has surrendered the liberty he originally took with his apparel. Gone, gone is his gaudy freedom of choice as to the color and cut of his doublet and hose. Two centuries ago he could still dazzle his damsel with scarlet breeches and a flouncing profusion of ruffles and lace; and even a hundred years ago he was expected to come courting her in a cobalt topper and a canary-colored waistcoat.

Today, however, he is a drab vestiarian robot whose stiff, creased front of dingy tweed has been prescribed for him to the last fixed seam. He has been “brooks-brothered” and “rogers-

peeted" into a sack suit: and there he must stay, and to that he must be true, or he will be despised as a turncoat.

THE COAT

There he must stay: for it is virtually a social epidermis into which man slips in the morning, so unremovable is his coat even on the hottest day. Only when in wrath all decorum is flung to the winds, and eyes blaze and fists clench, is the ultimate challenge hurled to a scoundrel to take off his coat, to shed his twentieth century being, for you desire to deal with him as Neanderthal man to man. On the other hand, the more civilized the form of activity you undertake, as when you are called upon, say, to do a tap-dance or address a political meeting, the more obvious becomes the instinct to make secure your unobtrusive and impeccable self by buttoning it up as you get into action.

Unobtrusive oxford grey, navy blue, dark brown — impeccably sober, unromantically sombre, damnably dull! Redcoats at one time dashed brightly across the Boston Common and clattered gloriously up (and down) Bunker Hill; and though their crimson raiment made them, alas, easy targets for ragged rebels, they are assured a colorful page in history for their gallant sacrifice to sartorial splendor! The red coats are, of course, still worn on occasion in England; for the British are quick to learn, and the ease with which their ancestors could be sighted and popped off by an enemy has taught them how to safeguard themselves against any exploratory marksmanship of their fellow hunters. Another tribute to British ingenuity!

But generally a garish coat is the pride merely of the doormen of our modern world. Strange colors are not admitted — however significant in the pages of romance or sociology may be the wearing of Lincoln-green in the north woods, of the yellow jacket in the east, or a coat of dark tan at the equator. We moderns are not alone in this prejudice, however. A streak of it can perhaps be traced even as far back as Biblical days, when Joseph tried to sport a coat of many

colors, and found himself promptly ditched by his precociously hard-boiled brethren.

The gunny-sack cut of our coat is no less rigidly prescribed for us than is its gloomy hue. One choice at least we are given, dating from the time a Napoleonic tailor's scissors snipped the great schism that has since divided all men into the dichotomy of the single-breasted and the double-breasted. This breach in our regimented manhood seems a veritable chasm. By implication it becomes clear why our stable social order discourages any rugged habilimentary individualism.

For we see everyday how weak-chinned, weak-kneed men of manifest intestinal paucity are operated upon by an enterprising tailor's shears and emerge clipped and slashed, and transformed from their simpish, single-breasted selves into seemingly tremendous, double-breasted supermen. There is no mistaking those who have undergone the operation. You can see them from afar, bulging and of twice the common single-breasted chestiness. You can hear them farther yet: their thoracic compartment having been made duplex, they are capable of twice an ordinary pulmonary performance. But it is especially when they manage to lay their hands on you that you appreciate their gifts — for the heartiness of their salutation cannot possibly be pumped by a single aorta. You are convinced that they have become automatically double-breasted.

You may feel no great enthusiasm over such transformation in your unavoidable neighbors. You may consider it all very well for Napoleon, say, to have strutted about that way, his arm inside his huge lapel, for his colossal spirit could hardly have been encased within a single-breasted coat. Or you may have a picture of Washington standing upright in the rowboat, as his men pushed it through the icy Delaware (though in this case the two rows of buttons may have been put on his coat in a desperate effort to help him maintain his balance!). To such, you concede, the double-breasted coat may be an excellent fit — a sartorial sacrament that is an outward and visible sign of an inward and extraordinary expanse. But whether you

are radical or conservative on the subject, whether you take the left side or the right side of the double-breasted coat (which, unless it's a misfit, makes hardly any difference), you are bound to be impressed with the tremendous potentialities of a complete liberation of man's drab, gunny-sack coated spirit.

THE VEST

The failure of the vest to maintain a spectral independence of the coat and trousers is of anthropologic interest. Stripping the subject bare that we may disclose the naked truth, we discover that man in his primordial state was furnished by nature with a hirsute covering on the site now occupied by the vest. In those savage and pre-cheviot days, the hair was intended to protect his lungs. Now it serves him merely for occasional reference and self-patting, to make him feel that he is still robust and he-manly and close to nature. It is in a class with his camping outfit.

But some of its properties have passed through to its "hair-apparent," as the vest might be called. We discover here, too, a subdued, protective coloration. We discover, again, a woolly expanse in front but not in back. We discover, once more, an unshedable attachment during all seasons. Just the same, the owner of a vest must concede it to be less impressive as a he-masculine attribute than the shaggy, forebearish hair on a primitive chest. Fortunately for his shrinking ego, his defense mechanism has deftly cut armholes in his vest, where his thumbs may repose, much to his own aggrandizement. He thrusts his chest forward as if it still exposed his aboriginal virility rather than a manufactured expanse of tweed or worsted

Historically the vest has proved of vast importance. When Disraeli made his first appearance before the House of Commons, he was hooted and razzed and would have been hopelessly lost had he not made a last desperate stand and entrenched himself within the armholes of his vest. For the rest of his days thereafter, that became his fighting front, from

which he put his opponents to rout. His position, to be sure, was greatly strengthened by the array of gold chains and seals and keys that dangled formidably at his every movement. And the disconcerting color of the vests he brought into action could hardly have been of aid and comfort to an enemy. Yet they are generally ignored by students of Disraeli's parliamentary strategy, who instead pore futilely over musty volumes of his speeches.

Someday history may be rewritten in terms of this significant garment. The evolution from bearskin to white dress vest is the story of civilization. It centers about such conflicts as that between the polished steel breastplate and the homespun in the feudal age, and the leather jerkin and the shirt frills some centuries later. Compare the pictures of Cromwell and of Charles I, and see where their essential difference lies. The French revolutionist watched with contempt how the noblemen flaunted their flimsy silken ruffles; he banged his fist on his own hairy chest and walked off to the market place to set up the guillotine.

Economically the vest achieves importance in the mind of an American at a very early age. He sees cartoons of wretched little creatures marked "Taxpayer" or "Common People," crushed down by a huge man whose balloon-like vest bears the label "Vested Interest." The name sticks in his mind. He discovers several meanings also in the label "Corporation." Behaviorist psychology might point moreover to his association of property with the four pockets of the vest, to which he sees grown-up men have recourse for most of their really serviceable belongings — watch, knife, pen, matches, and especially the coveted dime or quarter. There may be childish images in his mind when he is told the meaning of the term "investment."

Perhaps that is why the vest clings to him so when he has grown up, and why liberal and liberating arguments on the subject are to him wild talk which he resists desperately, like the man in the fable when the hard-blowing wind tried to make him disrobe. By contrast, woman must have seemed reckless when she made her sensational break from corsets and

all those barricades and bulwarks of padding, hoops, foundations, and endless petticoats to appear in the rotogravure section of today, almost wholly liberated, submitting to nothing but a flimsy little butterfly thing, over whose precarious hold she smiles in triumph.

We return, hastily, to the cautious coloration of the vest. We prefer to keep our vested selves unobtrusive at all times. Some twenty years ago there was a brief efflorescence of the vest: but the bold blades who sought by their own resplendent example to rally our somber-bosomed American manhood behind an array of flowered mauve and heliotrope, soon lost heart, and surrendered that most brightly promising vestment to be a mere auxiliary to the coat and pants.

THE PANTS

Not the trousers — for those severely respectable habiliments could never offer us any bright-colored hopes. The pantaloons, named so for gracing the shanks of *San Pantaleone*, patron saint of glamorous Venice, might lead one to cheerier expectations. The word trails carnival color and abandon; but alas, the garment degenerated to serve mere circus buffoonery. When the ignominious last syllable of the word was lopped off, the remainder was no longer an attribute of clowning, nor conceivably of romance. It was assigned instead to cover the plodding legs and sedentary seat of a working world.

No, not the pants. Man's nether self is something he has been taught to consider quite beneath him. He had better draw a curtain about it of noncommittal cloth: he had better lengthen his coat to cover his hips and envelop his limbs so that not a curve of calf or thigh is visible. The legs are for utility, not for ornament. Some years ago there was much to-do in our papers about whether Charles G. Dawes, ambassador to England, would or would not don silken breeches and stockings at the court of St. James. Opposition to such a rare remaining display of the cavalierish grace that whilom did tread all the courts of Europe, could have arisen only in a country where legs from the very start were relegated to path-

finding, trekking, claim-staking, and then to a restless climbing of the ladder of success.

It has become universal, that strange aversion of ours to the curves and symmetries from the hips down to the toes. We drape a round worsted curtain around each leg, and then we have these creased and flattened lest we be suspected of even cylindrical rotundity. Ornamental effects are unheard of. Youth recklessly dons white flannels. And on gala dress occasions, by way of festive effect, we do permit ourselves grey stripes below the cut-away. In certain parts of Brittany the fishermen wear red pants. Tourists come from all over the world to see them.

For a while it seemed that the World War, which could achieve the emancipation of the veiled face of Oriental woman, might do something for the ankle and calf of Occidental man. The advent of leggings and puttees seemed to restore to us the eighteenth century age of reason with its monumental discovery that man's leg is logically divided at the knee. The world would be made safe, we felt, as we pulled on our tight khaki breeches, for democracy's return to the free and ostentatious thigh, and the romantically clasped, knightly gartered knee. When the war was over the silken clad leg would be stepping out; and then just watch the line it would have to offer the damosels — of eloquence, of ardor, of ineluctable impudence, yea, of triumph!

Yea? When the war was over we had had enough of trapesing about in outlandish outfits, and were all for respectability and trousers. And for our more playful moods there began to appear a misbegotten offspring of the breeches and pants, destitute of function, style, comfort or proportion, abortively called "knickers". As if that (certainly not the least horrible) consequence of the war were not appalling enough, its ungodly perpetrator extended it into incredible monstrosities that are named "plus fours", "plus sixes" — an arithmetic progression downward to the ankles, beneath which small, bewildered-looking feet emerge like turtle necks from out of their staggering hulks. The next war, according to all author-

ities, will be even more horrible: it will wipe out everything. Here, surely, is a potent argument for world peace!

THE GALLANT CRAVAT

We may ignore the shirt. The most powerful dictators have succeeded in establishing only the usual dismal tones of brown or black. Those who humbly wear them, we suspect, are not happy: for we remember how many of those who came here as immigrant workers, in the legendary days before 1929, let loose when they found themselves in possession of an abundance of liberty and cash, and paraded silk shirts of riotous, revolutionary hues. The vertiginous memory of those colors does something at least to explain the present acceptance abroad of Fascism. When will mankind manage to emerge from the alternatives of drunkenness and prohibition?

The American shirt is sober enough, humdrum in fact, and vapid, so that per se a stuffed shirt is without even pictorial interest. The trouble is that we have been too much concerned with industry to use shirts for parade or finery, and instead just want to roll our shirt sleeves up and get to work. Broadcloth, linen, silk or percale is to us just so much essential covering of one's nakedness, one's *ne plus ultra*: to lose one's shirt is to lose everything. So we stick to "solid" colors that are supposed to look substantial, or concede an undeviating stripe for "fancy" effect. Perhaps the enforced tranquillity of shirt sleeves during the depression will give them a chance for aesthetic cultivation, leading — who knows? — to a burgeoning, a renaissance of the lace and silver gauntlets of the lordly cavalier on a canvas by Van Dyck or Velasquez.

In the meantime there is unto art in male attire but one concession, one challenge to technocratic raiment, one purple patch in the prosy account of what our ill-dressed man must wear. Given his wardrobe, apparently the modern beau can no more modify the total effect than can the assembler of a factory piano or a Ford car. But one reservation he does make, which thereby assumes vast significance: he takes the flat and shapeless material he gets at the haberdasher's, and with his

own hands he constructs the necktie he is to wear for the day.

This seems the last stand of modern man against being turned into a clothes-rack by our mechanistic age. His neckwear gives him one slender outlet for whatever he has left of individual expression. That is why, according to story writers, he must stand so long before the mirror before he meets his love: he is preening his one feather, he is making his throat articulate with sonorous color. More, the artist in him is aroused: he seeks perfection by repeated efforts, modifying, rejecting, beginning afresh. He undergoes cravatatorial creative throes.

He has become a specialist in his selection of the four-in-hand — his raw material, his canvas, his plastic clay. He is a connoisseur of foulard and rep and grenadine; he discourses learnedly on Spitalfields patterns and Barathea weaves; he has achieved cosmopolitan taste for Swiss moirés, Italian twills, British handblocks, French jacquard warps. He is absorbed too in structural considerations, and tests and twists and makes a great to-do about dispansion, resilience, tractility, sequaciousness. . . . There is dolorous truth in the cartoon of how he wails in anguish when he receives Christmas ties selected by well-meaning, no doubt, but appallingly uninitiated females.

Better let eternal masculine vigilance be aroused in behalf of the liberty of the cravat. For even this sole remaining link with the more brave and haberdashing periods of history is continually in danger of snapping, tugged at as it is by modern machines. It snapped in the days of our great-grandfathers, who for a time abandoned their tracheas to stiff, starched stocks. It snapped again when our grandfathers took to their bosom the bulky Ascot tie. Even in our own days there is a constant straining, and an ominous clatter of machinery in the direction of our freemen's necks. We can still remember when we were clutched at the throat with ready-made dress ties.
Aux armes, mes enfants!

For should the glory of the cravat ever be dimmed, and made to pass the way of the silk breeches and the buckled

shoes, man's bareness would be a natural calamity — much like the loss of its antlers to the deer, or its comb and showy crowing to the cock. As it is, man has shrunk his personality into the insignificance of the dull cloth he selects for his garments. In vain has he been urged to restore something of the gaiety and splendor of the days of powdered wigs and jeweled swords. To remove his one remaining touch of brightness would be to have him undergo a total eclipse. Against the powers of darkness every enlightened man should hasten, in defense of the gallant cravat!

The Long Way to Atlantis

NORTON MCGIFFIN

A CLOUD, no larger than a man's hand as yet, is rising in the Southwest and bringing promise of a deluge which may engulf the Roosevelt administration. Huey Long, the Creole King of the Canebrakes, the self-confessed tribune of the people, is its personification and threatens, in his own inimitable fashion, to prick the complacency of James A. Farley. Having proceeded to make Louisiana a satrapy of his own with an obsequious state legislature bowing to his every whim, he seeks new worlds to conquer, projecting himself into the center of the national political picture with vindictive determination, the most persistent gadfly yet to plague the Roosevelt régime.

What Huey Long intends to do between now and the ides of November, 1936, perhaps not even Huey Long knows. He is the man who would be king of a new political dynasty which would climb to power over the broad backs of the men with the hoes and the picks and the shovels, the submerged and underprivileged segment of America's voting population which is not yet aware of its strength. The Louisiana Kingfish is the embryonic Hitler who undoubtedly plans a *putsch* which will ultimately carry him into the White House, who has not yet decided in his own mind when and how the attempt shall be made.

General Hugh Johnson has, with characteristic vigor, positively identified the senator from the bayous as America's Political Enemy Number One, at the same time linking him to his political soul-mate, the radio priest, Father Charles E. Coughlin. Pungently and aptly he has labeled this duo the Siamese Twins of chaos, calling on the economically sane element of the nation to be on guard. His analysis indicates quite conclusively that the administration lost a shrewd and penetrating student of political conditions when it decided to exile Johnson to Elba. The former NRA chief, with a boldness truly Napoleonic, has pointed the way for the Roosevelt board

of strategy to follow, in seeking the President's reelection in 1936. By taking the offensive, the administration might possibly wreck the Republican campaign — posing as the champion of conservatism, as the chief antagonist of the left-wingers. If the President can make the American people believe that the battle is, in effect, a choice between himself and Huey Long, that a vote for the Republican candidate is half a vote for the Kingfish, he need have no fear of the result. The members of the Union League Club, fearing the onward march of the Share-the-Wealth crusader, would hold their high-bred noses and vote for Groton and Harvard's gift to the nation as being the lesser of two evils.

That type of strategy would undoubtedly be forthcoming if the administration had political chiefs half as clever as they have been touted, yet the casual manner in which the bright young men have addressed themselves to the task of squelching the prickly pear from Louisiana would seem to indicate that they vastly underrate their opponent. The suave Mr. Farley has only recently taken official cognizance of the Kingfish jibes. Seemingly without a care in the world, he has assumed the attitude that the election of 1936, to use a sporting parlance so dear to his heart, is already "in the bag." Yet the Washington correspondents are already talking about a third party of forgotten men which will gather Father Coughlin's lambs into the same sheepfold with the humble Dixie tenant farmers who see in Huey a Messiah of the masses, a lowly David tossing rocks at the Goliath of Greed.

It is a tragic truism that Huey Long could never have slugged his way to a position of power in Louisiana and in neighboring southern states if the maladjustments of the depression had not shaken the faith the plain people of America have always had in rugged individualism. Five-cent cotton piled on the wharves of New Orleans and Galveston and Houston long ago sent heated temperatures to a new high in the "potlikker" precincts of the Deep South. A series of evictions and a restriction of credit added fuel to the flames of the revolt against reason. The penalty placed upon the tenant

farmer by the great minds of the AAA was the final straw. The boys at the forks of the creeks in Louisiana and Mississippi and Arkansas are now Democrats in name only. Still enduring miseries which the rest of the country has to some extent forgotten, they are ready to "kick the dog" — to shake hands with the devil if his Satanic Majesty can contribute in any way to a lightening of their burdens. Since the Honorable Huey is considered in Louisiana the devil's own diplomatic representative here on earth, the "cajuns" and the crackers turn naturally to him for aid and comfort.

Just how can Huey Long prove to be the *bête noire* of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936? The answer is simple to those who recall with clarity the political election of 1924. At that time John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate, was ground between the upper millstone of Calvin Coolidge and the nether millstone of Robert Marion La Follette. The latter, without any considerable supply of sugar to sweeten the coffee of the politicians, yet went out into the highways and the byways, corralling five million votes with the aid of the American Federation of Labor, cutting so deeply into Democratic strength in states ordinarily loyal to the party that Coolidge won an overwhelming victory. Roosevelt today finds himself where John W. Davis was a decade ago, facing two ways to meet the assaults of a Republican and a radical, the latter the self-starting Huey Long. The menace to the President is obvious to all except that choice coterie of White House yes-men who seek to maintain the fiction that the Democratic party is a harmonious political entity.

There are those who hold that the history of that Davis campaign can never be duplicated, that times have changed. It is true that the Republican party is at present drifting like a rudderless ship in a typhoon, yet the strength of the organization remains unchanged, conserved by the rank and file of the voters. In 1934, the conservatives of the country, for lack of a better name, polled thirteen and a half million ballots, which would seem to be an irreducible minimum. That same year the Roosevelt vote totaled seventeen and a half million, at

least one third of whom were leftists who still worshiped the President as the staunch foe of predatory privilege. Today that large group curse and condemn Mr. Roosevelt for not sponsoring the Townsend plan and the "Every-Man-a-King" movement of Huey, and other crackpot schemes for the betterment of the helot classes.

An audacious man could stir this left wing of the Democratic party to a frenzy, could inspire them to turn on Roosevelt in a mad attempt to ruin him, and Huey Long is nothing if not audacious. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose from the attempt. Smarting under the efforts of the Farley postmasters to undermine his political power in Louisiana — resenting to the utmost the intrusion of Federal agents engaged in the task of "getting" the Kingfish for alleged income tax invasions in Louisiana — hating the present occupant of the White House for the political ingratitude he now displays in "persecuting" the man who stood at Armageddon and battled for him in the Democratic national convention of 1932 — Huey is the logical spearhead of the attack which the enthusiasts of the left may launch at the President in 1936.

On the basis of the 1934 election returns, Huey Long as the Poor Man's choice for President next year would have to draw only five million votes away from Mr. Roosevelt to elect a Republican, assuming that the party of Abraham Lincoln does not perform the politically stupid act of nominating a rank reactionary as its standard-bearer in 1936. A middle-of-the-road progressive, of the Arthur H. Vandenberg or Charles L. McNary type, could turn the trick, holding the entire strength of the Grand Old Party as mustered last year, and chiseling another two million voters from the Roosevelt right wing — rugged individuals of the Alfred E. Smith type who felt that Herbert Hoover did too little, and who feel that his successor is doing too much, and in too many different ways. So, if the senator from Louisiana starts to bore from within; if this Pied Piper of Creoleland woos and wins that element which supported La Follette in 1924 and Roosevelt in 1932, Mr. Farley's complacency may receive a rude jolt long before

the election returns can be brought in and counted in 1936.

All political realists, observing the country's present state of mind, will agree that the times are out of joint, that the electorate is in an essentially emotional mood, ripe for economic mischief, ready to listen to any demagogue if his plea be plausible enough. The continuance of the depression, the presence of twenty million people on the relief rolls, constitute a trenchant challenge to the administration. If the nation's condition is not radically and rapidly improved between now and 1936, Mr. Roosevelt will be in a perilous position. Primitive tribes used to cut off the heads of rain-makers who failed to inundate the land after proper prayers had been offered. The President is in the position of the ancient rain-maker, with the senator from Louisiana enacting the rôle of rival witch-doctor.

IT IS patently impossible for the conventionally educated citizens of America's upper-middle class to realize how real and remarkable is the appeal Huey Long makes to what William Allen White has so aptly labeled "the moron mind." Kansas is a staid and conservative state in ordinary years, yet in 1930 the "goat-gland" expert, Dr. John R. Brinkley, ran such a hectic third in the race for governor that the politicians along the Kaw have not yet recovered their balance. Huey Long is a far more potent leader than was the Kansan. In fact, the nation has never seen a more accomplished rabble-rouser in action. Compared to the Kingfish, the Populist prophets of a bygone day were errand boys for the House of Morgan. He is far more dangerous, because the popular mind of America is now more receptive to strange panaceas and cures for economic ills than it was when "Sockless Jerry" Simpson and Mary Ellen Lease and other trust-busting sod-busters were setting the prairies afire in the gay 'nineties.

Even though Huey evades answering the question of his presidential candidacy in 1936, it is fair to assume he will be entered in the race. The politically uninitiated will deem the man mad, yet there is method in his temerity. He has, as a

candidate of a third party next year, a unique opportunity to punish and humiliate the present occupant of the White House. What are the possibilities? Mr. Roosevelt may win a majority of the electoral votes in a three-cornered fight. If so, the senator will remain on Capitol Hill, his bitter and most unrelenting critic. Mr. Roosevelt may be defeated by a Republican, the Kingfish drawing away from the President enough votes to beat him in doubtful states with large electoral votes. If that development ensues, Huey will not hesitate to claim credit for the Roosevelt downfall, and will be in an excellent position to pack the Democratic national convention of 1940 with radicals, and to win a nomination.

It is also more than possible that a three-cornered contest next year will end in a stalemate, no presidential candidate having captured a majority of the Electoral College. This dénouement will depress Senator George W. Norris, who will feel that "there ought to be a law," but its immediate practical effect will be to throw the election into the House of Representatives. Since that body is overwhelmingly Democratic, Mr. Roosevelt will be sure of another four years in the White House, but at what a price! The Democratic sons of the wild jackass will make him promise much in return for their allegiance and support. Nor will the Kingfish permit the public to forget that he was the *deus ex machina* who engineered the debacle. Modesty is not the senator's most charming trait.

A Republican, elected President in 1936, would undoubtedly find himself deadlocked with a hostile House and Senate. The latter body will be indubitably Democratic, the collapse of the G.O.P. campaign last year insuring its adherence to Rooseveltian principles until 1938 at least. The House might possibly be Republican, but it will more likely contain a variegated assortment of factional minorities, conservative, liberal and radical, all masquerading under improper and illogical names, each desperately determined to secure for its adherents the greatest possible subsidy out of the Federal treasury. Under the circumstances, it is easy to foresee a Republican President — hopelessly handicapped as he tries to

formulate a social and economic program — sharing the fate of Herbert Hoover who was so unfortunately saddled with a hostile House after the election of 1930. If Mr. Roosevelt is defeated in 1936, beaten by a G.O.P. candidate who cannot secure for himself the united support of Congress, the depression may deepen in intensity (unless industry, ignoring political complications, can lift itself out of the abyss by its own bootstraps!). Then, with the machinery of recovery hopelessly clogged, Huey Long's hour will strike.

If the Kingfish polls as many as five million votes in the coming campaign of 1936, he will be a power to reckon with in 1940. Time was when the younger La Follette, the eldest son of "Fighting Bob," was considered the white hope of the radicals. Wisconsin has always felt that its senior senator would ultimately reach the White House goal which eluded his father; but wiseacres at Washington know that Huey Long has overshadowed the heir to the La Follette tradition, bestriding the radical movement like a colossus. With all his leftist leanings, "Young Bob" is conventional in his approach to social and economic problems, whereas his Dixie rival is not confined to reality. He can promise the proletariat the moon with a fence around it, and such is the power of his personality that millions of addled Americans will rise up to call him blessed.

Admittedly Huey must appeal to the radical element of the Northwest, and to the industrial workers of the urban areas, if he is to check and defeat Mr. Roosevelt in 1936. Will the Farmer-Laborites of Minnesota, the Progressives of Wisconsin, make common cause with a man whom honest Socialists distrust as a mountebank and demagogue of the lowest political order? None can now say. If the President continues to "purge" the administration of its radicals, the sons of mortgaged soil will begin to believe that somebody has sold them out. In the first flush of their resentment at the man who promised them much at Green Bay, Wisconsin, last year, they will strike blindly, not stopping to decide whether Huey is a *bona-fide* radical, but using him to hurt Roosevelt.

And what of the lunatic fringe which adheres to the Townsend plan? These will be in the Kingfish camp, especially if the social security program sponsored by the present Congress proves disappointing, as undoubtedly it will. Huey need not promise the fanatical followers of the Long Beach physician a single substantial thing. All he needs to do is to talk vaguely, but tearfully, of his "Every-Man-a-King" plan, to win the enthusiastic support of those pitiable aged who feel that the good things of life have been withheld from them through no fault of their own, and who have been told that America and some Americans are thoroughly able to provide for their luxurious welfare.

Will not the fervent disciples of Father Coughlin be similarly infected with the Long virus? It is reasonable to believe that they will, especially since Father Coughlin shows no inclination whatever to thrust himself as a candidate into the arena of American politics. With the reverend sir a spectator rather than a participant, Huey seems fated to win the political support of the priest's followers, especially since it is hard to discover where Father Coughlin's army leaves off and the Kingfish horde begins. There are undoubtedly overlapping boundaries which surround millions of economically infantile — but politically formidable — persons who are prepared to back either or both saints of the submerged, to the last ditch.

A coalition which includes the Long and Coughlin followings seems inevitable and, in its peculiar way, logical. It is not unfair to make the point that neither is flesh, fowl, nor herring. No one can tell if either is republican, communist or fascist; no one has plumbed the depths of their political philosophies; nor has anyone been able adequately to interpret their economic beliefs. There is a bond of kinship, there, which may be made manifest in 1936 when the unemployed automobile workers of Detroit will, perchance, tune in on the radio sets which have not yet been repossessed, and hear the Canadian-born spiritual confessor of the ether waves confer an ecclesiastical blessing upon the Dixie politician — who owed his earliest election victories in Louisiana to the massed and

machine-like support of the Ku Klux Klan. But those who think Huey cannot explain away this embarrassing highlight in his hectic political career cannot begin to fathom the mental ingenuity of the Kingfish. He has an answer for every question, he is as slippery as an eel, and those administration stalwarts who would fry him for their delectation are just beginning to find it out.

Consider, if you will, the brass-bound nerve of the man. In his earlier days, the Kingfish roused the hot hatred of many a Creole foe, yet Fate must have destined him for higher things because no questing bullet ever found its mark in his body. He has the proverbial lives of a cat, and today safeguards his precious person with all the care of a Caesar who fears the lurking dagger of outraged civic virtue. Time was when Huey essayed to walk the streets of his native village, Winnfield, Louisiana, or of Shreveport or New Orleans, unescorted — but those days are gone forever. Now, in his native state or in the national capital, he strides forth flanked by a shotgun brigade of personal attendants, who do not hesitate to thwack foes of the Kingfish over their hard heads at a curt word of command. Chief of this bodyguard, Joe Messina, is Huey's "Man Friday," one of the most adept "pistol-whippers" who ever cracked down on the unprotected skulls of those who dared to differ with the Creole man of destiny.

The use of this standing army by any other public character in America would be considered outrageously indecent or too ludicrous for words. The Kingfish gets away with it because he has that ability to dramatize himself which is a necessary art for any would-be dictator. In Louisiana, or in the United States at large, he can point to this entourage of plug-uglies, and feelingly inform the plain people that they are the sole bulwarks between the champion of the masses and assassination. The Kingfish even manages to explain away that innate caution which causes him shyly to retreat when fists are swinging. Thus the sad affair at Sands Point, which ended in the Huey eye being thoroughly blacked, became, to hear the Kingfish tell it, a sinister attempt to end the career of one

whose heart beats for the poor. The senator did not attempt to explain just how he happened to be consorting with the ungodly rich on that fatal evening — he did not have to. The hill-billies understood; he was spying out the Promised Land, their Moses, their mentor, guide and friend.

IN MAKING the inevitable comparison between Huey and Hitler, one striking point of dissimilarity needs emphasizing. The Austrian house-painter who is today dictator of the Third Reich served humbly, but bravely, as a lance-corporal in a Bavarian infantry regiment during the World War. Huey, in contrast, though a most ardent advocate of the bonus, did not serve his native country in any capacity whatsoever when five million other citizens donned uniforms and went forth to make the world safe for the Democratic party. The Kingfish is refreshingly frank about this episode in his career. He has told senatorial critics that he did not think the late unpleasantness was any of America's business anyhow. Huey did not lose caste with Louisiana's voters because he did not rush to the aid of Woodrow Wilson. On the contrary, the majority has whooped its ecstatic approval of his every official act since 1921 when he first started to solicit the electorate's ballots.

Americans inclined to jeer, rather than cheer, the antics of Huey would do well not to put him down for a clown. He is anything but that. The inelegant exterior masks a hair-trigger brain. As an attorney, he has been the admiration and despair of lesser legal lights. Some of his briefs, written in limpid and concise English, have found their way into the Supreme Court of the United States. The ridiculous postures he assumes at will are made to impress the mob, not the millionaire. Huey knows that the multitude have more votes than the Mellons and he plays his cards accordingly, his Louisiana legislature abolishing the poll-tax receipt which once kept thousands of potential Long supporters from exercising the God-given right of suffrage. Those who deride him as a buffoon would do well to recall that other political comedian, Adolph Hitler with the Charlie Chaplin mustache, who was, only a few short years

ago, the butt of every joke which fell from the lips of official Germany. Today the Austrian is supreme. Heads have rolled since the Munich manœuvres of 1923.

A good quarter of America's population, it is safe to say, sees Huey Long as a pudgy Saint George slaying the dragons of privilege. When he surrounds himself with bodyguards, the average tenant farmer in the South considers the precaution reasonable, and intensifies his hatred for the landlord. When he engages disastrously in fisticuffs with some blueblood who prefers to remain incognito, the humble clerk, who shrinks from the menacing glance of his superior, feels curiously akin. There is an element of pathos in the man's make-up. The Uriah Heeps of the nation, the bookkeepers who would like to give their boss the Bronx cheer but dare not, the cotton-pickers who feel that about all they will get out of this life is cornpone and mustard greens, the pitifully impoverished cogs in the nation's industrial machine — these are all grist for the Long mill.

As a spokesman for the poor, deserving or not, Huey is in a class all by himself. He can quote Holy Writ with all the fervor of an Aimee Semple McPherson. He can gyrate around a political platform in a fashion to cause rural audiences to slap their knee with a collective hand, and vow Huey a "card" and a heap smarter than most men who have been exposed to a college education. He can invigorate the city toiler with a rude eloquence which makes him class-conscious and ready to man the barricades.

The red thread of revolution runs through his entire discourse, whether it be delivered in the heart of the deep piney woods of Louisiana or in an urban labor temple. Oratory which would repel the classes sounds like sweet music in the ears of the masses. Like Texas' only impeached governor, James A. (Farmer Jim) Ferguson, Huey can express his thoughts in sonorous and classical English. He proved that, at the Democratic national convention in 1932, when he put his best rhetorical foot foremost in defending his state delegation's right to cast its votes for Roosevelt at Chicago. Like "Pa"

Ferguson, Huey can appeal to the intellectual or to the emotional at will. He weeps with the afflicted, jests with the jolly, storms with the vindictive, argues gravely with the mentally alert, and, in general, comports himself like a politician who is all things to all men.

Snubbed and scorned by the Carter Glasses of the United States Senate, he has bounded back from the stony wall of their ostracism with all the resiliency of a rubber ball. He has been scored as an errant rabble-rouser without a spark of civic conscience by the sedate and more sober members of the body politic, yet he has managed to enslave the imaginations of twenty-five percent of the nation's voters. A political alliance which would include the tenant farmers of the South, the Townsend dreamers of the North, the Coughlin Union for Social Justice, and all the other starry-eyed addicts of utopian narcotics is in the making — and coming months will see its parts welded into a homogeneous whole by the masterful hand of Louisiana's Long. That is the unpleasant prospect facing those Americans who still believe that all voters are moved not by prejudice but by conviction — the simple souls who cherish the delusion that the political leaders of today, as of yesterday, seek the common good and not the enrichment of the predatory rich or of the equally predatory poor.

If it be possible to unite all the groups in the nation which repudiate the safe and sane tactics of those who are trying desperately to resuscitate the private profit system, Huey Long is undoubtedly the proper man for the job. He has humor and imagination and daring beyond the ken of statesmen who timidly cling to Constitutional safeguards. He is not overly-burdened with scruples where politics are concerned, is a good hater after the fashion of the fanatic, has a memory like an elephant, and an effective way of rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies.

An actor to his finger-tips, the Kingfish possesses color galore, as well as a vaulting ambition which will stop at no obstacle in the furtherance of his desires. Under the motley array of the court-jester, shrewd observers may, if they will,

discern the outlines of a rugged mail shirt — which clothes one who believes implicitly that he has a rendezvous with Destiny. Huey Long, however much he may appear the clown, is firmly convinced that he is Fortune's Fool, and waits impatiently for the day when he can call the storm troopers of a newer deal into action, for a purge which will remove from America all vestiges of the old and established order. This man has faith in his star, even though some there are who call that star evil.

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Poem

BY ONE OF OUR EARLIEST CONTRIBUTORS

Not that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flatt'ring verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry justice frown'd severe,
And 'tis th' eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

. . . . Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — the floods that move
In majesty, — and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man. — The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning — and the Borean desert pierce —
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods

That veil Oregon, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone. —
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living — and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny. — The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom. — Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!

A Pinch of Snuff

MARY ELLEN CHASE

THERE was a premature hint of October in the air that Saturday morning in late August when Judith Blair followed the family cow from barn to pasture. The high song of the crickets was thin and clear, and not the most vagrant of breezes disturbed the smoke ascending so lazily from all the kitchen fires. The fog and mist of dog-days had vanished long before their allotted time. A quiet brooded over the fields and hills. Even Constancy, the cow, seemed absorbed by a peace and contemplation sadly at variance with the tumult which was assailing Judith's mind and heart.

To the outward eye she, too, following the cow in her blue gingham dress, looked calm and uneventful enough. Only the most searching of gazes might have detected an anxious look about her mouth and eyes, might have noticed that she did not swing her berry-pail or lift her feet in just the most spritely fashion. Mr. Robinson, the druggist, going early to open his store for the trade which Monday's commencement of school threatened, could not possibly have known that her good-morning, especially to him, was fraught with misgiving. Nor could Mrs. Meeker, the minister's wife, hanging on the line the last of a washing which had dawdled all through the week, have possibly detected anything but friendliness in the wave of her hand.

Just before leaving the parsonage and church on her left as she ascended the hill, she stopped for a moment to shoo back into the house one of the youngest Meekers, evidently escaped unclad from whomever was dressing him for the day. It was a bit of that responsibility which all the church felt for the minister's large and ever-increasing family; and for an instant Judith forgot her own anxieties in undertaking it. As she turned again toward Constancy, she heard from Mr. Meeker's study a resounding sneeze, followed by others in quick succession. There was an odd, triumphant quality about them

which unmistakably denied that Mr. Meeker was suffering from a cold. In spite of the sinking of her heart which these sounds occasioned, Judith forgot herself sufficiently for the moment to hope her mother had not heard them across the intervening field. Only the evening before, she knew, certain influential members of the parish had met to discuss the Reverend Mr. Meeker's failings as a pastor, among which, to climax an ineffective wife and a family of nine, was the disgusting habit of snuff-taking. Hard pressed by her own imminent problems, Judith felt suddenly sorry for the minister. Life, she told herself, was at times a dark and perplexing experience, and one's own sufferings, whatever they were, engendered sympathy for others.

She almost forgot the berry-pail in letting down the pasture bars for Constancy, and had to retrace her steps along the path. Her cheeks were crimson as she stooped for it among the bayberries. She had asked permission to linger an hour or two to search for blackberries in a burned-over place farther up the hill. The tangled web of deceit was tightening fast about her as she resolutely turned in the other direction and, with one startled glance behind her, began to traverse a path which led downward through a rocky, brook-swept gully and thence into the deep fir woods of the lower pasture.

It would be at least half an hour before Benny could possibly join her at the place agreed upon in the fir thicket. And then only under the most propitious of circumstances. His own cow must first be safely pastured and his errand to the drug store successfully completed. Probably, however, he would not have to ask permission at home for his morning's absence. In such matters boys were more free than girls. She bit her lip both at the vexatious admission and at the remembrance of the controversy which it brought in its wake. Had it not been for Benny's accusation that girls could never be depended on to stand by in a tight place, she might at this moment be reading "Great Expectations" in the crotch of the old pear-tree instead of enduring this dreadful quaking sensation in the pit of her stomach.

But she had given her word and here she was! Come what might she would stand firm. Discovery and punishment were almost certain. She would endure them! Inevitably she must disgrace and disappoint her family. What must be should be! Visions of dauntless women — Queen Zenobia before Palmyra, Joan of Arc at Orléans — came before her eyes for an instant, summoned doubtless by the ring in her ears of her unuttered words, but all too suddenly they vanished, and the quaking returned.

From the sunny hill-slope above her a crimson streak cut the bright air, and a scarlet tanager began to bathe in the amber water of the brook. At another time she had stood in rapturous entrancement at seeing his brilliant, fluttering plumage starred with crystal drops. Now she thought only of Benny and his strange commission. Surely, even Mr. Robinson, the dullest of men, would be suspicious of such a purchase. The tanager flew away. Two white and friendly butterflies, circling about each other, settled for an instant on a tall stalk of Joe-Pye weed by the water. She envied them their carelessness. What should she do if by some hateful chance the third and fated creature of this assignation should come first? How could she herself, inwardly protesting against the whole matter, meet such a complication?

She was mercifully spared such a solution. By the time she had entered the fir woods and braced her back for strength against the great boulder there, a crashing through the huckleberries at the other end of the thicket gave immediate place to a hurrying boy, whose flushed and perspiring face showed signs of relief as he joined her by the rock.

“If you hadn’t come, Judy, I’d . . . after all you’ve promised.”

She glared back at him. “Didn’t I tell you I’d come?”

“Don’t get huffy! I know girls. And anyway I’ve had the dirty work to do. I thought at first Robinson wouldn’t give it to me.”

She bolstered herself against her own fears. “But you had the money, and he didn’t know who ’twas for.”

Something in his face lent indecision to her last clause. Her eyes widened with suspicion.

“Did it cost more than ten cents?”

He reddened to his ears and fumbled among his pockets for the dirtiest of handkerchiefs while she stared mercilessly at him. He gulped with the burden of the explanation.

“Don’t be mad. I’ll tell you. Dick Reed was waiting for me at the pasture. I’ve owed him a dime since June and he threatened me with telling something we did two weeks ago. What could I do? I didn’t have a bit of a come-back with his folks away until Christmas. Anyone could see that. With all the trouble I’ve been in lately, what else could I do but give it to him?”

She was staring now, not at him but at a bulging pocket. Her mouth felt dry and queer.

“But you got it! How?”

He brightened. Whatever the odds, he had not been beaten. He looked at her with sly triumph.

“I charged it — to Mr. Meeker.”

“Benny!” The enormity of what he had done was too overpowering for more words.

His own sense of disaster was still dulled by this master-stroke of diplomacy.

“Well, I had to have it, didn’t I, with the plans all made and him coming?” His voice took on a tone of patronage. “Now don’t worry. We’ve got our hands full enough without worrying about that. Robinson was all right after he’d eyed me for a minute and I’d eyed him back. Meeker always charges it. Haven’t I heard him say a hundred times, ‘And I’ll thank you kindly, Mr. Robinson, to put this on my account.’ If worse comes to worst, I’ll fix it up with Mr. Meeker. I’ll — I’ll even apologize.”

His magnanimity could not dull the sickening fear in Judith’s heart. She braced herself again for support against the boulder. And then the distant thud of a falling log brought them both to the affair of the moment.

“That’s Boshy,” said Benny in a high, excited whisper.

“That’s him. Any other fellow’d climb the fence. Now remember, Judy, you’ve made a bet that you can help me. Remember there’s half a dozen kids that would ha’ been glad of the chance, but I chose you because he’s got you in bad, too, and because you said you was as good as any boy. Don’t lose your nerve! Just do as I tell you, and when. We aren’t going to hurt him to speak of, and he deserves it all.”

As the sound of approaching footsteps on the gravel of the gully grew unmistakably nearer, Judith’s doubts and fears gave place to a terrifying and yet not entirely unpleasurable excitement. There was, in spite of her misgivings, a kind of tumultuous satisfaction in this dearly-bought vengeance upon one whom she heartily detested as a whiner and a tell-tale. There was, too, a guilty sense of admiration of Benny’s daring, his readiness to risk cataclysmic disaster for the sake of revenge. The sinking feeling in her stomach gave way to a shivery, prickly sensation from her head to her toes. She drew nearer her chief. Now that the moment was coming, she knew she should not fail.

“What was the warning?” she whispered, pleasantly conscious for the moment of her part in the conspiracy. “The black spot or the skull and bones?”

“Both,” said Benny, his voice sepulchral and his eyes like two points of light in the shadow of the trees. “I gave him the paper this morning. The spot above and the skull below and a red hand pointing to where it said we’d burn his buildings if he didn’t come or if he dared tell. He’ll be here in a minute. I’ll speak first, Judy, and then you can, and then I’ll hold him upside down because that’ll be hardest while you give it to him.”

For an instant Judith pondered the relative guilt of their behavior, but only for an instant. There was no time for a possible reapportionment of responsibility. A blue blouse slunk through the juniper and a boy stumbled into the thicket and looked with pale, frightened eyes upon his summoners and accusers. Judith felt a sudden and confusing rush of pity. Hateful as he was, he seemed small and weak prey for such

initiative and courage as hers and Benny's. She wished he would fight for himself, but she knew him, alas, too well. He stood, furtive and whimpering before them like some cornered animal who knows that running is of no avail.

Benny, rummaging in another pocket, drew forth a paper. For a moment Judith's sympathy for the captive gave way to a sudden fury of envy. That was like Benny — not to give her an equal chance. She could have written her charges as well as he. She hated him, as, mounting hurriedly upon a shelf of the boulder, he began to read, and yet there was bitter admiration even in her hatred. No wonder that his teachers said he was equal to any occasion.

"William, better known as Boshy Dobbins," he began in the high, masterful voice he reserved for school recitals and debates, "you are brought before us to speak for yourself. We accuse you, but we are fair judges. I will speak first and then," with a magnanimous wave of his hand in the direction of Judith, "this lady. You will not be punished unfairly. Sir, I accuse you of snooping on me and telling tales. In the six months you have lived in our midst you have three times injured my reputation." (In spite of herself Judith glowed with pride at Benny's dignity!) "You have lied, sir, to my father, once about my stealing your Sunday-school money, which you gave me of your own free will, and once" — here Benny looked up from his paper and eyed the prisoner with a black and awful glance — "about the cookies you stole yourself from your own kitchen. But yesterday you did a worse thing. After we had let you in on the plan to scare the new teacher and sworn you to solemn secrecy, you gave us all away." (Again that black look at the trembling Boshy, and again that persistent, clutching admiration in Judith's throat. Could this be Benny whose cries only last evening from his own stable had so chilled her sympathetic heart?) "What have you to say for yourself? Speak! We are ready to listen."

His first sins forgotten and overshadowed, the accused strove to clear himself of the enormity of the last. Plucking at a leg of his trousers with one dirty hand, he used the other to

wipe away his tears, leaving grimy streaks all over his face.

"I only s-s-sneezed," he blubbered. Stuttering was one of the countless infirmities which made him so generally intolerable.

His written accusation at an end, Benny folded the paper before he proceeded to trust to oral inspiration.

"Only!" he cried. "Was'nt that enough? You're always sneezing in the wrong places and at the wrong times, and it's got to stop!"

He took a menacing lunge forward, but Judith, too, moved suddenly, determined that he should not forget her part in the occasion. Boshy slunk backward toward the juniper where he made a last stand. A hint of Benny's rhetoric crept into his tearful voice.

"Can I help sneezing?" he cried. "It's an af-affliction. My mother says so. It's nerves, that's what it is."

"Nonsense," said Benny, his voice frigid. Judith laid a detaining hand upon his arm. He greeted it with annoying patronage.

"All right, you can speak now. William Dobbin, the lady will speak. Go on, Judy."

Judith backed against the boulder. Evidently Benny did not intend to relinquish the platform to her. Still resentful of the march he had stolen, she chose her words with care.

"William Dobbin, I accuse you, too. Three days ago in our attic when we were reading the murder story and when we'd all promised to whisper, you sneezed so loud that the whole house heard. We've told you how to stop sneezing, but you won't do it. We play with you because your father's dead and your mother's sick, and then you disgrace us!" She stopped suddenly and looked to Benny for commendation, but he was not looking at her at all. She flushed with added annoyance and chagrin. "It cannot longer be borne!" she cried in an impressive climax that echoed through the quiet thicket.

If Benny felt approbation, he evinced none, but her disappointment was for the moment dulled by his call for action. His pronouncement of the sentence was brief and lacked the

dignity of the carefully prepared accusation. He grimaced.

“And now you’re going to sneeze till you’re tired, till you’re all sneezed out!”

Judith’s misgivings returned, increased one hundredfold, as, jumping from the platform of the boulder, he seized the criminal who by this time was white with terror. How could she be a party to anything so terrible as this which her unwilling hands were even now helping to perform? Benny was holding the struggling offender backward so that his poor, rabbit-like nose formed an easy receptacle for the brown powder which she held. And she, loathing her every act, was stuffing it generously into his wet and quivering nostrils.

Its almost immediate effectiveness staid her hand. Poor Boshy’s strugglings gave way to splutterings and chokings. There ensued sneezings so alarming in their swift succession and in their portentous character that she herself became pale with awful dread. What if he could never stop? What if those long and horrible stranglings which seemed to come from his very toes should kill him there in the thicket? She looked imploringly at Benny. He stood like one completely satisfied with the working out of an incomparable strategy. Not a hint of remorse or fear lurked about his face as he watched the hurtling, stertorous boy striving to keep his feet among the junipers and huckleberries. She was swept again with hatred for him, for all boys and their cruelties.

But after five minutes of unintermittent sneezing — sneezing which smote the quiet air with rhythmic concussions forboding ominous echoes of sound — even Benny was alarmed. He offered no objection to her frantic proposal that they lead the sufferer along the path to the brook. In fact, he proffered a hand for so doing, although his air of impatient nonchalance conveyed unmistakably his scorn of her more merciful fears. Obviously his one concern was not for Boshy, but only lest this unnecessary and unexpected uproar should travel farther than he had anticipated. Indeed, at the brook he would carelessly have added drowning to suffocation in the list of his mortal sins, had not Judith, hurling the package of snuff in the

grass at the water's edge, insisted upon humane treatment and used her own berry-pail and handkerchief in an attempt to extricate from Boshy's nose the few accessible grains of powder.

To her the few minutes required for even a relative recovery seemed an eternity. The "nerves" which Boshy had advanced as the cause of his affliction in its natural state doubtless played their part in this, its preternatural. Judith felt sure that had each separate grain of snuff brought forth by itself one sneeze, all had long since been accounted for! But by interminable degrees the culprit, whose guilt to her mind seemed expiated forevermore, grew at last quiet and was induced by his accusers to ascend the hill toward a warm, bright blueberry patch there to dry himself and his tears.

SITTING there in the sunshine Judith became again painfully aware of the contrast between the peace of the quiet pasture and the confusion of at least two of its inmates. Benny, she knew, was still obdurate, though she saw by his manner that he had some plan of reconciliation well in mind. She had seen him in too many exigencies not to be reasonably certain that he would arrange as skillfully as might be for his own security against possibly disastrous consequences. She hated the reluctant admiration, which she could not control, for his apparent coolness in the face of this superlative effectiveness of their carefully laid plans, and hated more her dependence upon him. Something deep within her, deeper even than hatred, made her long to comfort the weary Boshy, whose sneezing and sobs alike had given place to injured humility and acquiescence. But she dared not move or speak. One last surreptitious sneeze, hastily buried among the blueberries, gave the signal for Benny to close the final scene of an overlong tragedy.

"That'll do, Boshy!" he said sternly. "That's the last. We've both told you how to stop them. Hold on to your mouth and think of something else. And now everything's over, we're ready to be friends with you. Aren't we, Judy?"

"Yes," faltered Judith. Involuntarily she put out her hand

toward Boshy, but drew it back before Benny's scornful glance.

"That is, we're willing on one condition. You tell one word of what's happened this morning and we become your enemies, ready for anything. You don't know this village and what's happened here. Right in this pasture there was a man hanged to a tree. For what? For stealing and telling lies! And another was left out here all night tied hand and foot. And when they came for him in the morning, could they find him? I'm here to tell you NO!"

Boshy, sitting up pale and trembling, glanced apprehensively about the pasture—at the hazels reddening under the late August sun, at the brown, rock-strewn hummocks, and at Constancy meandering heavily toward the brook for a drink in the pool. Its outward semblance suggested no such horrors.

"William Dobbin," continued Benny, feeling for his paper as though the renewed force of his eloquence must be miraculously inscribing words thereon, "stand up like a man. Cross your heart and repeat after me these words: *I swear never to breathe by word or look what has justly happened to me this morning.*"

Judith listened, still tormented, in spite of her sickening desire to be done with a bad business, by that irritating pride in Benny, while Boshy took the oath. Then she followed Benny's lead in grasping his limp hand.

"Now we are friends," announced the master of ceremonies. "And, William Dobbin, that is no slight thing. Judy and I can make things easy for you in this village, or we can make them hard. We've got followers here who'll do as we say. We . . ."

A strange and terrifying sound, reverberating through the stillness, shattered his words into bits. It was a sound, antediluvian, prehistoric, a sound that might have mangled the atmosphere of an older world before man had begun to run his sad, and woman her sadder, race thereon. One knew instinctively that it was no human sound. Those mighty heavings, those horrible, deep-mouthed exhalations, those stertorous, ear-splitting strangles — they came from the animal world and might well have pierced and ruptured its

ancient and awful peace before God had created Man.

For a few frightful seconds the children on the hillside were frozen with fear. Brought up in an unrelenting creed that taught the interposition of God in the affairs of men, they were at first seized with the thought of a swift and heavenly punishment. And then Judith detected through the intricacies of those unfamiliar reverberations the unmistakable accents of a voice she knew and loved. The glimpse through a clump of birches by the brook of a dun-colored hide which rose and fell in portentous motion confirmed her worst fears. Constancy had discovered and subsequently consumed the generous remainder of the bag of snuff!

With white lips, and legs which almost refused to carry her, she tore down the hill followed by the two boys, who forgot the past in the unexpected and awful catastrophe of the present. Benny, now that the first moment of fright was over, was irritated beyond expression by this unfortunate turn in affairs which portended almost inevitable discovery; Boshy knew no emotion except increasing terror; Judith was struck by a remorse so great that the worst of punishments seemed infinitesimal indeed.

Constancy stood among the birches near the brook. Her first paroxysms had given place to those of lesser volume and frequency. She was calm and contemplative even in the midst of tribulation. Whenever her spasms permitted the indulgence, she chewed her cud quite as though nothing extraordinary had occurred. As he noted these signs of improvement in her condition, Benny's courage rose. But Judith saw in her mild gaze only disillusionment and reproach, and, her self-control completely at an end, burst into a torrent of tears.

Benny, be it said to his diminishing credit, stooped (and on the whole not ungraciously) to the rôle of comforter.

"Don't worry, Judy," he begged. "She's all right. A dime's worth of snuff can't hurt a great old cow like her. She got an extra dose where you threw it all in the grass — I must say 'twas careless of you — and it probably scared her, too, like Boshy and made her nervous."

He spied the empty berry-pail floating unconcernedly on the pool and began to fill it with water, while Judith stood with her arm around the neck of Constancy. The cow submitted to a generous nasal irrigation and after ten minutes, broken only occasionally by deep-throated coughs, seemed wholly restored to her former placidity.

Still suffering his tone to be gentle as he saw that Judith's grief was unabated, Benny prepared to lead Constancy deeper into the pasture.

"We'll take her to the fir thicket," he said, "where she can't be heard if she starts another racket. And then if we don't want to be suspected of anything, we'd better get home. I've got the lawn to mow. You can help me, Boshy, if you like," he added graciously.

Swept by a host of conflicting emotions and impulses, Judith followed the procession into the thicket. In spite of Constancy's apparent restoration to health, she knew she ought to confess the whole miserable affair to her father lest the injury to the cow should prove more than superficial. But that she could not do without involving Benny and reaping his neglect and scorn, the latter not only for herself but for the whole race of girls. Self-preservation, too, was strong within her. Punishment in itself was bad enough, but the long days of subsequent embarrassment and disgrace were more than she could bear. And finally, not the strongest and yet the most insistent and painful of her griefs, was the wrong done to Constancy herself, for whom years of guardianship and protection had woven an indissoluble affection and friendship.

Ashamed, yet governed by a miserable necessity and fear, she acquiesced in the tethering of the cow to a fir-stump, and left the pasture with the boys by a short cut through the huckleberries. Nor were her feelings assuaged by the recognition of a tacit understanding between them, which her recent tears and her sympathy for Constancy had evidently engendered. More than once on their way down the hill she caught a sly wink from Benny and its eager reception by Boshy, now totally restored to favor and compliance.

At the parsonage they were halted by the sudden appearance at the gate of Mr. Meeker. Boshy, in spite of real effort, could not check several nervous sneezes. As her own heart stilled, Judith saw Benny's ears crimson to their tips. The interview, brief and not unkindly, was fraught with uneasiness and suspicion.

"It would give me pleasure," said Mr. Meeker, always formal in his address, "to see you three young people in my study this evening. Eight will be the hour."

They did not speak as they trailed homeward. Not until they reached the driveway at Benny's house was a word said. But during that portentous silence at least one mind had been operative, for Benny, as Judith started on, spoke in a husky whisper.

"I'm spokesman tonight, and you two follow my lead. Don't forget now. And, Boshy, your part is to keep quiet. There's only one thing you can do and that's to lend me a dime. And have it tonight without fail, do you hear?"

Fifteen minutes later Judith, hearing from the crotch of the pear-tree the click of the lawn-mower, knew that for the moment all was outwardly well. She herself had been saved from too pertinent questioning as to her empty berry-pail by her mother's preparation for the church sewing-circle, meeting that afternoon. The morning passed, filled with apprehensions and the straining of wary ears toward the distant pasture. Dinner brought only a passing comment on her flushed cheeks and lack of appetite. The afternoon found her again in the old tree, apparently deep in "Great Expectations" but in reality torn by the consciousness that Pip, in spite of grave robbers and even of Quilp, had endured no such torture as that which she was forced to undergo. At two, her mother called to her from half-way down the street. She had forgotten her thimble. Would Judith procure it from her sewing-basket and bring it at once to the church?

In a few minutes time Judith was standing, thimble in hand, in the church vestry, on the outskirts of a hollow square bordered and bounded by the industrious ladies of the parish

with their various handiwork. Unnoticed by her mother and careful lest she interrupt, she stood quietly by while Mrs. Meeker, who as wife of the minister acted as chairman of the gathering, opened the preliminary business meeting. Mrs. Meeker, it was plain to be seen, was nervous. Something more serious than the knowledge that she had dressed too hastily after the completion of her Monday's wash, done on Saturday, was causing this fluttering of her hands, this unseasonal moisture on her wide forehead. The ladies, busy with threading their needles and with distributing the tools of their trade beside themselves on the long settees, were less aware than Judith of her extreme self-consciousness. It is not surprising then that at her first words there came a simultaneous dropping of implements, of tatting and knitting and crochet, of aprons, undergarments, and towels, and a simultaneous lifting of astonished eyes to Mrs. Meeker's flushed and perspiring face.

"Mr. Meeker and I think it fitting at this time that I announce to — to the ladies of the sewing circle that he has willingly given up the — the one indulgence which has possibly stood in the way of his finest influence in the parish. The habit of snuff-taking was inherited; but it is now, due to Mr. Meeker's sense of his responsibility a thing of the past." Mrs. Meeker cleared her throat impressively and wiped her forehead. "'If meat cause my brother to offend,' she quoted clearly, and with precisely the right emphasis, 'I will eat no meat.'"

Judith dropped the thimble into her mother's lap and hurriedly tiptoed from the room. What she had heard was enough; the consequences of what was doubtless forthcoming she must endure later. She ran through the field that stretched from the rear of the church to the fence of Constancy's pasture, crawled between the rails, and made her miserable way to the fir thicket. There was Constancy, to all appearances in excellent health, still patiently tethered to the fir stump.

HOW she spent the long hours of that wretched afternoon Judith never quite remembered. Tears, she recalled in

later years, and long and relentless self-accusations. She recalled, too, the gathering of tender and succulent grasses and clover from the adjoining field and her feeding them to the cow whom she did not dare untether before the fateful milking-time lest a return of her malady might penetrate beyond the pasture. But when the church clock struck six, she knew she could delay no longer, and she and Constancy started on their homeward way.

Without accident or incident they reached the barn, nor could Judith discern aught amiss in her father as he received them, or in her mother as she helped prepare supper. Had Mrs. Meeker then not explained to whom offense had been given?

"I have news for you," said Mrs. Blair after the family was safely launched on beans and brown bread. Obviously she spoke to her husband, but the four young Blairs suspended eating. The eldest of them, unseen by the others, steadied herself against her chair. "Mr. Meeker has given up his snuff."

Mr. Blair dropped his fork.

"Well, I'll be . . . !"

"John!" warned Mrs. Blair, the dismay and protection alike in her voice which Judith had heard so often.

"What's struck him?" asked Mr. Blair. One could tell from his tone that he looked upon Mr. Meeker as a creature from another planet.

"He thinks it's a bad influence on some people, that it's causing them to offend, as Mrs. Meeker said. Oh, Judy, dear! Do be more careful!"

Judith rose from her seat to repair the damage from her overturned glass, thankful for the added confusion that might well explain her flushed face.

"Well, it's d—— all-fired offensive the way he takes it, I'll say that. Grandfather Blair took snuff for years — I've seen him take it by handfuls — without a single sneeze."

Judith found her voice.

"Is — is it just the first time, father, that makes them sneeze? Won't it last?"

Her father laughed until he caught a glimpse of her face.

"I don't know, my dear. Nowadays decent people smoke. What's wrong, Judy? You look tired. You're growing too fast."

The kindness in his voice brought tears to her eyes and throat, but she choked them back. This day's business was not yet over for her. The time was coming, and that soon, when he would not be so kind.

The dishes washed and the younger Blairs in bed, Fate cast a single blessing in the removal of her parents, who were invited to drive by unsuspecting neighbors. She met Benny and Boshy at the gate outside the parsonage, in which confusion above-stairs betokened the bed-time of the young Meekers. A swift passage from Boshy's hand to Benny's proved that the former had been faithful to his trust. There was a whispered warning from Benny as they traversed the worn planks of the front walk. The minister, somewhat dishevelled from domestic duties, ushered them into the study.

Now Mr. Meeker with fewer children, a different wife, and more time for contemplation, would not, it is safe to say, have been a man entirely devoid of humor. A more circumspect gaze than any which the three before him were able to give at that moment would, indeed, have revealed a slight quivering about his thin lips as he motioned them to be seated. He himself stood, his coat awry, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and studied their downcast faces. It was he who now held the balance of power, he who could, or would not, maintain the *status quo!*

"I shall not keep you long," he said. "It will soon be your bed-time. But I need help in my work, and I am asking you to give it. I am constrained to do so by my friend, Mr. Robinson, the druggist. He told me only this morning, in fact, that you in particular, Benjamin, are a lad of rare initiative and leadership. The Christian Endeavor Society is sadly in need of recuperation and new energy, and I have chosen you with these others to give it that new life. The pledges are on the table, and here is my pen."

Benny, who in spite of his self-appointment to the position

of spokesman seemed to have nothing to say, was the first to sign. And yet he walked toward the table with eagerness in his step. Could he, thought Judith to herself, be feeling as she felt? Was it possible that his heart under his clean white blouse was beating like her own? One might have thought, as he seized Mr. Meeker's pen, that he himself had written the pledges, that his signature was merely an added affidavit of his zeal for the Christian Endeavor Society! He wrote his name in large, round letters, gazed at it appraisingly, redotted the *i* in "Benjamin," and gave the pen with an air of condescension into her trembling fingers.

They almost forgot Boshy in the signing. People always did forget Boshy except when he thwarted their plans by his stupidity and weakness. And yet it is safe to say that the one name signed with any enthusiasm was that of William Dobbin, who was actually beginning to realize that for him out of adversity was springing a new life of unlooked for recognition and importance.

"I think that is all," said Mr. Meeker at last, still towering above them, his great, ungainly shadow in the light of the lamp, stretching along the wall. "It's well to feel responsibility early, so I shall ask you, Benjamin, to lead the meeting on Wednesday evening next. Good-evening, young friends."

They turned to go. Could she ever wait to get out-of-doors again? But Benny, his hand on the knob, hesitated. Judith could feel his tremendous summoning of courage from far down in the depths of his being. He turned toward Mr. Meeker without a word and held out his hand.

Mr. Meeker bowed gravely as he took the proffered dime. Then a look passed between him and Benny, a look as between man and man. Boshy, who had supplied the capital, was forgotten. Again he did not count.

Judith, reaching home, could not get too quickly to bed. Lying in the dark of her room next to that of her father and mother, she longed for kindly sleep which should blot out all events of that cruel day. She had tiptoed to the barn before coming upstairs and felt reassured by Constancy's quiet

breathing. The night air was chill and clear: there would be an early frost. The crickets sang in high rhythms that grew fainter and fainter in her tired ears. She heard vaguely through a warm and comforting mist her father and mother come upstairs.

And then, after a black eternity had passed, she was in another world — a world of noise and uproar, of awful rolling reverberations of thrice-awful sounds — a world in which strange and wallowing animals plunged after one through seas of mud. Only her father's frightened voice had any semblance of reality.

"It's the cow!" she heard him cry. "Something's wrong!" And then his hurrying footsteps on the stairs.

Terrified, she resorted to prayer — prayer that some kind Providence, assigned to animals, might save Constancy from further paroxysms, prayer that her father might remain in ignorance, prayer that she herself might be long spared to atone for her sins by zeal in the Christian Endeavor. She lay, clutching the sheets and listening above her petitions for sounds from the barn. There was some relief in the knowledge that Constancy's attack was far milder than that of the morning. After a dozen wheezing, spluttering coughs, she was once more silent.

She heard her father moving awkwardly about in the kitchen and steeled herself against his return. The half hour seemed a day in length.

"I've made a bran mash," she heard him say at last. "I can't imagine what's wrong. She didn't give down her milk right tonight either. 'Twas just as though she hadn't eaten enough all day. I don't like it. I'm afraid she's taken cold."

"Don't worry, dear," rejoined her mother's sleepy voice. "It's probably nothing. She'll be all right in the morning."

Her father was a trifle petulant. It was sympathy he wanted, not reassurance.

"Well, a cold's a cold, and a pure-bred Jersey is a pure-bred Jersey," he said with finality. "If she's not all right in the morning, I'll have Robinson over, though I haven't much

faith in him. You can't be two things at once in this world, and he's a better druggist than veterinarian."

Incredible that in view of such further complications Judith should have slept. But she did, the heavy sleep of sheer exhaustion. The Sunday sun was high when she started reluctantly toward the barn for Constancy. She could not be sufficiently grateful that her father was at that moment talking with Benny's across the garden fence.

"Drive her slowly, Judith," he called. "She was sick last night."

Judith's eyes were moist as she walked by Constancy, in whose own brown orbs she imagined added reproach and disappointment. Not content to leave the cow by the pasture bars, she led her to a grassy spot in the shadow of some trees. How tranquilly she cropped the hillside! Could it be that she was blessed with no memory, that even the most painful experiences left her consciousness as soon as they were over? The nine o'clock bells rang out their call to church. In the distance Judith could hear the shouts and cries of the young Meekers as they were prepared for Sunday-school. There was peace in the pasture. Might it be that the twenty-four hours so charged and freighted with misery were, indeed, past and gone?

Two hours later she sat in church next her mother, her father at the head of the pew, the younger children between. Benny was there, clean and stiff and silent, beside his father. Boshy was there, pale and ineffective, between his mother and his grandmother. The Meekers were there, seven in number, awry as to clothing and wriggling with uneasiness. The hymns were sung, the long prayer ended. Mr. Meeker arose to give his announcements. Was there an added interest in view of his recent sacrifice, already heralded about the parish?

"It gives me great pleasure," said Mr. Meeker, "to announce a new interest among the young people in the Christian Endeavor Society. Three new members have joined our ranks with real enthusiasm — Judith Blair, William Dobbin, and Benjamin Webster."

Her mother pressed her hand with surprise and approbation. Perhaps it was the seriousness of this step which had made the child so sober of late. Her father looked slyly at her, a look which being interpreted might mean anything at all. Judith glanced toward the Webster pew. Benny was staring straight ahead, refusing to recognize his father's astonishment. Boshy's grandmother had placed her arm across his shoulders, and he was actually edging away with a new impatience. Judith was conscious of sly and not altogether serious glances, especially in Benny's direction, from sundry other boys in the congregation. Mr. Meeker continued:

"The Wednesday evening service will be led by one of these eager recruits, Benjamin Webster. Subject: AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

His words were echoed by violent and staccato sneezes from the Dobbin pew. Judith knew that Benny's hot stare was following her own. She saw Boshy manfully holding his mouth in accordance with directions and with the other hand as manfully throwing aside the black shoulder-cape with which his grandmother would have enveloped him. The spasm was mercifully of short duration. Did she see, as she looked apprehensively toward Mr. Meeker, a smile trying to capture his face?

THAT afternoon Judith asked permission to go to the pasture. Her mother, thinking rightly enough that she wished to be alone, willingly granted it. One did seek solitude in these turning-points of thought and new resolve. But she was not destined to enjoy that solitude for long. Before half an hour had passed in the fir thicket with Constancy chewing nearby, a trampling among the huckleberries announced the approach of Benny. As he came toward her, she knew him to be unrepentant and unchastened. But he was clearly relieved and, for the first moments, perhaps a trifle sheepish.

"Well, it's over," he said, straightening his Sunday tie, "and it's all come out for the best. Boshy's got more sand than I gave him credit for, and he sure helped me out with the

dime. I'm not forgetting," he added magnanimously, "that five cents is yours, Judy."

Looking at him, she could not answer. What was this mysterious difference between him and her? Between boys and girls?

"Of course," he continued, "I wasn't reckoning on Mr. Meeker's roping us in the way he did. I hadn't planned on joining the Christian Endeavor just now. But now I'm in, I'm in!" A fierceness had crept into his voice, hardly compatible with Christian Endeavor ideals. "And you wait, Judy! You watch me. That's going to be the peppiest Christian Endeavor in this county, yes, sir, in this state! Let those fellows who dared grin this morning, grin away. I'll give them two weeks to stay out!"

That old, reluctant admiration for him was again seizing her. Was he never vanquished?

"I'm staging a picnic this week at Noyes Pond, with races and everything. My father's lending me one of his trucks for the crowd, and no one's allowed who doesn't belong. And next week there's going to be a circus, and none of your tame affairs either. I'll show them! They'll be falling over each other to sign the pledge before the week's up."

Someone had said once that Benny would be President someday, or at least a statesman. She believed it.

"Did you know about Mr. Meeker's salary?" he went on. "It's been raised a hundred dollars on account of his interest in the young people. I heard my mother say so. The circle had a special meeting after church and decided. My father said you could trust the women to be sentimental!" He laughed a deprecating laugh but stopped suddenly before the look in Judith's face. An unwonted flush came into his own. Turning away, he began to fumble with the fir cones.

"But I want to say, Judy, that you stood by me fine. Most girls wouldn't have done it, but you did. And I'll tell you something." His words were catching in his throat, but he freed them with an effort. "By and by when I'm older — when I — when I take girls out to things, you can be pretty

sure you'll be who I'll ask. You know it will be you, Judy!"

Summoning his courage, not at its best in this new situation, he looked shyly at her, at her short brown hair curling about her face, her wide grey eyes and pink Sunday frock. Something strange was happening to him. For the first time in his life he was painfully conscious of someone invading his experience in a queer, new way.

But a stranger thing was happening to Judith. Why did she suddenly feel years older than Benny? How was it that all at once he had become someone to be protected and understood and smiled at, in private? Swift visions passed through her mind there in the fir thicket — of her mother guarding her father's speech, of Mrs. Meeker apologizing for her husband, of — yes, of Constancy paying dearly for mistakes not her own.

Long after Benny had crashed his self-conscious way through the huckleberries, she sat quietly on. The shadows of the firs grew longer on the brown needles. A thrush called. Another answered. Constancy chewed on with a rhythmic precision which seemed neither to begin nor end. When the village clock struck six, Judith led her homewards, out of the thicket, up the gully, past the brook. The cow stumbled in stepping across the bars, and she placed a reassuring hand on her heavy, lumbering shoulder. Again she was stung by remorse, only now it had incomprehensibly widened into pity and a strange, new understanding.

"There's something queer, Constancy," she whispered. "I don't know why, but it's not just ourselves we have to look after and feel bad for. It's all the men folks too!"

One Hundred and Twenty Years

F. L. MOTT

WHEN that group of young professional men of Boston and Cambridge who supported the Monthly Anthology decided to give up their periodical, they must have done so with deep regret. True, it had never produced sufficient profits even to pay for the club's weekly suppers; and when slight profits became large deficits, the end was indicated. And whatever the pride in the Anthology may have been, those suppers of "widgeon and teal," "very good claret, without ice (*tant pis*)," "segars," and "much pleasant talk and good humor" were occasions which supplied a flow of wit and scholarship all too rare even in Boston.

Therefore the bonds of the fellowship which the Anthology had created were not entirely dissolved when the magazine was suspended. The group saw the founding of Andrews Norton's General Repository six months after the abandonment of the Anthology, and assisted the editor in filling its Unitarian pages; indeed some of the members of the old group edited the last two numbers of the Repository. But it lasted only two years. After the Repository was given up in 1813, members of the old Anthology group planned a new magazine to be called the New England Magazine and Review and to be edited by Willard Phillips — then a young Harvard tutor but later a prominent lawyer. This project, apparently originated by President Kirkland and Professor Channing, of Harvard, met with opposition when William Tudor, another member of the old group, returned from abroad with his head full of plans for starting such a magazine himself. It was agreed to leave the field to Tudor; and accordingly the North-American Review and Miscellaneous Journal, a bimonthly, appeared in May, 1815, with Tudor as editor and Wells and Lilly as publishers.

The new journal was a neat duodecimo of one hundred and forty-four pages, issued at four dollars a year. Its contents were far more varied than in later years. It swung between the English review type, as exemplified by the Edinburgh, and the more miscellaneous magazines such as the London Gentleman's and the Philadelphia Port Folio. On the whole, the magazine tendency had rather the better of it for the first two or three years.

The initial number began with a series of comments on old American books and pamphlets, written by Tudor. This "catalogue raisonné" ran serially through the numbers of the first three years of the magazine; two seventeenth century pamphlets on Virginia were con-

sidered in the first number, and later other colonial guidebooks and such histories as Hubbard's "Indian Wars," Price's "New England," and Mather's "Magnalia" were reviewed. This was under the title "Books Relating to America," and it was followed, in that initial number, by several brief letters to the editor signed by such names as "Scipio Africanus," and "A Friend to Improvement." One of these proposed to change the second Sunday service from afternoon to evening, averring that "the middle of the day, so oppressive in summer, should be left to meditation and repose."

This apparent surrender of sanctity to somnolence may have been one of the items that caused Robert Walsh to condemn the new journal in his *National Gazette* as "lax in its religious tone." Or perhaps it was the letter of "C.G." objecting to the application of force by officers called "tythingmen" to compel attendance at church, or indeed the request of another unknown to be supplied with a list of all the plays thus far produced in America. Certainly none could object to the censorious words of "Charles Surface" anent "idle gossip and mischievous tattling," or to the remarks of "Aristippus" against sitting crosslegged in company or using a soiled silk handkerchief for a napkin.

"No gentleman," dogmatizes "Aristippus," "is to lean back to support his chair on its hind legs, except in his own room: in a parlour with a small circle it borders on extreme familiarity, and in a drawing room filled with company, it betokens a complete want of respect for society. Besides, it weakens the chairs, and with perseverance, infallibly makes a hole in the carpet."

Other communications in this first number are scientific and agricultural in character. The letters are followed by two mediocre poems — a satire and a descriptive piece. Then comes a thirty-two page notice of Baron de Grimm's "Memoirs," much of it devoted to anecdotes extracted from that work. Similar space is given to the *Quarterly Review's* attack on American manners and morals in its famous review of "Inchiquin's Letters" — the article using James K. Paulding's contribution to the controversy, "The United States and England," as its basis. Thus the *North American* began in its very first number its participation in the third war with England — the paper war.

The other two reviews deal with the political situation in France, and with Lydia Huntley's poems. Nine of Miss Huntley's poems are printed, which, "if not sublime," are at least allowed to be "exquisitely beautiful and pathetick." Miss Huntley (later Mrs. Sigourney) came to be, in the next year, a contributor of original verse to the *North American*. The reviews are followed by four or five pages of meteorological tables, after which the number is closed by fourteen

pages of "Miscellaneous and Literary Intelligence" and four of obituaries. The "Intelligence" department contains an account of the induction of the Reverend Edward Everett (then twenty-one years old) into a new Greek professorship at Harvard, as well as the announcements of Boston publishers. The obituaries are all from abroad, and include that of Lady Hamilton, "famous for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her frailty."

Practically all of this first number, and a good three-fourths of the first four volumes, were written by the editor himself. "I began it without arrangement for aid from others," he wrote later, "and was in consequence obliged to write more myself than was suitable for a work of this description." The magazine was Bostonian, Harvardian, Unitarian. "My object," wrote Tudor, "was to abstract myself from the narrow prejudices of locality, however I might feel them. I considered the work written for the citizens of the United States, and not for the district of New England."

As to how well he succeeded in giving a national scope to the review, opinions may differ. Too much attention was given to Harvard, to Boston publishers, to New England writers, and to the proceedings of learned societies in Boston and Cambridge. This indeed continued long after Tudor had relinquished all connection with the magazine: the March, 1818, number carried the entire prospectus of Harvard, the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa addresses were frequently printed, and Harvard professors continued to edit the journal for more than half a century. This devotion to its college and city angered its critics, and for many years they called it "provincial and parochial." Said the *New York Broadway Journal* in 1845: "That the *North American Review* has worked religiously for New England, her sons, her institutions, her claims of every sort, there is no question." *Simms's Southern and Western Magazine* echoed the accusation: "None can deny the exclusive and jealous vigilance with which it insists on the pretensions of Massachusetts Bay."

On the other hand, Tudor did give some attention to other parts of the country; and, as we shall see, Sparks later made an especial effort to broaden the geographical scope of the journal. From the beginning foreign affairs were watched with interest. Tudor even went so far as to clip generously from foreign periodicals because of his lack of correspondents abroad; fortunately for the *Review*, however, scissoring did not become a permanent policy. And in one other respect the magazine did achieve a national scope: it was a spokesman for nationality, not only against the attacks of the English reviews upon American life and character, but also in its advocacy of a national literature and a national art.

At the end of his first year's editorship, Tudor transferred the

ownership of the *North American* to the old literary group which had descended from Anthology days. This now consisted of John Gallison, a lawyer and newspaper editor; Nathan Hale, editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*; Richard Henry Dana, a young lawyer of high literary promise; Edward T. Channing, another young lawyer of literary proclivities, Dana's cousin and a brother of William Ellery Channing; William P. Mason, a fourth lawyer; Jared Sparks, a Harvard tutor; and Willard Phillips, who had been a tutor at Harvard, but had just entered the practice of law. F. C. Gray was not a member, but often attended.

"We held weekly meetings," wrote Judge Phillips many years later, "at Gallison's rooms, at which our own articles and those of friends and correspondents were read, criticized, and decided upon. . . . We also solicited articles upon particular subjects from literary friends at a distance."

Tudor remained as managing editor without pay for another year, though the club took the responsibility of providing a large part of the reviews and of supporting the venture financially. In 1817, however, he severed his connection with the journal. It is frequently said that he was succeeded by Phillips; but it is certain that, though Phillips was the club's leader, the managing editorship devolved upon Sparks. Sparks wrote to his life-long friend, Miss Storrow, on February 21, 1817: ". . . I have engaged to take charge of the *North American Review* after the next number, when Mr. Tudor resigns. I was desired to do this by several gentlemen, and by the particular advice of the president. Mr. Phillips declines, as it interferes too much with his profession."

Sparks remained editor for only one year, although he was later to return for a more extended and distinguished editorship; at this time he was drawn away from editorial work by his desire to devote himself to theology. His impress upon the *North American* of 1817-18 is seen chiefly in the emphasis on American history and on travels in Africa, in both of which fields he had an enthusiastic personal interest.

As we now look back upon Sparks' six bimonthly numbers, it is easy for us to see that the most important single piece in them was Bryant's "Thanatopsis." This poem, which had been written some six years earlier, was left at Phillips' home in the summer of 1817 by the poet's father, without title or author's name, one of a group of five submitted for publication. Two of these, "Thanatopsis" and four stanzas on death, were in the father's handwriting; and Phillips, who knew both father and son, supposed the two were by Dr. Bryant and the other three by Cullen.

At any rate, the club was delighted by all of them. When Dana

heard "Thanatopsis" read, he interrupted with the exclamation, "That was never written on this side of the water!" They gave the poem its title "Thanatopsis," but they supposed the lines on death were intended as a prelude to the blank verse and so printed them; and in the same number — that for September, 1817 — they published the other three. All were, of course, like everything else in the *North American*, anonymous; and not until after the poems were published did any member of the club know that all five poems were by William Cullen Bryant. "To a Waterfowl" was published in the *North American* in March, 1818; and four reviews from Bryant's pen appeared within the next two years.

Channing followed Sparks as editor. The Review had been growing less and less magazinish; and in December, 1818, it discarded its news notes, general essays, and poetry, and adopted quarterly publication, though it retained its subtitle "and Miscellaneous Journal" for three years longer. The change was scarcely perceptible. Channing was elected Boylston professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard at the end of 1819. Dana, who had been his chief assistant, expected to be appointed editor in his stead, but the club thought Dana too unpopular among probable contributors to make a successful editor. He naturally resented this decision, and he and Channing left the club. Some of his friends also resented it — among them Bryant, who said that if the *North American* "had remained in Dana's hands, he would have imparted a character of originality and decision to its critical articles which no other man of the country was at that time qualified to give it." And for many years the critics of the *North American* — or at least those of them who knew about this episode — were wont to exclaim, "What a wonderful journal it might have been if only the poet Dana had been made editor back in 1820!"

BUT IT was upon a brilliant young Greek professor that the choice fell — Edward Everett. The new editor had gained remarkable prestige as a scholar, orator, and writer. John Neal wrote in *Blackwood's* that Everett was "among the first young men of the age" — a high-sounding but rather cloudy phrase. Hall, of the *Port Folio*, was more definite: he said that Everett possessed "a combination of talents surpassing anything that has been exhibited in the brief annals of our literature in the person of any individual." Of course there were malcontents, even aside from those displeased by the slap at Dana; the critic W. A. Jones, of *Arcturus*, called Everett, some years later, "an incarnation of the very spirit of elegance" — which sounds well enough until one reads Jones' definition of "elegance" as "safe mediocrity, 'content to dwell in decencies forever.'"

Everett was the most successful of the Review's editors up to that time. Griswold, in his "Prose Writers," speaks of the "unprecedented popularity" of the journal under Everett. Certainly the number of readers increased. Everett himself later wrote that it had five or six hundred circulation when he took it over; it had some twenty-five hundred two years later, and continued to increase slightly. The publishing responsibility, which the club had placed in the hands of Cummings and Hilliard shortly after Wells and Lilly gave it up in 1816, Everett transferred to his brother Oliver, who had a large family and was in indigent circumstances.

Everett himself was a voluminous writer for the Review. He heads the Boston Journal list of contributors to the first forty-five years of the Review with one hundred and sixteen articles. Moreover, he brought into his journal some important new contributors. Before his editorship, the following writers, in addition to the members of the club already listed and the editors, had done most of the writing: Everett himself, who was an important contributor before he was made editor; his brother Alexander H., a later owner and editor; John G. Palfrey, who was also a later editor; ex-President John Adams; Judge Joseph Story; Andrews Norton, the famous Unitarian; Dr. Walter Channing, a brother of Edward T.; Dr. Enoch Hale, a brother of Nathan, one of the club members; Francis C. Gray, a Boston lawyer who had been John Quincy Adams' secretary in his mission to Russia; George Ticknor, professor of modern languages at Harvard; Samuel Gilman, a Harvard tutor who became the Unitarian minister at Charleston, South Carolina; Sidney Willard, professor of Hebrew at Harvard; Theophilus Parsons and Franklin Dexter, literary Boston lawyers; John Farrar, professor of mathematics at Harvard; and John Pickering, Salem lawyer and philologist. Daniel Webster contributed a few articles, notably one on Bunker Hill in July, 1818.

Everett introduced into the pages of the North American such writers as Caleb Cushing, then a Newburyport lawyer, who wrote on topics in many fields; W. H. Prescott, who wrote a great deal of what he himself referred to rather too contemptuously as "thin porridge" for the "Old North"; Nathaniel Bowditch, famous Salem mathematician; Professor John W. Webster, of the Harvard chair of chemistry and mineralogy; Joseph G. Cogswell, Harvard professor of geology and later master of the Round Hill School; and Charles W. Upham, a Salem clergyman.

The type of contents continued much the same as under Sparks and Channing. The club was still active; Everett was inclined to resent its overlordship, and gradually achieved an independence from it. "The sole editorship gradually passed into my hands," he wrote

later. Of politics, the Review published comparatively little, except as certain social and economic discussions verged upon the political. Perhaps the most important ventures in that field were two discussions published in 1820: Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw's article on "Slavery and the Missouri Question" appeared in January of that year, and James T. Austin's "The American Tariff" in October.

Of science there was more, especially in the field of geology. F. C. Gray had an elaborate review of "Systems of Geology" in the number for March, 1819, which closed with the expression of a hope that "our University will soon be roused from its long neglect of this study." It was. Dr. John Ware wrote occasionally on medical and chemical subjects; and Cushing, who had taught natural history at Harvard, sometimes wrote on botany. Law was a well tilled field in the Review: Joseph Story, Henry Wheaton, and Theron Metcalf composed, with the lawyer members of the Club, a distinguished legal staff for the journal. Travel books received much attention.

European literature, society, and politics occupied hundreds and eventually thousands, of pages of the North American. Everett came to his editorship fresh from European travel and with his head full of European ideas. A typical number — that for July, 1822 — contained articles on Rousseau's life and Mirabeau's speeches by Alexander H. Everett, a review of Sismondi's "Julia Sévéra" by Edward Everett, a disquisition on Italian literature by James Marsh, a review of C. A. G. Gøede's "England" by Edward Brooks, and one of "Europe, by a Citizen of the United States," by F. C. Gray. To show the attempt to balance the foreign cargo by American materials, the remainder of the contents of the number should be listed — Edward Everett's review of "Bracebridge Hall," William Howard Gardiner's review of "The Spy," J. G. Cogswell on "Schoolcraft's Journal," Caleb Cushing on Webster's Plymouth oration, and Theron Metcalf's review of Greenleaf's "Cases Overruled."

That Everett recognized his neglect of American themes there can be no question; but he was Europe-minded in these years, and so were his associates. When Sparks wrote him from Baltimore criticizing the Review for want of Americanism, Everett arranged his defence under three points:

"First. You cannot pour anything out of a vessel but what is in it. I am obliged to depend on myself more than on any other person, and I must write that which will run fastest.

"Second. There is really a dearth of American topics; the American books are too poor to praise, and to abuse them will not do.

"Third. The people here, our most numerous and oldest friends, have not the raging Americanism that reigns in your quarter."

This seems an expression of unbelievable narrowness. A dearth of

American topics! It was the period of vast westward movement, of the Monroe doctrine, of sectional rivalry, of the Missouri Compromise, of the United States Bank question and early anti-slavery agitation. American books were, of course, few — though it was the day of Irving, Cooper, and Bryant.

But Everett did not, after all, completely forget the doctrine of the exploitation of nationality upon which Tudor and Sparks had founded the review which he now edited. He never quite made it deserve the title, the "North Unamerican." He ran a series of articles on internal improvements in the southern states. He gave attention to the work being done in American history and biography. He published many articles on American science and American law. He became one of the leaders in the curiously undignified controversy between English and American journalists over the question of whether the *Quarterly Review's* declaration that Americans were "inherently inferior" to Englishmen was sound, defending American ideals with vigor.

The *North American's* literary criticism, if not always acute, if sometimes warped by the prejudices of its special culture-group, was generally discriminating and honest. There was no outstanding literary critic among the review's writers, but most of them wrote on *belles-lettres* occasionally. One modern reader of the old volumes of our review believes that "the work of these men is so homogeneous that one can almost treat them as a composite critic." This is itself uncritical, though it is true that prejudices and predilections alike were often shared.

Bryant's few reviews, notable for their plain speaking and clear apprehension of standards, and Dana's, not much more numerous, require special mention. Everett was more inclined to speak of faults lightly while he showed enthusiasm for features he could praise; like many another critic of the time he felt that he was watering a growing plant. Franklin Dexter said of Pierpont's "Airs of Palestine": "the applause it has received is given as much to animate as to reward." Most of these writers plead, sometimes rather naïvely, for more and better American literature.

Among English writers, Scott was upheld as the great figure, in a series of reviews by various pens. Toward Byron the attitude was not consistent: Tudor condemned him for his morals, Phillips rebuked his disorder and disproportion, and A. H. Everett praised him beyond the liking of many readers. Moore's verse, though popular, was said by Channing to be "little more than a mixture of musick, conceit, and debauchery." One article on German literature must be mentioned — Edward Everett's masterly review of Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit" in the number for January, 1817.

Everett worked hard at his editorial task. After he had relinquished it, he wrote to his successor: "You must do what your predecessor did — sit down with tired fingers, aching head, and sad heart, and write for your life." And later: "On one occasion, being desirous of reviewing Dean Funes' 'History of Paraguay' . . . and having no knowledge of Spanish, I took lessons for three weeks . . . and at the end of that time the article was written." But he had his reward, not only in the growing power and prosperity of his journal, but in such praises as that of the *Edinburgh Review*, which declared that the *North American* was "by far the best and most promising production of the press of that country that has ever come to our hands. It is written with great spirit, learning, and ability, on a great variety of subjects."

The praise of the master.

But the ambitious Everett could not be satisfied long in the confinement of editorial work, and at the end of 1823 he resigned to enter politics. Jared Sparks, who had been in charge of a Unitarian congregation at Baltimore, was thereupon invited to return to the post he had occupied in 1817-18. He accepted, on condition that he be allowed to purchase the property from the Club; the purchase was made, at ten thousand, nine hundred dollars — approximately the annual receipts from subscriptions. Three years later Sparks sold a quarter interest to F. T. Gray, his publisher, for four thousand dollars. The circulation increased slightly throughout Sparks' editorship: it was slightly less than three thousand in 1826, and about three thousand, two hundred in 1830. The last figure was destined to remain the high point of the *Review's* subscription list until after the Civil War.

IN SPITE of a circulation that now seems of negligible size, the *North American* had reached a position of acknowledged power and influence in the country. It was read by the leading men, and was available in all the important reading-rooms. Over a hundred copies went to England, but it was banned in France by the Bourbon monarchy. A. H. Everett, now minister to Spain, wrote Sparks that its editorship was an office honorable enough to "satisfy the ambitions of any individual," and thought it better than the old *Edinburgh*. Governor Cass wrote from Detroit: "The reputation of the *North American Review* is the property of the nation." George Ticknor, visiting in Philadelphia, told of the high respect for it there.

Sparks, emphasizing American topics more than Everett had, retaining most of the older spheres of interest and developing new ones, kept quite as high a standard as his predecessor. The policy of paying a dollar a page to contributors, adopted in 1823 as a substitute for the

gentlemanly custom of unrewarded literary labor, apparently had little effect on the contents of the journal. The older, prized contributors continued — the Everetts, Story (who refused his dollar a page), the Hales, Ticknor, Prescott, Cushing, Cogswell. George Bancroft, who had made his first contribution just before Sparks took charge, became a valued writer of articles and book reviews in the next few years. Lewis Cass wrote some influential articles on the American Indian policy. F. W. P. Greenwood, Sparks' successor as Unitarian minister at Baltimore, wrote for the April, 1824, number an article on Wordsworth which was at the same time appreciative and discriminating; this was the first of several good essays in literary criticism by Greenwood, who was under contract for fifty pages a year.

Peter Hoffman Cruse, also of Baltimore, and editor of *The American* there, was another valuable and regular contributor. Other newcomers were Orville Dewey, Unitarian minister at New Bedford; Jeremiah Evarts, editor of the *Missionary Herald*; Samuel A. Eliot, a Boston merchant and politician; J. L. Kingsley, professor of ancient languages at Yale; Moses Stuart, professor of sacred literature at Andover; and Captain (later General) Henry Whiting. The Tuesday Evening Club, of which Prescott, his brother-in-law Franklin Dexter, and W. H. Gardiner were leading spirits, helped supply material.

Sparks himself wrote much on South American countries, and on Mexico and Panama. He learned Spanish and kept up a correspondence with several men in South America. R. C. Anderson, American minister to Colombia, had an article on the constitution of that country in the number for October, 1826. Sparks also wrote a number of articles on colonization of the blacks. He gave no little attention to the South; his article on Baltimore in January, 1825, won much favor. He advocated the hands-off policy with regard to slavery — an attitude maintained by the *North American* for many years. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, was a frequent contributor.

Travel, history and biography, political economy, science, philosophy, poetry, and fiction were prominent topics in Sparks' *North American*. European affairs had less space than formerly, though both Everetts wrote upon them. But Edward Everett wrote also on American questions; his argument against the protective tariff in the number for July, 1824, became almost a classic.

Sparks traveled much during his editorship, and his editorial work was done in his absence by Palfrey, Gray, or Folsom. During his sojourn in Europe in 1828, Edward Everett had charge. In 1830 Sparks sold his three-quarters interest in the *Review* to A. H. Everett for fifteen thousand dollars. Sparks had become engrossed in historical projects; Everett had just returned from Spain, where he had been minister from the United States.

Alexander Hill Everett made the years 1830 to 1836 the high point of the North American's first half century. He surpassed his brother's editorship by keeping the journal abreast of American political problems, and he excelled Sparks by his more adequate treatment of European topics. "In every respect," said the Knickerbocker Magazine in 1835, "the North American Review is an honor to the country. In politics it is liberal and impartial. We hail it as the sole exponent, in its peculiar sphere, of our national mind, character and progress; and are proud to see it sent abroad . . . as an evidence of indigenous talent, high moral worth, and republican feeling."

In the second number under the new editor, Edward Everett, now a member of Congress, wrote a long article on the double subject of the Webster-Hayne debate and nullification; it filled eighty-four pages. In January, 1831, the editor discussed "The American System" and Bancroft wrote on "The Bank of the United States." The latter article was followed in April by a discussion of the same subject from the pen of William B. Lawrence, of New York, who was just beginning a distinguished legal and political career. In January, 1833, the editor printed his seventy-page dissertation on nullification, and in July of that year a strong article on "The Union and the States." These had the same theme, which may be expressed in the Jacksonian phrase with which the former ended: "THE FEDERAL UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED."

Two years later the Review published a discussion of Mrs. Child's "Appeal" by Emory Washburn, a Worcester lawyer, which contained language which defines the position of the journal at this time: "That we must be rid of slavery someday seems to be the decided conviction of almost every honest mind. If in a struggle for this end the Union should be dissolved, it needs not the gift of prophecy to foresee that our country will be plunged into that gulf which, in the language of another, 'is full of the fire and the blood of civil war, and of the thick darkness of general political disgrace, ignominy, and ruin.' . . . We regret to see the abolitionists of the day seizing upon the cruelties and abuses of power by a few slave-owners in regard to their slaves in order to excite odium against slave-holders as a class."

It was an attempt, not too successful, to wed anti-slavery idealism with anti-abolition moderation, and its main purpose was to record the North American's opposition to immediate emancipation.

The editor, who had come home with well filled notebooks, wrote much of European politics, personalities, and literature. In April, 1830, after he had bought the review but before he had wholly taken over its editorship, he had a general article on "The Politics of Europe." In the next number he published his discussion of "The Tone of British Criticism," which ended the truce which Sparks had

declared between the North American and the English reviews. Irving made his sole contribution to the North American in October, 1832, when he wrote on the history of the Northmen. Longfellow made his *début* in the journal in April, 1831, with an article on the history of the French language; this was followed by articles on Italian, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon languages, and a much more interesting "Defence of Poetry" in January, 1832.

Two other literary critics who became constant contributors to the Review in the thirties were the twin brothers, W. B. O. and O. W. B. Peabody. "They were identical," wrote Palfrey later, "in handwriting, face, form, mien, voice, manner. I never knew them apart. Both were copious writers in poetry and prose. Their style was very marked . . . but it seemed absolutely the same in both."

W. B. O. contributed an article on "The Decline of Poetry" to the January, 1829, number of the Review; but his brother did not appear until October, 1830, when he contributed "Studies in Poetry." O. W. B. was a brother-in-law of the new editor, and became his assistant. Though conservative and lacking in originality, the Peabodys were capable reviewers.

Other writers of importance who matriculated in the North American during A. H. Everett's editorship were Charles Francis Adams, who wrote on history and economics; Professor C. C. Felton, most of whose work was in the field of literary criticism; and George S. Hillard, whose *forte* was biography.

It was shortly before the end of Everett's editorship that his curious article on "Sartor Resartus" was published (October, 1835). "It was not at all an unfriendly review," wrote Carlyle to Emerson, "but had an opacity of matter-of-fact in it that filled me with amazement. Since the Irish bishop who said there were some things in Gulliver on which he for one would keep his belief *suspended*, nothing equal to it, on that side, has come athwart us. However, he has made out that Teufelsdröckh is, in all human probability, a fictitious character, which is always something, for an inquirer into Truth."

It does seem, indeed, that the reviewer feels that he has done a tremendously clever piece of literary detective work in discovering that the character of Teufelsdröckh is fictitious. Perhaps, however, he is only giving a rather heavily humorous account of the mystification element in "Sartor." This review is the only favorable notice of Carlyle that appeared in the North American, which was not kind to transcendentalism.

Throughout his editorship, Everett was a member of the Massachusetts senate, and in 1836 he sold his holdings in the Review and withdrew from editorial work on it, in order to become a candidate for Congress. The new editor and chief proprietor was John Gorham

Palfrey, a Harvard graduate, the successor of Edward Everett as minister of the Brattle Street Unitarian Church, Boston, and now professor of sacred literature at Harvard.

Palfrey, like Sparks, was much interested in historical studies; and he sometimes allowed too much space to articles in this favorite field. In April, 1838, for a typical example, there were papers on "Historical Romance in Italy," "Periodical Essays of the Age of Anne," "The Last Years of Maria Louisa," "The Early History of Canada," "Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott," and "The Documentary History of the Revolution." Only two other articles appeared in this number, in addition to the brief "Critical Notices" — one on a Hebrew lexicon, and the other on a geographical topic. Sparks, Prescott, C. F. Adams, and the editor himself were among the leading contributors of historical material.

Politics, which had occupied unusual space under his predecessor, Palfrey saw fit in the main to exclude. It was not that he was uninterested in such matters, for when he finally withdrew from his editorship it was to follow the example of the two Everetts and enter active politics; but he apparently thought to place the Review outside controversy and partisanship.

Next to history, literature occupied the most space in Palfrey's North American. Professor Felton, who seems to have been an assistant editor, wrote frequent reviews of novels, poetry, and essays. Felton was not well equipped for the criticism of *belles-lettres*; he judged too often according to standards not at all literary. He was in the habit of quoting at length, which often made his articles readable, but gave them the appearance of magazine hack-work rather than the dignity of criticism. Palfrey often followed the same method.

Longfellow's reviewing was sometimes incisive and forthright: note the introduction to his article on a book about London: "Any amusement which is innocent," says Palfrey, "is better than none; as the writing of a book, the building of a house, the laying out of a garden, the digging of a fish-pond, even the raising of a cucumber." If these are the pastimes which the author of "The Great Metropolis" has within his reach, our opinion is, that, when he is next in want of an innocent amusement, he had better raise a cucumber."

This is, at least, much cleverer than the great body of North American writing; most of the reviewers for that journal would have felt called upon to go back to the founding of London by the ancient Britons, and to trace its history laboriously down to the nineteenth century. Palfrey published one article ninety pages in length — Gardiner's review of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella."

Palfrey established the department of shorter "Critical Notices" which continued for many decades to fill the "back of the book."

Some of the old Club members continued to write for the Review — Tudor, Phillips, Channing, Hale, Edward Everett. But there were also some new recruits, of whom perhaps the most important, as events turned out, was Francis Bowen, Harvard teacher of “intellectual philosophy” and political economy, who wrote chiefly on philosophical subjects for these first contributions. Andrew P. Peabody, another later editor, also became a contributor in these years; as did Henry T. Tuckerman, who was later to achieve a high reputation as literary and art critic.

Henry R. Cleveland, one of the “Five of Clubs” at Cambridge (the other four being Longfellow, Sumner, Felton, and Hillard) was another newcomer to the Review, with J. H. Perkins, of Cincinnati, William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, and George W. Greene, consul at Rome. The first woman to contribute extensively to the Review was Mrs. Therese A. L. von J. Robinson, wife of Edward Robinson, the biblical scholar; she was a talented writer and had an excellent knowledge of both German and Russian. Some of the lectures which Signor L. Mariotti delivered in Boston in 1840 were printed in the Review.

Emerson’s lecture on Michael Angelo was published in the number for January, 1837, and one on Milton in that for July of the next year. Otherwise, there was little echo from the movement that was being called transcendentalism. There was a deep gulf fixed between the group that supported the *North American Review* and that which projected and wrote *The Dial* in 1840 to 1844. One looks in vain for the names of Margaret Fuller, Alcott, Ripley, Parker, Thoreau, and Cranch in Review indexes.

Clearly, the *North American* lost ground while Palfrey was editor. It reflected great contemporary movements less adequately; it probably declined somewhat in circulation. There is some truth in Miss Martineau’s arraignment of it, in her book on America: “The *North American* had once some reputation in England; but it has sunk at home and abroad, less from want of talent than of principle. If it has any principle whatever at present, it is to praise every book it mentions, and to fall in as dexterously as possible with popular prejudices.”

Even Parkman, a leading contributor, found the number for the Fall of 1837 “uncommonly weak and waterish.” He thought this due in part to the “paltry price The North pays (all it can bear, too, I believe)” yet “for a’ that, the Old North is the best periodical we have ever had.” The *London Monthly Review* presented some refutation of such criticisms by cribbing wholesale from its American contemporary — a proceeding which Palfrey exposes with some glee in the number for October, 1842.

FRANCIS BOWEN purchased the controlling interest in the North American at the end of 1842. He had returned to Cambridge in 1841 from a two years' European residence. He was a man of broad learning and varied interests; but he was prejudiced, belligerent, and far too unmindful of his audience. He was anti-low-tariff, anti-transcendental, anti-British. He retained the editorship, however, longer than any of his predecessors — a full decade, whereas the others had averaged less than four years.

Bowen, supported by Felton who continued active as a staff contributor, carried on against the English traducers of America, trying to beat them at their own game. An article by the two called "Morals, Manners and Poetry of England" in July, 1844, begins: "The earliest notices we have of Britain represent it as fruitful in barbarians, tin, and lead. It has continued so ever since." This was probably popular enough; but when in January, 1850, Bowen published a long article attacking the Hungarian patriots at the very time that Kossuth was being hailed in America — and in Boston itself — as an apostle of human liberty, the North American suffered much criticism. Robert Carter, brilliant Boston journalist, published a series of articles in the Boston Atlas refuting Bowen's arguments. This came just at the moment of Bowen's election to the McLean chair of history at Harvard; and the overseers of the college, impressed by the attack on the candidate's learning, vetoed the election.

Bowen's literary criticism was also sometimes of the tomahawk variety. Cooper was his *bête noire*. His first article in the North American, in January, 1838, had been a review of Cooper's "Gleanings from Europe"; this was a general criticism of Cooper's work, wilfully oblivious to the better qualities of the novelist. This was followed by other reviews of Cooper in a similar spirit, and by a prejudiced article on the "Naval History" by A. S. Mackenzie. Felton also wielded the tomahawk, notably upon William Gilmore Simms in October, 1846.

Bowen had a taste for French fiction. He reviewed George Sand, Paul de Kock, and Dumas with a good deal of appreciation in the North American, and printed a really distinguished article on Balzac by Motley in his number for July, 1847. Reviews of novels were comparatively prominent in these years. Lowell's first contribution was an article on Fredrika Bremer's work. E. P. Whipple made his first appearance in the Review of 1843, and soon became its best reviewer of fiction and poetry; he took criticism itself seriously, he had a historical sense, and he wrote well.

There were a number of articles in these years on charities, including the provision for the blind and the insane. Papers on educational topics and on military affairs were not infrequent. Lorenzo Sabine

wrote occasionally on various industries. Politics were sometimes touched upon, though not regularly: when the Oregon question came up with England, Bowen demonstrated at length that the Oregon country was "a contemptible possession" and not worth fighting over. "Slavery in the United States" was reconsidered in October, 1851, in an article by Ephraim Peabody, and the former position re-stated. Edward Everett Hale, who had first written for the *Review* in 1840, at eighteen years of age, continued in its pages. George E. Ellis, the Unitarian leader, first appeared there in 1846. Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam began a series of articles on Hungarian and Polish literature in 1848.

But "the torpid and respectable North American Review," as the *Literary World* called it, was getting a bad name for dullness. An occasional brandishing of the tomahawk was not enough to arouse any general interest in the current numbers. The men who had grown up with it still swore by it, but the bright young men were more likely to swear at it. Said a satirist in the *Boston Chronotype* in 1849:

"The N.A. is a slow coach, yet it certainly goes ahead, as any man may satisfy himself by taking a series of observations for a few years. As we look in at the coach window at the present time, to be sure, the passengers seem to have been taking a social nap, and the driver probably held up, not to disturb their slumbers. Europe is on fire, and questions of moment are welding hot in our own country, yet this North American Review is either admiring the tails of tenth-rate comets, or sprinkling a little Attic salt without any pepper on a dish of cucumbers."

Other contemporaries joined the chorus of insult: "What venerable cobweb is that," asked Thoreau, who had boasted that he never wrote for the *Review*, "which has hitherto escaped the broom . . . but the North American Review?"

Bowen was appointed to a Harvard professorship in 1853, and this time unanimously confirmed by the overseers; he thereupon sold the *North American* to Crosby, Nichols and Company, Boston publishers, who named as the new editor Andrew P. Peabody, Unitarian minister in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He too was appointed to a Harvard professorship, in 1860; but he filled out his decade as editor. Peabody was an improvement on Bowen, but he could not lift the pall of general dullness that had settled upon it. Perhaps it was really no duller than it had been from the first, if it were possible to measure such things by an absolute standard; but it suffered from the brighter magazines that sprang up and won readers away from it, while it continued to rely upon the old ponderous review style and the old ponderous academic subjects.

Readers who had taxed their eyesight for forty years on the ophthalmologically vile pages of the *North American* were encouraged, however, by a change to large, easily read type; and Norton's *Literary Gazette* observed with pleasure in 1854 that the new editorship had been "marked by a wider range of material." One of the most important of the early articles was Sidney G. Fisher's review of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in October, 1853, which accepted the doctrine that the negro was "naturally the servant of the white man," found emancipation therefore impossible, and proposed legal remedies for abuses of slaves. Edward Everett Hale's article on "Kansas and Nebraska," however, in January, 1855, encouraged the emigration of "freemen" to that battleground. Two years later Judge Timothy Farrar attacked the Taney decision in the *Dred Scott* case with vigor and dignity. As late as April, 1861, another of the *Review's* labored articles on the institution of slavery re-stated the now traditional position of the journal against immediate emancipation; and a year later the exigencies of war had driven it only to a lukewarm assent to an emancipation limited to blacks fighting in the union army. During the war there was a political or war article in nearly every number, occasionally critical of the conduct of military affairs.

In literary criticism, Whipple continued to do the *North American's* best work. Professor C. C. Everett wrote on Ruskin, Mrs. Browning, and others. A Mrs. E. V. Smith wrote on Poe in 1856; it was a true Bostonian view of Poe, relying on Griswold for facts of personal life, shocked by some of the extreme Gothic elements in Poe's work, admiring "The Raven" and "Annabelle Lee." It ended with the tender-minded declaration: "Rather than remember all, we would choose to forget all that he has ever written." French literature was given very special attention for several years, with the Countess De Bury as the chief writer in this field.

There was some science. Dr. O. W. Holmes contributed a physiological article or two; Bowen argued against Darwin's new "Origin of Species" in April, 1860; Wilson Flagg wrote some delightful essays on nature, landscape art, and such topics; Asa Gray wrote on botany.

More and more one finds unknown and fifth-rate writers in the pages of the "Old North." The new *Atlantic Monthly* was attracting some of the articles that would normally have gone into the older periodical; yet writers like Motley, Holmes, Whipple, Norton, and the new Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, with Arthur Hugh Clough from England, did much to raise the average.

But the energy and genius commonly required to give flying starts to as many as three new magazines will usually fail to rejuvenate a

single moribund journal. What to do with a periodical which Carl Benson could casually refer to as "that singular fossil, the North American Review?" Argument, indignation only advertised the libel. What the publishers did do was to secure as editors two men of very high literary standing. James Russell Lowell was one of the three or four most important literary men in America; Charles Eliot Norton had won a reputation as a writer on social questions and on Italian literature, and as an industrious editor. Their work on the North American began with the issue for January, 1864.

LOWELL declared later that all he had promised Crosby and Nichols "was my name on the cover." What he actually delivered was a small amount of editorial work and two series of notable articles, the first political in nature and the second literary. His editorial work began with a few letters to prospective contributors of importance. To Motley he wrote some months after a beginning had been made:

"You have heard that Norton and I have undertaken to edit the North American — a rather Sisyphean job, you will say. It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It wasn't thoroughly, that is, thickly and thinly, loyal, it wasn't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject. It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly was in great danger of running aground. It was an easy matter, of course, to make it loyal, even to give it opinions (such as they were), but to make it alive is more difficult."

Through the efforts of Norton and Lowell, a staff of contributors was built up which rivalled that of earlier years: Edwin L. Godkin, of *The Nation*, which Norton had helped to found; Emerson, who now followed his two earlier contributions with a second essay on "Character" and one on "Quotation and Originality"; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., whose articles on railroads were genuinely important; James Parton, writing on political and biographical topics; George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*; Goldwin Smith, English publicist, who visited the United States in 1864 — and many others of equal weight. Payment to contributors was increased from two and a half to five dollars a page; other high-class magazines were paying ten. As the clever Theodore Tilton remarked of the Review's rate of payment to contributors in 1866: "In this respect it labors, like Rabelais' panurge 'under an incurable disease, which at that time they called lack of money.'"

Lowell's own articles were of prime importance. His first was an estimate of Lincoln, in the first number under the new editorship; in the second number he assesses General McClellan; and in the fourth number, which appeared on the eve of the presidential elec-

tion, he answers his question "Lincoln or McClellan?" in favor of the former. A noble paper on "Reconstruction" came in April, 1865; and in July, a rather discursive essay entitled "Scotch the Snake, or Kill It?" centered upon the problem of the freedmen. Two papers on President Johnson's troubles were published in 1866.

"After the pressure of war-time was lifted," says Lowell's biographer, "he made the Review the vehicle for more strictly literary articles; and it was plainly a relief to him to spring back to subjects more congenial to his nature." The first of these was his review, in January, 1865, of the third volume of Palfrey's "History of New England"; it is a remarkable summation of the New England creed. Then followed a series of essays on Lessing, Rousseau, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Emerson — drawn largely from his lecture notes — which made the foundation for Lowell's reputation as a critic.

Norton, besides doing most of the editorial work, wrote a number of articles himself. In January, 1864, there was a paper of his on "Immorality in Politics" which combated the biblical defences of slavery; in July, 1864, an article about the heroism of soldiers in the field; in January, 1865, a paper on Lincoln; and in the following October one entitled "American Political Ideals."

In October, 1864, Ticknor and Fields, leading Boston publishers and owners of the Atlantic Monthly, purchased the Review. They were doubtless encouraged to make the venture by what Norton called the efforts "to put some life into the old dry bones of the quarterly." Norton had high editorial ideals; he saw before him "an opportunity now to make the North American one of the means of developing the nation, of stimulating its better sense, of holding up to it its own ideal. But he despaired of lightening the sheer specific gravity of the Review's pages. He wrote to Lowell in July, 1864: "The July North American seems to me good, but too heavy. How can we make it lighter? People will write on the heavy subjects; and all our authors are destitute of humor. Nobody but you knows how to say witty things lightly."

In the summer of 1868, Norton resigned to go abroad on a literary mission, and Professor E. W. Gurney was put in his place. At once troubles began to accumulate. But let us allow Lowell's playful but vexed letter to his publisher tell the story:

"The express has just brought your note asking for the log of the North American on her present voyage. The N. A. is teak-built, her extreme length from stem to stern-post 299 feet 6 inches, and her beam (I mean her breadth of beam) 286 feet 7 inches and a quarter. She is an A-1 *risk* at the Antediluvian. These statements will enable you to reckon her possible rate of sailing. During the present trip I

should say that all the knots she made were Gordian, and of the tightest sort. I extract from log as follows:

“‘11 July. Lat. 42° 1’, the first officer, Mr. Norton, lost overboard in a fog, with the compass, caboose, and studden-sails in his pocket, also the key of the spirit-room.

“‘25 July. Lat. 42° 10’, spoke the Ark, Captain Noah, and got the latest news. 26, 27, 28, dead calm. 29, 30, 31, and 1 August, head winds N.N.E. to N.E. by N. 15 August. Double reef in foretopsl, spoke the good ship Argo, Jason commander, from Colchis with wool.

“‘17 August, dead calm, Schooner Pinta, Capt. Columbus, bound for the New World, and a market, bearing Sou Sou West half South on our weather bow. Got some stores from him.

“‘20. Capt. Lowell cut his throat with the fluke of the sheet anchor.’

“So far the log.

“Now for the comment. Toward the 1st September I received notice that the Review was at a standstill. Mr. Gurney was at Beverly, ill and engaged to be married. I had not a line of copy, nor knew where to get one. I communicated with G. and got what he had — viz: two articles, one on Herbert Spencer, and t’other on Leibnitz. I put the former in type, but did not dare follow with the latter, for I thought it would be too much even for the readers of the N.A. By and by, I raked together one or two more — not what I *would* have but what I *could*. . . . We want *something* interesting, and we must have some literary notices. . . .”

A few days later he wrote to Fields again:

“Correct estimates from log thus: ‘25 September. Lat. 42° 10’. Captain Lowell committed suicide by blowing out his brains with the gaff-topsl haliards. There can be no doubt of the fact, as the 2d officer recognized the brains for his (Cap. L.’s), he being familiar with them.

“‘30 September. Captain L. reappeared on deck, having been below only to oversee the storage of ballast, whereof on this trip the lading mainly consists. What was thought to be his brains turns out to be pumpkin pie, though the second officer was unconvinced and the Captain himself could not make up his mind.’

“The fact is I was cross, and did not quite like being brought up with such a round turn at my time of life. . . . Gurney will take hold of the next number, and it will all go right.” Gurney did “take hold,” and kept hold for two years, after which he surrendered his grasp of the tiller to young Henry Adams.

The new editor was a grandson of President John Adams, who had been a contributor to the North American Review in 1817; a son of

Charles Francis Adams the elder, who had written more than a dozen articles for the journal; and a brother of the second Charles Francis Adams, now doing papers on the railroads for it. It is no wonder that he regarded the "Old North as a kind of family heirloom"; he wrote to a friend that it was "a species of mediæval relic, handed down as a sacred trust from the times of our remotest ancestors."

Lowell and Norton had done much to restore the former public esteem for it; but it was still an unprofitable "relic," with a circulation of three or four hundred and an annual deficit. Its articles were still long and heavy. Henry Adams wrote, years later, in his autobiography: "Not many men even in England or France could write a good thirty-page article, and practically no one in America read them." His brother accomplished it in July, 1869, with "A Chapter of Erie," followed by "An Erie Raid" two years later — written "with infinite pains, sparing no labor," and later published in book form for a larger audience.

In 1872 Lowell went abroad, resigning his connection with the *North American*. Adams was now left in full charge; but he, too, soon went off to Europe, leaving Thomas Sergeant Perry to get out three numbers in 1872-73. Returning in the summer of 1873, Adams made his former pupil in history, Henry Cabot Lodge, assistant editor, and the two edited the journal through 1876.

Again the Review emphasized history. The editors were specialists in that field, and they had help from Parkman, Fiske, Charles Kendall Adams, and others. The first number in 1876, contained a remarkable series of articles on American historical topics to celebrate the centennial. But the Review was not devoted to history to the exclusion of other material. Indeed, Adams gave it more bite than it had had for a long time — perhaps more than it had ever had before. Lowell remarked that Adams was making the old teakettle think it was a steam engine.

There were political articles in nearly every number by the editor, his brother and others. Charles F. Wingate summed up the battle against the Tammany Ring in a series in 1874-76. Chauncy Wright wrote his brilliant contributions to the developing theory of evolution for the *North American* in the late 'sixties and early 'seventies. Simon Newcomb wrote on science and W. D. Whitney on philology. Among the leading writers of literary criticism were Francis A. Palgrave, William Dean Howells, Henry James, Karl Hillebrand, and H. H. Boyesen. The book notices at the end of each number were often distinguished: "Not seldom," said *The Nation*, such a review was "a literary product capable of standing by itself." No longer was the reader in doubt as to authorship, for the cloak of anonymity was lifted in 1868.

But it was all hackwork — “hopeless drudgery” — to Adams. He saw no future in it: “My terror,” he once wrote to his assistant, “is lest it should die on my hands.” The publishers, now James R. Osgood and Company, sometimes interfered with the editor, as when Adams was not kind enough to Bayard Taylor’s “Faust,” which Osgood had published. In October, 1876, Adams published a political article, “The Independents in the Political Canvass,” which advocated support of Tilden by the new non-partisan group. To this number which was nearly all politics and history, the publishers attached a disclaimer, and a notice that the editors had resigned. The young editors had run away with the old “relic” — though miraculously they had almost brought it to life.

IT HAD been known in publishing circles for several years that the North American was for sale, though all it had to sell was a historic name and an annual deficit. It was offered to Edward Everett Hale when he started *Old and New* in 1870. Henry Holt and E. L. Godkin were planning to buy it and bring it to New York, when Osgood suddenly announced that it had been sold to Allen Thorndike Rice. Rice was a young man of twenty-three, Boston-born but a recent graduate of Oxford, wealthy, energetic, and lively-minded. Gladstone called him “the most fascinating” young man he had ever met. He paid three thousand dollars for the old journal, which now had a circulation of twelve hundred. At once he made it a bimonthly.

Julius H. Ward, an Episcopal clergyman who had been nominated by Osgood to succeed Adams, was Rice’s first managing editor; after a few months he was followed by Laurence Oliphant, English author and communist then residing in America. Then in 1878, Rice moved the magazine to New York; and L. S. Metcalf, a trained journalist, took charge of the editorial work. D. Appleton and Company succeeded James R. Osgood and Company as “publishers.” Finally, in 1879 the magazine was made a monthly.

Thus were the successive stages of the revolution accomplished. Boston was left sorrowing for her errant daughter, and for the first time in sixty years men who had never entered Harvard Square were in charge. But the significant feature of the change was not geographical or institutional: the really important alteration was in the contents of the magazine. Within a year or two the North American became a free forum, welcoming all important expressions of opinion. It was almost as close to current events as a newspaper.

Rice’s frequently expressed aim was “to make the Review an arena wherein any man having something valuable to say could be heard.” If “Old North” had been for decades dignified and retiring, it was now plunged bodily into the very maelstrom of contemporaneity,

sucked into controversy, bobbing on the surge of the latest doctrine. Metcalfe, who was allowed the fullest liberty in the selection of material, said later: "But I knew that there was a certain preference for articles which tended to the sensational, and I allowed myself to be considerably influenced by Mr. Rice's undoubted belief in the practical business advantage of such contributions."

This sounds very commercial; but it should be noted that Rice had a free mind himself and desired to promote free discussion. Further, for the word "sensational" it would be better to substitute such terms as "unconventional" and "intellectually exciting." Of course, it is obvious that Rice thought that fresh writing on lively topics would be profitable: his whole venture was founded upon that belief.

So far as partisan politics were concerned, Rice kept the Review more or less neutral, presenting both sides of most questions. There is some Republican bias to be seen in the presidential campaign of 1880, and some opposition to Blaine in 1884. The Review was stoutly against Cleveland's anti-protectionism, however; and in 1888 it printed several articles on the Republican side and only one with Democratic leanings. By this time Metcalfe had left to found *The Forum*; and James Redpath, journalist and lyceum organizer, had become, in 1886, managing editor of the Review.

But political discussion was not limited to the presidential campaigns, and every number included politics and economics. Radical views were presented along with conservative opinions, and controversy became the settled policy of the magazine. For example, when Judge Jeremiah S. Black presented the Tilden side of the electoral question in July, 1877, E. W. Stoughton, one of the Hayes counsel, set forth the other side in the next number. The symposium — a device for presenting variant attitudes and views concurrently — made its appearance as the vehicle of a discussion of the resumption of specie payments in November, 1877.

The writers in the *North American's* symposia were authorities — or at least well known. In the one on resumption, for example, there were Secretary of the Treasury Sherman, Former Secretary McCulloch, Congressmen William D. Kelley and Thomas Ewing, and the well known economist David A. Wells. There was no waiting upon voluntary contributions now; the editors chose their men and offered adequate remuneration — and thus were able to present a monthly array of names known to all their readers. Among political matters frequently discussed were the silver question, civil service reform, and the third presidential term. The "Southern question" was reviewed by Southerners as well as by Northerners.

Related industrial and social problems crowded the pages of the new *North American*. "A Striker" and the president of the Pennsyl-

vania Railroad appeared in the same number — September, 1877. "Land and Taxation: a Conversation" was the joint production of two frequent contributors — Henry George and David Dudley Field. An attack on woman suffrage by Parkman in October, 1879, drew forth a symposium of replies in the next number by Julia Ward Howe, T. W. Higginson, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Wendell Phillips; a rejoinder by Parkman followed in January, 1880. Many articles on women and their position appeared in the 'eighties: their dress, health, occupations, religion were discussed.

Religion ranked next to politics in Rice's magazine. Beginning with an article on "Reformed Judaism" by Felix Adler in July, 1877, discussion ran the gamut of belief and unbelief. A symposium on "The Doctrine of Eternal Punishment" in March, 1878, and another on "What is Inspiration?" in September of the same year enlisted some of the leading clerical writers of America. The question of evolution was linked with theology in "An Advertisement for a New Religion by an Evolutionist" in July, 1878, and in the symposium "Law and Design in Nature" in June, 1879. J. A. Froude's two-part article on "Romanism and the Irish Race in the United States" was balanced by Cardinal Manning's "The Catholic Church and Modern Society." Sunday observance was discussed more than once.

Freethinkers and infidels were represented repeatedly in the late 'seventies, and in August, 1881, Robert G. Ingersoll and Jeremiah S. Black, two famous lawyers, debated the Christian religion. Black, who had shown some temper in the debate, showed more when he was unable to get his rejoinder to the second part of Ingersoll's argument into the same number with it; he refused to go on, but wrote an angry letter to the Philadelphia Press calling the North American "a treacherous concern." Loud were the protests, indeed, against the Ingersoll articles from all quarters. "The North American Review has sold out to Ingersoll," said the Chautauquan, and predicted a great loss of subscriptions. The Rev. George P. Fisher contributed a reply to Ingersoll which he said was not a reply, in the number of February, 1882.

Hostilities were renewed five years later when Henry M. Field, editor of *The Evangelist*, addressed an open letter in the North American to the now famous agnostic. The debate which followed was climaxed by a review of the subject by William E. Gladstone. Gladstone was one of the greatest figures in the English-speaking world, and the publication of a paper on Christianity by him, as a part of this debate, was one of the greatest "hits" ever made by the Review. One other religious series excited some interest: in it various well known persons gave reasons for the faith that was in them. It began in 1886 with Edward Everett Hale's "Why I Am a Unitarian" and

ran for four years. It included even "Why I Am a Heathen," by Wong Chin Foo; and it ended with Ingersoll's "Why I Am an Agnostic" in 1890, with its aftermath of replies by Canon Farrar, Lyman Abbott, and others.

More literary phases were not entirely neglected. Three of Emerson's later lectures were published in 1877-78, Bryant's essay on Cowley in May, 1877, and Taylor's on Halleck in the following number. Whitman contributed several essays in the 'eighties. The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy was exploited in the latter part of the same decade, Ignatius Donnelly being the chief exploiter. The traditional section of brief book notices was abandoned in 1881; a later review department was conducted through 1887-89.

The drama was given some attention, from Boucicault's articles, which began in 1878, onward. Richard Wagner contributed a two-part autobiographical article in 1879. There were articles on science (especially on the evolutionary hypothesis), on educational problems, on art, and on foreign affairs. The list of foreign contributors was led by Gladstone, whose first article, on "Kin Beyond the Sea" in September, 1878, was followed by perhaps a dozen more in later years; Froude, Trollope, Bryce, and Goldwin Smith were other English writers prominent in the magazine in the 'eighties. The North American also caught the fever, then epidemic among the magazines, of publishing Civil War memoirs; it printed General Beauregard's reminiscences, and a number of letters dealing with the struggle.

Thus it will be seen that Rice's magazine had incalculably more variety than the "Old North." It even went so far, in April, 1888, as to publish a lively defence of prizefighting by Duffield Osborne. A typical number in the early 'eighties (February, 1881) contained the following leading articles: "The Nicaragua Canal," by U. S. Grant; "The Pulpit and the Pew," by O. W. Holmes; "Aaron's Rod in Politics" (advocating public education in the South), by A. W. Tourgée; "Did Shakespeare Write Bacon's Works?" by J. F. Clarke; "Partisanship in the Supreme Court," by Senator John T. Morgan; an installment of her "Ruins of Central America" (result of an expedition partially financed by the Review), by Désiré Charnay; "The Poetry of the Future," by Walt Whitman.

The magazine's circulation advanced to seven thousand, five hundred by 1880, and to seventeen thousand by the date of Rice's untimely death in 1889. It was then making its owner an annual profit of fifty thousand dollars. Rice left a controlling interest in the Review to Lloyd Bryce, who had been a friend of his at Oxford; and Bryce immediately purchased the remaining stock.

Bryce was a Democrat in politics, while his predecessor had been a Republican; but the Review was kept nonpartisan — or rather bi-

partisan, for it continued to present both sides of most controversial questions. The new editor was a man of wealth, a novelist, a liberal, and a member of Congress from New York. From Rice's régime he inherited the journalist, William H. Rideing, as managing editor; and David A. Munro, who had received his earlier training in Harper's publishing house, was later added to the staff.

There was little or no change of policy in the Review under Bryce. The same emphasis on controversy, the same use of the symposium and joint debate, the same exploitation of problems from forum and market-place continued to characterize the magazine. There was, perhaps, more discussion of foreign affairs than formerly, especially by the middle 'nineties. In the number for January, 1895, for example, exactly half the pages are devoted to foreign questions. One of the big features of Bryce's earlier editorship was the debate on free trade by Gladstone and Blaine, in the number for January, 1890; it was followed by articles on the same subject by Roger Q. Mills and Joseph S. Morrill. Another was the debate between the Duke of Argyll and Gladstone on home rule for Ireland in August and October, 1892. Gladstone's series on immortality in 1896 also attracted wide attention. Other leading English writers were Balfour, McCarthy, Sir Charles Dilke, James Bryce, Labouchère, Lang, and Gosse.

Prominent American topics were the powers of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, discussed by Speaker Reed, a favorite contributor, and others; labor questions, on which T. V. Powderly, also a frequent writer for the Review, was an authority; free silver, in the discussion of which the editor seems to have given the advantage to the gold men; immigration, Catholicism, military and naval armaments, life insurance, the Columbian Exposition, and Hawaiian annexation. When the Venezuelan question came up, James Bryce and Andrew Carnegie, both frequent writers on Anglo-American relations, discussed it with sanity and insight.

The Review came more and more to cultivate a clever and somewhat sophisticated type of essay on contemporary social life, manners, and fads. Gail Hamilton had become a regular contributor in 1886. Ouida came a few years later; and Max O'Rell, Jules Claretie, Sarah Grand, and Grant Allen wrote such pieces. The servant-girl problem, the man and the girl "of the period," courtship and marriage, and the amusements and sports of the day furnished unlimited opportunities for this kind of writing. More serious was the discussion of divorce, which was analyzed in more than one symposium. Mark Twain, who had once called the Review "grandmotherly," now became one of its most valued contributors; most of his writing done for its pages was basically serious, and even bitter — though com-

monly winged with barbs of wit. His "In Defense of Harriet Shelley" and his "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offences" belong to the middle 'nineties. The chief literary critics were Howells, Gosse, and Lang; but the magazine did not make a practice of reviewing new books.

By 1891 the Review had reached its high peak of circulation, at seventy-six thousand with a subscription price of five dollars. In that year the Review of Reviews said: "It is unquestionably true that the North American is regarded by more people, in all parts of the country, as at once the highest and most impartial platform upon which current public issues can be discussed, than is any other magazine or review." It lost circulation, however, in the hard times of the middle 'nineties.

In 1895 the publishing company was reorganized; and the next year Bryce turned the editorship over to Munro, who conducted the magazine for the next three years. Though still filled with valuable material, the North American under Munro declined in freshness and vitality. There were few exciting articles, and some tendency to get in a rut and stay there. Cuba was, of course, an absorbing topic; and the expansion question occupied many pages. General Miles' review of the Spanish War was one of the best features. Symposia were less frequent, and the Review's pages were no longer an arena for single combats and group *mêlées*.

THEN in 1899, Colonel George Harvey bought a controlling interest in the North American and became its editor. Harvey had been managing editor of Pulitzer's World in the early 'nineties and had later made a fortune in electric railways. The next year after he purchased the North American he became president of the reorganized Harper and Brothers, but he did not publish his magazine under the ægis of that house. He did become editor of Harper's Weekly from 1901 to 1913, however, conducting the two periodicals simultaneously.

Harvey's first number — that for July, 1899 — opened with a long poem by Swinburne. He continued to publish poems, usually rather long ones, throughout his editorship. He published Henley and Yeats in his first year; but probably the most famous poem he ever printed was Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" in October, 1916.

For the first year or two, the topic which was featured was England's war with the Boers, which was treated from the various international points of view by European and American writers. The Philippine question was also prominent; Harvey made a special effort to put the Filipino attitude before the American people. In October, 1900, there was an old-fashioned symposium on the presi-

dential issues; but Bryan's articles before and after the election give the Review of this year a definitely Democratic bias.

In the meantime there had been much foreign material — not only foreign politics, but European letters and art. Tolstoy, d'Annunzio, and Maeterlinck became contributors. H. G. Wells' "Anticipations: An Adventure in Prophecy," a serial of 1901, is even more interesting a third of a century after its writing than it could have been to its first readers in the Review. A "World Politics" department was begun in 1904, with correspondence from the leading European capitals.

Three of the chief American contributors in these years were Howells, James, and Mark Twain. Mark wrote his famous "To the Person Sitting in Darkness" for the February, 1901 number. It was one of the bitterest excoriations of "civilization" ever printed; it made a great furor, and called for a second address "To My Missionary Critics" in a later number. His "Chapters from My Autobiography" appeared in 1906 and 1907.

It was three years before that that the North American serialized Henry James' "The Ambassadors" — its first work of fiction in nearly a century of existence. James was far from popular, but he seemed to belong to the North American: "He has come to his own," said Life, "and his own has taken him in." "The Ambassadors" was followed by Howells' "A Son of Royal Langbrith," and Conrad's "Under Western Eyes" appeared in 1910-11. At about this time Harvey became interested in the promotion of Esperanto as an international language, and for several years he published supplements to the Review designed to forward this cause.

The campaign of 1904 found the North American clearly sympathetic to the candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt, though trying, as usual, to present both sides of the contest to its readers. Trusts were the theme of many articles in these years. A notable symposium discussed the Supreme Court decision in the Standard Oil Case in 1911. But in 1906, Harvey had turned against "T. R." and his high-handed ways.

In that year the Review became a fortnightly, and began a regular editorial department called "The Editor's Diary." It was a very readable department; its editorial comments ranged from disquisitions on constitutional questions to essays on such topics as "The Theory and Practice of Osculation." Thus Harvey made the North American, as his biographer observes, a personal organ for the first time in its history. A new department of book reviews was begun at the same time. But fortnightly publication lasted only a year, after which the Review once more became a monthly. The editorial department, however, was retained until 1909. The campaign of

1908 did not interest the Review very much; indeed there was a distinct decline in the enterprise and liveliness of the magazine beginning at about this time. The circulation appears to have been stationary at about twenty-five thousand. A larger type was adopted at the end of 1910, but the printing was sometimes inferior.

In April, 1906, Harvey had published an article called "Whom Will the Democrats Next Nominate for President?" in which Mayo W. Hazeltine suggested the name of Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, for that office. This was more than six years before Wilson's actual nomination, but only a month after Harvey had first conspicuously pointed out his availability. The North American, with Harper's Weekly, continued to build up the Wilsonian candidacy. In the quadrennial presidential candidates' symposium in October, 1912, there were articles for Taft, Roosevelt, and Wilson; but editorially the Review was Democratic.

A year later Harvey began the custom of making the first article in his magazine an editorial pronouncement, usually political. He was greatly disturbed by Wilson's handling of the Mexican situation, and by the war against Villa; and the campaign of 1916 found him supporting Hughes and condemning Wilson for meddlesomeness in Mexico, for violations of the merit system, and for what he called in his summing-up article in October, "a fatuous timidity in dealing with belligerent [European] powers."

The Review was a fighting magazine during the war. "Our chief duty before God and man is to KILL HUNS," Harvey shouted. Impatient of monthly publication, he began the North American Review's War Weekly, later called Harvey's Weekly (1918-20). He disapproved of Wilson's "fourteen commandments," his work at Versailles, and the formation of the League. He supported Harding in 1920, and was the next year appointed ambassador to Great Britain.

While he was abroad, Elizabeth B. Cutting, who had been an associate editor since 1910, edited the Review. Lawrence Gilman, who had been with the magazine since 1915, continued as literary and dramatic critic; and Willis Fletcher Johnson was an associate editor. David Jayne Hill, an authority on international questions, wrote many of the leading articles. Harvey returned to New York in time to take part in the presidential canvass of 1924; his leading North American campaign article was entitled "Coolidge or Chaos." The chief feature of the following year consisted of two symposia on "Five Years of Prohibition"; to the one in June the drys contributed, and the wets were heard in September.

When Harvey came home in 1924, he found the Review's circulation down to thirteen thousand. In the Fall of that year he changed to

quarterly publication, at four dollars; this took the magazine off the news-stands, which have seldom been friendly to quarterlies.

In 1926 the Review was purchased by Walter Butler Mahony, lawyer and financier, who made it a monthly again in the following year, and much more attractive typographically. Associated with him in the editorship have been Miss Cutting, who remained until 1927; W. F. Johnson, who continued as a contributing editor; Herschel Brickell, who became the magazine's chief reviewer in 1927; and Kenneth Wilcox Payne, who came to the Review in 1928 from McClure's and other magazines.

The magazine under Mahony was devoted to articles on social, economic, political, literary and art problems, with a few short stories in each number and departments of book reviews, light essays, and finance. It printed many well known writers, but in general it followed the policy of seeking new and various talent rather than repeating authors. In an era of social, financial and political upset, the Review kept an extraordinarily even keel, swinging far neither to the right nor to the left, interpreting situations and tendencies quietly and interestingly month after month. Among its political commentators were Vice-President Dawes, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Senators Albert C. Ritchie, Atlee Pomerene, Arthur Capper, and George H. Moses. Such English writers as Dean W. R. Inge, V. Sackville-West, Gilbert K. Chesterton, and Siegfried Sassoon contributed to its pages; and Conrad Aiken, Amy Lowell, Lincoln Steffens, Struthers Burt, and John Erskine lent distinction to its tables of contents from time to time.

The Review now comes under the control of John H. G. Pell, known for his writings on early American history, and a great-great-grandson of Edward T. Channing, third editor of the magazine. The associate editor is Richard Dana Skinner, formerly dramatic editor of *The Commonwealth* and a great-grandson of that Richard Henry Dana who, as so many thought, should have been the Review's fourth editor. Quarterly publication, which has been the rule for a little more than half the magazine's history, is resumed.

THE hundred and twenty years of the *North American Review* were cut precisely in half by the revolution effected in its policies by Allen Thorndike Rice in 1876. In its first sixty years it was dignified, ponderous, respected; its list of contributors contained the names of most New Englanders who were prominent in literature, scholarship, and public affairs. Though it occasionally tried to widen its horizons, it was definitely provincial, maintaining close relationships with Harvard College and Boston. It was often really scholarly, though sometimes an encyclopædic dullness masqueraded as learning

in its pages. Under Sparks and the Everetts it achieved a fair circulation for the times, after which its business affairs declined — in spite of the brilliance of Lowell, Norton, and Adams — past helping by anything short of radical change.

After such a change in 1876, it became a scintillating and lively journal, featuring many of the world's great names, and filled with clash of opinion on politics, economics, science, religion, and social problems. It reached its peak of prosperity in the 'eighties, though it was later distinguished through the long editorship of George Harvey for its political influence and its international outlook. Its total file, amounting now to approximately one hundred and twenty thousand pages, is a remarkable repository, unmatched by that of any other magazine, of American thought for nearly a century and a quarter.

Book Reviews

OF TIME AND THE RIVER. By Thomas Wolfe. Scribner's, \$3.00.

WHEN Thomas Wolfe published "Look Homeward Angel" in 1929, he was hailed as the novelist of young America. Critics congratulated themselves on having discovered an author who was capable of portraying "the American Scene." Here was the long needed fury, gusto, tradition, and breadth of canvas. And not since Whitman had America been so sincerely thundered in every word of a long work.

These critics were partially right. Wolfe was a sensitive young man who had written an autobiographical novel covering the first nineteen years of his life in Asheville and later at Chapel Hill. He had completed the first part of his education, had severed his childhood family ties, and was prepared to face the world and graduate work at Harvard. We leave him with a thorough knowledge of the struggle of his sensitive nature to substantiate itself in the face of his vital, garish, and unsensitive family. In the course of his development the whole town, a great number of individuals, and beyond them the whole South, have had a perceptible influence on his personality. There are a few characters who are not easy to forget — his mother and father, his brother Ben, and a girl he momentarily loves, Laura James. But as for the American Scene, he has not covered it, because it cannot be covered. What is still better, he has not even attempted it. He has vividly portrayed the section of America with which he is familiar.

One of the most unfortunate tendencies in American criticism, which dates back even before the Local Colorists of the 'seventies and 'eighties, is the demand for national consciousness in creative writing. Pressure is put on the young artist to shout America; he is made conscious of his slightest use of a continent-wide theme, and unless he is a great artist he succumbs to geographical jingoism. Paul Engle, last summer's poet, was an example of a young writer who had become a victim of this tradition. "Of Time and the River" shows that Wolfe has not altogether escaped from the influence of the critics. In an orgiastic passage on page 155, with the aid of purple adjectives and italics, he covers the country from Maine to southern California and back again.

"It is the place of the immense and lonely earth, the place of fat ears and abundance where they grow cotton, corn, and wheat, the wine-red apples of October, and the good tobacco." This goes on for pages and pages until America becomes a gigantic hoax rather than a real and living country.

This fragment of prose fiction which takes Thomas Wolfe, or Eugene Gant, from his twentieth to his twenty-fifth year, can be called neither prose nor fiction — for the characters from Jack Cecil to Professor Baker have been changed very little from actual life, and the style often approaches rhapsodic free verse. The author shows a great mastery of conversation and an ability to delineate unforgettable characters in a few vivid strokes. Then he goes on for pages and pages to describe them further, or they drop out of the story forever.

The result is that the principal characters, with the exception of old Gant, who is a truly heroic figure, tend to become caricatures. Bascom Pentland, Eugene's Boston uncle, starts as a Dickensonian New Englander and ends a madman. Even the middle-class people who live in Melrose grow absurd when they defend their middle-class attitude. The hordes of men and women who have had a molding influence on Wolfe's life seem in a large part disturbing and irrelevant. During his adolescence, these influences were more perceptible, and these characters were indispensable. But with his first maturity, their importance becomes less and less. Eugene is a colossal egoist and is more apt to influence than to be influenced. Thus the necessity for them is destroyed, and he often appears in the rôle of a newspaper reporter rather than of a developing personality.

These characters spring from all classes of society, from the Shanty-Irish to the very wealthy on the Hudson, or to Oxford undergraduates. They are sometimes given significance by having some strange fascination for Eugene, but what this is cannot be discovered. In the case of the Coulstons, the mysteriously disgraced Oxford family, Eugene finds himself in sympathy with the daughter. They declare their affection for one another and part; there is no explanation, only the impression of some vague external force at work.

Wolfe does much of his best writing of Eugene's childhood in retrospect. There is a fine scene of his brother Ben presenting him with his first watch, and another of Gant, the master-mason at work. Probably the greatest incident in the whole book is the death of Gant, but it is also unbearable because of its length. The scene of his helplessness during a hæmorrhage is probably one of the most moving in modern fiction, but a reader is capable of only so much strong emotion. The tension is too great, and his death, when it finally does come, instead of being a tragedy is almost a relief. But the dignity of the situation is saved by a consideration of his dead hands which are expressive of his character both in life and death.

Even in this scene his words carry too much impact; he has set the timbre too high. Instead of being vivid his words are like a confused roar. When he says, "Spring came that year like a triumph and like a prophecy . . . it sang and shifted like a moth of light before the

youth, but he was sure that it would bring him a glory and fulfillment he had never known," there is not much left for him in describing a circumstance a little out of the ordinary.

Bernard De Voto has called "Of Time and the River" an example of manic depression, infantile regression, and a compulsion neurosis. This is hardly literary criticism, but there are certainly many symptoms of all of these. Eugene on his first coming to Harvard is driven to reading with a maniacal fury. Later, in Dijon, when he has left his weak friend Starwick, he writes with the same impetus for fourteen to twenty hours a day. People never talk in quiet voices, they shout, howl, or cackle at the slightest happening, and the steak at Durgin Park is described with the same finality as his dead father's hands.

But Wolfe cannot be dismissed a psychological freak. In many isolated passages he shows his ability to be of a high order. When he has finished this novel of his life, for it appears from the title page that there are many volumes forthcoming, he may have objectified his experience to the extent of being able to create many inter-related characters, which will be the better for having been founded on so many sensitively absorbed personalities.

With the widening of his experience his view of America will become less self-conscious, and if he shows the same common sense that he used in fleeing to Europe from lionization this last March, there is no reason why he cannot go farther toward expressing Romantic America than any novelist living today.

JOHN SLOCUM

HE SENT FORTH A RAVEN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking, \$2.50.

TWO, at least, of the genuinely distinguished novels of our generation have been written by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, one historical, the other contemporary, and both of her native Kentucky. These are "The Great Meadow" and "The Time of Man," the second of which has just now made its appearance in the Modern Library with a fine introduction by J. Donald Adams.

With this securely established reputation, both keen interest and high expectations awaited the publication of Miss Roberts' recent work of long fiction, "He Sent Forth a Raven." It is a book which she polished and repolished for five years, and in seeking a reason for its obscurities I thought that perhaps it lost its edge somewhere along the way, as the writer's subtly suggestive method became more and more refined in working it over. For it must be said that, in spite of certain obvious good qualities — such as the mellifluous prose, in

which the brief descriptive passages have the evocative power of poetry — Miss Roberts has drifted in this novel so far from the world of common things and average experiences that it will, I believe, puzzle more readers than it satisfies and edifies.

In some of her minor fiction and in a good many of her short stories this tendency has been patent for a long time, and it is, perhaps inherent in the kind of fusion of poetry and realism that is the core of her method. My own feeling is that the essential truth of life is best realized in art by this very blending which, when most successful, makes for writing of profound power to move and stir both the intellect and the emotions.

But if we may take it as a fair statement that an author should make his meaning reasonably clear, should put his intention into such terms as do not make severe and unreasonable demands upon the sensibility and understanding of the reader, I think there is no other verdict to be reached upon "He Sent Forth a Raven" than that it is an artistic failure, and that Miss Roberts runs into the serious danger of losing her following if she continues in her present vein. This would be a loss to literature of no mean proportions and one to be greatly deplored. For without the completion of the circle — without, that is, appreciation and understanding from the reader — the writer's task is not done, nor can it bring the right sort of satisfaction merely because the creator himself understands his work.

Because of my profound respect for Miss Roberts' talents I read the present novel twice over and with concentrated care; at the end I was still baffled. A glimpse of meaning here and there, some recognition of the symbolism, some suspicion that perhaps I knew what the author was trying to say was, to be entirely frank, the most I was able to get. There is always a chance that a reviewer may be insensitive to a certain writer's manner of speech, but after I had completed my second reading of "He Sent Forth a Raven," I read a number of reviews and found that the issue was either entirely evaded or else the reviewer admitted that while he liked Miss Roberts' writing her aim was not disclosed.

One of the features of the book that lifts it at once from the realm of reality is the strangeness of its characters. Stoner Drake, about whom the story is built, is a successful farmer, a man of strength and ability, who upon the death of his second wife takes an oath that he will never set foot upon the ground again. His peculiarity is not limited to this quirk. On one occasion when his daughter, Martha, returns from a horseback ride with her sweetheart, he abuses her beyond measure, and the lover withdraws like a soundly whipped dog, leaving the girl completely at the mercy of her psychopathic parent. One of Drake's companions is a carpenter who has written

a book on the universe called "The Cosmograph" and who talks such wild and high-flown language as would mark him at once as madder, perhaps, even than Drake. Still another is a queer wandering preacher named Johnny Briggs.

The period covered is the early years of the century up through the war, and there is a running commentary on farming in its relation to world affairs — a sort of brief history of Kentucky agriculture which can hardly be considered of any importance for itself. Miss Roberts shuttles back and forth in time in a manner that does not make her book any easier to understand; it is an effort to keep up with these flittings which do not seem to have any other sound reason except that the narrative is badly organized.

Sharing the honors of the center of the stage with Drake is his granddaughter Jocelle, and it is the developing of this girl, charming, but as a character very shadowy, which gives the tale what unity it has. Jocelle is the raven, Drake the Noah; it is his habit to fire odd questions at her. At the last she wins through the old man's tyranny to her lover, Logan Treer, who is a conscientious objector in the war, and who is about to take over the farm when the book closes.

As an example of what I mean by Miss Roberts' slantwise and somewhat too subtle suggestiveness, let me cite just one example — the strange family has just been discussing the war:

"Jocelle did not speak to them then, loving all of them in quiet. Logan and Walter had taken off their leather jackets and they trailed them under an arm. Logan's leather vest was pulled open. He would shake his head now, his hat off, tossing back long imaginary locks. He seems to be riding a cantering animal, making laughter with Martha. Out of his centaur mouth gracious words were flowing. He was riding unshod, on swift horse limbs, little feet, thin shanks, strong thighs, his hair thrown up in a wind. He was standing, feet drawn together, Chiron, the good centaur, chanting a line, outstanding before Martha who was slowly dying, a lovely girl, the sun bright now on her dark hair and his rippling mouth:

'Give me a spark of Nature's fire,
That's all the learning I desire;
And tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire
At plough . . . plough . . . plow. . . .'

'What's dub?'

'Dub's Scotch. Scotch for water hole. Drudge through a Kentucky water-hole, by George!'

'What George?'

'The Father of the Country, by Hec!'

'What Hec?''

Miss Roberts has the right, of course, to create a world of her own and to people it with her own creatures; the trouble here is that she has written about the everyday world in such a way as to cause more confusion and puzzlement than pleasure.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION. By Thornton Wilder. Harper's, \$2.50.

“George Brush is my name,
America's my nation
Ludington's my dwelling place
And Heaven's my destination.”

THUS goes the doggerel about the hero who was dubbed by glowing advance critics as the Don Quixote of this tale. But a second quotation from one of Mr. Wilder's other books furnishes the key to his evangelical character: “Of all forms of genius, goodness has the longest awkward age.” The reader must judge for himself the degree of satirical interest in this study. Many of the moralistic ideas personified in Brush can be traced to the Oxford movement, but Brush, unlike Buchman, thoroughly dislikes organized religion.

Readers of Mr. Wilder's work can never forget him. They may not be in tune with his classical philosophy but they will be hard put to gainsay the grave beauty of his style. His comic interpretation of human beings in universal situations, his concern with man's destiny, provoke endless discussion. Like the ancient Greeks whom he so obviously admires, Thornton Wilder cultivates art without loss of manliness. He is a “lover of the beautiful and simple in his tastes,” as is shown in “The Woman of Andros,” and “The Bridge of San Luis Rey.”

In “Heaven's My Destination,” the author returns to the manner of his earlier novel, “The Cabala.” He is aiming the shaft of his insight, not this time at a decadent group of Romans with a precious culture, but at goodness in raw undigested proportions, as exemplified in the person of a lanky midwestern American. Yet the book is satire which does not quite come off. The writer's heart is not really in it. Since he has penned more of a fantasy than satire, this portrait of a zealot does not add to Mr. Wilder's stature as an artist. It adds immeasurably, however, to his reputation as a profound humorist and ironist.

George Brush is a human, enigmatic and funny, yet peculiarly unlovable figure, who wishes desperately to be taken seriously. Spicy and often raucous dialogue punctuates the peregrinations of this

young reformer who sells school text-books through the corn belt while he tries to imitate Gandhi. His behavior disgusts the vulgar, bewilders the worldly and annoys the defenders of the law. He pursues a doggedly righteous course, defacing the blotters of second rate hotels with Biblical texts. He prays in the aisles of smokers. He suffers arrest again and again for such weird offences as practising his belief in Voluntary Poverty on a failing bank, by reviling the system of savings for depositors. He attempts to influence newspapermen and their rowdy companions to keep to the straight and narrow. He hands over money to a hold-up man for Ahimsa's sake. He treats the inmates of a bawdy house with the respect usually accorded the pupils of a young ladies' seminary.

Nevertheless the most hard-boiled people he encounters find something in him to respect. Perhaps it is the frightening sincerity of the logical man with the closed mind — which shakes their's and the reader's confidence in the conventional view of a madman, tilting vainly at the windmills of petty vice, graft, hypocrisy and impurity. Only twice is Brush himself badly shaken. Once when he tries to make an honest girl of a protesting young farmer's daughter whom he has gone so far as to seduce, and discovers that the Great American Home of his dreams cannot be brought about by sheer good will. And another time when he refuses to debate agnosticism versus faith with the doubting Thomas Burkin. Here is Brush, "I think I know what you meant by saying I was a prig — I don't mean to be one. That is the only way I can be, and will hold on to my main ideas about life." He illustrates the truism that reformers and fanatics are seldom thinkers. They cannot afford that luxury. He plays anew the eternal pathetic comedy of a small personality's effort to reach the sublime when it is capable only of the ridiculous and irritating.

The book is stimulating because it contains the essence and spirit of the vast Middle West, unlike the literature of regionalism which has been sweeping the country like a dust storm. The author accomplishes in a few bold strokes what scores of meticulous, lengthy writers have failed to encompass in thousands of words, a feeling of the main stream, if not street of the American scene. This he conveys by a style as functional and sheerly communicative as can be conceived. He reveals the soulless characteristics of much of the United States. He places a finger on the hair-trigger of what fellow writers like Thomas Wolfe seem to be groping for in this country — a sort of spiritual security that is lacking in our civilization.

The picture of Camp Morgan, a summer recreational spot, run by a hearty politician who takes a great fancy to Brush is one of the outstanding scenes. The burlesqued court-room vignette is no less out of life. Twin wonders are left in the reader's mind. They revolve around

Brush and his uncompromising, unflinching, literal Christianity, and around the fact that a classical scholar and individualist should have produced this puzzling book.

ELEANOR L. VAN ALLEN

TIME OUT OF MIND. By Rachel Field. Macmillan, \$2.50.

THAT nostalgic mood whose influence is apparent in so much of our recent American fiction dominates Rachel Field's well wrought but very conventional novel, "Time Out of Mind." Told in the first person by its heroine, Kate Fernald, and purporting to be the story of her youth as she remembers and writes it down in her old age, it is also to some extent the story of the Maine village of Little Prospect, and the decay of the New England shipping industry.

In the days when Kate Fernald, a stocky, sandy-haired child of ten, and her widowed mother first came to Fortune's Folly — the big house which was the home of the most important people in Little Prospect — Major Fortune was still trying to close his eyes to the fast-increasing menace of steam. Through more than one generation the name of Fortune had stood for great clipper ships whose towering masts were familiar sights in every large port, and the stern, proud major refused to realize that such ships now belonged to the past. Defiantly he built the splendid clipper *Rainbow*, the scene of whose launching is one of the best in the book. She took the water by moonlight: "Flaring torches had been lit and in the yellow, flickering light the shipyard looked vast and strange." Perhaps that flickering light had something to do with the accident that marked her for what she was — a doomed ship, despite her "long, lovely shape," and the white wonder of her sails.

The novel is principally concerned with Kate herself, and her relations to the major's children, Nat and Rissa. Different as they were, these two were yet bound together by "the same delicate, high pride," which one shrewd woman called "the Fortune in them." Nat, one of those musical geniuses so numerous in fiction, delicate, neurotic, a weakling, was the very core of his sister's heart; while Kate fell in love with him almost immediately, though she remained unaware of it until years later. Rissa wanted to mold Nat in accordance with her own strong will — she would give him his desire, but it must be in her way, not his; Kate would rejoice to give him anything he wanted, without question or qualification. Their two ways of love inevitably clashed, though not before Nat married the usual pretty, rich and shallow girl, whose demands made it impossible for him to go on with his music, and so thwarted the career brilliantly begun.

As children, the three had been closely bound together; but once

they began to grow up, differences quickly appeared. It was not only that Kate was poor, and her mother little more than an upper servant at Fortune's Folly, nor that she had gone to the village school, while Nat and Rissa were carefully educated. It was that while the Fortunes belonged to those who do not precisely take, but rather casually accept, Kate was altogether of those who give. Of a rare and fine loyalty, both to places and to persons, she gave herself without stint, feeling richly rewarded by the mere acceptance of her gift. Only once in her life did she leave Little Prospect; that was when Nat conducted a great orchestra through the stirring measures of his "Ship Symphony," and for keeping her promise to be there she paid with the security, the husband, the home and children she might have had.

Through all these years, changes came to Little Prospect — the changes which came to many New England coast villages. What had been a ship-building, sea-faring community evolved into one whose principal business was catering to the summer sojourners, the "rusticators," as they were called at first, in retaliation for their habit of referring to the residents as "natives." Land prices soared, especially for lots along the once despised rocky shore with its view of the sea, and the shrewder folk profited as did that Jake Bullard whom Kate once promised to marry. These changes provide the background for unchanging Kate, who suffered when she saw the trees sacrificed, and the road cut like a gash in the side of the mountain. The book is full of exquisitely simple pen-pictures of that out-of-doors world wherein Kate was most at home: "A feeling of frost was in the air and the mingled smell of low tide and fallen apples. In a few moments the sun would be dropping behind Jubilee Mountain, but it struck into the spruce woods as I set my feet to the path, touching those brown trunks with peculiar light. They burned red as if each were a hollow shaft of fire."

Like its heroine, the novel is thoroughly old-fashioned, romantic, packed with sentiment, slow-moving, much too long, altogether conventional in its incidents and their development. The narrative method employed not merely justifies but necessitates a good deal of this, but it does seem a pity that the events should follow stereotyped patterns quite so closely. In its emotional quality, the book is often fine and moving; it has soundness of purpose, a sincerity and depth of sympathy which are something more than praise-worthy. Yet its very considerable power over the reader's imagination is due to less any of these than to its gusto for life, the sense it gives of that warm-blooded enjoyment of living in which almost all of our modern fiction is so noticeably lacking. At a time when the literary spirit seems steeped in despair, it is not strange that there should be enthusiastic welcome for a very well-written novel which regards the general

worth-whileness of life as a matter of course, and not as a stupid, naïve delusion.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

ROBERT E. LEE. By Douglas S. Freeman. Scribner's, 4 volumes, \$15.00.

FOR seventy years, Robert E. Lee was viewed by his numerous biographers through the rose-tinted glasses of romance. Douglas S. Freeman, in his "Robert E. Lee; a Biography," has focused on him the pure white light of reality, revealing the man as he was rather than as we would like to have had him. In completeness and detail the four volumes of "Robert E. Lee" can be matched in American biography only by Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall." They equal that superb biography not only in quantity but in quality.

When the first two volumes were published in the Fall of 1934, it was evident that the definitive life of Lee had been written; the appearance of the last two volumes in February, 1935, placed "Robert E. Lee" among the foremost biographies of our literature.

In 1915 Mr. Freeman was asked by the publishers to write an authoritative biography of the military leader of the Confederacy. He accepted the invitation unaware of the enormity of the task that had been set for him. Upon examining the published lives of Lee, Freeman found that little original research had been done on the subject, that few of the public or private collections of Civil War material in the South had been examined, that Lee's life before and after the Civil War had been almost entirely neglected, that Lee's earlier biographers were either inexperienced in the writing of military history, or had depended upon the accounts written by Lee's commanders after the war. Lee wrote nothing concerning the war himself.

The task of collecting and arranging the material, of digesting and passing judgment upon the official and unofficial accounts of the battles in which Lee participated, and of writing the narrative occupied all the free time of Mr. Freeman between 1915 and the publication of the first volumes in 1934.

The thoroughness with which the author tells the story of Lee's life and career is by no means its only recommendation. In the strictly biographical parts of the book, Freeman adopted the best methods of life-writing, interpretive narrative, reinforced by Lee's own letters and reports wherever possible. It is, however, in the narration of Lee's part in the Civil War that Mr. Freeman has made a definite contribution to the technique of military biography and history. He has placed his reader at Lee's side throughout the war, giving him the same information that Lee had regarding the size and movements

of the Federal army from 1861 to 1865. By this method, the reader can use his own judgment as to the success or failure of Lee as a general. This method is not only striking in its originality, it makes the reader an actual participant in each battle.

The first two volumes carry Lee's story from his birth in 1807 to the loss of his principal lieutenant, Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson at Chancellorsville in May, 1863. In the first volume we are given a remarkable insight into the details of his early life and the formation of his character. The son of "Light-Horse" Harry Lee of Revolutionary fame, Robert E. Lee was born a soldier and a Virginia gentleman. If we add to this inheritance the fact that he married a daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, a grandson of Martha Washington, we can readily understand the traditions and the standards that went to the formation of Lee's character. He fashioned his own life as far as possible on that of Washington, though his sectional point of view, his blind loyalty to his state would never have swerved the first President from his primary allegiance to his country.

Lee received the best education available in Virginia in his youth. Latin, Greek and mathematics formed the basis of the curriculum, and in the latter Lee was particularly proficient. The straitened financial circumstances of the family would have prevented young Lee from securing anything more than a good secondary education had not West Point been available and most desirable, for did not Robert E. Lee come from a family of soldiers?

Lee's career at West Point was brilliant but uneventful. He was second or third in his class throughout the four years, on his graduation receiving a commission in the engineers, a branch of the service open only to the best students.

Before the publication of Mr. Freeman's volume, we knew comparatively little of Lee's life from his graduation to the opening of the Civil War. We can now follow him as he entered upon one tour of duty after another in the Engineer Corps of the United States Army. He repaired and built forts in Georgia and Maryland and New York; he built permanent dykes opposite St. Louis which were intended to restore the Mississippi to its original channel. He was doing the ordinary routine duty of an engineering officer, getting experience of a kind, but not the kind of which he would stand most in need when he came to direct the Army of Northern Virginia.

Even the Mexican War gave him precious little experience in actual fighting. It did, however, offer him an opportunity to exhibit his abilities to General Scott, the commanding general of the American army then as he was to be at the opening of the Civil War. Lee's services as engineer and intelligence officer were extremely valuable and thoroughly appreciated not only by Scott but by every field offi-

cer with whom he came in contact. Lee returned from Mexico a thoroughly experienced staff officer. He learned many phases of the science of war which would be of inestimable value to him in the great years to come, and he learned one thing, General Scott's theory of high command, which would be a contributing factor to the final defeat of the Army of Northern Virginia in 1865.

General Scott believed that it was the business of the commanding general to prepare an army for fighting, to provide transportation and supplies, to map out a campaign and to have the army at the proper place at the proper time. He further believed that it was then the duty of his commanders to fight the battles. Mr. Freeman is very careful to bring out this theory at this point in the narrative because it is to mean so much to Lee and the Confederacy later on.

The years between the Mexican and Civil Wars were busy ones for Major and later Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. Among his assignments during this period was his superintendency of West Point. The place had seen many changes since Lee's day and he made several himself, with the purpose of improving the scholastic standards. Lee made an ideal superintendent: he liked to deal with young men, he was intensely interested in improving the quality of the officer material in the army, and he was equally the soldier and the gentleman in his relations with the cadets and with his brother officers.

A reorganization of the cavalry was responsible for Lee's transfer from West Point to active service. Promotion was very slow in the engineers, and when the offer of a lieutenant-colonelcy in a cavalry regiment came it could not be turned down, though it meant separation from his family and the hard life of a frontier post in the West. Actually he was in Texas during the remainder of his service in the United States Army, a service largely devoted to Indian fighting, the only active field service in which Lee was ever engaged before the Civil War.

Meanwhile the "irrepressible conflict" was moving to a decision by arms. Lee, like almost every other soldier before or since, knew nothing about politics and cared less. I doubt if he had ever given the matter much thought. As an officer in the army he was a staunch upholder of the federal government, as a Lee he was a loyal son of the sovereign state of Virginia. When secession was first spoken of, Lee was unalterably opposed to it and sincerely hoped that Virginia would not leave the Union. When she did, Lee's decision was soon made. He must go with her.

Lee did not resign from the army because the institution of slavery was being threatened, for he did not believe in slavery. He did not resign because the federal government was attempting to dictate to the several states, for, although he believed in the theory of states'

rights, he had not thought out the matter to any definite conclusion. He gave up his commission and his career because to do anything else was incompatible with his idea as to the manner in which a Virginia gentleman, a Lee, a connection of the great Washington, should act. After reading Freeman's brilliant chapter, "On a Train Enroute to Richmond" one is keenly aware of the simplicity and nobility of Robert E. Lee's character.

With Lee's arrival in Richmond, events began to move rapidly. He offered his services and was placed in command of the military affairs of the state. Conditions were chaotic; the provisional government of the Confederacy was at Montgomery, Alabama; the seat of the war was northern Virginia. Armies had to be recruited, officered, outfitted and provisioned before a war could be carried on. Lee was not only in command of Virginia's army, he was also responsible for the protection of her seacoast. Hastily assembling a staff, he began the creation of that fighting force that became known as the Army of Northern Virginia, that in the last desperate days of the struggle called itself Lee's Miserables.

After the removal of the capital of the Confederacy to Richmond, and after the appointment of four full generals of the Confederate army, of whom Lee was second in seniority, later becoming the senior general, he was placed in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. This was the most important unit of the whole fighting force, for upon it depended the safety of Richmond. Relieved of the numerous duties that occupied him in the first weeks of the war, Lee began his permanent organization. He gathered about him the best staff and commanders that he could find, relying on defensive tactics and the equally unsettled condition of the Northern army to protect him until he could perfect his plans for offensive operations.

The story of the first two years of the Civil War, which occupies the latter part of the first and the whole of the second volume of Freeman's biography, is comparatively well known. The first year saw the Confederates generally successful, though they could not decisively defeat the North or capture Washington. Their success was partly due to the inefficiency of the Northern commanders and the rawness of the armies they led. The Confederate army was equally raw but it was led by more experienced officers and the men seemed to put more energy into their attacks than did the rank and file in the North.

It would be impossible to go into details of the principal engagements at which Lee commanded. Mr. Freeman proves, in case after case, that Lee carefully planned his battles, doing everything in his power to achieve victory. He did win at times but gradually his losses became more frequent and more important. And he was not respon-

sible for some of them, though he always took complete responsibility. His first great loss occurred at Chancellorsville. Here he lost, not a battle — he won that — but the services of his greatest commander Lieutenant-General Jackson. Though Jackson was not the only commander lost, he was the most important, for he was the greatest fighter the South had and one of the greatest strategists and tacticians produced by the Civil War. After his death, General Lee was compelled to reorganize his entire army, giving divisions and corps to men not really capable of handling them.

Chancellorsville was Lee's last great victory, Gettysburg his first great defeat. Suffice it to say that in winning the former he lost the man who might have made victory possible in the latter. Many reasons have been advanced by others and are advanced by Mr. Freeman for Lee's failure to win at Gettysburg, the latter's being brilliantly explained in the chapter titled "Why Was Gettysburg Lost?" in Volume III. Perhaps the greatest reason was the one which Lee took completely to himself, that he had expected more from his men than flesh and blood were capable of giving.

Whatever the reasons may have been, Gettysburg was the high point of the Civil War. It brought confidence to the North and, to a certain extent, lowered morale to the South. Though Lincoln had not yet found the ideal commander he knew that he had an army that would fight when properly led. On the other hand, the South began to feel that the man-power and wealth of the North would gradually win the war. With the Mississippi controlled by the North, Sherman about to begin his terrible march through the deep South, and Grant winning victory after victory in the West, the South must have recognized the beginning of the end.

General Lee was never able to take the offensive again after Gettysburg. He would win other battles but they would be relatively insignificant. His army would show time and time again the stuff of which it was made, but it would be fighting a losing battle. He would soon have pitted against him a man who had only one plan of battle: to strike and strike and strike until the enemy must surrender. Fortunately for his plan and for the perpetuation of the Union, General Grant had almost unlimited resources at his disposal. General Lee would have to watch his army disappearing before his eyes. Losses in battle were great; losses from disease, lack of equipment and desertion were equally great.

During the last year of the Civil War General Lee was confronted with the same problems that harassed General Washington during the whole of the Revolution. The winter of 1864-65 found the Confederate army frequently without food or clothing or supplies of any kind. The soldiers of Lee's army loved him as few military com-

manders have been loved by the men they led, but even that love did not prevent wholesale desertions as the army realized that the cause for which it was fighting and suffering was lost.

Early in 1865 it became apparent that the war must soon end. The North had men, supplies, the determination to win and a commander who counted not the cost when victory was in his grasp. The South had only the shadow of an army, practically no supplies and a courageous commander who knew that courage alone could not stem the tide that was set against him. The idea of surrender was painful to Robert E. Lee, the sight of the army starved and half naked was even more painful. Negotiations were opened, they failed, and finally on the afternoon of April 9, 1865, General Lee and General Grant met at the McLean house near Appomatox Court-house where General Lee formally surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia. The Civil War was over.

The last five years of Lee's life were in the nature of an anti-climax. He performed a valuable service as President of Washington College (later named Washington and Lee) at Lexington, Virginia, and by example helped the southern soldier to adjust himself to changed conditions after the war.

In the chapter which has for its title, "The Sword of Robert E. Lee," Mr. Freeman has given one of the most magnificent summaries of a man that it has ever been my privilege to read. He shows us that Lee was a master of strategy as became a student of the art of war and an engineer, though his tactics left much to be desired until near the end of the war. He proves conclusively that Lee's theory of command, inherited from General Scott, proved disastrous on more than one occasion because his commanders sometimes lacked the self-confidence and the ability to carry out his plans. His third handicap lay in the gentleness of his nature. General Lee had learned obedience, submission to authority, coöperation; he could not enforce these necessary traits on his subordinates. The men of the South carried their political ideas into the army, resenting any authority but their own. Sullenness, jealousy, sheer obstinacy were obstacles which Lee hesitated to remove because he wished to treat his commanders as gentlemen rather than as subordinates. His patience was constantly strained, his failure to enforce his will lost more than one battle.

To balance these faults General Lee had the one great virtue of loyalty. He was a consummate organizer and administrator; his work in Virginia in the first weeks of the war is ample evidence of these qualities. Furthermore, he was able to work in harmony with his superiors and to handle graciously the multitudinous civilian matters that occupied too large a portion of the time of the commanding general of an army in the nineteenth century. Finally and most im-

portant, he had the confidence of his own men. It was the personal qualities of Lee that held the Confederate forces together for almost a year before Appomatox. The rank and file would go anywhere if they were led by Lee. No commander can ask more than that.

When we have finished Freeman's "Robert E. Lee," we know the whole story of the life and career of a great and simple man. We have followed him from birth to death, and we are no longer in doubt as to what manner of man and soldier he was. Mr. Freeman has combined the best methods of biography and history to make a study that will not be forgotten. Carefully avoiding the many pitfalls that line the path of the modern biographer, Mr. Freeman has given us Robert E. Lee as he lived and was. The tempo of the narrative rises and falls with the tides of Lee's career, and we are always conscious that we are reading the biography of a man who led one of the greatest armies the world has seen.

There will be other books written on some or all of the phases of Lee's life and career, but there will be none which in power, vividness and accuracy will supersede the subject of this review.

E. H. O'NEILL

Contributor's Column

Charles Magee Adams will be remembered by North American Review readers for his article in the February issue of this year, entitled "Exit the Small Town."

Thomas Wolfe who wrote "Of Time and the River" and its predecessor in the series, "Look Homeward Angel," is planning to use "Polyphenius" as the preface to one of his forthcoming books.

David Figart is an authority on rubber and oil. Like several other men in special fields, he is showing himself to be both original and convincing in his approach to general economic problems.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb is the author of several books of verse and historical works, among them "Ships and Lovers" and "Aretino, the Scourge of Princes." He lives in Georgia.

Syd Blanshard Flower is an old-time newspaperman, who was the star reporter of the Manitoba Free Press in the middle nineties. He is known in the United States as sportsman, editor and satirist.

Richard Dana Skinner was formerly the dramatic critic of The Commonweal, and is now associate editor of this review. "O'Neill — and the Poet's Quest" will form the introductory chapters to his book on Eugene O'Neill, to be published this Fall by Longmans Green.

Thomas Sugrue has done everything from selling soap to "ghost-writing" for a yogi. He is a staff writer for American Magazine, plays the violin, and claims to be the only Irishman not descended from a king.

Frances Frost is well known as a writer of poetry for current periodicals. She spends her summers in New Hampshire.

Burges Johnson was formerly a newspaperman. Since 1915, however, he has been professor of English first at Vassar, and later at Syracuse University.

B. M. Steigman was born in Sweden, is chairman of the English Department of the Seward Park High School, and is the author of "The Unconquerable Tristan: The Story of Richard Wagner."

Norton McGiffin writes editorials on national politics for the Buffalo Evening News. Before that, he was editor of the Jefferson City Post-Tribune, and political reporter for the Kansas City Star.

Mary Ellen Chase is the author of "Mary Peters." She was born and brought up in Maine. Since 1929, she has been associate professor of English Literature at Smith College.

F. L. Mott is the director of the School of Journalism at Iowa State University. "One Hundred and Twenty Years" will be the chapter on the North American Review in the second volume of his "History of American Magazines."

The Editors of the North American Review would welcome the comments of subscribers on the new format of the Review as a quarterly.

The Editors would also welcome comment on the Poem by "one of our earliest contributors." It appears in the original form, as first published in the North American well over a century ago.

THE
NORTH
AMERICAN
REVIEW



JOHN PELL *Editor*

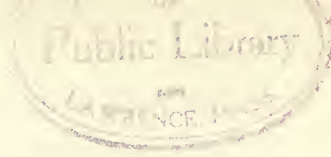
RICHARD DANA SKINNER *Associate Editor*

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Foreword

AMERICA is the land of forgotten enthusiasms and shattered idols. Year after year new slogans bring palpitations to our composite heart, soon to be replaced by even newer dreams. Panaceas jostle each other in the endless scramble to save us from the consequences of our own folly. We shall outlast and live down all the crackpot Utopias, because our incalculable fickleness prevents us from suffering from any of them too seriously.

In its day, each of our dreams has served its purpose. "Liberty" helped win the Revolution; then ten years after the Peace of Paris the Federalists, inspired by Hamilton, developed a financial system which concentrated the economic power of the country in a handful of urban capitalists. "Democracy" rescued us from the financiers; but its protagonist, Jefferson, was capable of an act of imperialism which made deep-dyed Federalists wince. Lincoln led a crusade for freedom which reduced half the nation to a condition of serfdom. All of our wars have been fought for slogans; many political campaigns are remembered only by their slogans; booms and panics have been generated as much by slogans as by economic forces of the most respectable hue.

Like its predecessors, the New Deal served a purpose. In the winter of 1933 we were suffering from an acute attack of melancholia: millionaires were ashamed to be seen in yachts; pompous rotarians had acquired inferiority complexes; happily mated bourgeois couples stored canned food in their kitchens and gold earnings in their cellars, while they waited for the revolution to start.

People can hardly remember those dark days, even now. It might have been a good thing if a revolution had started — it would have served us right. But instead the New Deal started. It was not headed in any particular direction; it had no profound purpose; but it undoubtedly served the particular needs of the moment as well as anything could have. It took our minds off ourselves. Business men became so angry at Franklin Roosevelt that they forgot their troubles and began to make money in spite of themselves; and when the arch liberal went fishing on Vincent Astor's yacht, the other yachts came out of hiding, a little furtively at first. The prefabricated house, air conditioning, streamlined trains, colored movies, and Diesel engines dared show themselves, reminding us that we used to be famous for our ingenuity. Engineers and scientists, who never know much about economic conditions, developed all sorts of new contrivances during the five dark years — but until a few months ago we were too proud of our poverty to market them.

In this glorious land, the only thing you can count on is change. No one can foresee what will happen; but anyone can foresee that something will happen. We do not want a New Deal any longer — we want a new slogan.

Like John Adams, who forgot that he was not a king, Franklin Roosevelt forgot that he was not a dictator. Congressmen who thought that they were securing their jobs by bidding for Administration patronage, suddenly discovered that in the way things were going there would soon be no jobs for them, because there would be no need of a Congress. Then the Supreme Court resurrected the Constitution as effectively as Mae West had restored the female form. People who have forgotten what state they were born in have suddenly remembered the States' Rights issue. The back-to-the-farms movement is over: now we are going back to Calhoun.

States' Rights is a colorless, pedantic issue until it becomes amalgamated with individual rights. But that is just what is happening today. The states, moribund for generations, have discovered a purpose. They have been reincarnated. They are

becoming the champions of freedom, individualism, property, Americanism. They are going to save us from the New Deal, from Communism, from ourselves. They are the new slogan: States' Rights instead of Coué!

Remembering our avowed purpose, to focus the attention of our subscribers on the important trends of thought which are constantly molding and refining the American scene, we have asked three students of the States' Rights issue to discuss it in our pages. Two (Peter Odegard and Hoffman Nickerson) appear in this issue; the third (Hon. Herbert C. Pell) will appear in the next. Diverse in background and totally unlike in points of view, each of them recognizes the value of a check on the aggressions of a strong Federal government, but each suggests a solution differing from the others.

Since mechanical difficulties prevent the pages of a quarterly from paralleling the news, it becomes their pleasant task to anticipate events. Sometimes a new machine carries the portents of news. William Cordell includes the Rust brothers' "cotton picker" among the major forces that may bring a more tragic reconstruction to the South than even the abolition of slavery. Yet most of the current surface news of the South carries little implication of such trouble ahead.

Future news of quite a different character may be found in the open letter to Walter Damrosch on the possible translation of Richard Wagner's music-dramas to the screen. And in still another direction, Louise Maunsell Field's discussion of the modern novel opens up large vistas. Arthur Van Dyck's forecast of what radio may do, indirectly, to change our lives, and H. M. Robinson's strictures on out-dated police methods, make further and intriguing forays into the news of tomorrow. All this, we feel, is part of the special province of a quarterly that seeks to discover trends rather than to appraise yesterday's facts.

Among the essays that have warmed our hearts, L. B. Hessler's volley at the "bad boy" critics has an engaging touch of sanity. The tyranny of the "bad boys" is almost over, but far from forgotten. As to Herbert Agar — we fully expected

the author of "The People's Choice" to pick the largest flaw in our use of economics. He has lived up to our fondest hopes. We have said before that economics has drawn far too much attention in a depressed world. Mr. Agar puts the whole point as we should have liked to have put it ourselves. Some suspect — and will know for a certainty when they have finished reading Mr. Agar — that economics, of itself, can change nothing. It may explain the "why" of disasters and salvage, but it cannot direct the "how" of right thinking and good living. Ethics will come back to a place in the sun. The world will be happier for a rest from economics.

Perhaps we need more poets. The fresh delight of Thomas Chubb's "How Spring Comes in Georgia" in the June issue has prompted caustic replies, in verse, from more than one defender of Connecticut. We wish Mr. Chubb could change his habitat every quarter, and so find cause for singing to October in Vermont, perhaps, or to July in northern Michigan, or to January in Quebec. The poet's ecstasy is worth preserving at all times and in all places.

Paul Engle, whose "Prologue" appears in this issue, uses poetry as his vernacular. His verses are uneven. Many of them are as angular as steel girders, and possibly as strong. Thomas Sugrue is also among our poets, in this issue — to the relief, we imagine, of those Californians who greeted his recent "California — in Thy Fashion" with guns spitting flame and acid. We like journalists who are poets under the skin. In fact, we like no journalist who is not at least a poet.

In "Prologue," which is a microscopic epic, Mr. Engle touches on most aspects of American life except the American vacation. This really deserves to be acclaimed. One of these days we hope to run an article (or preferably a poem) which does justice to the vacation. Of course, there is lots of vacation fiction, but it is mostly unsatisfactory from our point of view because the vacation, in a fashion analogous to the use of history in the historical novel, serves only as a background: love can occur without vacations, without history, without even fiction for that matter.

What we want is an essay or an ode dedicated to Jones' Beach or Yellowstone Park. Our ancestors, the embattled farmers, may have been independent in their political thinking, but they were not independent in their relations with their cattle: cows have to be milked every day. The rugged individualism of farm life is romantic, but a fortnight at a beach or beside a mountain lake is fun, too.

Our thinking may be enslaved by slogans, but life at the beaches is no longer enslaved by inhibitions and conventions. Health and beauty, instead of being unrelated, even antagonistic, are becoming one and the same thing. Bathing suits are disappearing because they are no longer necessary to hide the deformities of Victorian bodies. Catharine Smith may bring about a renaissance of horsehair chairs, but she will not restore the kind of people who look as though they were wearing horsehair shirts — dreams, even, of a modern vacation eradicate too many furrows from our faces for that.

It may soon be impossible to pass our savings on to our children, but there is at least some consolation in the thought that there are few pleasures left which cannot be enjoyed by almost all. A Ford is as fast and as comfortable as any car. No club offers better bathing than Jones' Beach. No private preserve excels the Glacier and other national parks.

Perhaps when the pleasures of today become too commonplace, people will seek satisfaction in the arts. There are already signs of such a trend — some of which Ruth Pickering discusses indirectly in her admirable appraisal of our American painter, Grant Wood. The age of cultivation which we described in the June issue may really be close at hand. To take but one example, the colored movies — in their infancy today — offer possibilities for artistic expression which can scarcely be conceived by the boldest imagination.

Break your shackles, America, discard your slogans, learn to understand the opportunities which lie within your grasp — but never forget to enjoy your vacations!

Just Why Economics?

HERBERT AGAR

THE bookstores are full of works on economics today. For the most part the professional economists turn up their noses, saying that this is trash. And for the most part the general public refuses the books which the economists think worthy; for such books (when they are comprehensible) seem inhumanly abstract, seem to be written about a world which might please a mathematician but which has slight resemblance to the disorderly home of man.

And yet — economics is neither a vain nor an unimportant subject. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that unless the plain man can acquire some economic insight, our whole grandiose system may soon be brought to the ground. It has become so desperately complicated that merely to analyze its workings is a task for a highly-trained mind. One result of this complication is that the system has begun to look easy to a number of minds which are not noted for their training. To see the system whole has become a profession; but any man can see a little part of it and call that part the whole. Many men are doing this today, and are telling us with glad cries that we could just as well all be rich.

The plain man, who can find no books on economics that are both "sound" and readable, can hardly be blamed if he begins to believe these happy amateurs. He can hardly be blamed, but he will most certainly be punished. For if he believes them he will refuse consent to any government that seeks to act on the true facts. He will insist on a new set of "facts" — facts in keeping with the "economy of abundance" which is reputed to be just around the corner. And finance-capitalism is so precarious a machine that we dare not handle it ignorantly. Handled without utmost skill it is clumsy and onerous enough. Handled by a group of cheerful cranks, it may bog down suddenly. The result would not be "abundance" in any sense of the word.

It is important, then, that there should be a literature of economics that the plain man can understand, and which his political representatives can understand. One does not need to be a friend of finance-capitalism to see that the worst way of curing it is to wreck it outright. After such a cure, even the most righteous of us might starve to death. But in order to cure it in a more agreeable way one must first understand it; so a true literature of economics is a genuine need. To what extent does such a literature exist? And to what extent could it be called into being if an intelligent demand were created? The first step toward answering these questions is to distinguish between economics, politics, morals, and economic history. The distinctions are sometimes less obvious than they sound.

ECONOMICS is the study of wealth — its production, distribution, and consumption — with an eye to finding the practical consequences which follow from the nature of wealth itself. In certain societies, where wealth is distributed by means of money, economics must include the study of monetary theory. But the primary subject is wealth, not money.

Economics helps to define what can or cannot be done, and to describe the probable consequences of the things which can be done. Economics does not help in the least to define what ought or ought not to be done. Among the many things which *can* be done in the economic order of any country at any moment in history, it is the moral problem to decide which of them *ought* to be done, and the political problem to see to it that they *are* done. But when, as in our world, the moral purpose of society has become unsure, when there is no one way of life which is felt to be “ordained” in the sense that it will give man the best chance to win salvation or to fulfil his nature, then the power of moral decision atrophies. There are no sure grounds on which to sort out what *should* be done from among the many courses which are economically possible.

When the power of moral decision declines, the strength

and dignity of politics decline as well. Man is left alone with economics. But economics, when the burden of decision is put upon its shoulders, can only suggest which of the possible lines of conduct is likely to provide the most wealth. It cannot even do that accurately, for it is forced by its terms of reference to leave out of account the question of what man should be asked, or can be expected, to endure. For example, an economic order well adapted to maximising the production of wealth might really prove "uneconomic" if it were found necessary to keep a large and highly paid standing army in order to prevent the mass of the population from revolt. As soon as economics is asked to become a substitute for politics, it is degraded as a social science; and it never can become an adequate substitute.

Mr. Lionel Robbins of the London School of Economics is one of the men with the greatest insight into our perplexing economic order. His recent book, "The Great Depression," is an important contribution to the literature of economics. At the same time (and this is no criticism of the book) it is a warning of the evil that must follow from setting economics above politics. In a chapter on "Restrictionism and Planning," Mr. Robbins makes a grim attack on the idea that "order" can be brought into finance-capitalism by giving each industry the right to restrict competition. The way in which such a policy of curtailment leads to bigger and bigger efforts at governmental "planning" — and the way in which such "planning" may lead first to tyranny and then to the destruction of capitalism in all its possible forms — is presented with deadly clarity.

"There is a snowball tendency about this kind of interventionism," writes Mr. Robbins, "which has no limit but complete control of all trade and industry. It is clear that, within the restricting industries, the state will be driven to adopt closer and closer control if the schemes are not to break down from evasion of their rules. It is one thing to forbid farmers and others not to produce more than a certain quota. It is another thing to prevent their doing so. The Agricultural

Adjustment Act which pays farmers to throw land out of cultivation contains the pathetic proviso that such restriction must be unaccompanied by 'increase in commercial fertilization.' How, short of the socialization of American farming, do the authors of this stipulation propose to put it into force?"

I do not believe that Mr. Robbins' argument can be upset. Yet I can think of nothing more unfortunate than that his book should be taken as a political, rather than an economic, treatise. For its political moral would be that the thing to do about America is nothing at all. Mr. Robbins is presenting the argument for *laissez-faire*, "equilibrium" economics in its purest and most abstract form. In doing so he is performing a great service — but only if we regard his books as economics. So taken, it is an admirable way of pointing out the dangers of interfering with the economic machine. It is vital that we should understand those dangers. It is also vital that we should not delude ourselves into thinking we can leave the economic machine severely alone. We cannot leave it severely alone for *political* reasons, because man will not permit us to do so. This is something which economics can never teach us; it lies outside the realm of economic thought. If, therefore, in the present low estate of politics we seek to take economics as our sole guide, we shall learn many things not to do. And this is profitable knowledge. But you cannot run a great nation, in a time of world crisis, solely by not doing things.

Another example of the same point can be found in Mr. Robbins' book. Discussing the American farm problem, Mr. Robbins comes to the following conclusions — all of which are "sound economics": "The difficulties of agriculture here, as elsewhere in modern economic history, are to be explained, in the large, in terms of an increase of productivity due to technical progress which encounters a relatively inelastic demand. . . . Technical progress in American agriculture has been very rapid. The American farmer is feeling with especial force the pressure of those influences which in the course of history have tended continually to reduce the proportion of effort devoted to the production of agricultural staples. In the begin-

ning it was one hundred percent. Since then it has been diminishing. In the absence of restriction, it would in all probability continue to diminish."

The correct economic deduction from all this, says Mr. Robbins, is that "a certain proportion of the producers of the products whose prices have fallen must change over to an occupation the demand for whose product is more elastic. There must be a reshuffling of the labor force — a contraction of the proportion employed on the production of products in relatively inelastic demand and an expansion of the proportion employed elsewhere."

From the economic point of view this is complete. We must have fewer farmers. And if our technique of soil-culture improves, we must have still fewer farmers. And if the agrobiologists in Washington live up to their promises the time may come when a farmer is as rare as a dirigible balloon. The ex-farmers will be factory-hands, making products for which the demand is more "elastic." Perhaps they will be making pip-squeaks to put on the tables of night clubs, or little celluloid dolls to hang in the rear windows of automobiles.

What about this program from the political point of view? To a communist it would sound more than gratifying. If there is one thing a communist dislikes it is a farmer. If there is one thing he approves of it is a factory-hand. It does not matter what the factory-hand is making, so long as he is a factory-hand, a proletarian, a man who has been prepared by his economic lot to receive the doctrine of Marx. But the very reasons which recommend this program to a communist make it distressing to a man who is interested in preserving the American experiment. If we dispossess millions of small proprietors, turning them into millions of proletarians, we shall have gone a long way toward making a self-governing nation of free men an impossibility within our borders. We shall have torn up the foundations of America, replacing them with foundations suitable for a Fascist or a communist state.

All of this, however, is quite beside the point for Mr. Robbins. Economics is the study of wealth. It has nothing to

do with the question of whether self-government is better than tyranny, free men better than slaves. Mr. Robbins has imagined a world in which there is a really free play of economic forces. He is pointing out that such a world will produce more goods, more wealth, if the economic forces are left entirely free, if they are never interfered with at any point. In the course of his argument he sheds much light on the way in which the existing economic order works, or fails to work. It is not his business to tell us what sort of a world we want to live in. It is our business to decide that, on moral grounds. It is the function of politics to bring that desired world to life, after we have decided what it should be.

It is the function of economics to tell us what we may expect, in regard to the production of wealth, from this, that, and the other policy. If, having no moral aim, we turn to economics as our sole counselor, it may very well guide us into a world capable of producing the maximum of goods; but we are duping ourselves if we expect it to guide us into a world where men will be content to live. A modern English historian has written that "the free play of economic forces will invariably tend to a rich but never to a good society." An understanding of the nature of economics will make it clear that this statement is a truism.

IN HIS book, "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," Mr. R. H. Tawney has written that the importance of the mediaeval view of economic problems lies in the "insistence that society is a spiritual organism, not an economic machine, and that economic activity, which is one subordinate element within a vast and complex unity, requires to be controlled and repressed by reference to the moral ends for which it supplies the material means." It is interesting to consider these two views of society — "spiritual organism" and an "economic machine" — with an eye to the vexing modern problem of "planning."

If society is a spiritual organism, then economics are subordinate to politics and both to morals. In that case we

can have the sort of "planned society" our American forefathers intended: a society based on moral principles that are clearly understood; a society in which the major institutions (such as self-government and widely diffused private property) are chosen and maintained because they are in keeping with the principles; a society with the freedom that only self-discipline can give. Planning, in these basic politico-moral terms, is the purpose of statesmanship.

If we take the view that society is an economic machine, then we cannot attempt political or moral planning. A machine is a fixed thing; you cannot tamper with its nature. You can only see that it runs as smoothly as possible. In other words the only planning such a society can attempt is economic planning. Politics comes down to a quarrel between the group that feels the machine will turn out more wealth if it is left entirely alone, and the group that feels it will turn out more wealth if it is tinkered with from time to time. The result of this quarrel is often a compromise combining the worst features of the two methods: the machine is left alone whenever a question of moral interference might arise, but it is tinkered with just enough to spoil its economic efficiency.

The defeatism coloring so much of our feeling about politics is traceable to the widespread view that society is nothing but an economic machine. People feel we are caught in a system we cannot alter, that there is no use talking about the American dream, or about a society of free proprietors, or about any of the basic American ideas. All that is over and done with, because the machine will no longer permit it. And if it were true that economics comes first, these conclusions would logically follow. But it is not true — though it becomes true for all practical purposes if people persist in acting on the assumption.

Any economic system can be changed if its moral results are clearly understood and are felt to be displeasing — but the displeasure has to be sincere, not merely formal. It is a gross delusion to feel that the economic order has an independent existence. Back of economics, lie morals. The

morals of a society may be high or low, conscious or unconscious, but they cannot be non-existent. And the morals of a society determine what emotions will be allowed free play, what social conditions will be tolerated — they determine, in other words, the limits within which the economic system must move. In a world like ours, where people are unaccustomed to thinking in moral terms, the economic order can warp the morals of a society, can “determine” them to a certain extent. But even in our world there is a last resistant set of moral assumptions which the economic order cannot change, to which the economic order must adjust itself.

For example, it has been economically desirable of late to close down many of the world’s coal-mines. It would be equally desirable, economically, to close down the miners inside the mines, so that they might not become a charge on the community. Yet the mines are closed, while the miners are kept partially alive. The reason for the inconsistency is a moral reason.

The more conscious a society is of its moral aims, the more aware it is of the relation between its aims and its actions, the less it will be economically “determined,” the closer it will be to the ideal of a society as a “spiritual organism” in which the economic order supplies the material means for the moral ends of life. Conversely, the more successful a society is in forgetting its moral ends, the more will economic determinism operate, the closer will society come to being an “economic machine.” No society can be an economic machine pure and simple, for there is always a moral basis somewhere. And no society can become a spiritual organism pure and simple, for that would be perfection, and there will be no perfect social system previous to the appearance of perfect men. But between these two extremes the social order can vary infinitely. In the one direction it approaches a more and more unconscious, a more and more mechanical and determined state. In the other direction it approaches a state in which there is a noticeable relation between what society does in the economic sphere and what it feels to be right.

The importance of these distinctions in the world of action is that only by proceeding in the latter direction, only by ruthlessly subordinating economics to political and moral aims, can a nation hope to gain inner peace and self-esteem, and to give its citizens a way of life in which the plain man can know happiness and dignity. It is an ironic fact that the one group in the modern world which talks the most nonsense about economic determinism, is the one group which makes no compromises when it comes to subjecting economic to moral considerations. I refer to the communists, whose chief strength is that they are politically and morally self-conscious.

Mr. Robbins can show that the free play of economic forces (which can only exist under a régime of the private ownership of the means of production) will produce more goods and services, more wealth, than will any form of controlled and planned economy. The communists take note of the information; they may make good use of it as they proceed with their plans; but it does not occur to them to submit to it, to permit the free play of economic forces. For their first aim is not to produce the greatest possible number of goods; their first aim is to build a world where the plain man can find justice. Those of us who dislike their picture of justice, who think their earthly paradise would be a hell, would do well to copy their steadfast moral purpose. For we can never combat such a purpose with a mere "economic machine." "History," writes Mr. Douglas Jerrold, "affords no instance of a nation which subordinates politics to economics maintaining its position as a great power. The battle is to the politically conscious, not to the economically well-organized."

To sum up these distinctions, I have sought to establish first, that the basic problem of statesmanship remains the moral problem. No society can long flourish unless its rulers (in a self-governing nation, its people) are agreed on the moral aims which are being sought. It must be accepted that a certain way of life is desirable, and that the purpose of the social order is to maximize the chance of attaining that way of life. If "the maximum of production" is taken as the social aim,

instead of "a certain way of life," the society is dying at its roots. Nations do not survive by accident. They survive because of moral qualities which give them inner strength. And no man's strength is as the strength of ten merely because his bank-account is growing. It has been written that "there is no escape from the law which has made resolution, courage, audacity, an inspiration to sacrifice, and an exaltation in serving the condition of the enduring greatness of peoples." None of these qualities can be provided by a mere economic machine. The America of the 1920's will serve as an abiding proof of that fact.

The next problem of politics is to adapt a troublesome and discordant world as closely as possible to the moral pattern which has been accepted. In doing this the economic welfare of the people must never for a moment be ignored. But it must never for a moment be taken as the sole aim.

The problem of economics, on the other hand, is to discover the effect of various political and moral environments on the production and distribution of wealth. The statesman sets the problem. We choose, he will say, for moral reasons, a nation with a majority of small proprietors, on the French or Danish model; or we choose a nation with no proprietors at all, but with state-directed production for use; or we choose a nation with a few big owners and many salaried workers, and with the state interfering to direct the relations between the two groups. We all know that each of these basic orders *can* work. We know that each of them produces its own characteristic moral environment, and its own political forms. The statesman, or his constituents, must choose the moral environment; there must be a conscious and active will of the people directed toward maintaining it—otherwise society will be an aimless flux. And great nations are not built by aimlessness. Given this basic choice, it is the function of economics to provide all the available facts as to what can be done to maximize the production of wealth.

And at the same time economics should keep before the people the knowledge of what could be done under the other

basic forms of society. It may be true, for example, that a slave state could produce more goods in modern America than a state of free proprietors. If so, it is important that we should have enough will to reject the notion that we are doomed, because of this relatively unimportant fact, to a return to slavery.

AT THE moment, our literature offers surprisingly few examples of pure economics. One reason for this, I think, is that our aimless society is making a false demand upon the economists, which the economists are trying to meet. We are asking our economists to provide us with a substitute for a moral purpose. Unable, or unwilling, to give moral reasons for whatever social order we instinctively prefer, we are asking our economists to prove that the sort of world we would like to see is really the sort of world which would produce the most goods. That way madness lies — for the economists as well as for the rest of society.

It is significant that the men who are providing the nearest approach to dispassionate analyses are the economists of the extreme right — the arch conservatives who feel in their bones that whatever the political future holds, it will not see again the world where their hearts dwell, that brief and partial *laissez-faire* world of nineteenth century British practice. There is a wistful charm to the picture these men are giving of that never-never land of “the free play of economic forces.” And there is an unrivalled accuracy and clarity to their descriptions of the experiments in control that are being carried on today. The works of Mr. Robbins, or Dr. F. A. Hayek’s “Prices and Production,” or Mr. E. F. M. Durbin’s “Purchasing Power and Trade Depression” — books like these contain the best of modern economic thought on the capitalist side. Because these men are not hopeful of becoming political advisers, they are able to do their business as economists with an accuracy that puts their opponents to shame. If we would demand from all our economists, not morals and not politics, but the most dispassionate analyses that the frail

human mind can afford, the literature of economics would become a more impressive sight.

What we really demand is proof that communism, or finance-capitalism, or a "planned" state capitalism, will make everybody rich. What we really get, therefore, is not economics but economic history. To explain what I mean by this phrase I must describe what I mean by history.

History is one of the most natural forms of thought, yet it remains to this day one of the most obscure, one of the hardest to analyze. In my opinion Signor Croce's analysis is the most accurate that has yet been given. Croce begins by distinguishing between history and chronicle. Chronicle is the dead fact, the unrealized concept. When it is brought to life by an imaginative act, when the concept is illuminated by intuition, we have history. History and chronicle, writes Croce, are distinguishable "as two different spiritual *attitudes*. History is living chronicle, chronicle is dead history."

In bringing the dead chronicle back to life by means of his own intuitions, the historian is clearly likely to revive something very different from what existed in the first instance. It is a precarious balance he is seeking, between concept and intuition, science and poetry. Leaving aside the question as to whether he ever attains this balance to perfection, it is worth noting that when he falls too far on the side of the concept, the chronicle, the result is what Signor Croce calls "philological history," which "can certainly be *correct*, but not *true*." And when the historian leans too far toward intuition the result is "poetical history," in which we find "the substitution of the interest of *sentiment* for the lack of interest of thought, and of *aesthetic* coherence of representation for the logical coherence here unobtainable. . . . When life finds expression and representation before it has been dominated by thought, we have poetry, not history." In other words, life and thought — document and criticism — are the two elements of the historical synthesis. When either is palpably overemphasized we have a form of pseudo-history.

There is a third form of pseudo-history which is more com-

mon than the poetic or the philological. This third form is what Croce calls "rhetorical history" — i.e., history written to prove a point. Many of man's most interesting writings belong to this group. In the classical world there was a tendency to write history in order to show that the life of man moved in circles, returning upon itself with a regularity that justified the utmost pessimism. In the Middle Ages, there was a tendency to write history to show that the Christian revelation introduced truth into the world, giving man his first fair chance to escape from classical pessimism. In the modern world there is a tendency to write history to show that one or another type of economic organization will give man a better chance to realize his hopes than he has ever had in the past. This is the sort of writing I referred to when I spoke of "economic history." It is interesting; it is illuminating; but it is not economics.

It is not economics because it has a moral aim. It is the attempt of a society which is losing its convictions, and therefore its basis for action, to find a new basis in a form of thought which does not lend itself to that use. Most of the left wing treatises of today belong to this category; for the Marxists, who have a true moral aim, are oddly ashamed of this advantage. They waste much effort in seeking to prove that they are merely embracing the "economically inevitable." People who have no moral aim, or who are ashamed of having one, always try to ally themselves with destiny. For destiny is impressive without being embarrassingly moral. Some of the most powerful and interesting of our contemporary books belong to this group — for example, Mr. John Strachey's "The Nature of Capitalist Crisis," and Mr. Lewis Corey's "The Decline of American Capitalism." It does not detract from their worth to suggest that they belong to the literature of moral exhortation rather than to the literature of economics.

"Das Kapital" itself is a curious combination of the two types. It contains a great deal of pure analysis, of magnificent fact-finding, which belongs to economics. And it contains a great deal of back-handed moralizing, which consists of

asserting that Fate and all the dark powers of eternity are on the side of the Marxian dream.

I HAVE tried to suggest why the plain man finds the literature of economics confusing and unsatisfying. At the one extreme are the pure research problems, the statistical tables and abstract analyses which have nothing to do with the plain man. They are the necessary rock-bottom for economics, and they are properly written for the profession only. Then there is a small (far too small) group of books presenting in ordinary language, and with some impartiality, the main findings of economic science. Then there is the abundant literature of economic history, using the authoritative language and the magic catchwords to bolster up a moral thesis. It would be better for society if we could reach our moral conclusions on plain moral grounds, restricting our economic thought to the important field where it belongs.

On "Bad Boy" Criticism

L. B. HESSLER

I AM an exasperated reader. For the last few months (it seems years) I have been reading reviews of books — novels, collections of poetry, biographies, histories, all sorts of books — and my present impression is that most of the reviewing is incompetent and dishonest. Whether one consults the daily newspaper, the Sunday supplement, the weeklies, or the monthlies, one has the same feeling of frustration, and wonders if there is any place where the truth may be found. For, strange as it may seem, that is what the intelligent reader would like to know — the truth. He would like to feel that, when he picks up a review, the writer will play the game with him, and not try to palm off on him pinchbeck stuff by way of rhapsody, self-exploitation, or an exercise in style.

The following, for instance, is from a signed review of "Lust for Life" in a weekly of wide circulation: "Something in result seems to be left out, or left a little too gallantly to inference. The beat of passion, inevitably expected, is hardly to be caught by its statement however replete; the cry for utterance sounds faintly in the record of the search for utterance." An editorial note informs us that the author was at one time an art editor, but is now working in the field of literature. My feeling is that he had better have stayed where he was, for the excerpt is an admirable illustration of the bastard style so often affected by those who have to do with the criticism of art or music. They have simply not mastered the art of writing.

As an example of rhapsody, take the following, from a review of a national best-seller: "This is not a novel, but a symphony. There is an orchestration of incident and description and reflection on the author's part, slow, grave, telling in its cumulative effect. There is a sequence of events. But the pith of the book is the white pith of vision. . . . There is rich living in this book. But it is living in principle, not in the economic or the social or even the emotional sense. . . .

It is Puritanism made into a psalm of life. [Is he speaking of "Paradise Lost"?] ———— has solid substance enough, to be sure, to set off the vibration of its overtones from the ultimate reality. . . . Those who still love life for its nobleness and the designs of its rhythms will thank ———— from the bottom of their hearts. Her book is magnificent." This is the sort of writing that the late B.L.T. used to label "the enraptured reporter" or "the delirious critic."

The rhapsodic and the lyric schools of criticism merge easily into the "home-town-boy-makes-good" type, in which the reviewer gives tremendous hurrahs for a book because he knows the author and revolves in the same coterie, and not because the book has any particular merit for the outsider. It is the old story of the Greek against the barbarian — *caveat emptor!* A great deal of criticism of this kind emanates, of course, from New York, where the custom of back-slapping has developed into an art. To the dweller in the sticks it seems that every other reviewer has either just come from a literary tea or is about to go to one, where more material for personal propaganda will be diligently gathered. The argument for the practice would, presumably, be as follows: "A book has been written, accepted, and published; it must therefore be sold. I, as a good friend, will help to sell it. Authors must live." One remembers Doctor Johnson's comment on this argument: "I do not see the necessity."

Of all the types of criticism, however, the most insidiously misleading, because tricked out in the accoutrements of authority, is that which I shall call the "bad boy" school. It all began with H. L. Mencken. For ten years in the American Mercury, with some diminuendo of volume toward the end, he belabored the conservatives, most of whom were college professors, with a robustious vigor unprecedented in American criticism. The heads of some must still be quite dizzy from his blows. It is thought that Mencken's medicine did much good, inasmuch as only the stiffest kind of dosage would have any effect on people as far gone in ignorance and indifference as we. Mencken's attack was a frontal one, and nothing is more

interesting than to watch a fighter who uses primitive weapons, sticks out his tongue, and calls names. There was nothing subtle about Mencken's language, as there is nothing subtle about his mind. If you did not agree with him, his method was simply to call you a damned fool or to use the "smarty" epithet, such as "Major J. E. Spingarn, U. S. A.," "Prof. Dr. William Lyon Phelps," and "Prof. Dr. Stuart P. Sherman, of Iowa." (How quaint this all seems now!) His usual custom was to cry down, although on occasion he could indulge in lavish praise, as witness his oft-repeated cheers for Conrad and Dreiser.

Now that he is retired from active combat, it is pertinent to examine his actual contribution to our intellectual and spiritual advancement. There seems to be a disposition amongst our present commentators to fold the hands piously and give thanks for what he did. That he did something I should be the last to deny. Like Shaw he was a great entertainer; like him, also, often at the expense of reason and good taste. If an upright posture did not please, he would, like all good clowns, stand on his head. There was in him no finesse, no real imagination, as may be seen in his almost complete indifference to poetry. Like his twisted spiritual ancestor, Pope, he was moved more by animosity than by admiration. Mankind loves a good hater, but hatred has never been the cardinal quality of good criticism.

However, I am not in this essay concerned primarily with Mr. Mencken, but with what he produced, the school of smaller imitators who cannot, like the giant their master, swing the redoubtable battle-axe but, instead, sting like gnats. There was a time when it was considered the badge of enlightenment, the certain hall-mark of advanced thinking, to be seen with the latest copy of the *American Mercury* in one's hand. Mencken was acclaimed by numberless students, who doted on him for his gibes at their professors. That time, "with all its dizzy raptures," has now gone; Mencken's popularity is in eclipse and we have with us, instead, Mr. Burton Rascoe, Mr. Ernest Boyd and the like.

THE following quotation from Mr. Rascoe's essay on Milton will, I hope, explain and justify my title: "Take an aspirin and bromide before I utter the most frightful blasphemy that was ever uttered since Dr. Faustus signed his name to an infamous pact with the devil. I am about to say (please hold your breath) that 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' are horrible examples of what may occur when a man with a displeasing type of mind happens to be an expert versifying technician in what is loosely called the biblical style. Yet, after having done this, I look into the mirror and see that my face has not blackened, nor have my ears sprouted horns at the tip." Now this is exactly what the bad boy does; he sticks out his tongue at his elders, he puts a banana skin where a dignified man with a high silk hat will step on it. These ingratiating tricks, while pardonable in a small boy, are, in an adult, signs that he is not yet completely civilized; he is still a hick, a smart aleck. If one goes to Mr. Rascoe's book, "Titans of Literature," for bread he will, for the most part, receive a stone; he will, to be sure, be amused — but the entertainment will not be great. Some of the essays are real exercises in criticism; others are prolonged statements of personal prejudice; still others are merely half-hearted biographical sketches.

The essay on Virgil and Latin literature, for instance, contains the following titbits: "The Georgics and the Eclogues were as popular with the Roman populace and peasants in Virgil's time as Edgar Guest's poems are with newspaper readers today." Further, "The defect of this quality [the dual purity of Virgil's language] which Virgil had in such perfection is that Virgil is likely to spoil a beginner's interest in Latin poetry altogether." A man who says such things will say anything. Further on in the same essay he remarks that Horace is incredibly underestimated by classical scholars, and is displeased that Professor Tenney Frank "is not quite unrestrained enough in his praise of Horace to please me." For a member of the American Classical Association these dicta are astounding. One wonders what Mr. Rascoe's classical scholarship is like, and whether he is acquainted with Sellar's book on

Horace, printed in 1891, to mention no others. From the references to Greek and Latin literature scattered throughout the book, the reader is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Rascoe has done merely miscellaneous reading, hardly serious or consecutive enough to qualify him to pass opinions on Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles.

The same readiness to pronounce judgment on the Titans, with equal incompetence to do so, marks especially his encounters with Dante and Milton. Here indeed the "bad boy" has a glorious time. I have quoted, above, the introduction to the essay on Milton; he goes on to say that "'L'Allegro,' like its dark twin 'Il Penseroso,' is a sophomoric composition," that "the two poems are literary refinements of adolescent perplexity"; and he gives a lengthy extract from Norman Douglas' "Old Calabria" by way of proof that Milton stole his "Paradise Lost" from the "Adamo Caduto" of Salandra. To the reader unacquainted with Milton scholarship, this last argument seems to settle the matter of Milton's plagiarism, but there is nothing new about it, as may be seen by consulting the latest (1842) edition of Todd's variorum edition of Milton and also Masson's introduction to "Paradise Lost," where it is again given. The list of sources from which Milton may have "stolen" the idea is so large that it ought to arouse the suspicion in any honest mind that from a community of ideas there can be no theft.

The truth is, Mr. Rascoe is so eager to condemn Milton that he seizes on all his worst aspects, interlards his own invective with copious quotations from Milton's prose and from anti-Milonic criticism, and builds up an imposing edifice of pseudo-scholarship. It is a specious structure, because one suspects that Mr. Rascoe is merely trying to satisfy a personal grudge. The expression of personal opinion is, of course, the right of everyone, but when it is done at the expense of accuracy and truth, the reader must enter a protest. There is a view today that criticism is but the expression of one's self, the adventures of a soul amongst masterpieces, that the critic is a creative artist of the same sort as a lyric poet. It is an inter-

esting theory, but it depends for its validity on who the lyric adventurer is. Moreover, the critic has a responsibility toward the public that is not necessarily shared by the lyric poet; he assumes the manner of authority and must bear with him his credentials.

The "bad boy" in criticism is obsessed with the notion that what is traditional is wrong, that what he dislikes everyone ought to dislike; and so he goes around sticking pins in the mighty. Judging from the violence of Mr. Rascoe's language in the essays on Sophocles, Virgil, Dante and Milton, one suspects that anything like religion and morality in an author is, to him, a major crime. There are, no doubt, certain aspects of goodness that are irritating to most honest persons; but to dismiss all literature that is, so to speak, tainted with morality, is to deprive oneself of a high form of pleasure, and, in a critic, it is a serious limitation. The relation of morality and art is a tricky subject, one that has caused many a critical bark to founder. Whether a bad man can, or cannot, write a good book, it is certain, from a reference to literary history, that hardly any subject will prevent an author from writing a good book if he has it in him; nor will the absence of morality, or the presence of immorality, as some hot-heads seem to think, constitute the key to good writing. "Tom Jones" — I don't believe Mr. Rascoe has pronounced on this novel — has pleased readers of all kinds in all ages, and no one can deny that this story was written with a moral motive. "Vanity Fair" is not harmed by Thackeray's reiterated aversion to the naughty Becky Sharp, and Wordsworth's poems have appealed to thousands of readers who theoretically dislike poems with a purpose.

As for religion, it is no argument to say, or imply, that since this is an irreligious age, such topics are not suitable for literary treatment, just as it would be foolish to assert that poems can be written on all subjects except A and B. The attempt to delimit the subjects of art in any way usually ends in disaster; if the dogmatic critic kicks a theme out of the front door, it is quite likely soon to come in at the back. Another "Hound of

Heaven" may appear any day, and indeed it was only a few years ago that Lola Ridge wrote a memorable and touching poem on the crucifixion.

It is equally uncritical to use one's disapproval of an author's private life as a peg on which to hang denunciations of the man's work, particularly when the facts are distorted as they are in Mr. Rascoe's essays on Milton and Dante. Even if he were entirely accurate, he would not be truthful; the arrangement is malicious. The "bad boy" now throws mud. He has repeated what everybody knows and what most have overlooked or forgiven. The private life of an author has nothing to do with the judgment we pass on his work. If we are to enjoy the writings only of those whom we admire as individuals, we are in a difficult situation, truly. Some of us will have to leave unread the poems of Byron and Shelley, to say nothing of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Surely, if this sort of thing is accounted criticism, we shall be reverting to the days of Blackwood's and the Quarterly, "so savage and Tartarly"; and if it be not criticism, it should not masquerade as such, but simply as the play of the sons of Belial having a glorious time. And, however inaccurate and untruthful Mr. Rascoe may be, he does enjoy himself.

THE case is different with another "bad boy," Mr. Ernest Boyd, who wrote in 1927 a book called "Literary Blasphemies," a title which gives him away completely. Unlike Mr. Rascoe, Mr. Boyd has no sense of humor and takes his pleasures sadly, even that of fighting. He has a grudge to satisfy, chiefly against pedagogues, who, as usually with this school, are synonymous with college professors. He does not like them, nor what they like. In proving his points, almost any argument will do, for he has a complete equipment of the stock devices resorted to by the biassed and dishonest critic, chief among them the half-truth, the mean innuendo, false emphasis, and the magnification of unimportant facts. At times one detects Mr. Boyd in a misstatement. For instance, in "Literary Blasphemies" there is a chapter on Milton with a lengthy dis-

cussion of "Paradise Lost," presumably founded on first-hand knowledge of it; yet in the *Nation* for November 8, 1933, to a symposium of "Books I Have Never Read" he contributed his list of ten, among which is "Paradise Lost." That is to say, in 1927 Mr. Boyd had read "Paradise Lost"; in 1933 he had not.

However, I may be wrong, and Mr. Boyd may have obtained his information (and misinformation) from the many critics whom he quotes, without having read Milton's epic at all. Certainly he is an adept at picking out the adverse comments from the books which were consulted, and disregarding the favorable, as when he quotes from Mark Pattison's life of Milton the particularly acid morsel that he wants — and passes by the entirely favorable bulk of Pattison's criticism. Mr. Boyd might, by the way, have taken a leaf from Pattison's book and learned how to estimate the strong and weak elements in a writer's work, and cast the balance between them; he might have learned the same thing from Doctor Johnson (whom he quotes with admiration) if he had read that great man's life of Milton carefully. But he is not, of course, interested in forming a just conception of any writer; he wants merely to parade his ego, to make sharp points at the expense of the dead.

Probably the best example of Mr. Boyd's method is to be seen in the emphasis he places upon Dr. George Sigerson's article on Milton's supposed use of the "Carmen Paschale" of Sedulius. This is merely one more item in the extensive list of Milton's fancied use of sources, and hardly more creditable than the base forgery of Lauder, which deceived even Doctor Johnson for a time. Sources for "Paradise Lost" will be discovered as long as human ingenuity and antipathy, Rascoes and Boyds exist: and will worry no sound critic, because he knows that it is not the material that counts but the workmanship. Milton's epic has reduced to oblivion all his sources. It is the product of the reading and imaginative meditation of a lifetime; and, it must be remembered, was recited, not written.

Mr. Boyd believes that Milton belonged to a drab age, and

that the gay comedies of the Restoration have killed Milton's work and the taste for it. He adds that "Restoration drama by its innate vital qualities will survive, and the names of its creators will become as familiar through experience to modern playgoers as the names of immortally dead classics are familiar to professors." If Mr. Boyd is as realistic a critic as he thinks he is, he will remember that the revival of Restoration comedy occurred after the war, and took place for no loftier reason than that which occasioned the revival of Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" a few seasons ago in New York. How great is the interest in these plays now? No, I think the despised professors will have to do as much for the revival of Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Aristophanes in the future as they have in the past for Milton and Shakespeare.

The final word of Mr. Boyd on Milton is worth quoting: "By the average man or woman of the present day he is likely to be remembered because of this one characteristic, which he had in common with all Puritans, he made the Devil irresistibly attractive." As a gem of literary criticism, this is almost as good as the following solemn pronouncement on Shakespeare: "Shakespeare does not open up the glorious world of Elizabethan literature but rather closes it by showing the best that the times could produce. He has no message for mankind and his humor is frequently so feeble that a bad burlesque show is brilliant in comparison. . . . If he is irresistible it is because he is a musician of words so lovely that the English tongue is forever illuminated by his use of it." That is to say, Shakespeare's dramatic workmanship, his creation of character, his wisdom, and his humanity are nothing to Mr. Boyd, but the artful manipulation of words, in which dozens of second and third-rate writers excel — that is the contribution of Shakespeare!

If one wished to refute this argument, he could easily do so, with considerable aid from Mr. Boyd himself, but I am interested not so much in defending Shakespeare as in exposing the type of criticism here illustrated. It is that of a man who cherishes a grudge against a well established literary reputa-

tion and those who uphold it, and who delights in tearing it down at the expense of logic and, at times, of honesty. That a real antipathy exists, I do not doubt; but I suspect that it is not entirely against the writer himself but against professors and other slaves of tradition who dare not stand up to the great, and express their true opinions. There is, too, in all this a sadistic delight in needlessly cruel remarks, such as Mr. Boyd's about "the Elizabethan blank verse beasts to whom Charles Lamb was addicted as he was addicted to gin." This is, of course, pure muckerism. A critic may be severe and just without calling names and perpetrating such an implied logical *non sequitur* as the above: because Lamb was addicted to gin, he praised the Elizabethan blank verse beasts.

The author of "Literary Blasphemies" (keep the "bad boy's" title well in mind) who admires the early critical work of Gifford, Lockhart, Wilson, and Jeffrey, is ambitious to be a "heretic of criticism," and although he acknowledges the "prejudice and even bad taste" of these men, he thinks their work valuable. Doubtless he concludes that his own criticism is unstained with prejudice and bad taste. On the contrary, it is full of them. Moreover, there is an air of specious knowledge about these articles that is extremely deceptive to the uninformed reader, who argues that such an elaborate show of learning must presuppose both wide knowledge and wisdom. Knowledge there is, of course, but it is merely sufficient information to establish a thesis and a prejudice.

No attempt is made by practitioners of this spiteful school of criticism to give an unbiassed and honest appraisal of the work under observation or to concern themselves with the reader at all. Since it is much easier and vastly more interesting to throw brickbats, mud, and rotten (at times very rotten) eggs at others, the bad boy does so, not, as Mr. Boyd says in his epilogue, in the interests of "free criticism and honest thinking," or "honest critical doubt." He has at heart no such lofty aims; he wishes merely to enjoy himself at the expense of others. Even when he bestows praise, as in the essay on Swift, he does so chiefly by rounding on his idol's

detractors; there is no joy in the task. Here, indeed, is a dog who not only barks but bites, a heretic who tries to upset not so much the present as the past, a disgruntled misogynist so wrapped up in his job of idol-smashing that he leads himself astray as well as others.

If such criticism has any value at all, which I doubt, it is purely negative. By noting its laws and procedure and reversing them, one may learn a great deal about the true art of judging a piece of literature. He will learn, for instance, that not only are wide reading and knowledge fundamental, but also sanity, balance, and a sense of responsibility to the public. From the "bad boy" school of critics one gets the impression that the chief equipment of the literary critic is prejudice and impudence. And in the end it is the reader who pays.

Prologue

PAUL ENGLE

America, bastard child from all the world
Born, yet parentless, hard scrapper beating
Your lone way out from a child into a man,
It is not strange you were cocky, forever carried
A chip on your shoulder, boasted the length of the earth.
You were one tough baby, hard as nails, swaggering
The streets with chin stuck out and a grin, shouting,
"Take a poke at that, kid, if you're lookin' for trouble,
I'm half mountain lion, half Texas steer,
With a dash of rattlesnake and horned toad, taking
Easily in one jump and a yell the land
From the Blue Ridge to the Big Horns, and wearing
The whole damn Mississippi for a belt.
I'll pull my right shoe off and kick the moon
Clean over God's left shoulder for good luck.
I'm the world's original playboy — Look me over."

Because you thought you had a date with a dame
Called easy money, for a thousand years,
You took the immeasurable cloth of time
And used it for a rag to shine your shoes —
Nation of Jacks forever with a laugh
Climbing the cloud-lost beanstalks of your buildings,
Your whole life a perpetual song and dance.

And yet in Washington I've heard you crying
Because, having been barefoot so long, your feet
Sprawled in the dirt, their flat toes toughened, now

You must wear leather shoes, forget your marbles
And that bright penny of your youth, once spent
Over and over, fallen out through a hole
In your pants' pocket, lost in the orchard grass
Where you hooked apples at night, throwing a stick
Up to the heavy branches, or in the crumbled
Swimming-hole bank, under the roots, downstream
The cattle lowing belly-deep in the water.

You strode the earth, not with a lifted sword
But a gleaming piston rod of power in your hand
Till not alone the world but even yourself
Was blinded and believed its dazzling glare
The very flame of glory, till you found
On a grim morning with the east wind turned
Suddenly cold and full of rain, you bore
A dog-uncovered bone in your hand, and beat
Madly a tin drum with colored pictures
Like a child's dream of going to the wars.

Evenings in Dakota where the dust
Fell week-long in a Pharaoh curse from the sky
You sat on the front steps, smoking your pipe,
And turned, for the first time, into yourself
To trail your heart's interminable prairie
For the shy, untrapped meaning of your life—
A day old track on a hill, a few flank hairs
Caught on an elm, a wild-grape hidden spring
Muddied with drinking—found it fled, and nothing
But your heart's enormous hollow, arched with sky.

And when (Upper East Side) you bought fresh fruit,

New potatoes, a bunch of flowers for the wife,
In the street market of immortality
You found they shoved your money back and said,
“Sorry, buddy, that’s no good here, it’s all
Street car tokens, slugs, lucky pieces,
Chicken feed, nothing behind it.”

America

You minted out your soul in alloy nickels
Faced with an Indian, backed with a buffalo,
And spent it in the dime store of mad dreams.

In Florida, where the white cranes cry over
The deep Everglades, bull alligators
Bellow up the moon, I have seen, swell-headed youth,
The head-hunting Amazonian women,
The avenging Fates of over speculation,
The logical height and end of your dead system,
Shrink your bloated sky-piece to a fist’s size
And fight for who should wear it on a string.

In Colorado where the columbine
Leans its purple breasts to the prairie wheat,
I have seen your screaming eagle with the lightning
Arrows gripped in his claws, the broad wings bent
From Oregon to Maine, touching two waters —
O vast wing-spread of a continent, a nation
Huddling in its shadow — become a sparrow
Pecking the gutter horse dung for old oats.

I pity you, tumble weed land, wind-rolled
Over the heat cracked plain, caught in a fence,
Having not the wisdom of uprooted grass

That, bearing the sun's cruel knife blade at its throat,
 Will yet beat down into the iron earth
 The hot, white rivets of new roots, to hold
 Till the rain come and deeply harden them.

How pitiful now, who once so proudly ran
 Through time in seven-league boots, the blue bandana
 Of the west wind knotted at your throat, fiddling
 The whole world up to a dance, with old Dan Tucker
 Or the latest Yiddish blues from Tin Pan Alley,
 Slapping the lean butt of death and shouting
 "Come on, baby, scrape that frown off your face.
 Kick 'em out, girlie, high, wide and handsome.
 Shake that cute what-is-it of yours till the boys
 Break out in sweat, the drummer falls in his drum."

You Saturday night nigger, drunk on his pay,
 Whistling at midnight past graveyards to keep
 His courage up.

You we have dreamed would climb
 The rock and glacier of an American peak,
 Rainier or Pike's, throw off your clothes and stand
 Naked in the glare of history;
 And while your body bore the sky and took
 The sun for heart until your veins ran light,
 You would sickle down the rich, full-kerneled winds
 Of heaven with the bright blade of a song:

"Whether early or late
 Letting my eyes pale or darken
 In morning or evening light,
 At sea-level walking

An Alabama swamp, the night
Barked trees, or deer-like
In the Alleghenies stalking
The lost Boone trail,
Or in Chicago tearing
Roosevelt Road, cut-out wide,
Booze in the back seat, the wail
Of sirens around me where I cannot hide —

“I have been the gambling nation,
Glad to sit in an alley
With that blue-gum nigger
Time, crooning of his gal Sally
And Gabriel’s salvation,
His hands on the ivories slow
But quick on the trigger.
Spit on the dice, win or lose
Rattle ’em high, rattle ’em low,
Seben come eleben
Baby needs a new pair of shoes,
Easy come, easy go —
And singing a new kind of blues:

“Now in these days
Plunging the taut wood,
The Arapaho
Timbered mountain, I blaze
The axe-bruised bark for a way,
And scream when I raise
The axe again and find
I am the hacked trunk, the gray
Scar is my heart, the blind

Forest my eyes, the unpathed
 Mountain of earth and mind
 All one trail, wider than day.

“From the Jim River, the Sangamon,
 Nueces, Fox, I will drink
 The rain-blooded water and swear
 In my coming, to be, to think,
 There is a truth, one that I wear
 Like a brand new pair
 Of pants in Spring —
 Movement, the will, the can
 Force of moving, to say
 I don't know where I'm going
 But I'm on my way.

“I will make a new song of the word,
 A proud song, big in the lungs,
 A free-for-all, everything goes,
 Part barber-shop, part jazz,
 Part cowboy, all American tongues,
 A hill-billy Jew's harp itchin' the toes,
 A Georgia fiddler givin' the razz
 To three A.M., and a muted sax
 Moanin' deep till all the world's
 Swaying and swinging and making tracks
 For Joe's Quick Lunch or Harry's Place,
 Buck Tooth's Barn or a Harlem dive,
 For the first time told that it's alive
 In the new-word song of a new-world race.

“America, long wind blowing,

For you not moving is not being,
Moving is being, is going
Lightly on nerves' feet
Where touching is seeing
But only singing is knowing —
The thing become, fleeing
From beginning into flowing
Is the word become song.

“Here where the long
Compass needle
Of a continent points north and south
I will shout in the Blackfoot hills
With an American mouth
The song of my tangled wills
That will be to my twisted heart
Deep rain after drouth
When the dry creek bed fills . . .

“Being for me is moving, quiet
Is not being. Here in the tall ways
Of sun-shafted buildings, the steep
Wind riveted and roofed till men fly it
With vertical, square wings
Is movement's heart, the deep
Core of being where man sings
Restlessness out of his head
And walks the long curves
Of earth, pure being, unled
Through the dark streets of his nerves.

“Here, walking Broadway or wide

Michigan Boulevard, hitch-hiking
 The Lincoln Highway, here
 Has the word moved like the tide
 Of a ploughed field in the earth,
 Moved into man and become
 Boned and blooded, and cried,
 Now by a terrible birth
 Are the word and man one.

“I, with my feet in the corn
 Of Illinois where have run
 The hard heels of the plough,
 And my heart in the eagle-torn
 Peaks of the Rockies, will fling
 To the glaring face of the sun
 The proud defiance of man . . .
 Here is the word, I will sing,
 Become a life and a line
 And to you where we all began
 I hurl it back as a thing
 New in the world, a sign
 That the next storm wind will bring
 Of a slang and a song where ran
 In the earth the American ring
 Of a word, the American man.”

Yet we have heard nothing save the tiny cry
 From a narrow street, of a child who wept because
 Having cut his finger, seen a drop of blood,
 He thought his heart had burst.

You have no time

To sing, you are forever running away

Shrieking, lest you hear or understand
The lean, avenging fury of yourself.

And I have seen you, O poor Job of nations,
Now because you have had a boil on the neck,
Having been so long clean-blooded, down on the dung heap
Flung, to beat your breast and tear your hair
And hurl up dung into the eyes of God.

But you are not alone, for all the world
Cries, Pity, with you. Every nation stares
Into the other's face, into the sky,
The guts of a bird, reads a deer's thigh bone,
Looks in a mirror for a way, to find
Only their own reflected, helpless eyes
Begging and frightened.

They are all diseased

With the fever of wretched government that burns
And wastes the tortured flesh till it cannot sleep,
With the racking chill and ague of too much money
In too few hands. It is only the life-patient,
Deep, man-haunted earth that is not sick,
Gentle in cropped fields.

Now I hear in the night

Rise from every corner of the world
The life-tormented yell of starving men,
From doorway beds or subway benches, wrapped
In newspapers — Beauty Engaged, The Hardware Joneses
Leave For Europe, Agitator Jailed.
The toes of children rip through old shoes and scrape
On the hot streets or in the deep snow. Women
Lift up their eyes, no longer filmed with patience,

In the question that is their birth-right and their curse:

“Here are my children, thin, the bones begging for food,
 There are no more quarters for the gas meter, no
 Credit at the butcher’s, the heat turned off.
 Here is a man glad for a chance to work
 Hard, long hours, overtime, and yet
 Must walk the streets and sit in a cold room.
 I am a woman. I do not understand.
 But has a man no more the right to work,
 A child to eat? A woman at evening
 To rest in her family without the fear
 Morning will find them turned into the street
 With a handful of clothes and an old chair?”

This is not

Your way, America.

Yet now I see

In Alabama cotton burned, In Iowa
 Hogs slaughtered and buried, in Montana
 Wheat ploughed under. While eight million men
 Shiver and hunger. This is not your way
 America. Remember — if one man eats
 While another starves, his very food is cursed.
 The bread-line is a rope will strangle you.

You’ve kidded yourself too long, America.
 It’s time you looked the straight fact in the eye.
 The world’s gone bust, gone haywire, and you with it,
 You, the infallible, spoiled child. Fate’s got
 Your number, buddy, he’s got the dope on you,
 Either you act now or he’ll slip up and say
 You’re through, fella, you’re done, washed up, cold,

Out on your feet and you don't know it, you're
Dead from the ears up. Scraaam.

Remember

That living men do not forever crawl
Down in the gutter and die in sight of fire
Which burns the bread-stuff that could nourish them;
That there is an ancient power in the world,
Blind and cruel and terrible in act,
And it is not in the stars or in your eyes
That you alone of all the world's lands will
Escape the unimaginable fury
Of the lean-bellied, too long patient poor.

You've panhandled your own people, you've betrayed
The faith of a hundred million, the deep soil
That lengthened your skeleton, the nervous wind
That lifted your cheek bone, the dream of men
A hundred and fifty years ago, who looked
At a thin line of towns by the sea's edge
Huddled, up the tidewater to the first
Lean mountain, and said —

“Here is a new thing.

Here is another twist of life in the world's
Lift of men to the sunlight. We have torn
A new son from the tired guts of Europe,
Cut the navel string, left it here on a strange
Shore to suckle on maple sap and milkweed,
Grow up half wolf-boy and half god, to thumb
His nose at a far home he has not seen.
Here is a new people” —

America

You have betrayed that people. This is a shame

That not alone will leave a white, ridged scar
 Over your cheek, will let your name taste rotten
 On tongues that spit it out, that scorn to speak it,
 But can destroy you.

You will wake one morning
 To hear the relentless hounds of hungry men
 Crying destruction over your doomed hills.

O desert nation, jackaled with your dreams.

Yet there is a way. This is not the Alamo,
 The walls taken, the Mission entered, fighting
 Hand to hand with the Bowie knife, Crockett
 Fallen at last in a roomful of his dead,
 The relief held beyond the flood river.
 It is the old American way, the going
 Tough, no salt, tobacco wet, the weak
 Clamoring to turn back. It is another
 Cumberland Pass, the guide shot and scalped
 In sight — sound — of the camp, the narrow trail
 Dark with the forest death.

It is a pause
 In the long war-dance of our history, a turn
 Of our life. Either we go on to shout
 The great blood-cry, or slink away to the squaws
 Taunting in the buffalo tents, the boys
 Making lewd gestures of us in the ponies.

We live darkly in the world's great darkness
 Ringed round on the leaning hills with a fanged fire
 That, in the bird-crying hour of dawn,
 Can run through the dry grass to leap and tear us,

PROLOGUE

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Rip the lodge poles down, consume the pemmican
Dried for winter, all the old and sick
Left screaming on the black ground, and a few
Escaped to the mountains with a medicine bag
And a knife, to live on roots and bark, and die
In the first blizzard, bones piled in the Spring
For the friendly buzzards. Or we can ourselves
Crawl up in the night to steal it from the gods
And carry it in a pouch to our own valley,
Fuel it with the dead and broken wood
Of a society we have proved rotten
And found the courage to destroy.

O then

Having built up that man-exalting land,
The clear expression of the human thing
In the social multitude, and in the lone
Individual with his single way
That is our self-created destiny,
It will become the true American flame
That will be deep fire in the nation's eyes,
That will burn steel but will not burn our hearts.

The Future of States' Rights

PETER ODEGARD

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Schechter Poultry case has once again sharpened the issue of States' Rights. The controversy, for us, is an old one. Much of our political history has revolved about it. The movement culminating in the Constitution was, in fact, a protest against the extreme localism of the post-revolutionary years. Every school boy knows this as the "critical period," and although the condition of the country at the time was by no means as bad as some historians would have us believe, it was indeed critical.

The tiny spark of national consciousness which appeared during the revolution had flickered and all but died. "Among the first sentiments expressed in the first Congress," said James Wilson, "one was that 'Virginia is no more, that Massachusetts is no more, that Pennsylvania is no more, etc. We are now one nation of brethren. We must bury local interests and distinctions!' This language continued for some time. No sooner were the state governments formed than their jealousy and ambition began to display themselves. Each endeavored to cut a slice from the common loaf to add to his morsel, till at length the Confederation became frittered down to the impotent condition in which it now stands."

To the business and commercial classes, the crisis was particularly acute — and it was they who led the movement for a new Constitution. Necessarily that document was a child of compromise. It did not go as far in establishing a centralized authority as some of the leaders desired. Nevertheless, by giving to the national government a strong executive establishment, an independent system of courts, and extensive powers over taxation, foreign relations, commerce and currency, it laid the foundation for a truly national state. Moreover, important restrictions were imposed upon the states. The Constitution, laws, and treaties of the national govern-

ment were declared to be "the supreme law of the land; and the judges of every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

The Articles of Confederation had regarded the states as sovereign and equal, and the national Congress was powerless to act without their consent. The government established by the Constitution was to rest upon the broad base of popular consent as represented in the lower house of the national legislature. Concessions were made to the states in the amending clause, the suffrage provisions, and in the Senate where they were given equal representation regardless of size or population.

It was over this latter issue that the Convention very nearly went on the rocks. The debate served to illuminate the attitude of many of "the Fathers" toward States' Rights. "The state systems," wrote Henry Knox to Rufus King in the summer of 1787, "are the accursed things which will prevent our being a nation. . . . The vile state governments are sources of pollution which will contaminate the American name for ages — machines that must produce ill, but cannot produce good." But John Dickinson compared the proposed national system to the solar system in which the states were the planets and ought to be left to move freely in their orbits. In other words, the new government was to represent a dual sovereignty.

"Good God, Sir!" cried Gouverneur Morris, "is it possible that they can so delude themselves? . . . It has been said that the new government would be partly national, partly federal; that it ought in the first quality to protect individuals, in the second the states. But in what quality was it to protect the aggregate interest of the whole?" Morris, like many of his colleagues, was not sanguine concerning such a system. He pointed to the failure of federalism in the Greek States, in Germany and the United Netherlands. "With these examples before our eyes, shall we form establishments which must necessarily produce the same effects?"

In spite of these dire predictions, the theory of dual sovereignty prevailed not only in the apportionment of representation, but also in the division of powers between the states and the nation. This division of powers, at least in theory, cannot be altered except by the difficult process of amendment requiring the consent of three-fourths of the states. Of course the Supreme Court, the final arbiter in jurisdictional controversies, is itself an agency of the national government. As a matter of fact that government — President, Congress and Supreme Court — acting together is supreme, and its powers when so acting are unfettered by Constitutional restraints.

We speak of the national government as one of delegated powers, and of the states as governments of reserved powers. This distinction is made clear in the tenth amendment which reads: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people."

But the language used in apportioning these powers lacks precision. For example, Congress is given power to "regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states." What is commerce and what does it mean to "regulate"? So likewise Congress has power to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." What is meant by the "general welfare"? Congress may establish post-offices and build post-roads. But does this include power to conduct a savings bank or to engage in the express business? What are post-roads, anyway? Section four of article four says: "The United States shall guarantee to every state in this Union a republican form of government." It does not, as did the Weimar Constitution of Germany, tell us exactly what this means. Has Louisiana, under the rule of the Kingfish, such a government?

Then there is the famous "elastic clause" which gives Congress power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

What laws are to be deemed "necessary and proper"? It is plain that the national government may exercise powers not "expressly" granted, but what are the limits to this "implied" authority? Are the powers granted, exclusive? May they be exercised by the states in the absence of national action, or concurrently once Congress has acted?

So it is with the restraints imposed upon both the national and state governments. The fifth amendment says that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," and an identical limitation is placed upon the states in section one of the fourteenth amendment. But what is "due process of law"?

The language of the Constitution is vague. All the foregoing terms admit of many different interpretations. "You have made a good Constitution," said someone to Gouverneur Morris. "That," replied Morris, "depends on how it is interpreted." This important task falls to the Supreme Court. In the heavy haze which surrounds the terminology of the Constitution, the "nine old men" who sit on that tribunal find ample room to exercise their interpretative talents. In a very real sense, ours is a government by judiciary, as Louis Boudin has so amply demonstrated. (*Government by Judiciary*.) It is the Supreme Court which ultimately sets the metes and bounds of national and state power. As James Beck once remarked: "Thus the Supreme Court is not only a court of Justice but in a qualified sense a continuous constitutional convention." The meaning and extent of States' Rights can best be discovered in the decisions of that august body.

IN THE fanfare of praise and blame which has greeted recent decisions, it is important to remember that on the whole the Court has been friendly to the expansion of national power. Two distinct theories, represented at the outset by Hamilton and Madison respectively, have battled for supremacy. Professor Corwin puts it most succinctly when he says: ". . . by the year 1885 . . . American constitutional law had come to embrace two widely divergent traditions

regarding national power. The one tradition (Hamiltonian) insists on the adaptability of national power to 'an undefined and expanding future' and leaves the maintenance of the Federal system and of States' Rights largely contingent thereon. . . . The other tradition (Madisonian) erects dual Federalism into a supreme constitutional value, the preservation of which ought forever to control constitutional interpretation. . . . And having these two traditions at hand, the Court became enabled . . . without too great derogation from its judicial rôle, to frame responses from either when confronted with questions of national power." (*Twilight of the Supreme Court.*) John Marshall and the Court over which he presided were clearly Hamiltonian in outlook; Taney and his colleagues labored under the shadow of James Madison. Since the Civil War the Court has, with a few notable exceptions, followed Hamilton, although recently the pendulum seems to be swinging back again.

In all, the Court has struck down some sixty acts of Congress. The state statutes which have died at its hands would run to many times that figure. The very rapid expansion of national power, and the growth in state activities have increased the number of issues presented. Moreover, the philosophy of *laissez faire*, to which the judges had in general adhered, helps to explain the striking increase in the laws both national and state which have incurred the Court's displeasure. Thus up to 1900, only twenty-six acts of Congress had been invalidated by the Court, as against some thirty-six since that date. State laws were disallowed in twenty cases before the Civil War, and in over four hundred in the years following 1870.

The theory which regards the Court as an impartial umpire between Washington and the state capitals needs numerous qualifications. It has, in a very real sense, been the guardian of the whole as against the parts. Indeed, after a careful study of the cases, Professor Field has recently suggested that in place of the doctrine that the national government may exercise only delegated powers a new rule had, up to 1934, been in

effect applied. This new rule would read somewhat as follows: "The national government has all those powers of government not specifically denied it. In case of doubt the national government shall be deemed to have the power. In case of conflict between the nation and state power, the national government shall be deemed superior. In case of war or emergency these rules apply particularly, but in case of doubt a state of emergency shall be deemed to exist." Recent decisions have played hob with this rule although the future is more likely to confirm than to deny it.

No small part of the expansion of national power has taken place under the commerce clause, coupled with the doctrine of implied powers. In the first case presented to the Court under the commerce clause, John Marshall construed the meaning of the Constitutional grant to imply that in this area the authority of the national government was, for practical purposes, unlimited. The power to regulate commerce, he said, was "vested in Congress as absolutely as it would be in a single government having in its Constitution the same restrictions . . . as are found in the Constitution of the United States." The sole restraints upon its exercise, he indicated, were to be found not in the rights of the states, but in the limitations imposed by the people through their representatives in Congress. "The wisdom and the discretion of Congress, their identity with the people, and the influence which their constituents possess at elections are, in this, as in many other instances . . . the sole restraints to secure them from its abuse." Moreover, Marshall defined commerce very broadly to include not only transportation but "intercourse."

Furthermore, it has been held that the power of the national government over interstate commerce is, in all important respects, exclusive. The Court has time and again invalidated state legislation, on the ground that it was an unconstitutional interference with the "free and unrestricted flow of interstate commerce." Serious limitations have thus been placed upon the states in taxation, economic regulation and even social legislation. It follows that where the states

are powerless to act, the necessary controls must be imposed by the national government.

When in 1886, for example, the Court killed an act of the Illinois legislature seeking to prohibit discriminatory railroad rates, Congress almost immediately passed the Interstate Commerce Act, thus definitely bringing common carriers under national control. This control has since been extended to include regulation not only of interstate but of intra-state rates as well. (*C. B. and Q. vs. Wise.*) Interstate bus lines have so far escaped Federal regulation, and since the power of the states over them is severely limited, they remain virtually uncontrolled. To those who view the national government as avidly grasping for power everywhere and at all times, its reluctance to occupy this field must be puzzling. The fact, however, that the states may not constitutionally exercise a power does not imply that the national government may do so.

What definition has the Court given to the term "interstate commerce"? Reference has already been made to Marshall's definition. In 1877, Chief Justice Waite said that the term was "not confined to the instrumentalities of commerce . . . known or in use when the Constitution was adopted but [keeps pace] with the progress of the country . . . from the horse with its rider to the stage coach, from the sailing vessel to the steamboat, from the coach and the steamboat to the railroad and from the railroad to the telegraph, as these new agencies are successively brought into use to meet the demands of increasing population and wealth." (*Pensacola Telegraph Co. vs. Western Union.*)

Again Justice Harlan said: "Commerce among the states embraces navigation, intercourse, communication, traffic, the transit of persons and the transmission of messages by telegraph." It has been held that an individual transporting goods across a state line on his own person (*U. S. vs. Chavez*; *U. S. vs. Hill*) or in his own automobile (*U. S. vs. Simpson*) is engaged in interstate commerce. As these instrumentalities have extended their scope, and progressively transcended

state boundaries, the power of the national government has increased and that of the states has just as surely declined.

While there is now no doubt concerning the power of Congress to regulate the "instrumentalities" of commerce, the extent of its authority over agencies and activities incidental to this commerce is not clear. It has been held that manufacturing is not commerce (*U. S. vs. E. C. Knight*) and that Congress cannot, under the guise of regulating commerce, control the conditions of manufacturing within the states. (*Hammer vs. Dagenhart*.) Practically this distinction is becoming difficult to maintain. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act — outlawing combinations in restraint of trade or commerce among the states — was very definitely designed to regulate the conditions of manufacturing.

This was followed by the Clayton Act and the Federal Trade Commission Act in 1914, prohibiting certain types of "unfair" business practices which are intimately related to the process of manufacture as well as sale. Yet this legislation has been sustained on the ground that it was intended to remove "obstructions" to the free flow of commerce. It was on the same theory that the present administration sought to justify the NIRA, and the Court would have violated none of the canons of judicial consistency had it sustained the Act.

The line between intra-state and interstate commerce has become extremely thin — as the Court has time and again admitted. In the Sugar Trust Case (*U. S. vs. E. C. Knight*) the judges were unimpressed by the fact that the defendant company had "nearly complete control of the manufacture of refined sugar in the United States," and that the overwhelming bulk of its product was shipped outside the state of manufacture. But in a later case (*Swift and Co. vs. United States*) where some thirty firms agreed to refrain from bidding against each other for livestock in the local market, the Court took account of the fact that the livestock came from other states and, as meat products, were subsequently shipped outside the State of Illinois. This, it was held, rendered the transaction, taken as a whole, one in interstate commerce, and

hence subject to Federal law — notwithstanding that the particular practice assailed took place within the confines of a single state.

Referring to this case many years later Chief Justice Taft said: “. . . It refused to permit local incidents of a great interstate movement which taken alone were intra-state to characterize the movement as such.” Applying the same logic to the Packers and Stockyards Act of 1921 Taft said: “The object to be secured by this act is the free and untrammelled flow of livestock from the ranges and farms of the West and Southwest through the great stockyards and slaughtering centers . . . and thence in the form of meat products to the consuming cities of the country. . . . The chief evil feared is the monopoly of the packers, enabling them unduly and arbitrarily to lower prices to the shipper who sells, and unduly and arbitrarily to increase the price to the consumer who buys.” (*Stafford vs. Wallace.*) Incidentally, it is interesting to compare this language with that used in the Schechter Poultry Case where the Court said: “It is not the province of the Court to consider the economic advantages or disadvantages of such a centralized system. It is sufficient that the Federal Constitution does not provide for it.”

With the increasing specialization and concentration of industry — necessitating buying and selling in a national market — there is scarcely a major economic undertaking in America which cannot be described in Justice Taft's words. As Professor Corwin remarks: “what is said here of the meat business may with equal truth be said of half a hundred other species of traffic — in California's fruit, in Minnesota's flour, in Texas' oil, in Pennsylvania's coal, in Kentucky's tobacco, in Michigan's automobiles, etc.” Just why the judges in the N.R.A. case did not follow the line here laid down remains a secret locked within the conscience of the Court. To say that these enterprises can be effectively controlled by the states is both constitutionally and economically absurd. To deny power to the national government is therefore tantamount to saying that they shall be uncontrolled.

Moreover, one cannot justly speak of "Federal encroachments upon the powers of the states" when the national government moves into an area which the states are powerless to occupy. For as Sidney Gulick of the National Institute of Public Administration says: "Nothing effective can be done in the regulation or stabilization of economic affairs unless the area of planning and control has the same boundaries as the economic structure." Is it too much to say that the boundaries of the economic structure in the United States are for the most part those of the nation?

THE power of Congress over economic activities is not confined to the commerce clause. It has power to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises," to tax incomes "from any source derived," and to "coin money and regulate the value thereof"; and the states are specifically forbidden to do most of these things. No state may levy taxes upon interstate commerce, nor may it tax the agencies or instrumentalities of the national government. The converse of this, however, is not clear. It is true that the Court has forbidden Federal taxes upon the salaries of state judges (*Collector vs. Day*) but it has upheld the power of the national government to tax certain other state activities. In the famous case of *Veazie Bank vs. Fenno*, a Federal tax upon the circulating notes of state banks, the effect of which was to drive them out of existence, was sustained. On the other hand, a state tax upon the circulating notes of U. S. banks was held to be invalid. (*McCulloch vs. Maryland*.)

It is customary for the Court to distinguish in such cases between "governmental," and "non-governmental" or "proprietary" functions. The former may not be taxed while the latter may. But no advocate of States' Rights would contend that the states could tax T.V.A., or the property of the Inland Waterways Corporation, or the Post Office, or Boulder Dam. Yet internal revenue taxes are regularly collected from state liquor stores and have been sustained. (*South Carolina vs. United States*.) A state university might reasonably be regarded

as a state "governmental" activity. Nevertheless, books and supplies imported by such an institution are subject to import duties. (*Board of Trustees of University of Illinois vs. United States.*) But supplies purchased by agencies of the national government may not be taxed by the states. (*Panhandle Oil Co. vs. Knox.*)

The conclusion seems inescapable that all activities of the national government are "governmental" and hence immune from state taxation, although similar or even identical activities carried on by the states may be regarded as non-governmental and hence subject to the Federal taxing power. It is certain that the national government and the states do not any longer, if they ever did, represent equal sovereignties each independent in its own sphere. Should any doubt on this score remain one might cite the case of *County of Spokane vs. United States*. The point at issue was section 3466 of the revised statutes providing that "whenever any person indebted to the United States is insolvent, or whenever the estate of any deceased debtor . . . is insufficient to pay all the debts of the deceased, the debts due to the United States shall be first satisfied." The deceased in this case owed taxes to Spokane County, an agency of the "sovereign" state of Washington. Could the county therefore share equally with the Federal government in the debtors estate? It could not. The court held that the claims of the national government were paramount even though they absorbed the entire estate, leaving nothing for the county.

The influence of the tariff in determining the economic destiny of the nation has been the occasion for many of the most sweeping attacks upon Federal power by those who have defended States' Rights. It was the so-called "tariff of abominations" of 1832 that called forth South Carolina's famous Ordinance of Nullification. Yet from Hamilton to Smoot, the Federal taxing power has been used to promote and foster industry at the expense of agriculture and the consumer. The processing tax of the A.A.A. which Henry Wallace calls an "internal tariff," seeks to extend similar benefits to the

farmers. Without debating its wisdom, and aside from the question of delegation involved in the Secretary's power to determine the rates, there should be no doubt of its constitutionality. It involves a vast increase in the power of the national government over agriculture.

The taxing power of the national government may be used not only to pay the public debt but to "promote the general welfare." The purposes for which the public debt may be incurred and what measures may constitutionally be calculated to "promote the general welfare" are not set forth in any great detail in the Constitution. Theoretically the national government, through its power of eminent domain, might acquire ownership of the major industries and resources of the country, and use the taxing power to liquidate the debt thus created. Since the state governments could not then tax these enterprises, it is conceivable that the states might be destroyed by the consequent undermining of their financial foundations.

This is not as fantastic as it may seem. The extension of such undertakings as T.V.A., Boulder Dam, the Grand Coulee, and the increase of Federal activities in such fields as housing and land purchase may, by removing property from the tax rolls, jeopardize the revenues of local agencies and make them increasingly dependent upon Federal largess. Already Washington has occupied the most productive fields of taxation, and some look to the time when virtually all taxes will be collected by the national government and thence allocated to the states and their subdivisions. Considerable progress has been made in this direction through the device known as Federal grants-in-aid. In return for such grants, the state agrees to conform to standards and policies laid down by national officers in carrying on the project. Frequently, to qualify for aid, the state must enact legislation suggested, and often drafted, by agents of the national government.

"Moreover," says Charles Beard, "we have the strange anomaly of state officers on Federal pay-rolls, Federal officers on state and local pay-rolls, Federal officers enforcing state

laws and state officers enforcing Federal statutes." The nature and extent of these activities are bewildering to those who continue to think in the traditional language of "States' Rights." They include maternity and infancy aid, education, scientific research, pest eradication, public health work, conservation, and public works of almost infinite variety. Without Federal aid the elaborate highway system of the nation would be unthinkable.

Critics of the present administration would have the country believe that this system is a child of the so-called Roosevelt Revolution. Yet between 1912 and 1925 Federal aid payments increased from \$8,149,478 to \$147,351,393 or nearly two thousand percent. This includes only money grants. Under the Morrill Act of 1862, Congress granted thirty thousand acres of land, or the equivalent in land scrip, to each state for each of its Senators and Representatives to establish the now famous land grant colleges and universities. After the war some two hundred million dollars of war materials were delivered to state highway departments.

Since the depression literally billions of dollars have been poured into the states from the Federal treasury to finance public works and poor relief. By December 1934 the national government was paying three-fourths of the cost of unemployment relief. Indeed in the South, the traditional home of States' Rights, between ninety-five and ninety-nine percent of the relief load was being borne by the national government. And the end is not in sight. Congress has passed the National Social Security Act, under which states will be "induced," by Federal taxes and grants, to enact unemployment insurance and old age pensions legislation. We have scarcely scratched the surface in the fields of housing, grade-crossing elimination, public health, child welfare and education.

Are there any limits to the taxing and spending powers of the national government when used to promote the general welfare? In the Maternity Aid Cases the Federal subsidy policy was attacked on two grounds. It was denounced as an attempt to induce the states to surrender a portion of their sovereign

rights. To this the Supreme Court replied simply that there was no binding obligation on the states to accept the money. The second objection was that to take money from the rich industrial states and distribute it to others was a taking of property without due process of law. But the Court pointed to the physical impossibility of making apportionments of Federal funds in exact proportion to the amount of taxes collected in each state. Such a system would defeat all Federal taxation. (*Massachusetts vs. Mellon; Frothingham vs. Mellon.*)

Alexander Hamilton, discussing the "general welfare" clause in 1791, said: "The phrase is as comprehensive as any that could have been used, because it was not fit that the constitutional authority of the Union to appropriate its revenues should have been restricted within narrower limits than the 'general welfare,' and because this necessarily embraces a vast variety of particulars which are susceptible neither of specification nor of definition. It is therefore . . . left to the discretion of the national legislature to pronounce upon the objects which concern the general welfare. . . . And there seems to be no room for doubt that whatever concerns the general interests of learning, of agriculture, of manufactures, and of commerce, are within the sphere of the national councils, as far as regards the application of money."

Certainly this comes close to expressing the theory upon which the national government has acted and will continue to act. Whatever limits there may be to the national authority to promote the general welfare through its taxing and spending powers, they have not yet been discovered.

IN the contest for power between the national government and the states, the latter have been in retreat since the first Congress assembled under the Constitution. On one sector of the wavering battle-line, however, they have been able to put up a stubborn resistance. They continue to hold the important area best described as the "police power." This phrase, first used by Marshall in the famous case of *Brown vs. Maryland*, refers to the power of the states to regulate, protect and

promote the health, morals and safety of the community. More broadly it has come to include such welfare legislation as workmen's compensation, limitations upon the hours and conditions of employment, minimum wage, child labor, and social insurance. Within these categories the states are theoretically supreme, providing they do not encroach upon the acknowledged powers of the national government, impair the obligation of contracts, or take property without due process of law.

But even here there are signs of compromise if not surrender. It is generally agreed that the Federal government has no police powers as such. Yet under the commerce, postal and taxing powers it has exercised "police" functions. The most dramatic recent illustration is the Lindbergh Law, under which Federal officers may pursue, capture, try and convict kidnappers who transport their quarry across state lines. Moreover, such interstate transportation is "presumed" if the victim is not surrendered within seven days. The activities of Edgar Hoover's "G" men in this connection have already become the theme for fiction, song and scenario. It is reasonable to assume that the theory underlying this law will be extended to include other forms of crime long regarded as within the exclusive jurisdiction of the states.

Gangsters, racketeers, and bootleggers, who were to all appearances immune under state laws, have been trapped by internal revenue agents and now sit in Leavenworth or Alcatraz, nursing their grievances against that "monster," the national government. They are undoubtedly ardent believers in "States' Rights." Thousands of innocent investors have the postal department, with its fraud orders, to thank for protection against "fleecing" by confidence men and bogus stock-brokers. The operators of the chain letter and lottery rackets are probably convinced that the exercise of "police powers" by the national government is an "unconstitutional infringement" of the inalienable rights of the states. So too are the manufacturers, advertisers and salesmen of sure-fire cancer cures, anti-fat remedies, corrosive complexion aids and

adulterated foodstuffs, who have felt the heavy hand of the National Food and Drug Administration or the inquisitorial gaze of the postal inspectors.

How far may the national government go to accomplish police regulation? The theory is that the commerce, taxing and postal powers cannot be used directly for this purpose although legislation in these areas may "incidentally" accomplish the same result. When Congress outlawed the transportation of lottery tickets in interstate commerce, that act was upheld not as a police regulation, but as a legitimate exercise of the power to regulate commerce. Yet the plain intent and purpose of the law was, as the Court itself admitted, to guard "the people of the United States against the widespread pestilence of lotteries." (*Champion vs. Ames.*) In 1913 the Court sustained the Mann Act, making it a crime for any person to transport or aid in the transportation of a woman or girl in interstate commerce for immoral purposes. (*Hoke vs. United States.*)

The validity of such legislation is determined not by the powers of Congress to outlaw gambling or prostitution directly, but by its power to deny access to the channels of interstate commerce to those who seek to use them for purposes regarded as immoral or injurious to the community. Upon the same ground the Court approved the Webb-Kenyon Act, forbidding the interstate transportation of liquor to persons in "dry" states. (*Clark Distilling Co. vs. Maryland Railway.*) But when Congress in 1916 forbade the interstate transportation of commodities produced by child labor, a divided court declared the law unconstitutional. (*Hammer vs. Dagenhart.*)

Unable to accomplish its purpose under the commerce clause, Congress imposed a special tax upon the net profits of concerns employing children. Once again there seemed ample precedent for such action. John Marshall had once said that the power to tax was a power to destroy, and it had been so used against state bank-notes. Again a discriminatory and destructive tax upon oleomargarine, colored to look like butter, was upheld. (*McCray vs. United States.*) To the argument

that the tax was prohibitive, the Court said that since Congress clearly had the power to tax, any restraint imposed upon that power by the Court would be an unconstitutional interference with the work of the national legislature. In 1914 the Harrison Narcotic Act levied an excise tax of one dollar upon all dealers in narcotics. The law was in fact a national licensing act since the dealers were forced to comply with specified conditions laid down by the national government. The Supreme Court held this to be a legitimate exercise of the "taxing" power. (*U. S. vs. Doremus.*)

In all of these cases it is clear that the taxes were imposed not to produce revenue, but to enforce police regulations. Nevertheless, when the child labor tax law was presented to the Court it was set aside on the ground that it was not a revenue measure but a police regulation, and an unconstitutional encroachment upon the recognized police powers of the states. (*Bailey vs. Drexel Furniture Company.*) By its decisions in the child labor cases, the Court has in effect said that only a Constitutional amendment can cure Congressional impotence in this field. The recent N.R.A. decision — making it impossible to outlaw child labor by nationally imposed codes of fair competition — increases the necessity for such an amendment.

Of course the states may prohibit child labor. But in this, as in other cases involving restrictive legislation, they are confronted with almost insuperable difficulties. In the absence of uniform national regulations, any state which adopts such laws runs the risk of penalizing its own manufacturers and business men for the benefit of their competitors in less socially-minded jurisdictions. Obviously a manufacturer operating in a state where he may not employ children, or where he must observe certain rules respecting hours of labor and minimum wages, competes at a disadvantage with manufacturers in states without such restraints. Moreover, the states are powerless to protect themselves. Should they, for example, attempt to prohibit the importation of the products of child labor from other states, they would most certainly be forbidden by the Court from thus unconstitutionally imposing burdens upon

interstate commerce. So long as manufacturers produced for a local intra-state market these difficulties were not serious, but that day has long since passed.

THIS discussion emphasizes the fact that back of all the furor over States' Rights lie powerful economic and social interests. So long as the exercise of national power is promotional in character we hear no complaint from the groups whose interest is thus promoted, against Federal centralization. On the contrary, they clamor for more. There is little or no objection, for example, from business men to the activities of the national government in the fields of trade promotion and tariff protection, or to the Federal subsidies to railroads, shipping interests and bankers.

When Mr. Ford says that all business asks is to have the government curtail its expenditures and cease its "interference," he obviously is not thinking of Federal road building activities. It is only when Federal acts become regulative, competitive, or restrictive, that these people begin to talk about returning to "the government of our fathers" and "restoring the states to their rightful place in the Federal Union." The same interests which now denounce the expansion of national power have been foremost in invoking the "due process" clause of the fourteenth amendment to defeat state action in these same fields. It would appear that what they object to is not centralization, as such, but governmental control of any kind by whomsoever imposed.

And so with the agrarian interests. Throughout most of our history it is they who have carried the torch of States' Rights. But they have not seriously objected to Federal centralization conceived in the interests of agriculture. From the purchase of Louisiana and the "acquisition" of Texas, from free seeds to Federal farm credit, from the establishment of a Department of Agriculture to the Farm Board and the A.A.A., they have looked upon the works of the national government and found them good. Nor have they been content to stop with these things; national regulation and even

ownership of the railroads and the banks have been, and now are, among their most persistent and unremitting demands.

Organized labor strongly supported Federal anti-trust legislation, but was horrified when these laws were used against it. On the other hand employers could find no fault with President Cleveland in sending Federal troops into Illinois to break a strike, over the protest of the governor of that commonwealth. But when the national government seeks to protect workers in their right to organize, it is interpreted as an unwarranted assault upon the states.

A good deal of the criticism against Federal centralization is because of mounting governmental costs. Federal expenditures, for example, increased one hundred and seventy per cent between 1915 and 1930. Although the bulk of this increase was attributable to the war, it included a marked increase in expenditures for purely civil functions. (Wooddy: *Growth of the Federal Government.*) The rapid growth of the Federal government during the war tended to retard state expansion, and it was not until some years later that the balance was even partly restored. The depression has had similar consequences. The states have been compelled to rely upon Federal grants not only for capital outlays and improvements but even for operating expenses. It is this that has aroused the fears of some of those who oppose centralization.

With many it is an old lament. Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland declared in 1925 that the "system ought to be abolished root and branch." President Coolidge in his annual message the same year said: "Local self-government is one of our most precious possessions. . . . It ought not to be infringed by assault or undermined by purchase." Just what interests are involved here? A study made by Eugene Morgan of the University of Pennsylvania shows that opposition to the Federal aid system was largely confined to New England and the Middle Atlantic states. That it was not altogether a matter of principle with the representatives of these states, is reflected in their support of Federal aid legislation designed primarily to

benefit their own constituents. What they object to is the collection of revenue in these rich Eastern states and its disbursement in other, less favored sections of the country.

Governor Ritchie, for example, after pointing to the fact that several Western states actually received more in Federal aid than they paid into the national treasury in taxes, said that such a situation "must be vicious." To make matters worse, twenty states from which eighty-six percent of the Federal income taxes were collected received back less than ten percent in the form of grants. "Is there any possible rational basis," he asks, "to justify such discriminations?"

The answer, of course, is obvious to any one who cares to examine the facts. Professor Austin MacDonald offers the following pertinent information in his study of "Federal Aid." "The U. S. Steel Corporation . . . pays a Federal income tax of several million dollars in New York State, though but two of its one hundred and forty-five plants and warehouses are in New York, and only twenty percent of its stockholders reside in the Empire State. . . . The Union and Southern Pacific Railroads, without a mile of track east of the Mississippi River, also pay their income taxes in New York State. So does the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, with its plants in Montana and Wyoming. To credit the taxes paid by the automobile industry to Michigan, or the packing industry to Illinois, when their earnings are derived from the entire nation would be manifestly unjust.

As the Treasury Department itself has said: "there is no way of ascertaining, from the income tax returns, the amount of income earned in the respective states or the amount of tax paid on that basis." What is true of income taxes is true of other sources of Federal revenue. Should the customs duties collected be credited to the states where the chief ports of entry happen to be located? North Carolina ranks second only to New York as a source of Federal internal revenue, but the cigarettes manufactured there — upon which the bulk of these taxes are paid — are sold in almost every state, city and hamlet in the land. It is precisely this situation which makes

the system of Federal aid accord not only with political and financial expediency, but also with social justice.

A great deal has been said about the extent to which the national government through this device has "encroached" upon the rights of the states. As a matter of fact, there are but few instances in which Federal expansion has resulted in a complete transfer of functions from states to the nation. The conditions attached to the grants have in general tended to increase the efficiency and raise the standards of state administrative activity. They have as a consequence placed severe restrictions upon the "rights" of local contractors to gouge the state governments and of state politicians to reward their friends and punish their enemies at public expense. But these are "States' Rights" of questionable value.

IN CONSIDERING the future of the states in the Federal Union we must keep in mind the functions which they now fulfill. These fall into two main categories. In the first place the states are representative areas. As such they represent, in our national government, the loyalties which cluster around "the nucleus of neighborhood and geographic proximity." In the early days these were real—fortified as they were by economic, social and geographic isolation. As modern technology has broken down barriers of space and time, these state loyalties have declined. Moreover, with few exceptions, Americans have been loyal not so much to states as to great sections or regions. Remember that thirty-five of the states owe their existence as members of the Union to acts of Congress. "In the United States," says Arthur MacMahon, "regions have been more important than states at all periods in the country's development."

The framers of the Constitution saw this. "Look to the votes in Congress," said Madison, "and most of them stand divided by the geography of the country not according to the size of the states . . . the great danger to our general government is the great Southern and Northern interests of the continent being opposed to each other." These sectional cleavages have

at their base common economic, ethnic and cultural factors with which they become identified. But loyalty to sectional symbols often transcends in importance these subsidiary interests. Southerners tend to distinguish themselves from Northerners, and this allegiance is buttressed by educational and cultural influences, as well as economic. The remembrance of things past — common traditions and familiar symbols which represent them — continues as a living force in social affairs. What is true of the South is true, to a lesser degree perhaps, of other sections such as New England and the West.

All this suggests the possibility of recasting our representative system — particularly with reference to the United States Senate — so as to afford recognition to these sectional interests. (Since the House of Representatives is at present representative of population, and not of the states as such, the problems involving it need not be discussed.)

In a sense, sectional recognition would merely give legal form to an existing fact, since an analysis of senatorial votes on thirty-five roll calls, extending over six Congresses, shows a high degree of sectional cohesion. The country was divided into ten great sections upon the basis of economic and social interests. Within each it was found that the Senators tended to vote together regardless of party affiliation. These sections were: 1. New England (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut). 2. Middle Atlantic (New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania). 3. Central (Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois). 4. North Central (Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa). 5. West Central (North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas). 6. Upper South Atlantic (Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina). 7. South Central (Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Oklahoma). 8. Lower South (South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas). 9. Mountain (Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona). 10. Pacific (Washington, Oregon, California).

It is suggested that these be used as representative areas rather than the states as at present. Senators would be elected from the region upon the basis of proportional representation. The purpose of such a change is the modest one of making our representative system conform more closely than it now does to social reality. That it bristles with difficulties goes without saying. An ideal solution (assuming its possibility) would involve a more or less complete liquidation of present state boundaries rather than such a grouping as proposed. But under the Constitution no state may, without its own consent, be denied equal representation in the Senate — and apparently this section is not subject to amendment. Assuming this to be true, each state would continue to be represented by one or two senators with additional representatives being chosen from the regions suggested.

The states also function as representative units in connection with the amending process. (They are important, too, in determining representation in the electoral college, although whatever valid reasons there may be for retaining this anachronistic institution they are unknown to this writer.) This amending process which requires the consent of two-thirds of both houses of Congress, and a majority in the legislatures or special conventions of three-fourths of the states, makes for inflexibility in our fundamental law. It has frequently been pointed out how thirteen states comprising less than five percent of the population may defeat the will of the other ninety-five percent. The unreality of this illustration is evident when one learns that these thirteen states include Vermont, Delaware, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, along with New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. It is highly unlikely that they should ever agree on any proposed amendment. Nevertheless, the illustration is suggestive of the difficulties involved.

To remedy this situation, it is suggested that amendments be proposed by a simple majority of the House of Representatives and our reconstructed Senate, plus ratification by popular

majorities in a majority of the proposed regions. The simple majority, rather than the present two-thirds, for proposing amendments is suggested by the fact that in the amending process the chief obstacle has been to secure submission by Congress, rather than ratification by the states. Out of twenty-seven amendments proposed, only six have failed of ratification and one of these — the child labor amendment — is not yet dead. Compare the speed with which the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first amendments were ratified, with the long struggle which preceded their submission.

The states serve as representative units not only for the national government, but also for certain more or less arbitrarily determined local areas. Is there any reason why North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas, should each have a separate representative assembly? Are the interests to be represented so different that a single legislature would not serve? As a matter of fact are not the similarities greater and more numerous than the differences? Similarly with the other regions. Ten regional legislatures would afford a more adequate representation of the various interests in these areas and the major problems which concern them than the present forty-eight — not to mention the saving in cost, time and effort.

The form which these regional assemblies might take would no doubt vary. The bi-cameral system — indefensible under existing conditions — would have some validity under the plan proposed. The upper chamber might be representative of the component states, and the lower houses of the regional population with its members selected according to proportional representation. It is assumed also that regional executive and judicial officers would largely replace those of the states.

EVEN slight analysis shows that for many of the most important activities carried on by modern governments the states leave much to be desired as administrative areas. State regulation of public utilities is breaking down in the face

of interstate transmission, and new forms of corporate organization such as the holding company. T.V.A. and Boulder Dam are dramatic illustrations of the inadequacy of the states in solving the problems of power control.

To a considerable extent the same may be said of the entire field of economic and social regulation. The contemporary criminal in a high powered motor car, without too great difficulty, escape the jurisdiction of the state, which must then resort to the clumsy process of extradition before it can bring him to justice. In the important matter of finance the situation is even more serious. Many important sources of revenue are beyond reach of the states, and they have resorted to all manner of expedients to make ends meet — curtailment of necessary social services and nuisance taxes galore — only to fail in the end. Without aid from the Federal treasury, many of them would face bankruptcy or revolution or both.

The boundaries of administrative areas must be relatively elastic. They will vary with the purpose for which they are created. Federal judicial districts differ from those established for administering relief, or public works, or conservation, or banking, or farm credit. Similarly within the states we find a variety of administrative units. There are school, sanitary, drainage, water, conservation, welfare, and judicial districts which contribute their quota to the hundred and seventy-five thousand or more governmental units with which the country is blessed — or plagued.

It is not contended that the regional grouping of states here outlined would be ideal for all administrative purposes. But they would probably be superior to the states for almost all the activities in which these now engage. The increasing use of interstate compacts is evidence of the need for wider areas of administration. Some seventy such compacts have been approved by Congress — covering taxation, navigation, utility regulation, conservation and crime — and we may expect such agreements to increase under the State Compact Law passed by Congress in June, 1934. The Commissioners on Uniform Legislation, the Governors' Council, the American

Legislators' Association, the Council of State Governments, the New England Council, etc. give further evidence of the same trend. So far as interstate compacts are concerned, a majority of those adopted would be unnecessary under the regional plan here proposed. The need for collaboration and coöperation becomes daily more urgent. Would this not be facilitated if instead of forty-eight separate governments, we had only ten?

Local self-government is a cardinal principle of democracy. But it can be conserved only if the areas of local representation and control conform to living loyalties and substantial interests. The "sovereign states" have ceased to be even satisfactory administrative areas. They have become, as Stephen Leacock once put it, mere "astronomical units." Against the national government they are playing a losing hand. If we are to strengthen local self-government we must recast our political boundaries to create meaningful and puissant counter-weights to Washington. Only by so doing can we hope to solve what Justice Brandeis calls the "greatest problem before the American people," namely "the problem of reconciling our industrial system with the political democracy in which we live."

Centralization appears to be a law of modern life in the economic and social, no less than in the political realm. Railroads and airplanes are no respecters of state boundaries, and neither are manufacturing and distributive agencies. The telegraph, the radio and the motion picture have made us a single people. Unification and centralization do involve perplexing problems. The dangers of bureaucratic control from distant centers are real. But the centripetal forces are at work, and we must make our peace with them. To do so we must once again inscribe on our banner the slogan of our revolutionary fathers — "Unite or Die."

Wickford Gardens

KILE CROOK

Old Wickford houses face the street,
But the gardens skirt the bay
Where honeysuckle blends its sweet
With the salty sweet of spray.

Old Wickford elm-trees lace their shade
Over peony and phlox;
The self-same tracteries are laid
On barnacled wet rocks.

The shadow of a gull's low wing
Darkens on columbine,
And mummychogs dart, skimming,
Beyond the trumpet vine

That trails a tendril in the spume
And points where there must be
The animate, unearthly bloom
Of sea-anemone.

Nasturtium green: sea-lettuce green
Beyond the border bed;
Red cockscomb: and through water sheen
The corallin glows red,

And lustrous kelp, purple and brown,
With lilac trees beside . . .
Where Wickford garden walls go down
To boundaries of tide.

In Behalf of States' Rights

HOFFMAN NICKERSON

THE Administration's attack on the sovereignty of the states, and its temporary setback resulting from the Supreme Court's destruction of NIRA, compel us to answer the question: What is the permanent value of States' Rights? Let us not make the mistake of underrating the strength of our opponents' case. Those who believe in centralizing power in Washington might argue that the Founding Fathers, or at least the more far-sighted among them, acted not from choice but from necessity when they drafted the Constitution so as to protect the state sovereignties. A hundred and fifty years ago the states were so powerful, and the unionist idea so weak, that nothing better could be done. The Fathers therefore established the strongest central government which could be made acceptable at the moment, trusting that time would cure the defects of their handiwork by increasing the central power.

This desirable increase has indeed come about, but time has shown the Fathers' concessions to States' Rights to have been deplorable indeed. Thanks to them every step in advance has been bitterly fought. In the mind of Calhoun, protagonist of States' Rights, they begot the absurd doctrine of Nullification under which a sovereign state could have vetoed the operation of any Federal law within that state's borders. They encouraged the tragic folly of Secession to which we owed the war of '61-'65. But fortunately Appomattox broke the back of States' Rights. Since then nothing but their crippled and continually weaker remnant has remained.

That remnant has done much harm. It has unnecessarily complicated the American legal system. It hinders the pursuit of criminals and the regulation of industry. Here and there it perpetuates abuses like child labor. Sometimes the state sovereignties trouble the foreign relations of the central government. For instance, when a citizen of one nation is molested

on the territory of another, the matter becomes serious. Any such incident might lead to war. Now American mobs molested Spanish subjects in Louisiana in 1851, Chinese subjects in Colorado in 1880 and in Wyoming five years later, Greeks and other foreigners in Oklahoma in 1909. Italians were lynched in Louisiana in 1891, in Colorado in 1895, again in Louisiana in '96 and once more in 1919, in Mississippi in 1901, in Florida in 1910, in Illinois in '14 and again in the following year. And yet the police power of the states deprives the Federal authority of the right to compel any state to satisfy foreign protests, no matter how well justified.

Let us admit freely that if Nullification and Secession had prevailed, States' Rights would not have been preserved but destroyed; for the dis-United States would have been helpless before foreign invasion. The constant and bitter quarrels between the Confederate state governments and the central government of the Confederacy itself, show to what lengths separatism might have gone when the unifying influence of war had been removed. But leaving dead issues like Nullification and Secession on one side, let us ask whether there is still force in the old formula, "an indestructible union of indestructible states"?

TO ANSWER this question we must ask what is the object of government? If it be the smoothest possible running of the governmental machine, then centralization is justified. Or if it be the greatest possible strengthening of the nation in its relations with foreign powers, then again centralization is called for. On the other hand, our ancestors would have hotly denied that either "efficiency" at home, or the greatest possible strength abroad, was indeed the object chiefly desired. Governments, they were never tired of repeating, should exist in order to preserve human liberties. They must, indeed, be strong enough to resist anarchy from within and invasion from without — although Jefferson conspicuously dissented even from these modest propositions, pretending to believe that an occasional insurrection was a positive good, and as President,

disastrously reducing the navy. Fortunately, however, Jefferson was an exception. On the main point, that governments exist for the preservation of liberty, no one was more vehement than he.

For this reason, the Founding Fathers were careful to establish checks and balances within their Federal government itself — jealously defending alike the independence of the President, the Congress, and the Federal judges against encroachment by either of the other two. John Adams admirably expressed their idea when he wrote to Jefferson: “The fundamental article of my political creed is that despotism, or unlimited sovereignty, or absolute power is the same in a majority of a popular assembly, an aristocratical council, an oligarchical junto, or a single emperor — equally arbitrary, cruel, bloody and in every respect diabolical.”

But the most powerful weapons for protecting the citizen against arbitrary government were the rights of the states. These are guaranteed by the tenth amendment, the last of those amendments which together make up the Bill of Rights: “The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.” The Supreme Court has held that this means “. . . the reservation of the rights of sovereignty which the states respectively possessed before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and which they had not parted from by that instrument. Any legislation by Congress beyond the limits of the power delegated would be trespassing upon the rights of the states or the people and would not be the supreme law of the land, but null and void.”

Norton’s “Constitution of the United States” says: “Thus if North Carolina and Rhode Island, which did not ratify the Constitution until after the new government had become operative, had chosen not to enter the Union, they would have had the powers inhering in independent governments — such as the power to declare war, to coin money, to raise armies, to make treaties, to regulate commerce, to impose duties on imports and exports, and so on — all of which were, under the

Constitution, for the general welfare, yielded up to the national government."

For those who prefer restraints to liberties, the arguments in favor of States' Rights have no force. Since human weakness is such that any liberty will often be abused, it is always easy to make a case for restraint. And in practice, plenty of people so shrink from the responsibilities and risks incidental to freedom that they welcome the most drastic restraints, if only the restrainer will save them the trouble of ordering and directing their own lives. In the words of Chesterton, "You cannot argue with the choice of the soul."

But if we really prefer freedom to restraint, then we must value local liberties as a chief support of personal liberties. Of necessity, every tyrant must centralize his authority as much as possible, and must extend that authority over as much territory as he can. In proportion as the area subjected to him is small, he will find it difficult to dragoon his unwilling subjects, because a short journey will take any one of them over the border and out of his jurisdiction altogether. Whatever one may think of slavery, Nullification and Secession, at least the history of the ill-fated Prohibition amendment shows Calhoun and the early nineteenth century Southerners to have been a thousand times right when they called local liberties a chief and necessary defense for individual liberties.

DID space permit, we might discuss a host of historical instances illustrating the same truth. Let us consider only two, both of high importance in the experience of our race — the promotion of the ancient slave to the half-free status of the mediaeval serf, and the centralization of the French government.

Ancient slaves were chattels whose masters were entitled to the full produce of their labor. When Rome ruled from North Britain to the cataracts of the Nile, and from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, except for deserts or barbarous northern heaths there was no place to which a runaway slave might escape. But when, in the Dark Ages, centralized imperial

government broke down, and the reality of power was taken over by local feudal lords, then this condition changed. The decline of the high ancient civilization had at least this much of good in it: Slaves could run away if they liked, so that the slaveowner had to make it worth the while of his human chattels to remain and till his lands.

Consequently, by the beginning of the true Middle Ages, all over Central and Western Europe we find the lords of manors claiming only a part of what the descendants of their former slaves produced. This amount they took in the form of dues — so much of the serfs' produce or so many days of labor on the lord's land. These dues were more like a tax paid to the nobles who governed and fought, than a competitive rent; their amount was fixed by custom, and the morals of the time made it a wicked thing to increase them. As long as any member of a given servile family remained on the assigned plot of land and fulfilled the customary obligations, that family could not be dispossessed; its other members could go where they liked as far as the lord was concerned. They could be handicraftsmen in the growing towns, or mercenary soldiers or, more commonly, priests.

In practice such an arrangement made the former slave almost a free peasant, and over most of Western Europe a completely free peasant he finally became. Will anyone say that this vast social change did not help to turn the fatigue of the declining ancient world into the light-hot mediaeval energies which made the cathedrals and the crusades, the poetry of the troubadours, of Chaucer and of Dante, and the philosophy of St. Thomas?

Again, take the French monarchy. In the early Middle Ages, the French were the chief people of Europe. French-speaking nobles, touched here and there with faint traces of Scandinavian blood, ruled not only France itself but England, the Scotch lowlands, parts of Ireland, and all Southern Italy, together with Sicily, Syria and Palestine. For a moment they even held Constantinople and half of the Balkans as well. Their part in the Crusades was so great that to this day the

Arabic word for a European is "firengi," a Frank. From the neighborhood of Paris the Gothic architecture spread everywhere. The University of Paris was the center of European learning.

But all this time the King of France, in theory second only to the Holy Roman Emperor, and usually superior to the Emperor in real power, was by no means the despot of a centralized state. Instead he was more like the president of a group of republics. These republics were called provinces; the King controlled foreign affairs and the army, but the provinces, through their parliamentary assemblies, controlled each its own local affairs. After the Wars of Religion, and the prolonged faction fights which followed them, Louis XIV centralized the system, but the change was followed by the decline of the Bourbon monarchy.

One among many good stories of the administrative impudence which marked that decline, is that of a village near Paris which asked permission to levy a small local tax to repair their church steeple. After two years the central government finally gave permission, but by that time the steeple had fallen down. After the Revolution, Napoleon centralized power still further, setting up the machine which administers France to this day, with the local governors, that is the prefects, all appointed from Paris. Again, as under Louis XIV, a few years of glory were followed by a long national decline.

Let us grant that neither Louis XIV nor Napoleon was entirely without excuse when they concentrated power. Both would doubtless have called centralization "necessary"; indeed that is one of the stock excuses regularly brought forward when liberties have been lost. The other excuse is, "Somebody else did it."

Grant Wood, Painter in Overalls

RUTH PICKERING

WE ON the sunset side of the Mississippi had accepted the assumption that art wore a full-dress suit and spoke with a New York accent. Now we are glad to find that in the opinion of at least one critic, it may be at its best in overalls." So says an editorial in a Cedar Rapids newspaper. Out in Iowa they are very proud of Grant Wood.

Wood and a handful of American painters are tasting the joy of being accepted in their own communities. Working in regions where they are at home, they are painting pictures their neighbors can understand. They have hoisted their overalls on a stick, so to speak, to scare away the city connoisseur and the academician. They avoid high sounding talk about art, and only want to be left alone with their pencils and paints and their friends. Their occasional embattled petulance only goes to show a passing remnant of the sense of inferiority that has heretofore afflicted both the American painter and his audience — to the profit and satisfaction of dealers in foreign art.

Until today, few painters have lived to produce on the other side of the great river, but west of the Mississippi self-confidence is returning. Grant Wood paints and teaches in Iowa. John Curry is stirred by the hopes and fears of the people of Kansas. Thomas Benton will continue his plastic and vocal belligerency in Missouri. Boardman Robinson is fairly content in Colorado. And there are others at work, not so well known in the East. This new source should mean a fresh stream pouring into our cultural life. Since fertility in art has always been highly localized and has been nurtured by a common impulse of participation, there is hope in what these men are trying to do.

Plastic art — the art with the most immediately sensuous appeal — has always been the art most difficult to bring from afar to our doorsteps. Today, it is comparatively easy to hear

music at home, over the radio, and in concert halls. It is easier still to read novels and poetry, though somewhat harder to see good plays on the stage or even in the movies. But, unhappily, for most people to see a good painting is still a rare pleasure. Pictures are too expensive to own. Galleries and museums, though more widespread than they used to be, are few in proportion to the population, and cold comfort at best. A reproduction, however fine, can never equal the original, and can do little for sculpture.

So, because the plastic arts face their peculiar handicap of rarity, talking and reading about paintings has been the lot of most of us. But our vision of them has been clouded with the obscuring gabble of over-traveled, over-cultured aesthetes, who have lost both sensuousness and simplicity, and are the last people on earth either to interpret a painting or enjoy it. The Western painters are trying to find a way out of this dilemma by holding the mirror of art up to their own neighbors and friends.

Wood was born a Quaker farmer's son a few miles beyond Cedar Rapids. It is said that in his youth his father returned a copy of Grimm's *Fairy Tales* to the giver saying, "We Quakers can read only true things." Grant Wood's approach to art is factual. His first drawings were of his favorite Plymouth Rock hen, each feather counted. Quaker traits are still evident in his painting. Mysticism, fantasy, and fairy tales are not to be found.

His early education, however, was not entirely from Iowa. He studied art in Chicago at night, working during the day as a jeweler's assistant. He saved enough money to go to Paris, to Julien's — for a short time. During the war he enlisted, was not sent over-seas, and sold drawings for a quarter to the soldiers in camp. He has been abroad four times. The last time, he returned so deeply impressed with the detailed work of the German primitives that his style showed a dramatic change, which however merged naturally with his early factual style. He steers clear of impressionism and paints the literal, sharpened image.

He taught drawing in the public schools of Iowa, and for a time headed an art colony in the abandoned village of Stone City. As a regional director of the *Public Works of Art Project*, he stirred up fresh enthusiasm throughout his state. He is today teaching at the Iowa State University where, with his students, he is undertaking a series of murals for the new Drama Building. He will paint murals for the new capitol in Lincoln, Nebraska, and has been chosen as one of the nine painters who will decorate the new Post Office and Department of Justice buildings in Washington. Last spring he had his first one-man show at the Ferargil galleries in New York. But none of this keeps him long away from Cedar Rapids, and unlike so many American painters he finds no necessity of revolt against his early environment.

Wood's style is not immediately influenced by any previous American painter, though he was undoubtedly stirred by the unaffected simplicity of some of the Currier and Ives prints. Nevertheless, he is directly in our tradition. As with Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, Henri and Bellows, the episode, the subject of the painting, is of first importance.

Our American genius apparently tends toward the illustrational. Not even that rare mystic Ryder, with canvasses so rich in imaginative mood, nor the romantic Arthur Davies, nor Marin, Zorach, Demuth, in their water colors today, can belie the illustrational trend. As a nation we are not attuned to play with abstraction. Our efforts are more flat-footed. If the danger of the banal, of decoration without gaiety, or story without plastic form is implicit in our native methods, it is also true, I think, that our traditional ways can move toward the greatest the art of color and form can produce.

Following the typical American trail, Wood chooses for his subjects people as part of a composition, portraits, and large panoramas of the Iowa countryside contracted, with meticulous interest in detail, onto medium sized canvasses. His color is clear, his outlines unblurred, and his surfaces polished. His intent is easily understood. His work is nearly always popular among simple people.

The first canvas to make him known outside his state was called "Daughters of Revolution." Paradoxically enough, it was not in his usual kindly vein. Three middle-aged women are drawn in three-quarter length before a wall-papered background, on which hangs a print of Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware." The woman in the foreground holds a teacup, wrist and hand crooked in over genteel fashion. She bears a smirk on her face. The two other women are severe and beady-eyed.

The painting is bitter fun at the expense of the female patrioteer, sexless, opinionated, self-righteous. Cartoon subject matter is done in permanent form; humorous judgment is passed by the artist on weak, smug types which he overdignifies by careful workmanship. The painting held everyone who saw it because the characters were familiar and unpopular, and there was no mistaking the artist's meaning. But a mood of teasing banter is not enough for the most distinguished art. The picture has been shown in Chicago and at the Whitney galleries. Many reprints have been made of it, and it is now owned by the actor, Edward G. Robinson, at Beverly Hills. The Daughters of the Revolution, as a society, have survived the blow. This is the most obviously satirical painting by Grant Wood.

A later canvas, and one now quite as well known, is called "American Gothic." Two people, a man and a woman, stand, again three-quarter length, before a background showing the pointed roof and Gothic window of the fancy little houses built throughout the country in the late nineteenth century. The figures are neither idealized nor criticized, though after his "Daughters of Revolution" Wood's audiences were inclined to see satire here again.

The types are vigorously portrayed, alive, three dimensional, with all Wood's effort toward factualism. His intellectual passion for organization and design is there. We stand before the picture, amazed at its lifelikeness, gratified by the counterpoint in Gothic gable, long faces, and the pitchfork held upward by the man. But no direction is given our emo-

tions. We are bewildered as to what to think or do about this man and this woman — she with her ric-rac braid apron and cameo pin, and a face that is neither gentle nor mean, neither hopeful nor discouraged — and he, gaunt, small-town, unimpressive.

Wood stopped short of satire here, but failed to lead us on toward pity or tenderness for his models. How does he feel about these neighbors of his? Are they lovable folk or not? Our eyes are turned upon them boldly. It would have been well if our hearts could understand them. The painting lacks the artist's comment. In the last analysis, it is not enough to show us people as they appear. The picture just misses greatness for a lack of deep appraisal. Yet its power is proved, for more prints of "American Gothic" were sold at the Century of Progress exhibition than of any other canvas. It is now owned by the Chicago Art Institute.

Either on purpose or unconsciously, Wood refuses to define his attitude toward his subjects, to give himself away. His vigor seems to expend itself in organization of forms, in clarity of outline, in serene exactitude, in finished surfaces. He works slowly and patiently. Nothing is obscure, except what the man himself may feel. All is balanced. We stand before his cool canvasses and take childish delight in noting all the tiny figures in a vast landscape, the feathers on the poultry, the dappling on the farm-horse, the braid of the women's dresses, the flowers of the wall-paper. Temporarily we are agreeably suspended in contemplation. But, also, like Wood himself we are emotionally uninvolved. And the difficulty with this "still pond, no more moving" style of Grant Wood is that we grow restless at last and want something deeper than likeness and form.

By his own confession, Wood has been too much entranced by the prim patterns on old china. In his landscape, sometimes, he prettifies the Iowa fields, diluting their abundant fertility to tea-cup graciousness. It is good that he sees these meadows and hills beautiful and amenable to man's needs, but he should be careful not to tame them into household pets. Wood, I think, will fight out of this primrose path. He says

himself, concerning some of his early landscape: "Too damned many pretty curves. Too many personal mannerisms, caused by fear that, because of close, precise style of painting, I might be accused of being photographic. I am having a hell of a time getting rid of these mannerisms."

Two of Wood's later pictures are called "Dinner for Threshers" and "Death on Ridge Road." The first shows the unique beauty in his sense of order, the second how disastrously it sometimes fails. "Dinner for Threshers" was hung in this year's Carnegie exhibition at Pittsburg and has been bought by Stephen Clark. Here are a farmhouse and yard, cut longitudinally through the middle like a stage set. At a long table on the left, sit a sort of frieze of farm hands, all looking alike, each in blue-jeans and a checked shirt. At the right is the kitchen. Women are bent over the stove or caught like statues in the act of carrying food into the dining-room. Outdoors at the far left, chickens cease pecking in the yard, the dappled horses stand still, a farmer has just finished combing his hair and washing his face before entering.

All these figures — men, women, and animals — are suspended, with their household effects transfixed in motionless pattern. It is restful, interesting, quaint. We are fascinated by what they are and by what they have been doing. But will they ever do it again? The action suggested, seems backward in time. We are not made to imagine this life going on day after day. It is the same wonder we experience before the unearthed testimony to the life in Pompeii. "Dinner for Threshers" is superbly painted, lovingly arranged. Yet wholly delightful as it is, this vital contemporary farm life in Iowa is shown almost as if it were extinct.

It is said that Wood decided to paint something dynamic rather than static in "Death on Ridge Road." But I'm afraid his particular genius can better cope with the static. Here he has chosen to record the second when a motor truck has reared over the top of a hill, and a touring-car is askew on the wrong side of the road approaching it. The truck bucks over the ridge and hangs there. It will never descend to crush the

smaller car, which looks like the shiny product of the automobile sales booklet. Green swatches of field are quite properly undisturbed by an impending tragedy that will never come. Wood tries to paint motion at its height, only to prove that calmer moments are his *métier*. For at the pitch of excitement, organization of form reaches out a dead hand. There is little terror in the painting because there is little life.

As a matter of fact, no trace of hysteria, no sense of excitement lodges in Wood's Quaker temperament. No very unruly emotion, either of love or hate, if it ever swayed him, remains unmastered. This may be regrettable but not fatal, unless his remoteness, his disinterestedness lead him into emphasis on design alone. Wood is a young painter and his most important ventures are ahead. His vision is lucid and fresh, his draftsmanship mature, his self-control, his control of his medium have strength. His calmness has both sweetness and humorous tolerance. Instead of being in turbulent revolt, he can accept the finest in the indigenous material around him.

He believes in the people among whom he lives. His humanity extends to a desire to please them. Like most Quakers, his virtues, though often negative, are real. He is unprovoked and unprovoking. If there is no quick suggestion in his method, or fire in his mood, and if this leaves his work a shade unprophetic, he is at least truly charming. If he hasn't yet achieved the wisdom of the masters, he has a fine sanity as a beginning. His popularity is deserved, and I think important, when considered in relation to the undeniable merit in his work. But if he were sometimes less cool, and more emotionally involved in his subjects, he would paint more understandingly and give no less pleasure.

A Letter to Walter Damrosch

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

DEAR MR. DAMROSCH:

The years of your zeal in bringing Richard Wagner to the hearts of the people have spanned an astounding change. Almost single-handed, you have made this poetic and musical giant a by-word in many millions of homes. But what of the crowning task still ahead of you? When, where, and how are you going to bring the music-dramas of Wagner to the motion picture screen?

Curiously enough, in a decade of theatre and screen reviewing, the notion that Wagner might find an adequate expression on the screen never occurred to me until, some years ago, I saw an atrocious *mélange* called "King of Jazz." But I thought of you often during the cavortings of that picture. It did, at least, open the vistas of possible photographic effects. Since then, the vast improvements in sound recording and in color photography have only deepened my conviction that the screen can do more than mere justice to Wagner. It can disclose, for the first time, the real images that must have coursed through his mind as he wrote his incomparable scores.

But it can not do this if the work is left to the gaudy minds of Hollywood. There is reverence demanded in the task, and a soaring imagination, more than a touch of Wagner's own creative genius in blending sight and sound, a passion for artistic integrity, and a faith in the responsiveness of an audience to the uncompromised best. You are the man for that task. This letter is a brief which is put before you, in the hope that it will lead you to action, and lead others to give you unstinting and enthusiastic coöperation.

First of all, may I suggest the painful inadequacy of the familiar operatic performances of Wagner? Wagner himself used every known innovation of his day in scenery and lighting to help create the illusion of more than mortal grandeur. But he found himself chained to the three walls of the theatre. His

audiences have been chained to them ever since. He had to use mortals — men and women of all too solid flesh and amplitude — to play the rôles of immortals. A suitable larynx took precedence over a suitable waistline. (With what nostalgia the perfect Wagnerite looks back upon the rare emergence of a Jean de Reske in Wagnerian splendor!) A Wotan might move with all the grace and grandeur of a hippopotamus, or a Brunhilde might break the back of any mere thoroughbred and require a stalwart cart-horse — but if their diaphragms had the power of immortality, then immortals they became. Audiences might at least shut their eyes! But was all this the dream in which Wagner lived and labored?

Did Wagner compose a Siegfried Idyll to crown the dream of a mighty paunch strapped in skimpy leather, and surmounting legs of dyed cotton hues? Did the Valkyries, thundering over Valhalla, enter “lower left” on delivery-truck mares, and exit “upper right” in a cloud of sawdust? A kind word is due the Rhine maidens of Wagnerian history. They, at least, have floated! And if they bulged more than a Rhine maiden should, a merciful gauze screen subdued the fault. But when has a Logi leapt from rock to rock without risking a broken ankle or the breaking of a scenic runway? I am not asking these questions maliciously. As a child, I once marveled that escaping steam could look so much like magic fire, and took a frantic interest in the internal mechanics of a stage dragon with paper teeth. But I know that I experienced no illusion. I was not among the immortals.

The three-dimensional stage has its place in the scheme of illusion. When plays are written for it, the stage can vibrate within the limits of its own conventions. The warming presence on it of human beings can lend it a piercing immediacy. But it must have human beings who themselves shed illusion and glamor. The stage cannot compass transitions of time and place. It cannot show simultaneous action in different places — unless by some awkward contrivance which splits our attention.

In the memorable days of Ben Hur the chariot race, for one

splendid moment, achieved reality. The horses captured every eye, and gave us no time to think of wings and wrinkled back drops. It was the illusion of the conjurer who keeps our eyes on his right hand while his left hand pulls the bunny from his coat tails. But the Niebelungen Ring does not build up to one chariot race on a tread-mill. It builds and builds in magnificent cadences, through the sin and rebellion of mortals and the feuds of gods, to the consuming fires of the twilight of the immortals. For that, no stage can foster the illusion. It bursts the bounds of tiny conventions. It demands the mountain peaks, the flames of retribution, and visible majesty above the clouds.

May I pause to remind you that the name of Walter Damrosch is cherished in the memories of millions for creating images through words that match the music of Wagner, and soar with it to the perilous heights of imagination? Do you think that these millions who have listened to you in their homes have limited their dreams to the small confines and grotesque pictures on the Metropolitan Opera stage? Of course not. These people, who were afraid of great music only two decades ago, have taken Wagner to themselves because they have peopled the stupendous phrases of his music with equally stupendous images. Their greatest fortune is that they have never seen a Wagner music-drama on the stage.

I have emphasized the cramped and disillusionizing effect of the stage upon Wagner's music-dramas for the very good reason that some people will instantly cry "sacrilege" at the very suggestion of putting them on the screen. The real sacrilege has been in putting them on the stage, especially the operatic stage with its double limitation of stage conventions and available singing-actor material. The screen could not possibly be worse than the stage. It might be immeasurably better. May I now ask you to consider some of the alluring possibilities of the Wagnerian screen?

Suppose we take first the human material — the singing-actors. The operatic stage is limited to those artists whose vocal power can fill a large auditorium, even across the fine fury of orchestral sound. The screen artist has no such limitation.

Mechanical adjustments can produce the exact balance required between vocal and instrumental volume. The vocal recordings can even be made after the picture has been taken. Thus artists who understand melodic phrasing can replace those who have merely resonance and strong lungs.

Then there is personal appearance and acting ability. The operatic managements do not choose fat tenors and voluminous sopranos from sheer contrariness. They are only too delighted when the phenomenon appears of a slender figure with an adequate voice. But there are innumerable singers today with voices of moderate volume who can act, and who have the figures to create the needed illusion of grace and beauty. Thanks to the mechanics of the sound-screen, they would be available for the Wagnerian productions.

This brings us back to the photographic scope of the screen — and, if you permit, to “King of Jazz.” That film centered around Paul Whiteman and his band. In the early scenes, the full-sized figure of Whiteman appeared on the screen, carrying a small flat hand-bag. At a given moment, he opened the bag, and there sat the musicians of his band, not one of them larger than the fingers of Whiteman’s hands. He motioned to them. They rose, bowed and stepped out of their little platform. A Gulliver and his Lilliputians — both in motion on the same screen at the same instant. What has this to do with Wagner? Only this: Wotan, as an immortal, need no longer have to wear blocks on the soles of his shoes to appear taller than the half-mortal Volsungs.

I have a mental picture of the duel between Sigmund and Hunding — men of mortal size — with Wotan above them in the clouds, immense as the elements themselves, his spear, for that instant, a thing of cosmic power. When the immortals appear to men, then perhaps it is time for them to appear in mortal size, though heightened just enough to lend them supernatural dignity. Here we would have the old gods as Wagner must have seen them, and as your own words have pictured them to enthralled radio listeners.

But the screen can go much farther. The Hollywood that

could fashion a King Kong would have no difficulty in evoking a dragon very different from the papier-maché monstrosity of the Metropolitan Opera stage. Mime and Alberich would be dwarfs — and no longer full grown men with padding for a hunched back and legs painfully crooked to bring down their height. The camera would make them dwarfs — little men — as legend and our imaginations would have them.

Then what of the ride of the Valkyries? Ever since David Griffith gave us his clansmen riding to vengeance in "The Birth of a Nation," the screen has been hungry for the ride of Wotan's daughters of battle. Through what miles of space they would dive! Their chargers would leap from cloud to cloud, from mountain tops to the planes of war. Then, in a single mighty leap, back to Valhalla! Certainly there would be no sacrilege in that!

Your vivid imagination will add to this, I hope, the new achievements in color photography. These will not be shadow pictures. Siegfried will pass through flames to Brunhilde — not merely through flickering patches of white. He will lie in a green forest when the red blood of Fafner has opened his ears. The hall of Hunding will have the red and gold and purple splendor of the ages of mythology. Color will be used to synchronize with the music, to intensify its play upon the senses, and to bring a gigantic symphony of sound and sight.

But what of the musical score itself? Am I entirely heretical in believing that Wagner wrote many long passages of recitative which hold his actors in agonizing suspense, and obstruct the flow of visual action? It might not be necessary to omit these passages entirely. I hope not, for many of them have haunting beauty. But they might have to be transposed to moments just before or just after the visual action. A masterly rearrangement of the Wagnerian scores would be your final and greatest contribution in translating these masterpieces to the screen. You alone could do it in the spirit of innovation and high musical adventure which Wagner himself would have felt if the screen had been open to him in his lifetime.

This possible transposing and rearrangement of the scores

would give the perfect Wagnerites their one defensible chance to cry outrage. The entire score — or nothing! But I am sure you could easily persuade them to a more reasonable view. Many of them are unconscious of the “cuts” already made in the standard operatic performances of today. But to millions who have only heard passages of Wagner, the adapted continuity of a screen presentation would be soul-filling and complete.

You have an abundant right to ask me at least one more question. With all the eagerness in the world to undertake this task, how can you go about it? How can you persuade the Hollywood magnates and their New York bankers that there is a vast audience ready and eager to pay its dimes and quarters and half-dollars to see Wagner on the screen? The answer, I think, lies in your own career. When you started your labors, there were but a few hundred people — possibly a few thousand — in and around New York and Boston who had already yielded to Wagner’s magic. Today you have an admitted audience of many millions. Your name is inseparably associated with his in the consciousness of the American people. That is why I am laying this letter before you. That is why I hope, with all my heart, that you will take up the task it suggests and carry it to a splendid consummation.

Dark Days Ahead for King Cotton

WILLIAM H. CORDELL

THE embattled cotton farmers of the South have lost the second of their great wars. They are faced with another period of reconstruction promising more fundamental and painful readjustments than those of the Reconstruction following the Civil War.

This second and most recent war was purely dynastic. It was to keep King Cotton on the throne in Dixie Land. None of the fanfares of battle heralded the campaigns. They were carried out in the quiet, peaceful cotton-fields in many countries of the world. The death knell of cotton as King of millions in the South was sounded recently by a few simple figures on world cotton production. In 1934 the South produced nine and a half million bales, while the rest of the world produced thirteen and a half million bales. For the first time in its long history the South yielded its world supremacy in cotton. The import of these figures increases when we recall that before 1929 the South produced sixty percent of the world's cotton. In 1934 the South produced only forty-one percent, and it was the rest of the world that produced fifty-nine percent.

There are several reasons for this rapid reversal. The most immediate, the one that looms largest to its opponents, is the Administration's cotton-control program. Due to the low prices of the year before (four to four and a half cents per pound in 1932) the Federal government in 1933 sponsored a campaign of acreage curtailment by paying the farmers who plowed under every third row of their cotton. The results, accomplished at a cost of a hundred and thirty-five million dollars, were the destruction of some ten million acres of cotton and a rise in the cotton price to nine and ten cents per pound.

The Bankhead Act continued the program of curtailed acreage during 1934. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration made payments to the farmers totaling a hundred and

sixty million dollars for not planting five million acres of cotton. To make the program self-supporting, the Act provided that money for these payments should come from a processing tax of 4.2 cents per pound on all cotton used by the American mills. Further provisions created credit agencies to "peg" the price at a minimum of twelve cents per pound. The result — a decrease in production from thirteen million bales in 1932 to nine and a half million in 1934.

Other cotton-growing regions, such as Brazil and other South American countries, India, China, Egypt, and Russia, took immediate advantage of the higher prices thus brought about. They greatly increased their cotton acreage in 1934. Brazil produced only seven hundred thousand bales in 1933; in 1934 no less than a million, two hundred thousand bales. For the present crop year the objective is a million and six hundred thousand bales.

The possibilities for an enormous increase in the Brazil cotton acreage derive from nearly a quarter of a billion acres of deep, black soil in the states of São Paulo and Minas Geraes. They are already connected with the coast by three railway lines. The Brazilian cotton planter has plenty of cheap labor among the Italian and Japanese immigrants. The disastrous débâcle of the coffee market has released additional thousands of laborers from the coffee plantations. These possibilities in Brazil are the more serious for the Southern planter because cotton is indigenous in Brazil. It is a foreign importation in Dixie. The grade of fibres in Brazilian cotton is usually more desirable to the spinner than the varieties grown in this country.

Other cotton-growing regions report that their production has been stepped up as much as thirty-five to forty-five per cent in the last two years. Russia plans not only to produce sufficient cotton for its needs during the present year, but also enough for a considerable export. This will be entirely possible with the rapid utilization of the fertile Turkestan region in Central Asia, recently opened up to extensive settlement by a new American-supervised railway.

Apologists for the Administration's program insist that much of this alarming increase in foreign cotton production is due to economic nationalism dictated by the desire to be self-sustaining in the event of war. Undoubtedly this has been a contributing factor. Before 1932 England had gone to much expense, perhaps economically unjustifiable at the time, in the construction of giant irrigation projects in the Upper Nile region to make this section available for cotton-raising. England had also encouraged India to grow more cotton with a view to independence in case of war. Increased acreage in Russia may also be part of a program of defense. The incontrovertible fact remains, however, that the American Administration's policy has made it profitable for the rest of the world to increase its acreage and output at the expense of the American public, and more particularly of the future of the Southern planters.

Yet the Southern planters have been gratified by the government's program. It has brought them not only cash payments for decreased acreage, but also an approximate increase of two hundred percent above 1932 in the market price of their cotton. No wonder that in 1934 the landowners of the South voted nine to one in favor of a year's continuation of the Bankhead Cotton Control Act!

But there are some far-seeing planters, who, realizing that this subsidy cannot indefinitely be continued, are concerned for their future. They wonder what will happen to them when the government ceases its aid, and they are left alone and unaided to compete with the rest of the world. They see its increased cotton acreage, and its cheaply produced and higher grades of cotton fibres which are quickly capturing the world's market. These planters take a long view of the control program and believe they discern their doom written in large letters by the successive reports of decrease in the relative consumption of American-grown cotton.

Prevailing high prices of cotton have also speeded up the development within recent years of various synthetic substitutes for cotton fibre. With growing uneasiness, the Southern

planters read about the discoveries made by German chemists of *vistra*, a new synthetic fibre made from cellulose, a product of wood pulp. In strength and durability and cheapness of production, it is more desirable than the average low grade of cotton staples. Another synthetic product is *woolstra*, which possesses many advantages over cotton. Rayon and jute are invading the cotton textile field and gaining popularity because of their cheapness. In Milan, Italy, the spinning mills which once used American-grown cotton almost exclusively are now producing eighty percent *vistra* cloth and only twenty percent cotton. Since *vistra* and *woolstra* can be spun on the same spindles once used for cotton, the shift to substitutes of higher priced cotton can, and is, being made cheaply and quickly in many European countries.

The only hope appearing on the Southern planters' horizon is the promise of a new invention, the universal pull-model cotton-picker, demonstrated publicly for the first time at the annual Cotton Carnival in Memphis early in May. This cotton-picker, invented by John D. and Mack D. Rust, gathers as much cotton in eight hours as a hand-picker gathers in three months. The estimated cost of operation per acre of cotton (including the labor) is ninety-eight cents. With the use of this tractor-drawn machine — doing away with the employment of hand-pickers and permitting the use of the tractor the year round — the cotton planter can thoroughly mechanize his farm and produce cotton at a profit even if the price per pound dropped to the 1932 low level of four cents!

By next year this cotton-picker will be on the market in Memphis and California. The probable maximum price of \$1000 is so reasonable as not to restrict its use on any except the smallest farms. Its widespread use will increase the size of plantations and hasten their complete mechanization. With this machine the South may be able to recapture part of its losses in the world markets, but it will not be able to revive cotton as an absolute ruler over all the people of Dixie. The reason is not far to seek: the cotton-picker will deal death to the tenantry system of the South.

THE present tenant and share-cropper operation of plantations in the South follows the necessities and peculiarities in the cultivation and harvesting of cotton. The system was established before the modern tractor, gang-plows and mechanical seeders. In the pre-tractor era a great number of workers were essential for the laborious spring planting — with one and two-mule plows for breaking, bedding, and harrowing, and one-row seeders. During cultivation, fewer laborers were needed than during planting; yet there was plenty of work for every member of the tenant family in chopping or hoeing, listing and plowing the cotton.

When the larger plantations began to use tractors, the labor of the tenants became of little value during the planting season, and of still less value during cultivation. It looked for a while as if the tractor, which could accomplish in one day as much as ten tenants with ten teams and hand plows, would relegate the tenant to Limbo along with the mule. But, fortunately for the tenant, the tractor could not pick cotton during the harvesting season from September to December. Human fingers had to pick the locks of cotton from the dry, hard, five-pronged bolls. Thus, the plantation owner had to continue to furnish the tenants during the whole year so as to have them immediately available during the harvest season. The white fibre had to be gathered as soon as it was picked before it yellowed and decayed from exposure to the elements.

The owners might have discharged nine out of ten tenants and used tractors during the planting and cultivation periods, trusting to itinerant labor to pick the cotton in the fall. This would seemingly have been the economical thing to do, but actually at the usual rate for cotton-picking (fifty cents per hundred pounds of seed cotton) it costs nearly half of the gross market returns on a bale to "hire" it picked. It takes fifteen hundred pounds of seed cotton to make a bale of five hundred pounds lint after the seeds are removed. At the rate of fifty cents per hundredweight of seed cotton, the planter would have to pay out in cash \$7.50 per bale for picking. Add to this the cost of ginning, at least \$2.50 per bale, and the total

amounts to \$10. Now compare this with a market price of four cents per pound (the price at which cotton sold no longer ago than three years) on the five hundred pound bale. This would mean on the open market about \$20. Exactly half would be paid to pickers for harvesting the cotton.

The only way the planter could avoid this difficulty was to keep his tenants on the plantation, available for the fall picking. The meal, molasses and meat — not to mention the mules — the planter furnished to tenants, who were obligated by mortgages and liens on their crops to return the whole amount at a considerable interest rate once their crops were harvested. Now, since it is a necessary part of the system that the tenant must pick his own cotton, the landlord by a continuation of tenant indebtedness could save the cash expended on cotton-picking. He was assured by his lien and mortgages that the supplies he sold at high prices and high interest charges would be returned by the tenants. What mattered it if the tenants and share-croppers had nothing to show for their part at the end of the year?

In consequence of the peculiarities of cotton-harvesting, the tractor was valuable only during the three months (April to July) for planting and cultivation. Thus the planters did not proceed to immediate mechanization. It would have been too heavy a financial burden to support a great number of tenants all through the year so as to have their free services available during the cotton-picking season. Therefore, tractors were purchased only on the largest plantations and these used only for spring and fall deep-breaking. Mules were retained because they could be fed on corn and hay raised by the tenants themselves and without cost to the planter. What is more to the point, all the tenants would be kept busy during the whole year!

Considering the abnormally low prices of cotton since 1920, it is no wonder that tenantry is on the increase despite the fact that the standard of living among this class has been on a steady decline. The individual farmer with small acreage has found it progressively more difficult to compete with the large

plantations, and many of them, forced into bankruptcy by low prices of cotton, have had to resort to tenant farming for a livelihood. Despite its meagerness, it is at least an existence. The latest figures available show that since the World War, tenantry in the South has proceeded apace. In 1910 only fifty percent of the farms in the South were operated by tenants, while by 1920 this had increased to fifty-five percent. By 1935 the total had jumped to sixty-five percent. These figures, dealing only in terms of farms, give only part of the picture. According to the census reports of 1930, the total farm population, in the period 1920 to 1930, decreased over a hundred and ninety thousand, while the number of share-croppers, or tenants working lands owned either by large landholders or corporations, increased nearly a hundred and ninety thousand. This represents an increase of more than thirty-five percent over the total number of croppers listed in 1920.

Now let us consider the certain effects, on the tenants, of the adoption and use of the Rust Brothers' mechanical cotton-picker. Drawn by a tractor, the new universal pull-model, as we have seen, can pick as much cotton in eight hours as an average picker can gather in three months. This means that eighty to eighty-five percent of the present tenants will no longer be needed on the plantation. It will now be more economical for the planter to use the tractor than man and mule power. He can use it not only during the planting and cultivating seasons, but also during the harvesting period to pull the cotton-picker.

In the cotton-producing Southern states, according to the census report of 1930, there are some million or more tenants and share-croppers. Eighty percent of them, or over nine hundred thousand, will be dislodged by the cotton-picker. Taking an average of four persons to the family, we arrive at the startling conclusion that three million, eight hundred thousand men, women, and children will be forcibly emancipated from their settled stations, with no available means of livelihood. These people can turn nowhere for relief except to

the government. Even under the present system, whereby tenants are furnished from the plantation commissary, there were four hundred thousand croppers on the relief rolls in Southern states in 1934. In Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, all largely rural in population, the percentage of population receiving government aid last year averaged twenty-two percent. This percentage promises to increase by leaps and bounds when the mechanical cotton-picker attains universal use within the next two years.

OF LATE the Department of Agriculture has shown much concern over the thousands of evictions from plantations resulting from its crop reduction program. Although provisions were made in the contracts signed by the landowners to protect croppers from eviction, the government has found it necessary to investigate the flood of complaints pouring into Washington concerning the destitute, evicted peasantry. A survey is now in progress in several representative sections to discover the extent of the violation of the contract pledges. No accurate figures of the number of evictions resulting from the reduction program are available. But the situation is severe. All over the cotton belt, locals of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union have been formed to resist forced eviction from plantations.

The Federal government has not publicly condemned the planters for these illegal but economically necessary evictions, but it has realized the necessity of providing for this class. Last April, Senator Bankhead, author of the Cotton Control Act, proposed a bill carrying a billion dollar appropriation to be used as a loan to rehabilitate and make independent from five hundred thousand to three million tenants. The bill encountered much opposition in the Senate, because of its administrative features, and was temporarily shelved to make way for the Patman Bonus measure.

So far, the Washington authorities have taken no cognizance of the threat of the mechanical cotton-picker. They have, to tell the truth, had their hands full in taking care of those al-

ready evicted under the present reduction program. But in the light of the inevitable overthrow of the tenantry system, the Federal government should by every possible means make thorough investigations and broaden the provisions of the Bankhead Tenant Rehabilitation Bill. Then it will be prepared in time to meet the situation with a plan for permanent solution. Otherwise, the South will find itself faced with a new period of reconstruction, following the "emancipation" of the tenant peasantry, even more disastrous than the period following the emancipation of the slaves.

Reconstruction, to be of any value, must be planned with a view to permanence. No half-way measures or expedients can save the South from a relapse into social stagnation. Only vigorous, well-organized planning can save the tenants from a condition even worse than their present degradation — whose only virtue has been its security. Now, for the first time since the Civil War, even that is threatened with complete disruption.

To a Pair of Gold Earrings

THOMAS SUGRUE

Once you were free to love, and held your face
Against the moving earth to feel its heart.
Once you were beaten, yielding to the grace
Of subtle fingers, and a cunning art
That shaped you gently, tracing on your soul
The image of a dream. Your lines belong
To what an old monk lettered on a scroll
Between his matins and the vesper song.
Now you lay hands on beauty, and your eyes
Turn upward to the lights that loose her hair;
Twisting to catch a shadow as it flies
Along her lips, laying their laughter bare.
And through her voice the tinkle of your breath
Runs, like a whisper muttering of death.

Our Tipstaff Police

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

NEXT to the anecdotes that a manic-depressive tells his keeper, the craziest and most uncoördinated thing in America is our police system. Under our Constitution we have expressly delegated all "police powers" to the several states, arranging matters so that each community — city, town, or hamlet — shall handle its own police affairs, brooking no interference from outside authority, and coöperating only to such degree as is politic or convenient. As a result we have thirty-nine thousand separate and independent police agencies in the United States, a floundering welter of inefficiency and obsolescence, a patchwork sieve through which the criminal easily slips to freedom. Three thousand cities, sixteen thousand incorporated municipalities, and twenty thousand townships are all making free-lance attacks on the twin problems of crime-repression and police protection, with a resulting confusion that makes the builders of Babel seem as unanimous as a couple of Southern governors deciding to have another julep.

This lack of coördinated activity in our police system is one of the major reasons why we are not getting further in our much publicized, but as yet abortive "war against crime." Observe, for instance, the haphazard manner in which our police handle the genteel crime of forgery: Our annual loss from forgery is nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars; in one eastern city, three hundred thousand dollars a week is paid out on bad checks. Yet the stupid disharmony of our police makes the forger's rôle one of the safest and most profitable in the criminal repertory. Everyone knows that a forger works quickly; he "lays down" his spurious paper in Connecticut, nets his profit, and skips on to New York. But as he leaves the state of Connecticut, nothing officially follows him but a sigh of relief. The losses are made up by insurance companies, who carry on private wars against these pen-and-ink artists, but there is no concerted action by the police. No

description of the forger's *modus operandi* is broadcast; not even a warning that he is coming. "Let New York handle him," is Connecticut's attitude; "Leave him to New Jersey," says New York.

This costly and fantastic buck-passing goes on not only among the states, but between neighboring cities as well. Sporadic and unrelated clean-ups drive crooks from Albany to Buffalo, or from Chicago to Cleveland, the logic being that of a housewife who tidies up her kitchen by sweeping the dirt into the dining-room. Even the highly touted Federal police units overlap and conflict with each other; our central government maintains two distinct patrol forces — the Customs Border Patrol conducted by the Treasury Department, and the Immigration Border Patrol of the Department of Labor. In addition, it has four major police organizations: the Division of Investigation in the Department of Justice, the Secret Service and the Narcotic Unit in the Treasury, and the criminal investigation activities of the Post Office. Here then are six independent outfits which inevitably clash with each other in numberless cases. Until these groups are consolidated, the criminal jurisdictions within the Federal government will continue to be as weirdly uncoördinated as the police departments of the several states.

Rugged uncoördination is perhaps too deeply graven in our national character to be etched out by acid paragraphs. Indeed, I merely mention it as a prelude to the real charge that I would bring against our police. For it seems that policemen, as a body, all show a noticeable passion for the archaic, a too, too tender devotion to the practices and instruments of antiquity. This touching emotion puts them a full century behind the times, thrusting them back into an age when the tipstaff and blunderbuss were the constable's sole weapons, and the "ordeal by weights" the favorite method of determining innocence or guilt. For the inescapable fact is this: Our American police agencies have not availed themselves of the methods developed by science for the detection and apprehension of criminals. The tipstaff still holds sway, while serviceable

batteries of scientific instruments stand unused, scorned, or unheard of, by those in charge of crime control.

The application of science to criminal investigation is one of the outstanding social advances of the last decade; certainly it has brought about a revolution in the methods of detecting, apprehending and identifying the criminal elements of society. This is particularly true in Europe; the practical police results achieved by European criminologists outrival the wildest exploits of fictional Vidocqs. The basic premise of these investigators is that every criminal, no matter how astute, always leaves some trace behind — a hair, a scale of cuticle, an impalpable record in the dust. To discover and preserve these traces is the task of the scientific policeman. Doctor Poller of Vienna has devised a process known as “moulage” (literally “modeling”) by which such minute traces as tool-marks left on a window-sill or door-jamb, teeth indentations on fruit, cheese, or other food (many criminals munch nervously during and after the commission of a crime) can be plastically reproduced for purposes of evidence. Auto tracks in snow, or in dust so delicate that a single breath would blow it away, are sprayed with a fixative until they harden; sensitive clays are then laid over the tire-marks, and from this negative cast, a positive impression is secured.

M. Locard, the famous criminologist of Lyons, has evolved a new system of criminal identification known as “poroscopy,” by which the faintest imprint of a few pores on a single papillary ridge on a criminal’s finger — less than one five-thousandth part of a complete fingerprint — can be made to serve as infallible proof of his implication in a crime. By analyzing microscopic sections of thread, dirt, or blood found under the fingernails of a murdered man, Locard can in many cases provide his detectives with a complete description of the murderer. Once, after examining the dried saliva on a toothpick, Locard told his men where to look, and whom to look for; he repeated the same trick by analyzing the saliva on a cigarette found beside a murdered man. No, Locard is not a character of fiction. He is the comparatively young and very

able chief of the municipal detective laboratory of Lyons, France, where he accomplishes his marvels on an appropriation of \$900 a year!

Nor are American criminologists laggard in the development of their science. Laboratory analyses of ashes enable technicians to say, in arson cases, whether gasoline, kerosene, linseed oil or other specific inflammables were used in starting a fire. F. B. Gompert, of California, has devised a system for classifying human hair; he has found nearly twenty-two thousand varieties, all differing in color, shape, and texture, and has given each hair a "type" number. Once in a murder case he went over a carpet with a vacuum cleaner, picked up four hairs all corresponding to the hair found on the head of a suspect who was later convicted. Calvin Goddard, the foremost firearms expert in the world, can furnish the name, calibre, condition, and date of manufacture of any gun used in a fatal shooting, merely by examining the bullet or shell found at the scene of the crime. By applying the new "paraffin test," Goddard can determine whether a man was killed by a homicidal bullet, or whether he committed suicide. Luke S. May has developed a technique for identifying knives, axes, screw-drivers and other implements, from the marks they leave on the victim or on materials used by the criminal.

The list could be prolonged into a very litany of marvels, yet so far as the majority of our tipstaff police are concerned, these scientific aids to crime control apparently do not exist. Don't take my word for it! Just inspect the mounting list of unsolved and unpunished crimes in the United States. In 1933 there were one million, three hundred thousand serious crimes committed in this country, including twelve thousand murders and ninety thousand felonious assaults! Yet in three-fourths of these crimes, no one was ever brought to justice. In the preceding year, in New York City alone, there were over twelve hundred cases of homicide, and only eighteen convictions for murder! Now while it is ridiculous to claim that scientific methods of crime detection would straightway clap all criminals behind bars, the present writer bluntly asserts that our

police can never satisfactorily fulfill their obligation to society, until they lay aside their hostility to the new detective science, and adopt its weapons in the battle against crime. When I asked a Chicago police official what scientific advances had been made by his department last year, he replied that all radio cars were now equipped with new searchlights!

To witness police tipstavery at its worst, bend your glance backward to the opening chapter of the Lindbergh case. Do you remember [could anyone ever forget?] the foaming and senseless cataract of gorgeously uniformed state troopers that descended on the Lindbergh home on motorcycles — roaring up and down the road, trampling every available clue into the March mud, systematically covering with impenetrable layers of stupidity every fingerprint, footprint, and dust-trace on the estate? Hauptmann has been convicted, and doubtless deserves the punishment that will be meted out to him, yet there are many impartial and legally-trained minds which dispute the value of the evidence that placed him in the Lindbergh nursery on the night of the kidnapping. Almost the only scientific evidence was the testimony of Koehler, the wood expert. What wouldn't Prosecutor Wilentz have given for a lone *conclusive* fingerprint on the crib, window-sill or ladder? How effectively he could have introduced a *moulage* reproduction of that footprint underneath the nursery window! Or a handful of dust intelligently swept up and later analyzed for evidence connecting it with the accused. A European prosecutor would have had all these aids as a matter of routine; the first investigator who reached the scene would have protected with his life (and reputation) that footprint in the mud. But our handsome American troopers, densely packed in motorcycle array, humpty-dumptyed the problem so completely that no subsequent forensic glue, however skillful, could ever piece it together again.

Americans spray a vast amount of sentimentality over that lovable fellow, the ordinary patrolman, who alternately barks at motorists and sells them tickets to police balls. On the whole; he is a fine specimen of manhood — reasonably honest,

and capable of high heroic fortitude. But it is becoming more and more apparent that he is badly educated for his job. Only in large cities does the candidate for the force attend a police school; small town cops are recruited from the ranks of the local strong boys, and offer nothing but a thick neck to deflect the criminal's assault on society. But even in the big cities, the education of the rookie is woefully sketchy; New York's "finest" spend a scant three months in acquiring the mysteries of their profession before they are put on the beat. Thousands of policemen have never fired their service revolvers; most cops would be lost if obliged to "take down" their weapon and reassemble it blindfolded — a common stunt in the regular army. On the higher levels of procedure, such as securing and guarding scientific evidence, the average roundsman is a complete "bust"; he doesn't know a clue when it smacks him between the eyes.

Only recently an auto filled with bandits screamed down the main street of a fair-sized Illinois city, pumping bullets from pistols and "Tommy" submachine guns. In sheer exuberant defiance, one of the gangsters hurled a pistol out of the car window. The first peace officer to pick it up was a sergeant of detectives; he jerked out the magazine, squeezed the trigger, peered down the barrel, and succeeded in obliterating all fingerprints that might have been found on the weapon. The proper technique would have been to wrap the pistol carefully in a handkerchief, and permit no one to touch it until a fingerprint expert had systematically searched its surface for a tell-tale fingerprint. But this doughty sergeant had probably never heard of fingerprints on gun-stocks, and would be picturesquely profane if you suggested looking for them. And this despite the government's fingerprint campaign!

The right to bear arms, proudest of early American prerogatives, has this sad contemporary sequel: Ninety percent of our crimes of violence are committed with firearms. Statistics on the subject are plentiful and monotonous, but they can all be distilled into a single sweet-smelling sentence: *Someone is either*

killed or wounded by firearms every hour of every business day in the United States. It would be absurd to blame all this lethal gunnery on the police, for they alone are not responsible for the hot rash of gun-killings that spreads over our countryside. But they could at least emerge from their tipstaff trance, and be slightly more intelligent about linking up fatal bullets with the guns that fired them. For the remarkable thing about crimes involving a gun is this: Whenever a trigger-man pumps a bullet into the body of his victim, he releases a chunk of concrete evidence that binds him inseparably to his act. Science has discovered that every gun-barrel imprints deep on every bullet fired from it characteristic markings peculiar to that gun and *that gun alone*. These markings are microscopic but terribly vocal in announcing their origin, and are as infallible for purposes of identification as the print left by the human finger.

It is unjustifiable ignorance, then, to permit a gunman to escape when every bullet fired from his gun is very much like a visiting card bearing his latest address. But let us glance at the police record on the subject of firearms identification. In spite of the fact that courts now welcome this type of judicial proof whenever it is offered, there are only seventy police departments in the United States that can point to a qualified firearms expert on their regular staff. Of these seventy experts, less than half possess complete apparatus for scientific firearms identification. No wonder, then, that bandits fling their guns contemptuously at the police, when they know that prevailing methods of identification will never link them to their crime.

The personal experience of Colonel Calvin Goddard, hailed in Europe as one of the leading criminologists of the age, offers an illuminating footnote to the blunderbuss attitude of the American police. Between 1925 and 1929, Colonel Goddard was co-founder and director of the Bureau of Forensic Ballistics, of New York City, the first firearms identification service ever established in this country. Goddard, a physician and a Major in the World War, had perfected instruments and methods by which he could positively identify bullets fired from any make or type of firearm; he and his colleagues were

prepared to give a complete service in forensic ballistics, and quite naturally expected that the New York Police Department would be interested in his work. During the years between 1925 and 1929, New York City had six hundred and fifty gun murders, of which more than four hundred are still unsolved. Yet in all that period, Goddard was never called into conference by the police! His fees were low, his service was at that time unique, but the New York Police Department (which then had no ballistics laboratory of its own) preferred to let gun murders go unavenged rather than utilize Goddard's scientific knowledge.

The Bureau of Investigation in Washington proudly boasts that its files contain over four million fingerprints, and that these prints pour in from all over the world at the rate of twenty-two hundred a day. But on a recent tour of visitation, a Bureau chief found hundreds of fingerprint cards lying around police stations; either they contained fingerprints that had not been forwarded to Washington, or they were wholly neglected and covered with dust. The fingerprint is society's best weapon in the war against crime — but it gets pretty mouldy from disuse in some of the hinterland police departments. As for the technique of securing "latent" fingerprints (that is, fingerprints invisible to the naked eye) not one policeman in ten thousand has the knowledge or equipment necessary to lift this damning type of evidence from a door-knob, drinking glass, or ransom note.

When the police pick up a suspect, it is their duty to check up on his criminal record, unearth objective evidence against him, and place as much material as possible in the hands of the prosecutor. But it requires brains, persistence, energy and training to gather this type of external evidence, and because most of these attributes are conspicuously absent in our policemen, a vicious "third-degree" substitute has been developed. When lynx-eyed departmental sleuths are baffled by a paucity of clues (generally furnished by stool-pigeons) or when they are too stupid or lazy to gather material evidence against a prisoner, they transform their tipstuffs into divining-rods, and

work diligently on the suspect's skull until he "comes clean." Rubber hose, which leaves no incriminating welt on face or body, is a favorite weapon with the "confession snatchers"; a telephone book can knock a man senseless, yet leave no mark on his head — therefore telephone books are in great demand at headquarters. One modern torturer in an Eastern city withholds drinking water from the victim while a cold water tap is kept running in the room. Prisoners are held incommunicado without food or bedding and are cruelly prevented from sleeping until an agonized declaration of guilt is wrung from their lips.

A single citation from the record will illustrate the mediaeval refinements of the third degree. In the case of *People vs. Cope* (Illinois, 1930) the defendant was charged with stealing an automobile, but the Chief of Detectives, one Grady, wanted him to confess to an unsolved murder. Eschewing the intellectual labor involved in the analysis of external clues, Grady put Cope in a chair and told him either to talk or take a beating. Cope replied that he had nothing to say. Whereupon Grady bestrode him, bent him back by the neck, then standing off a few paces kicked him in the stomach, and hit him on the knees and shins with a club. Cope still refused to admit guilt or complicity. At this point he was dragged into the police gymnasium, his feet were chained together and he was strung up, head downward, while additional blows were rained on him by the zealous chief and his assistants. Cope finally broke down under this exhibition of tipstavery, and cried out that he would confess to anything — anything at all — if only they would stop beating him.

Most of us recognize that criminals are a vicious, hard-mouthed crew, and no one expects a harassed Chief of Police to provide them with an eiderdown head-rest while interrogation is in progress. "Gather round, fellows, while Mr. Geoffrey Malmaison tells us how he killed little Mary Smith," is scarcely the formula for prying the truth out of a murderer. But there are methods of securing testimony easily, painlessly, and with a minimum of police time and energy — scientific methods of

proved efficacy — that stand ready to aid any officer of the law who has the imagination and courage to use them. Chief among these devices is the Keeler Polygraph, commonly known as the “lie-detector,” which has been successfully used in thirty-five hundred cases by its co-inventor, Dr. Leonard Keeler of Northwestern University. This amazing instrument with its uncanny faculty of ferreting out truth, has never yet damaged the body of a guilty man or the reputation of an innocent one; in ninety-five percent of its trials it has exposed guilt in various degrees ranging from petty pilfering to murder. Yet when I asked an inspector of New York detectives what he thought of this scientific device, he shook a square-knuckled fist in my face and shouted belligerently, “*This is the only lie-detector!*”

Fist and boot still serve this inspector well; trained in the old school of nightstick and stool-pigeonry he is not enthusiastic about this scientific invasion of his preserves. It is too late for him and thousands of his colleagues to change; their stubborn adherence to an old routine is the chief thwart to the new criminology, and can be combated only by educating a fresh generation of policemen with a truer contemporary concept of their job. To accomplish this re-education, a complete divorce of police and politics must take place; it is futile to talk of lifting the general level of police intelligence when, under our present system, the Police Commissioner is the creature of the political machine that appoints him. Chicago has had eighteen Police Commissioners in twenty years; the life of a Commissioner in New York is about fifteen months, after which period he is forced out of office or throws up his hands in despairing resignation. A “shake-up” of the entire force follows as the new broom sweeps into office. This merry-go-round tenure destroys all feeling of permanency in any group of public servants; merit is subordinated to politics, and turbulent unrest is substituted for the quiet performance of duty.

How different the scene in European cities! The Commissioners and Chiefs of Police in England, France and Germany

are without exception university men with a doctor's degree. They devote their lives to the profession of police service; it is a career like medicine or law. They hold office and perform their duties independent of political interference, and cannot be removed unless serious charges are preferred against them. Intellectually alive, scientifically alert, they welcome new departures in criminology, and their reputations are built upon their successful utilization of laboratory techniques and discoveries. The men under them are selected for intelligence and adaptability to police work. A candidate for the Metropolitan Police of London must pass an examination which includes mathematics, modern languages, general history, physics, chemistry and biology. At the satisfactory conclusion of this examination he attends the Metropolitan Police College for fifteen months, during which term he studies law, ballistics, accountancy and all modern methods of criminal investigation and detection.

Police training in Germany is even stiffer; after passing a stern scholastic test, the candidates are given a police problem bristling with details, very long and complicated. They are then obliged to run a thousand yards, leap some hurdles, scale a wall and jump a wide ditch. As they finish this steeplechase they are sent into a large room where writing material and desk space are provided. Here they are directed to write out the solution of the problem previously given them, while a stop-watch is held on each candidate. In this way his ability to concentrate and function mentally under conditions of excitement and fatigue are readily noted. If American policemen were subjected to a similar test, it is highly doubtful that more than ten percent of them would retain their breath, let alone their consciousness, until the end.

There are, however, hopeful signs of a new day in police education; the horizon is pink with promise, although not a great deal has been yet accomplished. The most encouraging portent comes from the proposed "West Point" of Police, soon to be established at Washington, D. C., under the direction of the Department of Justice. At this police college, a four-year

course will be offered to students specially selected from regular city police departments; they will be trained in scientific techniques of crime detection, and at the successful completion of their course will receive a degree of Bachelor of Police Science. No date has been set for the opening of this institute, but it is unofficially stated that it will be in full operation before the close of 1936.

In miniature, this type of police college already exists in Berkeley, California, where August Vollmer has turned the patrolman's beat into a field-school for students eager to master the elements of scientific police work. Vollmer also holds a professorship in the University of Chicago where he lectures to a rapidly increasing enrollment of practical-minded policemen. Several state colleges give "short courses" in police work, and groups of Western states have established Zone Schools at which excellent instruction is given. The West is far ahead of all other sections in its adoption of police science; the Middle West ranks next, the South third, while the conservative Eastern states bring up a pitiable rear. One of the most vigorous sprouting centers of the new criminology is the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory of Chicago, affiliated with Northwestern University. This laboratory is not only a police college, but it is also a successful bureau of crime detection; its experts have testified in twenty-five hundred cases involving forensic ballistics, legal medicine, document examination and the new *mouflage*. A literature of police science is slowly developing as these experts publish their findings in the *American Journal of Police Science* and other periodicals of the "trade."

Very much on the credit side of the police ledger are the "G-men," those invincible operatives of the Division of Investigation. They set a pace that few peace-officers have ever equalled; a versatile lot, they can audit a bank's accounts, prepare a government brief in a false-securities trial, or drill a Public Enemy at forty paces. They are all lawyers or accountants with a college education, on which has been superimposed a special training in criminology. They can focus a compound

microscope as effectively as they can squeeze a trigger, and if there were fifty thousand of them instead of a scant five hundred, crime in the United States would not be the sprawling, uncontrolled parasite it is today. The most we can hope for in the new campaign against crime is that the students in the proposed "West Point of Police" will be obliged to pass the same rigorous tests, and be exposed to the same laboratory instruction, that gives the G-men a long start on any crook they set out to catch.

A fresh gale is rising in the police world; discerning ears know it to be the dynamo hum of science, responding to the challenge of modern crime. The taxpayer interprets the sound hopefully, for there can be no truer economy than the prompt and certain apprehension and conviction of the criminal. The gangster hears it with dismay, for it means the end of his fiesta of lawlessness. Most professional policemen hear it not at all. In their arrogant deafness they imagine that society will continue to tolerate and pay for a job inadequately conceived and wretchedly done. But the gale will soon be whistling among the ruins of their mediaeval policemanship; the tipstaff is doomed, and those who cling to it will find it a very poor straw indeed when the fresh winds of scientific crime detection really begin to blow about their ears.

Radio, and Our Future Lives

ARTHUR VAN DYCK

OUR MINDS can encompass the universe instantly — but our physical senses lag woefully behind. Scientific developments are fundamentally attempts to extend the scope of our physical senses to match more nearly our mental prowess. For example, we have increased transportation speed to from ten to twenty times the speed of a hundred years ago, and we have seen the tremendous effects of this new speed upon our society. Radio, in all its forms, and in many of its offshoots, is even more important because it extends the range of our senses more nearly to the capacity of our minds.

This age is one of chemistry, electricity, aircraft and radio. It is an era of tremendous and rapid expansion. A radio official recently prepared a chart, startling in significance. In it he has included, first, the radio devices and services actually in operation today; second, those which will be put into use as soon as manufacturing and operating details have been worked out; and, third, those known to be of eventual practicability but which still are in the research laboratory. The two latter listings compose approximately two-thirds of the entire chart! In other words, big as the radio industry is now, it is using only one-third of its already known potentialities.

Much of radio's indirect usefulness lies in contributing new tools of value to other branches of the electrical art. Radio, for example, has provided new methods of generating and controlling higher frequencies, so that the whole art of generation and distribution of electricity may be greatly modified and improved. Not only will we see vacuum tubes and audio amplifiers in small devices and apparatus, but we will see them in power houses and transmission lines and substations, doing heavy machinery work.

Radio sound receivers have been highly developed during the past ten years, yet progress in this field has just begun. The receiver of the future will undoubtedly be tunable to desired

stations merely by the pressing of buttons. In addition, receivers will be turned on automatically for desired programs, or turned on by signals from the transmitting station. Other refinements will make the receiving set respond almost automatically to the wishes of the listener. Also, and in spite of the fact that the radio receiver is the most complicated and most critically adjusted device which has ever entered the home or been put into the hands of untrained operators to manipulate, the future receivers will be even more simple to operate than those of today.

A development of real significance is that of sound recording. The electric phonograph was the first device in this class. The sound motion picture was the second. The range of the latter has recently been extended by amateur sound motion picture cameras and reproducers. The next logical step is the use of sound recording in the home, and in business. It is quite practical to make simple apparatus for the general public, capable of recording and reproducing short messages, so that I visualize a gradual revolution of our present practices in written communication, to a future condition wherein a great deal of our social correspondence, and at least some of our business correspondence, will be by sound records. This development is slow, because we are naturally dilatory about accepting improvements which merely replace an old service, although quick to accept those which provide a totally new one.

Next we have the talking book. This project is now in the development stage, and experiments are being made to record full-length books on films. The chief drawback to this method, however, is the cost of the recording material. The recording of talking books on materials like cellophane is being tried, and it is certain that eventually some such method will enable us to have complete talking libraries which can be stowed away in a closet. Even today we know that it is technically feasible to reduce the size of the sound track on a film so that an hour's performance can be recorded on a few feet of film; and while it is impossible to guess, at this moment, whether the most practical form of talking books will be cellophane, film, paper, steel

wire or some other material, we do know from similar past experience that the talking book, in a practical form, is as sure to come as the present day radio receiving set was sure to be evolved from the crude crystal sets of the early 'twenties. I leave it to the reader's imagination to see the appeal and usefulness of a book which is read to the listener by competent readers, accompanied with appropriate sound effects. It ought at least to be a marvelous field for the mystery thriller novel!

A quite different development is that of personal communication. Already we have portable receivers, so small and light that they can be carried about without burden or inconvenience. It is easy to visualize a system which will enable individuals at all times to keep in touch with messages from broadcast stations, or central communication stations.

Going a step further, we know that it will be practicable in the future, to provide small, simple and light apparatus which will permit two-way radio telephone communication over distances of at least a few miles. This would mean that any two persons separated by short distances could communicate with each other at will. The familiar police radio-alarm system now in general use is an initial example of this. In time, delivery trucks will keep in touch with their dispatcher in a department store; salesmen will talk with their offices; and executives will keep in touch with their desks when away from their businesses — all by means of personal radio communication.

There is another fascinating radio off-shoot in the field of sound. This is the electrical musical instrument. Throughout the ages, musical instruments have been developed in hundreds of forms — but all of them were wholly mechanical in operation. Today we know that anything that can be done mechanically can be done electrically, and usually with more flexibility and better control. It is only within the last few years that electrical musical instruments have made their appearance, and their use has been retarded by the reluctance of music-lovers to accept them on aesthetic and artistic grounds. Real artistry and technique on any musical instrument requires years of study and practice. It is quite natural that any

change in the mechanism which affects the accepted technique is revolutionary, and not readily welcomed.

Nevertheless, when viewed from the scientific basis, electrical musical instruments are capable not only of doing anything which mechanical instruments can do, but of doing it much better, and furthermore, of providing new possibilities in each of the important musical elements of tone range, tone quality and volume range. It is not too much to expect that fifty years from now *all* major musical instruments will be electrical; that effects now undreamed of will be commonplace; and that the over-all results will be vastly increased possibilities of musical language, interpretation and inspiration.

So far we have considered developments which had to do with the sense of hearing, and with communication by speech or recording of sounds. But radio has also found the way to extend the human sense of sight, and the reproduction, at a distance, of sights, scenes and pictures. The technical problems have increased in difficulty as we have progressed to more and more complicated forms of intelligence conveyance. The telegraph is the simplest, the telephone next, the simple stationary picture next, and the instantaneous, moving scene the most difficult.

Sending pictures electrically over a distance is called facsimile transmission, and is not to be confused with television. It is in actual commercial use on several transoceanic radio circuits and on some inter-city wire and radio circuits in this country, and has been operated experimentally between the shore and ships at sea. It has not yet made an appearance in broadcasting to the home. The commercial uses of facsimile are of course quite different from its possible usefulness in home broadcasting. In commercial work the material transmitted includes such items as news photographs, clothing designs, contract and signature matters, and weather maps.

Future development of commercial facsimile will probably extend it to include the printed word, replacing the long familiar dot and dash code transmission of words, letter by

letter. Obviously, the transmission of a written or printed message as a facsimile of the original is not only more accurate, but is vastly more useful, since diagrams, pictures and other material may be included. In the home, it appears reasonable to expect that there are various kinds of material which will make valuable "program material," if we may call it that. For example, news flashes and photographs, recipes, cartoons, market and weather reports, are clearly available. In the purely technical aspects, there are no serious obstacles to the rendition of a new public service of this sort.

The transmission and reception of instantaneous pictures, or television, is the most difficult of the radio applications in existence or in prospect. Sound transmission is exceedingly simple in comparison. One of the many aspects of the problem can be estimated by viewing the range of electrical frequencies which must be handled. In sound radio we are hearing much of the advances made in high fidelity reproduction, where the problem has been merely to extend the range by three or four thousand cycles. In television we must start with a range of several million cycles!

We must add to the purely technical problems, the physiological fact that our sense of sight is much more delicate and critical than our sense of hearing. We can tolerate a very considerable degree of interference with sounds we wish to hear, but we can tolerate little or no interference with our vision. As someone has said, "A feather shuts out the mountain view." Each part of a television system must be practically perfect to secure humanly acceptable results, and it must be noted that the television system includes the space medium between the transmitter and receiver. However, it is one of the axioms of scientific development, and one of the laws of infinite Nature, that anything which can be done at all, can be done satisfactorily well. The real problem is merely that of the necessary time and expense to find the way.

Work remains to be done before television can be ready for public service. The present program of television development emphasizes that television bears no relation to the present sys-

tem of sound broadcasting, and that it requires the creation of a *system* and not merely the commercial development of apparatus. To understand the promise as well as the present limitations of the art of television, let us review briefly the present status of development.

Research and technical progress may be judged by the fact that upon a laboratory basis a 343-line picture has been produced, as against the crude 30-line television picture of several years ago. The picture frequency of the earlier system was about twelve per second. This has now been raised to the equivalent of sixty per second (motion pictures have a frequency of forty-eight). These advances enable the reception, over limited distances, of relatively clear images whose size has been increased without loss of definition.

The present practical character of possible service is somewhat comparable in its limitations to what one sees of a parade from the window of an office building, or of a world series baseball game from a nearby roof, or of a championship prize-fight from the outermost seats of a great arena.

In the present state of the art, the service range of television from any single station is limited to a radius of from fifteen to twenty-five miles. National coverage of the more than three million square miles in the United States would require a multitude of stations, with huge expenditures, and presents a great technical problem of interconnection in order to build a network system by which the same program may serve a large territory. Existing available wire systems are not suitable for interconnecting television stations. Radio relays must be further developed, or a new wire system created, to do the job now being done by the wires which connect present-day broadcasting stations.

An outstanding accomplishment in television research, however, is the invention and perfection of the "iconoscope." This is an electric eye, which facilitates the pickup of studio action and permits the broadcasting of remote scenes — thereby giving to the television transmitter the function of a camera lens. Through the use of the iconoscope, street scenes

and studio performances have been experimentally transmitted and received.

There are still other radio, or high frequency electrical developments, which ought to be included in this story. For example, there is the application to treatment of the human body, the control of bacteria, and in surgery the bloodless and antiseptic "radio knife." But a complete list of the vast possibilities is unnecessary to the proof of our main theme that radio will have, and is having, an enormous effect upon our lives and habits. At present we are seeing only the early examples of radio and electrical devices and services. Their further technical improvement can be distinctly foreseen, and their ultimate effects are certain to be tremendous.

I suggest that you will find it interesting, amusing, and probably helpful, to attempt to visualize the future of ten to twenty years from now. With its changed conditions in music, entertainment, transportation, news dissemination, politics, and world understanding, it will be shaped in very large part by the direct and indirect contributions of radio.

Miss Craigie

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I PASS the house now quite often, but always with an averted face. But how strange it seems that long before the almost unbelievable thing happened, we who were Miss Craigie's neighbors in the Vermont hills always went by her door with a smile.

For she was an odd little wisp of a woman, Miss Charity Craigie. No one knew much about her, save that she seemed to have some means; but she took no part in village activities. The houses of our tiny town clustered together like gossiping old ladies, their red or white faces seeming to whisper of the passers-by, and there were moments in the dusk when they appeared to nod to one another. One or two, more eager than the rest to see all that was happening in the quiet streets, leaned forward so that they had clear glimpses up and down. Vines, like veils, partially hid some of their lined countenances.

But Miss Craigie's house was just beyond the village limits — an almost solitary structure of severe white, not within hailing distance of many of the others — at a bend of a road which led vaguely to open country. It was perched like a saucy child upon a little knoll, and several apple-trees framed its plain façade, giving it, in May, a brief beauty which it certainly, in austere seasons, lacked.

The doors and windows, no matter what the weather, were always closed. We wondered, when summer came, why Miss Craigie did not fling them wide, as we all did; but that was only one of her eccentricities. Under the shingled roof — dipping here and rising there, until it resembled an angry eyebrow — Miss Craigie remained aloof all day and all evening; and she allowed the grass and the weeds to grow so that what may once have been a lawn was now nothing but a mass of coarse tumbled green. There was a side porch, screened in during the summer months, upon which, once in a great while, we caught fleeting glimpses of Miss Craigie's slender,

bent form; but for the most part she was invisible. Of course the itinerant vegetable man and the butcher occasionally saw her and spoke with her; but even these she addressed through the protecting screen of her back door.

No one knew how old she might be; but it was a matter of village history that she had lived alone in this house for upward of fifty years, and she was a grown woman when she came to Winthrop. She had bought the place, with its three acres, of Selectman Collins, and paid cash for it — as she paid cash for everything. All that she seemed to need came in a van from over Dorset way. The doors were opened to receive Miss Craigie and her meagre belongings, and then forever closed, as if they were entrances to a tomb. She was literally swallowed up, and it is small wonder that legends grew and spread; that it was whispered of her that she had been jilted in Dorset — literally at the altar, some imaginative chatterboxes said — and that she had determined to live the life of a recluse for the rest of her days.

She had grown white with the years, and we wondered what she did with herself during the long, slow days — as long and slow, when one is thus alone, as the intervals which those in prison know. Did she read, did she sew, or did she merely sit and ponder on what might have been? There was no way of finding out; for after all, if one is civilized one does not intrude on a neighbor's selected privacy. If Miss Craigie preferred to be by herself, that was none of our concern. Only faint rumors came to us now and then, as when, for instance, she was taken ill once, and old Mrs. Taylor, her nearest neighbor and a widow, was called in to nurse her (she would not have a doctor, for doctors were men, and men were Miss Craigie's abomination).

It was Mrs. Taylor who told us that the mysterious old lady had her own herbs and simples which she steeped and stirred in a great earthen pot, and in the benefits of which she had the greatest faith. She likewise spread the story of how neat was the interior of the tiny house; how one room had waxed hardwood floors, and over the mantel hung a portrait of Miss

Craigie when she was a young girl. Ah, she must have been beautiful in those sadly distant days; and some of us let our imaginations run riot, and thought of her as now, in her old age, spending most of her time gazing at the semblance of her youthful self. But we had no means of knowing. It was merely human to conjure up the picture, and as we spoke of such a scene, we smiled.

As soon as Miss Craigie recovered, she dismissed Mrs. Taylor. She wished no contacts with anyone, it seemed; but we gathered that she spoke softly, with a cultured voice, and that she had one constant fear—the tramps who wandered through the countryside in those days.

One evening, a few years after her illness, she saw two rough looking fellows prowling down the road, and disappear into the woods that bordered her property, and when the milkman came the next morning, she begged him to summon Mrs. Taylor. She was frightened by these men, and in a whisper said so; and she urged Mrs. Taylor to spend the next night with her. Mrs. Taylor, who was herself growing old, laughed, and asked what sort of protection she could offer. She sought to explain that the tramps were probably harmless, and would do Miss Craigie no harm. And then it was learned that Miss Craigie, who never went to the village bank, yet who always seemed to be in funds, kept all that she possessed, in cash. Thus, after many years, one of her secrets was out.

It was but human for Mrs. Taylor to reveal what she had discovered. She told how she had admonished her to let the bank take care of those greenbacks, and how almost wrathful Miss Craigie had become. “No, no!” she had cried out. “For then I should have to see a man whenever I went to draw some money, and that I could never bear.” And there was Mrs. Taylor, in her own loneliness, wishing every day of her life that her husband had not died. Oh, the world was strangely balanced, when one lonesome penniless woman prayed for masculine protection, and another with plenty despised the sex, and hugged to her heart the ducats that she might so much better have shared.

If only Mrs. Taylor, in her innocence, had not told what she had so accidentally found out! For we all know how idle gossip grows, expands, reaches out, gathering importance as it moves, having a bit added here, a grain put on there. From Winthrop to Dorset the tidings went that Miss Craigie was a miser, with thousands of dollars tucked away in that little house; and it was even rumored that there were priceless jewels in dark places, old silken gowns in secret cupboards, and rare china in the cellar and the attic.

And then, one stormy night, Mrs. Taylor was awakened by a sound which seemed to come from the direction of Miss Craigie's house. At first she thought it was only a dream; but when she was thoroughly awake, she was sure she heard the sound again — a shrill call that echoed down the lonely road. Then the rain descended in buckets, the sky was torn by lightning, and the thunder rolled ominously through our hills. Somehow Mrs. Taylor fell asleep, but at the first touch of dawn, still remembering what she had heard, she tore down to Miss Craigie's, and it was not long before the whole village received the dreadful news.

For Miss Craigie had been murdered in her bed, and axes had been used to break the walls; the drawers of every bureau had been ransacked by fiendish hands, the doors and windows so long closed had been left wide open, the storm had poured in on the hardwood floor, and the pitiful furnishings had been drenched and ruined. And upstairs Miss Craigie lay in mute and awful dignity, her nightdress torn, her poor old body bearing evidence of the brave struggle she must have put up.

It was Mrs. Taylor who went to the kitchen, lifted the board beneath the sink, and found the money, undiscovered by the thieves and murderers, intact in its newspaper wrappings. It was all that Miss Craigie had had to see her through to the end of her days — not, as we were soon to find out, the many thousands it had, in imagination, come to be, but only a pitiful four hundred and eighty-one dollars and fifty-seven cents!

Emancipating the Novel

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

THAT this present period is one of broken barriers and overturned walls is a truism which applies in its fullest extent to the English-American novel. Yet if you talk of the new freedom of fiction, most people immediately conclude that you are referring exclusively to the liberty accorded the modern writer in dealing with questions of sex. The immensity of the change which has occurred, not only since those days when Thackeray prefaced "Pendennis" with an apology for his temerity in venturing to present a young man "resisting and affected by temptation," but even since the early years of the present century is so obvious it overshadows all others. Every one of us is aware that the publisher who brought out David Graham Phillips' story of "Susan Lennox: Her Fall and Rise" needed greater courage than was required of those who issued "Sanctuary," or "The Well of Loneliness."

It is true that this change menaced extreme consequences. For a while, the novel was sex-ridden. Every author who wanted to be thought modern felt compelled to deprive his heroine of her virtue at the earliest possible moment, accepting the temporarily established convention that no woman could be both chaste and charming; as for the leading male character, he was regarded as pathetically inhibited if he indulged merely in promiscuity and not in perversions. For some years, amorality threatened to enslave fiction as completely as ever morality had done, but presently a quiet rebellion began, a rebellion not of moralists but of sophisticates. With familiarity, what had once been pleasantly fresh and shocking became unpleasantly stale and wearisome; not indignation but boredom freed the novel from its comparatively brief bondage to sexual preoccupations and aberrations, precisely as it had already freed it from a much longer lasting convention, one which faded out of existence so peacefully that its demise attracted scarcely any attention.

Yet in its heyday, that convention had been all-powerful, controlling even the greatest. For it was the young love interest which from the "Tom Jones" period onward was regarded not only as an essential, but as the one indispensable factor in every English-American novel. Many of them could be, and were, written about it; none were written without it. How Sir Walter Scott writhed under its exactions you can tell from his whole-hearted dislike for most of his heroes, not to mention several of his heroines; those young women he really cared about he rarely permitted to take part in that "happy ending," then synonymous with matrimony. Dickens obviously found his young lovers an almost unmitigated nuisance, while in "Vanity Fair" Thackeray was brave enough to repudiate them altogether.

Lesser men like Trollope or William Dean Howells sometimes found the love story a useful framework for a picture of contemporary manners, while the incomparable Jane Austen used it as a central observation point for her extraordinarily minute and exact character study; but in general, the bigger the author, the greater the pest his young lovers were to him. Yet such a strangle-hold did those young lovers have on fiction, that even Balzac wrote a preface justifying his choice of a "Femme de Trente Ans" for a heroine, and the almost invariable climax of any successful novel was the arrival at the altar of one or more frequently mismated couples.

Young love, and young love only, was regarded as romantic; and romance was what women, always in the majority among fiction readers, insistently demanded so long as their own interests and opportunities were narrowly circumscribed. As these widened, their fictional requirements widened with them, especially those of the more intelligent, until to-day the "sweet story" is put in a class by itself, as special sustenance for the mentally infantile or mentally decrepit. These being numerous, it frequently sells very well.

Moreover, the love story necessarily lost much of its importance when marriage ceased to imply life sentence, and an unhappy love-affair the wreck of at least a greater part of its

victim's existence; while the disappearance of parental authority, and the more casual treatment accorded not only engagements but even matrimony itself, robbed it at about the same time of much of its adventurous quality. When to all this was added the cult of frankness, it became more and more difficult for an author to keep his young lovers apart throughout the requisite number of chapters. Parental disapproval, lovers' quarrels, previous engagements, ill-advised marriages, no longer provided ready-made obstacles with which to prevent the course of true love from running with undramatic smoothness.

Economic difficulties of course remained, and others might occasionally be found, while the novelist of course always has it in his power to return to the days of family discipline and family feuds, so that, despite change of emphasis, neither romantic love nor that supposedly more realistic variety supplied by the so-called sex novel has entirely disappeared, or is likely to disappear, from our fiction. What really matters, is that neither shackles it any longer. The novelist of to-day may ignore either or both if he chooses, and often does. Only in the last chapter of Thomas Wolfe's "Of Time and The River," that extraordinary novel which so strongly resembles a flood of molten lava pouring forth from a volcano, does romantic love appear on its hero's horizon.

This emancipation from the once unescapable love interest has not merely permitted but impelled the modern novel to go further afield socially, historically, and especially pathologically than it has done in a very long time, if ever before. It is not only in sex questions that the novel has not so much developed as revived an old courage. The tales of ancient Egypt, like the dramas of ancient Greece, frankly regarded crime, not as a rare phenomenon wrought by persons outside the pale of ordinary humanity, but as a part of more or less everyday life. The novelist of to-day accepts and portrays the fact that horrible things are sometimes done to, and by, people whom if we met them we would regard as fairly average. William Faulkner's "Light In August," Louis Bromfield's

"24 Hours," Sarah Gertrude Millen's "Three Men Die" and many others have brought into the domain of serious fiction matters once relegated to the dime novel.

And why not? Is there any one of us who has not at one time or another come into contact with attempted, if not with achieved, murder precisely as we have come into contact with nymphomaniacs, dipsomaniacs and other pathological types? With the new interest in abnormal psychology now so evident, all these have been recognized as provinces into which the novelist may journey if he will, his freedom to do so being partly a result of the new honesty in facing the abnormal and repellent, and partly due to the keener curiosity regarding our fellow mortals which sprang out of the World War.

Length, form and style claim the same liberty as subject. There was a time when somehow, somehow, every novel must be padded to the required three volume length; readers of Gissing's "New Grub Street" will realize what hardships this implied for many an author. Later came the demand for the single volume of from seventy-five to a hundred thousand words; more or less almost destroyed a novel's selling quality. Today, we have successful novels as short as "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips," and as long as "Anthony Adverse." Not only may the present-day writer choose what subject he pleases; he can write about it at what length he pleases, and in the way he pleases.

For a while, the stream-of-consciousness method was proclaimed the only one possible for the really modern writer; Anglo-Saxon literature had but one true prophet, and his name was James Joyce. Now the excitement has died away, the stream-of-consciousness remaining as one method among many.

The twenty-four hours convention, confining the action of a novel within that period, was another once threatening restriction. It too has now subsided into its proper place as one of a group, and with it has gone that Ernest Hemingway style of short, sharp sentences which for a while held injurious sway. All these and many others have had their brief day of dictator-

ship and subsided into the ranks, leaving the observer to realize the truth of Kipling's dictum:

"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
"And — every — single — one — of — them — is — right."

Right, that is, so long as it is the way which accords, not with some literary fashion of the moment, but with the requirements of the particular novel and its characters as their creator sees them.

The much denounced World War accomplished at least one good thing: it gave us a new, if at times painful interest in nations other than our own. One result of this has been a flood of translations, while that quickened interest in our national beginnings, which is largely the result of a half-conscious effort to escape from the uncertain present, and which has resulted in the appearance of so much biography and so many historical novels, speedily and almost inevitably broadened to include those of other countries. We have reluctantly learned that nations, like individuals, do not and cannot exist of and by themselves alone, that to read only our American records is like listening to one character in a play while ignoring all the others.

This interest has resulted in a new liberty for the once despised historical novel. Degraded into a twin sister of the cloak and sword melodrama, it had become simply an adventure story, heavily sweetened with young love; the period was merely a background whose accuracy of presentation mattered little. The new interest in the past has set it free to study seriously the ideas and manners of another and an earlier day. It is the truthfulness and vividness with which these are portrayed that is the matter of primary importance in such modern historical novels as "Kristin Lavransdotter," "Mary Peters," or "So Red The Rose." The change is both valuable and notable — one intensified and to some degree brought about by the situation wherein we now find ourselves.

For we who are living to-day are living in a period not unlike that of Tudor England. The conditions are in many ways

the same in kind, though on an infinitely larger scale. Then the Renaissance had awakened men to the splendor, and also to the long duration, of a past all but forgotten; the archaeologists are doing the self-same service for us. But the time duration has enormously increased, so that that very past which seemed so ancient to them, has to us become a thing of yesterday. Their old world was the world of Greece and Rome; ours is that of Egypt and Sumeria, hoary with age before ever Rome was born. The new world of Christopher Columbus' discovering quickened the imagination of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; ours is stirred by the conquest of a new realm, the air, while radio and wireless have annihilated distance, and the physicists have transformed our conceptions of the universe. To them, the flat earth had become round; to us, the eternal hills have ceased to seem eternal, the solid earth is no longer solid. New thoughts, new ideas, besiege us on every side. Old conceptions are being destroyed, or so transformed as to be almost unrecognizable. Even so, although to a much lesser degree, was it in the days of the Eighth Henry.

These changes have come too quickly for us to grasp, as yet, even a fraction of their implications. Physically, we have adapted ourselves to a changed world with amazing rapidity and ease; mentally, we are still bewildered and disorganized. Our imaginations are still recoiling from the new conditions, or else clutching at them avidly; we have as yet scarcely attempted to arrange and coördinate and assimilate them into our being. And until that assimilation has been accomplished the creative imagination can not have full and easy play. We are not yet at home in this new world which has so suddenly come into being.

Fiction has so far shown no adequate response to the gigantic changes which are taking place before our astonished eyes; and for this our modern novelists have been much blamed, I think unjustly. They might almost as well be expected to model molten lava, and it is a sure instinct which has turned so many of them back to that past whose substance has taken on shape and solidity, so that it may be analyzed and ap-

praised. Apart from all other reasons, it is to a very great extent because it does reflect — in its very nebulosity, its lack of cohesion and restraint, its sense of an immense power unleashed and running wild — so much of the very spirit of our modern time, that Thomas Wolfe's novel has met with such swift acclaim.

For all its deficiencies, much of the work recently done is of the utmost importance, not so much on its own account as in the preparation it has made, and is making, for that which is to come. Not Shakespeare, but his predecessors freed the stage from its hampering connection with the Church, sweeping aside any number of restrictions and conventions. And it may be that those writers who have won, for the novel, freedom such as it never had before, are preparing the way for a new and glorious literature. If our period resembles that of Henry Eighth, so may the one to come bring splendors like those of the Elizabethan Age. Present-day authors are perhaps important principally as forerunners — openers of roads for those whose sun has not yet risen.

Old-time restrictions on subject and method, length and period and treatment, have lost their authority; while new ones, which attempted to assume it, have been quietly relegated to their proper places. Every phase of life, every period of history, every type of mentality yields itself as material for the fictionist. The emancipation of the novel is complete. We await those writers of greater power and finer skill, more vivid imagination, deeper sympathy, keener intelligence and larger, clearer vision, who in days to come will make full use of all that the new universe and the new liberty have to offer.

“Good Neighbor” — and Cuba

PAUL VANORDEN SHAW

HANGING in the balance are important American interests in the Latin American world. Competition from Europe and Asia, symbolized in races against time by zeppelins, airplanes, and steamships from all the industrial nations of the world, has led the statesmen and the business men of the United States to eliminate one point of advantage which our competitors enjoyed or sought to capitalize — our real or alleged imperialism in the Caribbean. Republican and Democratic administrations alike have recognized the need for braking the course of empire. Notable success has attended their efforts. But in Cuba, the commonly accepted testing ground in Latin America of the United States' sincerity, the “good neighbor” policy has failed. This failure jeopardizes the rest of our program and may annul the substantial gains already achieved.

Cuba is more to the United States than a sugar-bowl. As a source of sweetness for the American's coffee cup, for his candy and cakes, for his ice-cream and desserts, Cuba is of sufficient importance to claim his peculiar interest, because the “Pearl of the Antilles” supplies by far the greatest proportion of this energy and flavor-giving commodity which is consumed in the United States. Even for purely military reasons it would be disastrous to be cut off from this island and its indispensable product. Those who recall the rationing of sugar in war times will remember the importance of this foodstuff in American war-time economy.

But when Cuba is prosperous, her demand for American products puts her well at the top of the foreign purchasers of American agricultural and manufactured goods. In spite of her small size and her relatively limited population of four million souls, less than the total population of the city of New York, Cuba bought more farm implements after the World War than did France, then in the midst of her reconstruction

activities, and ranked fourth or fifth in the list of foreign importers — buying in one year more than \$200,000,000 worth of American farm and factory products. These facts alone make the fate of Cuba of tremendous significance to every American. Each of them uses some portion of Cuba's sugar, and each profits in some small measure when American trade to her ports is swollen.

Though Cuba has ceased to be the prohibition-time Mecca of thirst-driven American tourists, her tropical climate and proximity still serve as a magnet to travelers interested in foreign nations not too expensively away, and which still provide many of those elements of amusement, which, for lack of a better name, can be called "continental" in character and flavor. Her racing tracks, her gambling resorts, her houses of gaiety and centers of night life still exert a lure which will last as long as they retain their peculiar or lurid nature. Sloppy Joe's cocktail emporium has become an institution with continental and international fame. And as long as one can buy in Havana articles for twice or three times their value, even though made in Hoboken, American travelers will seek Cuba's multi-colored markets and her Latin attractions.

Cuba is the guardian of the approaches to one of our most expensive and most cherished possessions in the Caribbean — the Panama Canal — around which much of our diplomacy has centered for more than four decades, and, in anticipation, for many more decades prior to its actual projection and execution. This strategic importance of Cuba to the United States, real or alleged, has figured greatly in naval conferences on our national defenses, and has led to the establishment of naval bases on the island. Many episodes in our diplomatic history have veered around Cuba. Slavery, strategy and plain political advantage have caused the island to become a storm center of intrigue. Fear that other nations might obtain her and thus jeopardize our own safety has led to fantastic schemes of annexation which fortunately have failed to materialize.

Nevertheless Cuba was the innocent spark which set us off into the imperialist game. The Spanish-American War (which

Wisam has proved conclusively was brought on as much to increase the lagging circulation of a chain of newspapers, as to defend American interests and to promote the welfare of Cuba) gave rise to a whole series of events which have had repercussions in other parts of the Caribbean world, and which today are ghosts rising up to smite our commercial and diplomatic interests in all Latin America.

For one thing, a process already begun took on renewed vigor under the Platt Amendment. Americans poured themselves and their gold in a veritable torrent into the sugar plantations of Cuba. Then Cuba became the tender object of banking and diplomatic interest. Interventions and marines, interference and advice flowed freely from Washington to Havana, until a generation of Cubans discovered that all was lost and that their land had been sold to foreigners.

Once definitely in the Caribbean, however, the course of empire swept in a circle. Panama, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Puerto Rico, Honduras, Nicaragua received the solicitous ministrations of the American State and the harder and less tender touch of khaki-clad *leathernecks*. Cuba itself received repeated evidences of our solicitude. On three occasions we took over her government and showed her by actual demonstration how to do it. Both Republican and Democratic administrations pursued strikingly similar policies in the Caribbean world. This proves nothing more than that the whole enterprise was perhaps a fair indication of the prevailing spirit in the American nation as a whole. Both parties espoused this form of cultural, commercial and financial expansion.

But this procedure had its costs as well as its advantages. The cry of imperialism rose round the Latin American world. Learned essays and emotional volumes from Latin American pens described in no uncertain terms the “colossus of the north” as the “Yankee peril.” Unions against the United States were preached by Latin Americans; and our European competitors denounced us while proclaiming their own virtues. To some extent the latter were justified. Great Britain, whose economic investments in Latin America date back to the

1820's, never made political control one of the conditions of her loans. She may have exercised political influence but she never used marines, Platt Amendments, nor annexation to do it.

Distance from Latin America and the prestige of the United States in the New World are perhaps just as much responsible for these European qualities as any nobility of purpose in the Europeans themselves. For needs of propaganda, however, these of-necessity virtues stood our competitors in good stead. Whatever the Latin Americans might say, they could never accuse the British or any other of our competitors of having landed marines to teach "backward" Latin Americans the arts and sciences of self-government.

The word "backward" recalls a factor which has proved influential in forming the torrential stream of protest which flowed through Latin America. Whether they deserved it or not, the Latin Americans were incensed at the excuse which we offered for strafing them. We called them "backward," "lapsers into barbarism," "comic opera rebels," "unstable mestizos" and "undisciplined peoples" to whom common sense was unknown. We pointed to their revolutions, to their dictatorships and to their frequent constitutional changes, as evidence that they needed something, and something which we could give them better than anyone else. And if we could turn a pretty penny while we did it, why not?

There seemed to be no good answer, so we pitched in to deliver those lessons in self-government. Naïvely we thought that no one perceived that what we meant by self-government was the maintenance of governments friendly to American investments and commerce, and strong enough to preserve those orderly conditions so necessary to the kind of economic activity to which we were accustomed, and which was being carried on by those whom we had gone there to protect.

Obsessed by our own history and by certain preconceptions as to its course, no one vouchsafed any study of the causes of those political disturbances to see whether there were valid underlying conditions to justify them. Nor did we notice how

our activity was swelling the discontent, the suspicion and the hatred of us in other parts of the Latin American world where our economic and commercial interests had vastly increased after the World War. Nor did we stop to study whether the institutions implanted by our marines were suited to its new soil. All that we noted was the ungracious ingratitude of those whom we were "sacrificing" ourselves to befriend.

But finally it dawned upon someone somewhere, somehow, that the thing didn't work. We began to lose trade or were threatened with its loss. We found ourselves competing unsuccessfully with Germans, Britishers, Italians, French and Japanese. We found our salesmen not too well received. Finally complaints were voiced, embarrassingly enough, in those feasts of brotherly Pan-American love, the Pan-American conferences. It became so apparent that Pan-Americanism was becoming more and more a farce that wise ones in Washington and Wall Street decided to probe deeper than ever before for causes. They found that our real or alleged imperialism was the true cause of our commercial and financial troubles, and that something drastic must be done to eliminate even its memory. Washington reversed the machinery of empire and the American business man resorted to "culture-teering."

The latter who had called attention to palpable gaps in Latin American culture as a means of advertising the devices he had to offset those faults, as well as to justify U. S. mariny, now began to praise the spiritual and intellectual culture of Latin America, though he still thought that economically and industrially we could be of service to the Latin American world. The business man prevailed on the State Department to hasten the withdrawal of marines, and to end all those practices which spoke louder than our preachments or our honeyed words of Pan-Americanism.

In 1928, President-elect Hoover made a pre-inaugural tour of Latin America. This was preceded by good-will tours to Mexico and Central America by our "Princes of Wales," Lindbergh and Will Rogers, much of this to offset events such as the very disagreeable occurrences at Havana where, at the

Sixth Pan-American Conference, President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes and the other American delegates were rather embarrassed by the withdrawal of the Argentine delegation — which seemed to believe that the marching feet of marines in Nicaragua spoke more loudly as to our true Pan-American feeling than the honeyed phrases which they listened to at the conference. This action of the Argentine delegation, though looked upon at the time as an emotional display, may have been the turning point in American Caribbean policy.

Though President Hoover made haste slowly, he had the honor of seeing the last marine withdrawn from Nicaragua before he finished his otherwise disastrous term. On his heels came President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull with their policies and practices. The former provided the ideology which presumably was to characterize his foreign policy; the latter illustrated it in Montevideo at the Seventh Pan-American Conference. The contrast between this and the former at Havana could not have been more marked. By it all the Latin Americans were impressed. But their conversion was slow. Often disappointed because our gestures did not fit our words, they waited until the Pan-American Conference to see if this acid test could be passed. Our nation had always dominated the Pan-American Conferences while at the same time breathing sentiments of equality and brotherhood. Mr. Hull did not fail at Montevideo.

One by one the sore spots in the Caribbean were cleaned up. The marines were removed from Haiti ahead of the time provided. Treaty revisions were projected and made. Trade agreements were signed. Mr. Roosevelt visited Caribbean nations on his way to Hawaii, and pronounced in Cartagena, Colombia, his policy of "live and let live." All seemed well and an all-American system loomed closer than ever before, a system in which all parties would profit by the partnerships promised in it.

Parallelling all these movements of the Roosevelt administration was a Cuban policy intended to arrive at the same goal.

As a termination to this long introduction on our policy in Cuba must be set down the last reason why Cuba is of more importance to the United States than being its sugarbowl. Cuba is the acid test of the genuineness of American policy towards Latin America. If we fail in Cuba, we fail in the whole Latin American world. The work of President Hoover and that of Secretary Hull will go for naught. Thus far we have failed.

Cuba is the acid test of American change of heart towards Latin America for reasons that are obvious, and for many more which are known only to those who follow Latin American opinion of the United States. Among the reasons most patent are those associated with Cuba's size, proximity and importance to the United States. It is more or less logically assumed that any change from an imperialist temper must be immediately registered in the nearest “sovereign” nation which has suffered our interposition. Because Cuba is weak, as compared with the United States, she offers the fullest opportunity for the expression of any true philanthropic or selfishly enlightened motives we may have come to possess.

Principally, however, Cuba occupies this important rôle in the eyes of the Latin Americans. They believe that we betrayed Cuba when we fought for her freedom and then bound her hand and foot by the Platt Amendment. This constituted in the Latin American world a signal that our imperialism was now frank and open. We really had fought, so they asserted, not to free Cuba from Spain, but to free her from her European bonds so as to ensnare her in our own. “Abolish the Platt Amendment” became the war cry of the anti-imperialists in Latin America.

The amendment, in short, enjoyed the same ill-favor as our marines in Haiti and Nicaragua, our “stealing” of the Panama Canal, and other evidences of an attitude and technique which the sensitive Latin Americans came to despise. Even in the remote parts of South America our Cuban policy had its effect in swelling the stream of anti-Americanism and augmenting the trade of others.

WHEN Gerardo Machado caused himself to be reëlected in 1928, thus breaking his promises not to seek reëlection, and then set about to govern Cuba with a hand of iron — supported, it is alleged in Cuba, with American funds and sympathy — there began to grow in Cuba a feeling that a new deal in that nation was absolutely necessary.

A canvas of the means to dispossess the “beast,” as he was called, resulted in bringing to light a situation which many Cubans, mainly the younger ones, had not been fully aware of. Stated starkly and frankly it was this: The aliens in Cuba were not the Spaniards, Orientals and Americans, but had come to be the Cubans themselves. That is, the Cubans for many reasons which need not be recapitulated here, had signed away their birthright to foreigners who, under the protection offered by the Platt Amendment, found it extremely convenient to buy, sometimes at exorbitant prices, Cuban sugar plantations and real estate, and to make other investments.

The Cuban himself became a secondary parasite on primary parasites who waxed fat on land which once belonged to him. He either lived off the scraps which fell his way when the *dance of the millions* — that golden era of high sugar prices — was on, or off the stocks and bonds he had received when he sold out, or upon his salary as agent, lawyer, superintendent, or representative of some foreign entrepreneur. In any case he had no control over, contact with, or commerce arising out of the economic wealth of his own land. Among other results, this state of affairs precluded the formation of strong Cuban groups bound together by economic ties. Cuba became a nation of individualists, each with a foreign interest to serve and upon which he had to rely.

Taking advantage of this situation, Machado, who had few scruples and knew that politics was an industry — one of the few left in the island in which Cubans could find outlets for their energies — sought by every means fair or foul to keep himself and his coterie in power. He used the army, the porra (gangsters who had a price), foreign loans, and other devices to eliminate his opponents and to keep his pockets lined with

loyalty-producing gold. His technique was barbarous. Men and boys were killed, exiled, jailed, castrated and mutilated. Schools and labor unions were closed or dissolved.

Much of the hatred heaped on Machado's head was caused by the alleged support which he received from the American State Department, for his backing by American banks and for the Platt Amendment which, theoretically, precluded a successful revolution against him. In this way he became a symbol not only of his own villainy but of an immoral imperialism which backed him.

Finally unable to stand the gaff any longer, a group of students and young professional men organized a secret society, the ABC, which has become well known in the course of time. In 1931, these embattled, enthusiastic and idealistic youths of Cuba, who had drawn up a most complete program for the "renovation" of the island, staged a revolt which was put down by the most uncivilized means at the disposal of Machado and his large well-trained and well-equipped army. Though defeated, the assassination and cruel treatment of many well-born youths of the island crystallized the opposition.

President Hoover decided to keep hands off, though he was opportuned by two groups in which were found both Cubans and Americans. Those who favored Machado wanted the policy of hands-off. The others wanted a last intervention to end intervention. They felt that if the State Department expressed its disapproval of Machado's methods, this might serve as a signal to the Cubans that they were free to do as they pleased with their president. Mr. Hoover, perhaps wisely, decided on the course of non-intervention. His Ambassador, Mr. Harry Guggenheim, was bitterly criticized by liberals in the United States, and by the anti-Americans in Cuba and elsewhere, for his policy of *dolce far niente*, and for permitting under his very nose activity which the Platt Amendment then gave this country the right to recognize and end. We had pledged ourselves to maintain in Cuba a government which should provide peace, order and happiness.

When the Roosevelt administration came into power in March 1933 it inherited, among other grave problems, the Cuban question. The state of affairs at that moment must be briefly described. Machado, ever increasing his dictatorial power, was harassing his opponents in every conceivable way, while at the same time spending prodigally of American funds on some public works which today are objective reminders that he did not pocket all of the graft himself. Beneath the surface, the Cuban volcano was seething, and as soon as the policy of the "good neighbor" was announced the Cubans saw a ray of hope. Conditions as they were could not long exist under the promises made by Mr. Roosevelt.

In the State Department were two gentlemen who were to play a fateful rôle in the tragedy which ensued. Mr. Sumner Welles, suave, aristocratic gentleman from Maryland, an authority on Caribbean affairs, an experienced diplomat of the old school and the author of a two volume work on Santo Domingo, was made Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American affairs. He had served in Caribbean countries and in the State Department, and, though in 1924 he had written an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* which denied that the United States ever had been imperialistic, almost from the outset he promised a new deal to Latin America, and denounced in no uncertain terms the Platt Amendment as an "iniquitous treaty" which should be abrogated.

Also a diplomat of the old school was Mr. Jefferson Caffery, who is now American Ambassador in Cuba. He stayed in the State Department when Mr. Welles went to Cuba as Ambassador in April 1933. Both subsequently changed places. When Mr. Welles returned to Washington, Mr. Caffery went to Havana. Mr. Caffery had been American Minister in Colombia and had risen as a career diplomat in the service.

In any event the Roosevelt administration decided to assist the Cubans in ousting Machado, and Mr. Welles was chosen for the ticklish job of intervening without intervention to end intervention in Cuban affairs. It appears, however, that he went to Cuba with preconceived notions of the underlying

causes of the Cuban trouble and with preconceived ideas as to the proper solution.

Both Mr. Welles and Mr. Caffery have apparently acted on the assumption that underlying all else in the Cuban situation is the economic bankruptcy of the nation, and that once the price and demand for Cuban sugar and other products of that nation could be admitted under better conditions into the United States, and that once the improvement was registered in better living conditions among the masses, that the surface turmoil would subside — especially if certain treaty revisions improving the diplomatic relationships between Cuba and the United States accompanied the economic measures to be taken. Both admitted that there were social and political problems but neither would admit that these were so serious as not to yield to economic forces.

Mr. Welles, in spite of the overwhelming evidence in its favor, refused then and has resolutely refused since to admit the existence of a social revolution in the island. Mr. Caffery has admitted its existence, though he has not been willing to follow its implications to their logical conclusion. This is one of the main reasons for the failure of Mr. Welles's policies, for the disastrous results of Mr. Caffery's practice, and for the unhappy condition of Cuba today. Succinctly put, their idea was to oust Machado, improve the sugar market and abolish the Platt Amendment; and presto! the Cuban problem would be solved.

With this underlying idea in mind, Mr. Welles went to Cuba in April 1933. He took with him plans for easing the inevitable transition period between Machado slavery and Plattless independence. He announced then that his fundamental purpose was to create a situation where the Cubans could “use the muscles of self-reliance,” in other words, a situation in which they could at last govern themselves in a *Cuba Libre*.

His plans, though ideal from an academic point of view, were inappropriate for a people in revolution, and for a people with Latin ideas, customs and psychology. It was his plan to

use mediation, conciliation, and constitutional procedures. He first would get Machado and his opponents together to plan ways for Machado's leaving the island and the presidency. A prospect undoubtedly pleasing to the then president! Once Machado was out of the way by an ingenious use of certain constitutional articles, a provisional government should come into power and this should represent all shades of Cuban opinion. This was the sort of thing that might have been proposed by a conciliatory and friendly diplomat in the course of the French Revolution. Mr. Welles's plea was feasible if Mirabeau, Louis XVI, Napoleon, Danton, Robespierre, Louis XVIII, and Talleyrand could have been found together in a coalition in the fateful years from 1789 to 1815 in France.

Then having established this orderly conciliation or concentration government, the administration should not only govern the country but should prepare the nation for the election of a permanent administration. In the meantime Mr. Welles was to hurry back to Washington and from there to do his part in regard to sugar and the Platt Amendment.

But events ran away with him. The Cubans, once they realized that the Roosevelt administration did not treasure Machado, began a general strike against him. The army finally whispered to him that he had better depart to greener pastures. He flew to Nassau on August twelfth, and shortly afterwards Carlos Manuel de Céspedes became provisional president, with a coalition cabinet and with the promise of elections. He was promptly recognized. Mr. Welles became the hero of the day. Machado was out. Cuba was free from the tyrant and the good neighbor policy was in fine working order.

But on September 4, through a mutiny in the army, the irrepressible and inevitable eruption of the underlying revolution took place. President de Céspedes was overthrown and the left-wing students of the university and others who had not fallen in with Mr. Welles's plans for an "American made solution," took over the government with the popular professor of anatomy, Dr. Ramón Grau San Martín, at their head.

He was not recognized. A cordon of twenty-nine American battleships soon encircled Cuba, and this man who had had no following became a popular hero. He had bucked the American State Department, he had defied its authority and had overthrown a government alleged to have been “made in the American embassy.”

Prolonged lack of American recognition, however, ruined Grau. Yet his administration, according to Hudson Strode, to the eleven American scholars who wrote the Foreign Policy Association Report on Cuba, to Carleton Beals, to Ernest Gruening, to Hubert Herring and to a host of others, was the first “truly Cuban government in Cuban history,” the “only one which struck at Communism at its roots” — not by shooting at the symptoms of the disease, as have done his successors, but by passing decrees which were aimed to improve the lot of the masses in Cuba. Whether Grau was forced to do this or not is beside the point. He has left a legacy and a memory which will never fade.

Had there been no social revolution before, Grau must have created one. The negroes and mulattos of the island, its poor and downtrodden families, its students and many others caught a vision while he was in power. Many there are who claim that, had we supported Grau, the cause of the extreme left in Cuba must have withered. Instead, our balking him has pushed almost all Cuban groups, save the conservatives and other sycophants of foreign capitalistic enterprise, several notches to the left — and those on the left to become *radicalissimos*.

Thus the first use of the “muscles of self-reliance” was met by a stern and overwhelming rebuff by the American State Department. Matters went from bad to worse and when the cane-cutting season appeared it was evident that something must be done. It is alleged that Mr. Caffery, then Mr. Roosevelt’s personal representative in the island, intimated to Colonel Batista, the sergeant who had engineered the uprising of September 4, and who was now head of the Cuban army, that Grau would never be recognized — even though in the

meantime he had demonstrated his ability to repress revolution by two victories over counter-revolutionaries. But rather than buck the steamroller, and perhaps because he had lost the support of Batista, he resigned and left the government to Carlos Hevia who ruled forty hours and then also resigned.

January 18, 1934 was an auspicious day for Assistant Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, for on that day Colonel Carlos Mendieta became the provisional president of Cuba. Colonel Mendieta was popular, honest, a liberal-conservative of the old school who had fought in the war for freedom and who belonged therefore to the "men of '95." He formed a coalition cabinet with all parties save the followers of Grau or "Autenticos," as they came to call themselves. Carlos Mendieta promised to hold elections in December, and stated that he would resign if they were not held. And furthermore he agreed, apparently, to play ball with the American interests in the island. He also promised certain revolutionary reforms which were demanded by the ABC as a condition for their participation in his administration.

For his part Mr. Welles, evidently extremely pleased that all the conditions which he considered essential for the peaceful solution of the Cuban problem were at hand, hastened to bolster up Mendieta in every conceivable way. In what many have considered unseemly haste, he recognized the Mendieta régime after withholding recognition from Grau for four months. Then the American government showered boon after boon upon Mendieta. The Costigan-Jones bill granted Cuba a liberal sugar quota and an increased preferential. Liquors from Cuba were admitted under favorable conditions. And on May 29 the Platt Amendment was abrogated. Thus one of the greatest obstacles to Cuban-American and to inter-American friendship was razed at a stroke.

Exactly one month after we had severed the gordian knot which bound Cuba to us, and abolished the amendment which gave us the right to intervene in Cuban affairs, we showed our partiality to the Mendieta régime by placing an embargo on arms to all parties save to the Cuban government.

Though this was done in accordance with a previous treaty, the time and the occasion for its declaration were significant. Then as a last boon to Cuba we signed with her the Trade Agreement of August 24. This at first benefited American exporters, but has now produced beneficial effects in Cuba itself. By these treaty revisions, and with this trade agreement, Mr. Welles had done all within his power to provide smooth sailing for President Mendieta.

YET the history of the Mendieta régime has proven the fallacy of the reasoning of the State Department. In spite of improvement in the economic conditions of Cuba, the political and social situation of the island has steadily decayed. Today the Cubans find themselves more frustrated and balked than under Machado. Directly and indirectly our policy is responsible.

After a brief honeymoon, trouble began; it is unnecessary to recite in detail all that has taken place under Mendieta. The record can be found in any American newspaper which carries Cuban news. More than five hundred people have been consulted in preparing this statement of the history of the Mendieta régime. Bombings and terrorism increased. Constitutional guarantees were suspended, first in Havana then in the island as a whole. The coalition cabinet slowly disintegrated until Mendieta had no support save that of his own party, the army and the American Ambassador. Leaders of many parties fled to this country and to Mexico. The elections have been postponed several times and Mendieta has not kept his promise of resigning if they were not held.

For the first time in Cuban history a military dictatorship, though thinly veiled behind a civilian government, slowly but surely has come to dominate the island. At Camp Columbia, the very astute and able former sergeant and present-day Colonel, Fulgencio Batista, holds the destiny of his country in his hands. The army has been increased. Its quarters have been improved. It receives a third of the national budget for its maintenance, more than \$20,000,000, while the schools

have received less and less support until there are neither pencils to write with nor benches for the students to sit on.

As far as the Mendieta régime is concerned, a peak was reached in March 1935. Just after the American State Department had unofficially announced that certain critics of its policy were wrong in stating that there was almost universal opposition to the Mendieta régime, and that actually only ten percent of the Cubans disfavored Mendieta — and that these opponents were disgruntled outs or “social revolutionaries” — practically every student and teacher in the island walked out in a strike against conditions in the schools, public employees left their jobs, and many labor unions did the same. The whole island was tied up and Mendieta began to totter.

The strike was put down, according to the Havana correspondent of the *New York Times*, by the use of the most repressive measures ever employed in the history of Cuba. Twenty were killed, seven hundred or more were imprisoned, and as many more had to flee for their lives. All but the primary schools were closed; many if not most of the labor unions were dissolved; the opposition press was suspended. Innocent men were subjected to capital punishment or imprisonment.

And as the clock went back to times worse than those in the days of Machado, expressions of satisfaction and contentment emanated both from Washington and the legation in Havana. Mr. Welles said, over the radio, that at last the Cubans had demonstrated that they could govern themselves, and Mr. Caffery, rubbing his hands in seeming pleasure, announced that now all was well in Cuba. It thus seems clear that the dénouement in Cuba has pleased Colonel Mendieta, who remains in the palace, Colonel Batista, who is now the poorly disguised dictator, and the American diplomats directly responsible for our Cuban policy.

Thus the social revolution in Cuba has been frustrated. The moral support of the American State Department is in no small part responsible. This can have only one result as far as the United States is concerned. Anti-Americanism must grow in Cuba. How this will affect more than a billion dollars of

American money invested in the island, only time will tell. And as the true state of affairs becomes known in the other nations of Latin America, there may re-appear another wave of anti-Americanism there; and this, judging from past experience, must affect our trade adversely. The finely spun schemes for an American system which might allow the nations of the New World to ignore war in Europe and the Far East are threatened with disruption. For, as Mr. Sumner Welles himself has said, the ultimate security of the United States depends on the loyal friendship of her neighbors in the New World.

A Little Girl's Mark Twain

DOROTHY QUICK

A LITTLE girl walked round and round the deck of an ocean liner. On the starboard side she fairly flew along, but when she turned the corner and came to the port side of the vessel, she walked slowly and her feet dragged, her eyes lost in admiration of a man who stood at the rail, talking to another man. Both of them were staring out towards the far horizon line, and didn't see the little girl, whose gaze was riveted on the older of the two, the one with a great shock of snowy white hair and a keen, kindly observant face. He was Mark Twain.

I can still remember the thrill I had when, after walking past him five or six times, he suddenly turned, held out his hand and said in a slow, drawly voice, "Aren't you going to speak to me, Little Girl?" His companion faded away into space, as far as I was concerned, when I took his place. In a few seconds I was at the rail, standing beside the Mark Twain whom only yesterday I had seen walking down the platform of a London station surrounded by literally hundreds of admirers. He hadn't seen me hanging half out of the compartment window to catch a glimpse of him, nor had I at that moment dreamed that the next morning I should be standing beside him on the deck of a steamer bound for New York — standing beside him and actually talking to him.

It was too wonderful; and I shall never forget how proud and happy I was. It wasn't very long before he asked me if I knew who he was. I replied, "Of course, you're Mark Twain, and I've read all your books." This, of course, was, as he said about the report of his own death, slightly exaggerated, but in the main it was true enough. My grandfather had recited Shakespeare and Tom Sawyer to me in my cradle, and had read me not only "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," but "Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad," as a preparation for the trip from which I was now returning.

I don't think Mark Twain, or Mr. Clemens, as I later pre-

ferred to call him, quite believed my elaborate statement, because he began asking me questions. If I hadn't actually read the books, this would soon have proved the fact; however as I had not only read them, but they had been read to me, he soon found (as he laughingly said) that I knew more about his books than he did himself.

We got along famously and the time slipped by completely unnoticed. It wasn't until the luncheon gong sounded that I remembered my family with a guilty start. Mr. Clemens said he wanted to meet my mother very much. So hand in hand we walked along the decks of the S. S. Minnetonka until we finally got to the lower deck, where my mother and grandparents had ensconced themselves in a sunlit corner. I began to explain my long absence, but Mr. Clemens said it would be better if I did some introducing instead, so the explanations dropped. As I found out later, they weren't necessary. Mother had been worried about me and had gone on a searching tour. When she had seen how utterly absorbed I was, and in what good hands, she had gone contentedly back to the steamer chairs to wait until I came.

Almost before I knew it, Mr. Clemens had arranged to have his steamer chair by ours, and I discovered that without doubt I had made a new friend. That night, as usual, I wore a white sailor suit to dinner. Being only nine, I had my dinner very early, so I didn't see Mr. Clemens; but just as I was getting into bed there was a knock on the door and it was my new friend clad in one of his famous white suits, come to see me in mine! Someone had told him about my costume.

Unfortunately, I was attired in pajamas so I could only promise, as he especially requested, to wear the white sailor suit the next day. Fortunately, I had a large supply of them, for he insisted I wear them throughout the rest of the voyage. So we both appeared each day in white. Mark Twain's were made of white flannel and mine of serge, but everyone assured us that we looked very well together.

The second night out we had an accident. About five o'clock in the morning, in a dense fog, a fishing schooner ran into us —

knocking a huge hole in the side of the boat. The Captain ordered all life boats down, and for a few moments there was wild confusion. Then it was discovered that the hole was above the water line and, as the sea was calm, there was practically no danger. The news was circulated about, and the people who had rushed up on deck began to return to their cabins.

Then for a moment the fog lifted and showed the schooner which had rammed us, with her bow completely gone. There was only time for a glimpse when the fog closed in again. Our Captain sent down lifeboats to see if they could pick up anyone, or be of any assistance to the schooner; but though we waited there for several hours there was never another sign of the boat or its crew.

Later, when we returned to New York, all the papers made much of the accident, and said Mark Twain put on his Oxford gown (he had just had a degree conferred upon him by Oxford University) and rushed down to my stateroom and carried me up on deck. As a matter of fact, Mr. Clemens and I had both slept serenely through the whole affair — even the crash. I think we were about the only two people on the entire ship who had. Mr. Clemens's secretary had reported the incident to him after the suspense was over, and Mr. Clemens sent the steward down to my cabin to see if I was all right, and to tell me not to worry.

The report went back to him that I was still asleep. The next morning he told my mother that my sleeping through the affair was a sure sign that I was a genius. As he was one, and he'd slept, it naturally followed that I was going to be one as I'd done the same thing.

Mother was afraid the idea of an accident might make me nervous (there were people who slept in their clothes the rest of the voyage) so I was told nothing about it. But Mother neglected to warn Mr. Clemens to keep the secret, so the next day, as I took a morning promenade with him, I saw the men on pulleys over the side, mending the hole, and in answer to my questions Mr. Clemens told me all about the mishap. Instead of being frightened, I was rather pleased at the im-

portance of having been in an accident; but Mr. Clemens laughed and said, "It didn't do you much good to be in it as you slept all through it."

Mr. Clemens became interested in getting up a statement to the directors of the Line, completely exonerating the Captain of all blame for the accident, and was not only one of the first to sign the document but personally saw that everyone else did also.

We were inseparable for the rest of the voyage; he literally wouldn't let me out of his sight. If I was late in appearing, he would come down to the stateroom to "fetch" me; and whenever I played shuffleboard he would have his chair moved where he could superintend, and put my coat around my shoulders between plays. He was much interested in my skill at shuffleboard or "Horse Billiards" as he called it. And even though I was eliminated from the Junior Tournament quite early in the games, he gave me his book, "Eve's Diary," with this inscription: "To Dorothy with the affectionate regards of the Author. Prize for good play in Horse Billiards Tournament, July 19, 1907." At the same time he called me to his cabin and told me to pick out whichever photograph of him I liked best from a selection of twenty or so, and when I had made the choice he autographed it for me.

The only time during the day when we were separated was at meals, Mr. Clemens, of course, being at the Captain's table. But quite often he would leave his table and come over to sit with us. Then the Captain would send him over a plate of baked potatoes, done in a way of which Mr. Clemens was especially fond, declaring that they were better at his own table than at any other. And Mr. Clemens, who had already ordered a portion at our table, would eat both platefuls and swear they tasted exactly alike, which he considered a good joke on the Captain.

Mr. Clemens laughingly called me his business manager; so when they were getting up the concert program and a group of men approached him to see if he would speak, he said that they would have to ask me. "I never do anything unless my

business manager says I may. So you'll have to ask her." I, of course, was only too delighted to give the required permission as I wanted above everything to hear him speak myself, and had already received permission to sit up for the occasion. Imagine my pride and delight when I saw printed on the concert program, which is to this day one of my most prized possessions: "S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) *by courtesy of Miss Dorothy Quick.*"

As he talked about the improvement of the condition of the adult blind — and repeated the story told in "A Tramp Abroad" of having been caught with a companion in Berlin in the dark for an hour or more, and of his horror at not being able to see for even so short a time — my head literally swam with the joy that this great man, who was holding all the people that were crowded into the ship's lounge literally breathless with the magic of his words, was my friend, and that he was saying them through the "courtesy of Dorothy Quick." He said that he would devote much of his life to the subject of aiding the blind, and the passengers promised their aid in anything he undertook. I remember his telling me that shortly before this trip he had met Helen Keller, and had been particularly impressed with the wonderful things her teacher had done to improve her condition.

It was like Mr. Clemens to take every opportunity of helping a cause in which he was interested. I recollect that I was staying with Mr. Clemens, at 21 Fifth Avenue, on a night when the Pleiades Club was giving a dinner in his honor. He had for some reason refused to go. It was a bitter disappointment to me, because my mother was going to be there, and as I had been visiting Mr. Clemens I hadn't seen her for several days. The dinner was at the Hotel Brevoort, very near Mr. Clemens' house. As the time for the dinner drew nearer I became more and more downcast. Finally Mr. Clemens asked what was the matter. I stammered out something about the dinner. "Did you want to go?" he questioned. I nodded. "Then we'll go!" He began roaring up the stairs for his secretary to telephone the Master of Ceremonies we were coming, and when the sec-

retary said, "I thought you'd decided not to go," he replied simply, "Dorothy wants to go and I've just remembered there's something I wanted to talk about."

I wish I could remember what it was, but the excitement of the evening — sitting next to Mark Twain at the Speakers' table, in a chair he had brought specially for me — was too much for my youthful memory. I know everyone said it was one of the best speeches he'd ever made; but the two things that stand out in my mind, apart from actually getting to the dinner, was my mother waiting at the door for us, as we came into the hotel, and whisking me off to fix my long braids — a small detail which Mr. Clemens and I had completely overlooked, and which kept the whole dinner waiting at least twenty minutes — and then being taken home by Mr. Clemens just as a sweet lady who had made a great fuss over me all evening was about to play the piano. I would much rather have remembered what Mr. Clemens spoke of, but I think it was something about making a collection of compliments instead of autographs, or cats and dogs. Anyway I've taken the idea to heart and collected them ever since, just because Mark Twain said, "The paying of compliments is an art by itself."

But I have strayed away from the ocean voyage. When, after the most thrilling and eventful nine days of my life, we arrived in New York, a swarm of reporters surrounded Mr. Clemens, who refused to be photographed unless I would be taken with him. He sent to ask Mother's permission, and once it was granted we went to the sun-deck and let the cameramen have full sway. Both Mr. Clemens and I had on our white suits, and the next day there wasn't a paper in New York that didn't have one of the pictures in. As it was rather unusual for Mr. Clemens to pose for the newspapers, they made the most of it; and even now they always bring forth the pictures we had taken that day whenever there is a call for pictures of Mark Twain.

Later, *The American* did a special article called, "Me and Mark Twain," in which there was a sketch of Mr. Clemens and myself seated on the bow of an ocean liner, I very com-

fortably ensconced in his lap. Mr. Clemens liked this the best of all the things that appeared, and said it had given him a new idea. He'd never traveled on the bow of a ship, but he thought he would like to try it sometime, if I'd go along.

All the papers made much of our friendship. "Mark Twain Home — Captive of Little Girl" was one of the headlines. And they carried long paragraphs about me. I have them all and with them another souvenir of the trip, a drawing of Buster Brown with sprouting wings looking at the following: "RESOLVED, that Mark Twain has deserted the entire ship's company for Dorothy Quick. I wish my name was Twain. Buster." This is pasted in my scrap book, next to the concert program.

On the dock, my new friend and I parted. But this was the beginning of a treasured friendship, which was for me a great privilege and joy.

Devotional

ELBRA DICKINSON

Through your wide emerald fields I walk,
Beloved Lord;
Bearing an earthen bowl of royal blue
To catch the day's last golden spillings . . .

With the slow, measured tread
Of ancient worshippers I walk;
My arms in tenderness encircling
This sacred vessel . . .

The tall, plumed trees in adoration bow,
Their sensate leaves quivering in rapt emotion . . .
They know!
As do their feathered guests,
Singing and swaying on their outstretched arms,
For whom, beloved Lord, for whom
I walk these fields of emerald, alone at dusk,
Upon so dear an errand!

Tumultuous Cloister

DOROTHY V. GORRELL

MANY a bubble of popular misapprehension has been pricked in the devastating days since 1929, but countless shimmering bubbles continue to hover softly over the idea of college — investing it with the glamor of football heroes, campus queens, and gay young things dancing, singing, loving, tooting off to heaven in streamer-decked cars. A short time ago I, too, was a party to such fantastic beliefs; but three years through the mill have effectively smashed all such nonsensical notions. If there is any fact behind the fiction propagated by present-day movies and stories, I must confess it has altogether escaped me.

If there ever was an era of dashing collegiates and giddy co-eds, it is relegated to the dim past preceding 1929. The social whirl, as I have seen it at fraternity functions, Yale proms, Harvard football dances, and gala Dartmouth Carnivals is in the nature of interludes snatched guiltily from the essential business of life — studying. That such affairs are gay no one doubts; that they are loud and wet everyone admits; that they are full of thrills and excitement for every one of their bright-eyed guests is also true; but that they are all of college life or even of primary importance in college life, I emphatically deny.

As I return to college this fall, I realize that I am again subjecting myself to a life of the most exacting slavery, yet I have no hesitation in returning; I realize that I am again joining the ranks of the most harried and overworked class of people in society, but I am eager to plunge again into the fray. Talk of unemployment is mockery to the college student; the idea of an eight hour day is a fantastic dream to those of us who labor from twelve to twenty-four hours with little time out for meals; carefree week-ends are unknown to undergraduates whose assignments go on willy-nilly as life becomes a nightmare of papers and quizzes.

For the three years of my college experience, breakfast at 7:15 has assembled its customary depressing group, bleary-eyed, uncommunicative, sleep-drugged. Breakfast-table conversation has limited itself to resentful remarks if anyone appears cheerful. The explanation of these touchy temperaments is to be found in the night-life of their possessors — a night-life composed not of dancing girls and hilarious laughter, but of scratching pens and tragic, scholarly sighs. Studying until one o'clock night after night is a common experience. All-night grinds are more rare but certainly not unknown.

Often, to beat the sandman at his game, two students beset with work will burn the midnight oil together, with time out now for black coffee and again for a cold shower. I, myself, have gone forty-six hours without sleep and found time for a snooze of only two and a half hours in a total of sixty-six. Such dissipation, of course, cannot continue indefinitely, and after a particularly bad siege, we are obliged to cut classes and catch up, protected by signs posted on the door, which threaten dire things if anyone trespasses the command: "Sleeping! Please do not disturb."

It sometimes occurs to us to wonder if college is worth the cost to health and nerves, not to mention the price in dollars and cents. Yet we invariably conclude — those of us who stay — that the answer is yes. We are the depression generation of college students. Throughout our college careers we have had to count the pennies more assiduously than our predecessors; we have had friends drop college for financial reasons; we have watched the numbers of self-help students and those supported by scholarships increase. Because the depression ceased to be an objective tragedy which we regretted but largely ignored, and became instead an actuality in our lives and the lives of our friends, we opened our eyes to see what was happening, and began to ask questions.

Our appreciation of college grew because there we had access to good current literature, there we came in contact with people who could interpret it intelligently, there we could expound our ideas and listen to the theories of others in an

atmosphere of tolerance. The universality of this new, vivid interest in current affairs is evidenced by the growth in the numbers enrolled in courses dealing with economics, political science and government; the starting of new campus clubs, and the revival of old ones interested in contemporary problems; the widespread response to the Literary Digest college peace poll which brought in more ballots than any previous poll.

I can testify from personal experience to the change in the nature of "bull-sessions," sacred to college students, which has occurred in the past couple of years. Formerly clothes and men monopolized the parties, and I've no doubt that football and women held the center of the stage at the talk-fests in our brother colleges. Now our discussions might best be described as "bulling the world aright." Ideals are rampant in these long controversies, but they are ideals with considerable thought behind them, and intelligent suggestions for application. "Roosevelt," "New Deal," "economic planning," "international situation," "Hitler," punctuate these discussions with surprising regularity.

The Supreme Court decision in the gold cases last spring was the subject of many controversial forecasts. Those of us with some knowledge of the money-credit situation were hounded with questions by students of Latin and English literature, who, in spite of their excursion into fields far removed from the Supreme Court chamber, demanded an explanation of things happening here and now. The N.R.A. decision was a bomb-shell when it came in late May, and the furor it aroused diminished only as we turned to meet the impending threat of exams. Panic-stricken students of economics searched the newspapers for details and made dire forecasts as to the future. Conservatives — there are a few — welcomed the declaration as so much riddance of bad rubbish; but one girl expressed the attitude of many when she exclaimed indignantly, "Whatever is to become of this country if we can't initiate social change within the law?"

The internationalism which was so characteristic of the latter 'twenties has retained a strong foothold in the colleges.

In that respect more than in any other, we can be charged with being idealists. The college peace movement — which has been considerably in the limelight for the past two years — results, I think, from a sincere belief, on the part of students who have studied the facts, in the futility and inanity of war. The movement seems to have gained most headway in women's colleges, but there is no disputing the fact that colleges are full of pacifist tendencies.

A rough estimate of pacifist strength among college students is furnished by the results of the Literary Digest peace poll in which 16.48 percent, or 17,951 students, indicated that they would not fight if the United States were invaded. The fact that 82.18 percent entered a flat "no" in answer to the question, "Would you bear arms for the United States in the invasion of the borders of another country?" surely indicates that college youth dislike war and are not willing to become martyrs on the capricious say-so of their government.

The peace movement, in so far as I have contacted it, has been entirely student-sponsored and has had no tinge of communism connected with it. It is essential to emphasize this fact because of the careless habit which many persons have of associating communism and pacifism indiscriminately. So often one hears the colleges charged with being hotbeds of radicalism, nests of communists and pacifists, that outsiders are likely to become convinced that we are a helpless lot of children when we enter college and emerge, as the result of four years' indoctrination, a mob of howling reds.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Naturally, courses in communism and socialism are taught for the benefit of those who want a knowledge of contemporary social movements, just as courses in Shakespeare are offered for students of literature, and courses in other religions are open to Bible students. But there is no attempt at conversion to this or that social philosophy. The approach is that of the scholar searching for facts, and if the instructor offers an opinion, he usually offers it purely as an opinion, leaving the student free to decide on the merits of the question. The result is calculated to make

us emerge, not radicals, but liberals with an open mind on most questions.

It is because college has given us this training in examination of the facts, in consideration of the pros and cons of every question; because college has attempted to show us that there is no such thing as unchallenged right or wrong; and has taught us tolerance in listening to others, while allowing us freedom to our own beliefs — that we, though often weary and disillusioned, overworked and heart-sore, maintain with fervor: “College is worth the price!”

In Defense of Horsehair

CATHARINE COOK SMITH

AFTER the hunt breakfast I went up the curving staircase of the Georgian house. In the wide rooms on either side of the broad center hall were fine chintzes, good pieces of furniture, Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite. I looked from the central Palladian window across the fields that sloped to the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge. As I turned to go downstairs my eye fell on a chair, its high rounded back shrouded in a cretonne slip cover. It was then that my mania seized me. I looked around, I was alone. With a cool impudence that now seems almost incredible to me (but my hostess is famed for her amiable disposition) I took off that slip cover. Triumph! I was right in my guess. It was an old Victorian chair in the original horsehair. As I gazed fondly at its curved back, carved with a rose and leaves, the head of its owner appeared above the stair rail. "What are you doing to that horrid old chair?" Her shriek of astonishment had no trace of annoyance, and in my guilty confusion I felt that Southern hospitality had stood the test nobly.

Any American family that has been able to hold on to the belongings of one or two past generations is sure to have some pieces of Victorian horsehair. Many people do not appreciate them. Around 1929 there was a flurry of little magazine articles announcing an approaching Victorian revival. Philadelphia had a Victorian show. The Metropolitan Museum arranged a Victorian room, but in rather an unkindly spirit. Several decorators with taste used a few Victorian pieces. But in many houses the horsehair chairs and sofas are relegated to the store closet and the back hall.

Yet this furniture always has character, is often comfortable and charming, and above all, it has never, so far as I know, been reproduced by the wholesale furniture houses whose excellent replicas of Spanish, Italian, Tudor, Georgian and Colonial furniture adorn every apartment hall, every hotel

lobby. Bring home, if you can afford it, your Norman peasant buffet, search Vienna and Lexington Avenue for Biedermeir, fill your penthouse with Spanish iron and leather, above all cherish your grandfather's Chippendale desk, but don't neglect these delightful pieces, so easy to come by. The storage warehouses must be full of such homely treasures — comfortable and abounding in pleasant associations.

One knowing decorator covers his Victorian chairs with white leather or velvet, but I am in favor of horsehair. The black usually found is good with other colors. If it is too badly worn it can be replaced with modern horsehair. This can be had in various colors, and is woven with a small stripe or check, which seems to prevent the occurrence of the breaks that sometimes appear in the smooth old horsehair. The common prejudice of the elderly against this upholstery is probably due to the memory of short legs in socks being pricked by horsehair bristles! For the most part, however, it is a clean, durable, cool, handsome and altogether satisfactory material.

The Victorian pieces of which I speak were made in rosewood or black walnut, and upholstered in horsehair, called haircloth in contemporary catalogues. There are sofas, large and small, easy chairs, with or without arms, and side chairs. They were made in this country and in England by cabinet makers who probably had French design books, and are really adaptations for thrifty folk, of the style of Louis XV. They were made, so far as the records show, from about 1830, when the Empire influence was on the wane, to 1870, when William Morris and his fellow primitives became the fashion. Morris disliked the overfilled and fussy drawing rooms of the period. He included the horsehair furniture in the same condemnation with the whatnot and the antimacassar and so threw out the child with the bath. He showed such sincerity of feeling in his decorative reforms, that it seems perhaps unkind to recall the two abominations that come to mind in connection with his movement — the Morris Chair and the Peacock Room.

Our furniture is contemporaneous with the marble-topped

table (for which a defense might be made) but I believe is usually earlier than the huge black walnut double bed and bureau which have brought so much disrepute to the Victorian period. The armchair is of two or three different styles, with or without arms, the back entirely upholstered, or with an upholstered panel surrounded by a wooden frame, held by wooden supports to the seat. The backs are always rounded, and usually carry a carved center ornament. The legs are curved. The side chairs come in a variety of charming shapes, with upholstered seats; the backs are a curved band with cross slat, carved like the easy chairs. Roses and grapes are favorite ornaments. These side chairs are light and pleasing, but strong enough to be used as dining chairs with the now popular small dining-table.

The sofas vary in size from the "love-seat" for only two affectionate sitters, to long pieces where one can lie at length on the cool horsehair during a hot afternoon. The sofa backs are curved and carved like the chairs, often tufted, and sometimes divided into three panels with wooden frames. The Belter chairs and sofas, with their very high carved backs and the solid wooden support to the upholstered panels, are a pretentious and not always agreeable form of Victorian furniture. Both Belter and Duncan Phyfe worked in this period. Their furniture is of the best workmanship, and is highly esteemed, especially that of Duncan Phyfe, which is perhaps more Empire than Victorian. So far as I know they never worked in horsehair.

The horsehair group was less well made and must have been less expensive. In looking through some dozens of the design books of furniture makers of the early 19th century, I find these pieces only occasionally listed. Thomas King who published his "Original Designs for Chairs, Sofas, etc." at 214 High Holborn about 1840, gives the sidechairs. A characteristic suite, sofa, easy chair and armchair is shown in the illustrated catalogue of Palmer and Embury Co. New York City, for 1875. They were "agents for Pawtucket haircloth and English imitation haircloth . . . all goods in black walnut

unless otherwise ordered." Other designs are to be found in "The Cabinet Maker's Assistant," Glasgow, Edinburgh, London and New York 1853. The Victorian chair shown in some of Morris Kantor's painting is of a particularly angular, naïve rigid shape. It has its own quality, suggestive of Puritan New England, witches and Hawthorne. George Bellows has used one of the loveliest of horsehair sofas several times in his pictures of Mrs. Bellows and his little daughters.

But to return to the defense of my mania. Must one be alone and unwatched to indulge so simple an enthusiasm? Horsehair evokes a mood that was once an intimate part of American life. It cannot, perhaps, be restored — but we can at least find suitable times and places to recall it. A corner in horsehair can become a cherished corner in our memories.

History as a Major Sport

GEORGE FORT MILTON

PROBABLY it is because history is the most vital branch of human knowledge that the writing of it is so satisfying an intellectual adventure. At least it has been my own experience that the quest for the truth as to men, events and epochs, can prove a major sport surpassed in zest and sense of achievement by none I know. Nor is this strange, for in its record of human experience history illumines man's struggle with nature, records his attempts at social coöperation, and dramatizes his development against handicaps. The study is broad enough to portray the growth of ideas and cultures, and yet its exactitudes are such that research can be focussed on the splendors of a prince or the battle tragedy of an afternoon.

The historian's task is to capture the ghosts of yesterday, and breathe into them the breath of life — a task requiring skill as well as understanding, and calling for the marriage of scholarship and art. It is a rôle made peculiarly difficult because the historian is denied the creative craftsman's liberty to follow the free range of his imagination. Confronted with a fixed mass of material, the historian must cast it into moving and persuasive literary form. The tapestry of life that he weaves must be in as brilliant colors, and portray as moving scenes, as those presented by the novelist — but the historian must use the old thread of fact. Should the reading interest flag, he cannot invent some new and striking scene to rejuvenate attention: as the bond-servant of his material, he must build his mosaic out of the truth.

Let me illustrate the phases of historical composition out of my own experience. While engaged in preparing a history of the consequences of the American Civil War, I came to feel the need for reappraising the causes of that struggle. The part that chance played in Reconstruction, the rôle of unpredictables and imponderables in the impeachment outcome, raised serious doubts as to the analagous claim that the Civil War was inevi-

table. After I began to burrow into the genetics of the War, it became plain that rival absolutes held sway in the period of the War's gestation: the Aristotelian mean between Abolition and Secession had been given but slight heed.

Soon two challenging questions presented themselves: To begin with, were the Absolutists right about the inevitability of the conflict? And again, if not, why had the present generation of historical scholars been able to do little more than hint at the truth, without persuasive documentation? These intriguing questions led me into a historical job that took four years. Now in the common run of things, few mortals have so many mortgages upon their time as does the provincial newspaper publisher who must be at once editor, business man and factory executive — a job requiring just about twenty-four hours a day. Such a life has many satisfactions, but leisure for scholarly research is not among them. My historical work had to be performed from eight in the evening until midnight. The fatigues of the process, however, had their eventual reward.

My first difficulty was the inadequacy of the data. Different kinds of historical evidence have varying usefulness. The immediate, intimate record a participant in an event makes, by diary-entry or private letter, is the most useful of all sources. Next in value is the account given in some contemporary newspaper, magazine, speech or debate; its worth, however, is often diminished because it is a formal and purposeful public presentation. Even less dependable is an individual's recollections years after the event, for usually these have grown dim from time, or have suffered distortion because of subsequent events. Least useful of all is the mythology with which later generations often seek to justify inherited political prejudices.

Looking over the records of the 'fifties, I found more than enough intimate material about the great extremists. Many were the recollections of private papers of the vanguard of Secession, for the embattled Southerners had preserved each vatic syllable and faded anecdote of Davis and Calhoun. Similarly, the vast band of Lincolnian idolators had winnowed the Emancipator's memorabilia; Sumner's letters were preserved

in due pomposity, along with those of Garrison, Phillips, Trumbull, Washburne and Chase. Even "Beast" Butler's multitudinous correspondence had been edited and put into libraries the nation over. But of the statesmen who had cried, "A plague on both your houses!" the intimate record was slight indeed. The most important sources available were the papers of John J. Crittenden, a stalwart Kentucky conservative. But of the main group of Northern Democrats, the men who had almost won their effort to postpone the war, the yield was practically nil.

Thereupon I commenced a search; most of all it was desirable to discover the papers of Stephen A. Douglas, the great man of the epoch. Truly a human lodestone, Douglas attracted to himself a personal political party reaching every section of the nation, and became the focus of the effort to persuade peaceable adjustment. His papers, if extant, would almost certainly reveal the breadth and depth of the conservative appeal.

Initial inquiries were disappointing; there had been a fire in Washington after the Little Giant's death, and the report was that all his private papers had been burned up. However, two Douglas grandsons lived in Greensboro, N. C. A visit there yielded the lively satisfaction of their friendship. One of them made available a rare parcel of letters Douglas had written home when, as a beardless boy, he went West to make his own way in the world. Soon the other, poking around in a rickety outhouse, came across an old packing-box. When it was hauled out one Saturday afternoon in March 1931, and opened, my eyes feasted on hundreds of bundles of letters, each packet neatly tied in tape. I can remember to this day the tremendous thrill of that discovery — it was a major part of the Little Giant's papers! This was the key to the magic door of the 'fifties, and that key was in my hands.

Discovery was the first step; the next was to make use of it. There were fully twenty-five thousand letters in the box; each one must be deciphered and read, its matter of consequence discerned and put into adequate note. Then, too, time was important. It did not take long to secure an office, rent two type-

writers and hire a stenographic staff. Then for six eye-dimming weeks it was my task to decipher letters, mark passages to be copied and do all other things needful in extracting the heart and essence of a great correspondence. Of course, the papers of statesmen of that day, before typewriters or duplicating devices, consisted almost entirely of letters received. Indeed, this was a great merit, for one read that stream of incoming reports, appeals and suggestions, with the uncanny feeling of having one's finger on the pulse of an epoch and a cause.

When the task was finally done, I came home with my notebooks bulging with a new record of the 'fifties — one so explosive in the character of its evidence that I had no hesitation in terming the struggle which followed Sumter as a "needless war." For the Douglas papers filled the great gap theretofore existing in the evidence; they threw new light on the motives and techniques by which the ultra minorities in both sections manipulated official machinery, and showed that the masses of the people, South and North alike, did not want this politicians' war.

But it was not enough to have found these letters. The very fact of their discovery called for checking of evidence, testing of statements, examination of opposing viewpoints — to say nothing of the actual writing itself. It was important to find Douglas' responses to his chief correspondents. To do this, I classified the letters by the states of the writers' residence, sending these lists to the appropriate State Historical Societies, prominent newspapers, etc., asking their aid in finding living descendants of those who had worked with the Little Giant. Over a thousand such letters went out, and these I backed by personal tours of investigation.

Some of the resultant discoveries were most valuable. For example, in Springfield, Illinois, I found Douglas' correspondence with General John A. McClernand — at first his rival and then one of his staunchest Congressional aides. There, too, grandsons of William H. Lanphier, the Little Giant's ablest editor, made the whole rich Lanphier correspondence available. In the middle 'fifties Douglas had established the Chicago

Times, putting James W. Sheahan at the editorial helm, and in 1860 Sheahan prepared the Little Giant's campaign biography. In Chicago, I had the good fortune to find Sheahan's son; he turned over to me another treasure trove of Douglas' letters.

Quests of this type call for the detective as much as the historian. Careful running down of random leads is essential, and often rewarded, but sometimes success is just sheer luck. There was the case of the Sanders letters. George N. Sanders was a Kentucky editor-politician who wanted Douglas to lead a political revolution to throw the Old Fogies out. But Sanders acted like a bull in a china shop, a cause which allied all other candidates against Douglas, whose denials and disavowals were received with scorn. I became convinced that, but for Sanders, the Little Giant would have been elected President in 1852. The common view was that the Senator was directing every move of the mischief, but I did not believe it — such a course was altogether out of character with Douglas' own technique, and I felt sure that the latter must have made frantic efforts to halt his friend's mad course. Of this there was inferential evidence in Sanders' letters to Douglas. But to prove the point I had to have the Little Giant's answers.

Soon I found that a batch of Douglas' letters to Sanders had been sold in New York in 1915. The auction gallery exhumed its ledger record of purchasers, by means of which I traced and secured copies of half of the original collection. But apparently the rest had vanished in thin air. It happened that the indexer extraordinary, Mr. Joseph Greenbaum of New York, recalled that, years before, a bookbinder friend had found a scrapbook of Lincoln items. On the chance it might have some needful data, Mr. Greenbaum set to work to trace it. After months of search, it came to light that the scrapbook had been presented to the public library at Watertown, Conn., and that not only was it a scrapbook of old clippings, but that also it contained eight letters from Douglas to George Sanders. These enabled me to reconstruct the whole story of the tragedy of that campaign. Had it not been for this Kentucky marplot, Douglas

might well have been President in 1852; perhaps the Missouri Compromise would not have been repealed and there would have been no Civil War!

After collecting material comes the task of judgment, about as difficult as the discovery of fact. Here the historian must be an expert on the reliability of handwriting, have some knowledge of the credibility of witnesses, and be a shrewd inquirer into the motives of men. He must also become thoroughly imbued with the problems and personalities of the age of which he writes. Through thus recapturing the sense of historical participation, he re-creates the reality of the problems of the past generations, and makes them once more living things.

It would be wrong to give the impression that each of the three processes of material-gathering, analysis and composition, is separate in point of time. At least, so far as the present writer is concerned, the three went on simultaneously; and with each particular episode there was an intense effort to do all three at once. One proceeds steadily through the ocean of myth and hypothesis, carefully trying to build a causeway of tested truth. In doing so, the subconscious mind classifies the facts; and when the whole work is done one has an almost intuitive sense of appropriate proportions by which to guide final recasting.

Once the material is mastered, the need for integration leads to months of revision and rearrangement. Then it is that the spirit groans most mournfully. After one has read and edited a single chapter a dozen times or so, it requires considerable courage to sit down to it with a battery of sharpened pencils, to cut from it a space saving of a hundred words a page. And yet, when publishers din in your ears the words of Michelangelo, "The More the Marble Wastes, the More the Statue Grows," one comes almost to believe it. Even so, there is a real pang when one forces one's own pencil to strike out a paragraph which represents the fruits of two months' careful investigation; or when a purple passage is doomed to slaughter as unnecessary surplusage.

Let us say no more of these spiritual travails of the final stages of historical composition. Likewise let us draw the veil of silence over the agonies of proof-reading, and then of finding in the printed volume typographical errors which stick out like a sore thumb. Eventually the work is done and Leviathan is born. It must be admitted that when the historian finishes such a work, he asks: "Why did I ever undertake such toil?" But this feeling is not long-lived. Soon it is overcome by the feeling of mastery, the feeling that he has really plumbed to the depths of an epoch. The historian persuades himself that, through finding out how and why men acted as they did a century ago, he suspects a little better what are the mainsprings of our contemporary society. At any rate, permit me to nominate the writing of history as a major sport for all who are interested in what makes the wheels go round in the whirligig of Life.

Book Reviews

THE COLONIAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY. THE SETTLEMENTS. By Charles M. Andrews. Yale University Press, \$4.00.

IN THE past, American history, with a few exceptions, has been written from a partisan, a political, or a popular point of view. Furthermore, little of an authoritative nature has been written on our colonial background. We have been so much concerned with our "manifest destiny" that we have given little or no thought to our origins — and origins are always important.

In this first volume of what will be a detailed history of the American colonies, Professor Andrews deals exclusively with the origins of the earliest of these. Beginning with a brilliant narrative of the Age of Discovery in Europe and the part that Elizabethan England played in that discovery, the author goes on to describe the expansion of England's commercial activities and the resulting factors that influenced colonization in the East and in North America. A spirit of restlessness was in the air. England was becoming an industrial and commercial nation. The great landlords were turning their lands into sheep farms, thus depriving the tenant farmer of an opportunity to get a living from the soil. The early seventeenth century found many men on the roads of England without money and without a home. Some were dispossessed peasants, though the majority were discharged soldiers and sailors, for now England was at peace.

The increase in commerce and industry, the increase in population, the increase in the number of the unemployed, made colonization a necessity. The dispossessed and the unemployed had to be settled on land somewhere that they might live, and also create new markets for English business. Added to these reasons was the desire on the part of the impoverished gentleman adventurers of England, principally younger sons of the landed gentry and the nobility, to acquire wealth quickly. Despite the fact that very little gold had been found in North America, these men insisted that it was there for the simple reason that it had been found in such abundance in Central and South America.

With the principal reasons for colonization firmly established, Professor Andrews then proceeds to take up in detail the establishing of the colonies in Virginia, Bermuda, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and at Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. It is in the narration of the founding of these colonies, and of their activities to the end of the seventeenth century, that Professor Andrews makes an original

contribution to the method of writing early American history. Previous historians have considered the problem of settlement only from the American point of view, and wrote only of those colonies that later became states. Professor Andrews has placed himself and his readers in England, thus permitting a survey of the entire problem as it affected the colonies and the mother country. This method also enabled the author to take up the subject of those North American colonies which are still under English dominion. Thus we have, for the first time, a complete record of English colonization in North America.

The second advantage that this volume has over any other account of American colonial history that I have read, is that it treats the colonies as colonies and not as potential units of the United States. An opportunity is thus given for a fair and leisurely examination of the problems of settlement and government which the American colonies had to face, long before there was any idea of rebellion against the mother country. Every other historian of this period has hurried over these phases, or has considered them in the light of future events. Of course, no other historian had at his command the knowledge of this period that has made Professor Andrews the greatest authority on our colonial history. It is not merely as a narrative that "The Colonial Period of American History" supersedes all earlier books on the subject; it contains the mature judgments of a scholar who has made the period his own.

On more than one occasion in this volume, Professor Andrews takes issue with other investigators in early American history regarding their conclusions. To cite only one instance: The author does not agree with the findings of Professor Wertenbaker regarding the importance of the indentured servant after he had obtained his freedom. He holds to the older view that Virginia was ruled by "men of rank and influence and good social standing."

In one respect this volume will prove a disappointment to the cultivated general reader who is not an historical specialist. Professor Andrews has given very little space to the social and intellectual movements of the early colonies. We should like to know more of the social structure in Virginia and Massachusetts before 1800. Charters and governments are necessary, and a knowledge of them is valuable, but they were made for the benefit of men and women. It is in these men and women that we are primarily interested. The only non-political figure who receives any consideration in this volume is Thomas Morton, an English royalist who tried to make life in the Plymouth colony a little brighter. His only reward was banishment, though future generations have blessed him for giving us, in his "New England Canaan," one of the few good things in early American

literature. Perhaps the later volumes of this history will deal more extensively with the human element in our early history.

There is no question that this first volume is one of the most important contributions to American history in modern times. Having been planned and written in the best tradition of modern historical scholarship, it is free from the many vices of popularization, though it has a style and a movement that are ideally adapted to the material and the plan of presentation. Its choice by the Pulitzer Prize Committee was obvious.

E. H. O'NEILL

SHIPMASTERS OF CAPE COD. By Henry C. Kittredge. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50.

THIS is a brave and hearty book. It does not pretend to be a maritime history of the Cape, but a chronicle of the master mariners who were born and raised along the Bay shore from Barnstable to Provincetown, and down the "backside" to Falmouth. We have all heard vague stories of the fifty sea captains of Chatham, and the Cape jury that contained seven men qualified to testify as experts on minor features of Honolulu harbor; but here are the facts. Mr. Kittredge has followed his Cape Codders down East and down South, in the Western Ocean packet service, to the West Indies for rum and to Smyrna for figs, to the "Coast" and the "Islands," up the Hoogly and Canton Rivers, and around the world.

It is a fine meaty book, full of long extracts from ships' logs and from the masters' correspondence with wives and ship-owners, brimming over with storms and shipwrecks and the ordinary incidents of seafaring. You can read it straight through with increasing delight (though with some confusion among the numerous Crowells, Crockers, Eldridges, Snows and Mayos) or you can dip in anywhere and pull up something like this, from Captain Rodney Baxter's log of his voyage to Ireland with corn for the famine sufferers of 1847, in the schooner *American Belle* (p. 145):

The sea was occasionally running a little on our port quarter. I caught hold of the wheel to assist the man at the helm to swing the vessel off, so that the sea would strike us square in the stern, and when it did so, it lifted her stern so that she almost pitch-poled, with the end of the jib boom under water some distance. . . . The man at the wheel and myself would have been washed overboard if we had not been well lashed. We were not less than ten feet under water, and when we regained our places on our feet, the vessel's stern was down under water and we were up to our arms in it, with tons of water in the after part, and the weight caused her to present an angle of 45 degrees, bow out.

The pressure of the water burst off the bulwarks and she recovered, after apparently struggling to live. We kept on all night, and the gale abated. . . .

One of the many features in the book that provokes reflection is the fact that Cape Cod shipmasters in those days of sail had to consider and decide, in ports such as Shanghai and Singapore, whether to accept a freight at the going rate, or load a certain cargo on the owner's account, or charter the vessel to a local merchant, or proceed to another port in ballast, or even sell the ship. Until the 1850's no data on prices or markets were cabled around the world; and in the Napoleonic wars, shipmasters had to contend with government regulations, even more fluctuating and elaborate than those of today. Consequently, business judgment was required of a shipmaster as well as ability to manage a ship. Yet some of these Cape Codders had already risen to a command at an age when their descendants have just graduated from high school and are seeking a job at a filling station.

The "Old South" was not the only social system that vanished with "progress." Maritime New England and Nova Scotia once had a way of life that afforded a good living, variety, adventure, a dash of romance to the great majority of the men-folk; and the satisfaction of power and distinction to the most able. The women, too, I venture to declare, had more satisfaction out of life than the pampered belles and hand-kissed matrons of the Southland. New England has no war, treaty, or hated outlander to blame for doing her out of it; she helped undo herself with industrial development and protective tariffs, and so can look back on it dispassionately — with affection, to be sure, but without mawkish sentiment or false glamor.

Half a dozen of our best novelists have simultaneously discovered this field, especially the Maine corner of it; but if you like facts rather than fiction, let Mr. Kittredge take you across the seven seas on a wooden sailing vessel commanded by a Cape Cod shipmaster.

SAMUEL E. MORISON

BLACK RECONSTRUCTION. By Burghart Du Bois. Harcourt Brace, \$4.50.

TO the many readers of the Beards, Muzzey, Rhodes and other recognized American historians, this book will come as a distinct shock. Written frankly from the negro point of view by a distinguished negro scholar, not one of these notable authors escapes castigation, be it because of inaccuracy or bias or plain ignorance. The author acknowledges that he has an axe to grind, and asserts that "the mass of American writers have started out so to distort the

facts of the greatest critical period of American history as to prove right wrong and wrong right." The axe has been sharpened through many years of research and study. With this view it will be impossible for most readers to escape either complete agreement or complete disagreement.

The book is based on two main themes: First, negroes as a race are not backward. Time and again the author refers to the Constitution with its "all men are born free and equal." No one will question the hideous wrong of slavery, but many are inclined to doubt the equality of all men. We have been led to regard the excesses, corruption and chaos of the Reconstruction period in the South as an example of what the negro, aided and led on, by the unscrupulous carpet-bagger from the North, did with his equality. One has a full comprehension of Mr. Du Bois' bitterness when he refers to this era as "the finest effort to achieve democracy for the working millions which this world had ever seen." After careful reading of the chapters on the negro legislatures in the South after the war, one is forced to consider the author's claims as to the social responsibilities of negro lawmakers rather tedious and certainly exaggerated. The activities of these negro legislators do not seem to support the author's contention that the negro should have been enfranchised as soon as he was freed. Andrew Johnson, Seward and others who felt that the negro should be educated before he was given the vote, come in for a fearful pen-lashing. Even when some of Johnson's ablest state papers are referred to, Mr. Du Bois sneeringly observes that the President could not have written them by himself. As the book progresses, this bitterness becomes almost fanatical. Johnson knew nothing of finance, was drunk a large part of the time, was "God's own fool." The argument is weakened by these intemperate and often strikingly inaccurate accusations.

The second premise is the statement that the South "turned the most beautiful section of the nation into a center of poverty and suffering, gambling and brawling, an abode of ignorance among black and white more abysmal than in any modern land." The chapter on "The Planter" is filled with hatred towards this class, a hatred understandable in a member of this long suffering race. At this point it is only proper to call attention to the fact that Mr. Du Bois seems to have found his ideal in the social program of the New Deal. Capitalists are referred to as "exploiters," labor must fight ever onwards against tyrannical capitalists. To those who believe that it is foolish completely to exterminate the "goose that lays the golden egg," the employer, and who believe that the employer, within reason, should have power to employ only those who satisfy him, the excoriation of the planter will sound not unlike the broadsides of President Roose-

velt regarding the class of Tories who interfere with his policies.

This is not to say that the planters as a group were admirable: many were self satisfied wastrels completely lacking that sense of responsibility which should accompany wealth and position. But to criticize them for their adherence to the belief and custom of England and the Continent is unfair. The planters, South Carolinians in particular, had always been closer to the old world than the new, and with reason. Even today there is no strong bond between the South, New England or the middle states. The chapter as a whole seems to degenerate into a tirade which will largely cost the author the sympathy of the discerning reader. Southerners may disagree with but cannot ignore the closing sentences: "The disaster of the war decimated the planters; the bitter disappointment and frustration led to a tremendous mortality after the war, and from 1870 on, the planter class merged their blood so completely with the rising poor whites that they disappeared as a separate aristocracy. It is this that explains so many characteristics of the post-war South; its lynchings and mob law, its murders and cruelty, its insensibility to the finer things of civilization."

In the effort to keep the negro and his problem in the center of the stage, Mr. Du Bois (and factually this is probably the weakest section of the book) claims that the Civil War was due almost entirely to the problem of slavery. Without entering upon the ramifications of this question, it may be said that nearly all previous students have considered that no single factor could account for the Rebellion. Lincoln and other Northern leaders had no wish to disturb the "peculiar institution" of the South except by legal methods. What they were determined, at all costs, to preserve was the Union. So one at least has always been taught, and when Mr. Du Bois dismisses this as mere sentiment one is still not convinced. Such questions as the tariff, the transference of the balance of power from the agricultural interests to the industrial, the inability of the South to see its political domination of the country disappear — these and more must be considered as contributing causes to the struggle. True, these questions are discussed, but are all too lightly dismissed.

The author assigns the winning rôle in the war to the negro. He asserts, in the chapter entitled "The General Strike," that "the black worker won the war by a general strike which transferred his labor from the Confederate planter to the Northern invader, in whose army lines workers began to be organized as a new labor force." In this chapter the activities in New Orleans of General Benjamin Butler, elsewhere cited as "glorious Ben Butler," are commented on in commendatory fashion. Suffice it to say that the student of American history will find it difficult to discover any public figure who exer-

cised as sinister an influence for evil so consistently as did this man. Many readers will undoubtedly disagree with the statement, "It is astonishing how this army of striking labor furnished in time 200,000 Federal soldiers whose evident ability to fight decided the war."

If the book has a hero, it is Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, who, with the Abolitionists Garrison and Phillips, was the great advocate of immediate negro enfranchisement. One can understand, but not concur with, the author's enthusiasm for this man. Cold, pompous, arrogant—an intellectual snob, he appears in these pages "full of sound and fury." If one considers how he would have voted, in spite of his high flown sentiments, if a negro had been nominated for governor of Massachusetts, one must add "signifying nothing." Sharing the author's admiration, is Thaddeus Stevens. In his endorsement of Stevens' stand in support of negro enfranchisement, Mr. Du Bois appears to have overlooked the controlling interest in this extraordinary man's life when he observes that "never a mere politician, he cared nothing for constitutional subtleties nor even for political power." The great passion in Stevens' life was the Republican Party; it had saved the country, it must rule it. To rule, it was necessary to bring the negro votes into the fold, and at the same time to keep the embittered Southern white vote down. This determination led the Radicals to pass the infamous Reconstruction Act, placing the South under military law, and to attempt the impeachment of Andrew Jonnson, both of which actions are passed over as quickly and quietly as possible by Mr. Du Bois. On the shoulders of this group of men may be placed the responsibility for the ruin of the South and eventually of the negro himself. To claim for the Radicals broad vision and statesmanship, as a whole is absurd. They were G.A.R. politicians and played the same rôle as the protagonists of the American Legion today.

"Black Reconstruction" is an ambitious work, and one cannot but admire the immense industry involved in developing new sources of information. Though possibly not in agreement with the author's interpretations of his material, one is never disinterested. It is a dynamic book and will undoubtedly provoke new arguments on an old controversy.

DOUGLAS DEBEVOISE

RENASCENT MEXICO. Edited by Hubert Herring and Herbert Weinstock. Covici Friede, \$2.50.

OVER events in Mexico, there has been of late years an embittering controversy. It is economic. Also, it is religious. And religion, added to economy, affects politics and diplomacy. This book

contains a symposium on Mexico which is intended to spread light, not heat. Men who know the subject write clearly and pleasantly about the revolution that is sweeping over the country, the plans for reconstruction and the cultural background of the people. We see the landscape as a whole. We see that landscape as it is seen by these men. But there arises a question. Admitting that the vision is comprehensive, can we also say that it is unobstructed? Do we see what we are looking at, as it really is? These writers survey Mexico — north, south, east and west — but always through a window. The glass is transparent; but all glass intercepts rays of light. We gaze upon the scene beyond. But the scene as it reaches us, has been robbed in a measure of actuality. The facts are there, but they are surrounded by an atmosphere which is not quite the atmosphere that people breathe.

There is no difficulty in putting a name to the transparency that permits the vision which it affects. In Germany, it is known as Neopaganism. It spreads over Russia, over Turkey and — in a decorous dilution — over the English speaking world. We live in an era of Humanism, and Humanism is the medium of visibility that is spread over these pages.

The Humanists are engaged upon a fascinating experiment. Expressed in crude terms, this experiment is an endeavor to satisfy the being of man without assuming that God also is a Being. It is not a new experiment nor, hitherto, has it ever succeeded. Of this experiment, Mexico is among the most interesting laboratories. In describing the experiment, the Humanists adopt a subtle and a seductive diplomacy. They tell the truth. They tell nothing that is contrary to the truth. But do they tell the whole truth?

We are reminded that the Mexicans were Americans before there were Americans in the *Mayflower*, that they established a civilization, that they carved a Calendar Stone. It is not made so plain that they also carved the Stone of Sacrifice on which the blood of human victims never ceased to flow — victims to be numbered by scores of thousands. The world today is not entirely altruistic. But nowhere is there to be found a worship so sanguinary and so hideous as the awful atrocities that passed for legitimate ritual among the pre-Christian Mexicans.

Few will suggest that there were no abuses within the Roman Catholic Church which transformed Mexico. The fact remains that this Church embraces the main body of the people and that there is no alternative to it suggested in these pages. Yet what is the account of the Church here presented? Merely a passing reference. And what kind of reference? That the Church perpetuated the superstitions of the Middle Ages. Were those superstitions all that the Church per-

petuated? It is to the Church, with all her faults and failures, that Mexico owes a majestic architecture, her education, and the heritage of a Christendom which produced a Galileo and a Dante, a Velasquez, a Michael Angelo and a St. Francis of Assisi.

It is, we submit, a confusion of the issue to suggest that Neo-paganism, whether in Russia or in Mexico, has adopted the principles of religious equality and cultural freedom. A Mexican priest, writing these words in his parish magazine — if indeed priests and parishes can be found associated with a magazine — would immediately get into trouble. These words, if printed in Russia, supposing that such printing could be arranged, would render the writer liable to a banishment worse than death. All that English-speaking peoples mean by freedom of the mind is denied under the Neo-pagan autocracies.

P. W. WILSON

THE FIRST CENTURY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1770-1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Appleton-Century, \$3.50.

THE beginning-point for histories of American literature moves steadily forward, as more and more rigid standards of criticism are applied to the writings of native pioneers. Wendell and Greenough's incredibly dull textbook on the subject, written considerably more than a quarter-century ago, devotes about two-thirds of its space to early New England worthies of the stripe of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. A recent study of fiction, Harlan Hatcher's "The Making of the Modern American Novel," takes the dawn of this century as its point of departure, Mr. Hatcher's contention being that with the exception of "The Scarlet Letter" and "Moby Dick" there was no novel written in this country of any real consequence before 1900. He adds that "Moby Dick" really belongs to us, since it was our generation that discovered it.

Fred Lewis Pattee, a conservative professor whose judgments are quite academic, completes his long history of our literature — parts of which have been appearing at intervals for several years — with a large volume entitled "The First Century of American Literature," taking as his dates 1770 to 1870. Two great wars are his pivotal points. Thus he omits altogether the production of the early colonial period. Even so, he includes a large number of names and titles that have only historic interest, and deserve no space on the basis of intrinsic artistic merit. There would have been far less excuse for a quarrel on this ground if the book had been called simply "A First Century of American Writing," since obviously much of the material discussed is not literature at all. In fact, the earlier pages of the book show the result of a great deal of careful and laborious scholarship,

but they are devoted to a discussion of the works of people who, while often exceedingly interesting as personalities, were not able to write anything worth preserving except for its possible social significance.

Lest I fall into an error similar to the one I have just accused Dr. Pattee of making, let me explain that his volume is intended primarily for use as a textbook, and makes only a general pretense of appealing to people who read for entertainment and edification, rather than to be able to answer questions on examination. The possessor of a keener and clearer mind, Vernon Lee Parrington, even though somewhat hampered by a pre-conceived theory, did make excellent social material out of his examination of early American literature. Of this, Dr. Pattee is patently not capable; he generalizes loosely, and his sweeping observations upon the shifting American scene are not at all the sort to make the observant reader sit up, with a feeling of delight and surprise, at the discovery of crystallized insight.

Since I am neither forced to teach nor to study Dr. Pattee's book, there would be no point in my trying to pass upon its merits as a textbook. But I cannot overlook the opportunity to say that a textbook on literature should be written in at least moderately good English. And Dr. Pattee is guilty of some of the most astonishingly bad writing in the present volume that I have come upon in many a day. It is, in my sober judgment, little short of criminal to put before students whose style, if they are ever to have any, is unformed, a book in which page after page is filled with inverted sentences. I say nothing of the free use of sentences without verbs, to which we are by now perhaps accustomed; but what possible excuse can there be for such contortions of words as these, to cite only a few that made my flesh creep?

Written not at all was it for profit.

Noteworthy indeed much of this practical wisdom.

A document is it that later critics cannot neglect.

The classic spirit — perfection of form imposed upon strength of feeling — was by these lyrics brought to the American bourgeoisie.

The youngest member of the group was James Russell Lowell, born in 1819. Fourteen years was he younger than Emerson, thirteen years younger than Hawthorne.

There are hundreds of sentences beginning with an adverb, and in no instance is anything gained by such wretched arrangements; on the contrary, as may be seen from some of the horrible examples cited just above, the usual order of words would be a distinct improvement.

When, however, I have said that Dr. Pattee's writing strikes me as shockingly bad, and that much of his subject matter could interest only the student out to make good grades, or the chauvinistic Amer-

ican whose patriotism causes him to value the native product as far beyond its merit (as the latter was esteemed in most instances by contemporary reviewers), it remains true that there is a great deal of information to be had from Dr. Pattee's book. His emphasis upon the early development of the literary magazine, for example, and its effect upon the typical American short story; his discussion of the growth of our own kind of humor; his chapter on "The Annuals and Gift Books" in which I believe he has broken new ground; his really excellent chapter on Cooper, and various scattered comments — put those of us who love American literature in his debt. One must admire his industry in wading through so much hopeless stuff; a measure of his mettle in this respect may be had from his earlier editing of Freneau, whose poetry he still likes although Freneau was never better than a third-rate versemaker.

As for Dr. Pattee's critical judgments, they are what might be expected. In general, he is inclined to blame the times rather than the man himself for failure, and to harp steadily upon the evils of the feminine influence on American letters from the very beginning — a subject about which there is still considerable feeling, and with more reason at present because the women novelists are so much more numerous and more distinguished than their male competitors. Of Poe, for example, whom he neither likes nor understands, he writes: "Poe was a genius thrown into the muck-heap of an unliterary generation, the feminine 'thirties and 'forties of democratic America." This is too simple an explanation. Does Dr. Pattee mean to suggest that Poe would have achieved real greatness if he had lived in the 'twenties and 'thirties of plutocratic America? Why blame the women for Poe's own weaknesses?

In his last chapter he summarizes the hundred years, and his winnowings show only Irving and Cooper of the early period. Later he names Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Thoreau and Lowell as the classic eight of the New England resurgence and adds, "Critics of two generations later, however, have made sad havoc with these valuations. Three non-New Englanders they have placed above the eight — Whitman, Melville, Poe; and they have reduced the eight to three — Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau." It is quite impossible to escape the conclusion that the critics of two generations later are eminently sound in their severe judgments.

Naturally, since Dr. Pattee writes extensively of American magazines, the name of the *North American Review* appears repeatedly in his later pages, and his final tribute is in these words — after he has spoken of the invaluable place the magazines occupy in the work of our literary historians — "From such a list one might trace the

entire literary development of a century. . . . One might do the same thing for the period after 1815 had one only a file of the *North American Review*. Most important of all was it of all the critical forces that shaped our literature in half a century. It reviewed every significant American book from the standpoint of literary dictator; it made and unmade poets and novelists; it laid down literary laws for the nation. It brought fame to dozens of writers, the list beginning perhaps with Mrs. Child, Cooper, and Hawthorne."

Two odd mistakes escaped the vigilant eye of James A. Anderson, who checked the manuscript, according to the introductory note. One is a misspelling of the name of McGuffey, of McGuffey's Readers, and the other is a reference to Maupassant's famous ghost story as "La Hula," giving it a slightly Hawaiian flavor to which it is not at all entitled.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE FOUNDING OF HARVARD COLLEGE. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Harvard University Press, \$5.00.

THIS is the first volume, in order, of "The Tercentennial History of Harvard College and University, 1636-1936." The author has already edited a coöperative work, "The Development of Harvard University, 1869-1929," which was published five years ago. Eventually, "The Tercentennial History" will comprise five stout volumes. Judging by the contents of the two which have already appeared, this important task will never have to be done again.

Like Thomas Prince, who began his "History of New England" with the flood according to Scripture, Mr. Morison begins at the beginning. He gets only as far as the year before the first charter of 1650, by virtue of which Harvard is today the oldest corporation in the country. Almost a third of this volume is devoted to the origin and development of the various universities of Europe, with special emphasis on Cambridge, and in particular Emmanuel College, where John Harvard took his degree. The fact that most of the college graduates among the early settlers of New England came from Cambridge was decisive — but the influence of Edinburgh, as well as Trinity, in Dublin, where John Winthrop, Jr., studied, was by no means without importance. Leyden and Franeker are featured, also, as the nursery and refuge of Puritan dissent in England.

Harvard College was founded by an act of the colonial legislature of Massachusetts, at the end of a "heavy day's business" on October 28, 1636, the future regicide, Henry Vane, being then governor. John Harvard was not, as is commonly believed, the founder, but the first individual benefactor of a college already two years old. The

first class (of nine students) was graduated in 1642. For the "suspended animation" of one entire academic year (1639-1640) no information is available. From that August of 1640, when the excellent Henry Dunster was wisely chosen "president," the existence of Harvard College, in spite of almost constant squabbles and occasional misfortunes, has been reasonably secure. If another future regicide, Hugh Peter, could have had his way, the college would probably be at Marblehead today. In November, 1637, the present site was fixed upon, and in the following September John Harvard died at Charlestown, leaving half his estate of seventeen hundred pounds and all his books to the college, which was given his name by the legislature, in March 1639.

It is amusing to remember that the first head of Harvard (never officially recognized as such) was a rogue who died in a London jail in 1674. Nathaniel Eaton took only one year to make himself odious by beating one of his staff, after his mercenary wife had starved the students. Mr. Morison's story of this unhappy beginning is as lively as his style. Even Henry Dunster, it might be added, had to be put out of the office he adorned for many years because he became a Baptist — or what our law-and-order men would call a communist — and would not keep quiet about it. The lucky election of Dunster, however, saved the college by the skin of its teeth.

The pains and patience taken in the making of this book were as enormous as the plan of it. For one thing, the author had the imagination to establish a most plausible reconstruction of the first college building. Readers can learn where the students lived, what they ate, how they played, and what they studied. The illustrations are many and various, and a great deal of time and trouble went into five important, but innocent looking, appendices. Two maps of the college part of Cambridge, in 1638 and today, are convenient and absorbing. Harvard men ought to look into this book, if for no other reason than to discover that no likeness of John Harvard has ever been found — or ever existed, so far as is known.

They would do well to consult it for another reason, also. Graduates of the university have often been learned but not frequently have they acquired the art of wearing their learning so lightly as Professor Morison. In this book they can discover the difference between hod-carriers of facts and architects of ideas — or, better still, how one and the same man can excel at both the trade and the profession. As a rare combination of research and assimilation, this work is notable. Its faults are trifling, and the scholarship and vision of its author have shown how much ignorance is needed to call such a subject as this one narrow.

DEEP DARK RIVER. By Robert Rylee. Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.

KNEEL TO THE RISING SUN. By Erskine Caldwell. The Viking Press, \$2.50.

TAKEN together, these two books constitute a serious, and often very bitter, indictment of the South and the Southern civilization. Mr. Caldwell and his work are already well known, while Mr. Rylee's book is a first novel, faulty, sometimes disappointing, but with much that is impressive, and much that is beautiful. The one deals largely with the poor whites, the unemployed laborers and the worse than unemployed share-croppers, as well as with the negroes whose position is still more miserable; while the other is largely concerned with the relations between the two races.

"Niggers have been the curse of this state, and of the South. It was too easy to live off them. But living off somebody else's strength makes you weak," declares old Mr. Rutherford, himself one of those white men who, once strong and energetic, have sunk into an apathy and decay which symbolizes the condition of that part of Mississippi to which Mose Southwick, negro laborer and farmhand, came after he lost his job in a Louisiana gravel-pit, and where he was presently tried for murder. It is the portrait of Mose which makes the novel memorable as a thing of dignity and fineness. For Mose, religious and ambitious to be ordained, is no plaster saint, but a very real human being who does wrong sometimes, and on at least one occasion produces tragic results by sheer negligence. Yet for him the author can claim, and one feels justly, that his is a "great soul."

His character is far from static; it develops through suffering and injustice and even more through an interest in and love for the land he cultivates, which gives him a certain pride of possession in those fields which are not his, though they owe so much to his labor. He is seen clearly, drawn firmly and lovingly, but without any marring touch of sentimentality. There is much of pathos, nothing of bathos in the picture of Mose and his helplessness in a world run by and for white people, a world wherein, according to Mr. Rylee, he has no rights, nor any claim to justice. Yet by sheer force and fineness of character he rises above circumstances until he no longer seems pitiable to the reader; while the woman lawyer who has jeopardized her career in his defense, feels that: "Mose is beyond her now," in a peace she could not achieve.

In Mose, the sufferings as well as the best qualities of the negro are nobly drawn; and if the rest of the novel matched up with the portrait of its central character, the book would be a remarkable one. Unfortunately, the rest of the novel has many flaws. Old Mr. Rutherford is excellently done, but Mary Winston, the white woman lawyer

whose keen sense of justice compels her to undertake an almost hopeless task, never becomes real. Her character was evidently intended to balance that of Mose, but she remains a lifeless figure, occasionally serving as a mouthpiece for the author. The courtroom scenes, which should be moving and dramatic, fall flat — partly because of Mary, partly because Mr. Rylee has not worked them up to the degree of tension which would make them memorable; while the figures of Mr. Rutherford's two worthless sons are as unreal as their behavior is melodramatic. At present, Mr. Rylee is far better at contemplative analysis of character than he is at handling dramatic moments; the first part of his book and its concluding chapters are much the best, though the descriptions of the life of which he is telling have ease and sureness from first to last. His deep compassion, his rebellion against injustice, result in an outlook far from hopeless. Mose has been defeated; his cause is lost; yet with him remains the victory.

It is the wide difference in their outlook which most sharply distinguishes Robert Rylee's work from that of Erskine Caldwell. Mr. Caldwell has a keener sense of drama, a more incisive touch; but there is no lift, no possibility of triumph wrung from defeat in the negroes and poor whites of his brief, vivid stories. The longest tale in the book, which gives its title to the volume, is an utterly horrible one of physical and psychical degradation. It is not the central, hideous episode of the devouring of the old man by the ravenous hogs which is the ugliest thing in the story, but the complete debasement of the son, Lonnie—a cringing, trembling wretch who cannot even be loyal to the one man who has helped and trusted him. From the cutting off of the dog's tail to that dreadful moment when the body of the betrayed negro falls crumpled upon the ground, horror follows horror until one's nerves can endure no more.

And the other tales are almost if not quite as hopeless. The mother who sells her little daughter to buy food for her other children; the unemployed laborer who dies on the sidewalk while the owner of the big automobile which has struck and killed him declares that he is only faking; the huge negro, Candy-Man, shot down by a policeman as he comes swinging along the road on the way to visit his girl — these and all the rest are part of a record of the merciless exploitation of the weak, of cruelty, treachery, of the lowest depths to which human nature can fall.

Both books in their depiction of concrete instances are an arraignment of the society which makes such instances possible. Mary Winston dares not defend Mose by using the truths she would have used had he been a white man, because she knows that to do so would alienate public opinion, and deprive him of any chance of escape he

might have. No one voices a protest when Candy-Man is shot down, and the men of the community all join in pumping bullets into the body of the negro who had dared stand up against a white man, even though they knew that white man to be unutterably vile. But where Erskine Caldwell merely presents the case as he sees it, Robert Rylee goes further and deeper, maintaining his belief in the power of character to surmount even the worst kind of circumstance. Mr. Caldwell apparently sees degradation as finality; but it is quite evident that neither the story of Mose nor that of Mary is finished when "Deep Dark River" comes to an end.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

HERITAGE. By George F. Hummel. Stokes, \$2.50.

SECOND HOEING. By Hope Williams Syke. Putnam, \$2.50.

A FEW FOOLISH ONES. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. Macmillan, \$2.50.

THERE is a swelling procession of regional novels. Authors have suddenly become consciously regional; publishers are delighted to fill their lists with this sure-fire, old-home-town stuff in modern garb. At least the trend is producing novels worth reading as Baedekers, if not as literature. No author writes of stars falling on Alabama without some fair idea of what sort of territory they are grazing. These books are popular because their sectionalism satisfies the curiosity of many readers concerning the lives of people living in the wheat belt, or the scrub country of the South (witness Miss Ferber's "So Big," Bromfield's "The Farm," or Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's "South Moon Under") and also nourishes the urban dweller's nostalgic hankering after the land.

In "Heritage," whose scene is cast on Long Island, Mr. Hummel claims what few casual residents realize today, that "in spite of the powerful influx of men-masses and social concepts from the giant metropolis which has absorbed the entire western end of Long Island, whatever is fundamental and lasting in the character of present day Long Islanders is component of that slow insistent seepage of the New England tradition through the North American continent and North American life." For those who are interested in tracking down such a study, this sociological novel (which by Mr. Hummel's own statement is a labor of love) will prove gratifying. Others will undoubtedly consider it dull and prosaic. The book is set solidly, sometimes stolidly, in its wide, old-fashioned frame of loving memory.

The inheritance woven into the tale is the Germany of the 'forties. While the Puritan settlers made and tried to keep Norwold (Southhold?), multiplying through intermarriage and prospering in their little self-contained community, the immigrants joined it to the

outside world. The author gives us the parallel, and later widely diverging, lives of twin brothers of German extraction and their entanglements with American Puritan stock. He mingles, fuses, and muddles the life histories of three generations. He opens with John Beebe's hiring of Gottlob Weller, sturdy immigrant farm-hand and his gallant Frau Barbara, and ends the fifty year span with the marriage of Beebe's granddaughter and Weller's illegitimate grandchild into one of Southold's oldest families. Psychologically speaking, we are confronted with the wormwood and gall of defeat in love and material success, as it crystallized in the souls of twin brothers, aliens to a new world, and never wholly of it.

Miss Syke's "Second Hoeing" emphasizes that same gulf between foreigner and American, even for the citizen with foreign-born parents. That bridge of nationality is never really crossed in her book. Yet one would have expected the adjustment to come in the last generation, the "Second Hoeing" following America's most crowded moments of expansion and lightning "progress."

That familiar longing for the past, and for farming as a "way of life," that echoed through Pound's "Once a Wilderness" permeates "Second Hoeing," and is present once more in Mrs. Carroll's "A Few Foolish Ones." The latter is a finely turned novel, sentimental but authentic and alive, and somehow consoling in its philosophy. "Second Hoeing" has for its locale a setting heretofore foreign to fiction, the Colorado sugar-beet country. The writer furnishes a depiction less impersonal than is usual in European novels of soil, though equally naturalistic in detail. Hannah Schreissmiller is made of the same heroic stuff as Kate Bragdon in "A Few Foolish Ones," but she does not accept as easily a backwater fate, nor arrive at the same serenity as Mrs. Carroll's New Englander.

The similarity obtains likewise between Gus Bragdon, hard Maine farmer, loving trees better than fellow humans because they were less "whiffle-minded" — and the German Russian Fritz, harsh taskmaster, caring only about his beet crop and rentor's prestige. It seems almost as though the three authors employed a set pattern; each has a self-sacrificing mother and stanch daughter, and the same existence barren of all but a few crude pleasures.

In other words, a regional convention has come into existence; for years to come the presses will be flooded with regional novels, as carefully patterned from the original prototype as the movie stars of the Garbo era.

Contributors' Column

Herbert Agar ("Just Why Economics?") is the author of "The People's Choice," that entertaining account of the Presidents of the United States which won the Pulitzer prize for history in 1934. This article will appear as a chapter on the Literature of Economics in "What Is a Book? Thoughts about Writing" — an anthology which Dale Warren is editing for publication by Houghton Mifflin in November.

L. B. Hessler ("On 'Bad Boy' Criticism") is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Minnesota. This article seems to be the result of a long, smoldering rebellion on the part of one who has made the love of books his vocation as well as his recreation.

Paul Engle ("Prologue"), the author of "American Song" and "Worn Earth," is now a Rhodes Scholar from the State of Iowa, at Merton College, Oxford. Curiously enough, for a poet, he is concentrating in economics and modern history. However, he is also working on a new book, to which "Prologue" will be the introduction.

Peter Odegard ("The Future of States' Rights") is the author of "Pressure Politics," and "The American Public Mind." He is Professor of Political Science at Ohio State University. The whole problem of States' Rights has been one of his hobbies for many years.

Kile Crook ("Wickford Gardens") is a Connecticut poet, and one of those "back-to-the-landers" that one hears so much about.

Hoffman Nickerson ("In Behalf of States' Rights") is best known for his history of the Spanish Inquisition. However, he is also a student of American affairs. This paper springs from a profound conviction, the result of his European and American studies on the importance of local governments.

Ruth Pickering ("Grant Wood, Painter in Overalls") is Associate Editor of Arts and Decoration. She is enthusiastic about the growing interest in art throughout this country.

Richard Dana Skinner ("A Letter to Walter Damrosch") was formerly the dramatic critic of *The Commonweal*, and is now Associate Editor of the *North American Review*.

William Cordell ("Dark Days Ahead for King Cotton") was formerly an assistant to the head of the Department of Political Science at the University of Arkansas. He edits a yearly anthology of the best magazine articles, entitled "Molders of American Thought."

Thomas Sugrue ("To a Pair of Gold Earrings") will be remembered by North American Review readers for his pungent article, "California — in Thy Fashion," which appeared in our June issue. His versatile temperament is in no way phased by the task of running off a sonnet.

Henry Morton Robinson ("Our Tipstaff Police") is the author of "Stout Cortez," as well as of several volumes of poetry. This study of our police system is a hobby with him.

Arthur Van Dyck ("Radio, and Our Future Lives") is the Engineer-in-Charge of the RCA License Division Laboratories. There are few people in a better position to judge the accomplishments and future possibilities of radio.

Charles Hanson Towne ("Miss Craigie") is well-known as former editor of Harper's Bazaar, and as a columnist. He wrote the English lyrics for Offenbach's opera, "La Belle Hélène."

Louise Maunsell Field ("Emancipating the Novel") writes here about some trends in the modern novel. Readers will remember a similar article in our December issue on the subject of modern biography, entitled "Biographical New Dealing."

Paul Vanorden Shaw ("'Good Neighbor' — and Cuba") is an established authority on Latin America. He has taught history at Columbia University for many years, and is now teaching and doing research work in Panama.

Dorothy Quick ("A Little Girl's Mark Twain") writes short stories for current periodicals.

Elbra Dickinson ("Devotional") is a Massachusetts poet, and a distant relative of Emily Dickinson.

Dorothy Gorrell ("Tumultuous Cloister") is the Managing Editor of the Wellesley College News.

Catharine Cook Smith ("In Defense of Horsehair") believes that even Victorian furniture has its moments. She has many other interests, among them the sponsoring of children's dramatics.

Henry Fort Milton ("History as a Major Sport"), the author of "The Age of Hate" and "The Eve of Conflict," is the President and Editor of the Chattanooga News. This article, as well as Mr. Agar's, will appear in Dale Warren's "What Is a Book?"



THE
NORTH
AMERICAN
REVIEW



JOHN PELL *Editor*

RICHARD DANA SKINNER *Associate Editor*

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Foreword

AN INTERVIEWER asked Henry Ford, the other day, what he thought were the best features and the worst features of the New Deal. "I think probably it's all good" was Mr. Ford's prompt reply. "I think it's probably all good because it gives people experience. We learn only by experience."

There is a school of thought — labeled the Old Guard — which believes that a lot of the experience to which we are being subjected is unnecessary, but the Old Guard is notoriously intolerant. There was no practical and thorough way to explode the dreams of our contemporary utopians except by giving them a chance to see what they could do. Upton Sinclair was a plausible and dangerous fanatic until he secured the nomination for the governorship of California; now he is just another has-been. Father Coughlin attained the front page and political notoriety via the radio; but this very notoriety put him out of favor in the church, instead of lifting him into real political prominence. Professor Warren cut his own throat when he cut the gold content of the dollar, but failed to produce a millennium. Huey Long was a martyr to his own precepts: if he had not corrupted even the medical department of his state, it is alleged his life might have been saved. Rexford Tugwell, Felix Frankfurter and their colleagues have erected a superb object lesson in the honors of bureaucracy.

Of course, this utopian business does not exactly form a new chapter in our history. Few people who read newspaper accounts of the TVA, the Alaska homestead project, and the other collectivist schemes which infest the New Deal, seem to realize that the history of white men on the American continent is almost a parade of such dreams-come-true (or almost true). Jamestown, the earliest settlement on our shores, was one of these; and later Plymouth followed, or tried to follow its pattern. The colonies of Georgia and Pennsylvania, as well as many others, were founded as miniature utopias designed to carry out somebody's ideal. Thomas Hooker and his followers carried their ideals, as well as their women, children, cattle, pots and pans, into the wilderness to found Connecticut; while Roger Williams, animated by identical motives, found his way to Rhode Island. Immediately after the Revolution, the Vicomte de Noailles established, and soon abandoned, a settlement on the north branch of the Susquehanna appropriately called Asylum. Of all the utopian projects the Mormon hejira was the most remarkable, if Thoreau's vigil at Walden was the most solitary. All of these, and many others, were searching for perfection. None found it, to be sure, but out of their idealism they carved our nation. Is it any wonder that this curious quality of mind, indigenous to our climate, persists? We shall always go on dreaming about the perfect community and its many manifestations: rural electrification, urban hygiene, privileges for the underprivileged, full dinner pails for the shiftless, and automobiles for everybody.

The failure to recognize this deep-seated American quality accounts for a good deal of the confusion and bewilderment which infests our thinking today. Political writers refer to conservatives and liberals (borrowing the

names from English journals of opinion) without recognizing that these are not and never have been American categories. Our true division is into idealists and pragmatists. The conflict between the two points of view is easily traceable, because at the outset of the Republic it was dramatized by two of its greatest figures, Jefferson and Hamilton. Our history is the conflict between the two, a succession of transcendent dreams and devastating disillusionment. We take to Stock Market gambling as naturally as ducks to water, because it is a sport which conforms to our temperament: fanciful prophecies, exaggerated enthusiasms, occasionally punctured by disillusionment. When economic theories fail to rescue us from a depression, some new dream does the trick. Leave it to the automobile manufacturers to discover streamlining and the Warner Brothers, Shakespeare.

Incidentally, their current production "A Midsummer Night's Dream" really deserves some comment. The Warner Brothers are not soft-headed, and they do not produce art for art's sake. They recognized that something had to be done — the movies were losing their grip on the people. Glamorous girls, gunmen, trained animals, dancers, comedians, G-men, sophisticates, Irish mothers, nude chorines, little boys, little girls, all the pragmatic devices had lost their old appeal. So the Warner Brothers sent for Reinhardt and Shakespeare (they probably did not know he was dead).

The movies afford the finest medium for artistic expression which has as yet been evolved, and they may be on the threshold of a period comparable to the Elizabethan age in the drama. Some directors are beginning to perceive the true relationships between photography, music and the human mind, and to develop the technique of suggestion. If, in the last analysis, art as well

as natural beauty are recognized by a sensation of ecstasy, a synthesis of color, form and music affords an unparalleled opportunity for producing it.

Of course, ecstasy can be produced without mechanical contrivances. The value of poetry is undiminished by the evolution of photography and, fortunately, there are poets in America, as well as motion picture directors. Some of them, like Jesse Stuart, live in the country, far from New York, Chicago, and even Hollywood. Although he has occasionally wandered from the Kentucky Mountains, he has never left them for long. In the winters he teaches in the neighborhood school, summers he farms his 102 acre farm (it has two acres of bottom land). He understands and loves his native hills as he understands and loves the power of words. With the spirit of independence which once typified the American farmer, he accepts no government bounties and allows no one to interfere with his freedom. Being a student, he may be familiar with Jefferson's warning: "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap we should soon want bread."

J. P.

Songs of a Mountain Plowman

JESSE STUART

Here are the songs I give you: a wisp of leaves;
Green pines — white evening skies — a bowl of blue;
A world of dirt — a wind among the trees —
These things to leave or take them as you please.
But these are things I freely give to you.
Such are the things I love: a clover lane,
And bees aworking on the clover tops —
The blackberry blossoms drinking fresh spring rain,
And soft winds gently swaying green beech tops.
These are the things I love — I say, I love —
These little things that I'm a singing of.
And reader, I would love to walk with you;
On our dirt earth: upon this bowl of blue;
I'd love to walk with you and talk with you.

We stand here idle, half afraid to stir.
We cannot even find the path to take.
Too many roads are leading everywhere,
Through pasturefields, cornfields and brushy brakes.
Here are the skies: the good clean wind to breathe,
The deep rich loamy earth beneath our feet,
And here are many roads to take or leave;
Earth for the bed: the clean wind for the sheet.
I guess it does not matter much the way we go,
Or where we go, or when, or how, or why.
For we must keep our feet upon the earth
And we must live in wind beneath the sky.
The road lies here before me, if I lose
It is my fault: no certain road I choose.

Now listen Plowman, listen! Don't you hear
The music in the pasture streams this year?
And don't you hear caroling of birds,
Songs sweeter than the songs of human words —
Songs lighter than the wind among the leaves.
I think the birds stole music from the leaves
When winds were blowing through the tops of trees.
That is the reason that the birds can sing
Much sweeter songs than I can sing this spring.
Now Plowman, let your tired mules rest a spell
And lean against the handles of your bull-tongue plow.
I know you cannot see the oak buds swell,
But you can listen to the song-birds now.
And don't you think the songs of corn-field birds
Are sweeter than the songs of human words?

The crickets sing and all around the heat
Glimmers like heat above a brush-pile fire;
And thousand-legs crawl out on a thousand feet,
And birds sing from a rusty barb-fence wire —
This is the day life is so lazy here
Among the wilted weeds and wilted leaves
That sag earthward from arms of the oak trees.
This is the day that writhing, hungry snakes
Crawl by the creek to get the lean bull-frogs.
This is the day the lizards lie on logs
And blink and blink their little beady eyes
And with lips tight look to the floating skies —
For soon they have their bellies filled with flies
And copperhead lies in the weeds in wait
Where soon a just-weaned rabbit meets its fate.

I'm hungry Life for woods and rocks and skies
And for the fern-crowned cliffs and sky-blue streams;
I'm hungry Life for the old paradise
Of moss-soft woods where summer sunlight gleams.
I'm hungry Life — I want to walk alone
Where there are sounds of wind and wild bird calls —
I want to saunter out and touch the stone
Where over sandstones shirt-blue water falls.
I'm hungry Life for scent of leaf and bloom;
I'm hungry Life for a sweet breath of wind;
For in this peopled land there's little room
For mighty oaks for one to ramble in —
No room, O Life, amid this noise and gloom
For songs of birds and wind-grass tambourine.

We are the young today: the power is ours
To clear the hills of brush and plow the ground.
And all the hours we live are silver hours.
Fresh nourishment from earth is in our veins.
The life that's in young trees is in our veins.
We are the young, and beauty of the flowers
Makes strong impressive channels on our brains.
Look to the east and west: the purpling sky
Over the earth is lazily floating by —
We are the young and we can reach the sky;
Put out our hands: the sky will come to us;
The sky will come, a great white bird to us.
And for our loves green leaves will sing to us;
The green leaves and white lilting flowers
That hang out in the wind and love the hours.
We are the young today: the power is ours.

America: the blood of you is in me!
America: the dirt of you is in me!
Root and blossom I belong to you!
And every leave that grows on this oak tree
Is made America, of dust of you!
America: it is your hills in me;
I never saw one of your western plains —
It is your ruggedness of hills in me
And toughness of fiber of the oak tree.
The toughness of the oak was in my sires;
The blood of mountain earth was in their veins.
Today, I must go marching, marching on
Carrying blood of my fathers mountain-born;
Men color of buff-colored autumn corn . . .

I hear the wind a-blowing across the land.
I love the music of the wind's wide sweep
As it blows through the brush across the land.
The music of the wind lulls me to sleep.
And long before the autumn has gone by
And multi-colored leaves cling to the boughs,
I love to hear this wind asweeping by
And watch the leaves go windward from the boughs.
For what is life without some music in it,
And what is sweeter music than the wind.
My friend our life span is a golden minute
And we had better find some music in it —
The wind is both a flute and violin.
I love to walk under night trees and listen
When moonlight, starlight on the dead earth glisten.

I'm mad with this leaf-strewn November mood.
I'm mad for in this life is too much life —
A windy autumn mood is now my mood —
Something of autumn has crept into my blood.
Winds sigh through barren trees with lonely sound.
Wet autumn leaves stick closely to the ground
I'm mad with autumn for no reason why —
Not even for the windy autumn sky
That floats almost the level of the trees
Above the earth that's plastered with dead leaves.
I'm mad with autumn for I hear her gods
In winds above awhispering to the night;
Like the ghosts of dead leaves in an autumn flight.

Roll over clouds like ledges of thick stones!
Roll over me dark clouds — roll over fast!
Roll over me tonight . . . I am alone;
Far in these windy woods I am alone.
Roll over me you night clouds flying fast!
Lightning streak the valleys with quick light.
Flash deep into the heart of this black night!
Come on you rain and wet the parching night!
Roll over me you clouds in this clean January
And fall white tons of rain down on the timber.
Something there is about this night I love;
This night dark as a grave so gray above.
A whip of lightning and a crack of thunder.
Come on rain, sleet and snow and feed the timber!
Make this a night I always shall remember!

Recovery of What?

CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

AT LAST the sun of recovery seems to be breaking through the fog of depression. After the false dawns of the past several years, that statement may suggest rash optimism. If so, it should not be charged to the writer alone. Eminent economists and industrialists have publicly pointed to multiplying signs that the ebb of the business tide has given place to a resurgent flood. Indeed, some declare that recovery is already here.

Whether these economic mariners are calculating the drift correctly is irrelevant to this discussion. Not that there is any intent to dismiss business recovery as inconsequential. That would be futile, for recovery is imperative. Nevertheless, trying to discern a significant pattern in the kaleidoscope of events — as every sentient being must now and then — it seems to the writer that there is something else that may be of equal, if not greater long-run importance than recovery itself: namely, our connotation, concept, philosophy, of recovery.

For most of us the word has come to possess compelling magic. It stands out enticingly in newspaper headlines, makes heartening music in the ear. But precisely what do we mean by recovery? No doubt that seems a stupid question. Anyone can describe, if not define, recovery. Its distinguishing characteristics are healthy profits, general employment at good pay, buoyant commodity and security markets, other manifestations of brisk commercial and industrial activity. In short, it represents everything people can buy and do with increased income.

This, however, is only the contemporary husk of the word. At heart it means to regain, recapture, repossess;

which in turn implies a goal, an objective. Essentially, then, the question is: Just what are we hoping to attain once more; what are we expecting to lay hold of again?

Of course the answers vary as widely as the answerers. It is noteworthy, however, that virtually all of them can be expressed in terms of business charts and indices. The generally accepted goal of recovery is economic improvement. What we seem to be on the verge of repossessing are greater means of living, our industrial and commercial health—though not merely the spotty vigor of 1929. We are hoping—some of us are even resolved—that when it comes, recovery shall assure everyone the opportunity of having more of the things money can buy and do, than before the fateful dawn of “black Thursday.”

This is both natural and legitimate. For six years, millions have been in varying degrees of want. Their need for what recovery can make possible, is no erudite abstraction. Moreover, in view of the grotesque inequalities of the boom years, no fair-minded person will deny the justice—not to mention the economic soundness—of broadening the purchasing-power base. Yet it is significant that the commonly held concept of recovery limits its objectives so sharply to economic improvement. That should become clear if one examines the situation more closely.

The 1929 depression was different from its predecessors: not so much in cause, intensity and duration, as in the efforts made to emerge from it. For the first time in our history the Federal government undertook the rôle of full-fledged economic physician. Using a thick sheaf of prescriptions too familiar to be listed here, it sought not only to relieve the symptoms but to stop the infection at its supposed source. Many of the medicines have been drastic and costly. Also, the great Washington specialist

has employed plastic surgery and skin grafting. However, even more striking than this governmental therapy are its mentors and inspirers.

To an extent incomparably greater than any similar crisis, the 1929 depression enlisted the efforts of what are popularly known as the "theorists." These are not merely economists and sociologists, with a professional interest in such problems. They also include lawyers, clergymen, teachers, writers, engineers, scholars, humanitarians. Forsaking their briefs, charts and theses, they have set out on an intellectual crusade to — in their own phrase — end the sardonic spectacle of want in the midst of plenty. Considering the high-minded enthusiasm of most, it seems proper to call them idealists rather than theorists. Some have joined the Roosevelt Administration in official capacities. But the majority have continued their private pursuits, devotedly championing the "more abundant life." Probably no economic emergency has ever marshalled such an impressive array of brains and so much zeal for improving the common lot.

Either because or in spite of this government-idealist coalition (the point is still at issue) recovery is now within sight. Yet an ironic anomaly persists. It is the widespread disposition to believe that economic recovery automatically assures a solution of our basic difficulties.

If this view were limited to the "man in the street" and the "practical" politicians it would be quite understandable. The M. I. T. S. (using the Washington designation) is pretty certain to believe that virtually any difficulty can be resolved, given enough money. And of course the mill-run politician would never disillusion him if he could. But the view is not so limited.

It is also shared by most of the idealists who general-staff the crusade for human betterment. Here are no

mediocre minds, no kowtowing to the multitude. As a group they represent much of the nation's first-rate ability, perhaps the bulk of its social vision. Yet most of them subscribe to the complacent belief that economic recovery automatically assures an end to our major difficulties.

To be sure, they rarely state the proposition in so many words. Nevertheless, the implication is plain. After reading their articles, or listening to their speeches, one can summarize their position thus: We need only clear up this economic mess, give everybody a good job, step up consumption to production — then "happy days" will be here again.

It would be pleasant indeed to concur in this comfortable view, the more when it has such eminent support. But, unfortunately, the facts do not permit it. At most, economic recovery can dispose of just one set of human problems, those arising from depressed business conditions. It not only fails to solve, but aggravates, a second set of problems, humanly far more serious than the first. For economic recovery merely assures more abundant means of living. It provides no clearer notion of the ends for which these means should be used.

There, it seems to this bystander, is the glaring anomaly of our recovery concept. Now that it is within sight, it turns out that what we have been struggling so desperately to regain these past six years is not an objective but merely better transportation. Where we propose to go in our swifter stream-lined vehicle remains as uncertain as ever.

The irony of the situation becomes the more pointed when one remembers that the idealists, rather than hard-headed business men, have supplied most of the inspiration and direction for our organized recovery effort. Yet they have committed the error least expected of them:

glorifying the material and ignoring the intangible.

Theoretically, their recovery philosophy is that we must raise mass purchasing-power to an all-time high in order to assure richer, fuller living. That would be airtight were it not for a wrong relation of the two factors. Instead of means and end, they have become coupled as cause and effect. Now the recovery thesis is warped into the contention that once mass purchasing-power is stepped up sufficiently, richer, fuller living will follow.

To be fair, it must be said that this distortion is attributable more to emphasis than to direct statement. Analyzing the utterances of representative recovery zealots, it will be found that reams are devoted to the mechanics of the "more abundant life": shorter hours, higher pay, unemployment insurance, old age pensions, stabilized agriculture, conservation of resources, low-cost housing, cheaper electricity, and so on. Only brief vague paragraphs are devoted to what is to be done with these utopian blessings. Apparently that is taken for granted. Once such a wealth of facilities is provided, it is cheerfully assumed that the beneficiaries will make intelligent, constructive use of them, as inevitably as day follows night.

The best that can be said of such a feeling (scarcely reasoning) is that it betrays an almost ludicrous naïveté. To contend that more abundant means per se assure more abundant living, is as absurd as to expect skilled craftsmanship from a workman merely because he is equipped with precision tools. Which is to say, it ignores the vital element of the problem, the human factor.

That is not cynicism. Neither does it represent the sneer of a patrician, viewing the plight of the rabble from the remote heights of wealth. (The writer's background can scarcely be called aristocratic. And certainly

he has had sufficient first-hand experience with dollar-stretching to leave no illusions about the "blessings" of poverty.) It is simply a candid statement of facts that should be obvious.

Notwithstanding all the real suffering incident to the depression and the galling inequities of boom times, the bitter tragedy or grim comedy of our civilization is that so many millions already live in a state that can be termed prosperous poverty. Let me clarify that perhaps contradictory phrase by citing examples.

The "Joneses" are an "average" family: parents, two sons, two daughters; the children past their majority. Despite the depression, all save the mother are employed at good jobs; the father and the boys in industrial plants, the girls in offices. And their "standard of living" bespeaks an ample income.

Their commodious house, which they own debt-free, is well-kept, comfortably if not tastefully furnished, and equipped with the modern conveniences. In the garage are three cars, all recent models. The family dresses well, the girls even conspicuously. Their table is spread with bountiful, though unimaginative meals. They take part in various social activities which entail expense. On vacation trips they have covered most of the country. Superficially, the Joneses are a case demonstration of what purchasing power can do to improve the status of the nation's backbone. But a glimpse beneath the surface discloses things not so heartening.

Most of the Joneses' reading is limited to the "funnies," the sports page and gossip columns. As regards music — provided by the radio — their tastes divide along the line of the generations, between hill-billy tunes and Tin Pan Alley. To them, the theatre means the movies — almost any movie. The bulk of Mr. Jones'

conversation is shop-talk and ward politics. Mrs. Jones is a walking file of recipes and warm neighborhood gossip. Under a slick veneer of wisecracks, the boys are loutish. Women and cars are their obsessions; work a necessary evil. Despite makeup which changes with their worship of screen stars, the girls wear a look of blank animation. They chatter about clothes and men in slurred hoarse voices.

But wry as is their commentary on progress, the full significance of the Joneses can be seen only in historical perspective. Two generations ago a man of Jones' native ability would have been restricted to a career as tenant farmer or humble artisan. His sons would have been limited to pursuits only little better; his daughters to domestic service, if they found gainful employment at all. The family's standard of living would have been on a scale implicit in these conditions. It is the many times greater purchasing power put within reach of millions, by our modern economy, that has raised the Joneses to a status that would have been considered opulence fifty years ago. Yet, judged by the exacting criteria of intangible values, the contemporary Joneses lead lives little if any richer, fuller, happier than their grandparents.

This personalizes the stubborn fact that the physical equipment which determines what we carelessly call the standard of living, is merely the machinery of living. Its human value is measured solely and directly by the use to which it is put. Of course that should be self-evident. But, bewilderingly, it is overlooked by a high proportion of the very group which should be most sensitive to imponderables.

The tactical objectives of the social prophets are such things as a higher minimum income, better housing, adequate medical care. In themselves, these are beyond

reproach. However, the current over-emphasis of them has the lamentable effect of putting the cart before the horse, obscuring the intangible factors that are paramount. Thousands of families are living richly on far less than the \$1800 to \$2200 income variously set up as necessary for decency. There are slums on Park avenue while countless dingy flats are true mansions. And the most significant fact of modern health is the decisive influence of emotional states.

By implication at least, the idealists disregard all this, minimize the fundamental that the best things of life are cheapest, in terms of money. Paradoxically, they line up with the "desire-creating" forces of commercialism that make us covet most of the things money can buy, not so much for their intrinsic beauty or utility as for their attainment aura.

The grandiose vision which beckons the social philosophers is an economy under which group purchasing power shall be spread, and raised to the point where everyone may have relatively everything he wants. Certainly, if such a scheme could be put into effect, America would become an earthly paradise — save, that is, for an important question which remains unanswered. To what humanly constructive use will the recipients put the bounty poured out from the bigger and better horn of plenty?

Of course that will be branded as the rankest sort of "Tory" treason. According to our political philosophy, the use one makes of one's private means (provided, of course, that these means do not constitute the crime per se of "great wealth") is a strictly personal matter. It is for the individual, not society, to determine how they shall be employed.

Unfortunately, however, it is not an individual prob-

lem. Our modern economy is so tightly articulated that the individual can do virtually nothing which does not affect others, and more than ever under the scheme of things envisioned by the recovery zealots.

Long before the depression typhoon struck, commerce and industry sought to make us voracious consumption machines. We were persuaded and adjured to eat, wear, use, more of this and that; not because we wanted to, but because it was our duty to devour the output of production.

The depression tightened this same obligation. We were repeatedly ballyhooed into buying "till it hurts" to stimulate employment. And since the Roosevelt administration came into power, our socio-economic responsibility has been extended in a score of ways, by legislation. The processing taxes force all of us to contribute to the increased income of the agricultural community. The NRA required all to provide greater earnings for another class of workers. Payroll taxes, shouldered by the consumer, are to finance the social security program. The TVA seeks to improve one section at the expense of the whole nation. And the current taxation set-up makes it expedient to spend any income in excess of comfort requirements.

In short, the tendency of our modern economy is to force each of us to earn more in order to provide a higher income for all the rest. That being the case, the question of the use to which this increased purchasing power is put, becomes a legitimate matter of general concern.

Is the opportunity for higher earnings to result in the deepening and enrichment of living? Or does it mean simply the addition of more millions to those who already exist in a condition of prosperous poverty? There, it seems to me, is the real hub of our recovery problem.

Unless all indications are misleading, the innumerable counterparts of the "Joneses" will embark, as soon as possible, on a "more abundant life" distinguished by these striking advancements: an even faster car, still more fattening foods (alternated, of course, with spasmodic dieting, at least by the women), a louder radio, more silk and fur and cosmetics, four or five movies a week instead of the present two or three, more contract bridge at higher stakes, better cigarettes, more labor-saving appliances that create more leisure time to be "killed," bigger and better vacations measured in terms of hot-dog stands and new daily mileage records; the sort of existence climaxed by the futile pathos of retirement in Florida or California.

To be sure, education is supposed to be the infallible panacea. "College for everybody" was part of the late Huey Long's utopia. And the oracles of public enlightenment are rumbling — with convenient vagueness — about the necessity of more training for living. But the help to be expected from formal education is slight indeed. The showing made by purely factual instruction is dismal enough — as witness slovenly speech despite years of classroom English, and the thriving business done by medical quacks notwithstanding courses in hygiene and physiology. When cultural training is considered, the indistinguishable tastes of most college graduates afford an ironic commentary on its effectiveness.

No, the problem of how to attain a truly abundant life cannot be solved merely by more paternalistic supervision, creating an FALA (Federal Abundant Living Administration), heavily bankrolled and staffed with bureaucratic brass-hats. If it is to be solved at all by deliberate effort, that effort will have to come primarily from the idealists of the country.

It is they who inspired and captained the crusade for more bountiful means of living. Accordingly, now that their material goal is within sight, it is only reasonable to expect them to devote their major energies to achieving next the intangible ends for which these practical means were sought. In other words, the moment seems at hand for the idealists to go back to ideals; shift their emphasis from "standards of living" to living itself. Assuming a willingness to do so (unfortunately by no means evident as yet), an effective line of attack is clear enough.

The charge repeatedly made against the wealthy by the champions of the "underprivileged" is that they are lacking in sober responsibility, vulgarly indifferent to the cultural opportunities opened up by the power of money. Often that charge is valid. Many of the very rich do lead lives of gilded stupidity. But it is also true that wealth is a relative quantity. Compared with conditions that prevailed as recently as two or three generations ago, millions of Americans (I should say a substantial majority) now enjoy a standard of living whose comfort, even luxury, was surpassed only by the top-income minority in previous eras. It is, then, not illogical or unreasonable to expect these newcomers to affluence to meet the same requirements imposed on the wealthy of today.

The nearer we approach the idealists' goal of material recovery, the more imperative it becomes for the preachers, teachers, social prophets and humanitarians to implant the philosophy of cultural *noblesse oblige* in the popular consciousness; the sobering recognition that the opportunity for greater earnings carries an implicit and complementary obligation to make constructive, respectful, human use of the more abundant means put within reach of the many.

For this vastly increased earning power has not been

conjured out of thin air by the magic of a Washington decree. It represents the cumulative effort of many generations — in part groping but more and more purposeful — to achieve something better for humanity. Naturally, the competent few have contributed most to that effort. But, significantly, they stand to receive less than before in return.

Under the growing doctrine of social responsibility, we ask that business executives, technicians, financiers, and investors shall adopt something of the same philosophy that motivates artists, thinkers and scientists; accept a smaller share of the values they create than would be theirs under the hard every-man-for-himself creed, in order that there may be more to distribute among the sub-competent. From the standpoint of human justice, there is much to be said for the application of this doctrine. But the balances held by the classic representation of Justice are more than a decorative detail. When the competent are expected to forego what they might rightfully claim, for the sake of the sub-competent, it is only fair to demand that the beneficiaries shall be guided by a sense of social responsibility in the use of what is provided for them. If they are not, the competent can scarcely be blamed for feeling that the doctrine of social responsibility is a glittering pretext for exploiting them. And in the last analysis, progress depends on the competent few — not the inept many.

All this, let me make clear, is not being set down in a spirit of bitterness or contempt. Rather, it is prompted by a deep concern, tinged with both impatience and pity. No intelligent person can, I think, view the contemporary spectacle without some such mixed feelings. At a tremendous cost, not only in public funds but, more important, in the effort of our best minds, we are on the verge

of attaining that condition popularly called recovery. But is what we are actually regaining worth the terrific price? In human essentials, are we going to be a great deal better off? Can economic well being per se bring most of us appreciably nearer the avowed goal of richer living, fulfilled possibilities, true civilization?

At the risk of seeming to wield a wet blanket, I must confess that my dominant reaction to these questions is a regretful doubt. It looks very much as if we have been devoting ourselves chiefly to restoring the health of an adult body housing an adolescent mind. Until we have brought the mind up to the stature of the body, we can scarcely call recovery significant or complete.

An Essay on Essays

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

SOME of the rhetoric books my generation used in college went back to Aristotle for many of their definitions. "Rhetoric," he says, "may be defined as a faculty of discovering all the possible means of persuasion in any subject." Persuasion, indeed, is more starkly and simply the purpose of the essay than of fiction or poetry, since the essay deals always with an idea. No true essay, however desultory or informal, but states a proposition which the writer hopes, temporarily at least, to make the reader accept. Though it be only the defense of a mood, subject and predicate are the bare bones of any essay. It may be of a complex nature (like many of Emerson's) stating several propositions; but unless it states at least one, it is not an essay. It may be a dream or a dithyramb; I repeat, it is not an essay.

Let us neglect the old rhetorical distinctions between exposition and argument. To sort all essays into those two types of writing would be more troublesome a task than the wicked stepmother ever set her stepdaughter in a fairy-tale. We can no more do it without the help of magic than could the poor princess. When is an essay argument, and when is it exposition? That way lie aridity and the carving of cummin. In so far as the essay attempts to persuade, it partakes of the nature of argument. Yet who would call Lamb's "Dream Children" an argument? Or who shall say it is not an essay? It contains a proposition, if you will only look for it; yet to associate Lamb's persuading process with the forum would be preposterous. All writing presupposes an audience (which some of our younger writers seem to forget) but

formal argument presupposes opponents, and I cannot find the faintest scent of an enemy at hand in "Dream Children."

I am sorry to kick the dust of the Schools about, even in this half-hearted way, yet some salutation had to be made to rhetoric, which is a noble science, too much neglected. Let us now forget the rhetoricians, and use our own terminology (our common sense too, if we have any). Let us say, first, that the object of the essay is, explicitly, persuasion; and that the essay states a proposition. Indeed, we need to be as rigorously simple as that, if we are going to consider briefly a type that is supposed to include Bacon's "Of Truth," De Quincey's "Murder as a Fine Art," Lamb's "In Praise of Chimney Sweeps," Hazlitt's "On Going a Journey," Irving's "Bachelors," Hunt's "Getting up on Cold Mornings," Poe's "The Poetic Principle," Emerson's "Self-Reliance," Arnold's "Function of Criticism," Stevenson's "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," Paul Elmer More's "The Demon of the Absolute," Chesterton's "On Leisure," Max Beerbohm's "No. 2. The Pines," Stephen Leacock's "People we Know," and James Truslow Adams' "The Mucker Pose."

The foregoing list, in itself, confesses our main difficulty in delimiting the essay. The most popular kind of essay, perhaps, is that known as "familiar." When people deplore the passing of the essay from the pages of our magazines, it is usually this that they are regretting. They are thinking wistfully of pieces of prose like Lamb's "Sarah Battle on Whist," Leigh Hunt's "The Old Gentleman," Stevenson's "El Dorado," Max Beerbohm's "Mobled King." They mean the essay that is largely descriptive, more or less sentimental or humorous, in which it is sometimes difficult to find a stated proposition. This

kind of prose has not been very popular since the war, and I, for one, am not regretting it. It will come back — as long as the ghost of Montaigne is permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon. But the familiar-essay-which-is-hardly-an-essay can be spared for a few years if necessary, since it demands literary gifts of a very high order, and the authors mentioned have at present no competitors in this field. If the bones of the essay are to be weak, the flesh must be exceeding fair and firm.

Are we to admit, at all, that “Sarah Battle” and “The Old Gentleman,” and “El Dorado” and “Mobled King” are essays? Do they state a proposition to which they attempt to persuade us? Well, we can twist them to a proposition, if we are very keen on our definition — though I think most of us would admit that they are chiefly descriptive and that they are only gently directed to the creation of opinion. Must we then deny that they are essays? No, I think they are essays, though it is obvious that the familiar essayist goes about his business far otherwise than Arnold or Emerson or Macaulay. He attempts rather to sharpen our perceptions than to convince us of a statement; to win our sympathy rather than our suffrage. His proposition is less important to him than his mood. If put to it, we can sift a proposition out of each one of these — and they were especially chosen because they put our definition on its defense. Lamb states, if you like, that to abide by the rigor of the game is in its way an admirable thing; Leigh Hunt states, if you like, that growing old is a melancholy business; Stevenson states that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive; Max Beerbohm states that no man is worthy to be reproduced as a statue. But the author’s proposition, in such essays, is not our main interest. This brings us to another consideration which may clarify the matter.

Though an essay must state a proposition, there are other requirements to be fulfilled. The bones of subject and predicate must be clothed in a certain way. The basis of the essay is meditation, and it must in a measure admit the reader to the meditative process. (This procedure is frankly hinted in all those titles that used to begin with "Of" or "On": "Of Truth," "Of Riches," "On the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-Driving," "On the Knocking at the Gate in 'Macbeth'," "On the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places"). An essay, to some extent, thinks aloud; though not in the loose and pointless way to which the "stream of consciousness" addicts have accustomed us. The author must have made up his mind — otherwise, where is his proposition? But the essay, I think, should show how and why he made up his mind as he did; should engagingly rehearse the steps by which he came to his conclusions. ("Francis of Verulam reasoned thus with himself".) Meditation; but an oriented and fruitful meditation.

This is the most intimate of forms, because it permits you to see a mind at work. On the quality and temper of that mind depends the goodness of the production. Now, if the essay is essentially meditative, it cannot be polemical. No one, I think, would call Cicero's first oration against Catiline an essay; or Burke's Speech on the Conciliation of America; hardly more could we call Swift's "Modest Proposal" a true essay. The author must have made up his mind, but when he has made it up with a vengeance, he will not produce an essay. Because the process is meditative, the manner should be courteous; he should always, by implication, admit that there are good people who may not agree with him; his irony should never turn to the sardonic. Reasonableness, urbanity (as Matthew Arnold would have said) are prerequisites for a

form whose temper is meditative rather than polemical.

We have said that this is the most intimate of forms. Not only for technical reasons, though obviously the essayist is less sharply controlled by his structure than the dramatist or the sonneteer or even the novelist. It is the most intimate because it is the most subjective. When people talk of "creative" and "critical" writing — dividing all literature thus — they always call the essay critical. In spite of Oscar Wilde, to call it critical is probably correct; for creation implies objectivity. The created thing, though the author have torn its raw substance from his very vitals, ends by being separate from its creator. The essay, however, is incurably subjective; even "Wuthering Heights" or "Manfred" is less subjective — strange though it sound — than "The Function of Criticism" or "The Poetic Principle." What Oscar Wilde really meant in "The Critic as Artist" — if, that is, you hold him back from his own perversities — is not that Pater's essay on Leonardo da Vinci was more creative than many a novel, but that it was more subjective than any novel; that Pater, by virtue of his style and his mentality, made of his conception of the Mona Lisa something that we could be interested in, regardless of our opinion of the painting. I do not remember that Pater saw himself as doing more than explain to us what he thought Leonardo had done — Pater, I think, would never have regarded his purple page as other than criticism. I, myself — because I like the fall of Pater's words, and do not much care for Mona Lisa's feline face — prefer Pater's page to Leonardo's portrait; but I am quite aware that I am merely preferring criticism, in this instance, to the thing criticized. I am, if you like, preferring Mr. Pecksniff's drunken dream — "Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg" — to the wooden leg itself.

Anything (I say to myself) rather than a wooden leg!

A lot of nineteenth century "impressionistic" criticism — Jules Lemaître, Anatole France, etc. — is more delightful than the prose or verse that is being criticized. It is none the less criticism. The famous definition of "the adventures of a soul among the masterpieces" does not put those adventures into the "creative" category; it merely stresses their subjectivity. Wilde is to some extent right when he says that criticism is the only civilized form of autobiography; but he is not so right when he says that the highest criticism is more creative than creation. No one would deny that the purple page Wilde quotes tells us more about Pater than it does about Leonardo, or even about Mona Lisa — as Macaulay's Essay on Milton conceivably tells us more about Macaulay than about the author of "Paradise Lost." All Bacon's essays together but build up a portrait of Bacon — Francis of Verulam reasoning with himself; and what is the substance of the Essays of Elia, but Elia? "Subjective" is the word, however, rather than "creative."

It is this subjectivity — Montaigne's first of all, perhaps — that has confused many minds. It is subjectivity run wild that has tempted many people to believe that the familiar essay alone *is* the essay; which would make some people contend that an essay does not necessarily state a proposition. But we are talking of the essay itself; not of those bits of whimsical prose which are to the true essay what expanded anecdote is to the short story.

The essay, then, having persuasion for its object, states a proposition; its method is meditation; it is subjective rather than objective, critical rather than creative. It can never be a mere marshaling of facts; for it struggles, in one way or another, for truth; and truth is something one arrives at by the help of facts, not the facts themselves.

Meditating on facts may bring one to truth; facts alone will not. Nor can there be an essay without a point of view and a personality. A geometrical proposition cannot be an essay, since, though it arranges facts in a certain pattern, there is involved no personal meditative process, conditioned by the individuality of the author. A geometrical proposition is not subjective. One is even tempted to say that its tone is not urbane!

Perhaps — with the essay thus defined — we shall understand without effort why it is being so little written at present. Dorothy Thompson said the other day that Germany is living in a state of war. The whole world is living more or less in a state of war; and a state of war produces any literary form more easily than the essay. It is not hard to see why. People in a state of war, whether the war be military or economic, express themselves polemically. A wise man said to me, many years ago, that, in his opinion, the worst by-product of the World War was propaganda. Many times, in the course of the years, I have had occasion to recall that statement. There are perhaps times and places where propaganda is justified — it is not for me to say. But I think we should all agree that the increasing habit of using the technique of propaganda is corrupting the human mind in its most secret and delicate processes. Propaganda has, in common with all other expression, the object of persuasion; but it pursues that legitimate object by illegitimate means — by *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri*; by the *argumentum ad hominem* and hitting below the belt; by demagogic appeal and the disregard of right reason. The victim of propaganda is not intellectually persuaded, but intellectually — if not emotionally — coerced. The essayist, whatever the limitations of his intelligence, is bound over to be honest; the propagandist is always dishonest.

To qualify a large number of the articles and pseudo-essays that appear at present in our serious periodicals, British and American, as "dishonest" calls for a little explaining. When one says that the propagandist is always dishonest, one means this: He is a man so convinced of the truth of a certain proposition that he dissembles the facts that tell against it. Occasionally, he is dishonest through ignorance — he is verily unaware of any facts save those that argue for him. Sometimes, having approached his subject with his decision already made, he is unable to appreciate the value of hostile facts, even though he is aware of them. In the latter case, instead of presenting those hostile facts fairly, he tends to suppress or distort them because he is afraid that his audience, readers or listeners, will not react to them precisely as he has done. The propagandist believes (when he is not a paid prostitute) that his conclusions are right; but, no more than any other demagogue, does he like to give other men and women a fair chance to decide for themselves. The last thing he will show them is Francis of Verulam reasoning with himself. He cannot encourage the meditative process. He is, at best, the special pleader.

It can have escaped no reader of British and American periodicals that there is very little urbane meditation going on in print. Half the articles published are propaganda — political, economic, social; the other half are purely informational, mere catalogues of fact. The essay is nowhere. Either there is no proposition, or evidence is suppressed. Above all, there is no meditation — no urbanity. All this is characteristic of the state of war in which we are unfortunately living; that state of war which, alas! permits us few unprejudiced hours.

Yet I think many people would agree that we need those unprejudiced hours rather particularly, just now.

We need the essay rather particularly, just now, since fiction and poetry have suffered even more cruelly than critical prose from the corruption of propaganda on the one hand and the rage for "fact-finding" on the other. We need to get away from polemics; we even need to get away from statistics. Granted that we are in a state of war: are we positively so badly off that we must permit every sense save the economic to be atrophied; that we cannot afford to think about life in any terms except those of bread? The desperate determination to guarantee bread to every one — which seems to be the basis of all our political and economic quarreling — is perhaps our major duty. And after? as the French say. Is it not worth our while to keep ourselves complex and civilized, so that, when bread for every one is guaranteed, we shall be capable of entertaining other interests?

The preoccupation with bread alone is a savage's preoccupation; even when it concerns itself altruistically with other people's bread, it is still a savage's preoccupation. The preoccupation with facts to the exclusion of what can be done with them, and the incapacity for logical thinking, are both savage. Until a man begins to think — not merely to lose his temper or to learn by heart — he is, mentally, clothed in the skins of beasts. We are, I fear, under economic stress, de-civilizing ourselves. Between propaganda and "dope" there is little room for the meditative process and the subtler propositions.

I am not urging that we play the flute while Rome burns. I recall the sad entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's journal: "William wasted his mind all day in the magazines." I am not asking the magazines to waste the minds of our Williams. . . . The fact that the familiar essay of the whimsical type is not at the moment popular — that

when people wish to be diverted, they prefer Wodehouse to Leacock, let us say — does not disturb me. But it seems a pity that meditative prose should suffer a total eclipse, if only because meditation is highly contagious. A good essay inevitably sets the reader to thinking. Just because it expresses a point of view, is limited by one personality, and cannot be exhaustive or wholly authoritative, it invites the reader to collaboration. A good essay is neither intoxicant nor purge nor anodyne; it is a mental stimulant.

Poetry may be, indeed, as Arnold said, “a criticism of life.” But most of us need a different training in critical thinking than that which is offered to us by the poets. A vast amount of the detail of life, detail which preoccupies and concerns us all, is left out of great poetry. We do not spend all our time on the heights, or in the depths, and if we are to live we must reflect on many matters rather temporal than eternal. The essayist says, “Come, let us reason together.” That is an invitation—whether given by word of mouth or on the printed page — that civilized people must encourage and, as often as possible in their burdened lives, accept.



Going after the Cows in a Fog

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The day was over, but there was no night
To take its place yet. All the trees were gone
Except the few that loomed beside the way,
And they were larger than beech trees should be;
They towered topless by the boy, as he
Went up the path the many tracks of cows,
Hoof to hoof's end, and forty years of them,
Had cut ten inches wide through pennyroyal
And hardhack with its silver, hugged-up leaves.
The path went where the huckleberry bushes
And bayberry were, to brush off stinging flies,
It did not go the way a man would go.
It was not wide enough for even a boy
Ten-years-wide to keep his trousers dry.
The cobwebs were as solid as bead bags
Until the boy had passed, and then they were
Thin thread and dry and all their bright beads gone.
Although he could not see the woods, the boy
Could hear woods dripping busily each side.

“Coo-boss! coo-boss!” — His voice came back on him
And did not get past trees or up the hill.
It was lonesome, shut in with his voice,
Whistling did not help. The night was nigh.
It might be miles to go. The boy stopped still.

There was a muffled tonkling of a bronze
Bell somewhere or other, every side.

And then a wide white face built up itself
Out of the fog and stopped with startled eyes,
Warm in the mist, less than ten feet away.
“Soo-boss! so-boss!” The small boy stepped aside,
The eyes grew friendly, the curled horns shook once,
The mild head lowered, and the cow went by.
The boy stayed still, head after head came on,
Swinging, friendly, and sleek bodies after
Lurched by in peace. The boy turned his bare toes
And followed the swinging line off into night.

New Deal Catharsis

FRANK R. KENT

IT IS easily possible that history will record the paradoxical verdict that Franklin D. Roosevelt has done more than any other President to preserve our institutions and stem the tide of both socialism and fascism. From the conservative point of view, he is likely to be recognized in years to come as one of the great benefactors of the nation.

For more than a generation the messiahs of politics, in groups and as individuals, had been preaching the sugary doctrines which the engaging Mr. Roosevelt eagerly seized and dealt out to a dazed people in large, undiluted doses. Not one was new; not one originated with the President nor, in fact, anywhere near the presidential circle. For years they had been mouthed by men, mostly from the West, who had gotten into Congress calling themselves Progressives or Insurgents. Some of them were sincere, believing their own stuff; others were calculating demagogues who knew a lot better. Every policy or proposal was soaked in the sorry idea of a paternalistic government which would own, run and regiment everything. Invariably the appeal was to the disgruntled and discontented; the effort always to array those who have not against those who have, on the mistaken theory that the former are in the majority. I say it is a mistaken theory because at bottom, and under normal conditions, the country is overwhelmingly conservative, highly averse to experiments except when alarmed and misled. It is so big that not nearly enough people can get mad about the same thing at the same time. What sets Texas ablaze leaves Massachusetts as

cold as a banker's heart; things that threaten turmoil and generate heat in Minnesota and Montana create not a ripple of interest in Maryland and Virginia. Despite Mr. Sinclair Lewis, this isn't a revolting country.

It was, of course, utterly impossible for anyone to conceive the variety, the character or the scope of the New Deal experimentation, or estimate its cost. The whole business has been upon a gigantic and bewildering scale. In the end, it will prove the most expensive example of confusion and futility ever provided by any government in the history of the world. There will be a terrific bill to pay. Yet in the long run it may be worth it. Its failures, tragic and costly as they are sure to be, may prove easily the most valuable object lessons a people ever had. Already there are indications of this in the reaction of the voters against the foolish excesses into which we have been plunged. There is no room to doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's extravagances have converted a great many people to the conservative point of view. It is logical to believe that as one after the other of his schemes crumble and flop, the power of the demagogues in the land will be diminished, the disposition of the people to run after false gods decreased, and a public impatience will develop with those who preach the doctrine of discontent, and try to delude the voters with utopian dreams of a nation in which no one need work for a living. A swing back to fundamentals is inevitable.

Certainly the President's famous press conference, which General Johnson asserts was part of the Frankfurter strategy to put the Constitution "on the spot," did more to repopularize that instrument than a hundred years of political and educational oratory. Instead of responding to the Roosevelt "horse and buggy" phrase as expected by his professorial advisers, the public gen-

erally reacted quite violently in the other direction. The net result was the creation of a vibrant sentiment for both Court and Constitution of such strength that the Administration promptly backed away from the issue, though not before the suspicion had pretty generally permeated the people that behind the President is a group of men who regard the Constitution — again to quote General Johnson — as an “antediluvian joke” to be tossed aside as interfering with their plans for the More Abundant Life.

The almost incredible clumsiness, waste and stupidity of the alphabetical bureaucracy has given the country a fairly convincing object lesson in the joys of socialism, and demonstrated the absurdity of the general regimentation which the national planners of the Tugwell type thought they could achieve, and toward which goal they had Mr. Roosevelt running with the ball. The NRA, which had begun to crumble and disintegrate long before the Supreme Court killed it, taught business men that no magic could save them from themselves. Whether or not the Supreme Court, as expected, knocks out the processing tax as unconstitutional, in the long run the AAA experiment is doomed to failure. Its permanent effect will be a demonstration of the futility of all such legislation, in such a way as to make it more difficult, in the future, for the demagogues who specialize in the farmer vote to delude him again. It is true, too, I think, that the collapse of the Warren plan has shown the fallacy of the so-called managed currency; that the Administration's domination of the radio has aroused public opinion to the necessity of freeing broadcasting from political control; and that the 1935 tax law has proven to millions of people that the deficit cannot be met or the nation supported by soaking the rich — that

there is no soundness in the pleasing idea that the Fat Cats with the Fancy Fortunes can be squeezed while the masses of the people continue to revel in the pouring out of the Federal billions.

Summing up, there seems sound ground for believing that the terrific confusion and cost of the New Deal experiments, coupled with their recorded failures and demonstrated futility, will sicken the nation equally with the political philosophy for which they stand, and with the breed of men they have brought into high office. Whether the popular reaction now rapidly gathering force is strong enough to put an end to this wild régime next year, or whether it will take another four before it is swept out, is not possible to say. What is clear, however, is this: In the end the revulsion against the Rooseveltian course will be very great indeed. It will be strong enough to end this sort of experimentation for many years to come. It will swing us back to sanity and solvency, restore confidence in the fundamentals, and make us extremely wary of the political medicine men with their patent panaceas for every national ache and pain, and their insincere twaddle about the "Forgotten Man." Viewed in this way, it is possible — not now, perhaps, and probably not soon, but at some time in the future — to regard Mr. Roosevelt as a great national benefactor.

Profit Sharing and Prosperity

GEORGE HULL, JR.

PEOPLE are constantly discussing capitalism and socialism, but they very seldom stop to consider just where the difference between the two systems lies. Their fundamental cleavage, it seems to me, is a question of fluidity. In a wholly socialistic state all relationships are fixed or static; in a truly capitalistic order, on the other hand, nothing is fixed, everything fluid. Rhythm, waves, fluctuations, seasons, change are inherent components of nature. The great strength of capitalism lies in the fact that it conforms to nature. Relationships which can easily be altered, which give and take, are in little danger of being destroyed.

Lincoln pointed out that a nation cannot exist half slave and half free, but it remains for some latter day statesman to declaim the equally true proposition that we cannot exist half capitalistic and half socialistic. If my definition of these terms is accurate, we have been attempting this straddling game for a long time, and therein lies the source of many of our troubles. If true capitalism demands that nothing shall be rigid, fixed wage rates and fixed debt structures have no place in it — are, in fact, antagonistic to it. But people must be compensated for their work and for their risks, or the wheels won't go round — won't exist at all, for that matter. How can they be compensated without wages or interest?

The answer is very simple: The product of all capitalistic enterprise is profits, and the only compensation which is sufficiently elastic to withstand the exigencies of nature is a share in profits. Industries, such as the chemical industry, which have done their major financing

through stock issues offer a sharp contrast to the railroads, ridden with debts (but not by passengers). It will not be long before the same principle is applied by far-sighted entrepreneurs to the problem of wages. There is no other fundamental solution to the dilemma which has resulted from the present condition of rigidity: during periods of rising profits, labor agitators create dissatisfaction among workers, engender strikes and disturb the economic picture; during periods of depression, on the other hand, rigid wage rates impede the deflation of costs and produce bankruptcies and unemployment.

Let us assume that every enterprise in the nation has adopted the *principle* of profit sharing as its revised method of distributing wages and salaries and dividends. Since the individual corporation is left free to apply the principle in its own way, we will assume that it divides its beneficiaries into four classes or four profit-sharing groups and calls them — (1) “the worker group”; (2) “the clerical group”; (3) “the stockholder group”; (4) “the manager-executive group.” Within each of these groups the individuals are graduated according to their varying qualifications just as they are today under the flat wage system. The “stockholder group” is of course graduated and remunerated on the basis of individual holdings, or ownership of stock. The individuals in the other groups are graduated according to their relative value to the company, and are remunerated accordingly.

Now let us remember that each group as a unit, and each individual in each group has acquired a vital, personal interest in the common purpose of the corporation, which is the making of the largest possible net corporate profit. In applying the principle of profit sharing, a meeting takes place between the representatives of the four groups. There has been no disturbance of the wage rates,

or salary rates, or dividend rates up to this point. It is recognized, however, that a wage rate or salary rate is no longer to be thought of as the total compensation of the recipient. It is no longer a "flat rate," but something like a "drawing account." It carries the recipient over a certain period, at the end of which the net profits of the corporation are determined and each group receives its group share, and each individual in each group receives his pre-arranged percentage of the total received by the group to which he belongs.

If it so happens that the Smith Shoe Company is making a good profit at the time this new system is adopted, all parties might decide to let the "drawing-account wage" remain just what the flat rate had previously been. If its cost structure were such that the company was making a good net profit, it might seem best to leave undisturbed that part of its cost structure which was made up of its wage-roll and salary-roll. The portion of the net profit received by each individual would be something extra. Presumably no one would object to the inauguration of profit sharing under those favorable conditions.

But suppose the company were making not profits, but losses at the time the profit-sharing arrangement went into effect. How would that situation be handled? Undoubtedly the facts would be laid before all four groups in conference, and a percentage reduction in the remuneration of all four groups and of the individuals in each group would be recommended. In this case, if all agreed, the old flat wage rate would be transformed into a drawing-account wage, but on a lower basis. The sting of this reduction all along the line would be mitigated by two things, namely — first, the fact that it was a "share-and-share-alike" proposition, second — that it gave promise

of putting the corporation in a position to show a net profit, in which case each and every individual would get some of it. There is a mutuality of interest here which does not and cannot exist under the straight flat wage system. It puts all the individuals in a frame of mind to coöperate with each other for the common benefit of the corporation, because their fate is definitely linked with the fate of the corporation the moment profit sharing is substituted for flat wages. The corporation is thus enabled to extricate itself from a position in which it is losing money, and to get its costs and selling prices down to where it can make a profit by putting over a large sales volume at reduced prices.

This release from the rigidity of rates does not mean that a uniformly blanketed wage rate, or working-hours rate, or price rate has been changed from one blanket level to another blanket level by "collective bargaining" between the management of the Smith Shoe Company, and a labor union leader, as it does today. It means that without any interference from a union or a Code, the four groups of profit-sharing partners, constituting all the human, individual beneficiaries of this particular enterprise, the Smith Shoe Company, have regained their individual liberty to make their own rates to fit their own conditions. But distribution is no longer done by flat rates. The change from flat rates to shares is the thing which has made possible the regaining of this corporate and individual liberty. This in turn enables the corporation and the individuals composing it, to do the things which will allow the corporation and the individuals to survive and presumably also to prosper. Today we are bound hand and foot by unionized wage rates and work rates, which together make a rigidly unionized cost rate. Lately we have been further bound by codified price

rates, thus making the rate structure rigid from bottom to top.

I believe that, in time, even the drawing-account portion of the profit-sharing wage system would fade out of the economic picture. Thus profit sharing would remove even that aspect of a fixed-cost factor in Industry. Any fixity at the bottom of our system tends to crystallize the structure all the way to the top. When it comes to the rigidifying of selling prices at the top of the rate structure, the most important law of economics is thwarted, namely the law which indicates that when volume declines, a lowering of price is the correct economic lever to be moved in order to recover volume. We cannot successfully operate an economic system with price as the main objective, as we are trying to do. We must put ourselves in a position wherein we are enabled to operate with volume as the chief objective. Particularly is this true under the mass-production system. Our production system is a full grown, powerful adult; whereas our distribution system is pitifully infantile, by comparison.

The most fundamental fallacy in the whole Roosevelt program is its aim to achieve price at the sacrifice of volume. Price is not wealth. It is only a rate at which one kind of wealth, in some physical form, is traded for another. The placing of too great an emphasis on price tends to give us a beautiful but theoretical rate of doing business, but little business being done. If we cannot change the rate when it proves to be a rate which kills volume, then we are frozen in a position from which revival is impossible. Revival is a matter of volume, not a raising of rates.

The Code system of running the economic show made cost rates more rigid, more widely and arbitrarily and uniformly blanketed over broad segments of our economic

system. It put us in strait-jackets which were far more tight and ill-fitting to the individual corporations operating under them, than were the rates imposed by the labor unions. It is this tightening of rate rigidity and the widening of its uniform, blanketing processes which make it impossible to recover any considerable degree of economic prosperity except the paternalistic spurts that come from artificial borrowing and spending by government. This government intrusion gives us an economic direction straight toward the complete socialization of our entire system.

I have tried to show briefly that this direction grows inevitably out of the conflict relation between employer and employees which is inherent in the flat wage system. Unless we shift to universal profit sharing, we are certain to go all the way to the terminus of this socialistic direction. There is no permanent stopping-place halfway between individualism and socialism. The type of corporate individualism which will begin to revive when we adopt profit sharing, is depicted in the illustration of the Smith Shoe Company. A profitable company does one thing to meet the individual conditions confronting it. An unprofitable company does a different thing to meet its different conditions. They cannot do this under blanketed rates; and they cannot get rid of blanketed rates except by abolishing labor unions through the adoption of universal profit sharing.

In addition to giving us individual corporate freedom and flexibility in the matter of rate-making, the introduction of profit sharing will give us a wider distribution of buying power in the interest of making a wider and more continuous mass market for the sale of our mass-production output. Let us suppose that the Smith Shoe Company puts in some improved machinery which enables it

to double its production per man per hour, and that it is able to sell the increased output without reducing its previous selling prices. If the drawing-account wages and salaries remain the same, the result is a greatly increased net profit for the corporation. When the question of allotting this increased profit among the four groups of partners comes up for consideration, the point should be, and undoubtedly would be brought up, that the groups embracing the largest number of individuals should begin to receive an increasing percentage of the total profit of the corporation — because this would diffuse buying power more widely among the smaller income classes who spend all they receive currently, and thus put the buying power back into circulation in the current consumption of shoes and of all other kinds of standard consumer goods.

This is a correct principle of distribution. If the Smith Shoe Company has three stockholders, three executives, ten department managers, one hundred clerks and one thousand “workers,” the percentage of the total profit of the corporation paid out to the “clerk group” and the “worker group” should rise as the corporate net profits rise. The observance of this principle of mass-distribution would tend to become a universal distribution habit under the adoption of universal profit sharing, as the revised method of distributing buying power. If every individual enterprise observed this principle of diffusing a rising dollar volume of net profits more and more widely, by giving its numerically larger groups a rising percentage of the total of the rising corporate profits, each corporation which was making a rising profit would thus be fertilizing its own future market and that of every other producer. The composite result would be an indirect “gearing” of consumption with production, allowing pro-

duction to set the economic pace, and causing consumption to follow any pace that production might choose to set.

This indirect gearing of the total consumption with the total production of the country will be the result of establishing a direct connection between the inflowing dollar volume of net profit, with the outflowing dollar volume of buying power which is diffused among the masses of smaller income receivers in each and every individual enterprise. Thus profit sharing from the viewpoint of the employers or proprietors of our economic system is not a matter of altruism, but a matter of enlightened self-interest. It tends to keep the consumer market continually absorbing the entire output of our whole economic system. It is obvious that this diffusion of rising profits which is essential to the maintenance of the mass-consumer market cannot take place under the flat-wage system. That is why our mass market collapses in the periods of rising-profits — bringing “prosperity” to an abrupt end.

Mexico, My Beloved

JOSEPHINE NIGGLI

Mexico, my beloved,
is not the clashing of cymbals
nor the curving
of vermilion sails
over the heart
of the wind;
it is not
a vivid slash
across the mouth
of the world.

But when the moon touches the silken waves
of the Lerma,
and the carnations
breathe their scents
into the souls of a thousand birds
and force them to sing
of something
they but dimly understand —
this,
my beloved,
is Mexico.

Mexican Small Town

PHILIP STEVENSON

IN HIS last campaign for the presidency, Mr. Hoover intimated that if his opponent were elected, grass would grow in the streets of our cities. He did not need to explain that to Americans such a thing would indicate a calamitous state of affairs. His audience took that for granted. Yet when I tell you that grass grows in the streets of Mexican small towns, I mean to suggest no calamity. On the contrary, it is only one of the delightful differences between Mexican towns and our own.

For the streets of provincial Mexico are cobbled. Yet they do not in the least resemble the cobbled streets of a bygone day in America. The stones are flat-topped, with grass growing between — not at all a bad surface for driving. And instead of being all one shape and size, they are of all shapes and sizes, patiently, cunningly, fitted together *into patterns*.

This is an example of the most important difference between us and the Mexicans. With us, utility and efficiency are paramount, whereas everything they do is influenced by their prehistoric Indian heritage of beautiful design and patient craftsmanship.

When we make things, when we buy and sell things, the quickest way is always the best way. In Mexico, the best way is the pleasantest. That is why the Mexican is so often dismayed by our slap-dash, rough-and-ready way of walking into a store, buying what we want, and immediately walking out again. And that is why we call it “a waste of time” to take odd-sized stones and patiently fit them together just to make a street, or to spend a sociable half hour just to buy a little fruit. Why not make

the stones in standard size and save the trouble? Why not buy your fruit and have done?

The answer is that in the Mexican's view, time could not possibly be better spent than in the enhancement, the dramatization, the humanization of routine. It isn't that he's slow or lazy at all. But he insists that the things we have to do everyday might just as well be enjoyable, and that things we have to look at everyday might better be beautiful. As a result, the Mexican Indian (four-fifths of the population of Mexico) is almost never bored.

This Mexican quality of infusing drama into the most ordinary matters is well illustrated by the design of Mexican houses. From the street their appearance is quite ordinary — though, to be sure, different from ours, with their tinted plaster, their moss-stained tile roofs, their hinged "French" windows in place of sashes. But in no case does the exterior suggest the gaiety, the flowery Eden-beauty of their patios or interior courts.

The Mexican's patio is his hearth, the bosom of his home. (Indeed, he has no hearth, since the Mexican climate obviates the need of fireplaces.) The patio is the center, the most important thing about the house, and the tile-floored rooms, relatively unimportant necessities, are ranged round it on two or more sides. Often it will contain a well (not always to be trusted for purity) with its stone coping, its pulley and bucket suspended from a handsome frame of wrought-ironwork; while the high walls dividing the patio from its neighbors are invariably banked with ferns and a thousand bright flowers the year round. In many homes the patio supports a few banana trees or papayas or guavas that contribute to a good living; in others will be found a royal palm for shade, or a lovely dripping pepper tree with its streaks of bright red pods for decoration. Shut your eyes, imagine this private

Eden in moonlight, silver with violet shadows, hushed with slow song to a guitar, and you will feel something of the theatrical magic of the Mexican house.

But it is a magic, let us admit at once, that Americans as a whole would never put up with. It is a magic realized at the price of efficiency, of practical comfort. The beds are springless more often than not, the furniture in general scanty. At evening, unless all doors are tightly shut, bats fly in and roost in the rafters. Fleas are a universal pest — as widespread a nuisance as the common winter nose and chest cold in America — and to keep them out is a never-ending struggle, however humorously dramatized. Privies, tin washbowls and pitchers, are penalties accompanying an almost total lack of running water.

Even though you have a private well, water for drinking and bathing is brought to you daily by an *aguador* (water-carrier), dozens of whom trot all day from the municipal water faucet through the streets of provincial Mexico, laden with two five-gallon cans hung by ropes from either end of a pole across the shoulders. In their thonged sandals, their light cotton pants and coats, their low-crowned broad-brimmed sombreros with an unused chin-strap hanging down the back like a cue, their sparse black moustaches and their Mongolian trot, these aguadores give an extraordinarily Chinese touch to the streets. For homemakers who cannot afford this service (about 1½ cents a day) there is no alternative but to don one's blue rebozo (a narrow shawl, the standard head-dress of the Mexican woman), hoist one's tawny water-jar to the right shoulder, and carry one's water-supply oneself.

Which is an excellent point at which to remark that, contrary to his reputation in America, the Mexican is

scrupulously clean. When one considers the widespread lack of water, it is amazing how much scrubbing and washing goes on. The sweep-sweep shush-shush of brooms is as characteristic a sound in Mexico as the incessant sunrise-to-sunset pat-pat-patting of *tortillas* (thin corn-meal pancakes, staple food of rich and poor); and in any town boasting a river or a lake, the banks will be gay with people all day long scrubbing their clothes, themselves, and their children. Throughout the country, sidewalks and even the cobbled streets are watered and swept religiously at dawn. If the Mexicans are not up to our standards of cleanliness, let us blame not the people but their rulers, those who control the capital that might, but does not, provide them with the necessary means. Given American facilities, I daresay Mexico would be spotless — and bugless!

The American housewife would scarcely recognize a Mexican kitchen as such. It is invariably a dark windowless cubbyhole, without cupboard or dish-closet, without a refrigerator, without a chimney or anything resembling a stove! For centuries Mexico has been short of wood, and the use of coal is confined largely to industry. For cooking, charcoal is the commonest fuel. Instead of a range in the kitchen, you see a sort of tile bench with two or three grilled excavations in it. These are the braziers in which a few fragments of charcoal are kindled with shavings. Round-bottomed clay pots propped straight by stones (or occasionally modern flat pans) are set directly on the fire, and the charcoal is fanned to the desired heat by vigorous agitation of a straw fan at the draught hole! Yet Mexican food, though occasionally exotic to our taste, is delicious. They do extraordinary things with the means at their disposal. Indeed, their bread, baked in tiny roll-like loaves, is far superior to ours.

Although charcoal gives off comparatively little smoke or gas, the lack of a chimney would drive an American housewife to distraction, and the lack of utensils might cause a domestic revolution. For mashing potatoes or other vegetables she would use a stone pestle and mortar. Her egg-beater would be a sharply incised wooden instrument, like a carved potato-masher, twirled to and fro between the palms. Her containers would be almost exclusively Indian clay pots, covered (if covered at all!) with a clay plate. A double-boiler would be simply a small pot set inside a larger one containing water. Ovens are manufactured tin boxes set over the charcoal brazier. The sink is of stone, and in the average house it is emptied simply by removing the wooden plug from the drain and catching the flood in a bucket!

With this equipment it can be seen that housekeeping is a major full-time job in Mexico. For the average house has no phone from which orders to be "sent right up" may be given. For your supplies you go to the market — or send your cook — and for certain staples such as coffee and refined sugar, to a store. And since there is no refrigeration, and little if any cupboard room, you buy in tiny quantities — just enough for the day. But this is no drawback. Even if none of these reasons existed, a housewife in Mexico would still insist on the daily trip to market. Our Indian cook, indeed, made several trips a day, and exhibited the utmost dismay when we suggested it would save her a good deal of effort if she bought the whole day's needs at once. She ran her legs off and haunted the market *out of preference*. Nor did we blame her once we understood the reason.

For the open-air market is the center and spirit of old, Indian Mexico. It is the last virile remnant of a gracious, ancient, communal way of life — Indian life — before

the Spanish conqueror brought his white man's efficiency to America, and smashed to bits the patient, quietly lovely social patterns of its peoples. For centuries before Cortéz, Mexico had had her open-air markets — large enough, it is said, to accommodate tens of thousands of people, and offering for sale many things superior to any then known in Europe — and Mexico has her markets still. Although the character of its products has greatly changed in four hundred years, the market still represents the spirit of an ancient day when the struggle for existence was softened and concealed by ritual, when necessary tasks were communized and sociable, when nothing was standardized, matter-of-fact, or routine, when business and pleasure were one.

All Mexican markets are one delightful jumble, a mad confusion of colors, smells, sounds, and forms; of light and shadow; of occupation and idleness; riches and poverty. Situated generally not far from the plaza — invariably the center of town — they cover spaces varying from an ordinary vacant lot to tens of acres, depending on the size of the town. Coming on a market unexpectedly, the eye is at first literally stunned, as by a constantly shifting kaleidoscope.

The Mexicans, like all dark-skinned people, are fond of bright color — in the rawest shrieking combinations — and they are right! it suits them. So first, perhaps, you distinguish the people: seas of shifting hats, low-crowned and broad, gaily embroidered, tilted to the sun by a quick expert shake of the head — those are the men; and proudly moving, living madonnas in dark-blue rebozos whose folds, it seems, can never hang ungracefully — the women; and between their legs, staggering along, pushing their bare rounded bellies ahead of them, the littlest children. Older children, the boys in big hats and

the little girls in shawls, are for the most part miniature replicas of their parents. Most of the men wear white cotton pants — and blinding white they are in the sun — and white coats over a colored shirt, with a folded serape on the shoulder. The women are more addicted to bright hues — magenta and lemon and cerise, orange, scarlet and purple.

The sea of hats and rebozos flows slowly, with Indian gravity, between the booths and stalls filled with wares and shaded from the sun by cotton awnings stretched across alleys, or tipped toward the light by props shifted as the day waxes or wanes. There is absolutely no system about anything. Beside the booths, between the booths, standing or squatting on straw mats, are other vendors, their wares spread neatly on the ground. And what mouth-watering wares. Flowers in profusion: raw magenta bougainvillea, yellow or scarlet poinsettia, white jasmine, roses, and colorful mixtures of wild-flowers — a few cents for an armful! Vegetables galore: great livery white radishes, prickly chayote, tomatoes, huge yellow papayas, glistening onions, heaps of orange carrots, crimson chile, green squashes, cool blades of romaine, pale spears of sugar-cane. And fruit! Mexico is the paradise of fruit: gigantic oranges (the most tasty are green!), limes and sweet lemons, avocado pears (at about a cent apiece), guavas, tejocotes and a dozen less-known tropical fruits!

Broad fans of hats, piles of hand-made *guaraches* (semi-sandals, the most comfortable footgear in the world), shoals of Indian pottery in browns and polychrome designs, groups of highlighted tawny water-jars, peanuts arranged in neat little squares, stacks of folded *serapes* (hand-woven wool blankets with a slit in the middle for the head to pass through, worn exclusively by men),

fresh fish netted an hour ago, live chickens and suckling pigs are all found in profusion! And in the booths all these and more — shelves piled helter-skelter with groceries, candles, hand-made tin lanterns and sconces, straw mats and fans, bolts of bright cloth, white sheeting and duck, blue rebozos, black veils for church, glassware and cheap dishes, buttons and five-and-ten knickknacks — almost anything, in fact, almost any service, can be bought in a Mexican market.

A boy wanders about with his box of brushes and paste offering a shine to anyone wearing shoes (to be distinguished from the common sandal-like guaraches). Over there a barber has set up his chair under an awning. Here a gambler is calling out the names and numbers of playing-cards. Yonder a group of musicians, in exchange for a meal, are fiddling fiddles, plinking guitars, thumbing their home-made harps, and singing a long ballad to attract the hungry to a booth where cooked food is served.

For the market is also an open-air restaurant. Besides the counters at booths, there are countless rough-plank tables in the open air, their benches crowded with people munching beans and chile and tortillas. They don't use spoons, but fold their tortillas into scoops to convey the food to their mouths — and the spoon is consumed with the mouthful!

In and out among the booths, between the vendors squatting on their mats, moves the bright quiet crowd, cracking peanuts as they go, sucking pink dulces, or gnawing on a centavo's worth of sugar-cane and spitting out the pulp. Their talk is very subdued; like Indians everywhere, they are very gentle and quiet even in their keenest enjoyments — they even laugh quietly, and they seldom shout, but move with dignity, with a stately

carriage learned from balancing burdens on their heads. The men are Chinesey with their thin moustaches and broad low hats with the cue-like chin-strap hanging down behind, and their wide dirty feet in sandals. And the women are like dark madonnas with their fine-grained skin and dark quiet eyes, framed gracefully within the eternal blue rebozo, often with their straight black hair flying loose, and usually a black-eyed, button-mouthed baby cradled in one arm. The children who can walk, walk; and those who can run, run — or else, like their parents, they are quiet, as only Indian children can be quiet, with large-eyed thoughtful gravity.

Beggars abound, too, in the market — that is one modern touch added to the ancient thing, the belief that it is all right for some people to have everything and others nothing. Another unpleasant feature is butchered meat crawling with flies. The market is not all good, not all beautiful, not all beer and skittles; it has its shortcomings aplenty, but by and large it is the finest manifestation of Mexican life. See it at night, too, if you can, lit by little kerosene flares of home-made tinwork, when the men have donned their serapes and shadows leap and flicker over dark faces and reddish flames flare and glitter in sombre eyes. But above all, hear the market! Listen to the quiet rumbling stream of talk, the gentle rustling flow of Mexican life itself.

A few of the vendors cry their wares. But very few. Not many have much to sell — just a few little piles of this and that, in neat tiny pyramids or squares or circles, a few peanuts or sweets, eggs or limes brought from the ranchito this morning, a couple of passive chickens with their legs tied together, a few little fish trapped in a net at dawn. True, the gambler is a modern; he is loud enough, shouting his winners and losers, but then, he is

not an Indian, he is quite out of key with the prevalent sound of the market — a low, grave rumble of quiet talk, quiet laughter, occasionally presided over by guitar-tinkles and a long mournful song.

No, the sellers squat passive before their neat modest piles of produce, and wait for a buyer. And when the buyer comes, the transaction develops into a long and complicated social relationship. The price asked is high, the price offered is low, and the problem is to bring them together. No hurry, though; there's no fun in solving problems quickly. So, slowly, patiently, one price comes down, the other goes up, and meanwhile there is opportunity for a thousand comments on the weather, the scarcity of this or that, the abundance of the other thing, politics, anecdotes, and items of local scandal. And everywhere, all round you, the same thing is going on, very quietly. The barber snips and talks, the butcher slices and talks, the food tables are a low babble of eating and talk, the sugar-cane vendor hacks off superfluous leaves from his stalks — and talks.

That is the thing that finally strikes the American most vividly about the Mexican market: that it is preëminently an Indian social gathering. You feel it has almost nothing to do with buying and selling in our sense — with business, with commercialism. It is all so innocent, on such a pathetically tiny scale of profit and loss, that it seems not primarily a commercial venture at all, the buying and selling. Exchanging goods happens to be necessary just to satisfy dire needs for the next few minutes or hours; it is a minimum requirement for keeping life alive, one's own and others', buyers' and sellers'. Salesmanship is not a career. It is never a bid for power or riches, not prompted by greed for gain alone, by envy, or by a craving for ascendancy over one's fellows. No, you sell today

merely in order that you may be able to live tomorrow.

Oiga! If you sell today enough to keep you till day after tomorrow, you won't have anything to do tomorrow, you won't have any reason to come to the market — you won't be able to squat here all day, tilting your hat against the warm sun and chatting about prices and the weather and watching the fun. No, the market is society; it is warm human give-and-take; it is life. What is the use of making a big profit and retiring from the market in your old age? If you do that, you'll cut yourself off from life. Your old age will be lonely. It won't be any fun. No, it is better to sell only a little at a time — just enough to last from day to day. So, it is good to live.

Contrast the market with the average store in Mexico. The store is neither one thing nor the other — neither delightful nor really businesslike. You don't bargain in a store; but you probably pay much higher prices for service no better. And ten to one the thing you want is out of stock, and the stock itself in much more flagrant confusion. If you point out something on a shelf, the chances are the storekeeper will have to move three ploughshares, several cans of kerosene, a coil or two of rope, a dozen bars of soap, six oil lanterns and a sack of flour, before he can even reach the shelf! In short, the store will exhibit the untidy inefficiency of the earliest days of pioneering commerce in America. Capitalism is still young in Mexico, and correspondingly raw and graceless. It has lost the attractive non-commercial quality of folk-exchange without having yet acquired capitalistic efficiency.

So, in Mexico, go to the market. It is commerce in its pristine simplicity, an unavoidably necessary means of circulation and exchange, not only of goods, but of human understanding — making for pleasure, for health, and for abundant life.

Martinez, and Mexico's Renaissance

BROOKE WARING

THE most obscure, the most retiring, the most self-effacing, and yet the most important man in the Mexican Renaissance is Alfredo Ramos Martinez, the innovator. Although one hears continual eulogy of his talented friends Rivera and Orozco, and of his pupils Siqueros and Jean Charlot, the personality and brilliant accomplishment of Mexico's first and strongest artistic revolutionist still remain an enigma to the world outside of the West.

Martinez's success in California is astonishing. While other artists of international reputation are starving, this energetic Mexican is overwhelmed with commissions. His ascendancy is more surprising when one reflects that Martinez is one of the few painters who have not been made by publicity. There have been no press wars raging around his head. Neither is he in league with any of the organized groups which dominate the vicious intrigues of artistic politics. He has always remained an independent.

The fresco for the patio of the Swerling home in Beverly Hills is one of his most formidable works. His drawing is sculptural, his rich brilliant color and his powerful rhythmic form are a complete unit, the balance and symmetry of his composition is original and varied, his spatial relationships give the illusion of solid depth when he desires. The dynamic work of this Mexican possesses more than values, beautiful painting-quality, architectural modeling. His frescos are illuminated by the psychology of the people he paints. They are blistering with his own vibrant emotion — they walk, they speak, they are alive.

Unlike the other Mexican painters, Martinez regards the revolution as only an incident. To him the everyday life of the people at work is paramount. In the first panel of the Swerling fresco Martinez portrays the brutality and hatred of the insurrection. In the last panel appear the same peons returned to their travail; there is amity, reserve, almost a religious expression. These two groups are separated by a large area in which Martinez vividly describes the agrarian life of the Indian. Sculptural mestizo girls carrying baskets of multicolored fruit, emerald green, vermilion red, luminous yellow, on their ivory-black heads. In the background Martinez has chiseled in paint the savage ultramarine-blue Sierra Madre mountains.

At present Martinez is completing his fresco, *Resurrection*, in the Santa Barbara Chapel for Mrs. George Washington Smith and Henry Eicheim. This painting is as primitive as it is modern in its simplicity. The cube, the sphere, the cylinder are as apparent in this work as in any of Picasso's abstract canvasses, only the Mexican combines a forceful life-spark with volume. Martinez has used a very limited palette: only two earth colors, ultramarine blue and a little black. Unlike Rivera he does not mix his water color with lime. He likes to have the sensuous beauty of the wall show through the translucent paint. His work is transparent and at the same time very solid.

Martinez has also painted a Madonna in fresco for the Collins home in Hollywood, and several large murals at Ensenada. His next commissions are for a fresco in the First National Bank of Santa Barbara and another for La Quinta at Palm Springs.

When young Alfredo Martinez was nine he was sent to the Academy of Bellas Artes at Mexico City. The

boy was stimulated and enchanted by the phenomenal contrast and color of the city. He was bewitched by multitudinous Indians: Mayans, Aztecs, Farascos, Mixtecas, Las Bateas, Guerros. In Monterey he had seen only Europeans, a few natives, and the mestizos which are the product of reciprocal breeding, the Indian with the continental. Here he stared at the bronze men wearing red serapes and yellow sombreros. The women with their prolific petticoats, their plaited lustrous hair, were comparable to the Egyptian statues in the museum. The children with their circular faces and their oblique eyes were like Japanese dolls.

Alfredo saw Indian women pounding tortillas, he watched the cock-fights, he was delighted with the native Mexicans meandering through street after street, singing the names of their wares; he studied the picturesque males as they sauntered in and out of the doors of the cantinas. Everything cried to him to be painted, to be perpetuated by plastic means, in line, color, space.

He was in a metamorphosed universe from that of his grandfather's hacienda in Nueva Leon. Alfredo was young; he possessed a mentality vital as electricity, and the emotional nature of his Mayan progenitors. He was alone in a fascinating metropolis. Living was an exciting experience. Mexico City, the historical habitat of Cortéz and Montezuma, was to embrace not only adventure and revelation for the boy, but was also to be the place of his two great artistic deceptions — the first when he was nine years old and the second when he was thirty-three.

Forty-five years ago the schools in Mexico were comparable to the unintelligent mausoleums of art in the rest of the civilized world, castrating the young talent that came within their walls by frigid academicism and scholastic rules. Originality was decapitated; and in its

stead leered the senile mask of the classic imitator. It was before Havelock Ellis had written that the ugly may be beautiful, but the pretty is never beautiful. It was before the inquisitive Picasso had made his experiments with cubism, with monochrome, with line and with space.

The prospective artist was drilled in all things Grecian, Roman, French and Spanish; but never was his vision directed on his own stimulating, exotic Mexico. Before Rivera and Orozco, at a time when all Mexico was painting the artificial, Alfredo saw how beautiful were the simple lines of commonplace forms; the workman's back as he dug in the road, the calm dignity of the statuesque Indian girls.

This formal atmosphere of the school of 1889 presented a horrible chimera to the small boy. Even at this early age he possessed the intelligence and the sensitivity to realize that art was not something dead and far-away, but something very close and to be lived with. It was psychologically impossible for Alfredo to stay in the Bellas Artes. Instead he wandered into the streets and sketched the everyday life of the people. How much more absorbing to draw the Mexican market-day with its vitality and color than to copy over-ornamented plaster casts.

The director became incensed at the independence of his young pupil and wrote to the elder Martinez. "Your son refuses to remain in school, instead he profligates his time in the country sketching the native workman." The report was forwarded to the student with a note of remonstrance from the parent.

The boy answered: "My dear Father, I have always been an obedient son but in the matter of my artistic development I must beseech you to be lenient; this is a condition I naturally understand better than you do. The

method of teaching in this school is not for me. I cannot remain in the classroom. Believe that I work hard and permit me to solve my own problems."

Jacobo Martinez responded sagaciously to the director of the academy. "My son is a serious boy, and I have confidence in his judgment. I know he is very industrious and if he prefers to glean his knowledge from the people instead of in the classroom, let him do so. Let him develop naturally."

This letter from the small boy to his father was the first shot in Mexico's artistic revolution.

IN OBSERVING the lives of artists one often finds a vigorous parental protest, as in the background of Van Gogh, Gauguin, Michael Angelo — a driving force that is attributed by psychoanalysts to a constant subconscious antagonism with a member or members of the family.

These artists work out their unsolved infantile problems in paint. An illustration is the Surrealist school of which Miro is the foremost exponent. This group attempts to draw nothing but the subconscious mind. How vacuous are their formless blocks and febrile arrangements compared to the architectural draftsmanship and dynamic composition of a Martinez — who paints life from a sympathetic and humanitarian point of view rather than from the antagonistic and inverted vision of the maladjusted psychotic. Martinez has made his adjustments, his ego is free to solve the problems of beauty and plasticity. His driving force seems to be a true creative urge and not a neurosis seeking an outlet for early sublimated aggressions.

When Alfredo was nineteen, Phœbe Hearst visited the Mexican capital. As a patroness of the arts, Mrs. Hearst became interested in Alfredo and sent him to Paris as

her protégé. Martinez studied by himself, taking his inspiration from the life around Luxembourg Park or near the Seine. Alone in Mexico, he had anticipated nights of excited controversy, but when he was a part of the group in Paris he realized that actual work was the thing that mattered, and not talking about what one intended to do.

When one separates the man, Martinez, from the artist one finds the intellectual part of his nature enjoying fruition in the rich cultural existence of pre-war Paris. Through his life marched his great contemporaries: Pablo Picasso, Henri Matisse, Rémy de Gourmont, Claude Monet, Rodin, Duse, Rubin Dario, Pavlowa, Isadora Duncan. Outstanding men and women of their generation congregated in the most liberal city of the world to animate and encourage each other, and to achieve opportunity and appreciation for their genius.

One night an artist asked Alfredo if he would like to meet Rémy de Gourmont, who at that time was the idol of the young French intellectuals. Martinez was delighted and accompanied his friend to a boulevard café where sat Rémy de Gourmont sipping a cointreau and conversing with a group of deferential young men. No one spoke but De Gourmont, and he was only answered by a reverent, "Yes, master, no master." When the author put his glass to his lips the students did likewise, when he put his glass down the young men followed his example. The extravagant homage took on the atmosphere of a dignified religious service.

The independent Mexican could endure it no longer, he stood up, took his hat in his hand and in his most courteous manner said, "I am happy to have made your acquaintance, Monsieur de Gourmont, but I have work to do. I must go." The young men were confused, they looked bewildered.

That night the friend who had introduced Martinez to De Gourmont called at his atelier and he was surprised to find Alfredo reading "Philosophic Nights in Paris." "I can't understand you, Ramos," he exclaimed. "You walk out while the most distinguished man in France is speaking and then you go home and devour his book. What is the matter with you?"

"The finest reflections of the intellect of a great author lie in his book, and are only to be completely understood in solitude."

One autumn Alfredo wearied of Paris and longed for the Netherlands. In a short time he was established in a small hotel facing the Amsterdam Canal. Everything he saw was paintable. Alfredo constructed a huge canvas and commenced to transfer to it the sensation he received whenever he looked out of the window. As line and mass became ships and water, Martinez' curiosity was aroused concerning the men who piloted the boats. He wanted to know their psychology, what they thought, how they lived. Alfredo was delighted with these simple Netherlanders. Somehow their humble dwellings, the poignant odor of food coming from the rural kitchens, reminded him of his own native Mexico.

Alfredo painted from sunrise to sunset hardly stopping for food. In his subconscious mind he saw English red where vermilion should have been. The canals, the ships, the boatmen cavorted in his imagination, they gave him no rest. Alfredo rose at night and from memory repainted all the work of the previous day. The same process was repeated the next night, and the next, until Martinez had had no sleep for a feverish week. He studied the canvas, the result of five months of fervid work. "It is dead," he said sorrowfully. "If my paintings are failures, my life is only a burlesque. My efforts have been sincere but the

painting shows only superficial aptitude, and to me life without art is impossible."

As one deranged he went out in the street, he wished for a tree to fall upon him, he prayed for a cyclone, a tornado. He returned to his room, his irritation became rage. On his table he saw a knife, he grabbed it, and aimed at the picture. Alfredo dug the knife into the painting and slashed in every direction. The canvas resembled confetti. Then he threw the knife on the floor, the paint-box followed, then the palette, the easel. The landlord dashed into the room to find his gentle guest a turbulent maniac. "Pack up my things," shouted Alfredo. The innkeeper complied hurriedly while some of the room still remained intact.

Alfredo boarded the first train for Paris. He sat with his head bent down, his arms folded; he could understand the melancholy sorrow of a refugee leaving behind a burning farm. As the train approached Brussels, he thought of a painting of the Amsterdam Canal by Bertzon. "Why not get off," he said to himself, "and see how a strong artist handled the same subject?" The idea was some small consolation. Soon he was in the museum contemplating the picture he had visioned in his mind. "My God, this is macabre, academic. Mine had virility, it was alive!"

On returning to the Latin Quarter Alfredo wrote to his friend, the innkeeper of Amsterdam, to send him the fragments of his own canvas. When the strips arrived he put them together as a child reconstructs a puzzle. On beholding the result he boarded the next train for the Netherlands and in the same room on the banks of the Canal, Alfredo repainted the canvas. The picture received immediate acclaim in Paris.

After saturating himself for fourteen years in the life of

Europe, Alfredo returned radiant with honors to Mexico and to the home of his family. Sara, his maternal sister, ecstatically embraced him, "I am so proud of you; the newspaper clippings have been wonderful."

He sat down to relax but his eye was arrested by large water colors on the wall. "Sara, whose paintings are these?"

"Why yours, just some things you did in Nueva Leon when you were a boy."

"Santa Maria!" He jumped up and walked closer to a painting of an Indian workman. Martinez folded his arms and seriously contemplated the picture from a distance, then closely. He whispered, "I could never have painted anything so beautiful. Are these really mine?"

"Why of course."

"What a tragedy," he groaned, "I have mutilated fourteen years," and then he added—pointing at his picture, "this is what I went to Paris to learn!"

"But I don't understand. You were so successful, your commissions, your *Le Printemps* that won the prize in the 1906 Automne Salon in Paris."

"Come here," he said taking her by the arm. "Look at the honest sincerity of this simple picture. It is spontaneous and it has all the psychology of the people. See how the form functions with the color. It is a complete unit and such sensitive original drawing. My God! Why did I go to Paris? Could I only be so unsophisticated again. Art must be pure. Yes, I have learned technique, anatomy; I have absorbed a little Giotto, a little El Greco, a little Cézanne, but I have submerged my own individualism. My subconscious is a walking Louvre. I have died of too many advantages. My sympathy is here, where I belong, among my own people."

"But Alfredo, your prizes, your fine criticisms. These

paintings on the wall are only the works of a child.”

“That child was a great artist,” he answered with misery in his voice. “In admiring the waves I have become lost in the ocean.”

For two disconsolate years Alfredo could not paint.

ALFREDO RAMOS MARTINEZ believes that everyone possesses talent — some for painting, some for business, some for music, but that most of the natural aptitude of the world is destroyed by repressive and unintelligent education.

In 1913 he was offered the directorship of the Academy of Santa Anita. He refused. “No, not I — I am the enemy of all academies.” Crowds of pupils swarmed the garden of his home. They wrote serenades and sang to him, they pleaded with him. “We know we are not taught the real art. Life is taken out of our work.” Their words were reminiscent of the intense grief Martinez himself had suffered as a boy of nine in the Bellas Artes Academy. He understood the directorship would mean the sacrifice of his own work, but he felt their need so profoundly that he accepted and for twelve years he seldom had time to paint.

This self-abnegation is indicative of the man’s character. It is very difficult for the creative artist to put himself in the rôle of an interpreter, although Martinez’ teaching is creative as well as recreative. The experiment was selfless, but in giving of himself he grew. No one can truly teach without learning at the same time. As George Moore put it: “The instinct of teaching is but the fruition of a man’s belief in the truth of his ideas.”

The first School of Outdoor Painting was started with only ten boys. In 1914 Martinez opened a second school in the gardens of his old Spanish Colonial home in

Coyoacan. In 1925 he assumed directorship of four other schools and placed former students of his in charge. Eleven thousand children have come under his jurisdiction.

Instruction in the new school was based on an emotional approach instead of on an intellectual appeal. Martinez believes the born creator is primarily an intuitive person, and should be guided by the teacher but never taught. He thinks enthusiasm and sympathy are essential for the embryonic artist — that his sensitivities should be developed by making him aware of the world in which he lives, by opening his eyes wider. Martinez is a natural psychologist, his first instinct is to destroy fear. He builds up the self-confidence of the student, making him cognizant of his own faculties.

“Stay away from the museum,” he told his pupils, “but observe nature.”

The students were given absolute freedom; permitted to choose their own subject, their own medium, and their individual technique. The director and his assistants acted only in an advisory capacity. All material was furnished by the government.

In 1926 Martinez went to Vasconcelos, who was then Minister of Art and pleaded, “Let me take an exhibit of my students’ work abroad. France has her museums, her gay life, her fine merchandise. The United States has her industrialism, her sky-scrapers, her factories; Mexico is not a commercial country, she has only her art. I want to show the world what we have been doing. Some day tourists will flock to Mexico to see the work of our artists.”

Vasconcelos gave his consent.

Martinez took a traveling exhibit of his school to Paris, Berlin and Madrid. In the throes of various European “isms” and specious fads, the cogent honesty and

naïve talent of these young primitives caused bewilderment. "How does he do it?" "His teaching is uncanny." There seems to be no explanation other than the personality and the belief of the man himself. His gift for teaching is almost psychic.

Maurice de Waleffe wrote in the *Paris Midi*, "Go see the exposition of the pictures painted by little Mexican Indian students, from eight to twelve years of age. They stupefy our artists. They will someday stupefy our sociologists."

"The most celebrated painters, such as Picasso and Fojita have been tremendously enthusiastic about these works of the children and have shown great interest in these happy efforts of Monsieur Martinez," quoted the *New York Herald of Paris*.

Paris critics awaited Paul Rosenberg's opinion of the exhibit, but he only shook his head and walked around the gallery refusing to comment. Finally the room cleared. Martinez and the famous dealer remained alone. "Ramos," said Rosenberg tragically, "it is frightful. These pictures of your little Mexican children are so beautiful that they destroy all our theories, all we know."

It is unfair that writers of the Mexican Renaissance do not give Alfredo Martinez credit for founding and inspiring the celebrated outdoor school of painting. Even Anita Brenner in "Idols Behind Altars" claims "Best-Mougard the first pedagogical-artistic experimenter." The establishment of these revolutionary schools is thus far the outstanding accomplishment of Martinez' life, and has been the most significant influence in the artistic development of Mexico.

In 1928 Alfredo Ramos married the pretty Maria de Sodi. A year later a crippled child was born to them. Martinez resigned as director of the Academy and with

his family he traveled to New York, to Rochester, to Chicago, to Los Angeles; everywhere he searched for a doctor who could make his baby strong and healthy.

He saw his child's pain, his wife's misery, his finances vanishing, and the infant at first no better. His spirit was rushing water imprisoned under frozen ice. In his wretchedness he could no longer paint in the conventional tradition. He turned for comfort once again to the subjects which interested him in his childhood; the humble Indian, the savage mountains of Mexico. In returning to his own roots, he entered the finest period of his art.

The combination of his intense suffering, his child's happy recovery, his casting off of the foreign influences, his experiments with his students which helped him to formulate his own conceptions, caused Martinez to reach an emotional maturity which culminated in his artistic rebirth.

Why are important walls given to inferior muralists when we have working quietly, unobtrusively, artists of great genius, capable of interpreting in plastic forms peculiar to us, the rhythm of our life, its tempo, its character, and its stirring beauty? It is an indictment of American art that commissions are given to men with political influence who transform our modern edifices into pages from commercial magazines, instead of to sincere artists who would metamorphose our walls with simplicity and their own vibrancy into murals of intense emotion.

In a day when the artistic world is infested by so many braggarts and charlatans, men who have no knowledge of construction, of form, of composition, of the real technique, no sensibilities, it is invigorating to find a consummate artist gentle, honest and capable.

Name Five Venezuelan Ventriloquists!

MARGARET PARTRIDGE BURDEN

Relations between host and guests
Are warped by information tests.

Some evenings when the men come back
With long cigars and Armagnac,
A hitherto attractive host
Suggests the games I hate the most
(Those games in which he takes delight
In proving I am not quite bright) —
In vain, alternatives I seek
Like Contract, or six-pack bezique;
Though I protest until I'm croupy,
He still insists on mental whoopee.

While heretofore I thought him cordial
My feelings change to hatred Borgial —
My brain goes blank, my thoughts are harried,
(Would that my parents had not married!)
As rats leave sinking keels behind
All inspirations flee my mind.

I never can recall the dates
Of European potentates—,
Remember Nelson's last manœuver,
Or list the paintings in the Louvre;
My cranium I cannot vex
With twenty glands that end in X,
Or seven Swedish appetizers

Or thirty heroines of Dreiser's —
Why have I not some vague memento
Of artists in the cinquecento?

I know my mental age is three
But why display it publicly?
Why turn a most congenial soiree
Into a night of toil and worry?
The joys of dining home I pore on
While being classified a moron.
The sadist who arranged the dinner
Appears to be the only winner;
He solves at once each baffling poser
Because he learnt them all — sub rosa.

Oh, who will grant my anguished prayers
To do away with questionnaires?

Reorganizing these United States

HERBERT C. PELL

WE MUST separate basic principles from the accidents of mechanism. I propose that we should set up new governments over the various groups of the country, which we may call provinces. I suggest: (1) New England; (2) New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland; (3) the southern Atlantic states; (4) the Gulf states, Oklahoma and Arkansas; (5) Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois; (6) the prairie states; (7) the mountain states, and (8) the Pacific coast.

I make no attempt to argue for these particular divisions, but it seems to me that each has a genuine local interest. Most of their products are consumed locally; their social and financial structures are self contained. There is such a thing as a New England attitude; the Pacific coast has its own ideas; there is a genuine distinction between the Iowa point of view and that of Ohio or of Alabama.

These provinces, like the states in 1789, would have individual social structure and standards. Things done in one would not be tolerated in another, and vice versa. However great their business intercourse might be with other parts of the country, a very large part of their manufactures and agricultural products would be consumed within the provincial boundaries. In other words, they represent actualities — real social, business, and political units.

It is absurd that the Federal government should be bound to respect privacies which are no longer private, and that the states should preserve powers which they

originally retained because their exercise could affect only themselves, long after these powers reach far beyond their own boundaries.

If a man, in 1789, owned a stretch of land three miles across, he would have had the unquestionable right to buy the biggest cannon he could find and blaze away to his heart's content. It does not, however, follow that his descendant, who may have inherited every inch of the ancestral acres, can safely be allowed to set up a sixteen-inch gun and bombard the country-side for twenty miles around.

Except for the natural objection to novelty which lays such a heavy burden of proof on every proposal, there is no administrative reason why a regrouping and reorganization of the United States government along the original lines, should present any extraordinary difficulties. It would be opposed by selfish politicians who object to any change for the same reason that rotten apples object to a windstorm. At the first motion, off they go, and come falling to the ground for the pigs to eat. There would also be objection from business interests, which have been able to do, in the twilight zone between authorities, what they would not have been allowed to accomplish if subject to a clear jurisdiction.

There should be taken from the Federal power, and given to the new provincial governments all those extensions which have accrued to the United States since 1789, leaving to Washington only the direction of foreign affairs, the army and navy, money, the post-office, and interprovincial commerce. This would make the Federal government genuinely national.

As a member of Congress, I was impressed by the fact that most members regarded themselves as ambassadors of localities, and not as members of the national legisla-

ture. Most of our time was occupied in discussing local proposals, none of which were of any interest to a tenth of the members. For this we should not blame the character of the individual congressman, but the conditions which have forced the Federal government to intervene so often in matters, which, though they transcend the power of the present states, have no real national significance.

The new provincial governments would receive from the states the rule over many things which in practice are interstate, but not interregional — higher education, bankruptcy, business procedure generally, marriage, divorce, interstate but intraprovincial highways, automobile licenses, liquor regulation, building standards, criminal law, and suffrage. There would be every facility provided for the provincial governments to make agreements between themselves on any subject not affecting the nation as a whole.

The subjects which the proposed provincial governments would control would be those which actually transcend the powers of state authorities, and which affect the interests of the province, but not those of the nation. The standard of higher education varies throughout the country, but does not change very much from state to state. The standards of culture and respect for learning are pretty much the same throughout the Northeast. Degrees from northeastern colleges have approximately equal value, and mean something very different from the sheepskins issued by football colleges or monkey law universities. A Federal Department of Education which had to consider the fundamentalist folly of Tennessee, or the recent passionate hatred of intellect of Louisiana, would be useless to the literate sections of the nation.

Business customs and standards of financial honesty do not vary according to state lines, although they are very

different in different parts of the country. For this reason bankruptcy and business procedure should be left as much as possible to provincial control. The honest would be better able to enforce the accepted standard, and the dishonest would have fewer imaginary lines across which to jump. The low business standards which are a menace to this country would be substantially improved by provincial control. We can count on legislative hypocrisy to set a standard quite high enough for practical purposes, but this standard can be enforced only by public opinion.

The experiment of prohibition cost the nation much in health, in moral strength, and in courage, but it taught a great deal to the intelligent observer. Among the facts which it emphasized, is the impossibility of enforcing a moral code unless it be supported by the vast majority of the people. For the first time, it was impressed on us that there are certain classes of legislation which require more popular support for their enforcement than do others. If the barest majority decided to go on the red and stop on the green, or adopted daylight saving, or the metric system, the minority would unquestionably acquiesce. Prohibition taught us to measure opposition not only by numbers but by intensity.

Federal laws to regulate business over the whole nation are almost certainly dangerous, because they must be too lax for one part of the country, or too strict for another. The result is that however specific their physical commands may have been, their moral sanction has been vague. Business men treat them as unpleasant rules, rather than as enunciations of principles by which they are morally bound. If the control of banking and of business generally were left to the provincial governments, there would very rapidly develop an accepted standard for the conduct of business.

Marriage and divorce should also be settled by the provinces. A Federal law covering these subjects would be almost as fruitful of misfortune as was the Volstead Act. A general average of our divorce laws applied throughout the country would offend most standards. It would be impossible to draw a statute which would satisfy the people of the South, where divorce is practically unheard of and unquestionably frowned on by public opinion, and at the same time be consonant with the extremely easy ideas on this subject which exist in some parts of the West where divorces need little more than registration. A national divorce law would result either in free love or in the widespread collusion and fraud which exist in the state of New York.

The New York statute permits divorce only for adultery. The result is that people go to other states for the purpose of achieving divorce, or else obtain it in New York by collusion, with the whole affair arranged by attorneys. I do not believe that a quarter of New York divorces — certainly not a quarter of divorces obtained by New Yorkers — are the result of genuine indignation at actual physical infidelity perpetrated in partnership with the person named as corespondent. Sexual morals in California affect the lives of Carolinians less than does the weather in Milwaukee, and it seems absurd to burden Carolinian representatives with the guardianship of Pacific virtue.

The rights of the Federal government, of the provincial governments, and of the state and local governments, to various forms of taxation should be very much more clearly defined than they are today. No one can have motored much in the United States without having frequently noticed just before crossing a state line, signs telling him that it is his last chance to buy gasoline in a

state where it is taxed less than in the sovereignty he is approaching.

Certain states, in their efforts to allure rich residents, have bound themselves by their constitution to exact no inheritance or income taxes. The states which have income taxes are daily losing the citizenship of rich individuals who are moving to other states which bid for their residence.

We may conclude, therefore, that among the resources of the Federal government should be all income and inheritance taxes, and that no other tax on income or inheritance should be levied by any provincial, state, or local government. These taxes should be the main support of the Federal government, supplemented by import duties, postal receipts, and to a certain extent by patent fees, and services of that nature.

The provinces should derive their revenue from exclusive sources which could be tapped neither by the national, state, nor local governments. These should include excises, corporation taxes, fees for licenses to practice professions. The state and local governments would maintain themselves exclusively on real estate taxes and licenses charged to carry on local businesses.

We must recognize the facts. I have tried to work out a plan by which to preserve the original principles of the American government, without sacrificing the fullest efficiency of modern civilization. There is nothing sacred about tools. Our government was planned to give to local government all the power which it could properly exercise, and the control over all matters of merely local interest. The state government controlled those matters which were beyond the power of local administration, and *did not affect other states*. The Federal government was designed to be purely an interstate affair.

The ideal which inspired those who planned this governmental mechanism was the desire to give to every individual the utmost liberty in the conduct of his private life, in the management of his property, and in the expression of his opinion, consistent with the maintenance of justice, and of public order. The ingenious and clever organization which was devised at the constitutional convention, was planned primarily to protect the individual from undue restraint and the public from unjust exploitation.

The justification of the machine set up in 1789 by Washington and his associates, was that it achieved its object, and continued with great efficiency to give to the people the liberty and protection which they wanted, until the material conditions of the country changed to such an enormous extent as to unbalance the political structure.

Our local governments are the scandal of the world. County governments are corrupt and useless, as out of date and full of danger as the vermiform appendix. These governments direct what are no more than administrative units — often unwieldy, and almost always moribund. They are able to call on no real loyalty; they represent no real interest. States, as a rule, take about the place that was filled in 1789 by the counties. Intra-state business is today about what intra-county business was then. State life and state loyalty are taken as seriously as county life and county loyalty in the time of Washington.

There is, however, nothing to take the place, midway between the locality and the nation, that was originally occupied by the states. We have New Englanders, southerners, middle westerners; we have the Pacific coast, but we do not have any New England government, or southern government, or government of the Pacific coast,

to provide them with a political unity, and the means of giving official expression to their opinion.

If any measure is desired by more than one state, it must be granted from Washington. A question which can only affect the Pacific coast cannot be decided by the coast representatives, but must be put to the votes of Congressmen from all over the country, who have neither knowledge of nor interest in the matter. The result is the system of log-rolling by which the desires of any section of the country can be fulfilled only if its representatives mollify those of other districts. Most members of Congress vote on these measures with an ignorant partisan bias.

When improvements in New England are needed, they must be paid for out of the national treasury, and the representatives of New England must make agreements with leaders of the majority party, and support measures in other parts of the country of which they know nothing. If we had provincial governments, we would have local responsibility, real local administration and probably less expenditure. A member who "brings home the bacon" at the expense of the Federal government, gets much more political profit out of his accomplishment, than would the man who had achieved expenditure at the expense of local taxation.

The erection of such provincial governments must be a necessary preliminary if we are to maintain the principles on which our government is founded. It is impossible that forty-eight states should remain politically separate, when they are neither economically nor socially independent. It would be a very unfortunate thing if the states were to become administrative districts of the Federal government. If the governor of a state is to differ from a satrap or prefect, he must be the head of a real organization. The states are no longer real sections of

the country, and there is no use trying to galvanize their corpses into occasional convulsions. At the same time, it is almost impossible to govern a nation as a unit, if that nation be as genuinely divided as the United States is today.

Sooner or later, there must be some recognition of the real divisions of the country — laws made for the Pacific coast must differ from those made for New England. A system suitable for the Northeast must be provided even though it shall not suit the far South. The South must be treated as the real entity that it is. This must happen. Facts must be recognized. In twenty years we will either see a unification of each section, and the setting up of sectional governments such as I suggest, or we will find the Federal government dividing the administration of many of its laws through districts governed by Federal proconsuls.

The Federal Reserve Bill divided the country into financial districts. Unless there is set up in each section an administration able to provide the tools for the control of power and of public utilities, different regulations will have to be made by divisions of the I.C.C. and by other Federal regulatory boards.

The mania of the New Era and the prostration that followed it were not isolated phenomena unpredictable and without visible cause. We were not hit by a shooting star. They were the inevitable consequence of the system of society in which they were produced. The New Era boom rose higher than that which preceded the panic of the early 'nineties, and the collapse brought us lower. Every crisis has been worse than its predecessor because the economic structure of the country diverged more and more from the social and political organizations which were unable to control it.

If we are to preserve the principle of a government responsible to the people over which it rules, rather than to outsiders, it will be necessary to set up a system of provincial governments. Either the Federal government will extend its power to compress the states and take from them all dignity and all power, or we will have the states forming unions among themselves, which will be strong enough actually and effectively to control all matters of sectional interest. That No Man's Land, in which astute lawyers have erected hideouts for powerful knaves must be cleared.

The Federal government will either extend its power to the inmost bounds of the states, or we will have new states arising to assume the dignity and reality of the old. There is no third alternative. Is government to be sent up, or to be sent down?

We cannot hope to see our problem solved by political passion or by a balance of class selfishness. The question concerns the future of our country, and the future of every individual in it. Unless an adequate answer is found, the nation will be weak and feeble, and every one of us will be very, very uncomfortable. Human happiness is impossible without security; our ideal is liberty under fixed conditions. Contentment requires certainty, and certainty is of all things in the world the least likely to result from our present system.

Old Calamity

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

THE most capable executives in the United States never receive one line of publicity. No magazine ever "writes them up." No newspaper columnist, in search of "personality" material, ever gives them a thought. It would not occur to writers to look for them in the places where their work is so unobtrusively performed. Yet in the course of their daily duties they are called upon to display more diversified abilities, more courage, more understanding, and more force and stamina than ninety-nine out of a hundred big business executives who are paid from ten to thirty or forty times as much.

"Old Calamity," as deputy wardens are known in prison the country over, is the heart, lungs and liver of the penitentiary system. Around him revolves the entire institution, and upon him, and often upon him alone, depends the success or failure of the warden's administration. For in the larger prisons the warden is so occupied with the financial affairs of the institution (they often cost several million dollars a year to run) that all the actual contacts between prisoners and officers must be left to the deputy. Let's see now what the deputy warden of an institution of, say, three thousand prisoners and about two hundred and fifty guards and employes, does to keep himself from being bored.

His first duty is to interview every new arrival. In a big prison there will be times when as many as forty or fifty convicts will arrive in a single day — a heterogeneous collection from every social stratum and of every conceivable "anti-social" background. Each one of them has to be mugged and fingerprinted, and has to give to the

Record Clerk as much of his history as he's willing to give, which is just about as much as he thinks the officials know anyhow. With this meagre information before him, Old Calamity interviews each new arrival with bewildering rapidity. With the data gleaned from a quick survey of the man in front of him, and a dozen or so questions which is all he has time to ask if he wants to get his other work done, the deputy must decide on how the man is to be "celled" — that is, in which part of the institution he is to live and who is to be his cell partner — and in which shop he is to be assigned to work.

One man asks that he be celled with prisoner Hendrickson. "Cousin o' yours?" the deputy inquires casually. The prisoner nods. Somehow or other, they're always cousins. "Well, we'll see what Hendrickson has to say about it," says Old Calamity, in the meantime indicating that the new arrival is to be placed in a different cell-house than that occupied by Hendrickson, and also assigned to a different shop. A few minutes later the inquiry which the deputy has set in motion proves what he suspected all along. Hendrickson has "stooled" on the new arrival, who is itching to "get even." The deputy's quick, and apparently casual decision has prevented a serious fight and possibly a murder.

Another prisoner also asks for a particular cell-mate. "No," says the deputy shortly, "cell you alone." A glance has shown him the feminine mannerisms of the typical pervert. Another of the men is a banker who speculated with the bank's money and lost. His trembling lip and quavering replies to the deputy's questions indicate the mental and emotional struggle which he is undergoing. The deputy cells him with one of his own kind, rather than with some illiterate "roughneck" with whom he would have nothing in common, and whose very presence

would "rub in" his degradation and, perhaps, break him down completely.

Another is assigned to the end cell nearest the guard's desk. His papers show that he has broken jail twice. So he is put where the guard can keep an eye on him at all times. Still another receives a nod from the deputy. "Back again, Hargrave?" Hargrave nods amiably. "Yes, sir, and I'd like to get in B. cell house, if you please, sir." Old Calamity smiles grimly. "No use," he replies, just as amiably, "Ostricher's gone." Ostricher is the guard who was caught smuggling in narcotics to prisoners just after Hargrave completed his last term. The face of Hargrave, a drug addict who has taken at least five "cures," shows his disappointment as he suddenly loses interest in B. cell house.

In half an hour, or even less, all the prisoners are "celled." Each must then be assigned to work. Half of the prisoners know exactly what they want to do. During the long days awaiting trial in the county jail, they have made careful inquiries of their fellows who have been in this particular "stir" concerning the jobs which are easiest. The tailor shop, let us say, has the call. So the first man promptly replies "Tailor" when the deputy asks him what he did on the outside. "Ever do any busheling?" the deputy inquires casually. The prisoner looks blank. "Put him in the stone shed," Old Calamity directs his aid, and the balance of the men standing in line suddenly decide that they were something else besides tailors.

If the prisoner's crime shows him to be of a quarrelsome and belligerent disposition, he cannot be placed in a shop where hammers, knives or other articles which can be used as weapons are handled. If he's delicate-looking he must be kept out of the rope shop, as the flying lint may bring on lung trouble. If he's clumsy, he can't be

put in the tailor shop, as he may spoil several hundred dollars' worth of work while learning. If he's well educated and clever (but not too clever) he's placed in an office job. And Old Calamity must make his decisions with lightning-like rapidity.

But he must be as careful as he is quick, since a slight mistake can very easily be followed by serious consequences. More than one prison murder has been due to a deputy's mistake in assigning a convict to a shop where he worked with something which could be used as a weapon. Even an assignment to a clerk's job in one of the offices may have serious results. I have known several instances in which such prisoners changed the commitments of their fellows, and "doctored" the other records to conform, so that some of the convicts were released a year or two before their time expired. There are dozens of other ways in which prisoner-clerks can do serious damage, if they are placed in positions where they can learn too much about the inner workings of the institution. It is Old Calamity's business to see to it that those placed in such positions are men who can be trusted.

Despite the general belief to the contrary, there are many such in the penitentiaries: men who, through sheer unfortunate circumstances, were led to commit a crime, but who are not in any sense criminals in the ordinary acceptance of that term. But if the deputy should be guilty of an error of judgment, and not pick such a man, almost anything can happen. Warden Moyer, the warden of Sing Sing a few years ago, was forced to make good a loss of eight thousand dollars caused by a prisoner's forging his name to a check. At another institution several prisoners were released, following a fake telegram taken over the telephone by one of the prisoner-clerks in the office. There is also, of course, an untold amount of petty

graft on the part of such prisoner-clerks in a position to do little favors for their fellows.

After Old Calamity has celled and assigned to work thirty or forty prisoners, he has the balance of the day to devote to making two or three rounds of the institution — listening to the complaints of various prisoners who have asked for an audience with him; acting on their requests for special favors or privileges; hearing the stories of prisoners charged with infractions of the rules, and deciding on what punishments to mete out to them; taking charge of the mess hall at meal times; directing the search for a prisoner who escaped the day before; reassigning his guard force to take care of the vacancies caused by sickness, resignations or other reasons; seeing what is causing that milk shortage on the prison farm; finding out what became of those fifty missing fingerprint records; and generally being in three or four places at one time and carrying on five or six conversations at once.

During his leisure time between those and his eighty or ninety other duties, Old Calamity makes a contact with his “stool pigeons” (every deputy has them, no matter what he may say about it publicly) so that he can keep his finger on the pulse of the institution and thwart the dozens of plots, counterplots, intrigues and “framings” constantly being hatched in every penal institution the world over.

By the time Old Calamity has attended to these few duties, making allowances for a hundred or more interruptions, the whistle blows for lunch. So the deputy goes to the mess hall and takes charge, sitting at a little raised desk in the front of the room. There are, say, about two thousand prisoners in the room, a large percentage of them highly emotional and “spoiling” for some kind of trouble. One prisoner curses a waiter because he thinks

he intentionally put a piece of bone on his plate instead of meat. There is a slight ripple, a craning of necks, a flash of the deputy and two or three "screws" hurrying to the scene — and the disturbance dies a-borning.

But not always. Sometimes the cursing one follows his oaths with something more substantial in the way of a blow — and in an instant a fight, the most welcome diversion in the monotony of prison life, is in full swing. No two gladiators ever received a more enthusiastic reception. Two thousand men are on their feet, screaming, cursing, looking uncertainly round for some leader who will show them how they can use the situation to their own advantage.

To know the calibre of man it takes to be a deputy warden, one must be present at an occurrence like this. I once witnessed such a scene at the Federal Prison at Leavenworth. Several plates had been thrown by the more enthusiastic prisoners, who took this means of showing their appreciation of the fighters' efforts, and the situation was beginning to look decidedly serious. And then, just as suddenly as it began, it stopped. Old Calamity was standing by the two pugilists, calmly interrogating them concerning their trouble. "Come on out," he said softly, leading one of the prisoners out of the room and turning him over to a guard at the threshold. The prisoners looked at one another in bewilderment. What had promised to be a thrilling diversion had miraculously come to an end. With a sigh of disappointment they resumed their meal.

It was all done so calmly, so casually, that one would think the deputy didn't realize his danger. But one should not make that mistake. There isn't a day in the year when he isn't in similar danger, and he knows it. But a deputy warden is as nearly fearless as it's possible

for a human to be. It takes more than mere fearlessness to make a deputy warden, but no deputy warden ever remained one for long who didn't possess that quality in superabundant measure. At the most unexpected times, emergencies arise which can only be met by the most unflinching courage.

Every deputy warden of every large penitentiary handles such emergencies as a matter of course many times during the course of a year. I remember upon one occasion, in the yard of the Federal Prison at Atlanta, a prisoner in one of the lines marching in to lunch suddenly attacked the deputy, yelling at the same time, "Come on, boys, we'll take the place." But Old Calamity shook him off, struck him with the cane he always carries while in the yard, and then, walking calmly up and down in front of the line of several hundred men, three quarters of whom could have "licked" him in a fight, he inquired if there were any more who wished to attack him, and threatened, to use his own words, to "spatter them against the wall." I have known this same deputy, on several occasions, to go unarmed into the barricaded cell of a prisoner who, table-leg in hand and half-crazy with rage, threatened to kill the first person who approached.

Every deputy warden is occasionally called upon to do this, as it is a common practice for disgruntled or crazy prisoners to barricade themselves in their cells and refuse to come out. Occasionally, in such cases, an ammonia gun is used to stupefy the prisoner; but more often deputies are so afraid of hurting the prisoner, and thus causing criticism, that they would rather take chances of themselves being hurt or killed.

At times, in order to support his authority and his reputation for fearlessness, it is even necessary for Old Calamity to grandstand a little, even though he is in reality the

most modest of men. I was once present in an institution when a deputy warden gave such a theatrical display. He told me that he had heard through his stool pigeons that one of the prisoners had boasted he intended to kill him if he ever laid hands on him — this remark following a fight in the mess hall during which the deputy grabbed a prisoner by the arm and took him out. “Want to see something yellow?” he inquired. I indicated that I did, although I was at a loss to know what he meant. “Come down to the mess hall at noon and I’ll show you something,” he remarked. So I went down.

After the men had all been seated, and before he gave the signal to begin eating, Old Calamity arose and, amid intense silence, walked slowly down the aisle. He stopped about halfway. “Marchant,” he said, addressing a tough-looking prisoner, “I understand you said you’d kill me if I ever took hold of you. Come here,” he went on, his manner suddenly changing, as he grabbed the prisoner by the coat collar. Stupefied and silly-looking, the prisoner arose and, in a silence which could be cut with a knife, allowed the deputy to lead him out of the room. Immediately he left, there was an excited buzz among the prisoners. In spite of the efforts of the guards, it soon broke out into open conversation, in violation of the rules. Then, just as suddenly, it was stilled. I could tell what had happened without looking up. The deputy had returned, and the men recognized their master.

Sometimes Old Calamity will use similar grandstanding methods to break the power of a leader among the prisoners, particularly when that leadership has become a menace to the safety of the institution. The almost foolhardy courage which a deputy warden will show on such an occasion smacks strongly of comic opera. One such prisoner, who had a large following among the most dis-

orderly element in the institution, boasted openly that he would someday kill the deputy warden. Thereupon Old Calamity, learning that this man had been a barber, sent for him and said, "I'm going to see just how much nerve you have. You say you're going to kill me. All right, I'm going to give you the chance. Come over to the barber shop with me."

When they arrived, Old Calamity climbed into one of the chairs and, without even looking around, said curtly, "Shave me." The prisoner hesitated, while the deputy settled back comfortably in his chair and the other prison-barbers wet their suddenly-dry lips and looked at each other in nervous alarm. But Old Calamity got his shave without mishap — while his barber, suddenly made ridiculous and craven, immediately lost his leadership among the prisoners, as there is nothing, outside of a stool pigeon, that the average convict hates more than a "four-flusher."

To get still another angle on just what it means to be a deputy warden, one must see the mass of complaints and requests which come to his desk every day: complaints about the food, the medical service, ill treatment by a guard, bulldozing by another prisoner, refusal by the clothing officer to issue a new suit of underwear, request for change of work because of cold contracted while scrubbing the corridors, alleged theft of completed work by another convict (a common complaint where a daily task is assigned) and so on, and on.

The requests are for extra letters or visits, for the restoration of "good time" previously taken away, for a position as trusty, for permission to spend some time in the yard each day because of bad health, for the restoration of baseball or tobacco privilege, for permission to put on some kind of holiday performance, for authority to organ-

ize a football league, for permission to wear the shoes which the inmate brought with him, and for a thousand and one other things of every kind and description. A definite decision must be made in each case. Prisoners are quick to recognize evasions or "trimming," while a deputy warden who promises he'll look "into it," and doesn't, quickly loses the supreme authority so necessary to his position.

I have watched a deputy warden during these requests for interviews give forth a steady stream of "No. Yes. Yes. No," in a way which seemed to indicate that it was merely a matter of chance whether a prisoner's request was granted or not. But the deputy was able to give a good reason for each decision. A prisoner was refused an extra letter because he had already had an extra letter that month. Another was denied a change of work because a stool pigeon had reported to the deputy that this particular man had a plan for escaping which necessitated possession of a chisel, and the transfer which he wanted was to the carpenter shop.

Another was granted a change of job because he was the brains of a plot to escape, and Old Calamity knew he could be more carefully watched in the second place than in the first — although the prisoner himself didn't know it. Another had his good time restored, even though his record had not been of the best, because the deputy wanted to get his friendship to use him as a stool pigeon — not a particularly honorable procedure, perhaps, but then after one has dealt with thousands of criminals who are past masters in the art of trickery and deceit, he finds he must meet guile with guile if he wishes to survive in the struggle. And so it goes, until Old Calamity has disposed of possibly a hundred, or a hundred and fifty requests at one sitting.

After lunch comes "court call," when the prisoners who have been "shot" (reported) during the previous twenty-four hours are brought before the deputy for an accounting of their conduct. One will be charged with talking while at work, another with insolence to an officer, a third with striking a guard, another with malingering in order to avoid work, still another with wilfully destroying property or wasting food, six or eight with fighting and any number of them with lagging behind in line. The latter may not seem serious offense to an outsider, but "on the inside" many prisoners lag behind for no other purpose than suddenly to drop out of line altogether, so that they can "hide out" somewhere in the institution awaiting an opportunity to escape.

Every one of these prisoners is innocent, to hear him tell it. All those accused of fighting were attending industriously to their work when, without the slightest warning, the other men suddenly attacked them. Those accused of cursing an officer earnestly explain that it was all a mistake, that the cursing was done by the man back of them in the line whose name they do not know. The man who threw the brick was merely testing his strength when the brick suddenly slipped out of his hand and nearly struck the officer. The four or five charged with wasting food suddenly developed a terrific stomachache so that they couldn't eat another mouthful, while the mere suggestion that they had attempted to avoid work is met by the alleged malingerers with an expression of anguish that anyone should think they would be so deprived.

Faced with this conflicting and contradictory evidence, Old Calamity dispenses his frontier justice. One man gets five days in the "cooler" (the solitary cell), another has his tobacco privilege taken away, the malingerers are

denied the Saturday afternoon privilege of the yard for a month, the fighters are not permitted to attend the weekly movie show for two or three weeks, the man who attempted to strike the guard has thirty days' "copper" (good time) taken away from him and is warned that a repetition of this offense means the "pickling room" (an isolated part of the institution where chronic assaulters of guards are kept), while those who talked in line either lose letter privileges for a week, or are dismissed with a reprimand.

Besides endeavoring to mete out justice to the prisoners, on which his reputation as a "square shooter" largely depends (and the value of this reputation is not to be sneezed at inside the penitentiary as well as out), Old Calamity must give the guards who made the reports the impression that he is backing them up, whether he really is or not. For that reason, he will often give a reprimand to the prisoner in front of the guard, when he knows well enough that the fault lies with the latter rather than with the convict. The next time he sees the prisoner while making his rounds he will stop and chat with him a little and, without directly saying so, give him to understand that he knows the rebuke he gave him was undeserved.

Anyone who does not think this is necessary does not know prison guards. They are as temperamental as opera singers. The most heinous offense which a deputy warden can commit is a failure to "back them up" when they make a report against a prisoner. Upon one occasion, while I was Inspector of Prisons for the Federal government, I made an investigation of the guard force at one of the United States prisons. I found that one guard had not made a report against a prisoner for more than two years. When I questioned him concerning this, he virtuously declared that when he made his last report,

the deputy warden, instead of putting the man in the "cooler" as he should have done, had let him off with a reprimand. Then and there, the guard made up his mind never to report another prisoner.

With this kind of temperament to contend with, Old Calamity's difficulties in assigning the guards to work in order to keep them all satisfied can easily be imagined. In most institutions the guards "rotate" at regular intervals, so that, in a three-shift institution, a guard will work three months on day duty and six months on the first and second night shifts. They will also rotate in jobs, a guard who is in a tower on the wall for three months being placed in charge of a work gang for the next three. For some reason guards seem to like tower duty, although standing for eight hours in one spot doing nothing but holding a loaded rifle in the arms would seem to almost anyone else to be the hardest kind of work.

Many guards who are excellent on the walls are utterly worthless when placed in charge of a gang, as they cannot get the work out of the prisoners; and their near proximity to a large number of men seems to irritate them and cause them to note the trivial things and overlook the important ones. So, when the deputy finds a good gang-guard he tries with all the arts at his command to keep him from feeling that he is "getting the worst of it." If, however, the guard becomes disgruntled at not getting his turn of duty in the towers, Old Calamity must let him have it — thus weakening his force just that much and rendering it necessary to brace the weak spot by making some other kind of a shift.

To shift a hundred and fifty, or two hundred men of all degrees of individuality and temperament, and at the same time keep them all feeling that they are getting a square deal, is a job which would tax the patience of a

Job and the wisdom of a Solomon. But the deputy warden who isn't able to do it doesn't remain a deputy very long. I have seen dozens of them come and go, watched the prison slowly become disorganized, the prisoners bitter and disgruntled, the guards angry and discontented, all working slowly and surely toward the inevitable "bust-up" of a bloody riot which one may read about at almost regular intervals in the newspapers.

If by any chance Old Calamity should run out of work during the day, he can begin an investigation of the matters reported to him in fifteen or twenty anonymous notes which have come to his desk during the week:

Deputy: One of the men in C. dormitory has got a gun.

Deputy: Watch McCreery on farm. He is getting ready for a break.

Deppity: There is 6 deks of junk in taler shop.

Deputy: Guard Morrison is stealing steaks and cooking them for his dinner every night,

and many others of a similar tenor. Many of the notes come from practical jokers among the prisoners who, either for the fun of it or to rid their souls of a grievance against the officials, want to give the deputy "a run around the block." But, although fully aware of this, Old Calamity cannot afford to disregard any of them.

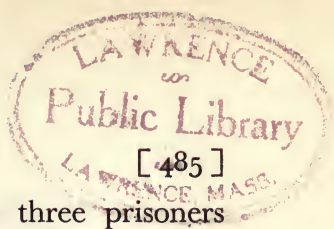
The one about the gun in C. dormitory may be a practical joke. Or it may be that one of the prisoners there has a gun and is awaiting a favorable opportunity to make a break for freedom. Or it may even be that the prisoner who wrote the note has the gun and wants to frame an enemy by "planting" it in the other's mattress, the note being written merely to insure a quick "frisk" of the dormitory. Similar reasons may exist for all the others. McCreery's job on the farm may be coveted by another prisoner, who is taking this means of having the

former brought in inside the walls. Or it may actually be that he is getting ready for a break. Old Calamity must have a talk with him and decide, from that brief interview, whether McCreery is or isn't.

Guard Morrison may be stealing steaks, or the note may be merely an effort on the part of a prisoner he reported to "get even." So each matter is thoroughly investigated, and enough of them prove to be true to cause Old Calamity to feel exceedingly thankful for his invisible friends who take this measure of showing their appreciation of his square treatment.

This atmosphere, of anything being likely to happen at any moment, which surrounds Old Calamity at all times, day and night, year in and year out, would make a nervous wreck out of almost any man in the world except a born deputy warden. Add to it the innumerable things which *do* happen, and you will get some slight idea of the kind of stamina it takes to hold a position of this kind. During the year there may be two or three fires in the various shops, almost invariably started by prisoners. There will be several occasions when the lights will suddenly be short-circuited by some prisoner's sticking a screw-driver or other piece of metal in a socket. These are usually designed to cover an attempted escape. No one knows where the blow is going to strike, and there are a few moments of feverish activity until the "break-down" electric service gets to work and the officers can check up to see if anyone is missing. There will be a dozen or more sudden knife-fights between prisoners, any one of which may result in a death. And there will be the anxious times — possibly a half dozen during the course of a year — when the "count" is short!

One must see Old Calamity at such a time to get a lesson in what smooth, noiseless efficiency really is. Let's



OLD CALAMITY

assume that the evening count shows three prisoners missing. Three things may have happened. There may have been a mistake in "taking the count." Or the count may be correct and the three prisoners "hiding out" in some part of the institution awaiting an opportunity to escape. Or they may actually have escaped already. Old Calamity takes no chances. Immediately the report reaches him, he phones the boiler room. In a few seconds the escape siren is being sounded — warning the country folk for four or five miles around, and causing many a farmer to take his old rifle from the wall and go out for the reward.

A few moments later the prison printing shop is running off thousands of *wanted* circulars, giving the names of the prisoners, their aliases, descriptions, peculiar markings and fingerprint classifications. As fast as they come off the press they are placed in already addressed envelopes, and sent to chiefs of police and peace officers through the entire country. While this is being done Old Calamity has sent for the correspondence record of the three prisoners — giving the names of the people to whom they have sent letters and from whom they have received them while in the institution.

As fast as he can get wires and long distance calls off, the police in the towns where these correspondents live are watching their homes to see if the escaped men come there for shelter or hiding. While his clerks, under his direction, are putting these wires and calls through, Old Calamity is interviewing the three cell-mates of the missing prisoners to see what he can find out from them, interrupting himself every few moments to listen to reports from the various squads of guards sent out in automobiles after the getaway, and to tell them where to go next in their hunt for the runaways.

Not a half hour has elapsed. Old Calamity has not left his desk, nor raised his voice, nor betrayed the slightest sign that he is in the least bit worried or rattled. It is simply a part of his day's work. The chances are that in an hour or two a guard will come in with three sheepish-looking prisoners and inform the deputy that he found them "hiding out" in the carpenter shop. Old Calamity takes all their good time away, locks them up in the "cooler," and then, the incident forgotten, again turns to his thousand or so other duties.

Not one prison guard in five hundred is capable of being a deputy warden. And not one deputy warden out of a hundred, no matter how capable *he* is, ever becomes a warden. He's usually lacking in education and influence. All he has is an extraordinary ability in guiding, by the sheer force of his own personality, the lives of three thousand men of every degree of criminality and viciousness, and of every shade of abnormality and sub-normality, so that they can dwell together under the most unnatural conditions with an absolute minimum of friction and chafing. For this, if he's an exceptionally good deputy warden, he may receive as much as three thousand dollars a year.

Where Ignorant Armies

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

The child plays on the sands
Alone, and takes in her hands
Shells, dried stars, sea-grass,
Stones hot with the sun;
And sometimes studies the gulls
Or carefully questions a wave
Or, squat at a troubled pool,
Peers to learn what there was.
Yet turning, will shout and run
While foam purrs at her heels:
Then turning will chase it back.
Secure upon beach or rock,
She is shrill with delight and daring
Or quiet and staring,
Pleased at the bright confusion
Above her innocent hair
Of birds wild over the sea.
But now she broods by a crab
Busy, as one assured
That afternoon at her back
Is filled with her victory.

Modern American Biography

E. H. O'NEILL

AMERICAN biography has come of age. After nearly a generation of experimentation, life-writing in America has developed into a form of art as distinctive as the novel or the essay. We are no longer satisfied with the family memorial of the politician or the man of letters; we are no longer willing to wade through the "monumental" lives of statesmen; we want reality in our biography. We are tired of the "debunking" and rewrite schools of biography which flourished between 1920 and 1930. We no longer believe that the psychological or the psychoanalytical is the only approach to biographical interpretation. We want biography that is truthful, not sensational.

Though the rewrite and tabloid schools of biography are still in evidence, they have been superseded by that type of modern biography which, using the methods that have been in vogue for fifteen years, presents a complete, fair, and dignified treatment of the subject. We are no longer primarily interested in watching our prominent men being hauled from the pedestals which they may or may not have adorned. We want the truth, but we want it interestingly and fairly presented. We want to see both sides of the picture — to see the man as he really was.

The World War, which has been held responsible for much that is good and bad in our modern civilization, has had some effect on modern biography. Since the war most of us have looked at life and at men from a point of view very different from that of previous generations. We have questioned everything from God to government, and we have tried to see men and things as they are and

were, not as we should like to have them. Our skepticism has not been irreverent; we have not been iconoclasts; we have been and are trying to seek the truth about the world and the people in it. It is no longer the fashion to accept authority; we must investigate for ourselves. Our fiction has gone beyond realism into naturalism and plain reporting; our poetry has taken on new and strange forms, some good and some bad; our drama has become the medium for examining, and generally satirizing, our social customs and habits; our biography has become creative and re-creative and sometimes, unfortunately, imaginative.

If we are to understand the development of modern biography, particularly in America, we must go back to 1918, for it was in that year that Lytton Strachey published "Eminent Victorians." It is to this book, along with "Queen Victoria," that we owe not only much of the best, but also much of the worst in modern life-writing. Mr. Strachey brought to biography, and to English prose, a marvelous knowledge of literature and life, a masterful command of irony, and an almost faultless style. These qualities, not always obvious, led many of his disciples and imitators into fields which they were not able to explore. They were deceived, by the apparent simplicity of the manner and style of these two books, into thinking that they could do likewise. Their knowledge was frequently superficial, their irony mere invective, and their style second-rate journalism. The result was an endless stream of books, many of which were forgotten within the season of their publication.

André Maurois and Emil Ludwig also affected the writing of biography in America for several years following the publication of "Ariel, the Life of Shelley" (1923) and "Napoleon" (1926). We know now that Maurois

was using biography as a means of self-expression when he wrote "Ariel." Its effect in America was very unfortunate for it encouraged the use of fiction in biography, a use that cannot be defended even in the case of such an artist as M. Maurois. Ludwig introduced the dramatic element into modern biography. Herr Ludwig was a dramatist before he turned to biography, and it was quite natural that he should build his biographies on dramatic principles. His American followers lacked this experience, with the result that their presentations were theatrical rather than dramatic.

I am not inferring that these three men had only a bad effect on modern American biography. We profited by their influence, in that our better modern biographers adapted the best of the European methods to their material and to their points of view. A survey of their work from 1920 to the present time, will clearly show the steady development of life-writing as an art.

It took some time for the influences I have indicated to become apparent in American biography. As interest in this form of writing grew, the number of practitioners increased. Some turned to it because they saw an opportunity to explain the great and the notorious in history, literature and public life as they really were — in a style and language that would appeal to the modern reader. Others became fabricators of books called biographies because such work had become profitable. A third group turned to the form for both reasons, perhaps, but with a sincere intention, seldom realized, of making "heavy reading" light.

It is, I think, significant that our first genuine psychological biography appeared in 1920, when Katharine Anthony published "Margaret Fuller." This is one of the most important books in modern American life-writing,

for it exhibits the advantages and the disadvantages of the purely psychological method. In this instance the method is perfectly suited and adapted to the subject. Because Margaret Fuller is what may be called a "case," it was not necessary for her biographer to approach the subject in any but a scientific spirit. The disadvantage of this method is that it naturally fits very few subjects. Used in conjunction with plain narrative or simple exposition as a means of developing the whole character of a man or woman, it is excellent; used alone it places insurmountable limitations on a biographer — because the unusual, the abnormal is only part of the story. We may understand the subject of a psychological analysis, but we cannot truly know him or imagine how he looked or acted under normal conditions. The picture of a disembodied soul is hardly the stuff of good biography.

The psychoanalytical method is no more successful as a sole means of biographical interpretation than is the psychological. The fault here is that in almost every instance the psychoanalytical biographer approaches his subject with a preconceived point of view, and so uses his material that every move, every thought is made to prove the biographer's thesis. One of the most striking examples of this method is Joseph Wood Krutch's "Edgar Allan Poe: a Study in Genius" (1926). Mr. Krutch based his book on the fact that Poe was a neurotic, and that all of his work was affected by his neuroses. It would be foolish to deny that Poe was a neurotic; it seems to me equally foolish to maintain that his work can be explained entirely or only on the basis of his neuroses. Mr. Krutch's book is interesting, and a valuable contribution to the body of Poe literature, but it is not good biography.

Like the pseudo-scientific biographies, the journalistic type of life-writing has run its course. It served a purpose

for a time, giving the average reader a racy and so-called intimate account of the great and the near-great. Generally based on secondary sources, its only virtues were timeliness and a kind of smart iconoclasm that appealed to the undiscerning reader.

Akin to the journalistic biography was the type that set out deliberately to "debunk" its subject, to strip him bare of every ability and every virtue. The late Paxton Hibben was a master of this biographical invective, and he chose his subjects with care. In Henry Ward Beecher and William Jennings Bryan he found two men whose careers were ideally suited to his peculiar methods. Both had been popular idols in their respective fields, and both had had flaws in their characters. Mr. Hibben chose to use those weaknesses of character as the bases of his studies, giving us in "Henry Ward Beecher" and "The Peerless Leader" two classics in scandal-mongering and destructive criticism, without permitting a single ray of light to illuminate the canvases. There is no doubt that these books were popular for a time; that they are valueless as studies in personality is equally clear.

There were innumerable books of this kind published in the period of which I am writing, though I doubt that any of them will be read a decade after their publication. Their passing will be no loss, for they have served at least one purpose: to prove that biography must be more than amusing, more even than interesting, that it must be honest and truthful.

There is another class of life-writing to be mentioned — the fictional biography. This is not to be confused with biographical fiction. The latter is a perfectly legitimate form of the novel, in which the artist uses facts as a basis for the superstructure of his imagination; while the former, purporting to be true, is really a product of the

author's imagination. The novelist can indulge in the "might have been"; the biographer cannot — unless he gives fair warning to his reader. I am inclined to think that the average fictional biography is not deliberately misleading, but that it is the result of unsuccessful excursions into the fields of psychological or psychoanalytical biography, or just plain attempts to accelerate the tempo of a subject which the author may have considered a little dull.

Of the host of these fictional biographies of the last decade, I might mention "Margaret Fuller" by Margaret Bell, and Johnston D. Kirkhoff's "Aaron Burr; a Romantic Biography." Trying to imitate Katharine Anthony's treatment of the same subject, Miss Bell succeeded only in producing a book close to the borderline of the novel, while Mr. Johnston paid far more attention to the romance of Burr's life than to its reality.

Critical biography has always been a difficult form because there is the constant tendency to place more emphasis on the criticism than on the life-writing. The ideal critical biography develops both phases at the same time, as an instance of which I mention Professor George E. Woodberry's "Life of Edgar Allan Poe," an earlier American biography.

One of the most brilliant contributions to critical biography was Amy Lowell's "John Keats." A distinguished poet and critic in her own right, and an ardent admirer of Keats, Miss Lowell brought to the writing of this book a robust enthusiasm, a profound knowledge of the technique of poetry, and superb critical judgment. The reading of "John Keats" is an intellectual adventure, and it is just because of this that the book fails to be a great biography. Keats is continually lost in the maze of Miss Lowell's scholarship, in her excursions into the realm of

pure poetry, in her interest in the creation of the literature which has made Keats one of the great English poets. Regardless of the critical biographer's knowledge of, and interest in the work of his subject, that work must be subordinated to the major theme of the biography, the re-creation of the personality. This criticism holds good for the historical and the legal biographer, as well as for the critical biographer.

Despite the journalistic, pseudo-scientific fads and fashions of this period, biography has made more definite progress in the last fifteen years than has any other form of literature. Every branch of literature has been the subject of experiment; some of the experiments have succeeded, more have failed. Modern fiction, modern poetry, and modern drama are in various experimental stages, but biography has emerged and has taken on, not a new form, but a form that is the logical development of the various methods that have been tried in the last fifteen years. We have seen the rise of the psychological, psychopathic and pathological methods in life-writing. We have seen the two or three volumes of life and letters reduced to a sketch, an analysis, or a psychograph. We have seen the biography of an earlier day rewritten in modern slang and scientific jargon. We have seen facts sacrificed to effect, biography made into fiction or plain falsehood. We have seen the "debunking" school pull figures from pedestals and then break the pedestals. Some of the exhibitions were painful to many of us, but the operations eventually saved the patient.

The journalist who imbibed enough psychology to use some of the terms showed us that biography cannot be written that way; the psychologist or psychiatrist who tried to intensify his subject with the method of the journalist, showed that biography cannot be written that

way. The more serious writer who started with a preconceived idea of his subject, and used only that source material which would prove his case, showed us that biography cannot be written that way. The critic, turned biographer and always judging the individual in terms of his art, showed us that biography cannot be written like that.

This is one side of the picture; the other view is much more encouraging. Since 1925, America's contribution to the best in the art of biography has been truly remarkable. The best biographers in this country, keenly aware of the developments in life-writing, have taken advantage of every innovation, adapting it to their subjects and their own methods. They have used psychology and psychoanalysis, imagination and drama as contributing factors in the re-creation of the personality of the individual. A glance at some of the outstanding lives of the decade will indicate the extent of our contribution to the art of biography. The biographies of Lincoln by Carl Sandburg and Albert J. Beveridge mark the high point of Lincoln life-writing. Neither is a complete biography, for Sandburg confined his book to the "prairie years," and Senator Beveridge died before his task was completed; but both are masterpieces of their kind, one in interpretive biography, the other in plain narrative. What these men have done for the earlier years of Lincoln's life, Rupert Hughes is doing for the whole of Washington's. When Mr. Hughes completes the three volumes already published which bring Washington's career to 1781, this biography will be the most complete and the best interpretation of Washington that we have.

In the field of authentic dramatic biography, "The Raven; a Biography of Sam Houston" by Marquis James, is a masterpiece. One of the most romantic and

dramatic figures in American history, Sam Houston comes completely alive in this book. More than that, no biographer can be expected to do. In much the same manner, and with even more gusto, Herbert Gorman has re-created the author of "The Three Musketeers" in "Dumas, the Incredible Marquis." These books are not only great biographies; they are literature.

In the political field, we have Claude Fuess' "Daniel Webster," Henry F. Pringle's "Theodore Roosevelt," and Allan Nevins' "Grover Cleveland." It would be difficult to decide which is the best of the three, for each represents the best in personal and political biography. In other fields we have "President Eliot of Harvard" by Henry James, "The Life of Emerson" by Van Wyck Brooks, and "Sherman, Fighting Prophet" by Lloyd Lewis. Each of these books is done in an entirely different manner; each author has made such use of modern biographical methods as best suited his purpose; each life is a close approximation to the ideal of true biography: the re-creation of the man as he really was.

It would seem that the high point of interest in modern biography came in 1932. The financial depression may have had some influence on the biographical flood; though I am inclined to think that public taste, and more careful consideration of manuscripts by publishers, were responsible for the decrease in the quantity of biography published during the last three years. The decrease in the quantity of biographical literature has not affected its quality. The stream is running clearer with the passage of each year, and America is developing a literature of biography second to none.

One of the best signs of our progress is the fact that biographers are turning to new subjects or to those who have been neglected for generations. They are finding vast

collections of new material, and bringing to the consideration of that material a modern point of view. Many a "forgotten man" has received tardy recognition in the last five years, and every phase of our history is being written in good biography. The most important recent biography is Douglas Freeman's "Robert E. Lee." We had to wait a long time for a complete and honest interpretation of the great military leader of the Confederacy, but our patience has been rewarded with a piece of life-writing that proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that American biography has come of age.

Unions among the Unemployed

WILLIAM H. AND KATHRYN COE CORDELL

THE depression, like all phenomena of misery, has made strange bedfellows. The economic upheaval has accustomed us to accept many associations we would have disdained, had we even thought of them, during the Era of Prosperity but not of Good Will which was ushered out by the débâcle of 1929. This democratizing power of human misery is nowhere better illustrated than in the unions of the unemployed for the protection of their inalienable right *not* to starve in the midst of abundance. The movement toward the formation of "pauper unions" has made significant strides within the past two years, especially among that class of the unemployed which has benefited from the government's emergency relief program.

The public, or rather, that section of it more fortunately placed in the economic scale, has been surprised and in many cases shocked by headlines in the press to the effect that "FERA Workers Strike for More Relief." The newspapers have regularly carried stories from various states of protests, mass demonstrations and rioting by persons on relief. That these outbreaks, peaceful or violent, are often the result of careful, deliberate manœuvring by the officials and members of unions of the unemployed is known to few people outside of the relief set-ups. The public in general has regarded this agitation as spontaneous and sporadic in its manifestations — in most cases as further evidence of the ungratefulness, the bite-the-hand-that-feeds-you attitude of people on the dole. Some critics have caustically remarked the anomaly of persons on relief striking for more pay. The very absurd-

ity of a relief strike causes the man in the office chair to snort in derision, and dismiss the whole thing with: "They ought to kick that whole bunch of ingrates and reds off the relief rolls, and make them work for their living like I have to do for mine."

The public's conception of the spontaneous nature of this agitation, as well as its estimation of the radical or "red" make-up of the relief victims, are belied by the facts and figures in the case. While it is true that in the first years of the depression (1929-32) the majority of the riots resulted from impulsive actions among crowds and mobs impelled by the immediate call of hunger, the spirit of agitation today manifests itself through various organizations of the unemployed called unions, councils, leagues or brotherhoods.

There are some 200,000 members of three national organizations of the unemployed, and an inestimable number who hold membership in the multitude of "locals" and regional organizations without connection with the three nationals. That these unions are affiliates of the Third Internationale in Moscow, or are directed by the Communist Comintern, is an untenable thesis. It is true that some have been organized by Communist agitators; but even in such organizations the cosmopolitan nature of the membership, including men and women of all creeds, colors, races, professions and political affiliations, prevents the Communists from securing control. If there is a "united front," to borrow a term from the Marxian strategists, it is not based on any political doctrine, but upon the democracy of misery. To regard this movement as a part of the "red menace" because of the few Communists who are associated with it, would be an absurd and dangerous thing.

As a matter of fact, many of the leaders of these

pauper unions are young men and women who are radical only in the most approved sense of that word, that is, in a desire to get to the root of the matter. These youthful leaders profess no desire to reform the world by uprooting the present order of things. Undernourished, lacking the basic necessities of life, and seeing no outlet for their energies and ambitions in the future, they have turned to this work to secure first of all sufficient food for themselves and their fellow victims, and secondly as an avenue to adventure and social usefulness. They have no more love of violence than does the most wizened arm-chair philosopher, remote in his ivory tower. Their radical plans are concerned only with securing the means to exist, and not with the organization of the whole of existence.

These same young men and women, when asked if they regard themselves as "radical" or "red" (terms that are synonymous to the average American), insist that they are not interested in politics as far as their organizations are concerned. The majority of them feel that they are as American (a term synonymous with anti-radicalism of all shades and varieties) as the fellow with a job. They feel that they have as much right, and actual need, to organize into unions as do their more fortunate fellow citizens who still hold good jobs. They justify their position by precedents in our recent history — and not without plausibility, as a review of events in this country during the past fifty years, and more especially since the depression, amply demonstrates.

The first significant attempt to organize the unemployed in this country was undertaken in 1894 by General Jacob Sechler Coxey. Some forty-one years ago, he led his famous expeditionary force of three hundred and fifty-six unemployed men to Washington to demand the

issuance of \$500,000,000 greenbacks, and the institution of a public works program to cure the depression and relieve the unemployed. While General Coxey failed in his mission (he was arrested for trespassing on the grass), Coxey's army succeeded in establishing a precedent for organizations among the unemployed, and for appeal to Washington in time of need.

Thirty-eight years later the ex-soldiers, borrowing a page from history, organized an army and marched on Washington to urge Congress to enact a bonus measure. This so-called Bonus Expeditionary Force reinforced the precedent set by Coxey's army, with the result that the authorities at Washington have been besieged more or less continuously by special groups of employed and unemployed, of rich and poor during the past three years.

When, in response to the call of public need, the RFC was organized in 1932, the unemployed, variously estimated at from ten to fifteen million people, began to demand assistance. Rioting broke out in the large Metropolitan centers. By midsummer of that year, no part of the country could claim immunity from social unrest. Even in the traditionally conservative agrarian South, mobs fearlessly demanded food. At England, Arkansas, sharecroppers and tenants armed with shotguns moved against the town to secure food and clothing in the memorable bread riot. By September of 1932 the money made available to the state governments through RFC loans was being distributed among the most destitute, so that spontaneous rioting soon ceased to occupy the headlines.

With the advent of the present administration, President Roosevelt promised a New Deal for the "forgotten man." Later when the FERA and in turn the CWA were set up, the President encouraged the unemployed to hope and confidence by his statement that no one would be

permitted to starve. To make the beneficiaries feel that they were getting a square deal, he urged them to address their letters and petitions of complaint to him. The unemployed took him at his word, deluging the White House with thousands of letters every day. For a while these epistolary activities served as an outlet for the wrath of the unemployed, and agitation was at a comparative standstill.

Meanwhile, as early as 1931, sections of the Unemployed Council, the most influential of the pauper unions, were being organized in Chicago. By September of that year there were forty-five branches of this organization in that city alone, with a total membership of around twenty thousand people. The primary purpose of this Chicago group was to resist evictions for non-payment of rent. Mass assistance against threatened and attempted evictions was so effective in calling the attention of the public to the condition of the unemployed, that the Mayor decreed a sort of moratorium on rent debts and forced removals.

Later the Unemployed Council directed its efforts toward raising the standards of living for the twenty thousand men who lived in Chicago's flop-houses. In a mass demonstration five thousand of the unionists marched to the general headquarters of the flop-houses located on Monroe and Green Streets, where they demanded, and later received, three meals per day instead of two, two feet of air space between the beds, free medical attention, tobacco twice each week, no discrimination against members of the Unemployed Council, and the right to hold assemblies in the flop-houses. Later the Chicago headquarters of the Unemployed Council claimed the major share of credit for bringing about, through mass pressure, the enactment by the Illinois

legislature of a twenty million dollar public relief bill.

In states farther west, the pauper unions became still more powerful. In most cases these early western unions were formed from the numerous associations for barter and exchange of commodities and services that had had such a phenomenal growth in that section of the country. Already such self-help organizations as the Mormon's Natural Help Association had accustomed the unemployed members to the necessity, value and method of group action for relieving their destitute situation. As the depression deepened, however, such labor and goods exchanges, with local scrip as a medium, became apparent for what they were in a highly organized industrial economy — mere makeshifts to ward off distress and starvation. The members began to reorganize their associations into unions under the leadership of three parties, the American Worker's, the Socialistic and the Communistic. The pitiful and petty efforts at self-help were abandoned as the government relief program got under way in September, 1932.

In Seattle, Washington, the Unemployed Citizen's League was organized in the latter part of 1931 as a sort of self-help and employment bureau. As the true extent of the economic situation became better known, this organization was forced to interest itself in relief for its members. The League grew by leaps and bounds in size and strength, until by the fall of 1932 it was powerful enough to sweep its entire slate of candidates into the city government. Among these were the mayor, three councilmen, two school directors and a member of the Port Commission. Subsequently these officials influenced the City Council to distribute seeds, tools and other emergency aids among the unemployed.

Social unrest first made itself felt in the eastern indus-

trial centers; but outside of Pittsburgh this agitation was less rapidly organized than in the West, taking the form of vociferous protests and mob violence. In Pittsburgh by 1933 the Unemployed League and the American Worker's Party had organized the majority of that city's unemployed into unions. As in Chicago, the immediate incentive of the Pittsburgh unions was active resistance against evictions. In one case this Pittsburgh group organized a mass demonstration to prevent the eviction of one of its members. Meeting on the day of the threatened removal, they forced the constable who had come to serve the papers to withdraw. Then to celebrate its victory, the group held an auction at which they sold the constable for a high mock bid of eight cents.

Ironically enough the Federal Emergency Relief program resulted in reducing the number of spontaneous demonstrations and riots, while it gave an added impetus to the formation of the pauper unions which, while less vocal and violent, are much stronger and more effective than the previous methods of manifesting discontent. This state of affairs is attributable not so much to the lack of sufficient relief — for the bounty of the government in most cases is beyond criticism — but to the inefficient administration of the relief funds. Owing more to the necessity for haste than to any political corruption, the administration of relief was carried out by workers who had not the least inkling of the principles of social service work. All offices were overstuffed with incompetent, in many cases downright ignorant case-workers who, though frequently recruited from among the unemployed themselves, soon lost all sympathy for those less fortunate ones who came to them for questioning before being granted relief.

As a result of this incompetence among the case-work-

ers and other administrators, many needy persons suffered from unjust discrimination; while all resented the haughty attitudes of the officials in charge. A classic example of the relation of case-worker to relief client comes from the Deep South where the lack of knowledge of social work is most evident among relief administrators. A young man who had taken several degrees in the social sciences from the state university, with a view to taking up social service work as a profession, found it impossible to secure a position in the relief set-up even as a case-worker. While his political affiliations were orthodox, so were those of many other less educated persons who secured jobs as case-workers through manipulating certain well-known political strings. The young graduate found that his education in the social sciences prevented him from getting possible jobs in the world of business, while his profession of social work was closed to him. Finally, reduced to destitution, he was forced to apply for relief. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that the case-worker detailed to investigate him was an old elementary schoolmate who, he knew, had never finished the sixth grade! Since this case-worker envied him his superior education, he refused to grant the young applicant any assistance — suggesting instead that he ought to find it easy to get a job “with them degrees.” Beyond this case-worker’s decision there was then no appeal.

This example of the incompetence of relief administrators could be duplicated into the thousands. In the majority of cases, the relief victims mumbled under their breath and bore their chagrin. Many wrote letters to the President, which were in turn sent to the FERA to be answered. In some cases the relief applicants, tired of the unsympathetic attitudes of the case-workers, vented their wrath by assaulting their questioners.

As the unemployed began to realize that individual reactions against injustice in relief administration were ineffective, they decided that mass action alone could set things right. The result was the formation of more leagues, and an increase in the membership of those already organized in every section of the country except the agrarian South. As these unions demonstrated their effectiveness in the adjustment of complaints, their membership grew, and continues to grow, day by day.

In addition to the adjustment of complaints, these leagues have begun to demand, and in many cases to achieve, representation on local grievance committees as well as on relief boards. In imitation of the regular labor unions, many of these pauper unions demand the recognition of their right to collective bargaining on public and relief work. As suggested at the outset, the activities of these organizations are predicated on the inalienable right *not* to starve in the midst of plenty. In consequence, where the officials of these unions feel, after examination, that one of their members is not getting a decent amount of either home or work relief, they make out a case history of the applicant and submit it to the relief authorities for reconsideration. One bureau in Chicago has, during the past two years, successfully handled an average of fifteen hundred of such case complaints.

At the headquarters of many of these unemployed councils there is an elaborate set-up for looking after union affairs. Next to the committees on complaints, who deal directly with the local relief administrations, there are the so-called committees on public utilities, whose business it is to see that no member goes without lights, gas, or water. In case the gas and lights are turned off at the home of a member, service men are dispatched to turn the meters back on. When the water is cut off, the

service men from the unemployed union may solve the problem by turning the meter on again and then pouring cement over it. The water company would have to destroy the meter to remove the cement, so the water is usually left on!

With the influx of thousands of new members recruited from among those on relief, the unemployed councils have become less and less radical in nature. Although originally many were organized by the Communists as well as by the Socialist and American Worker's parties, the simon-pure "reds" are greatly outnumbered by orthodox Republicans and Democrats who have no more concern for the success of Marxism than Mussolini or Hitler would have. Hunger, not Moscow, provides the motivation for these unions.

The conservatism of these organizations often appeals to the officials in charge of relief administration in the various states. Last January relief authorities in Denver even encouraged unionization among the unemployed. These organizations later succeeded in influencing the Colorado legislature to pass certain tax and bond bills for relief purposes. While the Colorado legislators debated various relief measures, members of the unemployed unions crowded the galleries. Opponents of the relief measures favored by the union members were heckled, and their voices drowned in songs from the gallery.

There is, however, a possibility that these pauper unions will become increasingly revolutionary in spirit unless the government adopts a long-term relief policy. So far these unions have in reality been interested primarily in achieving one thing — a sense of security for their members. In most instances the relief administrations have, on the contrary, discouraged the development

of this feeling of security among their relief clients on the theory that the unemployed, assured of the dole, would cease their individual efforts to secure jobs and would relapse into apathetic idleness. The motto has been "morale must be maintained."

But the fact that the essential basis of morale is a sense of security has been overlooked. In consequence, no relief client has been permitted to feel that the government will take care of him indefinitely until such time as he can refit himself into the scheme of things. Like the sword of Damocles, want has hung suspended by a thread of uncertainty over his head. Today food, but tomorrow possible starvation. With the worry and concern about his future, his morale has suffered. In this state he has turned to the pauper unions where he finds not only fellowship in his misery, but also some degree of assurance as to his future.

The failure of the relief administration to adopt a long-term policy at the outset of its program brought about the general acceptance of the theory that the unemployed must not be encouraged to feel secure in their positions as beneficiaries of the dole. The policy of relief has been predicated upon the assumption that prosperity will round the corner, and make unnecessary the maintenance of the relief program. In consequence, its administration has been opportunistic in nature, a condition which has been encouraged by the emergency of the situation. The sudden shifts in direction, name and set-up of the relief administration have been exceedingly expensive and often extravagant, and such changes have not retarded or prevented the break-down in public morale. The pangs of hunger among the unemployed have been temporarily appeased; but no provisions have been made for the futures of men without work.

In this, the sixth year of the depression, it has become apparent that a large majority of the present unemployed population of ten and one-half million people cannot expect to be absorbed by industry, even with the latter functioning on a basis of pre-1929 prosperity. To realize that for them the depression may be here to stay is not to accept a counsel of despair. As Keynes has pointed out with regard to the powerful Roman Empire, there was one depression that lasted eight hundred years! Indeed, it is more pleasant to believe that prosperity lies just around a fabled corner for every one of us, and it would not be good politics to think and say otherwise.

But unfortunately, reality is ineluctable and forces itself to be recognized. That the present Administration has come to recognize this situation, at least in part, is indicated by its experiments with the idea of rehabilitation and subsistence farming. Meanwhile, however, it continues its original policy of expensive expediency in the administration of relief, hoping against hope that the Golden Era will return. And all the while the pauper unions continue to grow in strength and membership in an effort to alleviate the uncertainties of the governmental program.

Only by the adoption of a long-term policy, and the institution of a permanent set-up to insure security for those on relief, can the government hope to discourage the growth of unionism among the unemployed. Eventually this will have to be done — the sooner the better and the less expensive for all concerned. For instance, with a permanent organization of relief workers selected on the basis of merit, preferably through civil service examination, the expenses of relief administration could be cut in half through increased efficiency. Even greater savings might be effected if a Department of Social

Service were established, equal in rank to that of the Army, Navy and others, for the direction and coördination of all relief and social activities of the Federal government.

Until such time as the government moves to the adoption of a permanent relief program, social service workers will do well to encourage the growth of unions among the unemployed. These pauper unions can preserve the morale of the unemployed by serving as counter-agent to the vacillating activities and inefficiency of the relief administration. To bait their members as "reds" is absurd. Taking them at their own estimation, they are citizens who have no desire to overthrow the government that continues to feed them. What they do desire to secure through their unions is a sense of security — that sense which, far from being inimical to government, is rather its basis and only excuse for being.

If these pauper unions become increasingly radical and menacing to the powers that be, this will be owing not to personal inclination on the part of the members, but to the force of outside circumstances over which they have no control. If the government continues its policy of discouraging that feeling of security, they will naturally turn more and more toward the acceptance of the plans of demagogues which seem to promise them some hope of future certainty.



The Plum Tree

FRANCES FROST

There was a tree, and in the early spring
its delicate twigs burst into flower before
the leaves came out. I stood on the sudden shore
of seeing, I gaped in the grass at the petals' opening,
and thought; I never saw this tree, I never
cried in my throat like this without quick tears.
In a warmer evening I watched the soft wind sever
the flakes of bloom from branches.

The summer's years
were busy with elm-green shade and bumble-bees
and the butterfly I caught and kept in a box
until it died.

When the tree was heavy with plums
some of them dropped to the grass and split on the rocks,
and my mother put a purple fruit in my hand
and said: eat it.

I stared at the blue-dark skin
thinking: here's something lovely and strange, unbanned,
too big for my palm. And warily biting in,
I tasted the bitter purple, the golden flesh
ripened and wild and sweet, and gnawing down
fiercely, with juicy fingers, beneath the mesh
discovered the hard impenetrable stone.

Mahaley Mullens

ROBERT TURNEY

THE first inkling that there was anything peculiar about the warrant in his breast pocket came to Spencer Williams when he stopped at the Corners to inquire the way.

The storekeeper spat accurately on a fly crawling along the porch rail before he drawled:

“So yo’re anxious t’ larn th’ way to Mahaley Mullens?”

“Yes, please.”

“Wal — ” He spat again, this time with equal accuracy into the cuspidor beside the door. “Mahaley Mullens is sorta Gawd Almighty up on Buzzard Mountain. I wouldn’t be agoin thar on no monkey business ef I wuz you.”

“It’s important business.”

“Wal, I reckon little Haley kin direct you better’n me. She’s inside buyin’ vittles.” He craned his neck and peered into the inner gloom of the store. “Here she comes now.”

A moment later a tall girl in brown calico and blue sunbonnet appeared.

“Here’s another on ’em, Haley. Stranger, this heah is Mahaley Mullens — the young’ur, that is.”

The girl surveyed Williams calmly.

“So yo’re lookin’ fer my Ant Haley’s?”

“Why yes, I am.”

The corners of her mouth dimpled into a slow, enigmatic smile.

“Aimin’ tuh arrest her?”

“Why — ”

“That’s what allus brings men folks like yo’uns to these parts. I’m jest settin’ out fo’ home. I’ll take yo’ along.”

“That’d be mighty kind of you.”

“O, ’tain’t nothin’. That thing yourn?” She nodded towards the Ford.

“Why, yes, it is.”

“That thing wouldn’t git no place on *our* road. Besides I got a hoss an waggin.”

“I’ll put it away fer yo’ in my barn,” suggested the storekeeper. “Haley’s right ’bout th’ road.”

The girl made no offer to resume conversation as they drove slowly along the village street; yet she appeared in no way disturbed, though obviously she guessed the object of his visit.

Williams gazed uncomfortably across the valley. In the distance, the mountains seemed to shimmer bluely in the rising heat. Somewhere a rain crow’s sharp raucous cry accentuated the stillness of the sundrowned landscape.

They rumbled over a cedar bridge. Beneath, the stream lay in broad pools across which scatterings of light flickered goldenly as the shadowing tree tops moved in an upper wind. But close to the ground no breath stirred. They passed the last house — its dooryard filled with mauve China asters and white monk’s-hood picoted with blue; its appletree leaning sleepily over the gray roof — and turned into what was scarcely more than a trail zigzagging up beneath vast buttonwoods.

“Tell me about th’ town,” commanded the girl with startling abruptness.

“Just what do you want to know?”

He studied her profile during the pause before she answered.

No, she was scarcely pretty — though in the right

clothes she might be something more than that. He wondered what color her hair was.

“Ant Haley says they got music an everythin’ all lit up like fair night at Custer every night.”

“That’s more or less true, though I never saw Custer.”

“I allow there’s been right smart changes since Ant Haley were thar. She calcalates it tuh be mor’n fifty years.”

“I guess there *have* been a few changes.”

“She says there be lamps ahangin’ all ’long th’ street every two hundred steps. She counted on ’em.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if that’s right.”

“Ant Haley says city folks wears store clothes every day.”

“That’s the only kind of clothes they have.”

“An the wimmen folks wears silk same as we’d wear calico.”

“Not all of them.”

“Ant Haley’s got a silk dress. It jest fits me. But she can’t git into it no more — it wus made for her so long ago.”

They relapsed into silence and Williams stole another glance at her. Her skin was clear and slightly golden from the sun; her nose large and beautifully formed; the mouth firm yet sensitive. She turned towards him suddenly and he saw her eyes were slate-colored.

“Your eyes are gray,” he exclaimed and felt somehow foolish.

“What color did yo’ think they wuz?” she demanded sharply.

Then, with a little flicker at the corners of her mouth, she unbent somewhat.

“They’s Mullens eyes. All Mullens is got gray eyes. Lan’ but it’s hot!”

She brushed back her sunbonnet, and two thick braids uncoiled and slipped down over her shoulders. They were the color of October beech leaves. Just then the road cut through a clearing and the sun lighted her hair with an iridescent sheen of gold and copper.

She stopped with a casual "Woah, Boy," and jumped down.

"Yo' kin help me ef yo' want tuh. Thar's a service tree sommers hereabouts. Ant Haley sets right powerful store by th' berries."

They scrambled up a bank covered with sweet fern and blueberries.

"What a beautiful tree!" exclaimed Williams.

"Yes, it's allus admired right much; but nobody knows jist what it be."

"It's a broadleafed holly."

She looked at him with dawning respect.

"I allus knowed it were called sumpin' in books."

"It's the finest I've seen. It must be nearly forty feet."

"It allus were a notable tree. When th' weather gits snappish, th' berries colors up real pretty. Ant Haley likes me t' bring her some when I pass this way. But yo' got t' be powerful careful, they falls off so easy."

They continued up the bank until they reached the clump of shadblow.

"The ripest ones is on th' groun', but be keerful not t' git none that's rotted."

"I'll shake the ripest down, then we can pick 'em up."

"It's a good idea, ef yo're strong enuf. I ain't."

He shook the tree with both hands. A light pattering of the blue fruits scattered over the dried leaves about them. Haley stooped to gather them into her sunbonnet.

"Th' boys uster cut down th' whole tree t' git th' fruit; 'till Ant Haley stopped 'em. She said thar warn't no pint

in spilin' next yar, 'count o' doggone laziness this one."

"Not a bad philosophy."

"I don't know whut yo' calls it; but I call it plain hoss sense."

She stood up.

"These'll be plenty. Ant Haley kinda likes havin' a special snack nobody else's got."

On the way back to the wagon, she turned aside to pick a spray of Carolina beech-drops.

"Ant Haley's gonna be right pleased this trip," she said smelling the waxy pink bells. "She allus did fancy sweet-pine sap. I like t' take her some o' th' woods whenever I can. She uster be a great one fer ramblin'; but now —"

She broke off and glanced at him from under her lashes, an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"You'd be 'sprised how little things'll perk her up."

The sun was already hanging low in the west when they came out into wild upland farm country, where gray snake fences separated the road from fields of scrawny corn whose lances rustled faintly in the wind as they passed.

"Thar's Buzzard's Rock. When we git down th' road a piece, yo' kin see Ant Haley's place."

To the left the land sloped to a sheer drop along whose edge sumac flourished its already crimson bundles of velvety fruits among dark frond-like leaves. Below, a river twisted whitely between the green of tree tops towards where — far across the wind filled chasm — other mountains rose bluely to meet the sky.

"That's Ant Haley's."

On an outjutting shoulder beneath Buzzard's Rock, Williams saw a long, low cabin plumed with a wavering haze of smoke.

A bedlam of yellow hounds yelped down the road to meet them.

“Drat them dawgs! I reckon th’ boys is home aready.”

Unurged, the horse quickened his pace and they rolled into the stable yard and descended in grand style.

“Git along!” shouted Haley at the dogs which were sniffing and growling about William’s legs.

“Zeke! O Zeke!”

Her voice bugled out across the valley, clear, sonorous, and set the echoes ricocheting.

“Zeke! Call these hounds! Thar’s a stranger heah.”

From the direction of the cabin porch came a sharp whistle and the hounds scurried away yelping.

A rangy man with carroty hair and beard lounged into view at the porch end.

“Git ma t’baccy?”

“Yes, Uncle Zeke.”

As they approached, Zeke’s eyes travelled over Williams with a glance wholly impersonal, withdrawn.

“Howdy.” Holding out his hand, he shifted his slate colored eyes to Haley.

She handed him his package.

“This be Mr. Williams. He’s come fer Ant Haley — tho’ he won’t let on.”

A look of masked amusement twinkled between uncle and niece.

“Git along t’ yo’ great Ant Haley.”

Zeke moved down the porch, seating himself where he could see into the cabin through the open door.

More and more uncomfortable, Williams followed the girl inside.

At first he could only dimly see the furnishings. But as his eyes accustomed themselves to the shadowy light he made out more of the details. A large rough wood table

stood before the cavernous fireplace, where a great iron pot bubbled fragrantly over embers. Against the chimney hung ears of red and yellow and purple corn, part of their pale, silver brown husks stripped back and braided into the thick rope by which they were suspended. From the smoke-darkened beams dangled bundles of herbs, festoons of red and white onions among long strings of scarlet peppers and mahogany colored hams like violins.

“Don’t keep me awaitin’, Haley. Whar’s ma store candy?”

The deep voice rumbled from what Williams had mistaken for a closet jutting out into one corner. Now he saw it was a great tester bed hung with star patterned homespun.

The corner was so shadowy he could not make out the speaker.

“I brung summun t’ see yo’, Ant Haley.”

“Who be it?”

“A stranger. I reckon, yo’s agoin’ tuh git arrested agin.”

A growling laugh shook the curtains and set the bed creaking.

“Lan’, Lan’! Don’t they never give up? Bring him close, Haley, so’s I kin see him. An’ ring back these cuyartins. I been nappin’ some.”

Haley leaned across the bed and drew back the curtains from the window beside it. Williams found himself looking into a face propped above a mountain of quilt — a face carven and heavy-lidded as that of some idol. Rumpled white hair was pushed back from it, and in the shadow of fierce white brows, dark eyes twinkled at him with a jewel-like brightness.

“So yo’ve come fer tuh arrest me?”

Williams cleared his throat awkwardly.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mullens, but I *have* got a warrant against you."

"Fer distillin' an' sellin' o' moonshine?"

"Yes, that's the charge."

"Young feller, fer nigh forty years I been sellin' moonshine; an' I 'spect ter go on asellin' it 'till th' Lord takes me."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mullens, you —"

"Oh, ef yo' say so, I s'pose I got t' go tuh jail. I ain't one tuh resist th' Law. Whut yo' got tuh take me in?"

Young Haley answered for him.

"He hed a automobile. But I tole him it warn't no use on our road, so he lef' it at Mr. Wilkeses."

"Lan', ain't thet a pity, now. I allus hankered tuh ride in one o' them things. Well, tell th' boys tuh hitch up agin."

"You'd better pack a bag for your Aunt, too," Williams said, relieved that everything was going so smoothly. "I'll do everything to make her trip comfortable."

"Yo' hearn what he said, Haley. Run pack me a grip."

"I hearn him, Ant Haley."

But she made no move to go.

Mahaley Mullens began to chuckle. It seemed to begin somewhere deep in her belly.

"But befo' I discompose maself — fer I be mighty cumf't'ble — how yo' agoin' tuh git me thro' that doah?"

Williams glanced at the narrow doorway and then at her.

She had thrown back the single, light quilt; and he saw for the first time that the mountain was neither pillows nor bedclothes, but her own body. Squatting there like some appalling Buddah, she filled the entire bed. Not even sideways would it be possible to get her from the room in which she lay.

Haley and Zeke joined their aunt's peal of laughter.

"They allus sends th' new men tuh arrest me," Mahaley informed him as she rearranged the quilt. "Sort uv puts 'em thro' their sprouts."

She reached out and removed the top of the barrel beside her bed.

"Hev a drink?"

Dipping in a white gourd, she brought it up full of tawny liquid and the sharp aroma of corn whiskey.

"No thanks."

Ruefully, Williams watched her drink and return the gourd to its hook.

She drew her hand across her mouth and resumed the conversation.

"Way back in 1780, Washington an' his rebels druv my folks, th' Bruces, an' my husband's folks, th' Mullenses, out uv Virginie, 'count they wuz King's men — Tories he called 'em. They come in twenty waggins up these mountings an' we been agin his govamint ever since."

A young white pig came from behind the bed and nuzzled her hand until she scratched its ears.

"Yo' been nappin', too, Toby?"

The pig leaned against the bed and grunted contentedly.

"Mrs. Mullens, I must warn you it's my duty to arrest you and take you to the county jail; and — if it's humanly possible — I intend to do it."

"Young man, I admire yo' spunk. But ef thar's any way short o' tearin' down th' house t' git me outer here, I can't think whut it'd be. Thar's been seven afore yo' couldn't figger no way. An' they had sense enuf tuh bring sumpin' tuh take me away in."

Young Haley spoke quickly to cover his discomfiture.

“Ant Haley, he knowed th’ name — th’ *book* name fer th’ green bush tree.”

The old woman looked at him with interest.

“Lan’, lan’, I allus hankered tuh know whut t’ call that thar green bush tree.”

“He says ’tis called a broadleafed holly.”

“Is that true?”

“Why, yes that’s its name.”

“Thar jes ain’t no tellin’ when yo’re agoin’ tuh larn sumpin’ new. Ever since I recumember thar ain’t been nobody knowed what that green bush tree were rightly called. An’ now I know. Haley, set a place fer th’ stranger. He’s astayin’ fer supper. An’ hurry up some. I feel vitalish arter ma nap.”

“But, Mrs. Mullens, I can’t —”

“Course yo’re astayin’. Jist becase yo’re th’ law’s no reason tuh act onfriendly. Anyhow yo’ can’t go. It’s comin’ up tuh rain. Lookit them maples down th’ mounting. They allus turns white afore a storm.”

Far below along the stream, swamp maples were ruffling the underside of their leaves whitely in the rising wind. And as though to confirm her prophecy, at that moment thunder sounded distantly across the mountains.

“Git out th’ silver dish, Haley, seein’ thar’s company.”

Haley disappeared, leaving Williams uncomfortable and undecided.

“If you’ll let me have a horse —”

“Lan’, I wouldn’t send no hoss out in whut’s acomin’. Now, don’t argify. It tuckers me.”

A snuffling sound behind him made Williams turn. A freckled-faced youngster of thirteen hesitated in the doorway.

“Whut’s th’ matter, Patrick Henry? Wipe yo’ nose an’

come on in hyar. Haley's got supper putty near ready."

The boy drew one brown hand across his nose and then down the faded leg of his overalls.

"I got yo' a new chawin' stick, Ant Haley."

His bare feet shushed across the uncarpeted boards.

"Tupelo wood," said his aunt. "Thar ain't nothin' better 'n Tupelo fer a chawin' stick."

Mahaley fished among the bedclothes 'till she produced a package of snuff and proceeded to inaugurate the new stick.

"It's a powerful fine stick, Patrick Henry, an' I'm mighty obleeged tuh yo'."

"Whut's Haley all dressed up fer?" demanded Patrick Henry in a sudden voice that startled him as much as the others.

"Yo' hus up yo' mouth, you Patrick Henry," said Haley, not deigning to look at him.

She crossed the room to place the silver dish on the table, and as she moved the silk dress whispered about her. It was slate-gray and old-fashioned, with a high neck and flounces of lilac plaid. Yet somehow it well became her grave dignity. She had wound her braids crosswise into a figure eight low on her neck, and a silver brooch pinned a bit of purple ribbon at her throat.

"We'uns is cellibratin', Patrick Henry," said Mahaley, chuckling slyly. "I's been arrested fer th' eighth time."

Williams stirred uncomfortably.

"Really, Mrs. Mullens, I'd feel much better if you'd let me —"

"Lan', chile! I didn't aim tuh rile yo' none. I were jist havin' a little laff tuh myse'f. An' I ain't aimin' tuh let yo' go nuther. Look how dark it's agittin'. In no time 't all, it'll be blacker'n a nigger's neck."

Haley began lowering the brass lamp above the table.

"Let me do that for you," exclaimed Williams, glad of an excuse to move.

"Much obleeged."

She crossed to the fireplace; selected a paper spill from the blue cup on the mantelshelf; and, lighting it from the embers, returned to transfer the flame to the lamp.

"Yo' kin hyste it agin'."

She took down a gray cow-horn and, going to the door wound a deep peal far out across the darkening valley.

"Guess that'll fetch young Zeke an' Alexander Hamilton an' Thomas Jefferson."

"Who are they?"

"Young Zeke's Uncle Zeke's eldest an' th' others is th' twins."

"Whoever named them certainly had his history mixed," laughed Williams. "Hamilton and Jefferson couldn't stand each other."

"Nuther kin th' twins."

Haley laughed dryly.

"Cep' when summun else tries tuh do sumpin' tuh one of 'em."

Mahaley began to scold the pig who was still rubbing his back insinuatingly against the bed.

"Git along, Toby. I got importanter things tuh do besides scratch yo' haid all night. Patrick Henry, take him along outside. An' don't lemme ketch yo' pullin' his yars like las' time. That pig's got feelin's same as yo' has. An' he's a lot pearter'n some folks."

A younger edition of Zeke hulked into the room and seated himself at the table, his eyes fixed suspiciously on Williams.

"Whar's th' twins?" demanded Mahaley.

"They 'uns'll be along," he said in a mournful voice.

His father entered and strolled over to the table.

"Well, let's set," he said.

"Dish up th' vittles, Haley," commanded her aunt.

With loud whoopings two small boys forced their way simultaneously through the door. One was tall and sandy; the other short and dark. Each had a black eye.

"Don' yo' push me!"

"Don' yo' push *me!* I got heah fust!"

"Shet up, both on yo'."

The last from Mahaley.

The boys bounced into chairs.

"Ant Haley," shouted the tall one. "I licked Alexander Hamilton agin."

The dark one bounced from his chair.

"He's alyin', Ant Haley, I hel' his haid in th' dust till he hollered nuff. Come outside an' I'll do it agin."

"Shet *up!* Ain't I tole yo' uns, ef one clips t' other — clip him back; but fergit about it arterwards. Beside we got cump'ny."

ALL at once the storm was upon them in a swift scudding of lightning-tattered darkness through which battled a clamor of wind and the crash of thunder.

"Shet th' doah," commanded Mahaley, "fore we's all blowed clean outern th' house."

Haley rose to obey; but Williams was before her. The men looked up at him in surprise.

"Ther's whut yo' wanted tuh be out in," chuckled Mahaley, gloating over the heaped plate her niece handed her. "Said storm wuz acomin'. Can't fool th' maples."

They ate slowly and with gusto — so slowly that before they were finished the storm had gone as suddenly as it had come, leaving behind the steady drip of rain-laden trees and the gurgling of the rivulet from the eaves.

Haley removed the plates and set in the middle of the table the silver bowl filled with blueberries.

"Yo' got sumpin' special, Ant Haley."

"Whut is it?"

"Sarvice berries."

"I'll have 'em mixed with t' others."

Haley handed her a saucer of both, which the old lady seized greedily.

"My, my," she said, "these buckberries is got a real good smack."

Patrick Henry, having already finished a heroic pile, pushed back his saucer.

"'Tain't tuh ma taste. Too puckery."

"Sakes alive, Patrick Henry, ain't nuthin' never tuh yo' taste?"

"Naw," said Patrick Henry concisely and shuffled out.

"Ant Haley, I clean fergot tuh give yo' yo' bit o' sweet pinesap!" exclaimed Haley, shaking out her sunbonnet.

"Whut a shame! It's pretty nigh wilted."

"Put it in a glass o' water with a little whiskey an' 'twill perk up. An' thet reminds me; Zeke, when air yo' an' them no'-count boys gwine tuh git me nuff Injun pipes tuh make ma eye water? Ma eyes been in need o' strengthnin' fer a powerful long time."

"We'uns'll look aroun' an' git yo' some, Ant Haley, never yo' fret."

Picking his teeth meditatively, he, too, disappeared into the gathering darkness.

No more blueberries being forthcoming, the twins made a rush for the door. Alexander Hamilton reached it first and turned fleetingly to thumb his nose. With a look of dark determination, Thomas Jefferson sped after him. A moment later there was a yell of mingled pain and rage outside the cabin.

"Lan', them twins do beat all! Whar's ma store candy, Haley?"

Haley handed her the paper bag. With quick, greedy gestures the old lady opened it and popped one of the colored balls into her mouth.

Young Zeke's mournful voice recalled them sharply to his presence.

"Ain't Haley plum beautiful in thet thar silk dress, Ant Muhully?"

"Gret Day, Zeke! Yo' be t' skeerinst pusson! Settin' 'roun' like a bump on a lawg 'tell a body fergits yo're alive; then making 'em jump outern thar skin with thet hoot owl voice."

"I'm sorry, Ant Muhully."

"'Tain't yo' fault, Zeke. Yo're th' way th' Lawd made yo'; same as a hoot owl is, I reckon. Whar's ma mixture, Haley? Zeke's plum upset ma digestun."

Zeke stood shamefacedly by while Haley got a large bottle bearing in very black letters the legend: GIDEON'S UNIVERSAL MIXTURE.

"I got this offer'n a man wuz passin' through. Whut were it he called hiself, Haley?"

"A 'sympathetic, magnetic, hypnotic healer.'"

"That's whut it were. 'Tain't done me much good so fer; but yo' never kin tell in th' long run, so I goes on atakin' it."

"I reckon I'll be agoin'," said Zeke. "Night, Ant Muhully."

Then with all the sorrow of the ages in his voice:

"Good-bye, Haley."

"Good-night, Zeke. But why in th' name o' sense, do yo' allus say it like you wuz goin' tuh ma funeral? Yo'll see me in th' mawnin'."

"I know."

Darkness swallowed him.

"I must go, Mrs. Mullens. Thanks for the supper. I wish we'd met differently."

"Yo'd never fin' yo' way down th' mounting. It's th' dark o' th' moon. Yo' kin have to'other room an' Haley kin sleep on th' trundle bed."

"I couldn't let you do that."

"Many's th' time Haley's slep' on th' trundle when I were sick. I'd leave yo' hev a hoss, only in th' dark with a stranger, moren likely he'd jist turn roun' an' come home."

"I don't min' 'tall," said Haley. "Th' trundle's th' cumf't'blest bed in th' house."

"But considering why I'm here —"

"O, I don' hole it agin yo'," said Mahaley. "'Tain't yo' fault yo's th' Law."

"But as I've already told you — I intend to do my duty, if it's humanly possible. You make it very difficult by making me like you, Mrs. Mullens."

Mahaley chuckled at the compliment.

"Well, I kinder like yo', too. An' ef yo' kin find a way tuh git me tuh t' jail, welcome. It's been so longish sence I been nowheres, I speck a jaunt even tuh jail 'ud be right pleasurable."

"In that case, I promise you: To jail you shall go! Even if I have to take down the side of your house."

"'Tain't no use speculatin' on *thet!* Th' Law may hanker tuh arrest me fer moonshinin'; but th' Law's got tuh pertect ma house fum bein' tore down."

Williams made no answer. His eyes were fixed meditatively on Toby, who, with much grunting, was preparing to settle himself for the night under the bed.

"Haley, settle me some. I'm turrible oncomf't'ble. My hyeart's all fluttery."

Williams hastened to help Haley; but the old lady waved him away.

“’Tain’t nuthin’ tuh take on over. Jes one o’ ma little spells. Guess I’s all tuckered out. Draw th’ bed cuyartins so’s th’ light won’t pester me none; an’ I’ll rest some.”

Haley arranged the curtains deftly and quietly.

“Perhaps it’d be better if I turned in now and let your aunt be as quiet as possible.”

“Mebbe ’twud,” said Haley. “I’ll light yo’ a candle.”

“Can’t I help you with the dishes first?”

“Much obleeged. But thar ain’t no need. ’Tain’t a man’s chore.”

She lit a home-dipped tallow candle and led the way to a door beside the chimney. Beyond was a small room, bare but scrupulously neat. At sight of the old carved bed and the chest of drawers against one wall, Williams gave an exclamation of pleasure.

“It air pretty, ain’t it?” said Haley, setting down the candle on the dark lustrous surface. “Th’ Bruces brung it across th’ mountings fum Virginnie. They uster be mo’ pieces; but they got scattered with this un an’ that un gettin’ married.”

She stood there in the soft, golden aura of the candle, smiling her serene, meditative smile.

Later as he tumbled into the bed with its sweet smelling mattress of corn shucks, he muttered apropos of nothing in particular:

“It *does* take a beautiful woman to wear a high-necked dress.”

Two days later he returned the horse Mahaley had loaned him. Patrick Henry was seated in the doorway sorting herbs. He looked up, nodded without speaking, then turning shouted:

“Haley, here be sum’un.” He resumed sorting.

"Who be it?" called the old lady from inside the cabin.

"It's me, Mrs. Mullens. I've brought back your horse."

"Come right in and set a while."

She was propped up with pillows, a small loom set across the bed before her. While she talked, her fingers continued to move deftly back and forth.

Haley stood up from the iron pot she had been stirring and greeted him with a faint but friendly smile.

"Haley, git Mr. Williams a cheer. You'll hev tuh 'scuse th' mess we'un is in. Haley's cookin' me up some mo' dye fer ma weavin'. Haley chile, yo' better put some mo' yaller snake root in, or 'twun't be strong enuff. Set yo'sef, Mr. Willums."

"I'm going right back, Mrs. Mullens."

"Tain't neighbor-like tuh run right smack off. Patrick Henry, why 'n tarnation don't yo' put th' hosses 'way?"

"Uncle Zeke tuck 'em."

Mahaley turned to Williams.

"Hev some whiskey?"

"No thanks."

"Dun't yo' *never* drink none 'tall?"

"You forget I'm a Revenue man. I can't drink with a prospective prisoner."

"Wal, I'll hev a drink masef anyhow. Dip it up fer me, Haley."

When she had finished, she turned to him again.

"Is yo'uns plannin' tuh stay long in these pyarts?"

"Until I get instructions about you. If I find that I have the authority, I mean to pull down the side of your house and take you back with me."

She looked up at him with an expressionless face; but there was an amused light in her eyes that matched the faint, tolerant smile her niece gave him.

"Yo' shore be persistent."

But turning from them, Williams saw in Zeke's eyes for the first time something not only personal but unfriendly.

NEVERTHELESS, in the two weeks that followed before headquarters replied, his daily ride brought him invariably to the cabin on Buzzard's Rock.

Time after time, he turned back from the mountain road, clenching his hands, and crying aloud to himself:

"You're seven kinds of a fool!"

But always he found himself finally dismounting among the evening primroses that grew thickly against the gray weatherbeaten Mullens barn.

A week after the letter from headquarters, he turned in at the gate, a middle-aged, nondescript stranger jolting along beside him on a hired horse.

"This is Dr. Cullen," he told Mahaley. "He's a friend of mine. I'd like him to look you over. He may be able to do something for you."

She gave him a sharp look; but submitted to Dr. Cullen's examination without protest, even without interest. Her face looked somehow gray and sunken. Around the heavy-lidded eyes, there were fine lines of strain, as though she had not slept or were in secret pain.

"Um," said Dr. Cullen noncommittally when he had finished his examination.

"And this is Toby," said Williams, feeling like Judas.

"Um," remarked Dr. Cullen again and fixed his eyes on the pig, who was leaning against the bed in the hope of getting his ears scratched.

"T' peartest shote I ever did see," said Mahaley, staring at the doctor in her turn.

Haley stood by in silence, a puzzled little frown drawing her fine brows together.

"I'll be back tomorrow and let you know what the doctor says," he mumbled, avoiding her gaze.

It was nearly noon the next day when he rode slowly out of the woods, dreading what lay before him. Haley came out of the field ahead, a basket of corn under one arm. She paused for him to come up to her.

"The summer's nearly over," he said.

"Yes," she said glancing down at the spray of purple aster tucked in her dress. "I 'most hates tuh see th' fust camphor flowers — pretty though they be."

They walked on in silence.

Mahaley was busy sopping buttered corn-pone in a saucer of molasses.

"Hev some hoecake an' saughum?" she asked after she had nodded a greeting.

With a heavy feeling of distaste for his whole errand, he refused.

"Haley chile, git me some hot hoecake. This hyear's jist got a fever."

While Haley whipped up the batter and dropped a thick spoonful on the wide hoe blade over the coals, Williams stood watching the twins. Seated on the floor, they seemed to be fighting a duel with two of the late blooming violets already appearing in the woods.

"What're you doing?" he asked. Anything to postpone what must come.

"Hevin' a cock fight with these hyear little roosters," explained Alexander Hamilton.

A deft movement on his brother's part decapitated his flower.

"I beat him, Ant Haley! I beat Alexander Hamilton!"

He pranced towards the door, waving his flower aloft.

"Yo' jist beat me 'cause he were atalkin' tuh me!" shouted Alexander Hamilton, tears of rage in his eyes.

“Yaaah!” mocked the victor, indiscreetly balancing on one foot. Too late he ducked the ear of corn that whizzed towards him. It caught him on the side of the head and was followed by Thomas Jefferson. They disappeared in a whirlwind of arms and legs.

“Lan’!!” was Mahaley’s sole comment.

Williams searched for words with which to begin. After a silence Mahaley brought things to a head.

“Well, whut did th’ doctor hev tuh say?”

Williams avoiding Haley’s eyes, began:

“He said you could be moved without danger.”

“Moved?”

“I’m taking your aunt on the warrant I hold for her arrest. I’ve arranged to have the trial at Custer, so she’ll be spared the longer trip.”

“Still an’ all, yo’ got tuh git me thar,” the old lady reminded him mildly.

“In a few days men are coming to take down the wall by your bed —”

“But th’ law won’t let yo’ do that.”

“Dr. Cullen is also an officer of the Health Commission. Under an old statute he is having this house condemned as unsanitary.”

“Whut do that mean, Haley?”

“Whut do whut mean?”

Zeke and Patrick Henry were standing in the door.

“Onsan’tary,” said Mahaley.

“‘Tain’t clean,” Patrick Henry informed them. “We larned sumpin’ ’bout it when they hed th’ school that time.”

“I wudn’t set no store by nothin’ outern a book,” said Zeke. “They’s more lies in books then any place unner th’ sun.”

He fixed his eyes coldly on Williams.

“Yo’ mean t’ say Ant Haley’s house ain’t clean?”

“Not exactly — but you see there’s an old statute which says that no building used for animals shall be used as a human habitation.”

“I thought that doctor man looked at Toby mighty curious,” said Mahaley.

“Yo’ use powerful big words,” cried Patrick Henry, his face scarlet, “but they don’t mean nothin’ ’cep’ yo’re a skunk!”

Zeke’s voice cut in. It was almost gentle.

“Stranger, git on yo’ way — an’ travel fast. ’Caise ef I ever sets eyes on yo’ agin, I’ll putt a bullet thro’ yo’ haid.”

“Shet up, Zeke!” snapped Mahaley. “I ain’t daid yit, an’ til I is yo’ ain’t th’ King o’ Buzzard’s Rock. ’Sides, who’s agitin’ arristed annyhow, yo’ er me?”

She turned to Williams, who stood silent and unhappy, his eyes on the floor.

“Oncet yo’ gits th’ wall down, how yo’ gwine tuh git me tuh Custer? I ain’t no saplin’.”

“I’ve ordered a light spring wagon —”

“Yo’re lower ’n a snake!” cried Patrick Henry, his eyes bright with tears. “Awormin’ yo’ way inter our house jist so’s yo’ kin shame us!”

“I’ve never deceived you. I told you from the first what I had to do. God knows it’s hard for me to do this; but it’s my duty.”

He turned despairingly, but Haley had slipped away.

“Yo’ keep yo’ mouth shet, Patrick Henry. This heyar ain’t none o’ yo’ business.”

“It air our business tuh pertect our wimmen,” answered Zeke.

Suddenly Mahaley cried with an intensity that startled them all, it was so unexpected:

“Don’t yo’ think I’d be glad o’ annythin’ thet got me outern heyar? Don’t yo’ think I’d like jist onct tuh feel th’ sky over ma haid an’ th’ wind ablowin’ ’round me onct agin? Instid o’ walls — walls — walls!”

She turned to Williams and threw out her hands wildly.

“Yes!! Yes!! Tar ’em down! Tar ’em down quick! Quick!! An’ I’ll thank yo’! I’ll go tuh jail an’ be glad tuh go — only hurry! hurry!!”

She fell back among her pillows panting.

Patrick Henry and Zeke rushed to her.

“Git away an’ leave me be! Yo’ uns is got me all riled.”

She lay still a moment with eyes closed.

“Zeke, yo’ ’member this: till I *is* daid, yo’ ain’t th’ King o’ Buzzard’s Rock.”

“Ant Haley! Yo’ knows I dun’t keer nothin’ fer bein’ th’ King o’ Buzzard’s Rock!”

“I know, Zeke. Thar ain’t no need tuh take nothin’ I said amiss.” She patted his hand. “Patrick Henry, git me some ’simmon brandy. I feel kinder tuckered out.”

As she sipped it, she glanced up at Williams, with something of the old twinkle in her tired eyes.

“Thar ain’t but one thing yo’ done, I holds agin yo’!”

“What’s that?”

“Scandalizin’ pore Toby.”

At the barn Haley was waiting for him.

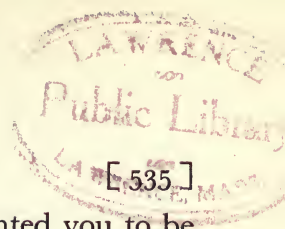
“I couldn’t hev thought it of yo’.”

“Haley, if you only knew how I prayed there wouldn’t be any way!”

Suddenly her eyes brimmed over.

“Haley, if there hadn’t been a way — I meant to come to you — there was something I wanted to tell you —”

“Whut — whut were it?”



"I meant — Haley, I love you — I wanted you to be my wife — I —"

"Oh! — Oh!"

It was such a tiny sound. And now her hand was pressed to her lips and she was looking at him with eyes that owed their brightness to more than tears.

"Haley!"

For a long time they clung together, murmuring things they could never remember.

A katydid started its vibrant song in a nearby tree. The shadow of Buzzard's Rock began to creep up the foot of the blue mountain across the valley. Already the primroses were opening their pale yellow flowers, filling the air with their delicate fragrance.

Williams touched one of them with his finger.

"I'll always think of you whenever I smell them."

"I wouldn't never need nothin' tuh make me think of yo'."

"Darling! I can hardly believe you really love me!"

"I reckon I've loved yo' ever since th' fust time I set eyes on yo'!"

"Suppose I'd never come here —"

Realization swept over him in a suffocating wave.

"God help us! What're we going to do, Haley?"

"Do?"

"You know why I'm here. You —"

"But it's all different now — that we uns is marryin'."

"Just what do you mean, Haley?"

She drew away and looked into his face anxiously.

"Yo' don't mean — But yo' couldn't take Ant Haley now. Not *now!*"

His face darkened.

"So it was just a trick!"

"Ef yo' — ef yo' loves me, yo' jest *can't!*"

“I couldn’t have believed it. That you’d try to play —”

“So that’s whut yo’ think!”

“I couldn’t have believed you’d stoop so low!”

“Oh! I don’t keer whut yo’ think o’ me! But ef yo’ tetch Ant Haley, I don’t never want tuh set eyes on yo’ agin’!”

“Very well!”

He sprang into the saddle and rode off without looking back.

THE workmen were not due until the end of the week. For the next three days Williams kept away from Buzzard’s Rock, trying vainly to forget the aching wound Haley had dealt him.

Then one evening, as he opened the door of his room he sensed an alien presence.

“Put yo’ hands up an’ keep ’em thar!” commanded Zeke’s voice from the darkness.

Williams sprang backwards — only to be stunned by a blow on the chin.

“Don’t hurt him, son.”

“Aw, pap,” replied the mournful voice of young Zeke, “he deserves a thrashin’!”

“Yo’ hyarn how yo’ Ant Haley said ’twuz tuh be. Tie his hands an’ don’t pester him none. Stranger, yo’ come along peaceful an’ yo’ll be a’right. Ant Haley’s hankerin’ fer a talk with yo’!”

During the long dark ride no other word was spoken.

As they entered the cabin, Haley rose from beside her aunt and seated herself by the fire, her back pointedly turned upon him.

“Take that rope offern his hands,” commanded Mahaley.

Her eyes glittered brightly, as she picked at her quilt,

now carefully pleating it, now smoothing it out again.

“Yo’ uns wait outside. I’ll call yo’ when I wants yo’!”

Williams stood stiffly before her until the door closed.

“May I ask why I’ve been brought here in this fashion?”

“Whut’s wrong ’twixt yo’ an’ Haley?” demanded the old lady.

“Why don’t you ask your niece?”

She ignored this.

“Yo’ uns wuz in love. It were as plain as th’ nose on yo’ face fust time I set eyes on yo’. Whut’s made th’ ruction ’twixt yo’ now?”

“You’re mistaken. Your niece cares nothing for me.”

“Haley, don’t set thar so pernickety like. Say sumpin’!”

“Thar ain’t nothin’ tuh say.”

“Your niece’s interest in me, Mrs. Mullens, was prompted by her desire to prevent your arrest.”

“Haley chile, ef it’s ’count o’ me, can’t yo’ see he’s adoin’ his duty th’ way he sees it? An’ I’d a sight ruther think o’ you, arter I’m gone, married to a man with th’ guts t’ do whut he believes t’ be right, than sommun who’d do whut he karnsidered wrong jest to please you.”

“If this was all you wanted, Mrs. Mullens, may I go now?”

“Let him go, Ant Haley. I don’t never want tuh set eyes on him ag’in!”

Mahaley was winking violently at him and nodding towards Haley.

But he stood in stony silence.

“Gret Day! Fer a peart lookin’ young feller, yo’ shore is th’ closest tuh a jackass I ever did see!”

“I’m sorry you think so. May I go now?”

“Sartinly, sartinly! I ain’t hankerin’ t’ keep nobody as is onwillin’ tuh stay. Haley, send th’ boys tuh set with me.

Ef I keeps 'em whar I can hev ma eye on 'em awhile, I know thar can't be no shenannigans."

She held out her hand to Williams. She looked very tired and old.

"Well, I reckon, 'twill wuk it'sef out sommers. Young folks' quarrels ginnerally does."

The night before the men were to arrive, Williams awoke with a start. It was not just a casual awakening. Someone was throwing pebbles against his window.

He rose and looked out, but it was impossible to see anything in the moonless gloom.

"Who's there?"

"It's me — Haley."

Her voice was barely a whisper.

"Let me in quick! Ant Haley sent me!"

"Wait 'till I put some clothes on."

"Hurry! Please hurry!"

Wondering at the strangeness of her visit and even more at the agitation in her voice, Williams threw on his clothes and went below.

She entered quickly, and leaned against the door a moment, as though to collect herself.

She wore a dark gray cloak that came to the floor and her hair was tucked under a little bonnet such as he had seen in Godey prints.

As she turned towards him, he saw that she had been crying.

"Haley! What's happened!"

"Ant Haley," she whispered with trembling lips.

"Is she worse?"

"She — she died — tonight —"

"My God!"

She steadied her voice.

"She felt it were comin' an' made th' boys leave us

alone. She said soon as she were gone, they'd be gunnin' fer you. An' she couldn't rest easy in — she made me promise I'd git you outern th' mounting as soon as —"

Her voice broke and she hid her face.

"Poor Haley!"

"Yo' got tuh hurry —"

"But, Haley, I can't run away."

"Thar ain't no reason fer you tuh stay here, now."

There was no bitterness in her voice as she said it.

"Ef yo' stay, 'twill mean misery fer all on us. Ant Haley said she knowed yo' wouldn't refuse th' las' thing she ast."

"But, I sent my car back by Dr. Cullen —"

"I got hosses. Ant Haley thought of everythin'. We got most o' th' night; and hit takes lessern two hours tuh git tuh th' junction. Thar's a train tuh Custer just arter day-break. An' th' boys won't know till mawnin' nohow. Ant Haley tole 'em as long as th' lamp were in her windoh it were all right."

"But my men will expect to find me here —"

"Don't yo' see whut 'twill mean ef yo' stays? Th' boys 'ull do somethin' thet'll land 'em in jail — er worse. Yo' got tuh go! It's th' onliest thing Ant Haley ever ast yo'!"

So it was the boys! His heart seemed to close up inside him.

"All right. I'll go," he said quietly and turned towards the stair.

He had little to pack and they slung the single bundle behind his saddle.

"Which way do we go?"

"We — we turn left arter th' bridge."

The horses hoofs seemed to make a tremendous clatter in the dense blackness. But once out of the village they

were engulfed in the clamor of the katydids, which seemed to drown out even the sound of iron on stone.

"We turn off ag'in summers putty soon."

Haley's voice came to him faintly from the gloom ahead.

"Well, let me know because I can't see my hand before my face."

High overhead, innumerable fireflies flashed goldenly in the unseen branches of the great water oaks.

"Th' lightnin' bugs is real pretty, ain't they? Ant Haley uster like tuh see 'em in th' gloamin'. She —"

Her voice faltered and they rode on in silence.

"I — I think this be th' tarnin'," Haley said at last. His horse shied a little, but guided firmly turned off the wide road with a resigned snort.

"It be turrible black."

"You aren't afraid, are you?"

"N-no. I bean't eggzakly afeard —"

They rode in silence. Then Haley spoke in a small, desolate voice.

"I — I smell pine trees, don't yo'?"

"I've smelt them for some time."

"Then we've — we've lost th' way."

"Are you sure?"

"They ain't no pine trees 'long th' junction trail."

"What'll we do?"

"Thar ain't — ain't nothin' tuh do but wait 'till mawnin'."

"Couldn't we find our way back if we left it to the horses?"

"They'd jest take us home up th' back trail. Th' best thing is tuh git off an' tie 'em up 'till mawnin'. We kin set on th' needles. It's th' only thing tuh do."

They tied the horses and settled themselves at the foot of a big pine by the side of the trail.

"I'm — I'm sorry," said Haley meekly.

"It's not your fault."

They relapsed into silence again. After a while from her gentle breathing, he knew that Haley had fallen asleep, exhausted by all she had been through. He rolled his coat into a pillow and gently slipped it under her head. Then he sat staring into the darkness, listening to the rhythmic rise and fall in the wild din of the katydids. Tomorrow she would — but he couldn't think of tomorrow.

A QUAIL was calling from the hill. He opened his eyes, vaguely wondering where he was. Haley still slept. The sight of the tear stains on her cheeks caught sharply at his heart.

He rose and stretched himself; but the heaviness weighing on all his limbs had little to do with fatigue. He was thirsty. Making as little noise as possible, he moved off in search of a spring or stream.

Other quails began to answer the first. Across the valley crows were cawing, and from close at hand suddenly came the lowing of a cow. He scrambled down a bank and found himself in a worn though somewhat overgrown trail. Following it a few paces, he came to a turn and stopped short.

They had camped at the very edge of the pine barrens, and straight ahead was the junction station.

He bounded up the bank to find Haley brushing pine needles from her cloak.

"Haley! The junction! It's right ahead."

"Is it?" she said very faintly.

"Yes, it's no distance at all. You don't need to come any further. I'll be all right now."

His heart was heavy as he said it.

“But — but whut’ll I do?”

“What do you mean?”

“I can’t go home now. Uncle Zeke —”

He caught his breath.

“Couldn’t I go along with you on th’ train tuh town?”

She hesitated, then went on quickly.

“I got relatives thar — an’ — an’ I won’t shame yo’ none.”

She held open her cloak to disclose the silk dress.

“Haley! You knew where the junction was all the time.”

She dropped her eyes.

“And what am I to do with you after we do get to town?”

She lifted her candid eyes to his, trying bravely not to let her lips tremble.

“I reckon you’ll hev tuh marry me. Leastwise that’s how Ant Haley said ’twud be.”



Book Reviews

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday Doran, \$2.50.

SINCLAIR LEWIS' latest novel, "It Can't Happen Here," which takes its title from the typical American remark concerning the possibility of a dictatorship in this country, is a piece of journalistic fiction in every page of which is the sound of a swiftly pounded typewriter. In fact, without listening, the attentive reader will catch in its pages the rattle of the flying keys and the tinkle of the bell at the end of the line.

Written at a white heat, the novel is filled with feeling, as well as with the sharp and accurate observation that has always marked Mr. Lewis' work even when it has failed, as has often been the case, to reach his top mark. One might naturally suppose that such a book would call for the exercise of a good deal of creative imagination, but actually Mr. Lewis has saved himself from the exercise of a faculty for which he has never been noted by the simple expedient of transferring what has happened in other countries to this; there is a striking resemblance to our dictatorship in that of Hitler — too striking, in fact, for credible accuracy.

The parts of the book that relate to the actual operations of the dictatorship are but little more than rewritten passages from the many volumes that have told of hardships and cruelties in Nazi Germany. Here again, as in the whole plan and tempo of the novel, the author is writing as a journalist, taking available material and reshaping it, but not enough so to suit his own purposes.

His descriptions of concentration camps, for example, parallel exactly similar descriptions of such institutions in Germany, and when he insists upon the widespread existence of homosexuality from the top to the bottom of the dictatorship, it is seen that he is merely following an established pattern, rather than trying to work out an American version.

The principal virtue of the work, aside from the fact that it represents Mr. Lewis as a tale-teller, the writer of exciting and even gripping narrative which carries the reader along at a

breathless speed, lies in its re-statement of the liberal principles that belong to the generation of Americans of which Mr. Lewis himself is a member. For, without laboring the point too much, he makes it clear that both fascism and communism will inevitably find hard going in this country merely because of the existence of a large number of people who do not have to rationalize their belief in freedom of thought and expression, as well as in the exercise of the kindlier virtues, but whose minds are set on these matters in such a way that nothing but death can change them.

In other words, Mr. Lewis again makes it apparent that as much as he has scolded his fellow-Americans — even in the present book he finds them relieved of their dictatorship but uncertain what they want — there has never been any doubt in his mind that certain Americans are possessed of admirable qualities. Toward these he can be as gentle, almost sentimental, as he can be brutal to the whole tribe of hypocrites and stuffed shirts. Hence, while the present book is filled with rude and raucous laughter at many of our follies, it is also tender toward what Mr. Lewis considers our best in both men and women.

The spokesman for his own opinions is Doremus Jessup, a sixty-odd-year-old newspaper editor in the Vermont town of Fort Jessup. Mr. Lewis remains loyal to his own Middle West in having the "radical" territory lead in the revolt against the dictatorship, but his real tribute is to the state of his adoption. Jessup is shrewd, whimsical and liberal to the bone, quite a "character."

Often in his cogitations the accents of Mr. Lewis himself are unmistakable. This is a familiar Lewis trick, of course, elbowing the character aside to do the talking himself. In fact, there is one place where the phrase, "meditated Jessup," seems purely an interpolation, an afterthought, as if Mr. Lewis in making his revision had decided that it would be more in accordance with the rules of fiction if he retired a little more from the center of the stage.

His plan for the establishment of the dictatorship is not by the use of force and arms, which the Communists declare is the only possible method. On the contrary, he prophesies the next presidential election as resulting in the choice of one Buzz Windrip, who more nearly resembles the dead Huey Long

than anyone else at present in the political picture. (The death of Long takes some of the punch out of Mr. Lewis's book, incidentally.) Windrip is full of fair promises, \$5,000 a year for everybody, and so on; and he is greatly aided by Bishop Prang, the famous broadcaster, who is a Methodist Father Coughlin. The real devil in the Windrip administration is Lee Sarason, who more nearly resembles Hitler than he does an American. Windrip is in the main a sort of poker-playing, whiskey-drinking Harding, a good-natured, not very shrewd politician, who knows how to rouse the rabble and to play "Man-of-the-People" with finish and effect.

The League of Forgotten Men is the basis of Windrip's strength, and his administration is backed by the Minute Men, who are Hitler's Brown Shirts or Mussolini's Black Shirts all over again, taking the trick of beating with steel tapes from one and the use of castor oil from the other.

Eventually, after the dictatorship has grown in severity, and has resulted in what might be expected in the way of suppression of all freedom, Sarason, the diabolical, succeeds in getting rid of Windrip by sending him off to France. Then Sarason is killed by Haik, another member of the group, and things go from bad to worse the country over until the reaction sets in and the curtain falls, with our old friend Doremus Jessup active in what seems to be an excellent chance of the reestablishment of democratic government, with an honest liberal Republican, Walt Trowbridge, as its head.

While all this is happening, Jessup has lost his paper, and is sent away to a concentration camp for his subversive activities in printing and distributing anti-Windrip propaganda. His daughter Mary, whose husband has been murdered, takes her melodramatic revenge by diving her airplane into a ship carrying the judge who sentenced her husband. His sweetheart, Lorinda, who is another one of Mr. Lewis's "free women," is done with complete sympathy — the same sort of tender affection as Sissy, the youngest Jessup child, who sounds, one must admit, slightly antiquated, as if she were a left-over flapper from the post-war revolt of youth.

It is easy to see that in describing the course of the dictatorship alone, with the German pattern at hand, Mr. Lewis is handling essentially dramatic material. This, coupled with his

satirical jibes, his sketches of many living people, particularly of politicians — one way he has of dodging the identification of his characters with the living, or the freshly dead, as in the case of Huey Long, is to put in both — his joshing of patriotic songs, and the warm friendliness of his treatment of the Vermonters he likes, makes his book quite as readable as anything he has ever done. It is not literature, nor is it in any sense profound. But it is unadulterated Sinclair Lewis, and it represents him perfectly as the essential journalist he has always been.

I may add, as a personal observation, that the book left me unconvinced of the possibility of a dictatorship's arriving any time soon, or in the manner described by Mr. Lewis. The difference between us is that I have more faith in the Doremus Jessups than he has; I still think they would go into action before a Buzz Windrip and a Lee Sarason got as far as the White House.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

VEIN OF IRON. By *Ellen Glasgow.* Harcourt Brace, \$2.50.

MUCH of our modern fiction is either a cry of despair, or a more or less whining protest against what the writers regard as the general futility of life. Everything, they declare, being for the worst in this worst of all possible worlds, the only amelioration to weariness and woe is getting drunk continually, if not continuously. But now, ringing high above this wailing chorus, Ellen Glasgow's new novel comes like a trumpet call, stirring men's minds and hearts to a renewal, not so much of hope or faith, as of pride and fortitude. It is possible, proclaims this book by America's foremost novelist, not merely to refuse to yield to misfortune but even, if you are proud enough and strong enough, to wring something of happiness out of pain and disappointment. At the very last, John Fincastle attains a peace which is greater than joy; his daughter Ada, whose story the novel tells, closes it on a note of triumph.

Miss Glasgow has a full appreciation of the power of heredity, and shows it as a dominant factor in the lives of her characters. The Fincastles were Scotch Presbyterians who had

come to America when Virginia was still a wilderness, settling in the village of Ironside in Shut-In Valley. Ada's great-great-great-grandmother had been captured by Indians and married to an Indian brave at the age of seventeen; she was a hundred years old when she died, and never spoke about her early experiences. Her grandmother, a strict Presbyterian, had seen her brilliant, dearly loved son John, pastor of the largest church in Queenborough, turned out of his pulpit because of the heretical ideas expressed in his book. John Fincastle had stood for what he believed to be the truth; as a result of this honesty, he was obliged to take his old mother, his pretty, delicate wife, Mary Evelyn, and his little daughter, Ada, back to the comfortless old family home, still called the manse, where they lived as best they could on the produce of their garden and the chickens raised by his sister Meggie — the few dollars he was able to earn by teaching being needed for his life insurance and the mortgage.

When we first meet Ada she is a child of ten, her desires and hopes all centered on the doll with real hair her father is to bring her from town, not as a gift, but as her own purchase, bought with the money earned by picking berries. When he arrives she can hardly wait to open the package — and the doll proves merely a china one, with hair painted on. Those with real hair had been too expensive. "Try not to give way to disappointment. Think how sad the world would be if we all gave way to disappointment," Aunt Meggie admonishes the child. But Ada, who has what her grandmother calls "the single heart," is conscious only that never, so long as she lives, will she have a doll with hair that she can brush and comb.

That episode is typical. Misfortune pursues Ada as the children chase the idiot boy in the book's opening sentence. The mob of the unimaginative, the carelessly cruel who make up so large a portion of humanity, brings her suffering. Because of the force of a mob convention she is compelled to see Ralph McBride, her young lover, married to the worthless girl for whom he cares nothing, and who cares nothing for him. The little time of perfect happiness they defiantly snatch from life has to be paid for, and then when presently it seems as if Ada's hopes are at last to be fulfilled, the Ralph who returns from the War proves a changed man, cynical and embittered.

But deep down in Ada's character lies that "Vein of Iron" which is her heritage, and this it is that enables her to live through the depression of the thirties as indomitably as her ancestors had lived through hardships and Indian warfare.

Ada is superbly drawn, as are all the characters in the book. Her frail, lovely mother, who "fell into the habit of laughing too much," during those dark days when there often wasn't enough to eat in the house, and who found more help in her one pretty blue bowl than she did in morning prayers, is in some ways the most appealing figure in the book. The courage with which she strove to maintain a certain grace of living was as heroic as her husband's stand for integrity. The old grandmother, stern, strong, firm in her religion, who was always sent for when there was sickness among the mountain folk, is so magnificent a personage that a book less rich than this one would be irretrievably impoverished by her passing. Yet admirably as all these are drawn, admirably drawn too as are Ralph, the "disappointed romantic," and the many minor characters, the author's very finest work is her portrayal of John Fincastle, the philosopher. In the hands of almost any other writer, he would have been objectionable; as he stands out in Miss Glasgow's book we sympathize with him, reverence him, are hurt by his tragedy, but never presume to pity him. The scene of his death is one of the best, perhaps the very best, that this First Lady of fiction has ever wrought.

The long novel is so thoughtful, so rich in wisdom and in understanding, so full of memorable scenes and yet more memorable individuals, it is difficult to decide what to choose for special comment. No more truthful, and consequently more heartbreaking description of the depression has yet appeared than that Miss Glasgow gives us in her account of what happened in Mulberry Street. On the other hand, it would be anything but easy to find a more beautiful treatment of love's ecstasy than the episode on the Indian trail. Miss Glasgow looks at life steadily, clearly and above all honestly, with a gaze undistorted by romanticism and undimmed by pessimism. There is sweetness and contentment and joy in existence as she sees it, as well as bitterness and disappointment and pain. Even Aunt Meggie, who had missed the love which enabled Mary Evelyn, despite poverty and frustration, to assert, "I

have been happy," found delight in small, practical things; while John Fincastle, the "splendid failure," relished life as his forefathers had done, and as his daughter did — meeting it always with the same high courage.

"There's one thing they can't take from us, and that's fortitude," he declares, speaking for once as the mouthpiece of his creator. Contrasted with this work of beauty and power and clear vision, many of our best sellers seem things of mere tinsel and straw.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

LUCY GAYHEART. By Willa Cather. Knopf, \$2.00.

AT FIRST appearances, Miss Cather seems to have written a novel which corrects all the minor faults of her previous successes. The time is the twentieth century rather than the nostalgic past, and the main scene is Chicago rather than some overworked small community. Her style shows the same sure mastery which can be found in such diverse novels as "My Antonia" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop," though she occasionally slips, as in ". . . one's blood coursing unchilled in an air where roses froze instantly."

The story is based on the life of the charming and talented Lucy Gayheart. She goes from her small town into the music world of Chicago, where she meets and falls in love with a famous concert singer. Because he gives her a glimpse of a world that she has never imagined, she spurns her girlhood sweetheart. She lives in bliss, finding it hard to wait between their meetings. Then the singer is drowned in one of the Italian lakes. Lucy returns broken-hearted to her home town, almost recovers her happiness, when suddenly she is drowned herself after a quarrel with her sister. The last section of the book is devoted to the sorrowing of the sweetheart who realized too late how much he loved her. She leaves a gay and vivid memory in the hearts of the people who knew her.

With this absurdly mid-Victorian plot Miss Cather has done extremely well. Her characters seem genuine, especially Lucy whose gaiety infects the reader. The town boy is a perfect prig, though not to be compared with Levin in Anna Karénina, who is also lovable. The key situation — Lucy's reaction to the

singer's death — is handled by the author with great delicacy.

The fault of this novel lies not in what it includes, but in what it excludes. There is no complete picture of Lucy's small town background, nor of the development of her personality beyond the statement that she was a very simple person who was always gay. There is no evidence that Chicago had any effect on her. In fact there is no feeling for existence in twentieth century America rather than nineteenth, or eighteenth, except for Lucy's slight emancipation. There is little finality to the presages of her death which shocks the reader and does not convince him of its inevitability.

The wistful nostalgia of the last section of this novel fully counteracts the relative modernity of the setting and leaves the whole hanging on a blurred edge of time. One wonders if Miss Cather has a positive sense of values strong enough to withstand the present.

JOHN SLOCUM

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN. By MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann, \$1.25.

ANTHONY ADVERSE" and the current, astonishing vogue of the three-decker novel notwithstanding, it is not necessary for an author to produce a long work to touch off the responsiveness of the public, or even to deal largely or lovingly with the materials of romance. Short things can invoke equal magic.

Slightly over a decade ago, for example, we had "Messer Marco Polo," and even those of us who now realize that Donn Byrne's compact distillation of wizardry is not quite so likely to maintain a front-rank position among the immortals of literature as we then thought, do not have to be ashamed of the dozen times we read it, nor of the "great shout" which, like Kubla hearing the story of Christ, we gave when we were done. Last year we were given "Good Bye, Mr. Chips." It was a withdrawal from life, as aloof and sheltered from the world as the ivy-overgrown school buildings in which its episodes took place, but it did something to our pulses just the same.

Now comes to us "The Voice of Bugle Ann," a small book that is just as appealing as its great little heroine with her

brown spots, her flopping ears, her "well-arched coupling" and the proud tail she carried like a banner. It is perhaps the best one, and the most durable one of the three. It is definitely a romance, but it is grounded firmly on reality. Its story is exciting, even melodramatic, but — at any rate to those who know the South — entirely credible. Within the self-imposed limits of its Missouri way of speech, its writing is effective and vivid; if not strictly humorous, it is at least frequently dry; and it is often very beautiful. Its organization (speaking technically) is almost perfect. Indeed, the one fault of the book is that it is almost too perfectly put together; that the author knows almost too well the tricks of his trade; that he constructs his story so flawlessly that sometimes, though never for long, one has a fleeting half doubt of his sincerity.

It is — to use a way of speaking filched from the mental processes of Hollywood press agents — almost a pint-sized epic. Better still it is an American ballad about an American subject and spoken in an American lingo, that happens to have been cast in prose.

First of all it is a story about fox hunting. Not, however, any imported, even if duty-free sport of would-be English squires of Fairfield, Connecticut or Warrenton, Virginia. "We never kill the fox," says old Springfield Davis who is the eighty-two-year-old protagonist of the story. "We don't ride no horses, nor wear funny coats and caps. We raise dogs and we train them." (That in itself is one hundred percent native, as American as the Declaration of Independence or a coonskin cap, as is also the fierce passionate love of dogs upon which the tale is grounded. No one with a slick kennel and a professional dog-handler can quite measure the depth of it. It is frontier atavism.)

Beyond that, it is the story of a particular dog — of Bugle Ann, of a "little lady" as Spring liked to call his bitches, of a fine foxhound who "had learned the last trick of any fox who ever jumped," of "the sweetest mouthed hound in Missouri."

"Sometimes I reckon I don't deserve her," says Spring.

It is, further, the story of Spring Davis himself who ran away to join the Confederate army seventy years ago when he was twelve years old, but "who had done a sight of fox hunting before that." And of his son Benjy who had "something of the Indian" in his "twenty-year-old face." And of Calhoun

Royster, his friend and neighbor who had hunted fox with him "time out of mind." And of Cal Royster's son Baker who had served over seas and had been shell-shocked, and who therefore could not hear talk of shooting without trembling inside and feeling his throat grow dusty, without smelling pepper in his nose "as if someone had given him a blow that fractured the little blood vessels."

It makes mention of Spring Davis' wife Adelaide.

"Mrs. Davis was thirty years younger than her husband, eighteen inches shorter, a few degrees less talkative, and she knew that after his dogs Spring loved her well."

It goes on to consider Jacob Terry whom Spring Davis "wouldn't call a pleasant man" and who plays havoc with their fox hunting by going in for sheep raising. He cuts off their country with a wove-wire fence. "Hog-tight, bull-strong, and horse-high," Tom Royster calls it.

It brings in Camden Terry, Jacob's eighteen-year-old daughter who has "the shaded hazel eyes of her mother's family" but "the Terry red hair." Benjy Davis falls in love with her. Montague and Capulet in the Ozarks!

There is a killing, and a courthouse trial and Spring Davis goes to State Prison in Jefferson City. It deals with the disappearance of Bugle Ann, and with her death, and with (you might almost say) her resurrection. And it has a happy ending. Yet it is in no way (outside of the normal possibilities of life) sentimental. It does of course heretically indicate that a tale written about the white inhabitants of a southern state can make you laugh, chortle, weep or cry out with delight. The previous indications were that you could only retch.

And this is a sound thing and a needed thing to do. For without challenging either the abilities or the integrity of that crop of writers who have allowed us to see without illusions the ingrown degeneracy of a way of living that is a national disgrace, one can point out that there is another equally valid tradition. It is the older tradition. For the bards brought us delight long before the first socially minded writer lashed our conscience.

A bard in his own way, Mr. Kantor does the same. I do not undertake to predict that our grandchildren studying twentieth century literature will find this little gem required reading. But, sirs and madams, I do hold that you will like it now.

If you enjoy good stories, "spines like little needles" will rise on your scalp as they did on Benjy's, when you have finished. But if perchance you are a dog lover, then Lord help you. For like Cal Royster, you will be crying like your "own grandchild," only perhaps not quietly. And toward Mr. Kantor you will be feeling a warmth and a gratitude that you do not know how to express.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

FELICIANA. By Stark Young. Scribner's, \$2.50.

STARK YOUNG is an artist who understands that there are two planes of reality — the plane of accidental detail and the plane of essential quality. Several of the chirping — and squawking — critics have indulged in such phrases as "Mr. Young's air-conditioned Deep South" to belittle the spell of sensitive beauty in his latest book, "Feliciana." These critics belong to the "rats, lice and history" school of literary perception. It is their own mentality that needs to be air-conditioned.

Feliciana is a collection of sketches and short stories, some of them in an Italian setting, but most of them to do with Stark Young's beloved Deep South, before, during and after the civil war that strangled our agrarian civilization. To say that the Civil War ended slavery is beside the point and misleading. It ended chattel slavery and ushered in the era of the industrial helot. It ended slavery of the body and enthroned a new servitude of the mind and soul. Mr. Young is not concerned with either form of slavery. He is merely enchanted with a quality no longer to be found in the American soul — a quality that captured the wisdom of the creative earth and the sensitiveness of all things that grow between the rain and the sun. He is concerned most literally with tenderness.

"I sometimes think that nothing is worth while that is not about something else," writes Mr. Young in telling the chivalric story of "Cousin Micajah"; and then explains that as he once listened to his uncle tell of other people and other times, he "knew perfectly well that he was not talking of any person or story but of all life." Tenderness belongs to the living and thus to all life — and to death, not as the end, but as immortal-

ity. The dead of whom Stark Young learned in his youth became his immortals and part of a living heritage. He tells us now of their undying qualities. The best stories in "Feliciana" are the fruit of his communion with these living dead.

It is in "Shadows on Terrebonne" that we find Stark Young at his best. One can hardly call it a short story, so uneasily does it fit into any hard category. It traces the interplay of silent understanding between youth and middle age, between little Ellen and her uncle Alfred, who had seen more than other men and had thus encountered the challenge of an unbelieving world. At long last, events proved that he had seen the truth. "What happens to our souls when nothing mocks them any more? Are they not free? And are not those who love us free then also?" Ellen could leave her uncle, to begin her own cycle of life, only when he was freed from the unbelieving mockery of the world. That is the theme of "Shadows on Terrebonne" — as fragile and as livingly tender as the manner of its telling. Its setting is on the plantation whose name gives the title to the story, a place "like time itself, the shadows, the wings, the passing ripples, against the steady, still stream."

One cares very little whether or not the accidental detail of this vanished life had ugly aspects which Mr. Young neglects to mention. He is not indulging in that transient form of realism. He is writing in the other plane of essential quality, "not of any person or story but of all life." There is more than mere nostalgia at play here. There is also the tender passion of understanding, and the consciousness that between the living past and the living present only time intervenes, as between today and tomorrow's dawn.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1935. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50.

WITH the present volume, Edward J. O'Brien's annual collection of "Best Short Stories" comes of age. Appearing over a period of twenty-one years, the volumes have secured for their editor the high rank of arbiter over the destinies of most writers of this class of literature. The task of evaluating each volume of the series as it appears, calls for more

than a mere excoriation of the editor for his sins of commission and omission. One must first investigate the editor's standards of selection, in order to ascertain whether the stories fall short of, achieve or exceed the expressed aims of the anthology. Then the value of the editor's principles of selection may be questioned.

In the current volume of "Best Short Stories," Mr. O'Brien has set himself "the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction, which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. . . . No substance is of importance in fiction unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating." Here is Mr. O'Brien's first test for excellence in the short story, that of substance.

"But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form by skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization." Thus Mr. O'Brien's second test is that of artistic form. When the gravity of these two tests is applied by Mr. O'Brien, the year's short story crop falls neatly into categories. Distinctive stories are listed in the appendix with one, two or three stars to indicate the editor's keen but not infallible judgment of their merit. From the Roll of Honor (three stars) are taken the stories reprinted within the volume.

When the first of Mr. O'Brien's tests is applied to the twenty-seven "Best Short Stories" included in the present volume, let it be remembered that this test of substance "may fairly be called a criticism of life." Judging from the stories included, "life" for Mr. O'Brien would seem to have a special and narrow significance, entitling it to be spelled (as once long ago) with a capital "L," and consisting merely of the emotional reactions of a few individuals to one another in varying degrees ranging from affection to violence, of individuals who have no relation to the *zeitgeist* or *weltanschauung* of the period in which they live. The characters in the majority of the stories included could as well have lived, moved and had their intimate little beings in the world of 1914. Although no one could fairly ask the fiction writer to embody a complete history of the age in

which his characters live as the background of his story, nevertheless some indication of the spirit of the age in which the author lives will be inherent in the substance of the story. Life, the common life, has always pervaded good literature in such a manner that the reader of a later period may accurately sense the tempo and the spiritual *milieu* of the period in which the author wrote.

Now, in the sixth year of the depression and on the twenty-first anniversary of the World War — two of the greatest maelstroms into which human life can be plunged — one may reasonably expect to find in the literature of the period some sense of the social unrest, the frustration and despair, the hopes and struggles resulting from the impact of two major disasters. As a matter of fact, in present-day America there *are* many writers keenly aware of the deep social and personal implications of depression, who are intent upon portraying its effects upon the relationships of individuals to each other, and of the individual to the masses.

But in all the twenty-seven stories selected by Mr. O'Brien the depression is not mentioned once — which may be all to the good. What is a more serious accusation, however, only two stories are in substance remotely concerned with the effect of the present widespread economic *débâcle*. In Paul Horgan's "A Distant Harbor," a young man ironically gets a job which would have permitted him to marry his sweetheart who is *enceinte*, only to return after his day's work to find that she, thinking herself deserted because of his absence, has committed suicide. In Madelene Cole's "Bus to Biarritz" one finds the familiar theme: a virgin on her way to make the supreme sacrifice to be able to aid her parents. But for the most part, instead of stories vibrant with contemporary realities, O'Brien's present volume contains a satiety of rehashed themes and immature characterizations, reminiscent of the materials and methods of the group of revolvers of the '20s.

Here, for instance, in Charles Cooke's "Triple Jumps" is the story of a circus performer who commits suicide because of the infidelity of his sweetheart. Whit Burnett's "Division" (whose fifty-seven pages properly padded would make a fair novel) deals with the immature introspections of a young poet over the fearful dichotomy of his soul. In Harry Sylvester's "A

Boxer, Old" is described the decline and last fight of a pugilist. Perhaps the best illustration of the hackneyed material in this collection is the first selection in the book, "Outside Yuma" by Benjamin Appel, a story in the original Jim Tully tradition of life in hobohemia. Four men are put off a train in the desert, where they wander as aimlessly as they talk, or vice versa. (Compare this story of pre-depression hoboes from the editor's own magazine, with Daniel Main Waring's powerful story of post-depression transients, "Fruit Tramp," in *Harpers* for July 1934, which is not included.)

Omitting all stories that portray a social consciousness of the contemporary scene, the editor found himself "compelled to comment on a new and serious tendency in contemporary American letters, a tendency on the part of many critics and more writers to legislate politically on the American writer's subject matter in a manner that can only be described as fascist." While one may agree with his contention that political preoccupations will limit the writer's art, one must take issue with his assumption that writers on the left or right who hold certain political tenets cannot become more than machine-minded dabblers. Although he does not call those writers on the left Marxists, it is understood that Mr. O'Brien means this group. One is led to suspect that the editor's violent antipathy to the Marxists was the primary factor which led him to exclude stories written from a social outlook, even the several excellent stories published last year in first-class magazines.

In his summary of the short story for the year he wrote, "The rhythm of the American scene is now much more even and self-possessed than it has ever been before. Speed values are rapidly disappearing, galvanic stimulus is less and less offered to the reader, and it begins to look as if the American writer was beginning to possess his own soul in peace, if not in comfort. The battle has been won. Let us now see if the American writer is prepared to share the fruits of victory with his enemies." This might well be called O'Brien's manifesto toward escape into the dark backward abysm of time.

Mr. O'Brien should further be taken to task for his neglect of a second tendency in contemporary American letters. This is the tendency toward regional color (as distinguished from

local color) as the background for fiction, best represented in the more significant work of Erskine Caldwell. (Incidentally, one of Caldwell's stories, "The Cold Winter," a trite piece as compared with such a story as "Kneel to the Rising Sun," is included in the present collection. Instead of selecting a story which would reveal Caldwell's preoccupation with regional color in the South, and his social consciousness of the plight of the "poor whites," Mr. O'Brien chose a story with an apartment house setting and a peeping Tom character — who eavesdrops as the man in the next room comes to murder his estranged wife and take their child.) Indeed, while excluding stories from this school of regional color, the editor includes five stories whose settings are in France, Spain and England. One should not of course try to delimit the author's range in search of a proper setting for his art, but this does not justify Mr. O'Brien's omission of outstanding American regional color stories to make room for mediocre stories set in other parts of the world.

If it is granted that technical excellence in story-telling is the prime requisite in the "Best Short Stories," Mr. O'Brien had ample reason for including the majority of the twenty-seven stories comprising his current volume. However, as he himself has had occasion to remark, American short story writers are past masters in the technique of narration, plot construction and characterization. But the best technicians are not necessarily the most significant or best writers, for in that event Mr. O'Brien would be compelled to get his best stories each year from the abundant crop in the pulp and slick magazines. In the present volume, however, there are five excellent stories which embody significant subject matter in such a manner that form and content constitute a whole, a work of art: Dorothy McCleary's "Sunday Morning," David Cornel DeJong's "Home-Coming," Paul Horgan's "Distant Harbor," William Wister Haines' "Remarks: None," and Allan Seager's "This Town and Salamanca."

By far the most outstanding selection in the volume is, strictly speaking, not a short story but a new type of literature. William Saroyan's "Resurrection of a Life" is representative of a bastard form of the essay and the short story. Despite the fact that Saroyan's book, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying

Trapeze," was universally acclaimed the major find in the realm of the short story during 1934, even a casual survey of his work is sufficient indication of his ability as a writer in a new branch of literature which is neither the short story nor the essay, but a peculiarly powerful combination of the form and substance of both.

While "The Best Short Stories of 1935" cannot be called an impartial selection made by reference to expressed objective standards, Mr. O'Brien is to be commended on the inclusion of several significant short story writers, and by three of the five outstanding discoveries of the year in the short story realm. It is unfortunate that an analysis of the sources of the stories which make up the volume should reflect that practice so evident among American critics (to the detriment of our literature) of mutual back-slapping and praise. This is not to condemn mutual assistance among writers except in so far as it tends to perpetuate certain types of literature and materials, to the exclusion and discouragement of a fresh expression of creative talent.

WILLIAM AND KATHRYN CORDELL

ULYSSES S. GRANT, POLITICIAN *By William B. Hesseltine. Dodd Mead, \$4.00.*

WHEN the series of "American Political Leaders" was started five years ago, we were promised volumes on the major political figures from Andrew Johnson to Herbert Hoover that would present complete, original, and critical accounts of the subjects. This volume on Grant, the tenth of the series, maintains the standard set by the earlier publications in the series, though it differs in method from most of them.

In "Ulysses S. Grant, Politician," Professor Hesseltine chose to write a history of Grant as President, rather than a full length biography of the victor of the Civil War. In taking these eight years as the focal period of Grant's life, the author was perfectly justified. Before 1860 Grant failed in every attempt he made to earn a living; the Civil War raised him to the dizzyest heights of fame; the eight years in the White House showed that the rise had been a little too sudden.

Though many have made the attempt, no biographer has

ever succeeded in presenting a complete picture of Grant. Professor Hesseltine has re-created the Grant of the presidential years, the man as he really was. In an opening chapter that is a masterpiece of biographical condensation, Grant is carried from his birth in 1822 to the opening of the Civil War. While reading this chapter one regrets that the author did not give us more details of Grant's early life, though nothing is omitted that will enable us to understand General and President Grant.

Ulysses S. Grant was born into a family that was very sparing of signs of affection. Shy, sensitive, and silent, the boy was allowed to grow up under comparatively little restraint and with comparatively little attention paid to him. The result was that Grant had what the psychologists call an inferiority complex. In only one situation was the boy always the master. He loved horses, knew them, and could ride any that he ever saw. In this field he showed the patience and the tenacity that were to enable him to defeat Lee, the stubbornness that was to cause him so much trouble when he became President.

Grant's father was very proud of his son, and wanted to give him the educational advantages which had been denied to the older man. Money, however, was scarce with Jesse Grant, and it was only through political influence that Ulysses was able to escape from his father's tannery, which he thoroughly disliked. An appointment to West Point was obtained for him; this boy who hated the sight of blood was launched on a career as a professional soldier, a career that was to reach its height in one of the bloodiest wars in the world's history.

Grant's record at West Point was fair. He was good at mathematics, a brilliant horseman, but he never could master French. At graduation, he was commissioned a lieutenant of infantry and ordered to Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis. He had no desire to remain in the army: he wanted to be a professor of mathematics at West Point! As there was no vacancy at the Point, Grant continued his tour of duty in St. Louis. He served through the Mexican War as regimental quartermaster, remaining in the army until 1853, when, now a captain and a married man, he resigned rather than face a courtmartial on a charge of drinking.

When Grant left the army, he had no plans and no hope for the future. The story of the next seven or eight years was

to prove that he was totally unfitted for civil life, whatever his military ability may have been. His own and his wife's family helped him, but he could make no headway in business. He tried farming, held an internal revenue post for a time, and finally became a clerk in his brother's store at Galena, Illinois, at fifty dollars a month. Even here he was a failure.

And then war was declared. For a time bad luck continued to follow him, until an opportunity for military organization brought him to the attention of the state authorities. In a short time he was given a regiment and, in his thirty-ninth year, he started to fight his way to fame. The story of Grant's rise to the position of commanding general of the Union army is too well known to need recounting here. It is sufficient to say his most prominent traits of character, patience and tenacity combined with the ability to make sudden decisions and the will power to carry them through, gave him his success in the Civil War. With the possible exception of Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant was the most popular man in this country in April 1865, and that popularity continued into the middle of his first administration.

It is at this point in the narrative of Grant's career that Hesseltine's book assumes major proportions, becomes an invaluable study not only of Grant but of the politics and economics of the Reconstruction Era and the Gilded Age. It is at this time that the real Grant begins to appear, though it will be years before the picture is complete.

When the hero of Appomattox found himself the country's hero, he was as embarrassed as if he had been a beardless lieutenant. He tried to avoid the numerous social affairs that were staged in his honor, drawing back into the protection of his silence as completely as he could. This retirement could be only temporary for he was courted by the radicals and by President Johnson and his party. No one knew where Grant stood on the question of what should be done with the South. The radicals needed him to strengthen their position; President Johnson sought his aid to bring about an intelligent solution of the perplexing question. Grant kept his silence, and in so doing became the most important man in the country.

It is doubtful, as Professor Hesseltine points out, whether or not Grant knew on which side of the question he stood. He

had voted but once in his life, for Buchanan in 1856. He had never evinced any interest in politics and public affairs, but he was naturally quiet and conservative. He had granted General Lee lenient terms of surrender, which encouraged Johnson and his followers to believe he would side with them. On the other hand, he had let fall an occasional remark regarding the South and slavery that led the radicals to believe that they could count on him. Such was the state of national affairs as the time approached for the presidential nomination.

As the author develops the narrative of these stirring and troublous times we see General Grant — he was now General of the Armies, the first since Washington — leaning now in one direction, now in the other. He wanted to remain friendly with both sides, he was beginning to realize his own importance, and he knew that he would be the next President of the United States by the vote of the people rather than by the choice of any political party.

Gradually he saw that his fortunes lay with the radicals, because they seemed to voice the sentiments of the majority in respect to the South. His break with President Johnson came as a result of the latter's defiance of the Tenure of Office Act in removing Stanton as Secretary of War. From that time on he was in the hands of the radicals, and from that time dates the beginning of his political education, such as it was. Of course he was elected, and he took office in the firm belief that he had been chosen by the will of the people and not by the politicians.

General Grant entered upon his first term of office with a very meagre equipment. His ignorance of the Constitution and constitutional government was equalled only by his ignorance of politics. Almost every move that he made on his own responsibility was wrong, and this situation continued throughout his eight years as President. His cabinet, entirely of his own selection, was about as bad as it could be. His nominee for the Treasury, A. T. Stewart, was ineligible for that office because of his business affiliations. Even when this and other necessary changes were made in the cabinet, it was still far below the average. The President tried to carry on the government as the General carried on the war, and he did not seem to see that this was impossible.

His troubles began at once and continued throughout his two administrations. The country's finances were in a deplorable condition; reconstruction problems in the South were a constant trouble and worry; Grant continually interfered in foreign affairs, of which he knew absolutely nothing; and finally, there was the politics involved in the whole problem. These matters and numerous others are brilliantly described in a series of chapters which, in my judgment, are among the best that have ever been written on this important and complicated period of our history.

Despite the serious errors that were made in domestic and foreign affairs largely through Grant's stubbornness, wilfulness, and ineptitude, he was reelected in 1872. He had lost a great deal of his popularity, but he still had enough to defeat his "Democratic" opponent, Horace Greeley, the worst possible candidate that could have been selected.

Within a few months of the beginning of the second term, the storm broke. The financial structure broke under the weight of the failure of Jay Cooke, resulting in the panic of 1873. Then came the scandals which were to make these eight years famous in the annals of political corruption. The scandals of the *Crédit Mobilier*, of the Whiskey Ring, of the Salary Grab, of Secretary of War Belknap, festered and broke under pressure by the Democrats and the reformers, leaving the impression that there was scarcely an honest man in public life.

Professor Hesselstine is careful to point out in his survey of this phase of Grant's history that the President inherited some of this trouble, and that in no instance could the slightest trace of dishonesty be attributed to him. As a matter of fact, Grant's high sense of honor and honesty prevented him from seeing dishonesty when it was obvious to everyone else. His fault was more culpable in the Whiskey Ring scandal than in any of the others, for the center of the ring in St. Louis was one of Grant's personal appointees and his private secretary; a member of his personal as well as of his official family was equally implicated. Grant was totally unable to read character, and even when his friends were shown to be deeply involved he refused to accept the evidence.

In discussing Grant's activities in the famous election of 1876, Hesselstine substantiates the findings of all modern his-

torians and biographers, that Tilden was elected and that the election was stolen from him in Louisiana and Florida, the Republicans having captured South Carolina through intimidation of the voters. For this disgraceful affair, President Grant must take most of the blame. He knew of the corruption existing in these states, he sent Federal troops into them ostensibly to preserve "republican government" — really to guarantee the return of Republican electors — and he upheld every move of the Republicans to declare Hayes the victor. By this time Grant had ceased to be the choice of the people; he had become the boss of the Republican party. The party had stood by him and he was prompt to pay his debt.

One of the most remarkable features of this excellent analysis of Grant, the politician, is its impartial tone. Without resorting to any of the tricks of the scandalmongers — the temptation must have been strong — the author steadily and remorselessly develops his thesis: the change from the great soldier to the party politician. Based on unimpeachable evidence, and written in a style that combines grace and dignity with interest, "Ulysses S. Grant, Politician" is a very important contribution to the literature on Grant, and to the history of the United States in the nineteenth century.

E. H. O'NEILL

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, Statesman of Secession and Reunion. By Wirt Armistead Cate. The University of North Carolina Press, \$5.00.

THE thoroughly southern University of North Carolina Press published this long and very traditional biography of the South's most able statesman of reunion. The tradition it is written in is not widely followed today. The author avoids completely all the vulgarities and insights of the psychological biographers, the corruption and truth of economic interpreters, and the sweeping deductions of the anthropological schools. The book follows an unhurried chronological order. It traces the family tree to the seventeenth century. It talks about Lamar's education and marriage and comings and goings. It presents its evidence with no interpretation and takes for granted an acceptance of all evidence at strict face value.

Wirt Armistead Cate rigidly denies himself any unity that might be called merely artistic unity — this is no masquerading novel. But in avoiding so carefully the taint of prose fiction he tends to miss also purely historical comprehensibility. The book is the rather external chronicle of a man's action, almost the raw material for a biography. Lamar's actions are linked together too much by dates. His family life, private business, local political work, education, traveling, and his southern and national statesmanship are understood to be working on each other, but there is small attempt explicitly to rationalize from the material any generalized forces. This does give a kind of objectivity. An objective definition of Lamar's stature in American history appears to be the primary purpose of the book, but the objectivity is not altogether fruitful. It shows how important a great many contemporaries thought Lamar was, but a reader doesn't feel he has been given a proper chance to judge for himself, nor that the author has fully explained his own high estimation.

Lucius Q. C. Lamar (Quintus Cincinnatus) was born in 1825 to a Georgian branch of one of the South's ruling families. He had a good education, became a lawyer and a law professor, married and settled down in Oxford, Mississippi. He was a promising young States' Rights man in Congress before the War (Civil), and during it he worked for the South as a statesman, a soldier, and after being wounded and threatened with epilepsy, as a diplomat. At the time of Secession he made the beautiful proposal that the southern states should adopt the American Constitution verbatim as the organic law of the Confederacy. He reëntered national politics during Reconstruction days, and first as a Representative and then as a Senator led in the "redemption" of the South and in the reconciliation of the sections. Cleveland made him Secretary of the Interior, and finally, in 1888, he became the first southerner and Democrat after the War to be appointed Justice of the Supreme Court.

In the slow and difficult labor of disarming northern suspicion of southern "rebels," of finally putting into dead history the whole conflict of secession, and of eliminating the "bloody shirt" from American politics, Lamar worked more effectively than anyone. After reëntering Congress in 1873, his

first important speech was a eulogy of Charles Sumner, a surprising speech for the "southerner of the southerners" and the most famous of his life. While never hinting that he had changed his mind about the right of the southern cause, he finally and completely accepted on the national plane the results of the "bloody arbitrament," and sought mutual knowledge and charity between North and South. This labor, done expressly for the nation, and Lamar's most important work, the author shows excellently.

Lamar linked his national efforts very consciously with his particular aspirations for the South and for Mississippi. To him the latter were frankly primary, at least until he was rather old. It is in interpreting his work for the South that Mr. Cate seems to assume a number of premises which many of his readers won't share. The "black Republican" governments of the South depended on the armed patrols of an unfriendly North, and it was from these "scalawag" and "carpetbag" governments that Mississippi wanted redemption. The author shows that Lamar accepted the constitutional freedom of the slaves and the impossibility ever of withdrawing from the Union, but he gives the impression that aside from these concessions, Lamar wanted the South to be just the same as before the war. Mr. Cate is probably correct, but he rather assumes than demonstrates that this was the proper attitude.

Lamar considered himself a "conservative Democrat," but in regard to most issues not enough material is given to get a very complete picture of what he meant by this. He was for a low tariff, low taxes and for "sound" versus "greenback" money. He objected to dishonesty in government, and administered the Interior Department, with the vastly important Land Office, brilliantly and scrupulously. He believed in the efficacy of education and did good work to advance public schools. His conception of a public servant was high and he never betrayed it. In these matters the specific problem of rebuilding the South hardly arises, except in so far as they opposed the dominant northern policy favoring in a different way the new industrialism.

We have a fuller picture, however, of his attitude toward the negroes. In general it can be said that the Republicans are shown always wrong and Lamar always right. There are more

reasons to question this view than the author seems to assume. The truly pernicious governments set over the southern states after the War are accused of being the sole and sufficient reason why the color line was bitterly and so permanently drawn through southern politics and life. Lamar is pictured as protesting against this and trying to eradicate its evil consequences. Lamar was certainly no southern "Bourbon," and was relatively enlightened when compared with his southern neighbors, but he showed no appreciation of the fact that some Americans wanted real and actual equality for the negroes. To him it was blind hatred that made some northerners prefer, if there were only that choice, government dominated by negroes to government by the old southerners. He simply could not conceive of the Civil War emotion about "redeeming" the negro. Several quotations may illustrate his viewpoint:

"I have just emerged from a struggle to keep our people from a race conflict. I am not sure yet that we are safe, for the *black* line is still maintained by the agents of the Federal government. The negro race, which has no idea of a principle of government or of society beyond that of obedience to the mandate of a master, sees in these agents the only embodiment of authority. . . . We could, by forming the 'color line,' and bringing to bear those agencies which intellect, pluck, and will always give, overcome the stolid, inert, and illiterate majority; but such a victory will bring about conflicts and race passions and collisions with Federal power.

"Whilst I have labored to come to an opposite conclusion, I am satisfied that the experiment of trying to make self-governing people out of the negroes will fail — in fact, has already failed."

"*We white people ought to keep united.* So much of our highest interest, of our truest prosperity, and of our best hope depends upon this union, that brethren of the same blood must not allow themselves to divide between contending parties or over the claims of party candidates; for here in Mississippi unity of purpose and concert of action (and very vigorous action at that) are not a policy, not a sentiment, not a principle, but a supreme necessity of self-preservation, an only refuge from ruin and woe.

[If the Federal government should at once and entirely cease to interfere in the affairs of Mississippi] "the rights of personal security and of property would be under the changed circumstances referred to as secure as they are in any community on earth. The disturbances there now are purely of a political

nature. Public opinion in that state regards any white man as ignoble and cowardly who would cheat a negro or take advantage of him in a trade or who would wantonly do him a personal injury. . . . The suffrage and other political rights would, with occasional disturbances for a short period, be quickly secured to the freedmen."

Although a northern reader, as I'm afraid I have too clearly indicated, might find many occasions to differ with Mr. Cate's handling of his subject, he, like any other, will find an enormous interest in it. The biography shows in a now unusual way the career of a fine and gifted man and brings one deeply into a full period of our history. Exceptions to the book as a critical biography only make it more valuable as in itself a source book for the history it treats.

PHILIP BURNHAM

EUGENE O'NEILL: A Poet's Quest. By Richard Dana Skinner. Longmans, Green, \$2.00.

A DRAMATIST, or any other creative writer, may lead a double life in his work. He may use themes and motives as they come to him from the vast, many-voiced sounding-board of living, and so treat each subject according to its appeal of the moment — hiding behind characters, and interesting himself primarily in the dramatic values of his plays and in the proper presentation of his story. Yet, in that region of his psyche which for convenience we will call his unconscious, he may give himself away (to the thoughtful few, at least) as revealing under his subject-matter, and back of his external picture of life, the sensitive flux-and-flow of his own soul as it struggles on to the desired goal.

The plays of the poet-playwright are thus masks to be removed by the knowing in order to detect the essential soul-struggle down beneath all his fables. No easy task, this! Apply the theory to Shakespeare and you have the explanation why for 300 years and more critics have been guessing about his views on this, that and the other — including the identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Frank Harris thinks he can decipher the mystery. Most scholars give it up.

This line of thought is suggested by a sympathetic reading of

BOOK REVIEWS



R. Dana Skinner's "Eugene O'Neill: A Poet's Quest." Not to perceive that Mr. Skinner is essaying exactly what I have indicated: that is, not an evaluation of the comparative dramatic values of the plays, but rather an enlightened attempt to trace the spiritual to-and-fro of his quest for the harmonic beauty which is life's best justification, is to miss the meaning of his book. One must hail so valiant an effort, whether accepting the point of view or not, recognizing it as a most worthy adventure in serious constructive criticism. Especially is it welcome since our leading contemporary dramatist shows startling contrasts — spiritual ups-and-downs, we may call them. Compare, for example, two such plays as "Desire Under the Elms" and "Days Without End" — the latest drama seen in New York. They might stand for diametrically opposite interpretations of the riddle of human existence.

But it is one of the merits of Mr. Skinner's study that he reconciles all inconsistencies by positing the duality of O'Neill's nature — like the duality of all of us! The author does not make the mistake of arguing from "Days Without End" that O'Neill has reached a point, a sort of intellectual terminal of his career, where the grim contradictions of life which he has long fought merge in a final mood of peace and faith. On the contrary, he frankly concedes that very likely throughout his creation to the last, this playwright, in his representational depictions through story, will be now on the spiritual heights, or heading that way; again in the dark valleys of doubt, well-nigh despair. It is a poet's Pilgrim's Progress he wishes to paint; and such gain as is registered comes out of the painful combat exhibited by his storm-tossed dramatis personae — the masks of his manikins, with the poet concealed behind the synthesis of those masks.

The book makes another point with which I happen to be in complete agreement. Mr. Skinner believes that O'Neill's deepest significance lies in his poetic vision. I, too, have always felt that this dramatist has been injured in the house of his friends who over-emphasize such plays as "Strange Interlude" and "Mourning Becomes Electra" — powerful as they are — and see less of import in other plays like "Beyond The Horizon" (it is the reviewer's gratification that he was one of three committeemen to award the Pulitzer Prize to that drama),

“Marco Millions,” “The Fountain,” and “Lazarus Laughed.” Among the early one-acters, I think “The Moon of The Caribbees” stands out for excellence just because it poetizes a realistic theme. The very title implies romantic atmosphere. In the final estimate, O’Neill will survive for his poetic interpretation of the human show. Influenced, doubtless, by the scientific determinism of our day, and adopting the current realism of theme and dialogue, nevertheless, O’Neill is at his best when he responds to that lyric cry native to his spirit. It is a merit of the Skinner analysis, it seems to me, that he is aware of this and appraises the work accordingly.

Mr. Skinner’s ideology is colored by his sense of spiritual realities, and for this reason plenty of O’Neill students and critics will demur to a treatment which insists on subjecting the poet to concepts which, if not unfamiliar to him, may be to those who would appraise his work and worth. I for one am quite willing to concede Mr. Skinner’s approach, since it results in a sympathetic comprehension of the underlying meaning of the twenty-odd dramas of Eugene O’Neill. At times, as I read, I almost wonder if such an insight as is here shown may not reveal O’Neill to himself! The author tells us that it was agreed between O’Neill and himself that the dramatist was not to see the manuscript of the book before publication. This was to give Mr. Skinner a free hand when he strove to offer his own reaction to what he describes as the “inner continuity” of the plays. These deeply suggestive words were written by dramatist to critic: “Whatever ‘inner continuity’ there may be in these plays, I gladly leave to you to unravel — for whether I shall agree with you or not . . . it is undoubtedly true that an author is not always conscious of the deeper implications of his writings while he is actually at work on them, and perhaps never becomes fully aware of all he has revealed.”

One more word as to the method used in unfolding the thesis. The book begins with several preliminary chapters in which the author clearly places O’Neill in his marked individualism always relative to his changing generation. This is ably accomplished. Then follows the remainder of the study in which, in strict chronologic order, the plays are considered. A valuable part of this sequent analysis lies in the fact that

the playwright has given Mr. Skinner a detailed statement not only of the years of composition, but of the very months or parts of the given year. It is thus disclosed that some dramas had several drafts before completion: "Days Without End," to illustrate, was not finished until a final fourth draft in 1933.

It is impossible to rise from a reflective reading of such a work as this without a sense of gratitude that so penetrating a light has been shed upon the genius of a man so often baffling to a hasty scrutiny, or to an examination less perceptive.

RICHARD BURTON

NOTES OF DEATH AND LIFE. By Theodore Morrison.
Thomas Crowell, \$2.00.

MR. THEODORE MORRISON has both the naturalness of the born poet and the artistry of the conscious and schooled craftsman. His poetry has accents of high beauty, though the music is present only in notes, and it has also a high seriousness, though that seriousness is often too sober.

In his second volume of poetry, "Notes of Death and Life," he has shown again his absorption in the serious subjects common to poets of all ages. Though we cannot be "lovers of death," he says, "death is no tragedy for those who die," and even those who live find "our thought of death is filial to our thought of life." "Life itself," he proclaims with something of Santayana's philosophy, "contains its ideal goal," and to this goal he has only too evidently given all his "weight of solitary thought," his "own hard wrestling with the world," all that he counts as "fruits of mind."

With these attitudes toward death and life are involved Mr. Morrison's hatred of war, most painfully realized in "A Lay Requiem," most bitterly satirized in "Thoughts on the Present Discontent." But even more bitter is his hatred of the economic struggles that cripple people and nations; he prays for the "more honorable death" of civil war, the "glorious revolution of the exploited." His indignation at war and injustice is nowhere better expressed than in his "Thoughts on the Present Discontent"; and the publication of this poem in a comparatively new and radical magazine is evidence of its very real and pertinent concern with modern problems.

Mr. Morrison is absorbed also in the forms and techniques of verse which reach back into the past. The predominant meter he uses is blank verse, and the verse patterns in the short lyrics, while freshly and skilfully used, show no great originality. For Mr. Morrison is wisely content to express his own meditations in his own sincere and well-schooled way. That this way shows the discipline of careful attention to form, of respect for the purity and dignity of the English language, is to be admired; that it shows also the restrictions and weaknesses of outmoded fashions of expression is to be regretted.

That absorption in the poetry of the past which colors his poetry unfortunately distracts one from it to the poetry of others. If, as one of our most learned literary critics has said, the mantle of Wordsworth has fallen upon Mr. Morrison, it may be even more true, as another of his fellow poets has concluded, that "not the mantle but the blanket, the carpet of Wordsworth, has fallen upon him and almost crushed him." Not only can the very patterns of that carpet be discerned in some of his poems, but in almost all of them can be found the frayed ends of poetry of another day. Mr. Morrison's ability to use hard words, homely images, telling phrases, such as "nasal drill," a horse "munching his oats and grain," a man "drawing the bedclothes round" — adds definitely a vigorous note of reality and modernity to many of his best poems. His inability to recognize that certain other terms are tag-ends of worn-out fashions of expression, weakens and antiquates and spots others of his verses. It is distinctly annoying to find in all too many of his poems the use of elisions, and of obsolete phrases and terms such as "thus haply," "except it waft," "sole amid," "passing old," and "vale." Like Wordsworth, Mr. Morrison is too given to the use of high-sounding abstractions and terms such as "noble," "soberly," "pious"; like Arnold, he is guilty occasionally of a stiff pedantic tendency to pad.

These defects of Mr. Morrison's thinking and technique are, it seems, so obvious to the modern ear and mind that they cannot be disregarded, and are better recognized so that they may be cleared away for appreciation of his virtues. For virtues, and even charms, his poetry has in fine and solid degree. Mr. Morrison is a poet who thinks consciously and carefully; and

that is no small credit in these days of cultivation of the subconscious, the abnormal, the merely associated, to the exclusion of the conscious, the healthy and the logical. He has been absorbed in the great human problems of thinking and living; he has sought and found replies

"To longing that cried out for some clear way
Toward love and toward high effort."

That he takes his thinking and his poetry too seriously, a common fault of sober young poets, is obvious; that he needs to cultivate and reach that "playfulness," to use Robert Frost's term, which is the result of the objective attitude of the mature artist, is less obvious but more serious. Despite the deep and moving sincerity of "A Lay Requiem," and its faithful yet skilfully modernized use of the classical traditions of pastoral elegy, the whole writing of the poem may be questioned; for the death of a brother by cancer is too near a man for him to write a poem about it that moves, without making uncomfortable the writer and the reader.

In his "Thoughts about the Present Discontent," Mr. Morrison is more successful in his mature handling of material, and most successful in his technique. Here can best be seen his effective use of refrain. The repeating and reweaving of phrases into the fabric of "A Hymn of Earth," the fine picking up and circling back to early motifs in "The Wood Lily," are most musical and lovely — and are evidence of that appreciation and understanding of music which Mr. Morrison expresses with rare ability. The beautiful free rhythms of "The Days of Light," the magical simplicity of the nature lyric "Kindred," the swing of the ballad "Incident of a Voyage from Amsterdam to England," and the splendid vigor of "Stanzas for Epiphany," mark Mr. Morrison as a poet of varied and skilful metrical achievement.

The last poem is the most original and interesting. A drinking and Christmas song, its combination of naïve Christian piety and pagan love of drink and fellowship, of homely realism —

"Drink a bumper to the donkey and to
the fleas he dwelt amid"

— and simple beauty and dignity such as the couplet —

“Certain shepherds there were who came in great awe
To gaze on the young God asleep in the straw”

— make it a joy at every reading.

And while Mr. Morrison is guilty of writing phrases and whole lines of pure prose, he is capable also of writing phrases and verses of inevitable rightness, freshness and loveliness. Such phrases come most often when he is describing nature, as when he says:

“the rainfall, suddenly ceasing, opens the sky,”

“the air is a garment worn by singing birds,”

“the dark-eaved hemlock forest” mirror their “profiles faint in the wavering sheen of the water;”

“a spray of snowy music

Blown lightly from the storm-bound sparrow’s throat

In unconsidered earthliness.”

His images are fresh and often startling: “the cold-eared stars,” “the salty haycocks,” “that strange glass, the eye,” and “those waxen caves, the ear,” the “delicate pander” — the bee — “booming through the leaves.” As beautiful as his passages on music are those on light — “Light the impalpable and strange,” “the swift of foot,” “shining in the barriers of the sea.” He manages place names with delight and musical skill.

Such phrases are evidence of the natural gift of the poet; they are evidence also of the cultivated perfection of the artist. Mr. Morrison’s music is not always sustained but it is always recurrent. In these days when the extremes of raw and sensational, or erudite and experimental verse are preferred, it is good to be able to congratulate publishers on their taste and courage in printing a book of verse so finished and so serious. It is satisfying to discover a poet who, if he goes on to write verse of a high “playfulness,” may well become a most distinguished writer.

MILDRED BOIE



Contributors' Column

Jesse Stuart ("Songs of a Mountain Plowman") is a Kentucky farmer and school-teacher who is rapidly becoming a poet of considerable note. He is the author of "Man with a Bull-tongue Plow," and we understand that he is contemplating a new book of verse.

Charles Magee Adams ("Recovery of What?") is a columnist and radio editor. He is well-known to North American Review readers through a long series of articles dealing with fundamental problems in present-day American life.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould ("An Essay on Essays") is a distinguished essayist and writer of short stories. She is the author of "The Aristocratic West" and other volumes.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin ("Going after the Cows in a Fog"), whose novel "Red Sky in the Morning" has recently been published by Macmillan, is a well-known poet.

Frank Kent ("New Deal Catharsis") is Editor of the Baltimore Sun. He has done political reporting for over thirty-five years, and is the author of "The Story of Maryland Politics" and "The Democratic Party: History."

George Hull, Jr. ("Profit Sharing") is the son of the George Hull of "Industrial Depressions" fame. In his own book, "Perpetual Prosperity: the Hull Plan" (to which William Lyon Phelps wrote the introduction) he outlines his ideas for a wiser capitalism.

Josephine Niggli ("Mexico, My Beloved") is a young playwright who is studying with the Carolina Playmakers at Chapel Hill. Her home, however, is in Monterrey, Mexico; and Mexico, "the country I love so much," is the subject of all her work.

Philip Stevenson ("Mexican Small Town") is the author of two novels, "The Edge of the Nest" and "To Saint Luke's." His "God's in His Heaven" has been produced in several cities by the Theatre Union.

Brooke Waring ("Martinez, and Mexico's Renaissance") is herself a talented painter, and the only American pupil of Alfredo Martinez. She has done several murals; and, during December, her paintings are on exhibit at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco.

Margaret Partridge Burden ("Name Five Venezuelan Ventriloquists!") is a daughter of the late William Ordway Partridge, the distinguished sculptor. She is a student of painting, and has worked under George Pierce Ennis and other American teachers.

Herbert C. Pell ("Reorganizing These United States") is a former Member of Congress and New York Democratic State Chairman. He is at present engaged mostly in writing.

Joseph Fulling Fishman ("Old Calamity") was, for more than ten years, the only Inspector of Prisons for the U. S. Government. He is the author of several books on prison problems, and teaches at the New School for Social Research in New York City.

Winfield Townley Scott ("Where Ignorant Armies") has just received the Guarantors' Award, 1935, from Poetry magazine. He is on the staff of the Providence Journal, and of the English Department, Brown University. We do not know whether he is related to the general!

E. H. O'Neill ("Modern American Biography") is a regular contributor to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. His history of American biography has just been published by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

William H. and Kathryn Coe Cordell ("Unions among the Unemployed") are husband and wife. Together they edit a yearly anthology of American magazine articles. Mr. Cordell's "Dark Days Ahead for King Cotton" appeared in our September issue.

Frances Frost ("The Plum Tree") is a poet who has frequently honored our pages. Readers will remember her "Road through New Hampshire" which we published last June.

Robert Turney ("Mahaley Mullens") is a former PWA worker whose play, "Daughters of Atreus," is being produced by the Theatre Guild this winter. He has studied dramatics at Columbia, the University of Toronto, in Paris and in Salzburg.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, published quarterly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1, 1935.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John Pell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: The North American Review Corporation, 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor: John Pell, 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: James H. Van Alen, 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager: Ira A. Kip, Jr., 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Edgar B. Davis, Luling, Texas; Walter B. Mahony, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN PELL, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935.

F. M. McCLELLAND, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1936.)

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