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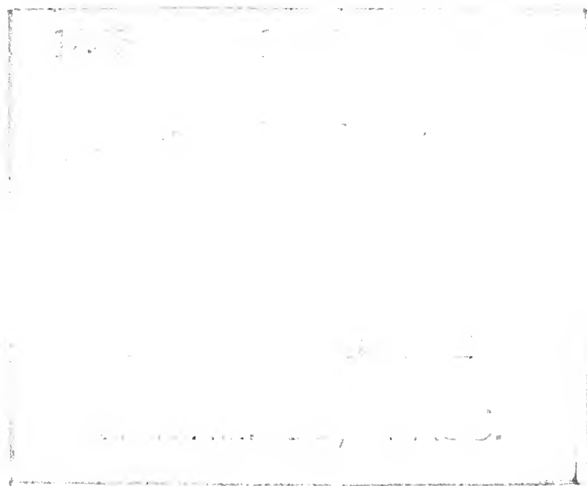

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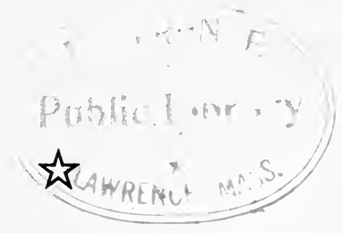
The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW



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Contributors' Column

William Allen White has long been regarded as a Will Rogers of journalism, a beloved philosopher of the West. He is the proprietor and editor of the *Emporia Daily and Weekly Gazette* which is always enlivened by his shrewd yet kindly comment. His latest book, *Puritan in Babylon*, was an excellent study of that frost-bitten nonentity, President Coolidge.

Henry Seidel Canby was an instructor in English until he became editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* in 1924. After twelve years, Mr. Canby relinquished that post and has since been one of their contributing editors. He is chairman of the board of judges for the Book-of-the-Month Club. Houghton-Mifflin are publishing his newest book, *Thoreau*, of which "Two Women" is a chapter.

It seems to us that a woman who has had published about seventy-five articles would be a professional writer, but Marie Kimball assures us that writing is one of her hobbies. Her vocation is being the wife of Fiske Kimball, director of the Philadelphia Museum, and her avocations include cooking (she publishes in women's magazines her culinary discoveries) and translating. Her literary expeditions began when she translated articles for the San Francisco *Chronicle* at twelve years of age.

The list of books written by Reginald Wright Kauffman looks somewhat like a publisher's book-list. He has been associated with *Saturday Evening Post*, *Delineator* and *Hampton's Magazine* on their editorial staffs, was a war correspondent, and, as well as serious books and novels, he has written much juvenile fiction. He is also the author of numerous screen plays.

Herbert Wright's business is international law, so he should know the angles on diplomacy. He is a member of the executive council of the American Society of International Law, and has spent the last nine years as head of the department of politics at the Catholic University of America.

Continued on page vi

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Dean Griffith's residence in Washington has made possible a first-hand study of these changes. The new rôle of the administration, the decay of Congressional government, the changing nature of the judicial process, and the almost complete passing of federalism are among the topics dealt with at length.

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GEORGE J. HEXTER is a free lance journalist who has contributed articles on industrial relations to trade papers. He is also co-author of a book entitled *What's Your Allergy?* which is scheduled for Fall publication.

FLETCHER PRATT started out as a librarian and followed the path of most aspiring young writers by working as a newspaper reporter. After three years Mr. Pratt branched out on his own and started free lancing. He became profoundly interested and well informed in naval matters when writing for The Naval Institute's publication, and he has dealt with sea power in most of his books. He has been published extensively, and came out with his first book, *The Heroic Years*, in 1934. Harrison-Hilton Books will publish his next, entitled *Sea Power and Tomorrow's War*. "The Battleship Comes Back" is a chapter from this new book.

Fresh out of Yale in 1916, FAIRFAX DOWNEY served with the Yale Batteries as lieutenant in the War. Immediately after the war he married and joined the staff of the Kansas City *Star* where his journalistic career began. He has had published eight books and his name has travelled far through articles which have appeared in many magazines.

Two years ago, after spending nine years abroad in the American Foreign Service, BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON resigned from the service, and he has since made a close study of our shipping policies. Articles, discussions and book reviews of his have been published in the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings* ever since he was nineteen.

Since 1936, HERMAN KEITER has been a professor of Religion and Religious Education at Hartwick College. For five years before that appointment he was Pastor of a church in Chicago. He has had one book published, *An Experiment With Measurement Scales in a Curriculum Unit of World Civilization* (1934) and has two more in the fire, these on religious subjects. Articles by Rev. Keiter have appeared in various denominational publications.

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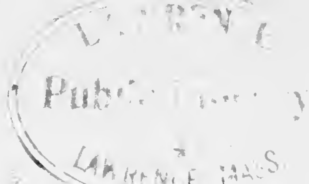


THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

VOLUME 248 AUTUMN 1939 NUMBER 1

Quarterly Comment

A YEAR AGO, as the Fall edition of the *North American Review* went to press, there was a crisis in Europe. Then came conferences, appeasement, and a thin hope of "peace within our time." Now, once again, the final days of Summer are hot with tension; there is the same frenzied massing of troops, the same last minute calling home of nationals, the same plot and counter-plot. And this year there is another crisis, only now it is Danzig instead of Prague. The names and places have changed, that is all.

It might be pertinent at this time to reprint an editorial note from an earlier issue of the *North American Review*, an editorial that runs:

"*We cannot close this article without saying a few words on the present prospects of Europe. One great advantage seems a certain result; the world must, in some degree, be regulated as formerly, by a balance of power. The most prominent evil of the times, in which we have lived, has been the constant tendency of events, to throw the whole power of the world into the hands of two nations. France obtained the land, and England the sea; till at length the former was engaged in a direct attempt to undermine the power of the latter, by destroying the intercourse of nations, and cutting off the commerce of the continent, when a succession of wonderful events utterly subverted her plans, and reduced her at once to her ancient limits,*

which twenty years of successful war had so widely extended.

"In the new arrangement of Europe, Russia and Prussia act in unison, Austria and England second each other's views; France opposes them all; on some questions joining with Austria and England against Russia; at others with Russia and Prussia against England. Prussia accedes to the wishes of the Russians for Poland; on having her support in acquiring part of the Saxon territory, and stretching her arm to the Rhine. England having no jealousy of Austria on the water, assists her schemes of aggrandizement in Italy, she giving a quitclaim of Flanders, to the Prince of Orange, who uniting this to Holland, makes a considerable kingdom in appearance, but a weak one in reality, as the Dutch and Flemings have long had a strong, mutual animosity, founded in part on a difference of religion. The country, having very little natural strength on the French frontier, is defended by the largest fortresses in the world, but which require enormous expense, and large armies for their support. Unless Holland could recover her monopoly of commerce, which seems impossible; it would hardly be politick for her to maintain such enormous artificial works; on the one side her dykes to defend herself from the fury of the ocean; on the other these Flemish fortifications to oppose the ambition of France, as restless, turbulent, and encroaching as the waves of that ocean. The Poles, the Saxons, the Dutch, the Flemings and the Italians are all dissatisfied, and all protest against these arrangements.

"There is apparent in these plans, a total disregard of the rights of the weaker people, and a general spirit of extending, rather than of improving the dominions of the larger powers. If the smaller states are doomed to be swallowed up, the monopoly of four or five will not insure tranquillity, and after having devoured others, there will be new contests for the destruction of one another. After all that may have been gained, by the wide spread of intelligence, and the removal of some abuses, Europe

may perhaps be incurably diseased. Loaded with impositions, crippled with debts, either actual bankrupts, or on the eve of becoming so; devoured with enormous standing armies, polluted with the desires and habits of war, there is no solid hope that the miseries of its inhabitants can have any termination."

THE FOREGOING WAS PUBLISHED a century and a quarter ago, in the first volume of the *North American Review*. The War of 1812 had just been brought to a close. Andrew Jackson had won his victory at New Orleans, and the British blockade of New York had ended with the arrival of messengers, on February 11, 1815, with terms of the British-American peace treaty signed seven weeks before in Ghent.

What has the history of that century and a quarter been? What advance has been made, what lessons have been learned, what mistakes, once made were profited by and since avoided?

We in America are fortunate in being able readily to evaluate our history. We can see what things we have gained, in our rapid material progress, and what things we have lost. We hear democracy criticized today by various foreign powers as an impractical and slovenly method of government, but we have seen how that system has lasted through the years, how it has, with no great strain, accomplished what is apparently impossible in Europe. For we have seen diverse races and creeds and nationalities intermingled in this land of ours, and the result has been good. America has prospered, despite gross inefficiency at times in our national management; America has thrived and grown, notwithstanding that more often than once it has been plundered and looted by public servants.

And the reason for this may well be that there is rugged

strength in the American ideal of democracy, that there is merit in the theory that men of differing antecedents can live in close harmony and kinship.

There is hope for America — and in that hope lies the future of civilization.

The recent history of Europe is another matter. The same century and a quarter that saw the onward march of the United States saw but little political advance in Europe. The editorial written by William Tudor II, in May of 1815, could be written as justly today. For during those hundred and twenty-five years, two struggles have been going on — the humble man's struggle for democracy and freedom, and the struggle for power.

In Europe the struggle for power has always won.

It may indeed be true that Europe is incurably diseased. Twenty years ago we assisted in providing a temporary peace, a peace that in these past few years has proved more costly to the spirit of man than a dozen wars. We have seen every canon of human decency violated; we have seen moral obligations disregarded, small nations sacrificed, an entire race of people subjected to the bloodiest pogrom in the history of "civilized" times. We have been told that had we joined the League of Nations much of this would not have taken place, but weak indeed must be a continent of nations that needs the moral lash of a schoolmaster three thousand miles away.

Twenty-five years ago we were asked to interfere, in the cause of democracy, in Europe. Undoubtedly we will soon be asked again. But this time we should ask in reply, "Just what democracy do you mean? Just what guarantee have we that the 'democracy' for which you plead so eloquently is the democracy for which 125,000 Americans once sacrificed their lives in vain? Isn't it actually a struggle for power for which you want our aid?"

In that struggle for power we should not — *we cannot* — be interested. Power is a temporal thing, as evidenced too often in the past. Power alone is no foundation on which to build up a future. It may be argued that once power is assured, democracy and human liberty will follow, but this is not necessarily so. Certainly it is not the principle on which the United States grew to importance in the world. And we cannot welcome the prospect of a future in which, every second decade, we must sacrifice American wealth and American lives for the preservation of a trouble-breeding balance of power on the European continent.

It is more than possible that that struggle is a hopeless and an insoluble one. It has gone on too long. It has cost too much. The harvest from the seeds of discord sown in the Europe of today will be reaped in the generations to come, a harvest of hatred and bigotry and spiritual weakness.

America was built up by the thousands that in the past sought escape from all this. Our country is no less a refuge today than it was a century and a quarter ago, when the first issue of this magazine appeared. Europe contributed to the building up of America only in so far as it gave our ancestors an incentive to reach out for new lands and a new life. Our democracy came into being because the governments of Europe were the reverse of democratic; out of the suppression and strife of the old world came the freedom and tolerance of a new order.

Today America is in danger of losing its heritage. The political chaos of Europe has already found reflection within our borders; the very qualities on which we pride ourselves — liberty and tolerance and individuality — are daily being threatened.

This is not the America for which our forefathers

worked. It is not our destiny to be a raucous echo of Europe's bickering. Our first duty, to ourselves and to mankind, is the preservation of our ideals within our own borders. It is a compliment to our national pride to be asked to help dominate a world gone mad, but is a compliment too costly for us to accept.

As long as Europe concerns itself primarily with a struggle for "balance of power," there will be no lasting peace within its borders. The picture has not changed from that presented by the first editor of the *North American Review*. There is still a total disregard for the rights of smaller people, still new contests between major nations for the destruction of one another.

In 1939, as in 1815, there is no solid hope that the miseries of its inhabitants can have any termination.

JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

The Eminent Editor Surveys the Future of Western America.

How May the West Survive?

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, the young philosopher who was the founder of what by broad courtesy has been called Christian civilization, stood on a rise of ground under a great cliff at the top of a talus slope rolling toward the Sea of Galilee. There he delivered the gist and epitome of his life's creed. It was called the Sermon on the Mount. He was a skilled and powerful dialectician. That Sermon, which apparently he had prepared with all the rhetorical power of his ardent nature, was destined to be his message to mankind. The message of the Christ became the philosophical groundwork of a civilization that took his name.

It was not accidental then, but with artistic premeditation, that he opened this Sermon with the words "Blessed be the poor in spirit!" For the whole drift and tenor of his life and teaching urged men to that modesty, that abstention from pride and arrogance, that simplicity and nobly gentle candid courage in meeting life which is so well designated by the phrase "poor in spirit." Of course, there on the Mount, beside the Sea of Galilee, Jesus of Nazareth set forth no hard and fast rules of conduct; no minute directions for living did he proclaim. His sermon was an exhortation, the statement of an ideal, an

ideal which, alas, no man or no people ever has realized and which probably he knew never would be fully translated perfectly into human conduct.

In considering the survival of the West as we know that area of the United States, beyond Pittsburgh and Buffalo, on across our land through the Great Valley of the Mississippi, over the mountains to the Pacific, I like to think that men who moved into this area have been coming there for one hundred fifty years less hampered by tradition, less circumscribed by the lariat of formal legalities and less bound by priest or authoritative creed, by social and economic restrictions than were the men of any other great movement of human population in recorded time. They were free, these pioneers of our American West. The rising price of land, when they touched it with their plows, furnished for a century an increment which released the people in that area and kept them decently free from unnecessary penury and man-made poverty. Indeed that increment — shall we say unearned increment? — of the land of the west, brought prosperity to this whole nation, North, South and West.

While the flood of humanity from the other American states and from Europe rolled westward over this new land, great fortunes were made in those valleys, from those mountain mines, out of those rich prairies and upon those bleak and beautiful plains. Wise institutions were established in the West, rich commonwealths were built up, and a decent approximate of just and equitable living was established there among men. For fifty years at least, one might say broadly, but not exactly, of course, that in the civilization which our pioneers founded, were not rich nor poor. Certainly only one class, the middle class, persisted.

The middle class lived for a generation or two upon the bounty of a virgin land, a land of veritable milk and honey. The people of that great hegira to the West did not realize whence the prosperity came which made their justice possible. They were open-handed, neighborly, kind, munificent in their beneficences, even tolerant of rapacious scoundrels and, in many cases, regal in their institutional grant to rascals, because the people living on the rising prices of land could well afford to be generous.

But withal, the Westerners did keep to the middle way of life. They did set up as their ideal of conduct a decent respect for the opinion of mankind, along with a lively sense of the blessings before them, and a rather keen appreciation of their own importance. Of course they liked to brag. In prosperity, the best of us struts a bit. But for all of their outer brag and bluster, these Western men and women were "poor in spirit." For them, this West was in truth the Kingdom of Heaven, and they loved it. They cherished their West in affection for a century and a half. But today they are baffled, bewildered and heartsick at the inequities of this wide world which now threaten and challenge their life. I mean those deep, economic and social wrongs which mock their philosophy and which assail their democratic claims.

In that fair land out there which they love so well because it has been kind to them, because it has sustained three or four generations in the wilderness which they conquered and because it has made what passes in their hearts at least as a Utopia, they ask themselves why should all this perish? Amid their doubts and conflicts, the children of the pioneers cry out. "We thought we had established the work of our hands under God somewhat

following, though blindly and falteringly, the faith that we found in the little white church, the free church standing beside the little red schoolhouse, the free schoolhouse. And yet there on the horizon we see this great cloud of danger. What shall we do to be saved?"

Probably the answer will have to come from the little red schoolhouse. But the answer will come only if the little white church holds the fort of its faith in God and men in the fellowship of mutual aid, faith in some kind of democratic equality of opportunity. The increment of the land which kept men free no longer is the rock of their social and economic salvation. No longer can the prosperity of our country float upon the increase in the price of the virgin earth.

Indeed we have fairly well demonstrated that the land itself which furnishes the food, the clothing and the housing of our nation is not self supporting. At least land is not self supporting in the style to which we have been accustomed. If our farmers are not to be degraded into a peasantry, if they are to remain in the middle class enjoying the purely physical privileges and immunities, the educational advantages and the intellectual development of the middle class, we must fertilize the soil; we must even subsidize in some way the business of farming. How, Heaven knows! I have no solution for the farm problem. But the problem is here. Being here, it advertises the end of reliance upon the earth and the fullness thereof to keep the economic machinery of this nation going. Working to its full, the broad acres of this land, not only of the West but of the entire country, would not produce more than enough to keep the population of the United States upon a level comparable with that of the American middle class.

It is obvious then that if the West survives we must find

some way as a nation, particularly applicable to those vast areas that we call the West — some way to produce more goods and chattels. We must increase production if the West survives. Sweeping aside social vision and economic theory, getting down to the cold, hard truth about production, it may be truthfully said, I think, that the only way to increase production in this land, East, West, or South, is to get more power out of fuel. We are now getting, say between thirty-five and thirty-eight percent capacity out of our fuel. It may be likely, in the next decade, that we may bring that saving of power from fuel up to forty-five. Possibly in a generation we may raise it a few points more.

The raising of these points in the percent of power we can get out of fuel would add tremendously to our stock of goods. To increase the power of fuel even a few percent would add a considerable mass to our production, a mass quite comparable to the annual increase in the increment of the land of the nineteenth century. This increment kept the West busy and established in our land a prosperity out of which for more than a hundred years we could afford a greater approximate of justice in human relations than any other nation in the world could maintain. And let me repeat, we used this increment so well under our social philosophy and with our middle class intelligence, that despite what rascals stole and what wasters scattered, we erected for one hundred fifty years a standard of living here and an ideal of justice under liberty that was the envy of mankind.

Without our philosophy, let us call it frankly our religion — for our democratic faith was our religion, a phase of the Christian religion — it is fair to say that we could not have set up a schoolhouse to keep us literate and as a people to hold us fairly wise. Without that demo-

cratic philosophy which wisdom sustains, aggrandized power would have arrogated to itself such a percent of the growing land increment that another civilization might have come here, a hard, cruel civilization like that which the Spaniards planted to the South of us. Under a philosophy of force, setting up tyrants on this new land of the West, a civilization might have been built here wherein our common prosperity would have been divided among barons and profiteers and doled out to a race of slaves.

But the very freedom which we sought, the very justice which we yearned for, the very basic philosophy of our faith that made our morals and shaped our conduct, gave us the West that is. Heaven knows, it is far from perfection. The poor in enforced idleness today are crying for justice that comes with work. Today our democracy is challenged. Tomorrow it may be rejected. But we have a right to ask patience of those who challenge, for we are seeking the only way out.

We are trying in a thousand laboratories all over the land to produce more power. When the laboratories yield their secret, and when power is increased to produce its increment, may we not reasonably expect that the increment of increased power will produce justice under a philosophy which has worked, not perfectly, but humanly well in the last hundred fifty years? As we go into the employment of the many inventions that spring from the mind of man, shall the philosophy of force or the philosophy of reason be depended upon to distribute that new power? Shall the philosophy of force diverting that power to armament, chain us as it is binding Europe to a low standard of living and to the cruel injustices thereunto appertaining? Shall we abandon our democratic faith in the new era, the era of scientific progress,

this coming new pioneering era that rises like a dream come true from the embryo conceived in the little red schoolhouse? "Is democracy sufficient to hold science in the ways of justice?" That question contains in its answer the destiny of this thing we call the West.

WHAT IS THE PROBLEM down at the roots of it? Essentially it is an industrial problem. If we establish industry upon an equitable basis, we shall have done the best we can do for the farmer. For an equitable basis in industry presumes that labor shall no longer be sold in an open market as a commodity. If we are to distribute the benefits and blessings of the growth of power which will increase our production, we must give to labor a new status. Lincoln, with a scratch of the pen, started the political institutions which unshackled American labor. When labor was emancipated, under Lincoln's impulse, when a man could sell his labor in an open commodity market, our fathers said seventy-five years ago, "At last man is free!"

But man is NOT free today, offering his labor in a commodity market. Man cannot bargain alone with anything like equality, justice or fraternity, with a buyer of labor who represents a great corporate industry. The collective bargaining power of labor must be firmly established. Only that firm establishment of the collective bargaining power of labor will give labor self respect. But with that self respect must come an increased share in the products of labor. Then the self respecting working man may consume up to his capacity the things that shall come pouring out of the mills and factories as well as the products of the American farm in the new day when we shall enlarge the productive capacity of man by squeezing more power out of fuel.

What will stop that increase in the consuming power of the manual worker? It seems to me that the chief impediment just now to industrial progress is the arrogance of the owners of the tools of industry. I believe in capitalism. I do not believe in a proletarian ownership of the tools of production. It has not worked under the tyrannies of Europe, neither in Russia, nor in Central, nor in Southern Europe. It will not work here.

Labor really asks little. When a man decides to be a worker, when consciously or unconsciously he makes the decision not to go after money and the power of money as his life's first aim, but instead elects to live by the work of his hands, right then and there the average American worker indicates rather definitely that he will be happy with a middle class status. By a middle class status, I mean exactly this: a decent house equipped with modern comforts and a few luxuries, plenty of good food, respectable clothes, an education for his children which shall include high school and, if the son or daughter desires it, a college education. In addition to these decencies working men require and are beginning to demand security against sickness, old age and unemployment. These things, these rather simple middle-class blessings, will satisfy labor. And if the working man has these elements of self-respect, they will make labor a sufficient consumer to take up the slack in the consumption of goods that will come out of the new powers that men shall wrest from the forces of nature.

What holds back the realization of that ideal? It is the employers' fear and greed, a fear that is a phantom; a greed that is a curse. Let me develop this answer: in settling the West we absorbed democratically the great increment of the land values. We have established in our

West, under a hundred fifty years of freedom, a civilization far from perfect, but a tolerable civilization in which men rose and fell in some relation to their capacities, in some measure of justice. Moreover we can maintain this measure of justice in the new pioneering age of the machine, if only the boss, the man who owns the tools of industry, will have faith in his country, faith in his fellow man. We ask only that the capitalist — the man who owns the tools of industry — shall have the faith that turned the wilderness of the West into a fairly civilized land. In that faith he may go on to the next evolutionary stage of democratic progress.

But he must have faith, this inventor, this enterpriser, this owner of the tools of production. I seriously fear that the problem child of our democratic civilization today is not the labor racketeer, who is only a nuisance with his nagging demands for the tool workers, but rather our problem child is the man in the front office, the man at the flat-topped desk, the capitalist, the owner, whether he be a soulless corporate entity or a finite man mildly mad with a delusion of the danger to his property rights. Some of the trouble with him, of course, is pride; pride that begets timidity and that begets greed; greed that is blind to the claims of justice and the ideals of fraternity.

It takes all kinds of men to make a world, men with many qualities. In our world today there is a place for all these men if they are equitably but of course not equally rewarded. No one wants, no one but a fool would try, to establish a social and industrial and economic system upon the basis of share and share alike. "In my Father's house are many mansions!" In our democracy why should the man of ten talents, because he is only one in ten, fear the man of one talent even if he is ten to one? Justice may be established between the one man and

the many by the use of reason more surely than justice may be decreed by force. People have sense.

Time and again, in the settlement of the West, has it been made clear that a social order may be erected and maintained under the capitalistic profit system — an order founded upon justice, upheld by reason and not by force, an order deeply underpinned and founded instinctively upon what has been called "sweet reasonableness and the will of God." It will not work perfectly, of course. There will be flaws, blots and blemishes. But as our old West worked fairly well despite the rascal, in the face of the pillage of the plunderer, in the distribution of the unbelievable billions of dollars of increment from the land, so the new West will work if it is underpinned with the democratic faith in what passes for a Christian civilization. We can, if we will, here and now under democracy create an equitable order for the distribution of the stupendous increase in human wealth that is rising from the enlargement of mechanical power with its increase of production.

Concluding, let me reiterate that what man did with that fabulous increase in wealth that came with the settlement of the West, man can do now as he plunges into the new era. But he must carry in his heart the two things that made the wilderness blossom as the rose. First, a neighborly faith in the decency of man. Second, a never-faltering vision of a better world. That vision the pioneers had — even the worst of them. That vision always must shine in the depths of man's heart if he moves on to those broadening liberties that follow expanding duties. It is the essence of democracy. The more liberties we enjoy the more duties we assume! That vision, dearly beloved, of justice in human relations, is what was meant when it

was written: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Force never will set up that kingdom. Our way of life here on this continent today with all its obvious inequities, with its many cruel shortcomings, still is the Utopia that glowed in the hearts of the pioneers. We have conquered much along our westward march during the century and a half — much of oppression, something of greed, a lot of foolish or wicked inequalities. But these conquests were on the battlefield within man's expanding spirit.

The man of ten talents is beginning to show an understanding heart. But our leadership must have the vision that has sustained even the poor, the underprivileged. Our men of exceptional qualities must hold the eternal hope of a just world which has inspired all human progress. America is ready for the next forward step, when the increment that comes from mechanical power replaces the surplus of wealth that rose from the settlement of the West. But progress today is only possible if into the hearts of these men of ten talents, into the heart of the boss, sitting before his smooth wide desk, can come that first amazing word of the young preacher on the Mount who opened his discourse with that passionate exhortation to humanity across the centuries, "Blessed are the *poor* in spirit, for *theirs* is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

The Strange Romances
in the Life of
the Walden "Recluse."

Two Women

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT IS THE WINTER of 1841, before his stay at Emerson's and his adventures in New York. Thoreau, sitting, doubtless, in his attic room under the sloping roof of the Parkman house, was writing down his melancholy, as his idyllic love for Ellen Sewall drifted more and more rapidly into the past. Having put his "sober play" and "sad plight" into rhythm and sent his version of a proposal of marriage to Watertown, to be refused with brevity, he was turning elsewhere for the feminine sympathy he craved:

> *Jan. 4, 1841.* I know a woman who is as true to me and as incessant with her mild rebuke as the blue sky. When I stand under her cope, instantly all pretension drops off — for she plys me like wind and rain to remove all taint. I am fortunate that I can pass and repass before her as a mirror, each day. And I prove my strength in her glances. She is far truer to me than to herself. Her eyes are such bottomless and inexhaustible depths as if they were the windows of the Nature, through which I caught glimpses of the native land of the soul.[1]

Such passages as this are warnings not to make the biography of Thoreau a history of ideas. The reader who

[1] From the unpublished Journal for this year. A slightly different version appears in Blake's *Winter*, January 4, 1841.

knows his Thoreau may answer, why not? — it is the ideas of Thoreau, or at least his phrasings of them, that have been planted so deeply in fertile minds that even now they are sending up fresh crops. Yet it is precisely this view which makes the existing biographies unsatisfactory. It is really not Thoreau's ideas which give to his best writing an authentic originality — it is his attitudes. His ideas are all borrowed; the originality is in the blending; and the secret of the blending is to be found in his own temperament expanding in his New England environment. Therefore the attitudes (and they were sometimes poses) of this youth, his loves, his hates, his scorns, his prejudices, and his inhibitions, are vital for biography, since they determine the uses he made of his thinking.

By 1843, when he came home disappointed in journalism but eager to write books, his philosophy of life was fixed, if not yet entirely articulate. He was to learn nothing more except that it is easier to make a philosophy than to carry it out, and much easier to carry it out than to explain the not-me of the world inside and outside of Concord by means of it. This philosophy of his is recorded, not always intelligibly, in the Journal in which he reported his life, and sent off daily, as he said, on a sheet postpaid to the gods: "I am clerk in their counting-room, and at evening transfer the account from day-book to ledger."[2] I shall pursue it through his quirks and puckers and preciosities, and occasional magnificent eloquences, in a later chapter, where I shall attempt to show that Henry, by his twenty-sixth year, if he had not ground up Concord in his mill, had assimilated Emerson and the Hindus and was ready to be Thoreau.

Yet how little they know of a man who know only

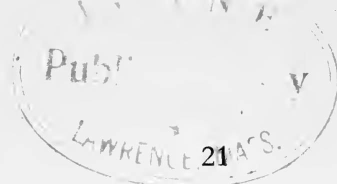
[2] Journal I, 207.

what he thinks, not how and why! There is nothing in Thoreau's philosophy, for example, to explain the fierceness of his embrace of solitude and the passion of his reactions toward human love. There is nothing to account for the passionate intensity of his love for nature.

I shall not apologize, therefore, for devoting this chapter to a Henry Thoreau who is feeling not thinking; a tender and charming Thoreau, his "prickles" all subsided, whose emotions were expanding as fast as his intellect and were always to color it. This Thoreau was, I think, never visible except to women. Only women could draw out from its hiding the tender, shy, and passionate spirit, which in his writing is always just below the surface even of his satirical passages. The conception of Henry Thoreau as a woman-hater and a sexless philosopher is easy to shatter. He was a woman's man, frustrated in his relationships with women by circumstances and his own independent, ambitious temperament.

There were at least four women in Thoreau's life, not counting his mother and sisters. With two he was in love, and one of these was Ellen. One, at least, was in love with him. Two of these women may be said to have saved him from the cold intellectuality of Concord which makes the Transcendentalism of the eager spirits gathered there in the early forties seem so brittle, so inhibited today. For *The Dial*, which was their organ, was free in everything but this — there is no passion except of the intellect in its pages.

THE WOMAN HE KNEW so well, who was truer to him than to herself, must have been the lonely invalid who looks down so sweetly in her picture, Lucy Jackson Brown. Mention has already been made of her affection for the young poet, then a senior at Harvard, who tossed "Sic



Vita" with a bunch of violets into her window. In the winter of 1841 she was as often before living at the Thoreaus', since Henry fixed her stove-door as she talked:

> Last winter, you know, you did more than your share of the talking, and I did not complain for want of an opportunity. . . .
>
> Not in a year of the gods, I fear, will such a golden approach to plain speaking revolve again.[3]

She seems to have left the Thoreaus and gone home to Plymouth in that spring when the school closed and Henry shifted his abode across the Mill Dam to the Emersons'. There the presence of her sister, Lidian, would have kept talk of her warm, even when she was not visiting them. She was his first literary confidant, which accounts for the bookish references in his letters and also for his frank confessions, as to an understanding mind, of what he hoped to do:

> Concord, January 24, 1843.
>
> Dear Friend, — . . . We always seem to be living just on the brink of a pure and lofty intercourse, which would make the ills and trivialness of life ridiculous. After each little interval, though it be but for the night, we are prepared to meet each other as gods and goddesses.
>
> I seem to have dodged all my days with one or two persons, and lived upon expectation, — as if the bud would surely blossom; and so I am content to live. . . .
>
> I am very happy in my present environment (he was at the Emersons'), though actually mean enough myself, and so, of course, all around me; yet, I am sure, we for the most part are transfigured to one another, and are that to the other which we aspire to be ourselves. The longest course of mean and trivial intercourse may not prevent my practicing this divine courtesy to my companion. Notwithstanding all I hear about brooms, and scouring, and taxes, and housekeeping, I am con-

[3] Letters to Lucy Brown, October 5, July 21, 1841; *Familiar Letters*, pp. 40, 36.

strained to live a strangely mixed life, — as if even Valhalla might have its kitchen. We are all of us Apollos serving some Admetus.

We must not smile at the elevated diction of this letter — it is quite as American as the flat familiarity of a later generation. These affectionate, deeply serious women were bringing out the best in Henry, making him forget his poses, and recognizing his spiritual cravings. They were trying so hard to be worthy of their souls, even in the kitchen of the Valhalla where Emerson dwelt:

Concord, Friday evening
January 25, 1843.

Dear Friend, — . . . I don't know whether you have got the many [letters] I have sent you, or rather whether you were quite sure where they came from. I mean the letters I have sometimes launched off eastward in my thought; but if you have been happier at one time than another, think that then you received them. . . . Why, I will send you my still fresh remembrance of the hours I have passed with you here, for I find in the remembrance of them the best gift you have left to me. We are poor and sick creatures at best; but we can have well memories, and sound and healthy thoughts of one another still, and an intercourse may be remembered which was without blur, and above us both.

Perhaps you may like to know of my estate nowadays. . . . One while I am vexed by a sense of meanness; one while I simply wonder at the mystery of life; and at another, and at another, seem to rest on my oars, as if propelled by propitious breezes from I know not what quarter. But for the most part I am an idle, inefficient, lingering (one term will do as well as another, when all are true and none true enough) member of the great commonwealth, who have most need of my own charity. . . .

Don't think me unkind because I have not written to you. I confess it was for so poor a reason as that you almost made a principle of not answering. I could not speak truly with this ugly fact in the way. . . .

After this the warmth, but not the fact, of the friendship lapsed. Even though Lucy Brown came to live in a house built by Emerson across the road, the intimacy was transferred to the younger sister.

It is difficult to learn much of Lidian Emerson, so much is she overshadowed by her husband, who, indeed, did little himself to encourage her personality beyond the home. We know that she was a constant invalid, deeply religious rather than intellectual like her sister, conscientious to a fault, and with a surpassing love for flowers and gardening. The tolerant Emerson found her sympathetic but unconverted to "newness." She thought it wicked to go to church, which must have pleased Thoreau, yet suffered from her doubts, and in her childhood was subject to religious terrors. Lidian was witty, a little shy, with a sense of duty to the home and the household which was prevailing. When she had a new order to give in the kitchen, she said, she felt like a boy who throws a stone and runs.[4] Emerson, who called her "mine Asia," says frankly that he thought of his first wife, Ellen, as one to travel with, which means, I suppose, as an emotional sharer of experience, but of Lidian as a companion in the home. Yet from the home she constantly retreated to her family in Plymouth, leaving a long succession of governesses and helpers in charge. There was, seemingly, a neurosis of some kind at the root of her ill health. Certainly Emerson was never truly intimate with his Asia, and was aware of his frequent aloofness, his coldness with her, and so was she. He led, he said rather bitterly of himself, "a bachelor existence," and apologized more than once in his letters for his lack of warmth to her. He was better, he said, as a father than as a stove!

[4] Emerson, Journal.

There was an extraordinary politeness in the Emerson household, which many have commented on,[5] that set Thoreau's prickles quivering. He lived, however, with the women, Lidian and Lucy and Sophia Foord and Mary Russell, and with the children in house or garden, making toys and instruments for little Waldo, and helping Lidian, in an atmosphere that was evidently less formal when the master was absent. He also was shy (though not too shy to read from his "The Service" to Emerson's spiritual "Sister," Caroline Sturgis). "One of our girls said," so R. W. E. notes in 1843, "that Henry never went through the kitchen without coloring." The wife and the young protégé must have been quickly drawn together, for they were constantly in each other's company. Thoreau's room in the house (it has now been made into a bathroom) was at the top of the front stairs and hence on the main-travelled way of the home.[6] While for Emerson it was "much to know that poetry has been written this very day, under this very roof, by your side," [7] he saw little of Henry in his first stay. His walks seem to have been with Ellery Channing, and the very excitement of his first boat ride with Thoreau shows that excursions with him did not happen often. The philosopher at home seems to have kept much to himself.

Thoreau's attitude toward Mrs. Emerson, say the editors of Emerson's Journal, was of respectful attention. At first, yes, as befitted the difference in their ages, but long before the two years of his residence ended there was a change. It is probable that the sudden death of little

[5] Mary Hosmer Brown, *Memories of Concord* (Boston. The Four Seas Co. 1926.), pp. 35, 36.

[6] Or at least this was his room in his second stay; presumably in his first.

[7] Emerson, Journal. September, 1842.

Waldo in January of 1842, followed by the death of Henry's beloved John in the same month, brought them closer together. Yet the presence of the warm-blooded youth in this polite household, so warm in its thinking, so cool in its decorum, is a better explanation of what happened. Lidian must have found Thoreau as sympathetic and as interesting as had her sister, but the new relations were more intimate, and she, behind her shyness, seems to have been a far more emotional person. Books did not concern her so much as her inner life, and humor was in her gift. While Emerson was in New York lecturing in '43 she wrote him of one of the famous Conversations held in the house:

> Concord, February 20, 1843.
>
> . . . The subjects were: What is Prophecy? Who is a Prophet? and The Love of Nature. Mr. Lane [Alcott's English friend who bought Fruitlands in order to devise something better than family life] decided, as for all time and the race, that this same love of nature — of which Henry was the champion, and Elizabeth Hoar and Lidian (though L. disclaimed possessing it herself) his faithful squiresses — that this love was the most subtle and dangerous of sins. . . . Henry frankly affirmed to both the wise men that they were wholly deficient in the faculty in question, and therefore could not judge of it. And Mr. Alcott as frankly answered that it was because they went beyond the mere material objects, and were filled with spiritual love and perception (as Mr. T. was not), that they seemed to Mr. Thoreau not to appreciate outward nature. I am very heavy, and have spoiled a most excellent story. I have given you no idea of the scene, which was ineffably comic, though it made no laugh at the time; I scarce laughed at it myself, — too deeply amused to give the usual sign. Henry was brave and noble; well as I have always liked him, he still grows upon me.

But she grew upon him even more. Indeed, from various references in his Journal, it seems probable that he was already deeply stirred. A year before the date of this

letter he was inserting, without relevance, in the daily record of his Journal, "Where is my heart gone? They say men cannot part with it and live." [8] Lidian was the first outside the family to whom he wrote from Staten Island:

Castleton, Staten Island, May 22, 1843.

My dear Friend, — I believe a good many conversations with you were left in an unfinished state, and now indeed I don't know where to take them up. But I will resume some of the unfinished silence. I shall not hesitate to know you. I think of you as some elder sister of mine, whom I could not have avoided, — a sort of lunar influence, — only of such age as the moon, whose time is measured by her light. You must know that you represent to me woman, for I have not traveled very far or wide, — and what if I had? I like to deal with you, for I believe you do not lie or steal, and these are very rare virtues. I thank you for your influence for two years. I was fortunate to be subjected to it, and am now to remember it. It is the noblest gift we can make; what signify all others that can be bestowed? You have helped to keep my life 'on loft,' as Chaucer says of Griselda, and in a better sense. You always seemed to look down at me as from some elevation, — some of your high humilities, — and I was the better for having to look up. I felt taxed not to disappoint your expectation; for could there be any accident so sad as to be respected for something better than we are? It was a pleasure even to go away from you . . . as it apprised me of my high relations; and such a departure is a sort of further introduction and meeting. Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.

You must not think that fate is so dark there, for even here I can see a faint reflected light over Concord, and I think that at this distance I can better weigh the value of a doubt there. Your moonlight, as I have told you, though it is a reflection of the sun, allows of bats and owls and other twilight birds to flit therein. But I am very glad that you can elevate your life with a doubt, for I am sure that it is nothing but an insatiable faith

[8] March 26, 1842; Journal I, 350.

after all that deepens and darkens its current. And your doubt and my confidence are only a difference of expression.

This is a tribute of which any woman might be proud — yet notice its restrained emotion — she is much older (she was, in fact, fifteen years older), but the Jackson women in spite of invalidism kept youthful looks. She was timeless like the moon, her influence measured by its light. For him she represents woman. What she replied I do not know, but it is evident from Henry's next letter on June 20 that something has unlocked her heart, perhaps his tender reference to her religious doubts, perhaps the manly fervor of the letter quoted above. Certainly she responded as Ellen did not, as Mrs. Brown probably could not, to Thoreau's craving, so often expressed, for a friendship which lifted as it grew warmer, which was Transcendental yet intensely human:

Staten Island, June 20, 1843.

My very dear Friend, — I have only read a page of your letter, and have come out to the top of the hill at sunset, where I can see the ocean, to prepare to read the rest. It is fitter that it should hear it than the walls of my chamber. . . . I feel as if it were a great daring to go on and read the rest, and then to live accordingly. . . . I am almost afraid to look at your letter. I see that it will make my life very steep, but it may lead to fairer prospects than this. . . .

My dear friend, it was very noble in you to write me so trustful an answer. . . . The thought of you will constantly elevate my life. . . . I think I know your thoughts without seeing you, and as well here as in Concord. You are not at all strange to me.

I could hardly believe, after the lapse of one night, that I had such a noble letter still at hand to read. . . . I looked at midnight to be sure that it was real. I feel that I am unworthy to know you, and yet they will not permit it wrongfully. . . .

My friend, I have read your letter as if I was not reading it. After each pause I could defer the rest forever. . . . What have we to do with petty rumbling news? We have our own great

> affairs. Sometimes in Concord I found my actions dictated, as it were, by your influence, and though it led almost to trivial Hindoo observances, yet it was good and elevating. . . .
>
> I send my love to my other friend and brother, whose nobleness I slowly recognize. HENRY

After two years under his roof, it is only slowly that Thoreau recognizes the nobleness of his "friend and brother," Emerson! Surely it was because of lack of opportunity, not doubt. Lidian, not Emerson, has been the great influence in his emotional life, and this letter, with its over-tensity of feeling, is a cogent explanation of the Platonisms of the essay on Friendship. Here is a source more important than his reading for his obsession with love which is friendship and friendship which is love, and also, I am sure, of many passionate passages in his Journal where the substitution of a "she" brings them close to these letters. It was the beginning also, I fear, of a lifelong frustration. For Lidian was a wife and mother, and she was certainly enough awake emotionally to recognize that his letter, for all its ethereal morality, was perilously close to love, by any definition. Her letter had been an exhortation by a dear friend to live a life worthy of him and of her — but it was read, though Henry would have denied it, as a love letter is read.

Certainly, she took fright. I believe she must have written him a cooling epistle. His next recorded letter to her was not written until October 16, and deals precisely with the "petty rumbling news" which was to be unnecessary between them. He tells her that W. H. Channing has published his "Present," he asks whether they have gone berrying or to the Cliffs, and how are the flowers and the hens, says he has been reading Quarles, and sends a critique for her and for Mrs. Brown. How are Edith, Ellen, and Elizabeth Hoar? And nothing more!

She would have been abundantly justified if a cooling letter was written, could she have read the remarkable confession called "A Sister," which is preserved in a manuscript now in the Huntington Library, dated by Sanborn as of 1848 to 1850, and containing passages used later in "Walden." "A Sister" was therefore written either at Walden Pond, when his Journal was pointing toward "Walden," or in the years just succeeding, one of which was spent, by her request, with Lidian:

> A Sister.
>
> One in whom you have — unbounded faith — whom you can — purely love. A sweet presence and companion making the world populous. Whose heart answers to your heart. Whose presence can fill all space. One who is a spirit. Who attends to your truth. A gentle spirit — a wise spirit — a loving spirit. An enlargement to your being, level to yourself. Whom you presume to know. . . . The stream of whose being unites with your own without a ripple or a murmur. & this spreads into a sea.
>
> I still think of you as my sister. . . . Others are of my kindred by blood or of my acquaintance but you are part of me. You are of me & I of you I cannot tell where I leave off and you begin. . . . To you I can afford to be forever what I am, for your presence will not permit me to be what I should not be. . . . My sister whom I love I almost have no more to do with. I shall know where to find her. . . . I can more heartily meet her when our bodies are away. I see her without the veil of the body. . . . Other men have added to their farms I have annexed a soul to mine.
>
> When I love you I feel as if I were annexing another world to mine. . . . O Do not disappoint me.
>
> Whose breath is as gentle and salubrious as a Zephyr's whisper. Whom I know as an atmosphere. . . . Whom in thought my spirit continually embraces. Unto whom I flow. . . . Who art clothed in white. Who comest like an incense. Who art all that I can imagine — my inspirer. The feminine of me — Who art magnanimous.

> It is morning when I meet thee in a still cool dewy white sun light In the hushed dawn — my young mother — I thy eldest son. . . . Whether art thou my mother or my sister — whether am I thy son or thy brother.
>
> On the remembrances of whom I repose — so *old* a sister art thou — so nearly hast thou recreated me . . . whose eyes are like the morning star Who comest to me in the morning twilight.

Even if we knew of any other woman of whom these fervid passages, with their curious incoherence in relationships and their approaches to hysterical emotion, could conceivably have been written, the parallels to Thoreau's letter to Lidian, and the known intimacy between them in '47–'48, as well as in '41–'43, would make it substantially certain that Mrs. Emerson was intended. I leave to psychologists of love what Thoreau's state exactly was. But certainly he was deeply moved, though he would have admitted only such a Transcendental meaning as can be found in Emerson's letters to *his* "Sister," Caroline Sturgis Tappan, so much warmer emotionally than his letters to his wife. He had evidently intended, as in the essay on Friendship, to conceal the personal references by "thou" and "art," and there are many revisions apparent in the manuscript. But no revision could make "A Sister" publishable without revealings. Its place in a manuscript made up of passages not sequent, either by number of page or by subject, suggests that these pages were not meant to be a part of the Journal which he expected the public some day to read.

There is, as it happens, direct evidence in other pages of the manuscript that this essay was personal. I can only guess at the significance of one isolated sentence: "I would not that my love should be a trouble or a disgrace to my friends," though the inference seems clear enough. But in another place is what seems to be his own guarded

statement of what lay behind "A Sister." The page is torn at the top:

> By turns my purity has inspired and my impurity has cast me down.
>
> My most intimate acquaintance with woman has been a sisters relation, or at most a catholic's virgin mother relation — not that it has always been free from the suspicion of lower sympathy. There is a love of woman [page torn] with marriage — of woman on the [page torn] She has exerted the influence of a goddess on me; cultivating my gentler humane nature; cultivating & preserving purity, innocence, truth, [end of page]
>
> [Succeeding fragment; marked 1850 by Sanborn.] Woman is a nature older than I and commanding from me a vast amount of veneration — like Nature. She is my mother at the same time that she is my sister, so that she is at any rate an older sister. . . . I cannot imagine a woman no older than I. . . . Methinks that I am younger than aught that I associate with. The youngest child is more than my coeval.

It is impossible to believe after reading these passages that Thoreau was immune to love, nor hard to understand after his experience with young romance and this religious passion for a conscientious married woman, why his emotional life in the future was likely to take the common course of love frustrated, toward sublimation. But that is the last chapter of his emotional history. He was to find first, and at least one other woman was to discover from him, that "implacable is love."

There would seem to be little doubt, whatever the psychologists say, that Thoreau was what the common man would call in love with Emerson's wife, although I suspect that the intensity of the relationship did not reach its peak until during and after his second stay at the Emersons'. It was so easy for him to Transcendentalize this emotion, and so impossible for his Concord imagination to conceive anything not Transcendental in his

relations with his benefactor's wife, that it is useless to look for open confirmation on his part. When they were thrown together while Emerson was lecturing in '47 and '48 he writes to Emerson in England: "Lidian and I make very good housekeepers. She is a very dear sister to me." "Lidian is too unwell to write." There is no further mention of her, either in his Journal or his published letters, but that she is often if not always the mysterious friend of the Journal of the fifties who is cold, who disappoints, who will not meet with heart as well as mind, I have little doubt.

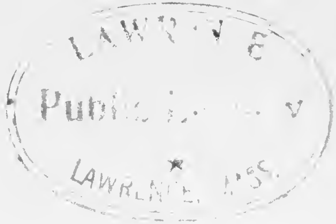
Washington Square, December

Trees, resigned and still,
The birds forsake you now
That made the bells of song
Ring out from every bough.

Dark and still you stand,
Steeped in the thin air,
More beautiful than trees
That water-colors wear.

Brides of the dark days,
O lonely, without leaf,
The hurt that mourns in man
Is hushed before your grief.

Charles Norman



How Omniscient
Journalism is Born.

Editorial Conference

By CHARLES ANGOFF

An editorial conference on the Weekly Torch, *a liberal magazine. The conference room is dingy, with one dirty window, a badly worn rug, and one big electric bulb hanging down from the middle of the ceiling. There are seven plain chairs around a table in the center. The time is 11 A.M.*

There are seven characters, five women and two men:

Fran — chief editor, about forty-four, pasty-looking, with stringy hair. Her dress bulges in the back.
Betty — an associate editor, short and sloppy.
Martha — an associate editor, like Betty but stouter. She never talks but mumbles.
Madeline — an associate editor, taller than Martha. Her mouth is enormous.
Irma — an associate editor, Madeline's sister and much like her.
Robert — literary editor, has a creased face and wears rimless glasses.
George — advertising and circulation manager, huge and neat, with his hair parted in the middle. He smiles easily.

Betty, Martha, Madeline and Irma are seated about the table as the scene opens. Betty and Madeline are staring at the window, while Martha and Irma are messing with papers on their laps.

BETTY

I feel out of sorts. My stomach.
(*No one answers her*)

MARTHA

(*Looking up from her papers*)
I'm furious. I can't find it. Maybe it's not important anyway.

(*No one answers her*)

(ENTER *Robert. He looks tired*)

ROBERT

Hello.

(*He sits down in one of the empty chairs*)

IRMA

(*Rummaging through her papers, not looking up*)
Hello, Robert.

(*No one else answers Robert's greeting*)

(ENTER *Fran and George. Both are carrying huge bundles of papers. They smile as they enter and sit down*)

FRAN

I don't feel so good. A splitting headache.

GEORGE

My father-in-law's in town. Might drop in later.

FRAN

(*Fussing with her papers*)
I can't find my list of subjects for editorial paragraphs. But I remember it. Let's see. Student demonstrations, Rumania, Asia, Shirley Temple, the New York World's Fair, the new Sixth Avenue subway, and French labor. Betty, want to do 300 words on French labor?

BETTY

All right.

(*She makes a note*)

FRAN

And you, Madeline, do you want to do student demon-

strations and the Fair? I have some releases from the Students' League on my desk, and you can digest them.

MADELINE

(*All the time she has been drawing pictures on a piece of paper on her lap*)

I'll pick them up.

FRAN

Now, Rumania and Shirley Temple. Irma?

IRMA

I'll do them. I think I'll want a little extra space on Shirley Temple. My daughter saw her last picture yesterday and discussed it with me. I think she's significant.

(*No one answers her*)

FRAN

Asia. Nothing much in the papers about it all week, but maybe we ought to say something.

ROBERT

We ought to. If something happens there next week, we'd be timely.

FRAN

So we're all agreed.

BETTY

Yes.

FRAN

I'll do Asia, about 300 words.

(*She makes a note. There is a silence as she writes. She stops writing and the silence continues. Robert gets up, stretches himself, and sits down again*)

BETTY

I hope it doesn't rain this week-end. I don't like rain.

FRAN

I thought you said you liked your place in Connecticut? Haven't they fixed the pump yet?

BETTY

It's fixed, but I was depressed last week-end.

FRAN

Did it rain?

BETTY

A little.

FRAN

Oh.

(*A pause*)

I almost forgot. We ought to have something about the new Bolivian dictatorship. I saw something about it in the *Times* this morning, but I left the paper home.

MARTHA

I saw the headline, too. Middle of the page.

FRAN

Yes. Did you read it?

MARTHA

No. I lost my *Times* in the subway.

MADELINE

We ought to have something.

FRAN

Who'll do it?

(*No one answers. A pause*)

You, Irma?

IRMA

I haven't kept in touch with the Bolivian situation, so really. . . .

FRAN

That's all right. The clips are in the files, and I think I can find you a today's *Times*. So will you do it, Irma?

IRMA

If we have all the clips. 300 words?

FRAN

That should be enough.

ROBERT

(*With finality*)

That should be enough.

MADELINE

Yes.

IRMA

(*Still a bit bewildered*)

What slant shall I give it?

FRAN

You know. Summarize the issue in 250 words, then give our stand, briefly.

IRMA

What is our stand on the Bolivian situation?

(*Throughout this colloquy the others are paying no attention. Some are looking at the window, others are making marks on their papers*)

FRAN

Just say we deplore it.

IRMA

I will.

ROBERT

Fran, I'd like to have six pages for the book section this week. I've had only four pages the last three weeks.

FRAN

(*Rummaging through her papers*)

I'll see, Robert. It looks as if I lost my list of articles, too. Hope I didn't leave it home. But I remember it: "Europe In Turmoil," by Howard Brander; "Washington: A Critique of Misdirection," by Erwin Gault Voldt; and "The Plague of Professional Sport," by Maurice Berkowitz. That looks all right to me.

GEORGE

(*This is his first speech. Until now he has been smiling at the others pretty steadily*)

Fine. I'm glad we'll have another piece by Berkowitz. His last two pieces did very well.

FRAN

Have you any figures?

GEORGE

(*Jubilantly*)

Yes.

(*He fishes through his enormous pile of papers, and picks out a tiny memorandum*)

Two weeks ago, when we had a Berkowitz article, our New York sales jumped from 3,050 to 3,143. I haven't the final figures, of course, but my estimates are generally right. The same week, in the Middle West, from the Mississippi to Denver, not counting Wyoming, which is late in sending in returns, our newsstands sales increased from 1,546 to 1,603. And on the Coast, San Francisco alone, it looks, sold 35 more copies. Now, this week it looks just as good. You know the stand at the corner of Bolton and Revere?

FRAN

Yes.

GEORGE

He usually takes ten copies of the *Weekly Torch*. Generally he sells two copies. This week he has already sold three, and he still has three days to go before the issue is off the stands. So it looks good all around.

FRAN

Good. I better jack Berkowitz up to hurry with his next piece on swimming.

IRMA

I like Berkowitz.

BETTY

I wonder what his wife looks like. Somebody told me, I forget who, she's very tiny.

FRAN

Now, about the articles next week, don't you think we have a well-rounded selection? "Europe in Turmoil," "Washington: A Critique of Misdirection," and the Berkowitz piece. That takes in everything.

IRMA

Yes.

ROBERT

But Fran, what about my book section? I really should have more pages. You promised me six last summer. The reviews are piling up, and pretty soon we'll have to cover the stadium concerts, and George will want a page for summer camps.

FRAN

Don't worry, Robert. It will work out. We really ought to talk more about vacations, but I don't feel so good. Most of you want to take your vacations later, in the fall.

MADELINE

Sometimes I wish I had a big sail boat. I don't mean a yacht. Something small.

FRAN

Got a name for it?

MADELINE

Not exactly. That can come later.

GEORGE

I'm surprised how cool it is in New Jersey.

FRAN

I think I'll go home for the day. Need a rest. I didn't sleep so well last night.

(*All walk out slowly, lumberingly*)

What America Stands to
Lose in the Orient

The U. S. Joins in the Battle of the Concessions

By WALKER MATHESON

QUICK TERMINATION of the undeclared Sino-Japanese war, now in its third year, might well be Japan's answer to the recent, curt denunciation of the 1911 Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between Washington and Tokyo, which is intended to pave the way to an arms embargo against Japan next January. With Soviet Russia's Far Eastern Red Army already conducting a "test battle" with the Japanese on the plains of Mongolia and Manchuria, Japan can ill-afford to have her vital reservoir of oil, iron and other necessities cut off. Therefore, observers hold that Japan's logical course must necessarily be to end hostilities against China in order to gird herself for war with the Soviet, which undoubtedly would swing American opinion toward Japan as against the Reds.

Meanwhile, the American denunciation of the 1911 treaty has definitely swung the United States on dangerous ground in the century-old battle between the West and the East for the preservation of the white man's "sacred rights."

While the United States has but one concession in China — at Amoy — all Americans living in the European concessions enjoy a large measure of autonomy and

extraterritoriality which exempts them from the jurisdiction of Chinese courts and law, and subjects them only to the authority of their consuls. To keep the peace, the concessions have their own police force and, in the larger foreign-controlled areas, such as in Shanghai and Tientsin, there is also a volunteer guard, or a citizen militia.

The Chinese have long demanded that the concessions, with their obnoxious stigma of race and class inferiorities, be abolished. Nevertheless, the Occidentals have made extraordinary efforts to "save face" and not yield to the pressure of both the Chinese Nationalists and the Japanese military to infringe on their foreign "rights." In Tientsin, for instance, the recent scene of trouble in the Far East—and generally regarded as a test case in the ultimate struggle for the return to China of the International Settlement and the French Concession in Shanghai — the British "carried on for Empire" with their dinner parties, polo games and other social functions despite the barricades and the threat of the stoppage of the food supply. One of the greatest discomforts, according to an *Associated Press* dispatch, when the situation first became tense last June, was that the members of the "horsy set" were unable personally to feed their prize mounts, stabled outside the British zone. That the concessions are doomed, there is not the slightest doubt. Their elimination is part of the planned New Order in East Asia by which it is expected that China will be brought out of its quarter of a century of chaos which was always a definite set-back to trade and commerce of all the powers concerned in the China market.

But to understand the problem faced by Americans and Europeans, so jealous of their "sacred rights" in China, the long and bloody history of the battle for the concessions must be told. In the past century, Great

Britain fought four undeclared and brutal wars against a helpless China, with the connivance and aid of the United States and other powers which now so strongly condemn the present action of Japan. Yet, while Japan insists that her aims are solely for the ultimate benefit of the Chinese themselves, the European conflicts in China were always for the benefit of Great Britain, France and Russia, — and, indirectly, the United States — and always strictly to the discomfiture of China.

The big business man, the *taipan*, still refuses to allow Chinese in his comfortable clubs in the foreign concessions, and it was not so long ago that the British and American business men were loud in their opinion that the Chinese political and economic chaos made business a bad risk there; and that Japan, whose nationals were welcomed into the clubs on an equality of the other "treaty powers," was particularly fit to make the Chinese mend their ways.

But now that Japan seems to be about to accomplish the creation of a stabilized China, it is the American business man who most fears the closing of the Open Door. This seems somewhat inconsistent. It was Great Britain who first forced its trade upon China, and later used the United States as her instrument in promulgating the Open Door doctrine by carefully tutoring John Hay in the fundamentals of British policy in China while Hay was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. In the hundred years that have followed the violent opening of the China market to Great Britain, France, and the United States, England has profited more than any other nation, China being England's second-best treasure chest, next to India.

It was not until 1757 that the Chinese market was formally thrown open to foreign trade and merchants

were allowed to carry on their business at Canton, but with such restrictions that they might just as well have not been allowed into port at all. The Chinese view was that China had everything she wanted and if the foreigners came to her shores to buy goods, they must be prepared to submit to whatever treatment China was pleased to give them. In the words of the Emperor Ch'Ien Lung, in a note to King George III of England as delivered to Lord Macartney in 1793, "The Celestial Empire possesses all things in prolific abundance and lacks no product within its borders. There is therefore no need to import the manufactures of outside barbarians in exchange for our own products."

The picture of China as a land of immense commercial possibilities, with a vast population anxious to trade with foreigners, but prevented from doing so by the "ignorant and bigoted" Imperial court, has prevailed all these years. Even now the fallacy of 490,000,000 Chinese, each spending a penny or a dollar for foreign goods, is still believed, although it is a fact that the annual cash income of the average Celestial is less than $10 a year, and this all must necessarily be spent for food and clothes.

Ships first visiting at Canton to barter Western goods for tea — then the only known source of that beverage — were unable to dispose of their cargoes. The English East India Company, forced to pay for all goods in silver, and searching for a commodity that could be profitably sold in China, hit upon the idea of disposing of opium, of which it had a monopoly in the State of Bengal. The Chinese, however, had long before discovered the evils of the drug and had banned it by a series of Imperial edicts which dated back several hun-

dred years. The British traders, therefore, had to barter their opium for Chinese products through smuggling and bribery.

In 1839 an attempt was made by the Chinese Emperor to enforce the opium prohibition law, and $6,000,000 worth of the drug was confiscated from British traders in Canton. This provided the excuse for the English to engage in their first war with China — the Opium War, one of the most sordid in modern annals. It was a forerunner of the present "undeclared wars" that have become a twentieth century vogue.

Although American ships stood by during the hostilities, and American merchants approvingly looked on at the horrible slaughter, and the seizure and sacking of a number of Chinese cities, it was through this war that the "benevolently neutral" United States indirectly obtained its present "sacred rights" to exploit China. The war raged for three years, until Nanking, about to be doomed itself, sued for peace and ceded the island of Hong Kong to Britain and opened the ports of Shanghai, Canton, Amoy, Fuchow and Ningpo to foreign trade, besides paying an indemnity of $15,000,000, plus the cost of the opium seized in the warehouses at Canton.

The history of the foreign settlements dates back to this time, when they were established for the sole protection of the barbarians, for in those early years China looked upon all the nations which had entered commercial treaties with her as vassal states. The Emperor, whom the Chinese regarded as ruling the terrestial world from a celestial throne, considered it out of the question to deal on equal terms with Great Britain, France or the United States and he regarded foreign ships calling at Chinese ports as being there solely to pay tribute to China. The idea of setting up the settlements was therefore a Chinese

idea, in that the "foreign devils" could be confined in as small an area as the Emperor deigned to grant them. The aliens, regarded as barbarous and unclean, were thus prohibited from mingling with the "civilized" Chinese.

Thus it was not, as the Chinese have since contended, that the foreign settlements were forced upon an unwilling China by alien overlords, and it was actually the Chinese Government itself that foisted the settlements upon the Westerners. In due course the "foreign devils" converted the settlements into something which the more "civilized" Chinese regarded with amazement, and they began to seek admission into the "unclean quarters" of the barbarians, but the foreigners slammed the gates in their faces.

Shortly after the signing of the Treaty in Nanking in 1842 there broke out the T'Aip'ing Rebellion, an uprising of the Chinese against the foreigners, and particularly wandering missionaries whom they regarded as attempting to wrest the ancient empire from under the very throne of the Sun of Heaven. This rebellion lasted twelve years in the course of which it is estimated as many as 40,000,000 Chinese lost their lives and the Empire was brought almost to the brink of ruin. Especially terrific was the Chinese onslaught over Tientsin, for which one of Britain's most fabled empire builders, General C. G. (Chinese) Gordon, had drawn up plans for the establishment of an extraterritorial bit of Britain at that important seaport. Gordon led an Anglo-French expedition against the Manchu government at Peking, forcing it to open Tientsin, the gateway to the lush wheat, cotton and fur region of North China as another "treaty port" where Westerners might trade.

As a result, Britain demanded and received a 100-year

lease expiring in 1960, and two adjacent areas were later added to the concession under 999-year leases. There, in this self-governing concession, the British built textile factories and flour mills, established trading posts and banks and built their own luxurious homes. Tientsin is now a semi-modern city, with a population of more than 1,000,000. Besides the British concession, there are separate French, Italian, and Japanese concessions.

The war waged by "Chinese" Gordon had the moral support of the Americans, and was the culmination of a second fierce and tremendously bloody four-year undeclared conflict waged by Britain against China to force the Imperial Court at Peking to grant the right to foreigners to travel freely in the interior, establish diplomatic representatives in the capital on terms of equality with the Chinese Emperor, and the right of missionaries to propagate Christianity with a legal guarantee of toleration for their converts. This war, begun in 1856, when the British attacked Canton after the Viceroy declined to apologize for the boarding of a British vessel by Chinese police in search of pirates, was joined in by the French, who, acting as the protectors of persecuted missionaries in Kwangsi, seized Annam, which was to be the foundation of France's present colonial empire of Indo-China. The allies obtained satisfaction from China for all their demands, plus a heavy indemnity after a series of large-scale naval and military operations.

Immediately after peace had been brought about, the extraterritorial jurisdiction of the foreign consuls was introduced to adjudicate the grievances of the traders and missionaries, who considered themselves above the laws of the Empire. As more and more foreigners entered China and hordes of missionaries plunged deeper into the interior, they all claimed special privileges and

removed themselves entirely from Chinese jurisdiction. Out of this arose the autonomous foreign settlement, which became city states within, but not of, the Chinese Empire. Shanghai is the most striking example of the evolution of extraterritoriality, but Tientsin, Amoy and the other ports present the same problem.

THE PRESENT INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT in Shanghai is the outgrowth of the throwing together of the British, American and a dozen other foreign holdings in that city, while the French retained their own distinctive settlement under French officials. With the international settlements thrown open to everyone, there was a tremendous influx of Chinese who escaped into them for an asylum against political enemies.

The authorities of both Foreign Areas, however, sought to prevent their use by political refugees for further political activities or agitation, though it was only in most flagrant cases that they withdrew the privilege of residence.

There appears to be a good deal of unsound and wishful thinking over the alleged right of asylum or of sanctuary in the British and other Concessions. No such right is recognized under International Law, for these Concessions are not portions of the country which administers them, but of China, who, in the case of Tientsin, formally reserved full jurisdiction over her nationals.

In Tientsin, today, the issue is complicated by the fact that the recognized Government of China is no longer in a position to function. The practice, therefore, appears to have grown up of interning Chinese believed to be guilty of subversive, military, or terroristic activities. And this practice might have continued but for the fact that the Japanese authorities were pressing for the

surrender of such persons. It certainly cannot have been within the contemplation of the British authorities that guerrillas or terrorists who had made things too complicated for themselves by anti-Japanese activities or assassinations, should be given the hospitality of the British Municipal Area, and protected from punishment.

What brought the Tientsin situation to a head with the result that Great Britain and Japan locked horns, with the United States giving Britain at least moral support, was the murder in a moving picture theatre in the British Concession of Dr. Cheng Lien-shi, manager of the Tientsin branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of China and superintendent of customs, by Chinese terrorists who made good their escape. His murder in the British Concession and the escape of the assassins created resentment on the part of the Japanese.

Eventually the authorities arrested four hoodlums on suspicion of implication of the crime. The men were examined and, according to the report of the authorities, little was found against them, except the fact that they were hoodlums and on friendly terms with Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek. The Japanese thereupon asked to examine them and as a result extracted confessions; the British reëxamined them, withdrew the confessions, and then began the long quarrel as to whether the men should be surrendered to the district court.

The present resentment of the United States and Great Britain to what now seems to be Japan's inevitable control of China's economic destiny and the abolition of the concessions appears more extraordinary in the glaring light of the history of the concessions themselves. While the Chinese were involved with the British and French in the battle for concessions under "Chinese" Gordon in the middle of the last century, Russia seized the oppor-

tunity to force Peking to recognize Russian control over the left bank of the Amur River, the boundary of Manchuria. Two years later, Russia advanced eastward to occupy Vladivostok and gained control over the maritime provinces of Siberia by the Treaty of Peking in 1860 — a treaty secured by bribing high officials of the Emperor's Court.

China's seclusion by this time was a thing of the past, and the oldest existing Empire became a virtual vassal of the rival European nations. From that time on it was merely a matter of what power first dispatched a gunboat to Chinese ports in the battle for "sacred rights."

Japan's ascendency in the China scramble began after Russia had half completed the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway to connect European Russia with an ice-free Pacific port. The Russians regarded this road as a first step in the conquest of Manchuria and Korea. Japan saw that Russia was only too likely to wrest Korea, best described as "a dagger held at Japan's throat," from China. So Japan decided to deal with China before Russia had completed the railway and developed her full strength in the Far East. At this time, the Imperial Court at Peking was at the mercy of the corrupt and ignorant eunuch, Li Lien-yung, the favorite of the Empress Dowager. Li placed the Chinese fleet under the command of a cavalry officer, of all people, and, when war broke out between China and Japan in 1894, the massive twelve-inch guns on China's two battleships were provided with just three shells, one for the flagship and two for the sister ship.

Naturally the Japanese destroyed or captured the greater part of the obsolete Chinese Navy, drove the Chinese armies out of Korea, occupied Southern Manchuria as far west as the Liao River, and invaded

Shantung. China sued for peace, but the Powers were considerably concerned that the *status quo* had been upset. By the treaty of Shimonoseki, signed on April 17, 1895, Japan obtained the recognition of Korea as an independent state and also gained the most favored nation status in China, which gave her all the rights and privileges possessed by the Western powers, besides a large indemnity and the full sovereignty of Formosa, the Pescadores, and the Liaotung Peninsula of Southern Manchuria, with the harbor of Port Arthur at its extremity.

This treaty astounded the Russians, who had insisted that no power be allowed to increase its territorial possessions "at China's expense." As a result, Russia persuaded France and Germany, her allies then, to join her in a demand to Japan for the return of the Liaotung Peninsula, claiming that it was a menace to the capital of China and would render the independence of Korea illusory. The German Minister openly threatened Japan with war, while France and Russia used moral persuasion — backed by their combined fleets in the Pacific. England also "advised" Japan to yield and Japan heeded the suggestion and evacuated Port Arthur. Then, a month later, the Russian Foreign Minister wrote to the Russian Ambassador in Paris:

"It is evident that, after what we have done for China, we wish to enable her to rid her territory as quickly as possible of the presence of the Japanese. . . . It is no less important for our future designs to have China in a state of dependence towards us and not to let England extend her influence there."

Russia's program was to gain control of Manchuria and of the Chinese Empire as a whole — an identical program now being followed meticulously by Communist Russia today. But in 1895 China was bitterly resentful

of her humiliating defeat by Japan, whom for centuries China had regarded, as she did all adjacent nations, as a tributory vassal State. Russia pointed out then — as now — that, while Japan was China's enemy, Russia was her friend and would fight to preserve the "integrity" of the Empire if Japan again advanced onto the Asiatic mainland. In order to help China, however, Russia declared she would have to have strategic facilities, such as a railroad across Manchuria, a right to use Chinese ports in time of war and a naval base on the Yellow Sea.

The result was that a secret treaty of alliance was signed providing for the building of a railway by the Russians across Manchuria to Vladivostok. But, also by this move, Russia began a serious penetration of Manchuria and at the same time renewed pressure on Korea.

France supported all these enterprises, both financially and diplomatically, because she not only wanted to stop England from gaining a further foothold in China but was most anxious to halt a German infiltration, which threatened after Germany selected Kiaochow Bay on the Shantung Coast, as a German port. Both France and Russia put pressure on Peking not to grant any German demands for concessions which might be the starting point of a German colony in Asia.

Nevertheless, using as a pretext the murder of two German Catholic missionaries in that area, Germany took possession of Tsingtao in November, 1897, after a heavy naval bombardment. Russia, meanwhile, claimed a prior right of anchorage at Tsingtao, and Germany sought the aid of England. England, already gorged on China, again remained neutral in the quarrel between the European rivals, so Germany turned to Russia with proposals for German support of compensation to Russia at China's expense. This was acceptable to Moscow —

after her diplomats had failed to get concessions from China in return for a promise of assistance against Germany! — and a Russian fleet steamed into Port Arthur, which city she earlier had been so set upon "preserving" for China against Japan. Thereupon, Germany and Russia directed their attacks against China by making strong demands on Peking for the formal acceptance of the accomplished fact that these areas had been seized.

This action inaugurated a new precedent in the game of biting hunks out of China, for, with the foreign settlements effecting a perfect autonomy, it was found less troublesome not to demand full sovereignty over the areas, such as in Hong Kong, and they secured, instead, lease-hold tenure, which gave them colonial authority. No foreign power has, in fact, taken territory from China in full sovereignty since 1895.

This result of tenures by the Powers, however, has created a perplexing overlapping of national authorities which have formed foreign dominions wholly destructive of China's sovereignty while at the same time the Powers concerned have "guaranteed" the territorial integrity of China — that is, the *status quo* is guaranteed while the Powers retain all that they have received — under the covenant of the League of Nations. Thus the concessions, with their military and naval bases and full rights of administration and police powers, can even make war upon each other on Chinese soil, even in quarrels in which China is not herself concerned. So it was that in the Russo-Japanese War of 1905, Japan fought and defeated Russia on the plains of Manchuria, and in the World War Japan fought and defeated the Germans in Shantung.

In 1900, the Chinese renewed their campaign to

exterminate all foreigners. Curiously enough, it was Tientsin which underwent the worst threats when the Chinese "Boxers," encouraged by their Empress, made a fanatical attempt to hurl the Westerners out of the country, and besieged the city for twenty-seven days. The Chinese were driven off by a combined British-French-Russian-American-German-Japanese army, and the resulting settlement of the dispute tightened the grip of the foreigners of North China to the extent that the allied forces demanded and secured the right to maintain permanent detachments of armed forces in that area. To this day the United States has garrisons in Tientsin and Peking, and our war vessels plow the China seas and the inland waterways; and it was the Japanese garrison, maintained in North China under the Boxer protocol that, in July, 1937, got into the affray with the Chinese soldiers that set off the present hostilities in China.

There have been scores of instances involving bloodshed and violence against the foreigners on the part of the Chinese since the time of the Boxer uprising, when hundreds of missionaries were massacred. At the same time, the Western Powers themselves are largely to blame, in that they have long tolerated China's pose of self-righteousness and smug refusal to cope with realities.

The ever-burning and underlying hatred of the foreigners, luxuriating in the concessions and with signs on their park gates saying "Dogs and Chinese Not Permitted," has been well camouflaged. By assuming the rôle of underdog in whatever power politics is raging in China — while the Chinese politicos play one Power against the other — the Chinese have built up a common belief in the United States and Europe that they are a poor, downtrodden but "peace-loving people." But

Chinese history does not bear out this fancy, for there has hardly been a time when the various war-lords were not battling either against the country or among themselves, with the result that China is the most blood-drenched soil in all the world.

Since the overthrow of the Emperor in 1912, in the revolution engineered by Dr. Sun Yat-sen — a Cantonese who later turned to Communism and was forced to flee the country to escape assassination — there has not been a single day when a war was not being waged somewhere in China. On his death in 1925, Sun Yat-sen left a political will which has been, in effect, the Constitution and Bill of Rights of the Republic. It was the inspiration of the "New Life Movement" which carries on more than ever the hatred and loathing of "foreign devils," and it is part of this national policy that weighs most heavily on the shoulders of Chiang Kai-shek, who must nevertheless depend wholly on the support of the same "foreign devils" for loans and supplies to wage his war against Japan.

While the cry in China for the recovery of interests has gone on for more than a quarter of a century and was a contributory factor in the fall of the Empire at the rise of the Kuomintang (Chinese Nationalist) Party, no definite steps were taken until 1919, when the Chinese delegation submitted a memorandum to the Supreme Council of the Paris Peace Conference calling upon all the Allied powers for the abolition of spheres of influence in China, the withdrawal of foreign garrisons, the abolition of extra-territoriality, the return of leased territories and a recovery of tariff autonomy, with special emphasis on regaining the foreign settlements and concessions.

Following the first explicit claim for the recovery of settlements and concessions the first Congress of the

Kuomintang issued a manifesto in January, 1924, demanding the abolition of all unequal treaties as the first objectives of its foreign policy. But when the Western Powers, who have always pretended to show sympathy for China when the country gets mauled at the hands of a rival power, refused to translate their mutual sympathy into concrete action by voluntary surrender of their holdings, a serious anti-foreign movement broke out all over China. The Comintern, the Communist organization in China, was in power at that time and directing the activities of the Kuomintang, with the result that political propaganda, through handbills and inflammatory speeches, stirred the students and peasants to an unprecedented pitch of anti-foreignism. Strangely enough, it was the United States that was attacked most viciously, but Great Britain, France and Japan were lacerated only a little bit less.

The anti-foreign movement quickly spread and there were wild disturbances, with the murder of foreigners, particularly missionaries, and plunder of their property, at Hankow, Nanking, Kiukiang and Chungking. The "Shanghai Incident" broke out in May, 1925, coming as the culmination of a series of disorders resulting from various labor disputes. An attack on the Louza Police Station in Shanghai's International Settlement climaxed the anti-foreign demonstration, and when police were forced to fire on the mob, killing a number of Chinese, it appeared for a moment that there might be another uprising similar to the T'Ai'ping or Boxer Rebellions against the foreigners. Quick dispatch of warboats by the Powers, together with the throwing up of strongly-manned barricades, caused the Shanghai demonstrators to retreat.

By April, 1929, it was made plain that the Chinese Government intended to divert as much business and

prosperity as possible from the Settlement and Concession to the Chinese section of Shanghai through the development of new and more extensive facilities. These plans created a certain amount of tension between the foreign interests and the Chinese Government, and the Settlement became increasingly alarmed with the encamping of the famous Nineteenth Route Army in the Shanghai district, which definitely was a serious menace to their "rights."

The Nanking Government, i.e., the Kuomintang, at the same time (1929) issued a decree unilaterally abrogating extraterritorial privileges of foreigners in China as from January, 1930. Perhaps seeing the inevitable written upon the wall, the powers undertook to negotiate the abandonment of their territorial privileges if given assurances that their "interests" and the lives of their nationals would be protected. The subject was discussed in general terms, and Britain, suddenly benevolent, retroceded the Kiukiang concession, which was no great loss, — besides her concession at Amoy — which did not affect the important International Settlement at Kulangsu, in Amoy's harbor — and abrogated her lease on Weihaiwei. At the same time, Belgium, who had very little at stake, retroceded her concession in Tientsin. At last, however, when January, 1930, rolled around, the Nanking decree had been conveniently forgotten. It still is a matter of record at Nanking; and the concessions are still a matter of fact in the most important cities of China.

THE EXTENT of the present concessions is not generally realized. According to the *China Year Book* (1938), the Powers have economic and trade interests in Shanghai, Tientsin, Tsingtao, Hankow, Amoy and Canton. More specifically:

Shanghai	French Concession (The International Settlement)
Amoy	American Concession
	Japanese Concession
Canton	British Concession
	French Concession
Hankow	Japanese Concession
	French Concession
Soochow	Japanese Concession
Tientsin	British Concession
	French Concession
	Italian Concession
	Japanese Concession
Newchang	British Concession

There have been a total of ten concession retrocessions, however, which would indicate that up to the beginning of 1930 China had gradually begun to ease the hated foreigners off their soil and deprive them of their "sacred interests." In that connection the following table is of interest:

CONCESSION	YEAR OF RECOVERY	PRESENT NAME	REMARKS
Tientsin German	1917	1st Special District (of Tientsin)	In Consequence of World War
Hankow German	"	"	"
Tientsin Austrian	"	2nd Special District	"
Tientsin Russian	1920	3rd Special District	Russian Revolution
Hankow Russian	"	2nd Special District	"
Hankow British	1927	3rd Special District (of Hankow)	Occupation
Kiukiang British	"	Special District	By treaty
Chiankiang British	1929		"
Tientsin Belgian	"		"
Amoy British	1930		"

It stands to reason that in the present conflict between Japan and China the fact is ignored that one of the contributing factors in the entire war, was the Chinese resentment of the extraterritoriality enjoyed by foreigners, including Japan, which constituted a denial of Chinese sovereignty over ostensibly Chinese territory. From 1925 to 1927 the Chinese vented their hatred for Britain and the United States to such an extent that it appeared a very serious probability that Great Britain — if not also America — would have to go to war with China to preserve her "rights." Then, the Chinese showed their hatred for the Japanese — but even back of that there was also fury at all the imperialistic powers.

In the present conflict, meantime, there is a curious paradox. Whereas in 1925 and even as late as 1938, the powers considered that only Japan could save them, they are now opposed to Japan and openly supporting China. It is not that they like the idea of China for the Chinese so much as they fear the Japanese competition.

On July 24, by kowtowing to Japanese demands for closer coöperation in the building of the proposed New Order in East Asia, Great Britain's sun, therefore, began to set in China and now only the United States, among the great powers, holds fast to the principle of the "Open Door."

When Prime Minister Chamberlain announced the Anglo-Japanese accord in the House of Commons, following conferences in Tokyo over the barricading of the British Concession in Tientsin, the balance of power which the British Empire had held in China since the infamous Opium War, slipped from its grasp. Following the well-worn policy of appeasement in the face of a rising storm in Europe, the Prime Minister announced to an incredulous world that Britain recognized "Japan's forces in

China had special requirements for the purpose of safeguarding their own security and maintaining public order in regions under their control," and that "His Majesty's Government fully recognizes the actual situation in China, where hostilities on a large scale are in progress."

Many in both London and Tokyo interpreted this as meaning that Great Britain was virtually granting belligerent rights to the Japanese military, and was taking the side of Japan against China. The result was that high official circles in Washington were so aghast at what they interpreted as a "Far Eastern Munich" that they dropped a bombshell into the Oriental scene by abrogating the Trade Treaty of 1911. Ironically, it was the Japanese who had preserved the Open Door for Britain and the United States in Shanghai, just as they had helped Britain to preserve her concession at Tientsin during the Boxer War — the same Open Door which she is now accused of slamming in the face of the West.

This presents a perplexing problem to the Powers who refuse to believe that the "New Order" will maintain the Open Door with the only stipulation that the Door, to swing out, will do so only with "equal rights for all *who coöperate*." Under a nationalistic China, on the other hand, and in the improbable fact of a Chinese victory in the present conflict, there is no doubt that strong China will probably kick out all the powers.

One thing is obvious, however, no matter who wins: by angering Japan, the United States will find that the "Door" will be pretty hard to reopen in the event of a Japanese victory; and in the case of a Chinese victory there will be no "Door" left at all.

Liberalism Has Become the

Servant of all isms.

The Liquidation *of the* Liberal Tradition

By QUINCY HOWE

THE PAST EIGHT YEARS have witnessed the total extinction of the liberal tradition in the United States. It has died not because everyone rejects liberal principles; it has died because everyone accepts them. The same Republicans who fall into a frenzy each time Roosevelt delivers a fireside chat now swear allegiance to the very principles he glorifies. They abominate him only because they suspect him of using these principles as a mask to conceal his own dictatorship. In like manner, the Communists who, ten years ago, scorned liberal democracy now honor the shrine of Thomas Jefferson. They are the "twentieth century Americans."

The universal popularity that liberalism enjoys today cannot be attributed to any successes it has won on native or foreign soil. At home, the Roosevelt brand of liberalism has failed to cure the depression. Abroad the Rome-Berlin axis has gone from triumph to triumph. Yet it is difficult to find any American who does not believe that the liberal tradition offers the only salvation to his own country and to the world. When theory and practice present such startling contradictions we must either deny the evidence of our senses or search for some new theory to explain the inexplicable.

What is the theory of liberalism and where does it tell us we are going? Max Lerner has written the epitaph of the liberal tradition in a little book called *It Is Later Than You Think* and the fact that this book is presented as the final rallying-cry of the liberal cause serves only to underline its funereal implications. For Mr. Lerner finds nine different liberal programs working at cross-purposes within the New Deal which, he adds, "has not yet made up its mind as to the goal toward which it is traveling and the means by which it hopes to reach that goal." Need it be added that Mr. Lerner, as a staunch upholder of the liberal tradition, pins all his hopes for its survival on the election of Roosevelt for a third term?

These hopes he embodies in his program of "planned democratic collectivism." It is in this direction that the New Deal will lead us. And what does "planned democratic collectivism" mean? In so far as he puts forward specific proposals, he suggests that the government select "twenty or thirty" basic industries, estimate their consumption schedules at prices that would show a profit, and step up production according to allotments worked out by the "planning authority." And all this is to be achieved "through democratic processes."

The point is not that Mr. Lerner stands out as a horrible example of liberalism in decay. Rather is he as bold and original a thinker as the liberal movement boasts. He does not deny the contradictions and failures of liberalism; he has no particular confidence in its inevitable triumph. Yet none of the timid liberals has brought forth a program more remote from reality than his.

"Every liberal, whatever his brand, brings to bear the moral emphasis." In this sentence Mr. Lerner goes to the very roots of the failure of liberalism. For to the liberal,

"moral emphasis" is enough and relieves him, in his own view, of any further obligation. If he strikes moral attitudes no more seems to be required of him.

This "moral emphasis" explains the popularity of liberal principles at a time when it is difficult to believe in anything more definite. The liberals, who are foggy enough even in the clearest weather, now seem no more confused than those who call themselves "realists," and since the liberals are repeating their old familiar slogans they at least give an impression of consistency and even of dependability. But those who were called liberals in the pre-Roosevelt days, now find themselves tucked in with such an odd assortment of bed-fellows that they feel more and more like strangers in their own house.

THE NAME OF THAT HOUSE is, of course, Liberty Hall, and it welcomes all-comers. Since 1935 it has harbored the Communists and all their fellow-travelers, but no sooner had this noisy delegation arrived than it was followed by Congressman Martin Dies, announcing that he, too, was a liberal and that he had come to protect his fellow-liberals from the contamination of Communism. Liberalism does not discriminate against a man's religion, so the Catholics have always been at home in Liberty Hall, and when the Dies Committee and the Communists stop shouting at each other, the voice of Monsigñor Fulton J. Sheen can be heard telling the radio audience that his Church offers the golden liberal mean between the extremes of Communism and Fascism. Even the Nazis on the extreme right and the revolutionary supporters of Trotzky on the extreme left put in an occasional appearance to protest, in the name of the liberal tradition, against the injustices they suffer.

But it is the dispute between the Communists and the

Dies Committee that has revealed more clearly than anything else the paradox of the liberal tradition. This Committee points to the indisputable fact that a few Communists and Communist sympathizers have organized and served on committees with a large number of liberals. These liberals — variously referred to as "fellow-travelers," "innocents," "sheep," or just plain suckers — are represented as a bumbling assortment of sentimental ineffectuals who turn to putty in the hands of a few Communists.

Mr. J. B. Matthews, star witness for the Committee and now one of its "experts," recently wrote a book entitled *The Odyssey of a Fellow Traveler*. He speaks as one who has been through the mill, organized "united front" drives, addressed "united front" meetings. His experience with the Communists, however, now leads him to denounce them for almost every sin in the decalogue, notably that of bearing false witness, whereupon he proceeds to base his case against them on Earl Browder's high-flown description of the Communist Party as "the conscious, moving, and directive force of the united front in all its phases."

Mr. Matthews should really get around a little more. We fear what we do not know, and it would seem that Mr. Matthews shares the ignorant fears of most Americans on the subject of Communists. After all, Mr. Browder is a human being, subject to the same emotions as the rest of us. He is trying to make good on his job as Secretary General of the Communist Party of the United States and he therefore engages in the same kind of boasting that any head of any organization will go in for to promote himself and his beliefs.

Not only does Mr. Matthews assume that all Communists are an inhuman amalgam of discipline, ruthlessness,

and corruption; his portrait of the liberal is equally absurd. Although the liberals far outnumber the Communists in all these "united front" groups and hold the most responsible positions, they appear incapable of independent action. For instance, the Communists have helped create the American League for Peace and Democracy. They participated in the American Youth Congress. They have helped to organize the American Newspaper Guild. When, therefore, Mrs. Roosevelt addresses the American Youth Congress, Mr. Matthews would have us believe that she has renounced all liberal principles and is, in effect, urging the younger generation to man the barricades. When Secretary Ickes speaks before the Newspaper Guild, he is advocating Communism instead of democracy. And when Clark M. Eichelberger, director of the League of Nations Union, speaks under the auspices of the American League for Peace and Democracy he is lashing out at what Lenin once called the "thieves' kitchen at Geneva" and calling instead for the workers of the world to unite.

All this confusion serves chiefly to conceal the simple fact that the liberals have taken over the Communists. Mrs. Roosevelt, Secretary Ickes, Dr. Eichelberger are making exactly the same kind of speeches they have made all their lives. It is the Communists who have changed. The reasons for their change need not detain us, but their conversion to liberalism, far from weakening the liberal tradition, introduces the only new element of strength it has tapped in years. For, thanks to the efforts of the Dies Committee, it has now become impossible to criticize any liberal movement with which anyone suspected of Communism is identified without being branded a Red-baiter. Thus, at a time when they were never so harmless as they are today, the liberals have not

only equipped themselves with a new suit of protective armor; they have acquired a wholly undeserved reputation for ruthlessness.

The Communists, on the other hand, occupy no such happy position. Having dropped their revolutionary tactics — for the moment at least — they find themselves burdened down with the whole dead weight of the liberal tradition. During the past twenty years, the Communist movement scored two major triumphs. It destroyed Tsarism in Russia and it took all the life out of the Second (Socialist) International in Western Europe. It is one of the ironies of history that the same Communists who laid these two adversaries low are now succumbing themselves to liberalism and at a time, furthermore, when liberalism itself is in full retreat.

For the liberal tradition has collapsed on two separate fronts — the domestic and the foreign. Mr. Lerner's little book shows, for example, the infinite capacity for self-delusion of the liberal mind. It was written before the November, 1938, elections and appeared that fall. It assumed — as most liberals continued to assume even after the results of those elections became clear — that the majority of the American people favored every last detail of the Roosevelt program. Yet when several Senators whose re-election and renomination Roosevelt opposed received, nevertheless, the support of the majority at the polls and when these same Senators then proceeded to vote against some features of Mr. Roosevelt's program, the liberals accused the "Tories" of "sabotaging" the "popular will." At which point the "Tories" turned around and justified their conduct by appealing to the liberal tradition and denouncing the bureaucratic, despotic attitude of the Executive. Thus

one group assumes that the liberal tradition is identical with the Roosevelt program which in turn is identical with the popular will, while another group assumes that the liberal tradition is identical with the principles on which it was elected to office. A tradition subject to such varied interpretations is hardly distinguished for its vitality.

Furthermore, quite apart from any definitions that any group may choose to associate with the liberal tradition, the fact remains that the Roosevelt policies do, by and large, embody that tradition, for better or worse. And another fact is equally clear: these policies have proved something less than a success. This is not to say that the Republicans or the conservative Democrats have an alternative policy. It is not to say that the country is ripe for radical changes. The point is that the New Deal has come to a dead end.

One reason for the failure of the New Deal lies in the fear of dictatorship that has gripped all sections of the population. Protestants, labor leaders, liberals, and Jews fear Fascism. Catholics and conservatives fear Communism. A united front has therefore been established which denounces "dictatorships of the left and dictatorships of the right" with fine impartiality: at the American Youth Congress even the Communists opposed "the dictatorship of Communism." It is bad enough to be on the defensive, but when a movement takes the defensive against two dangers coming from opposite directions, as the liberals do today, something is very wrong indeed.

For if the Communist and Fascist menaces are both as great as the liberals believe, surely the part of wisdom is to let them destroy each other. If, however, one menace is clearly greater than the other, surely the part of wisdom is to enlist the support of the lesser evil to destroy the

greater one. Yet this course, too, the liberals avoid. Instead, they have enlisted in a succession of crusades against imaginary enemies — Fascism one week, Communism another, "totalitarianism in all its forms" a third.

The fantastic misadventures of Roosevelt's foreign policy illustrate the futility of assuming, for example, that the world has become a vast battleground between the forces of democracy and the forces of Fascism. On October 5, 1937, he issued his famous appeal for quarantine. One year later, the two chief "peace-loving nations" with whom he had offered to coöperate had sat down at Munich with the two chief "war-making" nations and carved up the liberal little Republic of Czechoslovakia. Indeed, Roosevelt subsequently boasted of having played a part in this drama when he sent a message to Hitler in the middle of September, begging him to settle the matter by negotiation. A call for quarantine at that time — if it had meant anything — would have meant war, and as a liberal humanitarian, Roosevelt naturally held back, with the result that he made himself a party to Hitler's triumph.

Six months later a second attempt to keep the peace produced similar results. When Roosevelt sent his message to Hitler and Mussolini in the middle of April asking them to guarantee certain countries against aggression, Hitler promptly signed a series of non-aggression pacts with many of these countries — notably those bordering upon Russia — with the result that their objections to receiving similar guarantees from Russia and Britain a few weeks later caused the negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet Pact to drag through the summer without reaching a conclusion.

The point is not that Roosevelt wanted to prepare the

way for Munich or to torpedo an Anglo-Soviet Pact. The point is that he proceeded on the assumption that the world was divided into a democratic and a Fascist group of powers. Yet when a crisis came, it turned out that the real alignment bore no resemblance to his imaginary conception of world politics.

Not only was this assumption generally shared even by those Americans who disagreed with Roosevelt's domestic policy; they shared it because, to that extent at least, they clung to the liberal tradition. Yet events shattered this assumption just as rudely as they shattered the assumption of the New Dealers that the great majority of the American people supported their program.

What happened was this: regardless of the merits or defects of Roosevelt's foreign policy, more and more American liberals have thrown themselves into the discussion of a highly specialized subject of which they are completely ignorant. And not only are they ignorant; they approach the question of foreign policy with a set of moral assumptions which prevent them from ever apprehending it. Thus, the pro-Roosevelt liberals become the moral front for the Paul V. McNutts and Henry L. Stimsons who favor a thumping policy of imperial expansion in the Far East while the anti-Roosevelt liberals find themselves performing the same function for Hearst and Father Coughlin and their reactionary policies at home. Roosevelt's supporters believe that the issue is democracy versus Fascism; his opponents believe that it is war versus peace. They resemble each other only in that they bring moral judgments, and no others, to bear.

THE LIBERAL TRADITION has come to grief not because it concerns itself with moral values, but because in doing so it closes its eyes to the real world, conjures up a world of

the imagination, and then proceeds to give its morality free rein. If liberals confined themselves to writing books and articles and if nobody paid any attention to what they wrote, the study of liberalism would be confined to the back issues of *The Nation* and to the published works of its editors and contributors. But liberal ideas and attitudes continue to have an important influence on American life. Goering once said that Hitler proceeded with "the assurance of a somnambulist"; the same thing applies to those liberals who have entered public life where their conduct bears no relationship to the world around them.

Yet the bankruptcy of liberalism does not mean that the liberals themselves are of no account. Although they move in a dream world of their own, they also function in the real world of human beings. Furthermore, their moral authority gives them so much importance that even their enemies have taken up their slogans.

What, then, is the function of liberalism today? The liberal tradition came into existence with the rise of modern capitalism. It provided an intellectual and moral base for the society in which we now live. The free market, popular suffrage, civil and religious liberties, private property rights — these are some of the institutions, abstractions, and hard realities that grew up with the liberal tradition. And if the liberal tradition no longer lives, then the world which brought it forth must be in bad shape, too.

From this, some of the non-Communist disciples of Karl Marx conclude that the proletarian revolution is the only living force in the world today. At the moment it is perhaps as shadowy as the principle of "collective security" which the liberals still mumble about in their sleep. But instead of foreseeing the world-wide struggle

between democracy and Fascism which the liberals look forward to with mixed emotions, the simon-pure Marxists anticipate a world-wide struggle between the workers and the capitalists.

Meanwhile, the liberals yearn for what might have been if the Tweedledum Democrats had not sabotaged the New Deal and if Neville Chamberlain had not betrayed democracy. Because those two defeats, the one domestic, the other foreign, look like mere accidents of a capricious fate, the liberals still cling to the policies that might have worked if events had only taken exactly the opposite course from the one they actually followed.

But if no New Deal can save capitalist democracy at home; if the coming world war isn't going to be a death struggle between democracy and Fascism — what are the prospects? Perhaps the best way to answer that question is to stand liberalism on its head and see what happens. This doesn't mean that Fascism wins. On the contrary. It means that the democratic-Fascist struggle is a sham-battle and that the liberals have created the bogey-man of Fascism at home and the delusion of an anti-Fascist crusade abroad in order to find an outlet for their passion for "moral emphasis."

At home, the interest of those who profit most from the present order is not to destroy that order but to preserve it. The British ruling classes learned that lesson long ago and have used the liberal movement to install the same kind of reforms that our New Deal has established. Sometimes the Liberals and the Labor Party put through these reforms, but usually the Conservatives kept matters in their own hands.

In the United States, on the other hand, long-continued prosperity made our economic royalists so soft in the head that they ignored the necessity for reforms and

therefore the New Deal came into existence to impose them. Today, however, the only function of the New Deal — and indeed of the whole liberal movement — is to come to some arrangement with the conservatives since neither can exist without the other. In other words, unless the National Association of Manufacturers endorses the Wagner Act, unless the American Bankers Association comes out for social security, our governing class must cease to govern. And the situation of the liberal movement is equally desperate. Unless it becomes the moral front for the conservatives, it has no other cause to work for. A marriage of necessity would therefore seem to be the order of the day.

Should war intervene, such a marriage would even become a shot-gun affair, in every sense. Then, more than ever, the conservatives would need the moral authority of the liberals and it is already clear that Barkis is willing. In England it was a Liberal Government that led the country into the Boer War and the World War; it was also a liberal President who led the United States into the World War. Already, most of our liberals have made it clear that they regard war as a lesser evil than that Fascist world which now seems to them an imminent possibility.

In short, our conservatives hold all the cards while the liberals have acquired a monopoly of moral principles only. In the name of saving America from Fascism, the liberals can provide the conservatives with the slogans they need to preserve at least the forms of capitalist democracy. In the name of saving the world from Fascism, the liberals can provide the conservatives with the slogans they need for an imperialist war. And when the smoke of battle clears, the kingdom of our economic royalists will extend to the ends of the earth.

Fresh Information about the European Sojourn of the Third President.

Jefferson in Paris

By MARIE KIMBALL

On a certain summer day in the year 1784 there arrived in Paris a tall, sandy-haired gentleman from Virginia. He was none other than the recently appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the new-born United States of America. Although he was already famous in both worlds as the author of the Declaration of Independence, no fanfare greeted his arrival. He came as unostentatiously as did a great countryman who flew out of the skies nearly a century and a half later. Even the police, who have left a most piquant note on Franklin, paid no attention to Jefferson. He settled himself quietly, for the time being, in the Hôtel d'Orléans and took up his work. It was his mission to associate himself with the veteran Benjamin Franklin and the dour John Adams in negotiating treaties of commerce. Within a year this had been accomplished, Franklin had returned to America and Jefferson remained as the Minister from the United States. His position in Paris, in society, in the world of art and science was to become unique.

To succeed Benjamin Franklin was no easy task. He had been in Paris since 1776, when he had come as a commissioner from the Continental Congress to enlist

the aid of France in behalf of the struggling colonies. He liked the French people and they adored him. It is no exaggeration to say that he was idolized by all classes of society. "The account you have of the vogue I am here has some truth in it," he wrote his sister. "Perhaps few strangers in France have had the good fortune to be so universally popular." A great reputation as a scientist had, to be sure, preceded him; his electrical experiments were the wonder of the world. With his simple dress and the great fur cap that came almost to his eyes he was, likewise, a refreshing novelty. He enjoyed posing as an original in the most artificial society the world has perhaps ever known, and he was not unaware either of the sensation he created or the advantage it gave him.

At the time of Franklin's sojourn France was, as Gouverneur Morris truly remarked, a woman's country. Women dominated the intellectual as well as the social life to an unprecedented degree. "All one has to do," the Duke de Levis observed, "is to please women, for they control public opinion." It is not surprising, therefore, that a man with Franklin's weakness for the fair sex should have had an immense success and should have felt completely happy in such an atmosphere. Although he was not a young man when he arrived in Paris, — he had, indeed, already reached his threescore years and ten — his admirers were legion.

It was into such a *milieu* that Jefferson stepped when he arrived in Paris in 1785, but he was not wholly to take part in it. Franklin's world was that of the passing *ancien régime*. Jefferson came as a representative of the new and revolutionary spirit that had already begun to creep in and that was destined to sweep the country. He was to help establish a new order in which petticoat rule was

banished. Furthermore, he did not play the rôle of a celebrity. He had no pose and no eccentricities. His seriousness and his singleness of purpose, his determination that his mission in Europe should be one of education both for himself, and through him, for the people of his country, set him apart. He snatched at everything new with what might be called intellectual avarice and transmitted it to the United States he had done so much in creating.

In return the French took him to their hearts. His method of thought appealed to the French patriots, indeed, he had anticipated them by a dozen years. He was a living example of a man who had helped rescue his country from oppression. Had he not "sworn on the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man"? The publication of his "Notes on Virginia," not long after his arrival in France, added greatly to Jefferson's reputation among the men of letters and philosophers, and enjoyed an enormous vogue.

Strangely enough Jefferson was as popular at court as he was with the French people. By his straightforwardness and obvious honesty, qualities unusual in the politics of the old world, he won the respect of the Count de Vergennes who, at that time, controlled French foreign policy. Jefferson modestly recounted his triumph when he wrote: "The Count de Vergennes had the reputation, with the diplomatic corps, of being wary and slippery in his diplomatic intercourse; and so he might be with those whom he knew to be slippery and double-faced themselves. As he saw I had no indirect views, practised no subtleties, meddled in no intrigues, pursued no concealed object, I found him as frank, as easy of access to reason, as any man with whom I had ever done business."

Jefferson's reaction to his new environment was dual.

He distinguished sharply in his feelings between the French people and French society. In his famous letter to Mrs. William Bingham describing the day of a French lady of fashion, his contempt for the idle aristocrat is but thinly veiled. On the other hand, he writes Mrs. Adams, "I do love this *people* with all my heart and think that with a better religion, a better form of government and their present governors, their condition and country would be most enviable."

In writing Charles Bellini, not long after his arrival, Jefferson sums up his impressions. "Behold me at length on the vaunted scene of Europe! It is not necessary for your information that I should enter into details concerning it. But you are, perhaps, curious to know how this scene has struck a savage of the mountains of America. Not advantageously, I assure you. I find the general fate of humanity here most deplorable. . . . It is a true picture of that country to which they say we shall pass hereafter, and where we are to see God and His angels in splendor, and crowds of the damned trampled under their feet. While the great mass of the people are thus suffering under physical and moral oppression, I have endeavored to examine more nearly the condition of the great, to appreciate the true value of the circumstances of their situation, which dazzle the bulk of the spectators and, especially, to compare it with that degree of happiness which is enjoyed in America by every class of people. Intrigues of love occupy the younger, and those of ambition, the elder part of the great. Conjugal love having no existence among them, domestic happiness, of which that is the basis, is utterly unknown. In lieu of this are substituted pursuits which nourish and invigorate morbid passions, and which offer only moments of ecstasy, amidst days and months of restlessness and torment."

On the seventeenth of May Jefferson had his first audience with the King and Queen. The *Gazette de France* for the 20th of May contained a notice of the interview, but curiously enough there is no comment on the new minister in any of the newspapers or journals, no indication of the impression he made. And Jefferson himself has left no account of his presentation at court. Later he was to write: "The King loves business, economy, order, and justice, and wishes sincerely the good of his people; but he is irascible, rude, very limited in his understanding, and religious, bordering on bigotry. He has no mistress, loves his Queen and is too much governed by her. She is capricious, like her brother, and governed by him; devoted to pleasure and expense; and not remarkable for any other vices or virtues."

Within a few months of his arrival Jefferson was established in a handsome *hôtel* on the corner of the Rue Neuve-Berry and the Champs Elysées. Unlike his predecessors, he did not rent a furnished house nor did he permit one to be loaned him. At first he toyed with the idea of renting furniture but, as he writes, "those who hire furniture asked me forty percent a year for the use of it. It was better to buy, therefore; and this article, clothes, carriage, etc., have amounted to considerably more than the advance ordered" — that is, two quarters' salary.

Although Jefferson says he has taken up his "outfit on a scale as small as could be admitted," the inventory of his furnishings permits us to glimpse not only a man of sensitive, artistic and scientific tastes, but gives us a glamorous picture of how a gentleman of fashion and distinction furnished his house at the close of the eighteenth century. Jefferson may have lamented, "I have already paid 2,800 livres, and have still more to pay,"

but, thanks to his good taste and judgment, he had a very handsome establishment.

The house had been designed by the architect Chalgrin and the salon was adorned with allegorical paintings from the brush of Berthélémy. Curtains of blue damask hung at certain of the windows in the house, crimson damask at others. There were no less than fifty-nine chairs upholstered in red or blue damask, some in red morocco, others in velour d'Utrecht. In addition his *hôtel* was adorned with sofas, tables, mirrors, paintings, statuary — in short that infinite variety of practical and ornamental objects that go to make up a great establishment. It is noteworthy how he conformed to the French fashion in purchasing his furniture, how few provincial ideas he sought to impose. His French friends were, as a result, completely *chez eux*.

To this house repaired the artistic and liberal world of Paris. Owing to Jefferson's wide interests the society was very cosmopolitan. His friends, inevitably, were not the butterflies of society, but people of serious interests, be it in *belles lettres*, philosophy, gardening, or the arts. Jefferson never aspired to know anyone because of rank or social position. His intimates were painters, sculptors, architects and the more liberal and enlightened among the nobility, such as Lafayette, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and the venerable Duchess d'Anville.

Jefferson's friends in Paris fell into two groups — the artists and the liberals among the aristocracy. He early came in touch with Clérisseau over the design for the capitol at Richmond, Virginia. Architecture had been Jefferson's passion for many years. He was now not only able to associate with the leading architects, such as Legrand, Molinos and Clérisseau, but to gratify his eye

as well. His letter to Madame de Tessé from Nismes, in 1787, begins like a poem — a panegyric to architecture: "Here I sit, Madame, gazing whole hours at the Maison Quarrée, like a lover at his mistress. The stocking weavers and silk spinners around it consider me a hypochondriac Englishman, about to write with a pistol the last chapter of his history. This is the second time I have been in love since I left Paris. The first was with a Diana at the Château de Laye-Epinaye in Beaujolois, a delicious morsel of sculpture by M. A. Slodtz. This, you will say, was in rule, to fall in love with a female beauty; but with a house! It is out of all precedent. No, Madame, it is not without precedent in my own history. While in Paris I was violently smitten with the Hôtel de Salm, and used to go to the Tuileries almost daily, to look at it. . . ."

Jefferson had not been in Paris many months before he was on terms of intimacy with Count d'Angiviller, the *directeur général des bâtiments du roi*. Indeed the Count, Jefferson, Richard Cosway, the miniature painter, and his lovely wife, Maria, who would gladly have been more than a friend to the American Minister, formed an inseparable quartet. Together they wandered through the garden spots encircling Paris like so many happy figures for *L'embarquement pour Cythère*.

In the summer of 1786 John Trumbull arrived bringing two of his paintings to be engraved. Jefferson persuaded him to stay and study in Paris, later go to Rome. It thus came about that he spent some time with Jefferson and the two visited such famous collections as those at Versailles, of the Count D'Orsay and the Count d'Angiviller, where, Trumbull remarks, "is a collection of the most precious things I have seen." Jefferson was so attracted to Trumbull that he offered him a post as his secretary, in 1789, but Trumbull declined, saying, "The

most powerful notion I had or have for engaging in or continuing the study of painting, has been the wish of commemorating the great events of our country's revolution."

It is not surprising that Jefferson should have found the society of artists congenial, for he had taken a lively interest in the arts since youth. We know that when he was Governor of Virginia he had carried with him to the Governor's Palace "2 pictures, 6 large pictures and 17 prints." When he went to Europe he determined to enlarge his collection, as well as to increase his knowledge of the arts, and this threw him into contact with the painters and sculptors from whom he proposed to buy. Jefferson soon became familiar in the circle dominated by Houdon. One of his earliest missions in Paris had been to persuade Houdon, then at the height of his fame, to execute a statue of Washington. Houdon had more commissions than he had time to fill them but, inspired by the hope of doing an equestrian figure of Washington, he finally permitted himself to be persuaded and set sail in the summer of 1785 with Jefferson's recommendation that "he is without rivalship (in sculpture), being employed from all parts of Europe in whatever its capital."

When Jefferson had been in Paris but a few months he was assiduously buying "2 small laughing busts, 2 pictures of heads, a Hercules in plaister, 5 paintings (heads), a picture with six figures," perhaps with not too much regard for quality. Very soon a definite plan had evolved — to collect pictures and busts of his famous compatriots or contemporaries. From Houdon he purchased a bust of John Paul Jones, and paid a thousand francs for one of himself. This was exhibited in plaster in the *Salon* of 1789 as "M. Sesseron, envoyé des états de la Virginie." The marble bust was subsequently sent to Monticello, where

it was destroyed in Jefferson's lifetime by the carelessness of a servant.

Another sculptor whose studio Jefferson frequented was Ceracchi, an Italian who was extremely popular at the English and Austrian courts, although he had neither the gifts nor the reputation of Houdon. Jefferson, however, admired his work, which was of a pseudo-classical character, sufficiently to buy busts of Washington, Columbus and Americus Vespucius. Ceracchi also modeled Jefferson and wrote him in 1793 that he intended making the bust a present. It was, indeed, sent, and is still to be seen at Monticello. Two years later, however, a bill arrived. Whether Jefferson paid it or not we do not know, but we do know that for ten years, when Ceracchi had fallen into disgrace and was finally executed, there were regular appeals for help from Thérèse Ceracchi, his wife, whom Jefferson had never known.

THROUGH HIS WARM FRIENDSHIP with Lafayette and, subsequently, with Lafayette's aunt, Madame de Tessé, Jefferson was early introduced to the leading political and intellectual circles in France. He was prompt to win for himself a warm place there. Soon he counted among his friends and admirers the Countess d'Houdetot, who had played so great a rôle in Rousseau's life, the Duke de la Rochfoucauld, one of the greatest liberals among the French nobles, the Duchesse d'Anville, Madame Necker, wife of the statesman, and Madame de Staël, perhaps the most brilliant woman of her day. This group regarded Jefferson as the most conspicuous American intellectual in Paris and he was a frequent visitor at the *salons* of these ladies.

There have been preserved various accounts of the French *salon*, but none gives a more charming picture

than that left by the amiable Vigée Lebrun, the artist. It is in such a setting that we may well picture Jefferson. In his day the conversation was likely to turn to politics, whereas in Franklin's time "discussing character," as gossiping has been called, and a play of wit were stressed. "He can form no opinion of what society once was in France," our commentator writes, "who has not seen the time when, all the day's business absolved, a dozen or fifteen people meet at the house of a hostess to finish their evening. The ease and the refined merriment which reigned at these light evening repasts gave them a charm which dinners never have. A sort of confidence and intimacy prevailed among the guests; it was by such suppers that the good society of Paris showed its superiority to that of all Europe. At my house, for instance, we met about nine o'clock. No one ever talked politics, but we chatted about literature and told anecdotes of the hour. Sometimes we diverted ourselves by acting charades, and sometimes the Abbé Delille or the poet Lebrun read us some of their compositions. At ten o'clock we sat down to table. . . . The hours passed like minutes, and at midnight the company broke up."

Among the warmest of Jefferson's friends in Paris was, without question, Madame de Tessé. She was a woman of rare intelligence and ready sympathy who shared Jefferson's interests to an unusual degree. Although she was one of the ladies in waiting to the Queen, she proclaimed herself a republican and many "republicans of the first feather," as Gouverneur Morris observed, were to be seen at her house. Here Jefferson was regarded as a hero and worshipped as such. It was not politics, however, but a mutual love of the arts which formed the basis of his friendship with Madame de Tessé.

The Comte and Comtesse de Tessé occupied the châ-

teau of Chaville, not far from Versailles. It was surrounded by superb gardens arranged in the latest taste. At appropriate spots were to be found such romantic features as a battlemented tower, a summer house, or a pair of classic columns against the dark background of evergreens. Jefferson, who had toured the English gardens in 1786, found Chaville a delight. He and Madame de Tessé never wearied of discussing the problems of gardening and of horticulture, and to the end of a long life they found pleasure in exchanging letters on botanical and horticultural questions.

On June 21, 1785, Jefferson wrote Abigail Adams: "I took a trip yesterday to Sannois and commenced an acquaintance with the old Countess Houdetot. I received much pleasure from it and hope it has opened a door of admission for me to the circle of literati with which she is environed." Jefferson was not to be disappointed in his hopes. The "old countess," she was at this time fifty-five years old and a grandmother, took an immediate fancy to the serious-minded American Minister.

The *salon* of the Countess d'Houdetot had been one of the most famous in Paris and she now continued to hold sway in her retirement in the little village of Sannois, after her famous love affair with Rousseau. Here, at the Maison de la Briche, the countess held court and received the homage of her admirers. Setting herself up anew, as it were, Madame d'Houdetot was able to cast away all ties to the formality of the eighteenth century and, in her gardens, give expression to the incoming spirit of romanticism. We read of her retreat: "It is small, but all the surroundings, the fountains, the gardens and the park, have a certain air of wildness. Large basins of water, overrunning their brims, are covered with rush and marshy weeds. There is an ancient bridge in ruins,

enveloped in moss, — and groves which the shears of the gardener have never touched. Trees are planted with no regard for symmetry, their branches intertwining as nature wills, and springs gush forth from their natural openings. It is not a large place, but it is a place where one can easily lose oneself."

Amid such scenes Jefferson enjoyed the society of "the circle of literati" to which he aspired but he was never quite to become one of them. Madame d'Houdetot might describe Jefferson as "un esprit sage et humain, un caractère digne de celui de Franklin et de Washington, un homme instruit, achevé et aimable," she might cherish an admiration for America that was almost fantastic, yet she never achieved quite the *rapprochement* with Jefferson that she had with Franklin.

Jefferson, for his part, probably failed to find in Madame d'Houdetot the warm heart and the completely sympathetic understanding that he found in Madame de Tessé. Their conversation and their letters over a period of years dealt largely with politics. Jefferson was never able to pour out his heart as he had to Madame de Tessé at Nismes, or, on a vastly different occasion, to the lovely Maria Cosway on that October evening when he said farewell to her forever.

It was not only in the *salons* of these ladies and in the more formal dinner parties, where the gentlemen stood stiffly about, hat under arm, that Mr. Jefferson and his circle sought recreation and amusement. The Paris of 1785 provided quite as many diversions as the Paris of today and the "savage from the mountains of America" lost no opportunity of enjoying them. His pocket account-book, that tattle-tale of his life, reveals his real passion for music and the theatre. To be sure, he might gratify

his insatiable curiosity by paying a few francs to see a balloon ascension or a musical pig, but his real diversions were the ordinary ones of the fashionable Parisian of the day.

The most popular entertainment of the time was the *concert spirituel*. These concerts, not sacred, as one might tend to think, were held in the Tuileries at half past six in the evening. It was customary for the person of fashion to stroll for an hour or so in the beautiful gardens of the palace, chatting with the friends he met, before entering the hall for the concert. A variety of chamber music, songs and soloists constituted a *concert spirituel* in Jefferson's day.

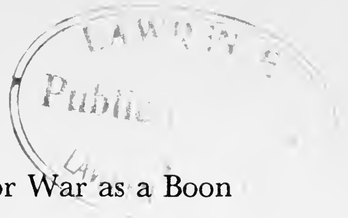
Jefferson was almost as fond of the theatre as he was of music and now, for the first time, he was able to gratify this taste to his heart's content. We find him patronizing equally, and with great pleasure, the *Théâtre Italien* which was given over largely to comedy, and the *Théâtre Français*, still famous today.

Perhaps the most fashionable and most popular place of amusement at this time, and one which Jefferson frequently visited, was the Palais Royal. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans lived in the palace itself but the gardens and the theatre, or opera house, as it was often called, were open to the public. Vigée Lebrun, who was approaching the zenith of her fame at this period, has left us a charming picture of how a summer evening was passed in the royal gardens:

> On Sundays and on saints' days, after hearing mass, my mother and my stepfather took me to the Palais Royal for a walk. The gardens were then far more spacious and beautiful than they are now, strangled and straightened by the houses enclosing them. There was a very broad and long avenue on the left, arched by gigantic trees, which formed a vault im-

> penetrable to the rays of the sun. There good society assembled in its best clothes. The opera house was hard by the palace. In summer the performance ended at half past eight, and all elegant people left even before it was over, in order to ramble in the garden. It was the fashion for the women to wear huge nosegays which, added to the perfumed powder sprinkled in everybody's hair, really made the air one breathed quite fragrant. . . . I have known these assemblies to last until two in the morning. There was music by moonlight, out in the open, artists and amateurs sang songs; there was playing on the harp and guitar . . . crowds flocked to the spot.

Jefferson was destined to enjoy this life, so different from what he had known and yet so sympathetic to him, for only four short years. The moonlit evenings, the music, the visits to the palaces and gardens about Paris, the association with the intellectual aristocracy of Europe came to a sudden end in 1789 when he went back to the United States. He had every hope of returning to France, but he was shortly made Secretary of State and he was never again to see this country he had grown to love. His friendships and his connections, however, did not cease and for the next forty years Mr. Jefferson not only corresponded with his old friends but he acted as a magnet that drew many members of his Paris circle to the United States.



A Plea for War as a Boon to Youth.

I Want To Go to War!

By

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

If I rightly unravel the riddle of census-figures, there are considerably over 10,000,000 American couples who have children. I sincerely believe that what I am about to say concerning my wife and myself expresses a profound conviction of pretty much all these people concerning themselves.

My wife and I are mature, have a pair of youngsters, a little home, great desire for quiet. Nevertheless, we want to go to war; not in the pride of the totalitarians, nor in the rage of the anti-totalitarians. However, every bit as much. Not in the spirit of nationalistic assertion: in the spirit of patriotic commonsense.

Those children of ours, a boy of eighteen years, a girl of seventeen, belong to tomorrow. Tomorrow ought to want them. Today does not need my wife and me. So my wife and I want to go to war.

We are neither jingoes nor pacifists. We disapprove of every variety of dictatorship. We still have faith in the American conception of democracy and, although advocates of domestic defense, should prefer to see America refuse ever again to fight or umpire any of Europe's battles. But we humbly feel that, if foreign fighting must be done, then, as modern ingenuity has made the husks

equally salable with the grain in the market for certain foodstuffs, so government should adopt methods which will save the human grain and employ only the human husks for cannon-fodder. We dislike the thought of young fellows being killed or maimed, of young girls' lives being ruined, for the sake of our comfort, or what is called security — especially when the sacrificial lists are likely to include our own boy and girl.

For war is coming.

Don't lie awake nights in the hope that it isn't coming, for even if England omits to guarantee our frontiers, war will come. Although

> The little green tents where the soldiers sleep,
> And the children play, and the women weep
> Are covered with flowers today,

there will be plenty of fresh brown mounds by the side of those green ones tomorrow.

Why? And what to do about it?

Solomon was right, as usual, when he said, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done." Humanity's athletic emotions know no more ancient manifestation than the manifestation of war. It has always remained our planet's most popular open-air sport — for the applauding onlookers.

Now the world-mind is demon-driven by that war impulse. The urgings of Sabine Bellona are quite as audible under dictators' and anti-dictators' declarations of a will-to-amity as they are clamorous in the alternating threats of battle.

Is this one of the mornings when, through propaganda offices, over the air or on the news-cables, the nations talk

Peace? At the opening of the League of Nations' late and unlamented Disarmament Conference, the late and lamented Frank Simonds wrote: "Governments are never so near to war as when they meet to cement a perpetual peace." Along about 300 A.D., St. Isidore of Pelusium said: "When men talk of peace, there we see them making ready for battle."

Or is this one of those other mornings? One of those mornings when defiances are ripping the air like static — and doing about as much immediate damage? When Germany is bragging, "I can lick you with one hand tied behind my back," England is taunting, "Come on and try it!" Are we justified in seeking here a truth correlative to that which was formulated by the Egyptian eyegete and modernized by the Washington newspapermen — a hope that when the war-lords rattle their sabres, they are secretly anxious to beat them into ploughshares as well as frighten their enemies' guns into Screeno-punches?

Such a correlative truth, if it exists, is a temporary whim, not an eternal verity. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be." Those distant war-lords, of whatever nationality, are dutiful sons of Mars, and they — in this alone like the Lord of Peace — must be about a Father's business.

Nor they only; their agents also, some over here, are spreading seeds. The war is coming for this country, too; a foreign war, partly native woven, partly foreign ready-made. Economic necessity, as directed into political channels by diplomats and politicians, will see to that; alien and indigenous politicians with too many worries at home, ably aided by our Neutrality Laws and by the altruistic efforts of professional pacifists whom Hitlers have maddened. Never mind, just now, who will be the aggressor; the enemy is always the aggressor.

Already, every move is being made to "get America in" that was made so successfully after the outbreak of the latest World War, but now those moves are being made earlier in the game. Every argument is being put forward that was put forward then — only a few so-called "realistic" arguments are being added. The melody is the same — they are simply swinging it.

THERE IS NO END to the reasons why we must go to war! We must go to war with Japan, in order to save our trade with China, notwithstanding the fact that our exports to Japan are infinitely greater than our exports to China. We must join Great Britain, France and their allies in a war against Germany, Italy and their allies, in order to promote racial and religious tolerance — the sort of racial tolerance that Great Britain exercises in India, the type of religious tolerance that Roumania, ally of France, exhibits to the Jew. Or we must join the same coalition — Great Britain and France, Poland and (if they can get her) Russia — in order to save democracy again — the sort of democracy that the Warsaw Government promotes within its own borders, the type of democracy that the impulsive Soviets offer by their one-party system.

And of course we must bring along to the party our own allies. We must secure the help of the Latin American democracies, among the twenty-one we courted at the Lima husking-bee fourteen of which were frank dictatorships.

Finally, before I serve the meat of my menu, it should be remembered that this coming conflict is going to work with a Hollywood damn-the-expense whoop. It is going to be a "super-de-luxe" Armageddon. It is going to be to 1914–18 what *Union Pacific* is to *The Birth of a Nation.*

One has been told so by experts both *ex parte* and par-

tisan: by such able war-lovers as Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, Military Correspondent and Advisor on Defense to the London *Times;* by Bruno Jasienski, Secretary to the Union of Revolutionary Writers; by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Reich Minister for National Enlightenment. War is Hell, and this will prove a hell of a war; a liberalists' and pacifists' war against Europe's New (but not very new) Caesarism. On every front, novel passions will operate novel engines of destruction.

There is visible one little gleam of hope. War is insanity, but perhaps its craziness can be, if ever so slightly, tempered. War is the world's worst waste, but perhaps its wastefulness can be, if ever so slightly, a little reduced. For war's worst waste is war's waste of youth.

The other day, I was talking with one of America's two greatest military experts. In the enthusiasm of pure science, he explained how, thanks to our patriotic inventors, our enterprising businessmen, American means of war-waging have kept pace with invention and enterprise in our less glorious industries. He said:

"Why, war-mechanization has reached a point where hardly any time need be lost in training the soldiers! Some of our most destructive devices could be operated by babies!"

I wanted to ask whether, if parents invested money in the civil education of their son, and if then a mentally deficient Government seized him and sent him to military slaughter, that wasn't highway robbery. But I refrained, because I saw that he was after those babies for his army. So I laid a trap for him, and admiringly demanded:

"If a child in first childhood could do it, could it be done by a man approaching second childhood?"

"It could be done," this zealot assured me, "by the village idiot!"

Whereupon I knew that I had all the experts where I wanted them.

Babies? Why not let George do it — old George — good old George?

CAST YOUR MIND BACK to its schooldays when you had to read Swift's *Modest Proposal* for the poverty-stricken Irish of two hundred and ten years ago: that poor adults should fatten their children and sell them to the kitchens of their more fortunate neighbors. The kindly Dean estimates that there are 120,000 children being born of poor parents each year in Ireland and proceeds:

> I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child . . . is at a year old most delicious, nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or ragout.
>
> I do therefore offer it to public consideration that of the 120,000 children already computed, 20,000 may be reserved for breed, whereof only one fourth part to be males, which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine. . . . That the remaining 100,000 may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month. . . . A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore and hind quarters will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

Over all the world, with war as knife and fork, we parents have for generations been eating our own children. Now it is only fair, since it is not militarily undesirable, that our children should be given a chance to eat us.

Admit that the coming conflict is a necessity, a possible

means of temporarily relieving the country's economic agony, a reliable method of at least easing the Depression-Recession strangle hold on our munition industry. We now know that the grand game of war is played with two factors on each side.

Into the question of non-combatant fatalities, at present made so much of, I do not enter, for the slaughter of civilians in martial disputes is neither so recent as easy-chair specialists assume, nor yet a detail with which pure military science can be logically expected to concern itself. There remain, then, first, the new factor of effortlessly operated machines to kill opponents' geese, and second, the constant factor of geese for the opponents' machines to kill.

As REASONABLE PEOPLE, let's welcome Hell reasonably. The old are the property of the past — let us rejoin it. The young have a lien on the future, the future has a mandate upon them. We ought to avoid the worst error of 1917.

We should keep the present generation of youth at home, reserving for war-industries such young man-power as these industries require, and devoting the rest to the useful employment of fitting themselves for the paramount needs of post-war reconstruction. Since it stands to reason that the killing of a man over forty years is less antisocial than the killing of a man under thirty, let's line our front lines with the middle-aged and aged.

Not conscription from eighteen to thirty — conscription from forty into senility. And there is no reason for excluding women.

Don't say that old civilian dogs can't be taught new drilling-tricks: today's warfare knows no drills; our General Staff's very latest Infantry Drill Regulations are al-

ready as dead as those of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Don't argue that old folks can't march the long last mile. Modern soldiers are not required to march; camions carry them — camions quite as comfortable as the cattle-cars that haul steers on their way to become beef. And don't mention inability to endure any hardship. The 1940 soldier won't be there to endure; he will be there, precisely, to perish.

Of course, Organized Charity may complain, but that will be merely because its officials' jobs are threatened by a decrease in the number of Organized Charity's guinea pigs. At all events, our influential friends the munitions makers can present no valid objection. Although their living depends on lives' potential extermination, those same gentlemen will not mind if the lives exterminated are old lives.

The Persians of the Sixth Century B.C. sent their fettered slaves into battle and found them as satisfactory targets for hostile arrows as any other sort of targets. Now, aged freemen are as docile as young slaves. Individual for individual, they do have less blood in their veins, but an army of them would provide enough to fertilize any Flanders Field, whose poppies would soon be just as red as those of November, 1918.

Haven't old people heads that can be blown off, arms and legs that can be shot away, lungs to gas? Aren't old people's bowels magnificent gardens for the cultivation of dysentery? What's more, however their appetites may mutter against it, old people need less food than young ones.

The 1914–18 war-fashions were inefficient and uneconomical. Here is a mode proficient and frugal. We are a Science-minded people. We may refuse to believe in a God who is the same yesterday, today and forever, but we

prostrate ourselves with facile faith before Science, which never says the same thing twice, and about which the one safe guess is that it will shamelessly dissent next year from the doctrines it promulgates this year. How, then, can we resist the obvious argument for the right of the old to die?

KEEP CLEARLY BEFORE YOU the fact that War's business is killing and being killed. Every soldier who leaves only his limbs or his wits on the field of battle is a war-error. Every soldier who escapes whole is a war-disaster.

Yet, during our European picnic of twenty-two years ago, with some 4,000,000 men in arms, less than 132,000 lost their lives; only some 200,000 were visibly wounded; disasterously few — probably less than three-quarters of those then enlisted — were permanently diseased, or still suffer from obscure nerve or brain lesions and worth-while phobias.

Under the Kauffman Plan, deaths — what the experts facetiously call "Complete Casualties" — would reach as close to a hundred per cent as is humanly possible, because, illness-resistance being the notoriously weak thing it is among the old, illness would far more than compensate for all deficiencies in enemy battle-machines, all bad marksmanship in enemy gunners. And, so as to insure an immediately expeditious mortality and thus decrease war costs, no physicians or surgeons — except those experimentalists hereinafter catalogued — would accompany the army.

The inevitable slack in sexual debauches would be taken up by the Government's cornering of our domestic pornographic literature market, for use by the elderly combatants Over There — a hardship that must be patriotically borne by the civilian population. Should an appreciable number of the Expeditionary Force still

prove too antique to contract venereal diseases in ordinary ways, those wartime opportunities for medical experimentation in the field, which physicians consider their special war perquisite, would be artificially provided. I have no desire to rob war of any of its glamor. Instead of the prophylactic stations of 1918, there would be stations, operated by superannuated doctors, where compulsory inoculation would be administered cutaneously and intravenously.

Some prejudice lingers to the effect that military administrators are narrow-minded, military regulation irresilient. Our draft will be conducted by a Secretary of War and his subordinates whose records are clean of martinet influences or tendencies. These liberal officials will make exemptions where exemptions are just, and they will exercise an equitable elasticity.

Young men and women to whom the new eugenic laws forbid marriage will be accepted for the army, because otherwise they would be producing, as they are now producing, illegitimate, unfit children at home. A few more junior folk will be permitted to Serve with the Colors when medical examination has discovered them too delicate to remain off the battlefield, or when psychiatric tests, conducted by such psychologists as remain faithful to Freud, establish the candidates' claims to Medean complexes.

NOT TO TREAT EXHAUSTIVELY the question of the psysically unfit, let the instance of the blind serve for example. They are an ample number, and an ample expense. In June of last year, 2,500 blind persons were receiving public aid from the State of New York alone. During the fiscal year of 1937–38, the Federal Government spent $5,164,100 in aid to the sightless.

The Kauffman Plan confidently leaves the matter of military service by the blind to the dictates of their patriotism, prompted by discreet propaganda in Braille.

And there will be no sentimental softness for the populations of prisons, insane-asylums, hospitals, homes for incurables — any institutions the inmates of which are charges upon the state — or for people who hope to evade the draft through ignorance of their ages.

The state-charges will be automatically entered in Class A, the first to go. The age-ignoramuses present a more complex problem; latest census figures show that, while Massachusetts has merely 3,048 citizens who do not know how old they are, California possesses 13,733, doubtless all resident at Hollywood. There will be a blanket-provision consigning every age-imbecile to submarine work.

The once vexing problem of the Conscientious Objector will simply not arise. Death being practically certain under the Kauffman Plan, and being an offering-up of one generation for another, enlistment will meet even a Quaker's cautious conditions of sacrifice.

What is left? Only one glance more at the economic and political aspects of the scheme, which are so self-evident that even a Cabinet Minister can properly appreciate them.

Certainly we shall have to become a totalitiaran country; but that is the way republics fight totalitarianism: by becoming totalitarian. We started on our course when we took our first sniff of this cocaine with "Emergency Measures," and made the world safe for Democracy in 1917. We haven't so far left to go that the journey will weary us.

Clearly recollecting that wars are never won until the fighting is finished on their fronts and the peace treaty

signed behind the winning lines, just take a last look at the ledger's credit side.

Because of their youth and physical fitness, our stay-at-homes will produce stock valuable to the state, and the state, which nowadays delights in administering so many of the personal and intimate activities of its citizens, will get an inestimable opening to establish human stock-farms and regulate breeding. Thus, when the armistice comes, the enemy will have only its old civilians and surviving crippled soldiers on its hands, while America will have only its still young Gold Star Sons and Gold Star Daughters, all of them parents and therefore eager to thrash the enemy in the market places of the subsequent trade conflict.

Picture to yourself the Victory Parades up Fifth Avenue, Pennsylvania Avenue, Michigan Avenue, Main Street, when, all the military rank-and-file being dead, the far more important stay-at-homes march past the returned General Staff and line-officers. Each husband in the procession will be proudly propelling at least one perambulator, each wife will bear a banner:

WE, TOO, HAVE NOT BEEN IDLE!

And there will be no crippled veterans to whom to pay compensation.

And the Kauffman Plan will have smothered the last gasps of the pestiferous Townsend Plan.

And Relief Appropriations can be reduced sixty percent without a single Congressman losing a single vote.

And the Federal Theatre Project can be re-subsidized.

And the budget can be balanced!

You think this is all in jest? Perhaps some of it is. But not all, not any of it that matters. But even the part of it

that does matter is something felt so deeply by a man in my commonplace position that he dares not laugh.

Here is the part that matters:

Since the latest economic drought descended over this unhappy America, our land has been over-supplied — not only in almshouses and old folks' homes, either — with people waiting to die. Twenty years ago, maybe life did begin at forty; today these people want to know why death cannot, please, occur more frequently soon thereafter. They see that the Depression-Recession will be ended by another war — though that war will infallibly produce another Depression-Recession — and they know that their sons and daughters will be the price. Well, all that these fathers and mothers ask is some arrangement whereby they themselves may be sacrificed instead of their children: a chance to die, in these young people's stead, from fire or cold, or gas or mud, or shot or filth.

The old grieve for the young so much longer than the young grieve for the old. Why shouldn't youth be spared and age, willing, pay the piper?

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

My wife and I are thinking about our children. Those other middle-aged or elderly or old people of the 20,000,000 parents are thinking about their children and their children's children.

We want to go to War!

Women in International Politics –

Their Past and Future.

Can a Woman Be a Diplomat?

By

HERBERT WRIGHT

Any woman knows the answer to this question, if by "diplomat" one means a person of tact. For the good mother uses tact twenty-four hours a day in preserving peace among the individuals in the home, no two with the same dispositions, aspirations or ambitions. The young woman who has not yet taken a husband rarely fails to use tact in handling prospective suitors. The clever woman in professional life must be tactful in combating the prejudice of the competitive male. As Lady Blanche, Professor of Abstract Science, in that most delightful of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, *Princess Ida*, phrased it:

> Diplomacy? The wiliest diplomat
> Is absolutely helpless in our hands,
> *He* wheedles monarchs — woman wheedles him!

The diplomat, however, requires considerably more than mere tact. There are some who believe that the very exercise of diplomatic functions by women, if not impossible, is highly undesirable or inexpedient. There are a number of reasons. First, the unfavorable attitude generally toward women as diplomats would at the very outset raise a handicap for her, as the fulfilment of her mission would be almost foredoomed to failure. Second,

there are a number of posts, expecially the ones usually assigned to the neophyte, in which the rigors of climate and other peculiarities of locality would preclude her appointment. Yet her assignment to more desirable posts would tend to weaken the morale of the men, who would naturally expect equality of treatment for all members of the foreign service. Third, a woman, especially the attractive and accomplished woman sure to be appointed, would be apt sooner or later to succumb to the temptation of marriage, which would either entail her resignation just when she was becoming useful or would involve her in various complications.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE UNITED STATES has not been a particularly happy one in this regard. Since 1923, six women have been appointed foreign service officers. Miss Lucille Atcherson of Ohio was appointed in 1922, served in the Department of State, in Berne and Panama, and resigned in 1927 to marry. Miss Pattie Field of Colorado was appointed in 1925, served at Amsterdam and resigned in 1929 to accept a position with the National Broadcasting Corporation. Miss Frances E. Willis of Illinois was appointed in 1927 and has served in Valparaiso, Santiago, Stockholm and Brussels, where she now is second secretary. Miss Margaret Warner of Massachusetts was appointed in 1929, served in the Department and in Geneva, and resigned in 1931 on account of ill health. Miss Nelle B. Stogedall of Nebraska was appointed in 1921, served in the Department and in Beirut, and resigned in 1931 to marry. Miss Constance R. Harvey of New York was appointed in 1930 and has served in Ottawa, and Basel, where she is now vice-consul. In addition to these, Miss Margaret M. Hanna of Michigan, after rising to be Chief of the Division of Coördination

and Review in the Department, was in 1937 appointed consul at Geneva. It will be noted that four resigned after a comparatively short service and that none were assigned to undesirable posts.

But some might say that the objections raised are not valid in the cases of women as chiefs of diplomatic missions. The appointment of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman by President Roosevelt as Minister to Norway revived this question of woman's place in diplomacy. "Revived," I say, because five years ago the President did what was considered a startling and almost unprecedented thing when he appointed Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Minister to Denmark. Many persons lift their brows at the propriety of such an act, questioning whether any woman, no matter how talented, possesses the requisites for the difficult tasks of the diplomat. And now they also charge that such an appointment may lead to unusual consequences. They cite the marriage of Mrs. Owen to a Danish citizen and the citizenship question raised thereby, the solution of which might have been quite embarrassing, had she not resigned. On the other hand, many others point to her excellent record to prove that not only can a woman be a diplomat, but in some respects may even surpass a man.

All, however, apparently agree that the question is new. And yet it is far from being new except in American foreign policy, thus bearing out the remark of Mademoiselle Bertin, milliner to Marie Antoinette, that "There is nothing new except what is forgotten." In fact, the question is as old almost as recorded history, which demonstrates conclusively that embassages not only have been entrusted to women, but sometimes with the greatest profit to the State.

We may pass over the Sabine women under the leader-

ship of Hersilia, who arranged peace between Romulus and Tatius, the Sabine king. Likewise, Veturia, mother of Coriolanus and Volumnis, his wife, who went out to parley with Coriolanus and the Volsci, then threatening the city. No one doubted, says Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that the office was an appropriate one to women, but some feared that the enemy, by disregarding the law of nations, might obtain possession of the city without the hazards of war. And so, says Livy, a city which its men could not defend by arms was defended by the entreaties of its women.

One of the outstanding women diplomats of all time, however, was a woman whose sanctity overshadows her other achievements, St. Catherine Benincasa, born in Siena in 1347, the twenty-sixth child of her mother. In 1376, mainly through the misgovernment of papal officials, war broke out between the city-state of Florence and the Holy See. The rebellious Florentines had been placed under an interdict by the Pope for murdering the Papal Nuncio. The Pope had already sent Catherine to secure the neutrality of Pisa and Lucca, when the Florentines implored her to assist them in fresh negotiations with the Pope. Accordingly, she was commissioned to undertake the difficult task of interviewing Pope Gregory XI at Avignon. So persuasive was her presentation of their case that the Pope committed the treaty of peace to Catherine's decision. As far as Catherine was concerned, her mission was a success, but because of brief tenure of office in Florence, a new set of men were in power and their policies were averse to peace, and so, "the patient died."

But so profoundly had she impressed the Pope that, in spite of the opposition of the French king and the Sacred

College, he returned to Rome. In the following year Gregory commissioned her to restore the observance of the interdict in Florence and to make another attempt to obtain peace. The first objective she attained almost at once, but the second was delayed by the factious conduct of her Florentine associates. Shortly after Gregory XI had been succeeded by Urban VI, the arduous negotiations of Catherine over a period of five months resulted in peace being signed at Florence and the interdict lifted.

Other examples of women diplomats in fifteenth-century Italy were Lucrezia de Medici, wife of Piero the Gouty, who in 1467 went to Rome to negotiate a marriage for her son, Lorenzo the Magnificent, to one of the Orsini; and Isabella d'Este, whose husband, Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, charged her in 1493 with a secret mission to denounce the projects of the French against Naples.

In 1508 the Archduchess Margaret of Austria, in the name of her nephew, Charles V, concluded and signed the League of Cambrai with the Cardinal of Rouen. This was an agreement to oblige the Republic of Venice to restore the places which it held from the Pope, the Empire and Louis XII. In 1529 the Archduchess Margaret and the Duchess Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I, signed at Cambrai the treaty of peace known historically as the *Traité des Dames*, by which the sons of Francis I, who were prisoners in Spain, were released, Charles V gave up all claim on the Duchy of Burgundy and secured to himself Flanders and Artois, and French influence was eliminated from Italy.

James Howell recalls the case of a woman named Sardaus, who about 1648 frequently made the trip between Brussels and The Hague and was thus known as "the go-between (*entremetteuse*) of peace."

It will be seen that many noble women have conducted negotiations, but they did not enjoy the official character of ambassador. "The Marshalless of Guébriant," says Abraham de Wiequefort, "was the first Lady . . . that has had this Quality annex'd to her own person, and she may perhaps be the last." In 1645, during the Thirty Years' War, she was named ambassadress of France in order that she might appear with greater lustre in conducting to Warsaw the Princess of Gonzaga, Marie Louise of Mantua, the spouse of Wladislas, King of Poland.

Wiequefort's qualified prophecy turned out to be erroneous, as France sent and received women as diplomatic representatives on a number of occasions. The Countess Flecèlles de Brégy replaced her husband as ambassador in Poland and Sweden and as such had correspondence with Louis XIV. Catherine de Neuville-Villeroy, Countess of Armagnac, was sent as ambassadress extraordinary to Savoy-Sardinia in 1663. To the same post were sent Françoise de Lorraine, Duchess of Vendôme, in 1665, and Anne, Princess of Lillebonne, in 1684.

In 1670, "the beautiful, graceful, and intelligent Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles II, sister-in-law of Louis, and a favorite with both," as Lingard phrased it, was the chief agent between the English and French courts in a negotiation lasting several months. Since her father was Charles I of England and her mother was Henrietta Maria of France, she enjoyed the confidence of both courts and was successful in negotiating the secret treaty signed at Dover just ten years from the day on which Charles II landed there amidst the acclamations of a too confiding people. By this treaty Charles bound himself to join his arms to those of Louis of

France for the purpose of destroying the power of the United Provinces, and to employ the whole strength of England in support of the rights of the House of Bourbon to the monarchy of Spain. Louis engaged to pay a large subsidy, and promised that, if any insurrection should break out in England, he would send an army at his own charge to support his ally. Though Henrietta was the chief agent in negotiating this treaty, her principal, the King of England, himself was chiefly answerable for the "most disgraceful articles" which it contained.

Although not a diplomat, Christine de Pisan (1363–1431) merits attention here because of her writings in the field of diplomacy. She was born in Venice of Bolognese parents, but when her father became astrologer and physician to Charles V of France, she accompanied him and became at heart and by upbringing thoroughly French. Married at 15 and a widow at 26, she took to writing to support her three children. But her contribution to diplomacy is to be found in her *Livre de Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie*, a virtual code of the law of nations of feudal society.

In modern times, the sex of diplomatic agents is gradually becoming an important issue. Most states are disinclined to accord *agrément* when the proposed agent is a woman. It is true, however, that recently some states have shown a tendency to make no distinction on sex. In 1922 the U.S.S.R. sent a woman, Madame Kellontai, first to Oslo, then for a short time to Mexico, and for the past eight years to Oslo again. The examples of Denmark and Norway also, in receiving Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Harriman as envoys of the United States, illustrate this new tendency. Loyalist Spain sent a woman, Madame de Palencia, to Stockholm. The Scandinavian countries, at

any rate, no longer have any prejudice against women as diplomats. As recently as July, 1939, Chile sent the charming Alicia Vieira, the only woman to hold an official position in the Chilean diplomatic service, to Washington as secretary to the Chilean Embassy.

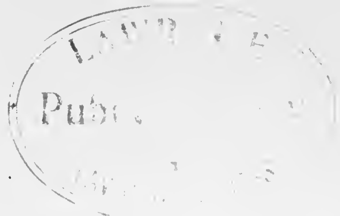
So the answer to the question, "Can a woman be a diplomat?" is — women have been diplomats. As to whether women should be diplomats, let Cornelius van Bynkershoek, writing in 1737, speak:

> "As in every argument arising from the law of nations, so here, reason and custom present different aspects. Surely reason does not prohibit women from serving as envoys, for you will find in them the qualifications that are demanded by law for envoys. I do not, like Plato, consider women the equals of men in all respects, for I know that men and women have certain qualities peculiar to each, certain common to both. One would not with good success have women bear arms. . . . However, on embassies one does not apply force, but rather intelligence, diligence, alertness, threats, and flattery, of which women are capable, sometimes to a greater degree than men.
>
> ". . . Tell me, pray, in what respects men are superior to women in the very qualities that are required in an ambassador? Intelligence and diligence and the other qualities I have just mentioned are shared in common by both men and women. . . . You will say that it is unseemly for women to serve as ambassadors and thus to mingle in the society of men. To be sure, but I ask whether it is more seemly for women to rule kingdoms, and, if you permit this, as many nations do, why should you not also permit a woman to serve as ambassador to a queen? It is hardly a reasonable rule, therefore, to exclude women from serving as ambassadors."

Having demonstrated that considerations of reason do not hinder women from serving as diplomats, Bynkershoek gives a few instances (to which those given above may be added) to show that neither does custom. While admitting that women have not served frequently as ambassadors, he concludes that "whether it be or has been a more or less frequent practice, the rights of the

prince do not prohibit it, and so his will is even in this matter the supreme law." In other words, it belongs to each state to decide for itself whether it shall send or receive women as ambassadors.

If, then, women can be diplomats and in some cases have been more effective than men, and if the practice inaugurated for the United States by President Roosevelt should become widespread, it may be necessary to revise Sir Henry Wotton's famous definition of an ambassador: "A good *man* sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."



The Skeletons in the Closets
of Our Finest Families—

Some of Our Best People

By GEORGE J. HEXTER

RICHARD WHITNEY, Groton graduate and Harvard trustee, late President of the Stock Exchange, defender of the ethics of Wall Street, and confessed embezzler has passed out of the news and into history, there to join a number of other members of fine old American families, victims like him of their own grandiosity and of the sycophancy of their contemporaries. To what length such sycophancy can go was revealed by the lady who at the time of the trial was heard to remark: "Isn't Dick Whitney wonderful? The way he's standing up and taking his medicine like a man! But, then," she concluded, "as I always say, blood will tell!" And his warden was allegedly overwhelmed to have such a man in his charge. The lady and the warden illuminate the careers of Whitney and his prototypes, for it is the snobbishness personified in them that has made it possible for Richard Whitney, under a variety of avatars to crop up recurrently in our history.

ROBERT MORRIS of Philadelphia was not born of a fine old American family, but since he reached these shores well in advance of the Daughters of the American Revo-

lution, that doesn't seriously matter. It certainly didn't to Robert Morris, who by 1776 was the richest man in the colonies, and by that token one of the most important. Indeed, it has been said that the cause of American independence owed more to him than to any other individual, except Washington himself. As Continental Superintendent of Finance, he handled brilliantly an impossible monetary situation.

He had made his fortune as an importer and exporter, and he now drew heavily for the benefit of the colonies on the credits he had piled up abroad. At a time when the currency had become completely uncurrent, and the barbers of Philadelphia were papering their shops with worthless notes, he re-floated it, simply by adding his own to the Congress's promise to pay. Robert Morris, in a word, was a greater power financially than the collective thirteen colonies which, thanks partly to him, were soon to become the United States of America.

His sacrifices for his country were discounted by certain ungrateful (and unimportant) fellow citizens, who insinuated that he found the practice of patriotism even more lucrative than the importing and exporting business; but none of the people who counted paid any attention to these sour-mouths, and Robert Morris emerged into the Federal period with both his fortune and his reputation, not merely intact, but greatly augmented. It was only by his own choice that he missed being the greatest Secretary of the Treasury before Andrew Mellon; for it was to him that Washington originally offered the post, and it was he who suggested that it go to Alexander Hamilton instead. From this time on he contributed little to the public service. He even neglected the importing and exporting business. Robert Morris was out to conquer new fields.

And he did — fields and woods and lakes and hills! Envisioning a tremendous influx of European settlers, Robert Morris went haywire buying land for speculation. He and his associates were in a position to offer their prospects a wide choice of climate and topography, for their holdings totaled 6,000,000 acres, equivalent to the combined areas of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, scattered within a vast triangle from Maine to Kentucky to Georgia. The largest bloc was in western New York. More exactly, it *was* western New York. Mr. Morris was also keen about Washington City property, and so impressed with the plans of Major L'Enfant, the architect of the future capital, that he commissioned him to build in Philadelphia a mansion worthy of the young republic's largest taxpayer.

That house was designed to be the talk of the nation, and so indeed it became. Only, the nation called it "Morris's Folly"; for it was three years a-building, and the roof still wasn't on when operations came to a standstill. In the beginning its owner had inspected the progress of construction between dashes hither and yon, buying land or inducing tribes of Indians to move out so that droves of Europeans might be induced to move in; but by '97 the republic's largest taxpayer had become the republic's largest taxdelinquent, and Robert Morris could no longer inspect his new home, being in effect a prisoner in his old one. Europe was full of people who declined to fall in with Mr. Morris's well-meant plans for their future, and America of people with ill-meant plans of their own for his. In 1797 a man could be jailed for debt. Robert Morris, long the most solvent man in America, no longer dared show his face even on the grounds of his own estate, lest a lurking debtor pounce from behind a shrub to tap him with a summons.

Philadelphia's debtors' prison was on Prune Street. For a whole terrible year the thought of Prune Street was a sour plum to Robert Morris, puckering his very soul. Yet in the end, early in '98, to Prune Street Robert Morris went. His wife and daughter were with him there daily. Other friends came, too, and at least one stayed for dinner. General Washington was in Philadelphia that fall. On November 27, his diary records, he dined "in a family with Mr. Morris." He had often been Mr. Morris's guest, but never before in Prune Street. Early in the new century, Congress got around to passing a National Bankruptcy Act, and Robert Morris went free. Something had been salvaged from the wreck for Madam Morris, and on her meagre income "the Financier of the American Revolution" subsisted for the brief remainder of his drooping days.

Robert Morris was never indicted for any crime, and in modern eyes imprisonment for debt connotes misfortune rather than infamy. Still, there still lingers about his speculations a faint reek of "distempered enterprise," — to use a Victorian term, — more bluntly, of finance so high as to be noisome. There was nothing intrinsically wrong with his idea of filling our great empty spaces at a profit to Mr. Morris, but he seems to have been foolishly sanguine in his estimate of the speed at which it could be done.

A protracted depression, beginning in 1792, and severely felt both here and abroad, ruined whatever chances he ever had of unloading; but Robert Morris went right on buying land long after he was forced to resort to ultra-ingenious devices to pay for it. Sixty years later, the courts were still straightening out the tangle of overlapping claims and equities arising from his ebullient schemes for getting richer quick, and from his

jaunty methods of financing them. For Mr. Morris, the harassed land-jobber, continued to make drafts and give notes with the same aplomb as Mr. Morris, the Superintendent of Finance. Blue-skying to keep General Washington's troops from mutiny, and blue-skying to keep Mr. Robert Morris out of Prune Street are not, one cannot help feeling, quite the same thing.

Certain it is that many of his victims were unwilling to let him off for a fool, and some wrote to call him a knave. Mr. Morris was a gentleman. He never permitted a letter to go unanswered. ("Isn't Mr. Morris wonderful?" some long-dead lady doubtless said. "He's *such* a scrupulous correspondent!") One of his replies casts an interesting light. He was sorry, he said in effect, that anyone should have come to grief through confidence in him, but, overwhelmed as he was with chagrin at having involved members of his own set, he was scarcely free to do any serious regretting in behalf of total strangers. Yes, Mr. Morris was a gentleman; and not without a sense of caste solidarity; yet, sad to relate, blood didn't altogether tell: far from "taking full responsibility for what happened," he insisted it was entirely due to his partner's perfidy that he had engulfed so many people's fortunes and his own good name.

Nicholas Biddle, likewise of Philadelphia, was an even more gifted man, one of the most gifted this country has produced. The son of a prominent banker, he was born in 1786 with everything a man needs to ensure a life of distinction and the admiration of posterity, — opportunity, brains, talent, ambition, good looks, charm, — everything except humility. Although he finished first in his class at Princeton at fifteen, Nicholas Biddle was no shooting star of precocity, due to be extinguished at

contact with the world of affairs. Instead, he grew and grew in luminosity until he shone, in the eyes of his dazzled contemporaries, like Lucifer, Son of the Morning. Like Lucifer, too, he fell. He was known as "Old Nick" thereafter.

Young Nick did not find himself quickly. There were too many fields that attracted him, and he excelled in them all. He had a go at diplomacy first. When he returned to Philadelphia, he had assimilated the best that Europe had to offer a youth who was at once a scholar and a man of the world, but he was still groping for a career. He studied law and took up gentleman-farming, and at an age when most young men were sowing their wild oats, Nicholas Biddle was culling and exhibiting the flowers of poesy. He edited the notes of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition to Oregon, and it was with his pen too that he opened the door at last to his real vocation, when he published a most effective pamphlet in favor of reviving the Bank of the United States, and was eventually rewarded by appointment as one of the Government's directors. Five years later, aged 37, Nicholas Biddle was chosen the Bank's president, and before another five had rolled around, the Bank had become synonymous with Nicholas Biddle.

He did a magnificent job. Even historians sympathetic with Jackson in the controversy over renewal of the Bank's charter concede that Biddle's conduct of the bank was masterly, and his designation by the London *Times* as "the world's most eminent financier," merited. It was he who gave a nation badly in need of it a uniform currency which circulated at par in all sections of the country.

It was partly because he was such a sound banker that Nicholas Biddle raised up enemies. The new states in the West and South didn't want sound banking; they

wanted easy credit and plenty of it. Their exuberant promoters complained that the money-power of the East, incarnated in Mr. Biddle, was strangling them, and they charged him with economic dictatorship. When the fight with Jackson waxed hot, Nicholas Biddle, sitting in his elegant office in the Bank's Greek temple on Chestnut Street (which of course he had helped design), engineered a recession that was felt with particular force in the Jackson states. He had calculated that the only way to get the charter renewed was to beat the Bank's enemies to their knees.

His calculation all but worked. The pressure on Capitol and White House to stop persecuting Mr. Biddle was terrific. Memorials urging recharter, not without their quota of phony names, poured into Washington. Congress gave in. Mr. Biddle had appraised correctly the stamina of his fellow citizens and of their representatives on the Hill, but he had underestimated the stoutness that was Old Hickory. The Bank of the United States was not rechartered.

Nevertheless, 1836, the year it expired, found Mr. Biddle still ensconced in the Greek temple on Chestnut Street, as president of a new institution, the U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania, capitalized in the then colossal sum of $35,000,000. The next year, 1837, brought the worst panic the country had yet known. Mr. Biddle's admirers said it was only what was to have been expected from the insane policy of those idiots in Washington; but while they had predicted, they had not prepared for the crash, and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth in the money-marts of the land. Only Nicholas Biddle himself preserved his accustomed poise. In 1838, the oracle spoke, proclaiming that the worst was over. In 1839 he startled the world by resigning as President of the U. S. Bank of

Pennsylvania. On reflection everybody decided it was the most logical thing in the world. Mr. Biddle had striven long and well for the preservation of everything that rich Americans held dear; he had piloted his new bank safely past the reefs thrown up by his enemies' criminal folly; what more natural than that he should now choose to devote himself to the cultivation of his tastes and of his acres, both of which were exceedingly broad.

So Nicholas Biddle, accompanied by eulogies of a fulsomeness normally reserved for last sad rites, went into retirement at his famous show-place, Andalusia. Though relieved of the tedium of business, he continued to lead an extremely full life, what with his correspondence, his philanthropies, his patronage of arts and letters, and his gentleman-farming. Grapes from Andalusia were demanded by name in the Philadelphia markets. They still fetched a good price there when the unemployed had taken to selling apples for next to nothing on the streets of New York.

For the oracle had misspoken in 1838. What "the world's most eminent financier" had pronounced to be the initial stage of economic recovery turned out to be the take-off for a secondary and more devastating decline, beginning in '39. In 1841, Mr. Biddle, the gentleman farmer, was induced to appear once more as Mr. Biddle, the banker. The news of his coming had spread, and an excited crowd overflowed the courtroom when Nicholas Biddle stood to answer to the indictment charging him with divers acts of malfeasance committed while president of the late U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania. The Greek temple in Chestnut Street still stood, but the ruins of the Acropolis are in a state of perfect preservation compared with the assets of the corporation it had housed. Gone were its

35 millions of capital, gone its 40 millions of deposits! Nicholas Biddle, the exponent of sound banking, had been a party to gutting the wealthiest bank in the hemisphere by every device known to wildcatting: loans without security to insiders, falsified records, misappropriation of funds, what-have-you.

Even today it seems scarcely credible. Here was a man of genuine distinction, richly endowed with the things of the spirit as well as with worldly goods. Lobbying and such minor peccadilloes apart, he had conspicuously practised rectitude as well as preached it, and now he stood in the felon's dock! Not even Nicholas Biddle could have brought Nicholas Biddle to such a pass without the complicity of — the lady and the warden. It was they who fed his arrogance and abetted his greed, till he was convinced nothing he did could possibly be wrong, for otherwise, he, Nicholas Biddle, wouldn't be doing it.

Having for vanity's sake grossly overcapitalized his new bank, he was driven by sheer pressure of idle funds to make unwise loans. Then he went haywire buying cotton for speculation just as world-wide depression was closing the British mills. The great Nicholas Biddle was hopelessly involved, but the world mustn't know. And the world didn't, until the defrauded depositors of Mr. Biddle's bank stormed the doors of that Philadelphia courtroom.

To form an even approximate idea of the effect of Mr. Biddle's indictment on *all* of our best people in 1841, requires a mighty effort of imagination. They felt somewhat as the members of the Liberty League might, should they suddenly learn that the honor guest at their famous dinner, the Hon. Alfred E. Smith, having been a confirmed cannibal for years, had partaken on that occasion of a specially prepared dish of index fingers en brochette, while they themselves were toying with the *riz de veau au*

vin blanc. And Mr. Biddle didn't even give them the consolation of remarking that "blood will tell." He did not stand up and take his medicine like a man. He didn't even let his nose be held while it was being poured down his throat. He managed to get the indictment against him dismissed on a technicality, to the outrage of the man in the street. It was a bit thick even for the lady in the barouche. Thenceforth all Philadelphia cut dead the man for whose greeting all Philadelphia had ogled. He died three years after his ruin. In a retreat? Oh, no! — at his famous show-place, Andalusia.

Measured in the scale of historical importance, Robert Schuyler is small fry compared with Nicholas Biddle, but his blood was even bluer. Biddle's junior by only a dozen or so years, six generations already separated him from the Holland-born ancestor who brought this fine old American name to the Hudson valley. The Revolutionary general, Philip Schuyler, was his grandfather. Naturally, when he finished Harvard, there was no lack of valuable connections to further him in his chosen career, and in due time both Robert Schuyler and his younger brother, George Lee, were figuring prominently as "railway kings" in the business world of New York.

It was their vision and enterprise that had created the New York & New Haven, the New York & Harlem, and numerous lesser lines. The two brothers used to collect railroad presidencies very much as a Bobby Jones would golf trophies, and for the same reason: they were experts — as backers, brokers, builders, and operators of the roads. The other large stockholders and directors of the new companies were either their close friends or their distant relatives, men like James Roosevelt, Gouverneur Morris, Amos Eno, and Morris Ketchum. When such a

board assembled to choose a president, the only question was whether the responsibility should be placed on Robert Schuyler or on George. Intertwined as were their business careers, the personal lives of the two brothers had diverged. The younger was given to marrying granddaughters of Alexander Hamilton (both his wives were), while the older had been celibate for so many decades that by 1854 even the most designing of mamas had concluded that, though infinitely eligible as a son-in-law, he was definitely unavailable.

In the year aforementioned they were having a little depression. Already in '53, nobody was quite sure why, things had begun to slow down. By summer, '54, everybody was very sure things weren't picking up. Washington, where the Democrats were in office, was of course largely to blame. The New York *Tribune* warned that expenditures for the fiscal year "would verge nearer fifty than forty millions of dollars," and inquired plaintively if we were "never to have an end of this system of beggaring the Treasury?"

The Smiths and the Joneses were feeling the pinch of hard times, and "involuntary idlers," as the *Tribune* called the unemployed, were increasing in numbers and desperation. Our best people, the Schuylers, Roosevelts, *et al.* didn't like the looks of things either. There had just been a very unsavory failure of a large coal-mining company, looted by its president — a fellow with a queer foreign-sounding name whom people should have known better than to trust in the first place. The Stock Exchange list was off badly.

New York & New Haven was off worse than that. Mr. Morris Ketchum, the banker, was worried, and dropped in for a chat at the company's office with the president, Robert Schuyler. Not finding him in, Mr. Ketchum

put a few perfunctory questions to the clerk in charge. The answers were not perfunctory; they were hair-raising. They led, in fact, to the discovery that, thanks to Mr. Schuyler's husbandry, a share and two-thirds of New Haven stock now grew where but one had grown before. The new shares were in the hands of holders in good faith. The proceeds of their sale had at one time been in the hands of Mr. Robert Schuyler, but by now had followed that gentleman's original fortune down the ties. Robert Schuyler had gone haywire speculating on his pet small railroads. To keep afloat he dumped his holdings of New Haven. When these ran out, he manufactured more. Since the transfer books were in his custody, and stock certificates required no other signature than his, this was easy.

Easy, but hardly wise. As a member of the class of Harvard, 1817, Mr. Schuyler had not had the benefit of instruction in economics. Still, it looks as if he might have realized that oversupplying the market with New Haven securities was an unlikely way of stimulating demand for less highly regarded carriers; but downtown New York was too staggered by his weakness of character to take immediate note of his weakness of intellect. Amid the general to-do, Mr. George Schuyler seems to have retained his phlegm. Having been absolved by his senior of all knowledge of the latter's defalcations, he proceeded to announce the failure of R. & G. L. Schuyler; to remark that he scarcely expected to see his brother again; and to go on with his yachting. As part owner of the original *America*, he was one of the donors of the still famous cup.

Meanwhile, the drawing-rooms uptown were fairly a-twitter, for the ladies had learned that Robert Schuyler, the elusive bachelor, had been for upwards of a quarter-century a married man and father of a family.

Although the Spicer household was in the same block on 23rd Street as Mr. Schuyler's apartment, even the eldest Spicer girl had not been told until the night of her marriage that she was the great-granddaughter of the famous General Schuyler. According to the New York *Post*, young Robert, realizing that his family would never sanction his marriage to the daughter of a poor and obscure family, had made concealment a condition of his proposal.

This explanation provoked a tearfully indignant letter from the lady in question. Her husband's name was no longer too good for her to bear, and it was over the signature, "Mrs. Robert Schuyler," that she denied the *Post's* story, — without, however, offering any more honorable version of her unusual situation. Mincing her words in true Victorian fashion, she declared that "every sensitive heart will at once perceive the truth," and switched to an attack on the editor for stooping "to tear aside the sacred veils of domestic privacy." As for her husband, she said, she would not "undertake to defend one too ill to defend himself" (no mean non-sequitur in 1854 or any other year), but would "commit to a just God the vindication of his honor."

The *Post*, not the lady, had the last word. It had merely, it retorted, printed the most charitable of several theories of the marriage that were going the rounds, and it implied that Mrs. Schuyler's faith in the Deity was well in excess of the orthodox quota.

And where all this time was Mr. Robert Schuyler? Nobody seemed to know. He was variously reported to be dying in 23rd Street (of his wife's broken heart, no doubt) and seen alive and hopping in vicinities as remote from 23rd Street as Utica and Montreal. The authorities showed little interest in his whereabouts. High Finance

was still in its frontier period, and society had not yet put up its fences against marauders disguised as corporation presidents. There had been laws against sneak-thievery and pickpocketing since time immemorial, but the more modern varieties of grand larceny were inadequately provided for. While, then, it was felt that Mr. Schuyler's rather informal method of increasing his company's capitalization constituted an excessively rough-and-ready form of fund-raising, nobody was quite sure under what statute he could be indicted for it. There were laws against forgery, to be sure, but, although perfectly fraudulent in more substantial respects, the famous certificates were perfectly genuine in form and signature, so where did forgery come in?

It was a fascinating legal question, but Mr. Schuyler's blood told him not to hang around pending its determination. Various other little transactions of the peculation nature, running all told into six figures, were still to come to light, and these were undoubtedly indictable. Now, like Mr. Biddle, Mr. Schuyler had a small boy's aversion to medicine. Unlike him, he mistrusted his ability to stand his ground and still get out of taking it. Mr. Schuyler skipped, or — as we say when our best people do it — absconded. Mr. Morris, Mr. Biddle, Mr. Schuyler! How well the nursery rhyme, only slightly paraphrased, sums them up:

> This little pig went to prison;
> This little pig stayed at home;
> And this little pig said nothing —
> Didn't even give his right name —
> All the way to Europe!

Since 1854, the same story has told itself over and over again. There was Edward Ketchum in 1865,

son of our old friend, Morris Ketchum, who caught Robert Schuyler. Young Edward should have been a writer, and in a way he was. He anticipated Stevenson's advice to literary aspirants to begin by imitating the best models. The model he chose was the official of the U. S. Government whose name appeared on its gold certificates. When his authorship was about to become known, young Mr. Ketchum, feeling the seclusion necessary for literary pursuits threatened at home, went to live in a furnished room where he was known by a pen name. More considerate than many lodgers of a landlady's natural curiosity, he left lying about three letters, purporting to be from a girl cousin, a brother, and a father in Cincinnati, the artful diversification of whose style and contents — as well as script, of course — impressed even the police with his exceptional talent.

The first letter was ever so arch; the second, manly and terse; in the third, a mid-Victorian Polonius, after praising his boy's prudence in matters of finance, admonished him to win the friendship of the better sort of people in the city of his adoption, and never, never to do aught that might cost him their esteem. Yes, young Edward Ketchum could certainly write! Too bad he didn't develop his gift during his three years and eight months (reduced from four for good behavior) at Ossining! He had it in him, one feels after reading that fragment of an epistolary cycle, to become the American Samuel Richardson.

After him came the boys of '84, including the son of still another of Robert Schuyler's colleagues on the New Haven board, Mr. Amos R. Eno. John C. Eno was an exceptionally engaging youth. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he was voted by his classmates of Yale, '69, the wooden spoon denoting popularity. What he stole

was not gold spoons, exactly, but securities, in the amount of $3,000,000, up for collateral in the bank of which his father had had him elected president at a too tender age. The Enos were a very old American family of French origin, but their scion suddenly decided he didn't like it over here, and was well on his way back where his forefathers came from when taken off a boat at Quebec. The charm that had been so effective on the campus at New Haven proved just as potent on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The adoring Canadians refused to part with him even though urged to do so by the American Secretary of State.

Mr. Eno's exploits were almost eclipsed by those of his contemporary, Mr. Ferdinand Ward. This gentleman marks a deviation from the norm, being not to the manor born, but to the manse. The Rev. Ferdinand DeWilton Ward (Norman blood, no less!) used to take issue with Pope for writing that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," insisting that good as honesty is, there is something better still: to wit, Christian piety. To be an honest man was not the deepest aspiration of the Rev. F. DeW. Ward's namesake, either. Known as "the young Napoleon of Finance," Ferdinand Ward looked something like Edwin Booth and operated exactly like Charles Ponzi, except that he victimized only the rich. Ulysses S. Grant was among those spattered when the dirt flew; but the hero of the Union behaved so honorably when his eyes were finally opened to his partner's swindling, that he came off with the loss of his fortune and the indignity of being apostrophized by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as "Dear, simple old fellow!"

Nobody so apostrophized Mr. James D. Fish of the Stonington Fishes, and he couldn't understand why. He was old too, and according to him, simple. Everybody,

judge and jury included, conceded his age, but misdoubted his simplicity. Besides being a highly thought-of bank president, Mr. Fish had also been a great first-nighter. It was said of him that "he loved a leg-show and equally delighted in a well-acted Shakespearean tragedy." If Ferdinand Ward hadn't looked so much like Edwin Booth . . . ! Mr. Fish was a true gentleman of the old school, and a stickler for the amenities. When he rejoined his young associate at Ludlow Street Jail, he felt it incumbent on Mr. Ward, as the older resident, to pay the first call on him, the new arrival. Both gentlemen, though sincerely reluctant to impose on their fellow citizens' hospitality, spent a number of years as non-paying guests of the people.

The American Bankers' Association is an even more imposing aggregation than the New York Stock Exchange. Its official lists might lead one to believe that, though fully officered in all other years from 1875 to date, it had lacked a Chairman of the Executive Council in 1901–2 and a First Vice-President in 1902–3, and had even drifted captainless without a President in 1903–4. Not at all. Each of these posts of honor had been filled, in customary rotation, by Mr. Frank G. Bigelow of Milwaukee. As President of the A. B. A., he was spokesman for $11,000,000,000, and his remarks addressed to Washington were much echoed elsewhere.

Mr. Bigelow was a reader, rather than a writer. His opening address to the A. B. A. convention over which he presided closed with a rather solemn quotation from a favorite author: "To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little and to spend a little less; to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man hath."

It was, alas! a task for more than Mr. Bigelow had. The convention was in the autumn of 1904. In the spring of 1905, he confided to the directors of his bank that, while he had earned a good deal, he had spent a good deal more, speculating in wheat — so much more that $1,400,000 of the bank's money had not been enough to make up the difference. He had kept a few friends, who were disposed to be kind even though he hadn't been honest. In a secret session lasting thirty-six hours, the directors considered making good the bank's losses and giving the president a well-earned rest abroad, but in the end decided to give the truth to the newspapers and Mr. Bigelow to the sheriff. His embezzlement of trust funds came out only later.

The generations come and go, but within a given society, the patterns of human nature remain unalterable. There have always been Richard Whitneys, and there always will be as long as there are ladies whose creed it is that all the fruit of really lofty family trees is *ipso facto* of an exquisite moral beauty, and wardens for whom it is axiomatic that a millionaire can never be wrong. In the future as in the past, the nation will gasp anew every few years as some man, well-born, long entrenched in the security of the top income brackets, in the esteem of his associates and the envy of the crowd, suddenly stands forth an exposed thief, and dramatically passes from the exclusiveness of the smartest clubs to the promiscuity of prison. That much is certain. What none can foretell is when and where and under what alias Richard Whitney will next appear; but there is at least a likelihood that even now some great future reputation is being lost on the playing-fields of Groton.

From a Luxury, the Battleship
Has Become a Necessity

The Battleship Comes Back

By FLETCHER PRATT

SOME RESEARCH, some thinking and a good deal of information not available in 1922 showed that the battleship was not as much of a dodo as she looked to the perpetrators of the Washington treaties. They had known that the blockade was a powerful influence in determining the result of the World War; but it was only after the conference, on information from Germany, that the blockade was perceived as the factor of overmastering importance. Battleships thus won the war. Merely by swinging at anchor in Scapa Flow and looking grim they won it, while Germany starved for rubber, copper and flour. They did not have to fight. The investment in all those non-battling battleships was huge, but it was only an insignificant fraction of the money spent on the land armies that had struggled to futile deadlock from the North Sea to the Aegean.

When the battleship did fight she was by no means as vulnerable as had been supposed. Investigation showed that the three British ships of the line blown up at Jutland had all suffered the same semi-accidental casualty. A shell penetrated a turret and, exploding inside, set off a charge of powder waiting to be loaded; the flash ran down the ammunition hoist to a magazine and up went

the ship. The means of preventing such explosions were known to the Germans. In the same battle of Jutland, their *Seydlitz* had three turrets similarly penetrated, their *Derfflinger* two, and their *Lützow* at least one, without any magazine explosions. When the German ships were surrendered at the close of the war, the rest of the world had been given opportunity to study and copy German safety methods. It was in the last degree unlikely that flash would ever again destroy a big ship.

Moreover, all the penetrations, both on the English and the German sides, had occurred aboard battle-cruisers — that is, battleships in which armor had been sacrificed to speed. A big shell hit a turret on one of the true battleships from relatively short range; nothing happened but some slight disturbance among the electrical connections of the turret.

Detailed study showed, indeed, that really heavy armor in every case proved far more valuable than any proving-ground tests indicated it would, perhaps because shells seldom fell on the rapidly moving ships from the angles that would make penetration easy. And when shells did get through armor, the first-class battleships showed a power of resistance far beyond the most sanguine expectation. "Eggshells pounding each other with hammers," Winston Churchill had called battleships before the war; from the data of Tsushima in the Russo-Japanese war, it had been supposed that twelve to fifteen penetrations by heavy shell would reduce any battleship to sinking condition, and a single torpedo would finish her. But at Jutland British *Marlborough* was caught squarely in the most dangerous spot by a torpedo; never had to leave her place in the fast-moving line of battle or missed firing a single salvo. British *Warspite*, German *Derfflinger* were hit by nearly twenty heavy shells apiece and went right on fight-

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ing. German *Seydlitz* was shot through by more than twenty heavy shells plus at least two torpedoes, but swam back to port in safety.

Nor was this all. During the night after the battle, as the German warships ploughed lightless for home, the battleships separated from their supposedly indispensable destroyers, with many ships seriously wounded during the afternoon's fighting, they encountered British torpedo flotillas. The conditions were supposedly ideal for the latter — night, hurry, damaged ships, no protective screen. What happened? The Germans lost one old pre-dreadnaught, one light cruiser. Not a battleship was touched, but the destroyers that attacked them suffered heavily. "The outstanding fact of Jutland was the ability of battleships to protect *themselves* from torpedo attack under all circumstances," said one of the best analysts.

It also appeared that there was a large amount of phony about the menace from the air. As a kind of curtain-raiser to the Washington conference, the surrendered German battleship *Ostfriesland* had been taken down to the Virginia Capes and sunk by bombs from U. S. army airplanes. Time brought a footnote to this performance; already before the bombing *Ostfriesland* was leaking so badly as to have many tons of water on board, and the army aviators had swooped near enough almost to be able to spit on her decks, which they never could do in war. Besides, she was an old ship; when, after the conference, the aviators were given their chance at a new one, the unfinished battleship *Washington*, they banged away at her for several days without being able to sink her at all. The battle-fleet had to be called in to finish the job with big guns; and even they had to close in to ranges shorter than any in World War experience.

In the years after *Washington* the airplane had de-

veloped indeed, but at nowhere near the speed predicted by its admirers. By the time the first pocket battleship was launched it was clear that the era of startling inventions was over; further development would come along the slow path of perfecting details. It was anti-aircraft gunnery that was improving along a curve that threatened to become a vertical, as the war in Spain was soon to demonstrate.

Experiment and analysis of battle results thus alike showed that the battleship was a much tougher citizen than she had been imagined to be. Instead of being under a law of diminishing return as to size, her powers of resistance increased in geometrical proportion while the size only climbed by arithmetic.

Yet the charge of frailty was the most serious of all those brought against the battleship — the only one that really carried weight. For of all warships, the battleship yielded the greatest fighting power per dollar, both of original cost and maintenance charges. Approximately five light cruisers could be bought for the price of a single ship of the line; but it would take twice as many men, four times as much fuel to run the five cruisers, and they would not last an hour against a battleship in a fight. Eleven or twelve destroyers could be had for the same money; they would take 2,400 men to the battleship's 1,500, their operating cost would be at least twice as heavy, and their delicate mechanisms would run down ten years before the big ship wore out.

In short, the battleship had again become a good investment by 1932.

When Germany announced the laying down of a second *Deutschland*, the obvious French reply, then, was to build battleships. With reference to her position under the

Treaties France could easily do this. One of the dreadnaughts she had been entitled to retain under the Washington agreements had been lost by shipwreck. It was allowable for her to replace this ship and also three old predreadnaughts, now well past the age limit. This gave the French a reserve of something like 70,000 treaty tons in the battleship class, enough to permit her to build two first-class ships, each at the treaty tonnage limit of 35,000.

But for two reasons, one tactical, the other political, France was extremely loath to do this. Her naval men had to think not only in terms of Germany, but also in terms of Italy. A Franco-Italian agreement was in process of negotiation, under which both parties would build no capital ship of a tonnage above 25,000 — or perhaps 23,333. Whether France already had such an agreement with England or not is still something of a moot point. It has been supposed that she had. The evidence in favor of the supposition is supplied by (1) the secret Franco-British naval treaty stolen or bought by one of the Hearst employees, which dealt with other matters, but indicated extremely close coöperation between the two navies; (2) the fact that when England and Germany signed a bilateral naval treaty in 1935, it bound the latter country to small battleships; (3) the fact that France acted as a unit with England in trying to force the small battleship down the neck of the United States in 1927, in 1930, 1932 and finally in 1936.

As in the case of cruisers, this question of unit size was the basis of serious Anglo-American disagreement. Throughout the conference period England persistently sought to make the standard battleship as small as possible, while keeping the total tonnage for the class as high as possible. Her bases circle the world. If battleships

could be restricted to a small size, hers would always be best; for alone among nations, she could afford to cut down on the fuel capacity of ships to obtain other qualities.

(The case is slightly different from that with vessels in the cruiser class, which must always be prepared to keep the sea for long periods, unless intended for service in such special areas as the Mediterranean or the Baltic.)

Small battleships also meant greater flexibility for the British navy. With many ships of a limited size it could work up in any given locality a concentration equal to the task in hand without wasting power. Finally, small battleships meant that in a building race England could outdo any rival. Her building yards are the most numerous in the world. An artificial limit on battleship sizes would both keep competition in numbers within the limits of her financial capacity, and insure that no nation could seize from her the primacy of the seas, as the United States had threatened to do in 1919–1922, by building a few ships of such gigantic mould as heavily to overmatch English vessels.

As long ago as 1921 British naval men had worked out 25,000 tons as the optimum size, though they felt that if necessary they could get all they wanted out of a 23,333-ton warship. Japan, with her chain of bases surrounding the Yellow Sea and stretching down the China coast through Formosa, and out into the Pacific among the mandated islands, wanted the same size in battleships for the same reason.

But for exactly the converse propositions, the small battleship was unacceptable to the United States. No imaginable 25,000-tonner could make the long haul from Hawaii to Manila and off the latter port fight on equal terms against a ship that need carry fuel for only a

third of such a run. But a 35,000-ton ship would be under no such disadvantage as against an enemy 35,000-tonner; for it would take hardly any more fuel to send her across the Pacific than her smaller sister. U.S.S. *Arkansas*, for example, required 5,000 tons of oil to drive her 26,000 tons for 8,000 miles; U.S.S. *Colorado* (admittedly a later ship) needs only 4,000 tons of fuel to drive 30,000 tons of ship for 10,000 miles.

The American navy had been forced to yield point after point in the cruiser controversy, making some gains at every concession; that is, getting some ships of the size it wanted. But as the World Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations of 1932 approached, the Americans were still immovable on the battleship question. Yet on this point England also wished no compromise. When battleship building began again in 1936, she wished to build small ships; could not bear to see another nation in possession of larger ones. Therefore the English prepared to mobilize against American obstinacy the force of world public opinion, to which the American navy is peculiarly sensitive through Congress and a considerable pacifist press.

That is, if no other nation built ships larger than 25,000 tons (or 23,333) it would be extremely difficult for the United States to go beyond this limit. At the time when it became necessary for France to build against the *Deutschlands*, she was striving to reach agreement with Italy on a number of points, of which naval building was only one. British support was a necessity to her. If these anti-*Deutschlands* were 35,000-tonners English support would not be forthcoming.

On the other hand, if France built in the smaller size and the agreement with Italy should fall through, Italy would be at liberty to build big battleships, thoroughly

outclassing the French vessels. It was not the first time that the French navy had been placed in a cruel dilemma through being forced to adjust its needs to those of the army and diplomatic corps.

On the heels of the Franco-Prussian war, President Thiers declared "The navy is an arm of luxury for France. What use is a battle-fleet against the Germans?" In fact, a battle fleet of great strength had proved no use whatever in the disastrous conflict then just ended; and in response to this failure a new system of naval thought grew up in France. Its leaders were called the *Jeune École*; their purpose was expressed in the famous Lamy report of 1876 — "to renounce war made by fleets of armored vessels, so expensive, of such uncertain value" in favor of the fast raiding cruiser supported along home coasts by the torpedo and the mine.

The debate between the *Jeune École* and its critics spread to the public and convulsed France for twenty years, or until the Spanish-American War. That conflict was, in a sense, a test of *Jeune École* doctrine; for the Spanish navy had accepted the French theory; its ships had been built and its men trained under Gallic supervision. The Spaniards went down to crushing defeat before the big-gun-on-big-ship theories of Mahan, and the Russo-Japanese war, in which *Jeune École* opinion was again heavily engaged on the losing side, confirmed the verdict.

Yet her navy remained for France something of an arm of luxury, the least indispensable link in her chain of national defense, the department which suffered first in moments of financial stringency. *Jeune École* doctrine had at least the merit of outlining a possible method of operations for a cheap fleet. Above all it was suited to the ardent, individualistic French temperament; for it em-

phasized the use of the torpedo, which more than any other naval weapon demands intelligence married to extreme coolness in moments of danger.

The torpedo doctrine thus emotionally, if not intellectually, became a part of French naval tradition. And this matter of tradition is particularly important in naval warfare, where events occur with such rapidity that tradition, indoctrination, constitute not so much thoughts in themselves as part of the mechanism by which thought is achieved. French naval theorists — Daveluy, Castex — might write in support and extension of the battle-fleet principles enunciated by Mahan. French naval maneuvers might be planned in accordance with those principles. But in directing specific actions, even in the use to which naval appropriations are put, the principles of Mahan are often less influential than those of the *Jeune École.*

The 1919 reaction against the battleship was nowhere so violent as in France; the evidence that the last battleship action had been fought nowhere seemed so irrefutable. All the sea powers stopped work on battleships after the Washington conference; but even before that gathering took place France had abandoned construction on no less than nine keels, as many as England and the United States together. The result of the conference seemed to confirm French opinion that the battleship was dead.

But if the battleship were dead, the naval war of the future belonged to the light, fast ship and its auxiliaries below the surface of the sea and in the air above it. The naval limitation treaties thus marked for France the renascence and triumph of the *Juene École* — a *Jeune École* which now accepted the strategic doctrine that command of the sea must be achieved as a prelude to

any effective naval action, but which now interpreted its traditional doctrines into tactical methods for achieving command of the sea. They looked on the naval battle of the future not as a dingdong tussle between two long lines of armored giants pounding each other with heavy guns, but as a bewildering fantasia of ships plunging in and out of smoke, fog and night at forty miles an hour with airplanes rocketing from the skies and submarines rising from the depths.

In such a battle torpedo and aerial bomb would be at least as important as the gun; armor would be nearly useless; ship-crippling accidents would be continuous, and if one of these happened to a big ship, it would deduct a heavy percentage of a fleet's total force. The large unit was also a large target, difficult to move at the speeds demanded by the French speed tactics. She could be useful only as a threat, to confine the heavy ships of an enemy behind the breakwaters of its own harbors.

The actual fighting in such a war would be done by light vessels, led and supported by a few cruisers, with numerous submarines to scout for them and lay traps for raiders. These light ships should be cheap; fast enough to dodge aircraft; large enough to carry many torpedoes; large enough to survive a couple of salvoes from a light cruiser. They should mount a gun that would fire with great speed a shell heavy enough to hurt a light cruiser or to knock out a small Italian destroyer or torpedo boat in a few discharges.

The total result was a series of gigantic destroyers, in size and tonnage about equal to the small cruiser of 1900. They are the most typical ships of the French navy and the general difficulty in properly pigeonholing them is expressed in the fact that they are called by Italians *esploratori* — explorers, or scouts — by the Germans

torpedo-cruisers — by English and Americans, super-destroyers — and by the French themselves *contre-torpilleurs* — anti-torpedoers. All through the '20s France continued to build these ships till she had thirty-two, each class a little larger than the one before it, each a little better armed, till the climax was reached with *Volta* and *Mogador* of 1932, which have eight 5.5-inch guns and ten torpedo tubes on a displacement of 2,900 tons, with a speed of thirty-eight knots. None of the class is more than a knot slower; *Terrible* of the 1930 class did forty-five knots on her trials, which is nearly fifty-three miles an hour, and a lot of speed for anything that must cut water.

In tactical exercises these ships showed that they were as good as they had been planned to be. In short, the *Jeune École* had a success on its hands; and it was with extreme reluctance that French naval men contemplated the change in the whole basis of their naval plans that the re-introduction of the battleship would bring.

But there was no help for it. Germany had *Deutschland* on the way and had announced the building of a second ship of the class; and the French felt these ships had to be outbuilt.

THE DESIGN OF THE FIRST French battleship, the first battleship of any kind, built in more than ten years, was the product of many and somewhat complex factors. Both English entente and French tactical doctrine required that she should not be so large that her loss (perhaps by torpedo or mine) would amount to a national disaster. The same torpedo doctrine demanded that she be particularly well protected against underwater explosions. The new ship, *Dunkerque*, therefore received something hitherto unheard-of — underwater armor, right down to the keel, connecting with an elaborate series of longi-

tudinal and lateral bulkheads, also armored and braced.

In fact, although *Dunkerque's* belt armor was only eleven inches thick (that of the last British battleship was fourteen inches, and of the last American sixteen inches) over forty percent of her total weight was put into armor; more than in any ship before built.

Dunkerque's primary duty would be that of dealing with the German pocket battleships. Therefore she had to have speed enough to run them down, at least thirty knots. She had to have guns big enough to puncture their armor at long ranges and numerous enough to keep *Deutschland* under a rain of fire that would ruin her own shooting. The 12-inch gun, even in numbers, would not quite meet the conditions, although England had wished the 12-inch gun on the 25,000-ton ship. It fired a projectile of 870 pounds weight against the 670 of the German 11-inch. France had to go a little beyond English hopes and design a new piece of artillery, a 13-inch, firing a 1,193-pound shell, decisively to outmatch the German guns. Eight of these weapons gave *Dunkerque* a huge superiority over the six 11s of one *Deutschland*, and even a comfortable superiority over the twelve 11s of two, thanks to their hitting power and the relatively thin armor of the German ships.

But when these characteristics had been added up they came to considerably more than 23,333 tons; more even than 25,000 tons. Some weight was saved by putting the eight guns into two enormous four-gun turrets, an arrangement with which the French had experimented before the war, though they never completed any ships with such turrets. Even then *Dunkerque* worked out at 26,000 tons, so France had to raise the ante on tonnage as well as on gun-calibre just a trifle above the level where England wanted it stabilized.

The French are a logical and legalistic race. It may be that they believed this demonstration of how decisively their navy, bound by its treaty restrictions, could outbuild the German marine, bound by the document of Versailles, would be sufficient. It may be that they thought the building of *Dunkerque* would suffice to halt the construction of any more pocket battleships. If so, they were grievously mistaken, for Adolf Hitler had come into power, a man without logic, who despised legalism. He announced the laying down of the third, fourth and fifth pocket battleships, too many for *Dunkerque* to handle alone. France replied with a second *Dunkerque*, named *Strasbourg*.

The moment was ill chosen. Mussolini was already making motions in the direction of Abyssinia and the French were making faces at him over it. Germany stood his only friend in the matter, and the treaty structure allowed him to return the compliment with battleships. For the Franco-Italian naval accord had fallen through; Italy was bound only by the Washington treaties. Those documents allowed her as many battleship tons as France, which could be put into ships up to 35,000 tons apiece.

Strasbourg, like her sister, was being built against Germany, but Mussolini now affected to believe she was being built against him. Using the treaty restrictions against France as France was using them against Germany, he laid down two battleships which should have 35,000 tons against the *Dunkerque's* 26,000, nine 15-inch guns against eight 13s (that is, 17,280 pounds weight of broadside against 9,544 pounds), 32 knots against 30. They outclassed the *Dunkerques* by almost exactly the margin the latter outclassed the *Deutschlands;* and they were the signal for the new naval race to begin.

One Man's Lie and the Tragedy
it Brought to the Donner Party —

Epic of Endurance

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

GRANDMA KEYES was seventy-five and bedridden, but just let them try to go without her! She waved aside their tales of Indians and other mortal perils of the long journey to California in that year of 1846 and refused to be parted from her daughter and grandchildren. Yielding, her son-in-law, James F. Reed, gently placed her on a featherbed in his double-decker covered wagon and, the pioneer family joining friends, the Donners rolled westward from their Illinois homes. Soon the indomitable old lady would lie in a grave in the Kansas prairie. Yet the flaming spirit which had filled her would carry on the Donner Party in the face of death by knife and bullet, thirst, starvation and bitter cold.

Unscathed, they traversed the lands of the savage Sioux while spring waxed into summer. Campfires glowed on picnic gaiety at hearty meals of buffalo and antelope steaks, followed by songs and reels to lively fiddling. No dark presentiments foreshadowed the cruel destiny which would forever engrave the story of these emigrants on the annals of the settling of the West.

By Little Sandy Creek, southwest Wyoming, they encamped with other wagon trains, and in the shade of canvas tops lettered "California or Bust" and "In God

We Trust" the emigrants argued routes. All must eventually scale the Sierra Nevadas by the same pass. How they should reach it was the burning question.

Thousands before them had gone over the well-worn Oregon Trail to the Northwest. But these were among the earliest settlers California-bound. They were lured by General John C. Frémont's reports of the paradise he had newly explored west of the Rockies. And they were encouraged by President Polk's announcement in 1845 that he intended to annex the vast territory, then feebly held by 500 Mexican soldiers and populated with a mere sprinkling of Mexican ranchers, Mission monks and Yankee fur traders. So now a trickle of migration was starting. Presently it would become a roaring flood.

There was a book, too, which had fired the imagination of these Middle Westerners — *The Emigrants' Guide to Oregon and California*, by Lansford W. Hastings. None suspected that the hypocritical Hastings was scheming to recruit a following from settlers to raise himself in still-Mexican California to the pinnacle Sam Houston had achieved in Texas. They only knew Hastings had taken several parties through successfully. And his cut-off — southwest through Wyoming to Fort Bridger and thence south instead of north of Great Salt Lake — would save at least 200 weary miles. Hastings had left word he would wait at the Fort and lead the way.

But veteran frontiersmen had gravely warned against the new route, and when the camp on Little Sandy Creek was broken July 20, only twenty wagons veered away on Hastings' route, while a far larger train stuck to the older trail.

Onward under the captaincy of good-natured George Donner rolled the smaller, more adventurous party — eighty-seven souls with their goods and cattle — typical

builders of the West. Hope beat as steadily as that "litany of patience," the slow tread of the oxen. Together, sharing a dream, marched Americans, Irish, Germans; the learned and the unlettered; elderly folk past their prime and infants at breast; one family whose scant belongings did not fill one wagon and another with a string of wagons and $10,000 sewn in a quilt. Among the populous clans certain individuals stood out: James Reed, impetuous and able; diminutive Tamsen Donner, an ex-schoolmistress, George's wife; Will McCutcheon, six-foot-six, who swore round oaths straight out of Shakespeare; Charles Stanton, with the clear gaze of the idealist; brave William Eddy, a dead-shot; a tall bearded, sinister figure, the German, Lewis Keseberg, who spoke four languages.

Reaching Fort Bridger, the Donner Party found Hastings had gone on with another train. Jim Bridger, Indian fighter and trapper, welcomed them heartily; he would have missed their trade had they taken the northern route. Sure, he told them, the Hastings cut-off was shorter and mostly good going. They'd strike one dry drive, maybe forty miles, but could carry water and grass. He lied to them, and for that sin ghosts should have risen from the Sierra snows to haunt Jim Bridger the rest of his life.

On rolled the covered wagons over rough and rocky ground. At Weber River they found a note from Hastings, fastened to a twig, which told of trouble met by a better-manned train ahead in Weber Canyon and urged that they avoid the canyon and cross the Wahsatch Mountains. Wearily, double-teaming the oxen for steep climbs, they tackled it. Every mile had to be hewn through the wilderness. At last they got through, but it

had taken them twenty-one days to go thirty-six miles. Summer was almost gone, provisions were dwindling. Snow soon would bar the Sierras.

South of Great Salt Lake, near the site of the present city, they loaded grass and water and plunged into the desert march. "Only forty miles," Jim Bridger had said. It was nearer eighty! Day after day they toiled on under glaring haze, the distant mountains seeming always to recede before them. Mirages mocked them. Once the entire train beheld itself reflected as if in a gigantic mirror. One of the emigrants stared at a flanking file of twenty replicas of himself, aping his motions. Water was almost gone, and men and beasts suffered agonies of thirst. Their train stretched out, disintegrated. Wagons were abandoned, and oxen unyoked to be driven more quickly. Once loose, some of the crazed animals stampeded and vanished into the desert. For five torrid days they marched. For five frigid nights the children, wailing from the cold, huddled against the dogs for warmth. When at length they reached a spring, they had lost a fourth of their oxen.

The Donner Party was now dangerously behind schedule. Crippled by loss of cattle and wagons, they could never complete the journey without more provisions. In desperation, they sent Stanton, the idealist, and towering Will McCutcheon ahead to press over the pass to Sutter's Fort in the Sacramento Valley and bring back food by pack train. Meanwhile the diminished train creaked onward; and now they were in Indian country again. The furtive Digger Indians dared make no direct attack, but by theft and whistling arrows they whittled down the surviving cattle.

The tempers of the harassed pioneers were worn raw. On a steep hill, two wagons became entangled. Team-

ster Snyder furiously beat his oxen. When Reed protested, Snyder crashed the heavy butt of his whip down on the other's head. Reed's hunting knife flashed and was buried in the teamster's chest. Though more whip blows thudded on Reed and on his delicate wife, who thrust herself between the fighters, Snyder soon tottered and fell dead.

Rough-and-ready pioneer law tried the killer. Plainly he could plead self-defense. But Reed, considered an "aristocrat," was not popular, while Snyder had been a jolly fellow around the campfire. Keseberg, bearing a grudge, propped up the tongue of his wagon for a gallows tree and demanded death. The sentence, however, was banishment, and Reed strode off, on foot and unarmed, into the wilderness. His family managed secretly to provide him with a horse, rifle, and food. So the exile did not go forth to perish; the Donner Party, fortunately for them, would see him again.

Death marched often with the emigrants from now on, as desert sands again clutched the wheels and Indians raided by night. Old Hardkoop, a Belgian, put out of Keseberg's wagon to lighten the load, fell behind and disappeared. Some urged going back for him, but those with saddle horses refused to lend them. It was close to being every family for itself now. The desert also swallowed Wolfinger, a German reputed to carry a large sum of money. Accompanied by two young compatriots, he had dropped behind, and when the other two returned without him, they evasively declared that Indians had killed him. The kind Donners took in Wolfinger's widow, and dully the train pushed on, plagued by thirst and hunger.

Hope revived at the Truckee River where Stanton, back from the Sacramento Valley, met them with two

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Indian *vaqueros* driving seven pack mules laden with provisions.

They rested, recruiting their strength. Between them and the Promised Land of California lay a climb over the lofty Sierra Nevadas. Already it was dangerously late in October, yet normally the pass would be open until mid-November. Alas, they were no mountaineers, these Middle-westerners, and they could not read the signs of an early and severe winter. Still, the dark gloom of the skies slowly crept into every heart, and there was near-panic in the dash the straggling train finally made for the last lap.

Past the present site of Reno they rolled and into the frowning outworks of the Sierras. Hurry, for God's sake, hurry! They streamed by an abandoned cabin on the shores of Truckee Lake. Wagons discarded, goods packed on bucking oxen, little children caught up, they flung themselves at the snow-capped pass. Mules breaking trail sank into deep drifts. Stanton and an Indian forged ahead to the summit but returned to help the others. Then dusk balked them and they encamped to wait and try again the next day.

That night the snow swept down, piling up ten-foot drifts. The emigrants retreated to the lakeshore cabin and hastily erected other shelters against the raging storm. Around them, the snow built vast, soft prison walls.

Shelter of a sort, clothing, firewood, they had. But food was scant and went fast. To attempt the snow-blocked pass again was futile. Days passed. Their few remaining cattle were slaughtered and eaten, and the dogs were next. Fishing proved useless. One day William Eddy, the marksman, tracked down an 800-pound grizzly bear, wounded it with his last bullet and then clubbed it to death. The bear meat did not feed hungry mouths long.

Urged by starvation, ten men and five women left on

December 16 for a despairing attack on the pass. They had a few provisions and snowshoes made by Uncle Billy Graves from memories of his Vermont youth. Guided by Stanton, and the *vaqueros*, they struggled on day after day. One morning Stanton told them to go on; that he would follow. Snow-blind and exhausted, he knew he never could. Once he had been safe in the Sacramento Valley but had returned to save his friends. Now, gallantly, he died alone in the snow.

Food gave out entirely. Finally, after two days of complete starvation, Pat Nolan uttered the dreadful thought that lay behind the wild, desperate eyes of them all. They still had something to eat — food of the last resort — human flesh.

Who? They asked the terrible question. Let lots be drawn. But what then? Should they butcher the loser in cold blood? Let two men fight it out with six-shooters to determine the victim. But they could not bring themselves even to that.

In the end starvation, cold, and exhaustion chose for them. One by one, the men began to drop and die. Most of the wretched survivors succumbed to the fierce craving they could no longer resist. They cut flesh from the corpses, roasted it over the fire and ate it, "averting their faces from each other and weeping." One thing only they avoided. None would eat the flesh of his kin.

Now they were able to reel forward on bleeding, cloth-swathed feet, but soon they were starving again. Deer signs in the snow, seeming a token from Heaven, drew the indomitable huntsman, William Eddy, in pursuit, accompanied by Mary Graves, once the prettiest girl in the train but now a thin, wan hag. At last they sighted a big buck only eighty yards away. Then came a heart-break-

ing moment. Eddy was too feeble to lift his gun and aim. With all his will and strength, he painfully hitched the gun, inch by inch till the butt rested on his shoulder, let the barrel swing down until sights covered the deer and fired. The animal leaped, sprang away.

"Oh, merciful God," cried Mary, "you missed it!"

But he had not. The deer fell, and they rushed on it, cut its throat and gulped its blood.

The deer meat was soon devoured, and the pangs of starvation returned. This time the desperate, covert glances fastened on the two Indian *vaqueros*. Eddy, forbidding the sacrifice of men who had come to their rescue, warned them and they escaped. Too weak to flee far, for they, like Eddy, had refused human flesh, the Indians were overtaken, prone in the snow, still clinging to a spark of life. William Foster shot them. Once more there was sustenance.

Almost a month from the time they left camp, Eddy and Foster, out of ten men, with all five of the women, tottered out of the mountains into an Indian camp and were helped on to a valley ranch.

California now rallied to bring out the rest of the Donner emigrants. A party starting February 1 got through to the camp back by Truckee Lake after valiant effort. Out from the huts flocked the starving remnants of the party, past dead bodies which had been dragged out on the snow. Cattle, dogs, and all other food had been eaten, and they had kept life in themselves with the gluey boilings of oxen and buffalo hides.

Distributing the scant supplies they had been able to pack, the first relief party started back to the California valleys with all the Donner party survivors who were strong enough to travel: three men, four women, and seventeen children, some so small they had to be carried.

Seventeen of this group were still alive when met by another band of rescuers. And this band was led by James Reed, the man they had exiled for murder. He had fought his solitary way over the mountains to safety, after his banishment, and had made several heroic attempts to return through the snows with succor for his family.

His supplies on this final attempt came in the nick of time. His daughter Virginia tottered into his arms and led him to his wife who had collapsed in the snow. His joy was tempered by the news that his two youngest still were starving in the snowbound cabins. Reed sent the rescued on and led a few hardy men back through the perilous pass.

Down by the cabins, they saw a figure move. They were in time. But horrible signs declared the price at which life had been bought. There were bodies in the snow from which flesh had been slashed. Once more it had been cannibalism or death.

But Reed's two children still lived. Carrying them and other little ones, mustering all those with strength to walk, this second relief expedition plunged back into the pass. Although almost overwhelmed by disaster when the food caches they had left on the trail were found to have been devoured by animals, Reed won through with his children and a few others.

Now Eddy and Foster, spurred by word that their little sons were still alive in the camp, dared the march back to the lake with two comrades. There dreadful news met the two fathers. Their boys were dead and eaten. Survivors accused Keseberg, the German, of this cannibalism, and he, "in a sort of perverted bravado," confessed. Somehow the fathers kept themselves from killing him,

feeble, crippled, and defenseless as he was. It could not be proved he actually killed the children, who might have died of starvation. So he was merely left behind when the four men of this third relief party, each carrying a child, started back.

Left behind also, by her own choice, was little Tamsen Donner. She bade her two young children farewell, as she had their two older sisters who had escaped earlier. She was strong enough to have gone with them, but nothing, not even his own pleadings, could move her from the side of her dying husband, whose name has come down in history attached to the ghastly story of the Donner Party.

Tamsen Donner's two young children, and the two other little last survivors, crossed the Sierras safely in the arms of their four rescuers. Then, in mid-April, one year after the Donner Party left Illinois, a fourth and last relief marched to the lake. Humanity had prompted earlier expeditions, and heroism led them. This one was bent on salvaging the property of the emigrants, none of whom was expected to be found alive. They found the booty there — and one survivor, Keseberg. He told the story of the last grim days. Tamsen Donner had stumbled into his cabin, half-crazed, weeping that her husband was dead. That night, Keseberg said, she, too, succumbed.

The men did not believe him. Their suspicion that he had murdered and devoured the little ex-schoolmistress was strengthened when they found Donner jewelry in his possession. But Keseberg declared the valuables had been given him by Tamsen for safekeeping. All the rest of his life he maintained his innocence.

The salvagers took Keseberg back with them — the last man out. At a camping place of one of the earlier parties, Keseberg idly grasped a piece of calico showing

above the snow. The softening snows loosened to reveal a dress and in it the frozen corpse of his daughter Ada.

So ended this most amazing saga of our westward march. A tale of death, sudden or torturingly slow, which claimed forty of these pioneers of less than a century ago. A tale of epic endurance which brought forty-seven through to the Promised Land they sought. With varying vicissitudes, the survivors lived out their lives, some to a ripe old age. The last survivor of the Donner Party died in 1935. Their evil genius, Hastings, died in 1870 in Brazil where he was seeking to found a colony of ex-Confederates. Keseberg, after a brief period of Gold Rush prosperity, dragged out a long, miserable existence.

At their place of tribulation in the Sierras, rechristened Donner Lake and now a resort, there long stood the stumps of trees, twenty feet high, marking the height of the snow surface above which the emigrants hacked down firewood. Where one of their cabins stood is a rock with a bronze tablet. On it, today's summer tourist, or the winter sports enthusiast pausing on his skis, may read all the eighty-seven names of the Donner Party.

The American Navy's
Little Brother Grows Up —

We Build a Merchant Marine

By BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON

MOST OF US REMEMBER the last war and our situation with regard to shipping. Anything that floated — and some did not do that too well — was pressed into service. Sailing ships which had rotted at their moorings, coastwise vessels never intended for overseas trade, wooden ships and steel ships, all were used in the frantic effort to carry on our foreign trade. And then when we entered the war and were faced with the necessity of moving troops and supplying them, shipyards sprang up all over the country. The products were as diversified as the opinions of the men who conceived the greatest shipbuilding effort ever undertaken. Every type of material was used: steel, wood, even concrete. Where previously construction time had been counted in months, days then sufficed. Over three billion dollars was the cost, and the result was a tremendous number of ships unsuited to the needs of peace. It proved to us, nevertheless, that our lethargy of the past should never be permitted in the future.

We recognized the need for American shipping but our efforts to develop a merchant marine adequate for peace and war were disappointing. Our ships were slow and costly to operate. Our people were not "American ship-

minded." The future of our oldest industry was indeed dark.

With the experience of the last war fresh in our minds we realized the risk of disruption of our foreign commerce if the transportation facilities of other countries were denied us and we understood that the only solution was the provision of our own merchant shipping. We were cognizant, too, of our shipping needs in the case of a war in which we might be engaged without the help of allies.

Our present policy does not contemplate the sending of large forces of troops overseas, but sound reasoning indicates that that may be necessary in the future if we are properly to pursue the course which our stake in international affairs may demand. Naval needs in shipping are apt to overshadow the requirements of the other armed forces, but when the broader aspects of overseas warfare are considered it will be found that the demands for shipping to transport Army personnel may almost exceed those of the Navy.

In a recent study regarding the relationship between our merchant shipping and national defense, it was found that for basic national defense purposes we now have available some 1,400 American ships. Technical military purposes would immediately require 1,000 operating ships. The military establishments would take over practically every one of our ships now operating in overseas foreign trade and 600 of those in the coastwise trade. The stupendous problem of changing from a peace to a war basis is easily realized by consideration of these figures. Such a transition cannot be permitted to disrupt our normal commerce entirely, and the avoidance of such a catastrophe must be one of the guiding principles in the formulation of our shipping policies.

Following the enactment of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 and the creation of the Maritime Commission to supersede the old Shipping Board Bureau, certain exhaustive studies were undertaken in order to determine the condition of the Merchant Marine. Ships are naturally a major requirement and it was concluded that a minimum of 500 new ships over a period of ten years under an orderly and systematic building program should be our goal. The international situation may, of course, require an expansion of this program, but our immediate requirements warrant what is now contemplated. This number of vessels would be sufficient to replace our entire subsidized fleet of 153 ships, and to provide sufficient high-speed tankers for naval auxiliary needs. It would also cover new tonnage for lines at present operated by the government and for essential routes not yet served by any American flag service. The balance it is hoped may be absorbed by unsubsidized operators in the domestic and foreign trades.

Up to the end of May the Maritime Commission, either strictly for its own account or in conjunction with private operators, had contracted for sixty-six new vessels. Two of these, high-speed tankers of a radically new design, were taken over by the Navy upon their completion, thus indicating the adaptability of the new construction to national defense needs. Included in the vessels now under construction and soon to be completed is the largest passenger vessel ever laid down in American shipyards. This ship will, appropriately, be named *America*, and will be operated in the North Atlantic trade.

Besides, there are fifty fast cargo carriers building to three standard Maritime Commission designs. These vessels will either be sold or chartered upon their completion as will ten combined passenger-cargo ships of the

same general design as sixteen of the cargo ships, but altered to include passenger accommodations. Three combined ships and four cargo vessels of special design for two private operators are also building. The ten remaining tankers are intended for private oil carriers but one additional may be acquired by the Navy under its auxiliary ship program.

These vessels cost the private owners no more than the standard tankers now in use and the expense of installing engines of far greater power and certain other "national defense features" is borne by the Maritime Commission. Besides furnishing a tanker reserve of inestimable value, trials with these ships may bring about important changes in existing theories of the economics of ship operation. The feasibility of running vessels at almost 20 knots in contrast to the heretofore required 13 knots will prove an interesting study.

What has been done is but the beginning. On the drafting boards are plans of other new ships. Larger and faster passenger vessels for the Pacific to compete with the latest products of Japanese shipyards, additional tankers suitable for naval use but more adaptable to the needs of some of the oil companies, and cargo and combined vessels of new design, are all contemplated and will probably be laid down within the immediate future. In fact, bids for a series of somewhat smaller and slower cargo vessels have already been asked. The second year's installment of our ten-year program is thus assured.

The American Bureau of Shipping recently remarked that our plan for replacing fifty ships a year for ten years is certainly not overly ambitious, and called attention to the significance of the British government's subsidy which brought forth in one month alone contracts for 190 cargo

liners and tramp ships. Italy also has announced her intention to build 200,000 tons of shipping annually for ten years.

The vessels we are building are both steam and Diesel propelled. They embody many of the advances in design and construction which have been made in recent years. Safety and efficiency have been the guides in their design. Soon house flags will be broken and, for the first time in eighteen years, new American cargo vessels will commence regular operation. These vessels will exceed by almost fifty percent the speed of the ships they will replace. In the hope that something of the spirit and pride which surrounded our merchant fleet in the clipper days may be revived, many of our new freighters will carry the names of illustrious ships of that era. But tradition alone is not enough upon which to build a merchant marine. More material support is required and this, in sufficient quantity, has not been forthcoming in the past.

The American traveling public and shipping public have not given their own ships the share of traffic which is imperative if we are to develop an adequate privately owned merchant fleet. "Travel and Ship American" is not a patriotic appeal; it is a plea for greater consciousness of the economic soundness of patronizing an industry which is vital to our commercial welfare and to our national defense, and one to be maintained regardless of cost to the nation, irrespective of whether it be privately or government owned and operated.

The pages of our daily newspapers furnish us with ample evidence of how inadequately the situation is understood by those in a position to give support to our maritime ventures. Seven out of every ten Americans who travel the North Atlantic sail on foreign-flag vessels. It is to be regretted that many of the patrons of competing

lines are in such prominent positions as to influence others. They fail, indeed, to appreciate the cost to the nation of their heedlessness. Of 112 million dollars collected by foreign-flag ships transporting passengers between the United States and foreign ports in 1938, eighty-three millions represented the contributions of travelers resident in this country.

Today, American ships are carrying less than thirty percent of our foreign trade. No one urges, nor would it be wise, that even all of our own trade be carried in American bottoms, but our present share is not sufficient. Estimates indicate that were our share of the carriage of our foreign trade to rise even to thirty-five or forty percent of the total, the annual revenues of our shipping companies involved would probably increase some seventy-five million dollars. More than half of that sum would go to lines now subsidized at a cost to the taxpayer of something like thirteen millions annually. The greater the amount of *earned* income, the smaller the amount which the government must contribute to maintain operation.

The Merchant Marine Act of 1936 is clear in its desire to foster the development of a privately owned American Merchant Marine. There are critics of the government's further entry into the shipping business and, frankly, certain of the moves which have been made point to greater governmental participation. The answer, however, is not as much within the power of the Maritime Commission as it is up to the people themselves who use (or too frequently neglect) our shipping. This is a highly competitive age, but deliberately to aid our competitors at our own expense seems to be the height of folly.

The basic act under which the Maritime Commission operates was designed to provide such aid to American

shipowners as would place them on an equal footing with their foreign competitors. In its declaration of policy it refers to the necessity for a merchant marine, "owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable." The accomplishment of these objectives, we have seen already, is largely up to the American public itself. A merchant marine we must have, and the choice is between private ownership and operation with limited government aid and government ownership and operation with unlimited expenditure, as the Senate Committee on Commerce stated in reporting the bill which, with amendments, became our present shipping legislation.

Aid to our ship operators is given in two material forms. In the construction of new tonnage for our essential lines, the government pays the difference between foreign costs and the cost in our own yards. This is known as the construction-differential subsidy. There is also the operating-differential subsidy which places our operators in a position of parity with their foreign competitors whose labor and other charges are below ours. A countervailing subsidy to offset the effect of governmental aid paid to foreign competitors is also authorized, but the difficulties of determining the basis upon which such payments should be made has, thus far, prevented aid of this nature being extended to our shipowners.

While the Maritime Commission is primarily interested in the development of the subsidized portion of our Merchant Marine, it is fully cognizant of the need for additional construction by unsubsidized operators in the overseas, coastal, and intercoastal trades. No subsidy may be granted persons building vessels for lines which are not deemed essential or for operation in the coastal and intercoastal trades, but long-term payment through the com-

mission may be arranged. As yet only one application for aid in the construction of a vessel not covered by a construction-differential subsidy has been received, and bids were considered too high to undertake building at this time.

Realizing the interdependence between our overseas shipping and coastal and intercoastal lines, both from the standpoint of our foreign commerce and national defense, the Maritime Commission undertook a special and comprehensive study of the two domestic branches. The problems of an industry which purchased much of its working material for as low as twenty dollars a ton when it cost the government two hundred dollars to build and would cost about the same to replace today, can well be realized.

Since the domestic trade has enjoyed protection from foreign competition for more than a century, direct subsidies do not appear to be warranted. Other aids may, however, be extended and the commission has recommended that it be permitted to accept old vessels as a credit against new construction. As American vessels cannot be sold abroad without the consent of the commission, the owner cannot take advantage of higher prices in foreign markets. Being penalized in this respect, it seems only fair that the government assist him in the manner recommended.

The ability to accept old vessels will permit the Maritime Commission to build up a reserve of laid-up ships for use in an emergency. It is at present the commission's policy not to sell such vessels for competitive operation, and it is desired that this policy be given legislative approval in order that the potential threat of competition from this direction may be definitely eliminated. Greater stability in the industry is expected from such a move.

MATERIAL FACTORS are not the only consideration in the building of a merchant fleet. The training of the men who man the ships and the service which they offer are of equal importance. There has been criticism of service on American-flag ships. On occasion this has been justified, but no general criticism of our personnel can be supported in fact. Undoubtedly there is room for improvement, but this is true of the ships of other nations as well. The difference is, we advertise our shortcomings; our competitors do not. The record of the American Merchant Marine from the point of shipboard casualty for the past several years shows it to be *the safest in the world.* The commission desires that that record be maintained.

To insure that our standard of safety be not only maintained but, if possible, improved, a broad program of training has been undertaken at several ports throughout the country. Even the unions which at first objected so strenuously to the training program are being brought around to appreciate that greater skill in the execution of duties will tend to foster the development of a stronger industry with promise of expansion and more widespread employment. There are problems still awaiting solution but they are not believed to be insurmountable.

The original Merchant Marine Act was last year amended to facilitate the development of an adequate merchant fleet. Further amendments have been recommended and it is expected that efforts will continue to be made to strengthen existing legislation and to encourage the stabilization of the shipping industry. Replacement alone is not the goal. Expansion dictated by our needs will come as well. Already announcement has been made that with the completion of the first of the new cargo ships, our Scandinavian shipping route is to be extended to include Norway which, heretofore, has not had

American-flag service. Similar extensions may be expected in other areas. The "Good Neighbor Fleet" which has been much publicized is reported to be operating successfully. Two of the older vessels which formerly were used in the South American service have been turned over to the Army and, as the *Hunter Liggett* and *Leonard Wood*, will be used to strengthen our transport service to meet the demands of our rapidly expanding military forces. The other two have been laid up and so will not compete with vessels already established in essential services.

There have been references to the "absurd extremism" which believes our policy to be to develop a merchant fleet to support the Navy rather than to build a navy to protect the Merchant Marine. Our expressed policy in this regard is that we shall have a merchant marine sufficient to carry our domestic water-borne commerce and a substantial portion of our water-borne export and import foreign commerce, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign water-borne commerce at all times, and also capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency. We recognize the vitality of naval defense in our insular position, but anyone who studies the question realizes that without the support of a merchant fleet capable of serving as auxiliaries the strength of our naval forces is dissipated. There is no question of either one being built entirely to support the other. Both are essential and complementary to one another. Which comes first is not as important as their joint existence.

Merchant fleets are not built overnight; their crews are not trained without effort. We cannot expect miracles. Our years of neglect were costly and we are still paying

for them, but there is a brightness of promise in the distance. Government commissions acting alone cannot give us what we need; laws enable action to be taken, but something more is necessary if we are to build for perpetuity. Our people must support what is theirs. This is not propaganda; it is common sense. Every dollar we give to foreign, competing shipping means another dollar we shall have to make up to our own shipping if we are to maintain it. That we intend to maintain it goes without question. The final cost of its maintenance, however, is up to us, the shippers and travelers of the country, to determine.

Snobbery
Continues to Threaten
Christianity

Even in Church . . . .

By HERMAN KEITER

NOT DENOMINATIONALISM, nor theological differences, but a much more fundamental cleavage threatens the modern church. This divisive force works in every community. Able church leaders stand helpless, almost resigned, before it.

"It was an unfortunate marriage from the start," said the Survey Associate Director. They had married for convenience rather than love. Both Congregationalist and Baptist churches had seen population movements cut their membership. They united to survive, and the Federated Church was born. But the two classes of people just could not get along in the same church. "'They' *would* bring their children," one old member told us, "and the youngsters climbed all over the tops of the pews and stuck chewing gum all over the bottom. 'We' couldn't stand it." From the time of their union in 1918 each group grated on the other's nerves. Two classes could not successfully be included in the same institution, they declared.

We had spent months studying the situation as investigators for the interdenominational survey group of the city. Undoubtedly the two groups had been clashing. Matched against that continuous fact our favorable

evidence seemed outweighed. The denominational heads gave their consent. The Federated Church decided to dissolve.

Are Protestant churches essentially class institutions? Do they never really attack the most serious barriers that stand between men? Do they complacently plan for separate institutions for each class, and never hope that all classes in a community may worship and serve in one church?

The experience of this Federated Church in Chicago seems to show that church leaders believe such divisions are inevitable. They have almost admitted that one fritters away time in trying to bring "lower-class" families whose children must accompany them to worship services, into the same church with "upper-class" families who are irritated by those children. The Church seems to have wandered far from the carpenter who dared to declare that all men must be able to worship together as brothers.

As a matter of cold fact, surveys under Paul Douglass and others have shown few Protestant churches able to cross class barriers. A new class invades a community, but the church does not weave it into its organization. Another church is started for the new class. Sometimes the new class drives the original church out to the new community whence many of its people have been pushed. Roman Catholic churches under their central authority seem able to remain and adjust themselves to the new type of residents. But Protestant churches move with the classes they serve.

Denominations seem unable to cross class barriers. Indeed, they rather minister to them. A common arrangement: Episcopal churches corral the more prosperous families, Methodists the middle class, Baptists the

less prosperous, with the other denominations ranged in between. In most communities each denomination has become so identified with the class it serves, that attack upon the class nature of the church runs into the weight of the whole denominational system. Indeed, as H. Richard Niebuhr points out in a careful study, the mightiest obstacles to church union today arise from the class character of most denominations.

Occasional exceptions under special conditions promise little general improvement. Henry Sloane Coffin can explain how he brought millionaires and slum residents together as fellow-workers in Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City. Women with run-over heels worship with Gold Coast residents in John Timothy Stone's Chicago Church. Almost every denomination has some such exception. A number of "down-town" churches at least partially succeed in bringing diverse classes into the same church. But they hardly bring them together. They worship in different pews in a huge auditorium, serve in different organizations, and live miles apart.

Even the most favorable unifying factors are overcome by the pull of class division. In a survey in the western suburbs of Chicago we found two Bohemian Baptist churches within a few blocks of each other. The first established was in Cicero, Illinois, in the main an attractive residential city in spite of its unfortunate reputation. To the west grew the newer and slightly higher-class city of Berwyn. Narrow Austin Avenue was the only mark of the boundary; strangers could never tell in which town they were. Yet the Bohemian Baptists of Berwyn could not be persuaded to come the few blocks to their home church. They felt themselves of a higher class. Common

language and denomination did not matter — they had to start a Bohemian Baptist church of their own. My fellow-surveyor told me of his experience on the staff of one of the richest churches in New York City. This church made a strong and continuous attempt to attract a poorer class not far away. With the children they seemed successful, but as the children grew into adolescence, the differences grew between them, and by the time college age was reached, the children had divided again into classes almost as distinctive as those of their parents. And the poorer class was decidedly not in the church.

Protestantism sniffs, and says, "What of it?" (Protestantism prides herself on her liberty of action.) Only a few voices are raised in warning. James Myers of the Federal Council of Churches declares: "Lack of personal contacts between economic classes constitutes, to my mind, one of the most serious dangers of our civilization," and points out how seldom churches "gather into one fold a cross-section of our economic life." President Coffin of Union Seminary emphasizes that danger of having a class church in America. Jerome Davis, formerly of Yale, thus summarizes the expression of thirteen labor leaders on the American church: " . . . the majority believe that the church . . . is a class institution for the upper and middle classes," and he is inclined to agree with them.

Six years ago we came upon a laboratory in Chicago's far Southside. Here if anywhere it seemed the church could achieve success in breaking class barriers. The classes were almost within arms' reach of each other. All were Anglo-Saxon and Protestant. The oldest group consisted mainly of the children of German and other North

European settlers with a fringe of the original Europeans now thoroughly Americanized. Two other classes had appeared in the last ten years: the one, families of native American stock that had been attracted from the hill country of the South by the booming steel mills; and the other, similarly American, having moved out from the pleasant but crowded South Shore district, upper-middle-class families whose wage-earners commuted to their offices in the loop. Here were three Protestant classes of approximately the same racial stock with the greatest gap apparent between each class an average difference of four years in schooling. Chance of success could hardly be improved: only one church, established for more than twenty years; and these three groups of people living within a mile square, all Americans yet distinct in class, who should be able to be brought together through the church if any could.

Consistently this church progressed among members of its own class. In six years membership and attendance tripled. Eight other varieties of North European nationality and even some French and Italians were blended successfully with the German-American stock. With no competing churches on the field, denominational barriers proved weak: inactive Episcopalian, Christian Science, Southern Baptist persons renewed their membership in this church, as well as representatives of all other major Protestant denominations, with the original denomination accounting for only ten percent of the new members. And of the hundreds of new members received, more than ninety percent continued active. Thus such sturdy barriers as national and denominational backgrounds were overcome.

But class barriers! The groups frankly admitted that they did not want to be brought together. "Those

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people . . . !" they said with mutual pity and distaste.

Undismayed, the church set itself to make welcome the upper-middle-class commuters. Instead of the denominational label, it adopted the name Community to show its purpose in going beyond denominational lines. It provided transportation for the children of newcomers, offered its ministrations in sickness and performed the last rites at death, adjusted and added to its services in an effort to provide worship valuable and attractive to both groups. Before our eyes family after family of the commuter class were drawn into the church. Yet almost as consistently they dropped away. Rather than stand the strain of bridging the gap between groups, the commuters' families preferred to travel additional miles to other churches in neighboring centers of population. Children from the group attend the church school, occasional families attend worship services, ministrations are welcomed, and the reasons for bringing the groups together have become well known.

Yet the fundamental class barriers stand apparently untouched. Today after six years of effort in this made-to-order laboratory, the upper-middle-class families are slightly more friendly with the German-Americans, but that is about all. The latter continue to declare the commuters snobbish, and the former reply that the German-Americans are cold and unfriendly.

Prospects with the Southern group seemed hardly more promising.

"Mountain goats," the German-Americans uncharitably called them.

"Foreigners!" they sniffed in reply.

"We do not pay a pastor to go and speak and pray for those people," some of the German-Americans told their new minister shortly after his arrival. He had attended a

prayer meeting newly started in the home of the Southern families. He was able to pacify the congregation and continued his friendly approaches, seemingly with success. Southern families came to the church, helped sing in the choirs, attended and taught in the Church school, were represented in the "confirmation" classes, though they continued their separate prayer meetings. A leading family in the Southern group had decided to become members and were delaying their entrance only that others might come too.

Then something happened, and at the next visit of the pastor, he shivered in the chilliness of his reception. "You are all right as a man, but you do not preach the gospel," the family told him, "and your church is not the true church." The Southern families did not appear again. The pastor called on a leader of the Southern group and was told: "Possibly two percent of your people are 'saved,' but certainly not the others. We cannot co-operate with you."

An extreme fundamentalist group had come in from the outside and had apparently caused the split by its gloomy theology and its denunciation of the theatre and cinema. But only apparently; its chance appearance but provided the occasion for the break. The causes of cleavage lay far deeper.

Actually weddings, and cards, and rooms per person had more to do with the division than did theology. Individually insignificant but collectively mighty, class differences drive groups apart. In this community the commuters follow a wedding with a dinner dance; the German-Americans with a "shivaree," as do the Southerners unless they are married out of town. The commuters play bridge, or poker, the German-Americans pinochle, while the Southerners, whether or not they

play, regard card games as instruments of the devil. The Southerners are comfortable crowded two or three to a room in rented quarters; the German-Americans spend a large proportion of their incomes to provide homes of their own, usually with no more than one person per room; the commuters have the best homes, but spend much less care and a much smaller proportion of their income upon them. German-Americans and Southerners keep gardens, the commuters have neither the time nor the inclination. Many of the barriers between the classes seem decidedly minor. Yet these factors and others like them keep the groups apart. The results of six years of effort on the part of the church seem little more than nil.

All of these have been mentioned as factors of class division: leisure pursuits, cards, chewing-gum, wedding celebrations; worship habits, children on pews, denomination; and schooling, rooms per person, home ownership, racial, national and sectional background. Is there a dominating factor?

Sims' "Score Card for Socio-Economic Status," a standard instrument for measurement of class, takes cognizance of most of the above factors (except the religious ones) and adds some more: telephone, heating and plumbing, servants, cars, magazines and books. Yet of the twenty-three factors Sims lists, twenty-two depend heavily upon income, that is, persons of higher income tend to make higher scores in every item but one. In that one, occupation in the professional class conveys a higher score than occupation in business. Yet even here money has exerted its weight, for the professional man must have spent for his training more than business training would have cost.

It seems that income helps directly or indirectly in creating every one of these factors that divide men into classes. In the "laboratory experiment," the two factors least connected with income, denomination and national background, were most easily overcome. If the Protestant Church wishes to emancipate herself from her class status, she must realize that class divisions depend overwhelmingly upon difference in income and appreciate the tremendous odds against her in an attack on class.

Unfortunately class lines have been growing more and more distinct. I once suggested to a high official of a large corporation that there did exist poor people who wanted to work, to progress, but were kept down by circumstance. "No," said he, "there are no such people as the underprivileged. Everyone has a chance to succeed if he just takes it." A tire magnate declares that people can find work if they are anxious to work, even if they have to shine shoes. Opinion mounts also on the other side. One "class-conscious" working girl I talked with for hours, quixotically trying to convince her that there might be some good somewhere in a rich person; but she held valiantly to her thesis that the wealthy were totally selfish, unfeeling, anxious only to keep the poor in subjection. Conditions of life and work continually grow more complex. Different classes have less and less chance to become acquainted. All the more each comes to think of the other as something less than human.

That difference in income which lies at the base of class difference continually widens. The present administration in Washington avows as a central purpose the more equal distribution of income; some of its prominent figures seem to have done what they could to further that purpose. Yet relief has averaged five dollars and sixty cents per family per week, with work relief averaging

more but occasionally bringing individual families even less. Income tax figures continue to show decrease in real income in the lower brackets, and steady ominous leaps higher in the number of million-dollar incomes. At that rate, recovery or recession, we are clattering fast on the way to revolution.

Perhaps the church can do nothing about it. She may have grown impotent in changing society, what some have called building the Kingdom of God. Perhaps she should be content to baptize, marry, and bury her members, to preach to them the words of a personal gospel, and flee the thankless task of directly attacking barriers by bringing together different classes for worship and service. One ancient church did so give up, and prophets of the Kingdom began indignantly to deny all connection with her: "I am neither a preacher nor the son of a preacher."

Already ministers who aspire to be prophets are disturbed lest their opportunities and talents for building the Kingdom be stifled in a church which must provide a separate unit for each class of men. "Stay out of the pastorate, unless you want to be throttled by organization," said one active pastor (of a University Church of a conservative denomination in the East) to a ministerial student. "Go into labor organizing; there you can do something for the Kingdom of God." That student is now a labor organizer.

Whatever one may think of that advice, such work at least seems to offer an opportunity for attack far more direct than is possible for a church upon this income difference at the base of class division. Not a few ministers have taken that course. Today they serve labor in positions that range from rank-and-file organizer to union president and political party head. Their platform abil-

ity, historical perspective, and zeal for justice have been devoted to enabling labor to obtain a proper share of the products of its work.

Yet many feel that the church holds a strategic position in any attack upon class. Labor organizing itself has not succeeded gloriously in adjusting income differences; labor can use all the force the church can lend against that basic cause of class. And while all groups unite in a long-term struggle for equable distribution of income, the church can also serve uniquely by bringing together diverse classes for mutual worship and service. Let each class grow to know the other under the guidance of competent leadership, and class barriers are directly weakened and possibility of violent change pushed into the background.

But the church must awake to the need and its opportunity. That Federated Church in Chicago failed not only through the thrust of population change but also through the church leaders' blindness to the necessity of such efforts succeeding. That "laboratory experiment" described above may seem to show negative results. But with the understanding improved among the classes in that community, with the problem and need understood and admitted, with members of the other classes coming into the church (the last months gave definite promise of a possible multiplication of the present few), that church can count itself successful when it considers the tremendous need and difficulty of the situation with which it has wrestled.

The Quakers through their American Friends Service Committee are experimenting with a new method of attack upon class divisions. Groups of young adults come into conflict situations and work full laboring hours at

community construction projects. The suspicion and reserve of hard-pressed workers melt away before bourgeoisie obviously not working "for" them so much as "with" them with unmistakable picks and shovels. Herriot's widely used *Christian Youth in Action* describes the first summer's building of a reservoir and pipeline where we saw the doubt and scorn of stranded miners change with our sweat into respect and approval. This sixth summer has placed hundreds of campers in six locations including TVA, mining, manufacturing, maritime labor, and agricultural situations, each project centering in full-time physical labor.

But the average church can begin right at home, in direct attack upon class barriers in its own community. Once loosed, the educative and persuasive powers of the Christian ministry and the huge potential of sacrificial power in Christendom can make tremble even the complex and mighty barriers of class.

Even suppose that the Church will accomplish little. Saturated with doctrine, weighted with too many members, confused with denominationalism, she faces odds within as well as without. Certainly there looms no immediate prospect of a completely classless Church. But the Church can raise her standards to include attack upon class as a major goal. She can declare: "No church within reach of different classes can consider herself a tolerable unit of the Kingdom of God unless she strives to bring those classes together as brothers."

ART:

Old Masters at the World's Fair
— From Giotto to David

PARADOXICALLY ENOUGH, the best collection of masterpieces of the past probably ever assembled in this country may be found at the World of Tomorrow. This anachronism is appropriately displayed in a building designed by Messrs. Harrison and Fouilhoux (who are also responsible for those architectural baubles, the Trylon and Perisphere) and further enhanced by a pool and courtyard murals executed by Lionel Feininger with due deference to modernity. The galleries consist of twenty-five rooms opening upon each other in chronological succession so that the visitor may follow, like a graph, the spiritual development of Europe from the early Renaissance to the beginning of the nineteenth century, from revolution in technique through social revolution. The transitions in character and direction of the last four hundred years may be observed almost as an organic process, and should illustrate even to the most sceptical, the significance of art as an historical rather than a personal or fugitive function.

We may begin as the exhibition does, with the work of Giotto (Gallery I) whose innovations marked a cleavage with sterile medieval traditions in art, just as the economic growth and prosperity of his native Florence marked a transition into commercial individualism and expansion, bringing with them a new morality and concept of the destiny of man. The time may be described as one of optimism and uncertainty in which conventional values and patterns were abandoned for still untried ones, and assurance was sought from antiquity. In Rome,

classical ruins had just been discovered. The identification with former grandeur and power was inevitable. However, new Christian doctrine (the Church was no longer behind remote walls) conflicted dangerously with the rediscovered paganism. A bastard development ensued, part medieval, part classical, combined by an energy and curiosity that were unique and original.

Giotto discarded the formalization of the Byzantine mosaic with its emphasis on static design. He concerned himself with the problems of space and movement, the realistic reproduction of man as an individual in nature, and not as a rigid symbol subordinated to an artificial pattern. His influence changed the current of European painting and may still be discerned in the work of Diego Rivera. It had its most direct effect, of course, on Giotto's near contemporaries: Taddeo Gaddi who succeeded in breaking away from the Byzantine use of color, and Agnolo Gaddi whose *Coronation of the Virgin* indicates an improvement on the Master's treatment of the human figure.

The fifteenth century merges the early Gothic with the middle Renaissance; it follows upon Gallery I and the Sienese school exemplified by Duccio da Buoninsegna and Sassetta, both of whom adhered to the form and spirit of the Byzantine tradition, due no doubt to the stability and conservatism of Sienese life. We come upon the *Annunciation* of Fra Angelico who, despite the advances made by Masaccio and Della Quercia, still clings — albeit poetically — to the medieval details of ornamentation which Giotto, absorbed by discovery, lacked the time to throw off. Fra Angelico is essentially the Dominican and his decoration reflects the delicacy and color of old Tuscan missal-painting, contrasting strangely with the anatomical realism of his figures.

In the same group Paolo Uccello is represented with a profile *Portrait of Michele Olivieri* painted with a linear intensity that is almost geometric. More than any other craftsman of his time, Uccello was obsessed with problems of technique. It is he who invented perspective and created the first portraits, spreading his influence through Piero della Francesca and Signorelli to the following century. Florence was soon to reach its apogee; experimentation was leading to certainty and control; scientific method would produce an assurance proportionate to the no longer new but expanding materialism.

While Florence and Venice were flourishing under the Renaissance, Jan Van Eyck, an illuminator in Flanders, was inventing the use of oils in painting. Temperamentally he belonged to the thirteenth century, unaware of any conflict between spiritual and physical values. Flemish society was still robust, middle-class, honest; its wealth was derived from the manufacture of textiles, velvets, laces; life was regular, balanced; the individual lacked spontaneity, was subordinated to habit; and in Flemish painting personality was subordinated to nature. In the Van Eyck *Madonna* (Ince Hall) the faces are limned with the kind of scrutiny required in the production of lace; the cloth *woven* onto the canvas; the color is as brilliant as dye. The painters of the time, like any other guild members, soberly reflected its leading industry.

Neither the Van Eycks, nor Petrus Christus (*Portrait of a Carthusian Monk*) nor Bouts (*Moses Before the Burning Bush*) were in any way affected by the influence from the South which in the same century made itself so strongly felt in Avignon. It was not until a hundred years of materialistic impoverishment that Flanders looked to

Italy for guidance. Gerard David marks the transition into the sixteenth century, although his style is still distinctively Flemish. The *Annunciation* displays a familiar attention to detail; texture is treated as though it expressed human character, the heads employed merely as pained and emaciated masks.

On the other hand, Patinir's *Rest on the Flight from Egypt* reflects the artist's travels abroad, although he still retains a Flemish eye for color and a love for his native landscape; but the color harmonies are *voulu* — they are no longer evoked by the subjects or feeling of a century ago. Flanders is constricting, and so is the artist's resignation to his task. What Pieter Breughel brought back from Italy was not an innovation in form or technique but a sense of personal expression, a quality which his Flemish predecessors (essentially illuminators) had deliberately subordinated to the anonymous mechanics of their craft. The *Wedding Dance* is an unmistakable declaration of personal experience and celebration. The artist has become an interpretive instrument; he no longer paints with a jewel-cutter's hand, but with his consciousness. (Galleries IV, V, VI)

The transition from Gothic art was accomplished with more difficulty in Germany than in Flanders. Its artisan aspects may be traced to Dürer and Holbein, who culminated a long line of diligent and uninspired craftsmen. Dürer inherited the faith and mysticism of the Middle Ages but he also suffered from the curiosity and thirst for knowledge that marked the Renaissance. His engravings combine both elements: exacting in execution, yet confused in affirmation. Holbein was more directly influenced by the Renaissance. He knew the drawings of Michelangelo, da Vinci and Raphael, and perhaps learned from them the dangers of German sentimentality.

His *Portrait of Edward VI* is an excellent example of plasticity, of the analytic quality of his line in character delineation, of portraiture achieved through an individualized rather than a generalized technique. Lucas Cranach, the third painter in this group whose native influence was terminated by the Reformation, seems to belong in a school by himself. His *Nymph at the Spring* is medieval in drawing, Flemish in color, sensual in approach, and yet maintains a poetic coherence which raises it far above the level of merely eccentric painting. (Galleries VII and VIII)

The late Renaissance in Italy is marked by the productivity of the great masters da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael. In Leonardo we find the scientific acquisitiveness of Uccello carried to its most perfect conclusion, the investigation of nature from the seed to the grave, the painting of authority and control, the celebration of knowledge in an attempt to cope with the rigors of a new order. Raphael and Michelangelo working in harried, war-torn Florence sought the answers to questions which Giotto had first posed, the sensual and intellectual ideal which their age demanded in return for the medieval social ideal of which it had been deprived by new discoveries and economic developments. Raphael embodied this new ideal, gave it form, movement, plasticity. Michelangelo failed to convey or experience Raphael's serenity; his figures are imprisoned by their own strength, rooted in their own anguish and energy. In seeking a balance for the disquietude and expansion of his society, he succeeded in arresting both those qualities in time. (Gallery VIII)

In Venice the transition to high Renaissance was effected more gradually. After the accomplishments of Mantegna and the two Bellinis and the investigations of

Carpaccio, after the fall of Constantinople and the maritime discoveries which gave the world a new center of commerce, Venetian culture, turned in upon itself, reached its nadir. Its art produced Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese and Tiepolo. All were born of the same abundant movement, filled with the same passion for sweeping areas of color, celebration of the flesh and the physical enjoyment of nature. Giorgione (*The Holy Family*), influenced by Flemish landscapes, was perhaps the most poetic, although Tintoretto and Veronese were both great innovators in craft. (Gallery IX)

In sixteenth century Spain, El Greco who studied under Tintoretto and absorbed many of the master's compositional devices, was nonetheless producing paintings which had little connection with the traditions or tendencies of his time. His design suggests the Oriental influences of his early origin, but his expression was personalized in an atmosphere as melancholy and metaphysical as death. Like Cranach, whose superior he is in every respect, he belongs to a school of his own. There is no plausible relationship between the Crete's work and the painting of Velasquez, who was only separated from him by a few years. The Velasquez *Self Portrait* is an excellent example of detached, unemotional style. Yet for all its realism and structural integrity, after the Greco it seems to suffer from rigidity and a lack of spontaneity which remind one of the other possibilities of distortion — the spiritual distortion of a banal, thoroughly efficient imagination. Goya, who acquired realism by way of Velasquez, enjoyed the added advantages of wit and dramatic arrangement. He offers beyond the range of technical accomplishment, trenchant social criticism. (Galleries X, XI, XII)

When Velasquez was not quite thirty he met Rubens in Madrid. Rubens was already the established leader of the seventeenth century Flemish school. He brought to it carnality tempered with a metaphoric approach to nature, its vitality and pervasive forces. He epitomized flesh, crucified it on sensation. Aside from Breughel, no other Flemish painter has ever articulated Rubens' pure joy in life. His pupil Van Dyck became merely a facile and fashionable portraitist. But in Holland a new movement was rising, a movement which would soon produce one of the great geniuses of all time. The Netherlands had only recently won their independence; they preserved it in their art which from beginning to end is Dutch in feeling, spirit and matter, unaffected by the Italian influences which Rubens had spread through the north.

Rembrandt followed Franz Hals whose meticulous characterization and simplified palette may be observed in the *Elderly Woman Seated.* Preoccupied with conventional subject matter, Rembrandt's early period is notably represented by *The Rape of Europe* and *The Visitation;* the color tonality, his figure arrangements and competition are so extraordinarily different from the sombre, dramatic, highlighted portraits of the later period, that coming upon them is like the discovery of a new master. Vermeer, de Hooch, Ruysdael all make their contribution to Holland culture, but somehow, despite its brilliance, their work is not comparable to Rembrandt's. (Galleries XV through XXII)

THE TRANSITION to eighteenth century England (where art started late and never developed any significant proportions) may be accomplished with ease. The familiar and homogeneous work of Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Raeburn and Lawrence is on view; also

an oil by Hogarth, *The Graham Children*, a well-assembled family group, surprisingly hanky-panky in character and tone for the master of English satire. (Gallery XXIV)

The seventeenth century in France is marked by the escape into Italy of Poussin and Claude Lorraine. Poussin with his love for antiquity and the work of Raphael brought classical formalism and Renaissance color to his careful architectural landscapes. Claude, influenced by the Dutch, naïve and romantic, created an atmosphere around his nostalgia for France, as impressioned and personal as Mallarmée's poetry.

The Baroque achieved its full glory in Watteau, who synthesized and yet transcended the social clichés of the period, and in the *école galante*, Pater and Fragonard reflected the elegance, the delicacy and incredible artifice of court life. With the enthronement of Louis XV, the movement burst into the effulgent and hysterical bloom of the Rococo. Vigée Lebrun, under the patronage of Marie Antoinette, immortalized in her portraits heads that were soon to fall. Jacques Louis David, after the Revolution had struck, was one of the few painters to survive and develop with the new régime. Like Fragonard he knew the classic ruins. As Napoleon's court painter he set himself the task of expurgating the refinements and absurdities of eighteenth century painting, reviving classical simplicity. It was an esthetic purge following upon a short-lived social purge, and it succeeded. But other purges from Delacroix to Cezanne were already waiting, like Elba, in the distance.

Christopher Lazare

MUSIC:

Mass Appeal. Summer Festivals and Outdoor Music

EVERY NIGHT, from about June first to about September first, there takes place a peculiar regimentation of American people. Under the stars, thousands of them gather in groups of single-minded purpose, obeying an order of the benign dictatorship of music. Most of us think of Winter as being the real music season. But in Summer there are probably five times as many concerts per day, and ten times as many people per concert, than at any other time of the year. In the open air stadiums and the temporary wooden music halls are played the foundation pieces of the Winter repertoires; by virtuoso orchestras which probably play with more verve, if not with quite so much artistic subtlety, as during the Winter season. They play under young conductors, foreigners conducting for the first time in this country, old maestros who have chosen not to take European tours.

The spirit of these concerts is for the most part gay — they constitute a sort of evening vacation for those who have to work in cities. The music follows the popular taste in classics; beer and coca-cola glasses are tapped on outdoor tables to the tune of the Polka from *Schwanda*, a Strauss Waltz, or *Toreador*. The institution of the outdoor concert is a true proof of the original gregarious purpose of music. The stadiums are usually full, the seats are free, or any price up to $1.50 — all in all, the Americans can show that they love music just as much as any other people.

Most of the leading cities have outdoor orchestral concerts during the summer. To mention a few: Newark

has its Essex County Orchestra; in Philadelphia the Robin Hood Dell presents a lovely setting for the music of the Philadelphia Orchestra; Washington has its "Sunset Symphony"; the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra gives its "Nights in Old Vienna" series, conducted by Guy Fraser Harrison. In Chicago the symphony orchestra performs in a park; in Los Angeles it inhabits the Hollywood Bowl, under the baton of the capable Pierre Monteux. Popular opera is performed in Cincinnati and Toledo, and in St. Louis there are the "Muni" operettas.

Of course, there are innumerable band concerts, such as the Goldman band, conducted by Edwin Franko Goldman in the Central Park Mall in New York, and the band at Jones Beach, Long Island, which is accompanied by fireworks. And there are many non-professional orchestras, such as the City Amateur Orchestra of New York, which gave one especially capable and lively performance this summer under the direction of Judge Leopold Prince in the Mall. This orchestra consisted of 100 young men and women, of whom Mayor La Guardia said with real sincerity: "This is one of the best concerts I have ever heard given by a group of young performers." In contrast to this, there is the incomparable Berkshire Festival, a project carried out with more finesse, charm and true artistry than any festival in this country or Europe.

The review can concentrate on only one group of concerts — those given by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York City. The series opened with a bang, in the traditional grand Damrosch manner. La Guardia, who probably goes to as many concerts as City Council meetings, and who was to

have opened the program by giving a speech and leading the orchestra in *The Star-Spangled Banner*, instead said tersely: "We will sit through good music, but we will not stand for bad speakers," and turned Walter Damrosch loose on the audience of 12,000. The highlight of the program was Albert Spalding's performance of the Tchaikowsky Violin Concerto, which he and Damrosch did together at Spalding's debut years ago. An enthusiastic audience demanded encores, which were performed by Spalding with Mr. Damrosch at the piano. When the sheets of music blew off the stand, and Mr. Damrosch continued from memory, neither he nor the audience was the least disturbed. Goldmark's *Spring Overture*, also performed at this concert, is a fresh, lyrical, unconfined piece, not profound nor particularly original, but very easy to listen to.

Several conductors made their Stadium debut this summer. Among these was Carl Bamberger, a Viennese, who conducted two concerts. The first was a heartwarming all-Viennese program, consisting of Schubert, Mozart, Brahms and Johann Strauss. The conducting was as able as any that we heard this summer at the Stadium, which is not surprising, considering that Carl Bamberger has conducted for a good many years in European capitals, and was considered one of the most distinguished of young European conductors. He should be welcomed here as one of the really good "finds" which have come to us through Hitler's grace.

One of the pleasantest Stadium evenings was the one devoted to two children, Julius Katchen, 12, pianist, and Patricia Travers, 10, violinist. Julius tossed off the Schumann Piano Concerto as if it were just another chore. He plays with a serious, concentrated air, and in spite of his age, he manages to get away from the "first day at the

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fair" attitude that characterizes many small prodigies. The Schumann Concerto is a tough lot of notes for small hands, and it contains more emotion than most 12-year-olds could encompass. But whoever taught the little boy what Schumann has to say, Julius Katchen had certainly made it his own this evening. There was no sign of stilted, second-hand interpretation, and his technique was completely adequate to the piece's needs. Patricia Travers played the Lalo *Symphonie Espagnole* with purity, verve and unusual breadth of tone.

The 25¢ to $1.50 opera presented at the Stadium is often as good as the same thing for $7.00 at the Metropolitan. Many of the singers are Met veterans; the orchestra is as good as can be found anywhere; and the conductor, Alexander Smallens, has had a notable career in opera conducting. As far as scenery goes, the audience has to take very little more on faith than at the Opera House, with its Victorian, gilt-edged sets. And there is something very cheering in the familiar arias heard out of doors; the listener feels much more like whistling along with the singer than when he is surrounded by plush and evening clothes.

Of course, the Stadium is only suited to fairly large and noisy opera. Mozart does not go over very well, except in the $1.50 seats, as was discovered a few seasons ago. The performance of *Aïda* this summer, however, showed the Stadium at its best. Alexander Smallens gave the luscious melodies ample space to expand; his performance was brisk and lively, and Rosa Tentoni gave a good, full-voiced interpretation of the title role.

Carmen was another high point. Bruna Castagna sang the title role, as she does at the Metropolitan, and made the Stadium vibrate with her peculiarly alluring, almost

husky, contralto. She overplayed her part as any Carmen must do, in the most outrageously flirtatious manner possible. Nobody minds that, as the opera is a piece of scarlet melodrama anyway. Sylvia Brema, as the stereotyped sweet young Micaele, did not act at all, but the part was never written to be acted. Her voice, though thin, was very high and sweet, and well-suited to the part. Armand Tokatyan, as Don José, and Robert Weede as Escamillo, sang their roles dramatically; all in all the opera was beautifully done and joyously received.

The Stadium also had a series of distinguished soloists: Hofmann, Lily Pons, Feuermann, and others. Among these I will mention only Emmanuel Feuermann, perhaps the world's greatest cellist outside of Pablo Casals. The program surrounding Mr. Feuermann was light and extremely charming. The Polka and Fugue from *Schwanda, the Bagpipe Player* practically set the audience dancing. Feuermann followed it with a superb interpretation of a rather dull piece — Ernest Bloch's *Schelomo*. Following the intermission, he played the Saint-Saens A Minor Concerto, a lovely, light piece which set off his brilliant but restrained technique to advantage. The audience clamored for encores, and heard a solo from Feuermann of two perfect movements from the Bach C Major solo sonata. The pure, thin Bach sandwiched between Saint-Saens and Berlioz (the *Rakoczy March*), was a premeditated piece of genius, and was played as Bach should be played — coolly and without too much emotion, yet with enough so that the rich inner lines of the music were apparent.

At the end, we must at least mention the Berkshire Festival, a series of concerts presented at Stockbridge,

Mass., by Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. These concerts used to be held in a tent; within the last few years their cost has risen to $61,000 each season, and a music shed has been constructed on the beautiful grounds given for this purpose by Mrs. Gorham Brooks. The Festival sells standing room only, weeks before the concerts begin. The varied programs, played and conducted with perfect artistry, give evidence of Mr. Koussevitsky's breadth of musical vision. Bach is always his high point; this time it was a Bach Brandenburg Concerto which transported the audience. However, he manages Prokofieff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Dvořák and Beethoven with consummate skill. A further tribute to the Festival's popularity — it makes no concessions to "popular taste"; it presents practically no soloists; the audience is prepared to listen to solid music throughout.

Katharine Scherman

DRAMA:

Three Summer Musicals
— All of Them Feeble

THE SUMMER SEASON brought to Broadway only three major productions, all of them musicals and all of them, alas, several miles removed from brilliance. The most popular seems to be *The Streets of Paris*, which will probably be running long after the fall season opens. A collection of vaudeville skits rather than a play, and with the thinnest of stories binding them together, it was written largely by Tom McKnight, Charles Sherman, S. Jay Kaufman, Harold J. Rome, and Al Dubin. Jimmy McHugh composed most of the music. The performers include the celebrated Bobby Clark, Luella Gear, the team of Abbott & Costello, and the new South American importation, Carmen Miranda.

Of the sketches little can be said. They will bring back pleasant personal memories to men and women who frequented variety houses twenty years ago, but few such former fans will find much of a lift in them now. The least effective and most unoriginal sketch, "History Is Made At Night," by Mr. Rome, is acutely embarrassing, while the best, "That's Music," by Mr. Sherman, owes its appeal to the superb acting of Abbott & Costello rather than to the script. Miss Gear, who has achieved a reputation as something of a comedian, left at least one observer wondering what all the shouting was about. The music, on the whole, is very humdrum.

A word about Carmen Miranda, who closes Act One with the singing of a half dozen South American songs. The present reviewer must report that the Miranda, as an artist, is ordinary stuff. Whatever charm and voice

she may have are duplicated by at least a hundred veteran night club singers and dancers in Manhattan.

Feeble as *The Streets of Paris* is, *Yokel Boy* (music and lyrics by Lew Brown, Charlie Tobias, and Sam H. Stept) is even less appetizing. Describing it presents difficulties, for Mr. Brown, who is also the producer, apparently saw fit to include everything, from a cheap gloss upon American Revolutionary times to the stalest retelling of the woes of life in Hollywood. The very able Buddy Ebsen does his dolorous dancing very well, but the script and commonplace music manage to get in his way too often, and the excellent Judy Canova has similar troubles. Altogether a bewildering, dull evening.

From Vienna, a musical revue by the Refugee Artists Group, has brought before the New York public some first-rate acting, but unfortunately the skits are not timed to American audiences. They are too long and not sufficiently pointed, even when the ideas, especially in "Garden of Eden," contain considerable merit. One skit, "Little Ballerina," a satire upon interpretive dancing, has received much praise, and rightly so. It has sharpness and pace, and the very charming and gifted Illa Roden does magnificently by it. One hopes that in their next production the Refugee Group will come nearer to the American way in the theatre.

Charles Angoff

CINEMA:

Weak Summer Productions
— Music on the Screen

At the first sign of Summer there is always a long, low moan from the cinema capital. Audiences fall off, the box office suffers terribly from the heat, and it is necessary, due to excessive production costs, to withhold the showing of the major efforts till fall. A lighter and less costly fare is released for hot weather showing.

This would be amusing if those who control the industry didn't seem really to mean it. It is amusing when one considers that the Summer output is not below the standard of any other season. The only difference lies in the absence of super-super type productions, and super-super names.

When the industry spends three times the money necessary on a film it naturally needs three times the audience to show a profit. It needs three times as long for publicity campaigns with which to work the public and the daily press into a four banzai fever before release.

If this were money and effort invested in excellence it would be excusable; as an exemplification of the old theory "spend money to make money" regardless of its contribution to quality, it becomes ridiculous. The same nonsense will be released late next Spring.

There has been a diminution in quantity from foreign sources. The Soviet Union came through with some fine contributions, as usual. Great Britain offers us several films not below her customary grade. The only noticeable lack, and a lamentable one, is that of any entries from France. Since the continued imminence of war, the stiffening censorship and the curtailing of the parliamen-

tary rights of the people are all likely to effect the industry in that country adversely. We can only wait with crossed fingers.

What might have been the noblest experiment of the Summer was Samuel Goldwyn's offering of Jascha Heifitz in a feature length film, *They Shall Have Music*. If you are the type of music lover who will stand in line in the rain for a gallery seat at a Heifitz concert you will be willing to sit through this bedraggled opus for a generous and beautiful visit with the Master.

This is the old story of the poverty-stricken Music School and the regenerated ragamuffin who, after a series of tear-jerking misadventures induces the virtuoso to save the school. It is badly written, maudlin, and inexcusable as a frame for an artist of Mr. Heifitz' stature. The direction is halting and purposeless. The authors seemed intent only on getting as deep in the muck as possible before calling on the magic of music to extricate them.

The cast is adequate but given impossible tasks. The studio has not yet learned how to make-up Andrea Leeds. A good children's orchestra is used ineffectually. Mr. Heifitz is a delight every moment he is on the screen. He is the best in his field, even in close-ups.

The worst of this film is that its failure at the box office will be blamed on audience taste rather than studio stupidity and the public will be informed that it won't accept good music when offered.

Another unintelligently handled musical is the film version of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta *The Mikado*, made by Universal in England with an English cast "spiked" with the American radio tenor Kenny

Baker. Had the production been "spiked" with imagination in place of the tenor it might have fared better.

Nearly everyone is familiar with this tale of the Emperor's son who runs away from marriage to Katisha, with "a caricature of a face," and falls in love with Yum Yum, with a face like nobody's business, not to mention other assets. Yum Yum, however, is marked for marriage to her guardian, the very craven Lord High Executioner.

The production is in a glaring technicolor, not unsuited to a musical fantasy. Its chief fault lies in too close adherence to the form and tradition of the original, stage, version.

Baker, as Nanki-Poo, plays fairly straight. The others, mostly old established D'Oyly Carte troupers play in the typical Savoyard exuberance. The effect is incongruous. Especially since the slapstick antics of a Ko-Ko (Martyn Green) went out of pictures with the heyday of Mack Sennett.

While the average musical, with no book to speak of, is flung on a large canvas; why must the rich material of W. S. Gilbert be so confined?

The producers have played into the hands of the Savoyard enthusiasts, who number but a small percentage of motion picture audience, too slavishly. By broadening the scene, devising more attractive or interesting make-ups and tuning the acting to the present-day screen requirements something new in entertainment may have been achieved. As it is, it represents the filming of a stage show. The songs, still the best combinations of words and music to hit the popular stage, hold up well.

A Pulitzer prize play reaching the screen usually gets a good script and careful production. The *Old Maid* has the additional advantage of Bette Davis.

There is not, and never has been, another actress in Hollywood with the consistent brilliance of Miss Davis. It is sometimes difficult to decide whether it is all the actress, or whether the picture has some merit in itself.

In this instance, unlike *Dark Victory*, Miss Davis does have a sound, well told drama to work with. Charlotte and Delia Lovell, cousins, grow up together. Charlotte is in love with a suitor of Delia's, Clem Spender. Delia rejects Clem to marry Jim Ralston, representing wealth and position. Charlotte confesses her love for Clem and has an affair with him before he is killed at Vicksburg.

Illegitimate children were even more of a problem under the Victorian gas-lights than they are today. Charlotte founds a shelter for orphans, in which to raise hers undetected.

Later, when Charlotte is ready to marry Joe Ralston, Delia insists she give up the home first, and Charlotte tells her the truth. Delia breaks up the marriage and insists Tina, the child, be raised with the better advantages of her, Delia's, household.

From there on it is a struggle for Tina's love with Charlotte, known to the child as an aunt, having all the disadvantages. It is a bitter and frustrated path of years faced by the unfortunate mother, and Miss Davis walks them with grim artistry.

Edmund Goulding's direction is distinguished. Miriam Hopkins, getting her first fair chance in pictures, takes full advantage of it. Her performance as Delia is so fine that choice roles should be falling at her feet now.

Jane Bryan, as Tina, displays a growing talent. If her employers remember she is not only beautiful she might go very far.

The over sentimental sequences and the moribund ethical codes can be overlooked. The *Old Maid* is a good

picture for anyone but will prove especially attractive to young girls, happily married women and thoroughly married men.

While Mr. Chamberlain is playing at appeasement he might get in some good practice in the film industry. Gaumont-British, for instance, might be talked into concessions in the form of American-English versions of British pictures. The threat of *A "Georgia Cracker" At Oxford* series should be enough to swing it.

The close-cropped speech of *The Ware Case* is difficult in places, even for a trained ear. Otherwise it's a very good film. It is a murder mystery in the best English tradition, which is the best.

The story of a cad, it opens at his trial for murder. From there it flashes back to the series of events leading up to the crime, resumes the trial and runs on into a gaudy anti-climax. Sir Hubert Ware is penniless, and is in desperately hot water with his creditors. This only stimulates him to further excesses. He lies, cheats, gambles and makes passes at wives of other men. All this though he has a lovely and faithful wife, and a true and faithful friend — naturally in love with the wife.

Just when there seems no way out some one murders Sir Hubert's rich and nasty brother-in-law which solves all his difficulties overnight. The development and dénouement are interesting and well handled.

The director, Michael Balcon, has successfully skirted the many possible pitfalls to bring forth a suave, suspenseful piece of entertainment.

He is aided very considerably by Clive Brook's portrayal of the likeable bounder, Sir Hubert Ware, a sound bit of acting; Jane Baxter as the exemplary wife; Dorothy Seacombe and Francis L. Sullivan.

For lovers of the gentler treatment of murders and murderers.

Four Feathers is the greatest misuse of the art of picture making seen in a long time.

Alexander Korda, under the banner of United Artists, takes a capable acting company, a good director, the best outdoor technicolor shots to date, some of the most interesting battle scenes ever filmed and weaves them around a silly, outdated and "backward" story by A. E. W. Mason.

This is the old one about the officer who resigns his commission on the eve of his regiment's departure for active service in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

He rationalizes his position with the only rational dialogue in the script. The catch is: underneath he knows and his friends know (clairvoyants all) that he is really a coward. His three fellow officers send him a white feather each. He drinks the bitter dregs while helping his fiancée give him the fourth. Then he sets out for the Sudan to redeem himself and the family honor. He does so in the most incredible series of escapades since the first Tarzan film.

For a while at the beginning it looks as though this is meant to be a satire on the British "Officer Caste." Most amazingly, they are being serious.

It develops into a genuine "tub-thumper" for British imperialism; the invincibility of British arms and what ungrateful and rebellious (and very, very villainous) natives might expect if they should decide to be a government unto themselves.

The film is in execrable taste but has plenty of suspense and action. Children, and the little men who like to wear uniforms, should like it.

The Soviet film achieves a validity in period — appearance, atmosphere, and spirit — untouched in filmcraft since the Nazi blanket smothered UFA. *Lenin in 1918*, dated in the title is a nice example. It *is* the period of intervention in the Soviet Union; those dark days when every major power, including the United States, had troops fighting Russians on Russian soil on any or no pretext.

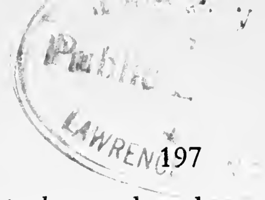
Beset by enemies without and traitors within, it was a critical time for the Soviet power. Lenin was the tower of strength, humanity, and ingenuity. So he must have seemed, must still seem to the majority of Russian workers and peasants. He had a few trusted lieutenants but too many others were busy knifing the revolution in the back.

After the seizure of power by a political authority the more precarious task of holding it is still to be faced. An iron hand, a ruthless attitude is necessary. Believing in himself, his ideals, a leader has no choice. History must make the hero or scoundrel of him.

In the Soviet Union there was not only the opposition groups struggling for individual power, but the foreign interventionists as well. The political groups looking to the overthrow of Soviet power tried to use the foreign powers and became dupes instead.

An attempt is made on Lenin's life and nearly succeeds. His lieutenants weep and fight on. By the time he recovers (though these wounds were believed to have hastened his death) Stalin has ordered an attack that drives the enemy beyond the Don and we know that ultimate victory is his.

The picture is exciting and well made. It has some faults inevitable in a partisan portrayal of history. Events and evidence are anticipated somewhat. The position of


Public ... LAWRENCE

Trotsky, Bukharin, Kamenev, Zinoviev *et al* are placed in their proper (Soviet) perspective years before the clinching Moscow trials. Stalin seems to be brought in for the same "placing."

Nevertheless the film has the feeling of authenticity and we may assume it is as factually accurate as the written history of any modern nation.

The cast is uniformly good with Boris Shchukin creating a Lenin that will probably build him a unique position in the minds of the Soviet citizens. Nikolai Cherkassov is a sound Maxim Gorki. The character of Stalin is a little underdeveloped in the light of future events.

This is good entertainment for any adult and a great picture for those with even a mild friendship for the Soviet Union.

VINCE HALL

BOOKS:

A Promise and a Legend

THE WEB AND THE ROCK. *By Thomas Wolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 695 pages. $3.00.*

UP TO PAGE 297 this first of Mr. Wolfe's posthumous works retells some of the story of *Look Homeward, Angel* in terms of George Webber, alias Eugene Gant. The remaining 400 pages concern George's four-year love affair with a married woman, Mrs. Esther Jack, about twenty years his senior. In a prefatory note Mr. Wolfe said: "This novel . . . marks not only a turning away from the books I have written in the past, but a genuine spiritual and artistic change. It is the most objective novel that I have written. . . . I have sought, through free creation, a release of my inventive powers."

Mr. Wolfe deceived himself. According to the available evidence he underwent no basic change whatever, much less, indeed, than any other American novelist taken with the same seriousness. He neither progressed nor retrogressed. After fifteen years of writing he remained almost exactly where he started from: a perennial adolescent emotionally and intellectually, extremely shaky in his feeling for words and even more so in the matter of form, and generally lacking in the ability to create character. Further, despite his Gargantuan physical appetites and verbosity, and despite his constant references to cosmic affairs, he achieved his few successes only on small canvases. The large portrayal of large people and situations escaped his grasp.

His three novels must be described as collections of brief, impressionistic pieces, and his short stories, when

they make any sense at all, as little more than puffed-up, ill-digested incidents. *Look Homeward, Angel* contains good sketches of his brother Benjy, his sister Helen, and his father and mother, but the work as a whole arouses interest in the potentialities of the author rather than in the product. *Of Time and the River* must be put down as a jumble of punctuation marks, municipal catalogues, and geographical gazettes. It has the bigness of a runaway tumor, not that of a large concept beautifully executed.

In *The Web and the Rock* a few things stand out: George's youthful dreams of an afternoon, his first impressions of New York City, and Esther's letter to him on the boat. Though not of the first magnitude, these have fine feeling and fair writing. But the bulk of the volume falls short on almost all counts. The 400-page love affair begins as an ordinary pick-up on board ship and thereafter progresses to its commonplace ending without a trace of fresh insight. Neither George nor Esther ever comes to life. They make love, wrangle, and make up, and all the time she cooks wonderful meals for him, while he complains about the cosmos, but why the older woman held on to him, young enough to be her son, what attracted them to each other in the late afternoon and in the usually horrendous hours between supper and bed-time — these things Mr. Wolfe did not make clear.

He had the honesty to show up George as an amateur genius, but he did not have the artistry to explain the relationship which, by its very premises, must have contained a world of pity, beauty, and horror. Few situations hold more loveliness and pain than that of a woman, young or old, balancing her life on the smile of a man, and when the woman is nearly twice the man's age, even the angels count her tears and pray to God to be merciful to her. Mr. Wolfe was so engrossed in his own

loneliness that he seldom noticed the lost looks in the faces of others, being particularly blind to woman's reddening eyes. This blindness kept him from reaching true size.

Some reviewers have remarked upon the satirical gifts displayed in *The Web and the Rock*, pointing out the onslaughts upon the publishing business (as exemplified by the firm of Rawng and Wright) and upon literary critics (as exemplified by Mr. Seamus Malone). To one reader these chapters belong to Mr. Wolfe's least successful efforts. They do not satirize their objects; they burlesque them. The truth about publishers and literary critics is so astounding that if put down simply, with proper selectivity, it would make hilarious and memorable reading. But Mr. Wolfe, with hardly any sense for the sneer between the lines, let loose with all the might of his torrential verbosity — and the result boomeranged, making him look like a teller of tall tales rather than a skilful writer.

Look Homeward, Angel stirred people because it displayed a largesse of feeling very rare in American writers, most of whom worry themselves with small pangs and smaller yearnings. The book had faults aplenty — bad writing, no organization, some cheapness — but the massiveness of emotion tended to keep them in the background. Intelligent readers hoped that he would learn to write, develop a sense of form, and find a direction for his inner turbulence. Mr. Wolfe failed them in every subsequent book, and in the end began to tire them. A man jabbering interminably at the top of his voice that the world hurts him, soon or late becomes a bore. One therefore fears that if Mr. Wolfe lives at all, it will be as a huge promise unrealized — and as a legend because of his personal traits, some of them lovable, some grotesque, and all ex-

traordinary. How much promise and legend count for in the long run can be determined by a glance at the footnotes in any good literary history.

CHARLES ANGOFF

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD. *By Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 367 pages. $2.75.*

In his latest survey of the European mess, Mr. Sheean lets loose with full force against Chamberlain, who "has consistently put the interests of his own class and type above those of either his own nation or of humanity itself." Chamberlain, of course, is not personally to blame, but "the Tory governing class as a whole." That class flourishes on ignorance, stupidity, and selfishness, and has kept its doors shut to talent and honesty for decades.

Mr. Sheean also discusses Spain, former Austria, former Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, and the futile Evian Conference for the settlement of the Jewish refugee problem. His purely human descriptions of sufferings under the Nazi heel and of the heroism of the American volunteers who died for Spanish liberty will long be remembered. His general conclusion is the following: "Upon the will and instinct of the proletariat reposes such hope as we are justified in retaining for the future progress of humanity through and beyond the conflict which now divides the world."

Books in Brief:

History and Economics

Wider Horizons of American History. *By Herbert E. Bolton. New York: The D. Appleton-Century Company. 1939. 191 pages. $1.50.*

The Sather professor of history and director of the Bancroft Library at the University of California here discusses the rôles of Spain and Portugal in the general history of the two American continents, giving special attention to the influence of Spanish missions and of the Jesuits. The legend that Spain was a poor colonizer, he says, is belied by the fact that 50,000,000 people in Central and South America "are tinged with Spanish blood, still speak the Spanish language, still worship at the altar set up by the Catholic kings, still live under laws essentially Spanish, and still possess a culture inherited from Spain." This colonizing was done largely by Spanish missions, who differed greatly from missions that operated further North. "In the English colonies the only good Indians were dead Indians. In the Spanish colonies" — thanks to the missions — "it was thought worthwhile to improve the natives for this life as well as for the next."

Iceland: The First American Republic. *By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1939. 275 pages. $3.50.*

Not Bermuda, but Iceland, would seem to be entitled to be called a little bit of Paradise. It has no steep gradations of economic status, the death rate is one of the lowest in the world, land is plentiful, and the general culture of the people is very high. Mr. Stefansson covers every aspect of Icelandic life, historical, political, economic, scientific, and literary, and, as usual, his discussion is simple and lively. There are many illustrations, and also a bibliography.

South American Primer. *By Katherine Carr. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. 208 pages. $1.75.*

Miss Carr has illuminatingly sketched the history of the ten South American Republics, concisely presenting their problems and fearlessly handling the subject of their unfriendly and suspicious attitude toward the United States. While she does not believe that either Nazi

or Fascist schemes for control of South America are really dangerous, she finds a menace in Franco's Spain with its program for the repossession of Spain's lost colonies. But she is convinced that with the United States awake and alive to the need of befriending real Democracy in South America, there is no European menace that we or the Latin Americans have to fear.

IMPERIAL GERMANY AND THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. *By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 343 pages. $3.00.*

First published in 1915, this excellent book, by the most brilliant economist America has yet produced, is now issued in a second edition for the most obvious of all reasons: what it says about Imperial Germany is in the main just as true of Hitler Germany. The German government still seeks to be self-contained, a policy which "unavoidably lowers the industrial efficiency of the nation." The German state still seeks "a place in the sun," but "the inhabitants, individually or collectively, have no material interest in this quest." Dr. Joseph Dorfman contributes an illuminating introduction.

JOURNEY TO A WAR. *By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. New York: Random House. 1939. 301 pages. $3.00.*

The war to which Messrs. Auden and Isherwood journeyed is the war in China and their book records a four months' visit to China made at the beginning of last year. What makes it so different from a hundred others of the moment is that it avoids omniscience and brilliantly records first impressions. No inside information — they merely used their eyes and ears. They wrote as they went, Auden his sonnets, Isherwood his travel diary, which takes up most of the book and is extraordinarily vivid. Everywhere they went they were bewildered by the eccentricities of the Chinese warfare — green horses which turned out to be white ones camouflaged against aircraft, big guns unused so that Japanese "wouldn't know that we've got them" — which soon became submerged in the oddity of China as a whole. They did not bother to bring home "the truth about China." They were much more concerned with chipping at the friendly resistance of the Chinese character: the inscrutable grin that might hide suffering as well as mockery, the immutable logic of seemingly topsy-turvey behavior pattern. Between them they have written a book of sublimated reportage which one reads greedily.

Fiction

The Heroes. *By Millen Brand. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. 336 pages. $2.00.*

This is the tale of a one-armed veteran, who is dragged out of his despair by the love of a woman. George and Mary are their names. Unfortunately, little more can be said about the book. It is full of bathos, petty imagination, and very bad writing. The dialogue is particularly uninspired.

Adventures of a Young Man. *By John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1939. 322 pages. $2.50.*

Glen Spotswood is a young man of Dos Passos' generation, or perhaps a bit younger. The depression hits him, and he thinks that the solution for most things lies in the Communist Party. Gradually, after experiences in strikes and in committees, he begins to doubt the Communist Gospel according to Stalin and Browder, and he ends up in bewilderment. Mr. Dos Passos is fairly successful with Glen's early years, but becomes somewhat too angry at the end to be artistically convincing. His Glen probably represents the majority of radical opinion today, and one can only hope that Mr. Dos Passos tackles him again, for Glen badly needs a spokesman.

Biography

Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters. *The Armistice. By Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1939. 626 pages. $5.00.*

This forms the eighth and final volume in Mr. Baker's biography of the War President. It deals roughly with the period between March 1 and November 11, 1918, and in the main is composed of letters and memoranda to and from Mr. Wilson. The book, though something of a catalogue, makes very fascinating reading. For one thing, it sheds new light upon many important historical matters of the first magnitude, in particular upon our participation in the dubious Siberian adventure. It now seems that the President was by no means sure of what he was doing, and finally gave in to an American Expeditionary Force to the Far East only under great

pressure. For another thing, the present book clarifies Mr. Wilson's personality. Far from being a dour Presbyterian, he apparently was a model of kindness, charity, and understanding. Finally, the volume gives evidence of the enormous amount of work accomplished in the White House. Besides directing the greatest war which this country had waged till his time, Mr. Wilson had to placate innumerable nuisances at home, official and otherwise. Not one of them seemed to have fooled him, but he was always polite, writing long letters of explanation and apology to men and women, many of whom had no business bothering him. The many illustrations and the excellent index add to the value of the volume.

Richard Alsop. *By Karl P. Harrington. Middletown, Conn.: The Mattabesett Press. 1939. 142 pages.*

The subject of this painstaking biography lived in the years 1761–1815, and belonged to the Hartford Wits, a group of poets who flourished for about three decades after the Revolution. He is forgotten now, and rightly so, for he had small talent even for those days. Mr. Harrington has unearthed some new material about him, and writes about him with exuberance, but his book will interest only local historians. The book is limited to 300 copies.

Miscellaneous

The Secret of Childhood. *By Maria Montessori. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1939. 286 pages. $2.50.*

In this new book the celebrated Italian educator summarizes her basic theories, but pays special attention to the rôle of childhood in an adult world. She castigates grown-ups for their thoughtlessness to the needs and dreams of the young. "Society abandons the child," she says, "without feeling the smallest responsibility, to the care of his family, and the family, for its part, gives up the child to society which shuts him in school, isolating him from all family control. . . . For the child the school has been a place of more than natural woe. Those big buildings seem made for a host of grown-up people, and everything is proportionate to the adult, the windows, the doors, the gray corridors, the bare, blank walls." The translation and editing is by Barbara Barclay Carter.

YOU AND HEREDITY. *By Amram Scheinfeld. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1939. 434 pages. $3.00.*

Everything the layman wants to know about the inheritance of physical and mental characteristics seems to be in this volume. A special section devoted to the inheritance of musical talent adds to the interest of the book, which is very clearly and interestingly written throughout. Dr. Morton D. Schweitzer, research geneticist at the Cornell University Medical College, assisted in the genetic sections. There are four excellent color plates and seventy-five drawings, maps, and diagrams. A good bibliography and index are appended.

THE ANSWER. *The Jew and the World: Past, Present and Future. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Liveright Publishing Corp. 1939. 342 pages. $2.00.*

Mr. Lewisohn, an ardent Zionist, has dealt with the problems confronting the Jews in many books, fictional and otherwise. This time the question is a concentrated one: "Israel is fighting for its life. How is it to be saved?" His thesis, namely that racial amalgamation means the negation of the group-soul and of Jewish culture, leads naturally into the belief of a homeland, Palestine, as a solution. He warns Jews that the fulfilment and greater realization of their own political, religious and cultural philosophies can come only by clinging steadfastly to them, and hence they must abandon the "servile assimilation" which they have hitherto practiced.

ENEMIES OF PROMISE. *By Cyril Connolly. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1939. 340 pages. $2.75.*

Mr. Connolly is the able young Englishman who writes excellent literary criticism for the *New Statesman and Nation.* In the present book he discusses nearly all the chief writers of the last two decades, and also has much to say of value about the lot and prospects of the artist. Invariably he betrays a vigorous style and a full knowledge, not only of the written word, but of the agony and the exhilaration behind it. Some samples of his insights: "If, as Dr. Johnson said, a man who is not married is only half a man, so a man who is very much married is only half a writer. . . . The health of a writer should not be too good, and only perfect in those periods of convalescence when he is not writing. . . . A preoccupation with sex is a

substitute for artistic creation, a writer works best at an interval from an unhappy love-affair, or after his happiness has been secured by one more fortunate. . . . Every writer should . . . find some way, however dishonest, of procuring about 400 [pounds] a year with the minimum of effort. Otherwise he will become a popular success, or be miserable."

CANNIBAL CARAVAN. *By Charles "Cannibal" Miller. New York: Lee Furman, Inc. 1939. 318 pages. $2.75.*

This is a noteworthy travel narrative for at least three reasons. It deals with Dutch New Guinea, a fantastic country penetrated by few white men; it is brutally realistic in its description of the natives and their customs, and, above all, its author is an explorer who doesn't take himself too seriously. To Mr. Miller, cannibals are as funny as they are shocking, as companionable as they are vicious. He was born among them — the first white child raised in Dutch New Guinea. L. L. Stevenson's introduction traces Miller's background as a jungle wanderer, World War aviator, auto and boat racer and Hollywood cameraman. When a society girl, Miss Leona Jay, announced her intention to seek adventure in the jungles of Dutch New Guinea, Miller offered his services. By the time the expedition started, he had married his backer. When they returned to civilization, they had fought off savages, participated in a headhunt, witnessed scenes of unparalleled brutality and encountered beasts, both human and animal, of the most fantastic description.

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QUINCY HOWE—CHARLES ANGOFF, *Contributing Editors*

★ ★

VOLUME 248 NUMBER 2

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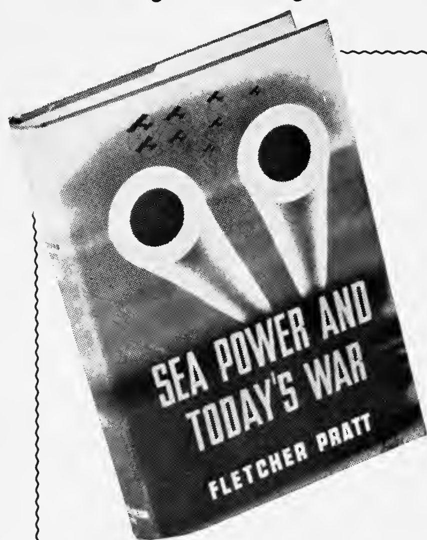

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Contributors' Column

The fiftieth anniversary of the Pan American Union approaches, and discussion of Canada's membership will again be of timely importance. HORACE DONALD CRAWFORD is a free lance writer who has interested himself in this question. He is the director of journalism at Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana.

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT was born in 1854 the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and, as is evident from the article in this issue, her long life has been a colorful one. Married to John Elliott, her career developed along with his. She has had published a good many books, most of them biographies or personal narratives. In 1917 she was awarded with Julia E. Richards the Pulitzer Prize for *The Life of Julia Ward Howe*. She has been decorated with the Golden Cross of the Redeemer (Greek), and is honorary president of the Society of the Four Arts (Palm Beach). Her last book *Uncle Sam Ward and His Circle*, was published in 1938.

The well known businessman who is president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation is also a distinguished lawyer. WENDELL L. WILLKIE commenced law practice in 1916 when he was admitted to the Indiana Bar. He is chairman of the board and a director of Consumers Power Co., and a director of the Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Co., of Central, Illinois. Mr. Willkie is now a member of the bar of New York City.

For the last eight years ARTHUR HERMAN WILSON has been a professor of American and English literature, and he is the Chairman of the Department of English at Susquehanna University. He is the director of the summer school of that institution and editor of its faculty's journal of research articles. In 1935 he had published a book called *A History of the Philadelphia Theatre, 1835 to 1855.*

CHARLES PERGLER appeared in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW before, when he wrote about the impression made by America on foreigners. He was prominent in Czecho-Slovakian affairs under Masaryk, but is now an American citizen. Mr. Pergler practices law in Washington, D. C.

The sketch on Robert Jackson is the third that KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER has written for us. There are rumors in Washington that, if Frank Murphy goes to the Supreme Court, Jackson will be made Attorney General. So information on this colorful figure is doubly interesting.

GRACE ADAMS' book, *Workers on Relief*, has just recently been published. Much research went into the book which is primarily concerned with personal cases. "Pinocchio on the Dole" is a by-product. EDWARD HUTTER has written extensively for the magazines on social and psychological problems.

The former journalist RICHARD WARREN has appeared before in this magazine. He has been free lancing for some years.

ALLAN ANGOFF was born in Boston and graduated from Boston University. He has worked on Boston and New York newspapers. He was a contributing editor of *The World Over: 1938* and is serving in the same capacity for *The World Over: 1939.* "A Matter of Character" is his first published story.

For six years FRANK N. TRAGER was an instructor in philosophy at Johns Hopkins University. He soon branched off into labor problems and was with the Labor Relations Division of the Resettlement Administration. Last year he conducted a column on labor relations in *Social Frontier*. His articles on world affairs, economics and politics have been published widely, in the *Socialist Review* and elsewhere. He is now the director of Radio Book Service.

THOMAS D. HORTON is a *nom de plume*.

EARL HENDLER is a graduate of Rutgers. His poetry has been published in that school's *The Antho* and in *Literary America*.

MARY N. S. WHITELEY has had her poems appear in *Poetry* and *Harper's*.

FRANCES FROST is a well-known poet, and her novel brought success.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON is now at Harvard working on his Ph.D., a student of Robert Frost and Robert Hillyer.

RICHARD PETTIGREW, WALTER LEUBA, ROBERT HERRIDGE, ROBERT AVRETT and PAUL BARTLETT are all making their marks in literature, deservingly, to judge from each's verse as represented here.

John Gunther

Vincent Sheean

Hendrik Van Loon

Heywood Broun

Rupert Hughes

Carleton Beals

Leonard Nason

Major Dupuy

These are some of the contributors to the January Anniversary Issue. Its theme will be "Looking Forward"—Its array of "name writers" will make it one of the most memorable events in the history of American publishing.

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// THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

VOLUME 248 WINTER 1939–40 NUMBER 2

Quarterly Comment

LEST WE FORGET

UP TO THE ACTUAL OUTBREAK of the current, the thirty-second, European war the attitude of the average man in the street regarding an eventual American participation in the fray was defeatist. The majority wanted to keep out, but at the same time, according to the Gallup Poll of last July, most of that same majority "feared America might be drawn into the war."

In many responsible quarters that fear still exists. Why?

For one thing, there is an alarming repetition of certain set clichés that were used to marked effect in this country a quarter of a century ago. When one attempts to run down the basis of these fears one finds that they rest in certain mass beliefs, beliefs so firmly planted in the public mind that to question any one of them is like questioning Christianity itself.

First of all, there is the theory that England in some manner is fighting America's war. America's first line of defense, we are repeatedly assured, is the British navy.

If we ask defense against what, we are told (1) defense against attack and (2) defense of our foreign trade.

If this type of argument does not sway us, we are reminded that the war is really not over economic issues, but rather for the survival of decency and democracy.

That is what we were told twenty-five years ago. That is what we are being told today.

Suppose, however, in the light of our experiences twenty-five years ago we survey, as cold-bloodedly as possible, the facts. Suppose we try to discover just what, if anything, the present war means to us, and what we will profit or lose on the outcome, whatever it may be. Let us forget for the moment the myth of England's high idealism, and get down to bedrock. Let us forget the bitter repugnance with which we, as free Americans, view the governments and leaders of Russia and Germany.

We have viewed other leaders and other governments with equal disfavor in the past. But within the borders of our own United States, the Governor of one state may look with justified scorn on the political methods prevailing in a neighboring state. Not since the Civil War have we gone to war as a result, however.

Indeed, certain political historians maintain that people get the kind of government they deserve. Be that as it may, it is not our place to decide which of a group of nations — with pointedly similar ideas of world power — should dominate Europe.

It is at this point that we are usually reminded that once the gangster hordes of Hitler and Stalin have conquered Europe, the next step will be the invasion of America.

The more hysterical of our war-mongers envisage an actual physical invasion of our shores. Others, more commercially and practically minded, speak of an invasion of our world-wide interests.

Let us dispense with the dangers of an armed invasion first. Let us consider briefly the state of belligerent nations at the close of a long drawn-out war. Both the conquerors and the conquered are in a state of collapse; and that exhaustion extends to every phase of national life.

One has only to look back twenty years ago to the close of the first World War to discover how little tangible strength remains even to victorious nations. Following November 11th, 1918, the allied armies were in no position, either physically or from the standpoint of morale, to engage in any new, stupendous attempt at conquest, particularly any attempt that entailed the sending of forces overseas.

Nevertheless, certain of our domestic interventionists pointedly remind us that 1939 is not 1918. They cite the new military weapons that have been perfected in the past decade, particularly the bombers. We must help Britain and France with all our resources if necessary, we are told, because in so doing we are actually defending our own territory. If we let them down, allowing the Nazi hordes to trample them, we will be so much the weaker when Hitler attacks us. Upholders of this viewpoint even talk about New York and other cities being destroyed by huge bombers, and the extreme interventionists have even thought about the possibility of a German expeditionary force landing in either Canada or Mexico for the ultimate purpose of attacking the United States.

This, obviously, is a discussion for military experts. However, it might here be pertinent to cite briefly several experts. It was Rear Admiral Cook who told a United States Senate committee, "I do not think any fleet could ever make landing in effective force on our coast, whether we had a navy or not, provided there are enough shore-based aircraft available. . . . I do not think any thinking person ever feels that any nation can successfully invade our country leaving out aircraft or anything else."

The head of the American fleet during the last war,

Admiral William S. Sims, had this to say: "No foreign power or group of powers can operate across the ocean and stand in combat with the American Navy and planes operating from home bases." Admiral Yarnell, who knows Asiatic waters and the Japanese naval strength well, has said that Japan, which still has a much smaller fleet than the United States, would need one double the size of the present American fleet to hope for any success in a battle with the Americans. Admiral Leahy, the former Chief of Naval Operations, told Congress the same thing, and Rear Admiral W. W. Phelps has said that "there is no possibility ever of any hostile attack on either of our coasts."

For those who still have fears, it must be added that armies would have to come here with more than men; they would have to come equipped with rifles, machine guns, tanks, cannon, barges, cranes, all kinds of ammunition and thousands of tons of other essential supplies. During the world war we tried to land 50,000 tons of supplies daily in France. That was considered essential to the A.E.F. But we were never able to land more than 25,000 tons. All of which seems to prove that General Smedley Butler was not so far wrong when he said that there aren't enough ships in all the world to bring to the shores of the United States enough men and supplies seriously to menace the United States.

The fear of attack from the air is always brought up when arguments for huge defenses and intervention like those we have already cited fail to convince the skeptical. Here again such experts as Major George Fielding Eliot, General Hagood and others say that our fears are groundless.

Of course a few planes could drop bombs on some of our coastal cities, but what aggressor nation would

undertake the job? Such bombs might do some damage, but would in no way attain any enemy objectives, and the few bombs dropped would be at enormous expense to the would-be aggressors.

An airplane has a limited range of activity, and after that it must return to its home base for fuel and supplies. This range is at present said to be about 3,000 miles, which means that if enemy bombers could take off from carriers at sea, they would have to be at least 1,500 miles from the United States coast. There is no reason to expect that those carriers would be permitted to stay that close to our shores unmolested by our own navy, but even assuming that, the fact remains, as Major Eliot has said regarding an attack on New York, "the number of planes required for continuity of effort rises to astronomical figures." And unless there is "continuity of effort," which means enormous expense, there can be no possibility of anything approaching serious damage by planes dropping bombs. We are, therefore, says Major Eliot, "immune from direct attack by the weapons of the air. . . ."

It seems to be accepted generally that England's victory in the present war will not only insure the continuance of America's foreign trade, but will at the same time in some mysterious manner make that continuance a profitable one. Conversely, it is argued that Great Britain's defeat will seriously embarrass America's economic future.

Just how much basis of fact is there in this reasoning? How much does our foreign trade depend on Great Britain's remaining mistress of the seas?

Just as the technique of modern warfare has changed radically, so has the technique of acquiring and maintaining foreign trade relations. Hitherto, force — that is,

armed power — has played a major part in foreign trade. It was force that blasted wide the Open Door in the Far East, and force that kept it open. Today that is not true. Presupposing that a peace was possible tomorrow, with Great Britain emerging once again victorious, there is nothing to stop Germany's continuing to barter and trade in blocked marks, Japan's continuing to undersell us in South America, and Great Britain's trying by every means within her power to regain her lost foreign markets. Just as man-power alone is no longer the deciding factor in modern warfare, so control of the seas in peacetime is no longer a deciding factor in foreign trade.

Exactly how important is this foreign trade anyway? In the most prosperous — as well as disastrous — year in American history, 1929, our foreign trade represented less than ten percent of our national income. 1917, a war year with exports at an incredible high, with every factory and industry in the country running almost continuously, with farm products finding ready markets at high prices, was certainly an exception, but even that year foreign trade accounted for only twelve percent of our national income. Today our foreign trade hovers around five percent. Up until the outbreak of the current war it was headed slowly downward. That downward trend has ceased, and there is now some increase, but even the most enthusiastic of foreign trade experts have as yet made no claim about the coming war boom absorbing ten or twelve million unemployed.

There are other, even more pertinent, facts which should not be overlooked in discussing our foreign trade and its relationship in European affairs. Europe once accounted for almost three-quarters of all our foreign trade. Today that trade has shrunk to forty percent. In

the meantime Canada and Newfoundland account for thirty-two percent of our foreign trade. Latin America, with its twenty separate nations and hundred million people, in 1938 provided us with twenty-three percent of our imports and absorbed but sixteen percent of our exports.

Thus it seems fairly obvious that if more United States' energy than is now being used were expended in increasing the tremendous potentialities of Latin American trade, our European trade would become of negligible importance. Too negligible, at any rate, to go to war about.

One other important factor is consistently overlooked in any discussion of foreign trade with Europe. That is the hard fact that most of the great nations of the world, including the peace-loving "democracies," have during the past decade lagged not so far behind Hitler and Mussolini in attempting to achieve self-sufficiency. Most European nations intend, in normal times, to import from the United States as few American products as their economies will allow. Nations heretofore largely agricultural are — or were, until the outbreak of the current war — becoming more and more industrialized without sacrificing greatly their agriculture. This means that inevitably the United States will be forced to readjust its program and expectations of future foreign trade with Europe. It might be just as well to begin to plan now.

Nevertheless, a sizable group of economists are today repeating in magazine articles and pamphlets many of the same arguments advanced in 1917: that a continued neutrality is an economic liability and danger; that foreign trade must be protected at all costs, even if that cost is war.

Certainly it would seem unwise to base any plan for a future prosperity on a foreign trade maintained by armed force. And in the long run it is obviously too expensive, as British taxpayers, high and low, have found to their sorrow.

If, therefore, we remain aloof from this current European war because we feel that neither our territory nor our trade are sufficiently in danger, what then of our so-called "moral" obligations? Whenever there is a war in any part of the world, a sizable and familiar group of partisans always appears to tell America that she too is in danger, that Western civilization is threatened, that democracy is at stake, that we cannot be selfish, and that we must not stand idly by, that there are some things more important than life itself. We heard it regarding Spain, and Ethiopia, and China. What were formerly isolated voices have now become a resounding communal chant.

In the first weeks of the present war, Bishop Manning of New York told his congregation at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine that "our sympathies, our moral support and whatever aid we can rightly give at this time must be with those who at untold cost to themselves are upholding the principles and ideals of human life in which we believe." The Bishop then went on to say that "supreme moral and spiritual issues" were at stake and "it is not only justifiable but our bounden duty to use force for the restraint of the wrongdoer. . . . We all want peace, but right is more important than peace. . . . The issues in this war affect vitally the future of practically all peoples throughout the world and they directly affect our life and future as a nation. . . . The world is threatened with something far more terrible

than was ever threatened by Genghis Khan or any world conqueror. The issue is as to whether totalitarianism with its barbarous and inhuman despotism, its anti-God philosophy, and its declared war on Christianity, is now to dominate the world and shape the lives of men."

These phrases have a faintly and uncomfortably familiar ring. They sound, in fact, like the Spring of 1917 when, on March 11th, "War Sunday" was celebrated, and in flag-draped pulpits the pastors of New York, men of peace, sounded the call to arms.

The technique of arousing and stimulating neutral sympathies has not changed in twenty-five years. To speak of the "spiritual issues" at stake in Europe today is on a par with discussing the "spiritual" difference between rape and seduction. It is an over-simplification to blame the current European embroglio on Hitlerism. Yet that is precisely what is being done, and will continue to be done, day in and day out, by the non-neutral Anglophiles who failed to learn from the experience of the first World War.

It is well to remember the propaganda by which American aid was enlisted in the previous World War. The idea that that war was a holy war, a struggle of virtue versus iniquity, proved extremely efficacious, as everybody now knows.

But it is even more to the point to recall that just a month before we entered the last World War, Ambassador Walter Hines Page said, "Perhaps our going to war is the only way in which our pre-eminent trade position can be maintained and a panic averted."

But our pre-eminent trade position wasn't maintained.

Nor was a panic averted. Rather, within three years of

the World War's closing we had the panic of 1921–22, to be followed less than a decade later by the biggest, the most tragic and long drawn out panic in American history.

Already we know the cost of engaging in a European war. But we are still paying the cost of Europe's last peace.

JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

The Value of a Canadian-American Axis

Should Canada Join Pan America?

By HORACE DONALD CRAWFORD

WAR-SCARES EMANATING in twinge after twinge from political nerve centers of Europe and Asia make us appreciate as never before the harmony and peace among nations of North, Central and South America. Border lines bristling with armaments beyond the Atlantic and Pacific make us realize the advantages of living in a part of the world where international boundaries are simply legal lines between friendly neighbors. Failures of the League of Nations to settle disputes in Europe make us keenly aware that for half a century there has been developing in the Western Hemisphere a coöperative international organization devoted to helping peoples of all American nations increase their commerce, industry, agriculture and creative arts, and their understanding and appreciation of one another.

In its fiftieth anniversary year, the Pan American Union is stronger and more highly respected than at any time in its interesting history. We can look upon it today as the world's most successful experiment in coöperative internationalism.

Why does our neighbor to the North, Canada, remain a non-member of this Pan American movement?

I asked that question in interviews with high officials in

Washington and Ottawa. Others have asked it at various times. Statesmen, professors and occasionally writers have discussed its pros and cons, but no one has translated the idea into positive action.

At the 1939 conference on Canadian-American Affairs held last June at Canton, N. Y., the issue was debated anew. Excerpts from arguments presented give an idea of the varied sentiments still persisting on the subject:

"Canada should immediately join the Pan American Union."

"It is the first time in American history that the best minds and hearts of this country are united on the vital question of national security."

"Canada might join the Union if the United States moves toward the center of world affairs, but she will not do so as a gesture toward isolation."

"Canada's interests in South America compete with those of the United States and she does not need the Pan American Union to further them."

Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah raised the question directly: "Why cannot Canada bend a little and participate in one of the greatest friendly developments between nations the world has seen?" he asked. "Why should Canada not become a party to our Pan American treaties? Canada benefits indirectly from the deliberations of the Pan American Union. Why does she not occupy the chair reserved for her?"

So certain were officials of the Pan American Union thirty years ago that the Dominion would soon become a member that Canada's coat of arms was built into the Pan American Building in Washington. But after all this time, Canada's policy still adheres to a *laissez faire* attitude, matched by a similar let-George-start-it policy on the part of Pan American nations.

John Barrett, former director general of the Pan American Union, believed that all obstacles to Canada's membership were removed in 1926 when Canada for the first time appointed a minister to the United States. At a Pan American Commercial Congress in New York, Barrett raised this question: "Will the United States and the twenty Governments of Latin America, now forming the Pan American Union at Washington, invite Canada to join this union, which is practically a Pan American or Western Hemisphere League of Nations?"

Mr. Barrett explained that at the time the Pan American building was erected in Washington he suggested to Elihu Root, then secretary of state and chairman, ex officio, of the Governing Board of the Pan American Union, that "we should look into the future and consider the entrance of Canada into the Union and so prepare decorations and wordings which could not be easily changed later on. After consideration and consultation not only with President (Theodore) Roosevelt, but with eminent Latin American statesmen, he instructed me, first, to place the escutcheon of Canada in the patio or court alongside those of the United States and the other American countries; second, to include a Canadian panel in the bronze frieze of the Governing Board room and, third, to have made a chair carrying the name 'Canada' for the Governing Board or Council Table."

You can stand today in the palm-filled patio, listening to the bright-plumaged and strutting macaws squawk their greetings, and see Canada's escutcheon tiled into the patio wall. Oldtimers about the Union building will tell you they think "Canada's chair is stored away somewhere."

I went to the spacious Canadian embassy in Washington and talked at some length with Sir Herbert Marler,

Canadian minister to the United States. Sir Herbert is a large man, polite and genial. He told me he had been in Washington for twenty-one years. He explained that Canada's first embassy had been the one at Washington, but since then others were opened at London, Paris and Brussels.

Sir Herbert had just received from Ottawa the latest statement by Prime Minister Mackenzie King regarding the Canadian government's attitude toward Canada's relations with the Pan American Union. I had been informed previously in Ottawa that the Prime Minister would make such a statement before Parliament. Sir Herbert was hesitant to add anything to Mr. King's views, but kindly invited me to copy the Prime Minister's words from the official record. Sir Herbert did inform me, however, that Canada's connection with the British Empire was no obstacle to his government's willingness to become a member of the Pan American Union.

Officials at the Pan American Union and at the United States State Department told me that Prime Minister King's statement, made before the House of Commons at Ottawa on March 30, 1939, was the best and most complete summary of the situation in existence. I take the liberty, therefore, of giving you Mr. King's direct words:

> In these times of lessening distances, between continents as well as countries, there is a larger America in which Canadians are becoming increasingly interested. During recent months it was in fact suggested in many quarters that Canada should be represented at the eighth international conference of American states, held at Lima, Peru, in December. I can assure the house that the government shares the view of the importance of our relations with the score of other nations which have become established in this Western Hemisphere. On geographical grounds alone, we could not be uninterested in developments affecting their welfare and security. We realize that in

many cases these peoples are facing problems similar to those that Canadians have to meet, and that the solutions they have found, or are striving for, have significance for us. In the economic field, our trade relations are important and are capable of extensive increase.

So far as the specific suggestion of participation in the Lima conference is concerned, I may recall that we are not a member of the Pan American Union, and consequently could not have been invited to attend, since in accordance with established rules, the President of Peru sent invitations only to members of the Union. Moreover, as honorable members are aware, Canada could not become a member of the Pan American Union unless and until the constitution of that body was altered, since at present its membership is restricted to "American republics." . . .

There are, however, somewhat technical considerations. It would be possible to propose or have a friendly member propose that the necessary adjustments should be made in the constitution and procedure of the Union to make our membership possible. Public opinion in favor of some such course has undoubtedly increased in recent years. I do not, however, consider that it has yet become sufficiently widespread, or sufficiently informed and matured, to warrant immediate steps in that direction. It is a possibility which should be given consideration in the future, along with other means, trade and governmental, of bringing about closer relationships between our country and those countries which are destined to play an increasingly significant part in the world's affairs.

Mr. King's official interpretation of Canada's status regarding the Pan American Union deserves a close analysis, because it concerns the future relationships of approximately 250,000,000 people on the American continents.

Canadians are compelled by circumstances of the times to concern themselves more and more with international affairs. Geographical location (Canada is Western Europe's shortest route to the Orient) causes Canadians to peer anxiously through both their Atlantic and Pacific windows. They are being bombarded with Fascist and

Communist propaganda, along with the Pan American nations. Canada, like the United States, has two vast coast lines to consider and defend. Like her southern neighbor, Canada has a Japanese population problem in the West. Like all the republics of the Americas, Canada is realizing that as a nation approaches democratic freedom and independence it must assume new responsibilities — especially those of international relations.

Canada is a comparatively new nation. Her confederation of provinces did not take place until after our Civil War terminated. Even today her nine provinces stretch only along her southern half. Much of her great northland remains uncharted, almost unexplored, territory. Her entire population totals only that of the combined cities of New York and Chicago, and these people are scattered over a nation larger in area than the United States.

Canada has suffered severely during the depression. Unemployment has been great in a nation whose chief wealth is its unexploited natural resources. Canada is by necessity becoming trade conscious, and in this regard, too, opportunities lie southward. And Canadians are wondering about Canada's foreign relations. Could she defend herself? Would the United States defend her?

Canadians, like all peoples of the Western Hemisphere, are waking up to the fact that the destinies of the Americas depend on the ability of peoples in the Americas to live peacefully, coöperatively and profitably among themselves. Trade is necessary for their mutual prosperity. If their trade is to develop, their peoples must have political security and confidence in the other nations. To have these, their peoples must understand each other, realize their common problems, appreciate their economic and cultural differences.

Prime Minister King put his finger directly on the major key to harmonious relations among the Americas when he designated "public opinion." Whether Canadian public opinion has developed sufficiently to warrant immediate steps to bring Canada into the Pan American Union is a matter of personal opinion; some of us would differ with Mr. King on this point. The Prime Minister, however, left the door wide open in asserting that the possibility deserves careful consideration in Canada and all the Americas. Canadians know that Pan American nations cannot "play an increasingly significant part in the world's affairs" without those affairs bearing an important influence on the future development of Canada.

Public opinion is the most powerful force to be considered in the domestic or international relations of any nation. Ever since President Benjamin Harrison called James G. Blaine as his secretary of state, and the latter convoked the First International Conference of American States on October 2, 1889, in Washington, the development of the Pan American Union has been a story of educating public opinion.

Back in 1906 when Dr. L. S. Rowe, now director general of the Pan American Union, was a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, he addressed a special session of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia:

"With each succeeding conference," he told his listeners, "the machinery through which the American republics express their united will is becoming more delicate in its adjustment and more effective in promoting that mutual understanding upon which the peace and prosperity of this continent rest.

"To us in the United States, these conferences have been of inestimable educative value. They have con-

tributed more than any other factor toward a more definite formulation of our policy in American affairs, and they have made us see more clearly that our position on this continent involves not only rights, but also grave responsibilities."

Canadian statesmen, now that Canada is standing on her own feet as a nation, are realizing that with rights go "grave responsibilities." Every nation in the Americas faces the serious matter today of educating its public opinion to the problems, values and opportunities in coöperative effort. Canada is not exempt from a rôle in this continental responsibility. Canadians know they must make momentous decisions, and a *laissez faire* attitude regarding the Pan American Union will not long suffice.

John Barrett, then director of the Pan American Union, told a Springfield, Mass., audience in 1918 that while Canada's status as a dependency of Great Britain caused it at that time to remain outside the Union, he believed steps would be taken shortly after peace was declared to include Canada in the Union. The World War, he added, had done more to develop the solidarity, mutuality and coöperation of nations in the Western Hemisphere than any other event since President Monroe declared his famous Doctrine.

Four years earlier, at the beginning of the World War, Mr. Barrett asserted in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post:* "The United States faces today the greatest responsibility and opportunity in the history of its recent foreign relations. A new era is dawning, a Pan American era. The countries of Central America and South America are coming into their own and will stand for years in the spotlight of the international stage."

Mr. Barrett's prediction of twenty-five years ago has

come true. We are living today in the forenoon of that Pan American era. It is the brightest and most cheerful thing on the political horizons of the world.

In 1925 it was suggested that conditions had changed so much since Canada's entrance in the Pan American Union was first proposed that obstacles had largely disappeared. One writer suggested that "when Canada's admission to the Union . . . was first broached, it would have been virtually tantamount to the admission of Great Britain." Canada's position has changed so greatly in the British Commonwealth of Nations, he added, "that no such reason against Canada's admission could be advanced today."

The question of Canada's admission was discussed on both sides in 1927. A Commission of Jurists meeting at Rio de Janeiro conferred on its legal aspects. It was reported to have been discussed informally by the Governing Board of the Union itself. The Canadian Senate at Ottawa broached the subject in March of the same year.

Canada's admission was to have been deliberated upon at the Sixth International Conference of American States at Havana. There was some question as to whether Canada was "an American State" in the same sense as were members of the Union. Views of the United States Government were reported to favor Canada's eligibility for membership inasmuch as she has been accepted as a member of the League of Nations. Furthermore, the United States government viewed favorably the possibility of Canada being invited into the Union at that 1928 conference.

The Havana conference closed, however, without the question being formally raised. Even then it was a matter of everyone waiting for another to take the initiative.

Canada had made no request that her membership be considered. The United States delegates felt it inadvisable to take the initiative in moving Canada's admission. They went to the conference, however, with instructions to second such a motion if it were made by a Latin American delegate. The motion was not made.

In 1932, William Fisher of San Francisco wrote a letter to the editor of *Chile Pan Am*, setting forth the issue in clear-cut language. In part he wrote:

> The Pan American movement would be materially strengthened if the Dominion of Canada were to participate in it on the same basis as all other countries of the American Continent. No gesture would serve better to create a friendlier spirit on the part of the Latin American members of the Pan American Union, than to have the United States propose that Canada become a member of the Union at Washington, and that everything done hereafter in the name of Pan America be made to include the Dominion. The qualifying facts as regards Canada for such action would be: first, that she is on the American continent; and second, that she is to all intents and purposes a free and independent nation. . . .
>
> Canada in the Pan American Union would mean a stronger Union, a strengthening of the ties that bind the United States to Latin America and to Canada, a step in the direction of world peace and coöperation.

At the Seventh International Conference of American States at Montevideo in 1933, Canada's membership issue was actually discussed. A delegate from Chile announced that representatives from his country had received instructions to support any proposal that Canada form part of the Pan American Union. The matter was in the hands of the Eighth Committee of the Conference. A delegate from Ecuador suggested that Canada be invited to participate in future conferences. The Committee merely adopted a resolution recommending that the Pan American Union study the desirability of permitting

states not members of the Union to adhere to treaties and diplomatic conventions signed at Pan American conferences.

The delegate from Equador endeavored to have the Eighth Committee go on record as favoring the inclusion of Canada in the Union. A delegate from Peru, however, explained that although he considered it desirable that Canada form part of the Pan American Union, he did not favor the proposal before the Committee. The mere fact that Canada's membership possibilities had been discussed at the Seventh Conference, according to the Peru delegate, was sufficient, because the Canadian government, in the light of that fact, "can take the initiative."

In 1933, therefore, the issue was carried to Canada's doorstep.

CANADA'S MEMBERSHIP was not brought up at the Lima conference last winter. The issue is at a standstill because each side is waiting for the other to make the first move toward an invitation. Some officials expressed the view to me that if Canada is really interested in becoming a member, she will make that fact officially known. Canadian officials told me in effect that Canada hesitated to indicate a desire for membership until she had received an official invitation.

My own view is that benefits would be so great mutually if Canada became a member of the Pan American Union that there never will be a better time for this important diplomatic step to be taken than in the months immediately ahead as the Pan American Union approaches its fiftieth anniversary.

Pan American Union services to its members are today encompassing the realms indicated by Elihu Root thirty-three years ago. Last January the First American Confer-

ence on Intellectual Coöperation was held at Santiago, Chile, marking a significant step toward closer intellectual coöperation throughout the Western Hemisphere, and more recently still was held the First Inter-American Travel Congress at San Francisco. Canada, significantly, sent delegates to this conference. Machinery was set up to encourage travel throughout the Americas and the Dominion of Canada. The next travel conference was arranged to meet at Mexico City in 1941. Bruce MacNamee, chief of the new United States Travel Bureau, was quoted as saying that Canada at San Francisco "was for the first time recognized as a participant in an inter-American conference."

All the twenty-one republics of the Pan American Union are young nations. In 1942 they will celebrate the 450th anniversary of the discovery of the American continents by Columbus. They are growing, developing, progressive nations. The Pan American Union nations are setting before the world an example of peaceful internationalism.

Americans will long remember the parting words of King George VI just before he and Queen Elizabeth boarded the *Empress of Britain* at Halifax after their historic visit to North America: "From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Tropics to the Arctic, lies a large part of the earth where there is no possibility of war between neighbors, whose peoples are wholly dedicated to the pursuits of peace, a pattern to all men of how civilized nations should live together. It is good to know that such a region exists, for what man can do once he can do again. By God's grace yours may yet be the example which all the world will follow."

Although King George was referring primarily to Canada and the United States, and the neighborly rela-

tions existing for many decades along more than 3,000 miles of unfortified boundary, he expressed in those words the very essence of Pan Americanism. They may be applied in either direction from the Tropics.

The Pan American Union functions as a coöperative organization concerned with the commercial, industrial, agricultural, social and educational developments, and with the general progress, of each of its member nations. It is a center of exchange for information about these nations and their interests. It is a permanent commission of the international conferences. It affords the world's finest archives for Pan American information. Its Governing Board promotes international conferences of experts to study specific problems of interest and importance to all American nations.

Prime Minister King's reference to technical changes that would be required in the "constitution" in case Canada joined the Union creates a slight confusion of terms. The Pan American Union does not possess a "constitution." It operates under resolutions adopted at the Fifth International Conference at Santiago in 1923, and modifications adopted in 1928 at Havana.

I WISH TO CITE several advantages that might be expected to result from Canada's membership in the Pan American Union. These may be considered, first, as benefits to Canada nationally; second, as Pan American benefits.

Advantages to Canada:

First, Canada would enjoy increased economic advantages through the great stimulus in mutual trade that membership in the Pan American Union would be expected to bring in its wake.

Second, Canada's prestige would increase in the family of nations because every nation dealing in Pan American

affairs is treated as an equal, regardless of size or population. Canada at present is in the embarrassing position of a grown-up son of Britain, independent, experienced, but still bashfully hitched to his mother's apron strings.

Third, Canada would benefit profoundly by coöperating more closely with the United States and other Pan American countries in the fight against insidious Fascist and Communist propaganda from abroad.

Fourth, Canada's problems are more akin to those of other American nations than to any nation of Europe, including England. Canadians think as Americans do, are subjected to the same forces of history and traditions and political and industrial development. Canadians *are* Americans.

Advantages to Pan American nations:

First, all American nations would benefit by Canada's membership in the Union because this would bring practically all of North America rightfully into this coöperative organization which is not rightfully *Pan* American until Canada becomes a member.

Second, Canada possesses a stable, self-reliant, representative government and an intelligent people believing soundly in American democracy. Its membership in the Pan American Union would strengthen democratic coöperation among all the American nations.

Third, every American nation, Canada included, would feel that peaceful relations throughout the Western Hemisphere had been strengthened. This would react on public opinion in the Americas and across the oceans.

Fourth, Canada has developed democratic traditions that would make her leadership invaluable in developing new principles of international law to solve the new and changing problems forever arising in this Hemisphere.

Fifth, Canada's membership in the British Common-

wealth of Nations would interfere no more with her rôle in the Pan American Union than it did when she became an active member of the League of Nations.

Sixth, Canada's training in international statesmanship attained in the League of Nations would be valuable to all members of the Pan American Union in peacefully settling future problems among them and in strengthening the machinery of the Western World against war.

Seventh, principles of the Monroe Doctrine have already been interpreted as applying in theory to Canada; her membership in the Union would strengthen those principles and promote solidarity and security in this Hemisphere.

Eighth, Canada's future connections with a possibly revised and strengthened League of Nations in Europe would be no more affected by membership in the Pan American Union than would relations of the sixteen other American nations that are or have been members of the League.

Ninth, relations between Canada and her only neighbor, the United States, as now handled so commendably by the International Joint Commission, would not be affected, except favorably, by her membership in the Union. That commission possesses the power (although it never has been exerted) to deal with affairs affecting both nations regardless of their remoteness from the international boundary.

Canada's minister in Washington would automatically become a member of the Governing Board of the Pan American Union. Changes and technicalities involved in admitting Canada to this inter-American family of nations should be comparatively simple, because provision for most of them was made thirty years ago by far-seeing statesmen.

How Better People
Do Something Real

Benefit for the Seamen

By CHARLES ANGOFF

The action takes place in a huge, lavishly appointed penthouse — with a grand piano, a grand radio, love seats, cocktail tables, big and small paintings on the walls, wall lamps, stand-up lamps, and so on.

As the curtain goes up, the party has obviously been going on for some time. About twenty people are present. Several petting couples are stretched out on the floor against the walls. Others are seated on chairs. The host and hostess, Mr. Eustace Seaholm and Mrs. Elaine Seaholm, come in and out of the room, seeing that all is well. A butler does the same. Facing the audience are seated Mrs. Clydehurst, a dowager, and Mr. Granville, a radical big shot and writer. They talk. Not far from them, and against the wall, is a couple petting. They are Muriel and Carl. Against the same wall, and also petting, is another couple, Hortense and Philip. The lights are fairly low.

A GIRL

(*Giggling*)
Not so hard, dear.

HER PETTING PARTNER

All right, I won't. But I insist that Kautsky's attack on the Comintern was uncalled for. He never did get over his lackey attitude toward the state.

A SECOND MAN

(*Across stage, caressing his partner*)

I love to hold you.

HIS GIRL

I love you to. I enjoyed your review in the *Mighty Banner* very much. Your attack on Max Eastman was simply beautiful. I read it again last Sunday. He must be a horrid person.

HER MAN

You should have seen the original manuscript. The editor cut it. A lot he knows.

(*They embrace*)

Darling?

HIS GIRL

Yes, dear?

HER MAN

Do you have to go home tonight?

THE GIRL

Of course not, silly.

(ENTER *Mortimer Hanson, escorted by Mrs. Seaholm. He leaves her and walks slowly about the room. He recognizes Philip*)

HANSON

Hello, Phil.

(*Philip is embracing Hortense. He extricates himself and looks up*)

PHILIP

Hello, Mort. Mort, I want you to meet . . .

(*He turns to his girl bashfully*)

I'm sorry. I didn't get your name.

THE GIRL

(*Fixing her hair*)
Hortense Auriol.

PHILIP

Miss Auriol, Mr. Hanson. Hortense and Mort.

HORTENSE

Hello, Mort.

HANSON

Glad to know you, Hortense.
(*He walks off, and Philip and Hortense return to their petting*)

HORTENSE

It's a little uncomfortable against the wall.

PHILIP

I'll put my arm around you. Better now?

HORTENSE

Thank you, darling.
(*She kisses his hand*)
(*Throughout the preceding, Mrs. Clydehurst and Granville have been sipping cocktails and talking softly*)

MRS. CLYDEHURST

You must lead an interesting life, Mr. Granville.

GRANVILLE

(*With the fatigue of a man burdened with responsibilities*)
Yes, you might call it that. Fighting the battles of the downtrodden masses has its interesting side, too. I wish you'd come to one of our affairs, Mrs. Clydehurst. You'd see all the good work we do, and
(*Smiling*)
you might wish to give a helping hand.

MRS. CLYDEHURST

I'd love to, but I get about so little, really, but I'll remember your invitation.

GRANVILLE

May I send you some of our announcements?

MRS. CLYDEHURST

Certainly. Send them to me at the Pierre.

GRANVILLE

(*All enthusiasm*)

With pleasure. At the Pierre. I'll make a note of it.

(*He pulls out a dirty envelope and makes a note*)

MRS. CLYDEHURST

Do you write?

GRANVILLE

I started a novel ten years ago, but I soon decided to give it up. It's impossible to write in a capitalistic society. Wrong social milieu.

(*They subside into pantomime*)

MURIEL

You have such a nice head, Carl. Has anybody done it?

CARL

What do you mean, done my head?

MURIEL

Made a sculpture of it, foolish.

CARL

(*He suddenly sits up straight*)

Listen. I want to read you my latest poem. You are the first to hear it.

MURIEL

Later, sweet, not now. I am really interested, but later.

CARL

(*He puts his hand in his coat pocket and pulls out a manuscript*)

No, now.

(*He unfolds the manuscript*)

MURIEL

All right, but first give me a kiss.

(*He gives her a hurried kiss*)

CARL

"Forward, Forward Clamp the Beaten Masses." That's the title. Listen close:
"The ragged, bagged mass of massive humanity,
Down-trodden, blood-sweated,
Little children breadless,
Little girls void of dresses,
Little boys bereft of pants,
Yes, pants, you Puritanical conservatives,
Pants, pants,
Little mothers undersized,
Except when bloated with new cannon fodder,
Little fathers, scrawny, thorny, swollen-knuckled,
Bed-room, kitchen, hallway,
All, everything, without windows,
Without the sunshine the Morgans have stolen
In order to make slaves of us all —
Awake, arise, you molten clumps of blood and bones,
Awake, arise,
Forward, in triumph,
Forward, in happiness,
Forward to a happy, liberated America,
Awake, arise!"

(*Pause*)

That's the first stanza. Isn't it vigorous, straightforward?

MURIEL

It's wonderful, darling! You have such a nice mouth.

CARL

I'm going to have more stanzas. Just as good. I have the beginning of the second stanza in my mind. Listen:
"East wind, West wind, South wind, North wind,
Every wind,
Free, happy, proletarian wind,
Unsullied by capitalistic foulness,
Emancipated elements of eternity."
(*Pause*)
How do you like that?

MURIEL

Darling!
(*At this moment, Mrs. Clydehurst, who had been listening to Carl's declamation, turns from Granville to Carl*)

MRS. CLYDEHURST

Splendid, dear boy, splendid. I adored every word of it.

CARL

Oh, you like it, too?

MRS. CLYDEHURST

Very much.
(*They go into pantomime*)
(ENTER *Mrs. Seaholm*)

MRS. SEAHOLM

(*In a whisper to Mr. Seaholm*)
Dear, I just heard the bell. I think it's the two seamen.
(*Claps her hands*)
If I may have your attention, everybody, please. In a couple of minutes the two seamen will be up here to ask our aid. I mean they want us to help them.

(*To Mr. Seaholm*)
Hurry, dear, and get "Contemplation."

MR. SEAHOLM

What?

MRS. SEAHOLM

You're so helpless. You know, the sculpture Orin Bro did for us, to be raffled off.

MR. SEAHOLM

Oh.

(*He rushes to a corner of the room, and brings over a horrible piece of sculpture. Mrs. Seaholm takes it. The butler whispers in her ear that the seamen have arrived. She leaves Mr. Seaholm, runs to meet the seamen, and in a moment escorts both of them into the room, still holding the sculpture*)

MRS. SEAHOLM

Attention, everybody, please. Our seamen are here. This is Walt and this is Slug.

CARL

Welcome, comrades.

PHILIP

Welcome, comrades.

MRS. SEAHOLM

Slug wants to say a few words.

SLUG

(*Bashful and stuttering*)
Well, I really don't know how to begin in such a place, and I . . . You see us boys from Local 97 of the Seamen's Union were figuring this way. As you know, the boys . . . well, I mean there is some debauchery, and the committee thought it would be a good idea to start a culture

group, a sort of club, and we need the dough. So, that's all, I guess.

(*Applause*)

MRS. SEAHOLM

Just a moment, please, everybody.

(*She holds up "Contemplation"*)

To help out the seamen, Orin Bro, you all know him, has made this wonderful piece of sculpture to raffle off. He's sorry he couldn't be here himself.

(*Turns to Slug giving him "Contemplation"*)

You start the auction.

SLUG

(*In undertone*)

Holy mackerel!

(*To Walt, in a whisper*)

What the hell is this?

WALT

Looks like the barber's itch to me.

SLUG

What am I bid for this?

(*Bids are hollered out: fifteen dollars, seventeen dollars, twenty dollars, twenty-two dollars*)

SLUG

(*Repeating*)

Fifteen dollars, what do I hear? Seventeen dollars, twenty dollars, twenty-two dollars.

PHILIP

Twenty-five dollars.

SLUG

Twenty-five. Do I hear another bid? Sold for twenty-five dollars.

(*Applause. Philip rushes over, gives Slug a check, and takes "Contemplation" over to Hortense. He puts it behind her, for her to lean on*)

PHILIP

More comfortable, now, dear?

HORTENSE

Yes, darling. Thank you.

MRS. SEAHOLM

Now some dancing, if you wish.

(*Some one turns on the radio. Several couples gradually get up and dance*)

MRS. SEAHOLM

(*To Walt*)

Will you dance with me?

WALT

I'm not much of a dancer, lady, but if you don't mind . . .

(*They dance*)

(*Slug looks around and notes a young woman standing alone. He asks her for a dance, in pantomime. They dance*)

SLUG

You're a swell dancer, girlie.

THE GIRL

Think so?

SLUG

I mean it. What's your moniker?

THE GIRL

I'm sorry. . . .

SLUG

I mean what's your name.

THE GIRL

Dorothy.

SLUG

Swell. I like Dorothy. You're swell.

(*They dance in silence for a few moments*)

SLUG

What do you say, girlie, we go out, and go places?

(*She doesn't answer*)

SLUG

Gee, Dorothy, I don't mean anything.

DOROTHY

What do you mean?

SLUG

I mean Platonic. Just tonight and then we forget about it, see.

DOROTHY

Oh.

(*They continue dancing. In a few moments, Philip and Hortense go out, leaving "Contemplation" against the wall. Then Muriel and Carl go out. In a few seconds Philip, Hortense, Muriel and Carl return*)

CARL

The elevators have gone on strike.

PHILIP

And this is the twenty-third floor. The dirty bastards.

Fresh Portraits of
World-Famed Artists

Artists I Have Known Through Eighty Years

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT

In the simple, simple days of the Boston I first remember (the 1860's), artists' studios were open to the public on Saturday mornings. My first knowledge of artists was going with my mother to call at the Studio Building on Tremont Street.

Here lived George Snell, the architect who built the Boston Music Hall for Jenny Lind's concert, when P. T. Barnum brought the Swedish Nightingale to Boston. Snell was a hospitable soul, remembered for his Welsh rabbits and his cockney speech.

The first artist I remember is William Hunt. What a glorious creature he was, riding his black horse about Newport streets, or pitching hay at his Readville home, near Boston. My mother and I often drove out to the Readville studio. Hunt's stable was built before his house. The children slept in box stalls. Mrs. Hunt's grand piano, on which stood a vase of red roses, was in one corner of the carriage room. In the other were William's saddle, harness and crop.

Hunt, who had studied in Paris with Couture and Millet, was the leading figure in the Boston art world. Something of his breathless enthusiasm is preserved in his "Talks on Art," recorded by Helen Knowlton. He

died at fifty-four, drowned in a reservoir on the Isles of Shoals. Gossip whispered "Suicide!"

His friend, Dr. Langmaid, said to me:

"Tell me that William Hunt, with his sense of humor, with the Atlantic Ocean rolling round the Isles of Shoals, committed suicide by jumping into a cistern, with a green umbrella in his hand? That's a little too much for me to believe!"

In the 1870's, Benjamin Curtis Porter was the most popular Boston portrait painter. He made a good crayon drawing of my mother; a small picture of my sister Laura as *The Blessed Damosel;* and a three-quarters oil portrait of me, with a saucy pug-dog, now in the Corcoran Gallery. This made a hit at the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876. Soon after, Porter moved to New York where he was known as the Court Painter of the Vanderbilts. A brilliant wit, he soon became so fashionable that his subjects often had to wait two years for their first sitting. This was before John Sargent forged to the front and eclipsed him.

Sargent told me that he always painted the face in his portraits at one sitting, but that he had painted and scraped out Mrs. Jack Gardner's face nine times, before he was satisfied. The portrait is now in Fenway Court. My last memory of Sargent was when he was installing his murals in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. About the same time my husband John Elliott's decorative ceiling, *The Triumph of Time*, was being installed in the Boston Public Library. They had been fellow students under Carolus Durant in the old Quartier-Latin days in Paris. He was cordial and generous about Jack's *magnum opus*.

Sargent told me he could not endure the idea of painting another portrait of a fashionable woman in jewels and

satins. He had been so besieged by sitters that he had escaped from London to Spain, where he made many of his memorable water colors. The only portraits he would now consider were drawings in red chalk. I was fortunate enough to have for safekeeping for two years his drawing of Captain Rufus Zogbaum, U.S.N. When the owner reclaimed the portrait I felt a living presence had gone.

Sargent was exceptionally kind about the work of others, a rare trait among artists. Today it is the fashion to belittle his work. This will pass. As long as his magnificent oil paintings, his precious water colors, best of all his matchless drawings, survive, his reputation will endure.

Among my interesting artist friends was Albert Pinkham Ryder. When I first visited his New York studio he was unknown and would probably have starved to death had not his brother kept a modest hotel, where he was free to feed. His studio was a hall bedroom, in a brownstone dwelling, three flights up.

On the second story a door opened, and a little old seamstress challenged us:

"Who you looking for?"

"Mr. Ryder."

She was disappointed, she had hoped for a customer. Then she brightened — if we had not come for her art, perhaps for her friend's.

"He's at home. Most always is. Don't get enough air or exercise."

At our knock Albert opened the door, in his shirt sleeves. Embarrassed at seeing a lady he hurriedly searched for his coat and in doing so knocked over the little earthernware pot on the coal fire in the open grate, and spilt the stew of meat and vegetables on the rug. He scrambled the carpet over the mess.

"You mustn't do that!" I expostulated, "you'll spoil your rug."

He paid no attention but found a chair for me.

On the easel stood his *Pegasus*, a beautiful canvas painted with a jewel-like richness. Ryder's method was unique — he used a thick glaze that gave an almost enamelled look to his pictures. His subjects are mystical; they spiritually recall the work of William Blake.

I had heard that Ryder was something of a poet. Warmed by our enthusiasm he recited his latest poem, an apostrophe to nature, striding up and down his little studio, his auburn hair and beard tousled, his face aflame.

So do I always remember him.

In 1877, when I was in London with my mother, I got my first impression of English artists at the reception at Burlington House for the opening of the Royal Academy, and of the social season. All the beaux and beauties were there, as well as the artists. Lily Langtry, Lady Dudley, Mrs. Cornwallis West were the reigning queens: people quarrelled as to which was the most beautiful.

My mother and I went to the reception escorted by Gennadius, the Minister from Greece, and John Elliott whom we had recently met. The President, Sir Frederick Leighton, a perfect old turkey-cock, dressed in his black silk robes of office, stood at the head of the stairs, receiving the guests. The flunkey mixed the cards; Elliott, announced as The Minister from Greece, was received with low bows and much courtesy by Sir Frederick. The Greek diplomat, who was announced as Mr. Elliott, received only a curt greeting, and dismissal.

Among the artists was James McNeill Whistler, a vain fop, dressed to kill. His hair was still black, with one tuft of white, combed and curled so it stood up like a feather.

His long cloak, single eyeglass, intense self-consciousness, gave the impression of extreme vanity. He had lately brought a suit against Ruskin, claiming that Ruskin's adverse criticism hurt the sale of his works. Among the witnesses was Burne-Jones who admitted that the artist showed talent, but said that his pictures were unfinished. My young sympathies were with Burne-Jones and Ruskin, so I looked critically at Whistler's work. I see it differently now, the morning I spent lately among the Whistler masterpieces in the Freer Gallery wiped out any lingering prejudice.

Whistler is among the immortals I have known.

George Howard, later Earl of Carlisle, a friend of my mother and of Burne-Jones, wanted the artist to paint me. But from the first sitting I knew I was not up his alley. He went on with the painting to please Howard, but it was no good. I was not his type. He finally put me in one of his large, decorative panels, where a row of nymphs disport themselves.

Burne-Jones then lived at *The Grange*. During the sittings I was aware of a group of children running in and out of the garden, up and down the stairs. It may well be that I saw my favorite author, Rudyard Kipling, when he was a boy of eleven; last year I learned from Kipling's *Something About Myself*, that at that time he was often at the house of Mrs. Burne-Jones, his aunt.

William Morris dropped in once or twice to consult Burne-Jones about some furniture he was designing. He wore aesthetic clothes — a coarse blue linen shirt, and tan colored tweed suit. The effect of his get-up was that of a great gentleman masquerading as an artisan. He was a sad faced man. I never saw him smile. I realized, as they talked, that I was in the presence of two remarkable men. Burne-Jones work has always delighted

me. A small Venus remains the perfect work he has left. I first saw this in his studio in 1877. Later I was to enjoy his murals in the American Church in Rome.

Alma Tadema was then one of the popular artists. His house was built in the classic style, with marble benches and fountains that he painted endlessly. His wife, one of the handsome daughters of the maker of Epps' Cocoa, was nicknamed "Delicious." Another, married to Edmond Gosse, went by the name "Refreshing."

Mrs. Tadema herself was an artist. Her husband, showing me her work, said:

"It is my ambition to have on my tombstone, 'Here lies the husband of Mrs. Alma Tadema.' "

The pre-Raphaelite period in English art was nearing its close. The youngest of the group, Marie Spartoli Stillman, went on painting her exquisite pictures, to the end of her long life. In the early years of this century she came to the United States to visit her son, Michael Stillman, and gave an exhibition at the Art Association of Newport. I took her to a wedding reception, where this eighty-year-old beauty (whom Rosetti, Burne-Jones and the other pre-Raphaelites had painted) stole the show. Bride and bridesmaids were eclipsed by her delicate, ancient loveliness. She was dressed in simple black, with touches of gold, and a tight fitting little bonnet of an archaic era.

A HAPPY ADVENTURE of my early married life was a tour of European studios with my husband. The first visit was to the studio of Josef Israels. The old artist in smock and beret, palette and maulstick in hand, opened the door. He looked at us enquiringly.

"I am a pupil of Villegas," said my husband.

That was enough. It was like the masonic hand touch.

Israels welcomed the eager young artist and his friend.

This was my first meeting with the freemasonry of the European artists, so different from the jealous attitude of the Americans I had known at home. Israels welcomed us warmly and let us into his studio. He showed us the picture on the easel — a Dutch peasant interior with an old woman sitting beside the bed where her dead husband lay, — a poignant simple scene that, after fifty years, I can see as if I had seen it yesterday.

Nearby lived Taco Mesdag, in a handsome house and in greater style than the other Dutch or Flemish artists we visited. He had always wanted to be an artist, he told us, but knew he could not starve his way to success, so he went into the jewelry business, made a fortune, and, at thirty-nine, settled down to the serious business of painting. His pictures soon became best sellers. He was a true artist whose pictures of Dutch river boats and landscapes I remember with pleasure.

In Munich we knocked at the door of Franz von Lenbach, and were made welcome to his magnificent studio where hung one of his famous portraits of Bismarck, and one of an American gentleman, Dr. Emerson. Lenbach was a jovial soul, and one of the first portrait painters of his time. A picture of Bessie Crawford hung in Marion Crawford's villa at Sorrento.

In Paris, Gustav Doré made us at home in his studio, where he was modelling tiny Cupids for a mammoth vase he was making for the coming exhibition. I knew Doré's illustrations of *The Wandering Jew*, and Dante's *Inferno*, and his paintings in the Doré Gallery in London, but never thought of him as a sculptor.

"I weary of brush and pencil," he said, "so, for a rest I make these infants. Or, play my violin." He took the violin from the wall and played brilliantly.

Doré looked like a *méridional*, vigorous and swarthy, with a bull neck, long hair, heavy drooping moustache, burning eyes. He died soon after, at fifty, one of the most dynamic forces in the art world of the last century.

The Englishman, George Watts, was one of the most lovable of the famous artists I have known. On our last visit to him, at Little Holland House, Kensington, we lunched in a room adjoining the large gallery. The room was filled with pictures and portraits, and the gallery, with some of his most important works, was open to the public on Saturdays and Sundays.

Speaking of *Life and Love* he said:

"I think of giving this to America (I do not sell my pictures) — it may have a lesson for your country. Life is a poor thing at best, toiling up a steep, rough path and, unless helped by love, not worth having. Love cannot lift the burden from Life, but it touches it gently and makes the steep path endurable."

Watts was then a frail, slender old man, with keen blue eyes and fine teeth. He wore a claret-colored skull-cap, and a brown coat with lace ruffles at his wrists.

We knew him as a rare portrait painter, and creator of many lovely symbolic pictures, *Life and Love*, *Love and Death* and, most popular of all, *Hope*, a blind-folded figure of a woman seated on the roof of the world. He was at work, then, upon a mammoth sculptural group — a horse and man, that was rolled from an outer building into the studio on a tiny railroad.

He spoke of this work, which he called *Physical Energy*, with a sort of gentle despair:

"If this is ever finished where will it go?"

"*If?* It must be," we both exclaimed.

Physical Energy now marks the grave of Cecil Rhodes in the Matappo Hills in South Africa.

I once met Cecil Rhodes at a dinner in the Grand Hotel in Rome, a tall, vigorous, high colored man, who looked as though he might be a Senator from Nevada. He died in 1902, two years before Watts died. I wonder if the artist ever knew that his magnificent monument was chosen as the most fitting memorial to Rhodes.

My first touch with that brave band of Pioneer American Artists of the early nineteenth century was when, as a child of ten, my mother took me to her childhood's home, *The Corner*, in Bond Street, New York (now a neighborhood of rag pickers). She pointed out a pair of lovely marble mantelpieces, the work of a stone cutter's young apprentice, Thomas Crawford, who later became America's foremost sculptor and married my mother's sister, Louisa Ward.

Italy was then the Mecca of American art students, some settled in Florence, more in Rome. When I first saw Italy, in 1877, one of them — was it Thomas Bull or Randolph Rogers? — asked to take a cast of my nose. Little knowing the torture this entailed I gaily assented and passed as disagreeable an hour as I can remember. The sculptor, after greasing my nose, inserted a pair of straws in my nostrils and piled a mould of hot plaster on my suffering beak! It even got into my mouth, and I can still feel the grit between my teeth.

Thomas Crawford had been long dead, but his old studio had been preserved intact by his widow, married to another artist, Luther Terry. With Crawford's son, my cousin Marion, I studied the casts of the sculptor's best known works: The Washington Monument at Richmond; the bronze doors of the main eastern entrance to the Senate and House Wings of the national Capitol; the Senate pediment and the colossal figure of

Freedom on the dome. There were several finished statues in marble, one of a large angel with drooping wings.

The sad problem, one that arises after the death of almost every artist — "what will become of his work?" — had not yet been solved, more than twenty years after his death. I never knew what became of the other statues; the angel, Marion's favorite, now broods over his grave in the little cemetery at St. Agnello di Sorrento.

I learned something of the jealousies and heart burnings of those dear old, half forgotten pioneers, from letters Thomas Crawford wrote my father. He poured torrents of abuse on Hiram Powers, whose Greek Slave was having a vast popularity. Another feud based on jealousy between the Crawford and Story families, divided the American-Roman colony for years, until Dr. Nevins, Rector of the American Church, made peace between the houses, at both of which he liked to dine.

In 1894, seventeen years after my first winter in Rome, I returned with my husband, and for the last six years of the last century, lived in the Borgo, opposite St. Peters, in the very shadow of the Vatican. From our terrace we could see the windows of Leo XIII's apartment. During these years, when Elliott was painting *The Triumph of Time*, for the Boston Public Library and, a few years later when he was at work on *Diana of the Tides*, a mural for the National Museum in Washington, we consorted with artists from many lands.

Elihu Vedder's studio, in the Piazza di Spagna, was a nerve center of American art. Vedder was making his illustrations for *The Rubaiyat*, for which he is today best remembered.

Moses Ezekiel, a successful Jewish-American sculptor, had his studio in the ancient Roman Baths of Caracalla,

where he gave pleasant "At Homes" to the cosmopolitan crowd of winter Rome. Ezekiel had been decorated by the King of Italy. This gave him the right to use the title *Cavaliere*. He chose to translate this, and his visiting cards read: Sir Moses Ezekiel, for which he became the laughing stock of the English artists.

Some of my happiest memories of American artists are of the summers we spent in Cornish, New Hampshire. The Colony had been founded, in 1885, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, on the tip that "there are many Lincoln-shaped men up there." We were admitted to the close corporation through the good offices of our friend Mrs. Houston, whom we called The Empress. Saint-Gaudens was the Emperor. Both had perfectly good mates of their own, and never knew the titles we had given them.

One night, while Saint-Gaudens was in New York, his studio caught fire. We stood in a circle, awed, like worshippers at a sacrifice. Years of the sculptor's work; portraits of him by Sargent and Bastien LePage; his correspondence with Robert Louis Stevenson, all were going up in flames. Long Mike Stillman, towering above the rest, pushed his way into the burning building and returned, bearing aloft the clay model of Phillips Brooks' head, which he had wrenched from the statue on which Saint-Gaudens had been working.

This monument to Phillips Brooks stands in Copley Square, Boston, close to Trinity Church, where for many years Brooks poured out that flood of impassioned eloquence, that was an echo of the Sermon on the Mount.

George de Forest Brush was of the Colony; Thomas W. Dewing who paid for his land with a portrait of the wife of the owner; Oliver Walker; Stephen Parrish, his son Maxfield who was to give the world what my husband

called "the plum colored bloom" of that charming atmosphere.

Herbert Adams, the sculptor and his wife, on whose shoulders and hands cooing doves would perch, were near neighbors. Peter Finley Dunne (Mr. Dooley), vigorous, full of laughter, was one of our coterie. He had lately married Margaret, daughter of our old friend Mary, Abbott. Henry and Aline Harland visited us, a short time before his untimely death — his work only begun on *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*.

Winston Churchill brought the first automobile to Cornish. The farmers hated him, the machine frightened their horses as it did our Gypsy when we drove abroad in our little yellow cart.

Life in Cornish was a mixture of rustic simplicity and urban sophistication. The only public conveyance was a stage coach that rumbled by every morning on its way to Windsor. After a day sacred to work, we often dined with some artist neighbor, by candlelight, or kerosene.

"What's all this swappin' of grub amount to, when all's said and done?" asked a farmer neighbor, whose days for company were limited to weddings and funerals.

Sometimes we had a picnic supper, the children, always greatly in evidence, decking the table and themselves with oak garlands, dancing in the twilight. Sometimes all of us joined in charades and pageants. I remember a night of mystery, when a hidden musician played upon a shepherd's pipe, another twanged a guitar. The purple twilight deepened to velvet black; the children were corralled and sorted out, the horses hitched to the buggies, lanterns hung on behind.

On the 21st of June, in 1905, we celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Colony, with a Fête Champêtre at Aspet, home of Saint-Gaudens.

The afterglow of the sunset was golden over Ascutney on that longest day of the year, when several hundred guests gathered before a sage green curtain between pine trees decorated with great masks of Tragedy and Comedy, fashioned by Maxfield Parrish. The prologue was written by Percy Mackaye, the masque by Louis Evans Shipman; the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the music, written and conducted by Arthur Whiting, and John Blair directed the play.

Iris, in rainbow draperies, her staff of living fleur-de-lis; Pluto and his court in black, gold and purple; Neptune, Amphitrite, Nereids in sea green and blue; Apollo, Venus, the Muses, all the gods and goddesses were there. Pan, horned, hoofed and gilded; Mars in blood-red draperies. Marion Mackaye a perfect Ceres, myself as Pomona. Chiron the Centaur (Maxfield Parrish) came clattering in followed by children scantily clad.

At the close a sybil in a cloud of smoke and fire slowly rose from behind the altar, holding above her head a golden bowl — the Colony's gift to Saint-Gaudens. My last impression of that evening was a tiny Cupid and the statuesque Pan dancing across the hillside.

The ways of the artists were strange to the New Hampshire natives, to whom we were all New Yorkers, whether we hailed from Rome or Boston.

One evening I stood gossiping with a farmer neighbor, watching the sunset, discussing the weather.

"There's a cap on 'Cutney,'" he said. "I must get in the hay, tomorrow."

"This is your busy time, these long July days? The artists are making their hay, too."

" S'pose so," he grunted, "if you can call it *work*, settin' on a stool all day long, daubin' paint on a canvas.

He was trying to steer an obstreperous ewe into the fold. "Pesky critters!" said the farmer. "But, I kinder like 'em."

"Referring to the New Yorkers? Or the sheep?" I asked.

"It mought apply to both."

How often I have echoed his words: "Pesky critters, artists! But, I kinder like 'em!"

In 1906 my husband and I spent six months in Madrid, in the home of his master, Jose Villegas, then Court Painter and Director of the Prado Museum. His long friendship had begun with my husband when Jack was a young art student in Rome. After a few weeks in Villegas' studio Jack said to his master:

"I wish to study with you, though I know I can never paint in your manner."

"So much the better," said Villegas, "you will not steal my subjects, like the others."

Villegas painted best when surrounded by a group of his students.

The first of his pictures I remember is *The Baptism*, a brilliant creation bought by William Vanderbilt, Sr. His most important work, *The Dogaressa*, is a magnificent canvas in the manner of Paolo Veronese, the subject, *The Marriage of Francesco Foscari*, Doge of Venice. It stands at the head of the grand staircase in the Larz Anderson house in Washington, now the home of The Society of the Cincinnati. Villegas' portrait of my mother hangs in the Academy of Arts and Letters in New York; and, among my most precious possessions are three paintings by our *cher maître*, for I grew to love him as much as did my husband.

My memories of Villegas are fused with those of his

royal master, Alfonzo XIII. The first words I heard the King speak were at his sister's wedding in the chapel of the Palace in Madrid. Striking his breast three times, he said: "*Mea culpa; mea culpa. Mea maxima culpa!*"

I wonder for which of his sins Alfonzo lost his throne.

This was the year of his marriage to the English Princess Victoria, granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

Villegas was ordered to make the King's portrait in his wedding clothes. I had the fun of unpacking the box containing the royal garments — a fine cocked hat, a blue military coat and waistcoat, white cloth knee breeches, long silk stockings, a sword with a Toledo blade. At the bottom of the box was a heavily sealed package. I broke the seal revealing a morocco case containing the Order of the Garter, just bestowed by Edward VII of England. The Garter was of dark blue velvet, edged with gold; the letters of the legend *Honi Soit qui Mal Y Pense* were of very thick gold, attached with invisible rivets to the velvet.

"Where is it worn?" asked Villegas.

"On the left leg, below the knee," said my British husband.

To make sure, Villegas consulted a Van Dyke portrait of Philip the Fourth in the Prado.

Don Alfonzo, an impatient sitter, posed only for the head. Since Villegas would not paint from a manikin, my husband posed for the figure and, here on my desk, is a photograph of John Elliott in the wedding garments of the last King of Spain.

I saw the portrait at the wedding reception in the Palace of the King, at Madrid.

Where is that portrait now? Does it exist, save in the memory of this ancient seer?

The Noted Business Leader
States His Credo

Why I Believe in America

WENDELL L. WILLKIE

EVER SINCE its founding, the United States has had a special reputation among all nations — a reputation which led millions of people to come to it, and many millions more, who could not migrate, to regard it as the land of heart's desire. This reputation is founded upon one simple fact: in the United States the plain man has always had a chance.

For centuries the ancestors of both my father and my mother lived in Central Europe. Some of them were peasants, some were engaged in semi-professional work, some were artisans, others were landed proprietors; but all of them, through those centuries, had been restricted in their opportunities to the group in which they were born, and no one of them had ever known the true meaning of liberty.

Those people who did not observe the restrictions under which they were forced to live, got into trouble: one had to flee his native land because he adopted the religion of his choice; another was ostracized because he believed in the principles of the French Revolution; and still another was jailed for his insistence on his right to express his own opinions. Until at last, in 1848, my father and my grandparents came to America to escape this

absolutism in government and repression of individual liberties.

My father and mother were the first generation in both families to grow up in America. My mother became a lawyer, the first woman to be admitted to the Indiana bar. My father was also a lawyer, and after marriage my parents practiced law together. Of course, in the Europe from which they came, my mother would have found it impossible to practice a profession; and my father would have found it extremely difficult to get out of the groove worn by his ancestors. Furthermore, it would have been utterly impossible for them to have given their six children the education which they received in America. But because of our free educational system, they were able to send their children to school, high school, and college.

And with schooling finished, there were no doors closed to them just because they came from a plain family in a small town. No one asked them about their social background; no class distinction and no law interfered with their desire to earn a living in the occupation of their choice, or to express their opinions as they pleased. In all the long history of their family, these six children were the first to know, from the time they were born, the blessings of freedom. I don't want them to be the last.

I use my own family as an illustration only because I know about it best. Its record, however, is the record of any number of American families today. Thus, for me, as for many other Americans, the value of freedom has had a practical demonstration. Freedom means for us not only a theoretical ideal, but definite practical rights.

FREEDOM MEANS that if you run a store, you can sell your products to anybody without a government official telling you what the prices must be. It means that, if you are a

professor in a university, you don't have to alter science or delete history as a bureaucrat prescribes. If you own a newspaper, you don't limit your editorial opinions to what an official censor approves. If you are a laborer, you can leave your job when you feel so inclined for any other job you prefer; you can join a union or not, as you please; you can bargain collectively with your fellow-workers on the conditions of your work. If you think that taxes are too high, you can vote against those officials you think responsible. And there is no limitation upon your inherent American right to criticize anybody, anywhere, at any time.

These instances are taken at random to indicate the practical application of this thing called freedom. In this country we take it for granted — perhaps too much for granted. But in more than half the world freedom does not exist. The present conflict in Europe is perilous to this freedom because in a modern war people destroy the very things they say they are fighting for. It is because we wish to preserve our free democratic system that we must remain at peace. But we cannot remain *carelessly* at peace. If the price of democracy in ordinary times is eternal vigilance, in a war-period that vigilance must be doubled.

We must be careful that, under the guise of "emergency," the powers of government are not so extended as to impair the vitality of free enterprise and choke off free expression of thought. Those who want the government to run America and make up the minds of the American people are already taking advantage of the growing war psychology. Already we hear of the need for the government to control prices, to license American business, to regiment American employees and employers, to censor the radio.

In a critical time there is always a temptation to sur-

render the responsibilities of a free citizen, to say to the government: "During this emergency, you take charge. You tell us what to do, what to think. You fix prices and production, control the press and the radio." But if we should yield to this temptation, the end of our free democratic system might come as readily in peace as in war. Once these responsibilities of citizenship are given up, they are not readily returned. Government, after all, in its practical working consists only of aggregations of men; and men, having tasted power or having found a means by which to put their social theories into effect, do not easily surrender power. We must not be misled because suggested restrictions are for humanitarian purposes, for, as ex-Justice Louis D. Brandeis recently said: "Experience should teach us to be more on our guard to protect our liberties when the government's purposes are beneficent. . . . The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachments by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding."

THE WAR HAS NOT CHANGED the grave domestic questions confronting America; it has just temporarily diverted our minds from them. For ten years we have been haunted by our unemployment problem. We have tried a number of different experiments to solve it, without success. And yet the solution has been in our hands for some time. During the depression decade, for example, American industry accumulated an enormous deficiency in plants and modern machinery. To supply this deficiency industry will need even more than the present number of unemployed. Industry will also need a great deal of additional capital, and there should be no difficulty in getting this, as soon as the millions of American investors are reassured as to the future of free private enterprise.

Such assurance, however, is now lacking. The Secretary of the Treasury spoke some time ago of the "what's-the-use" attitude of businessmen — small businessmen as well as big. You have seen it yourself: people who say, "What's the use in making a profit? The government will take it all." Workers who say, "Why get a job? I can get nearly as much on relief." Manufacturers who say, "Why take the risk in building a plant? The situation is too uncertain."

And there is also a lack of confidence within industry itself. This is partly a result of industry's own defects and abuses in the period of speculation and over-expansion which ended in 1929. Since that time we have had several years of reform; but some of these reforms have gone so far as to impair both the efficiency and the morale of all American business. In promoting recovery, the chief emphasis has been placed upon what the *government* should do; we have had colossal expenditures for "priming the pump," and a colossal tax program to pay for these expenditures. Here is just the point where our free democracy is threatened. We are not in immediate danger of losing our freedom of speech, or of press, or of worship. The greatest threat to the American system today comes from the effort to restrict free competitive enterprise. And such enterprise alone can make economic recovery possible.

We have been told that the frontiers are gone, that the established American industries are slowing down, and that there is little to be expected in the way of new inventions. We have even been informed that the very basis of the American dream is no longer true; that there isn't much future for the young man in America; that, in short, the plain man no longer has much of a chance. But this defeatist attitude is distinctly alien to America. Let us get

rid of it! For such a philosophy is as false as it is cowardly. It is true that we no longer have new geographical frontiers; but other frontiers remain for searching and adventurous minds. Our people, though they are only seven percent of the world's population, still control more than forty-five percent of the world's wealth. And we enjoy the highest real wages, the shortest working hours, and the greatest percentage of home ownership on earth.

The great days of America are by no means done. We have only touched the border of our achievement. If I did not believe this, I would not believe in America. Because that faith *is* America.

So my creed, if I were asked to define it, would run something like this:

I believe in America because in it we are free — free to choose our government, to speak our minds, to observe our different religions.

— Because we are generous with our freedom — we share our rights with those who disagree with us.

— Because we hate no people and covet no people's land.

— Because we are blessed with a natural and varied abundance.

— Because we set no limit to a man's achievement — in mine, factory, field, or service in business or the arts, an able man, regardless of class or creed, can realize his ambition.

— Because we have great dreams — and because we have the opportunity to make those dreams come true.

Back-to-Nature Literature
Lives on

Escape Southward

By

ARTHUR HERMAN WILSON

In every age, there are Utopians in literature who seek to escape from the muddle of the contemporary scene. First, there are those who remake the contemporary scene into a new pattern of life, from a world that we can recognize, like William Dean Howells in his *A Traveler from Altruria.* Such men are reformers. Second, there are the sheer romancers who invent not only a new pattern of life, but also new countries of their own that can never be reached physically and are the sheerest flimsy (existing only as the symbol of an idea) like Lord Dunsany, or James Hilton with *The Lost Horizon* of Shangri-La.

As a third kind, in the literature of escape from contemporary civilization, there is the writer of personal narrative who seeks places already known but different from those of western civilization, such as the islands of the South Seas. Although maligned at times as a spinner of prefabricated *weltschmerz,* the writer of personal narrative about the South Seas deserves more serious consideration because he, at least, takes us from one real place, such as New York, to another real place, such as Samoa or the Marquesas, and not to a non-existent Altruria or Shangri-La.

Those of us who do not have to navigate the seas accurately can draw a line southward from the farthest tip of Alaska and at the same time draw a line eastward from Australia. Where the lines meet, we find the literary center of the South Seas in the Pacific. Here we come upon famous islands whose positions we can establish quite easily. First, in relative importance, we rest upon the Marquesas. From them draw a line southeastward to Pitcairn Island. Return to the Marquesas again, and draw a line southwestward (not quite equidistant) to Tahiti. Here we have the most famous triangle of the South Seas. If we are willing to proceed one step farther, we can establish the positions of some other islands, and then become literary. Follow the line from Pitcairn through Tahiti (the base of the triangle), and extend the line in order to reach Samoa. It is along this whole line that there are thousands of inhabited atolls or coral reefs, known as the Low Archipelago or the Paumotus (with each vowel pronounced separately).

In America the literature of escape southward began with the outstanding work of Herman Melville whose *Typee* in 1846, a personal narrative, said everything that has ever been said about South Sea living. It is a fascinating book that could bear the publication imprint of the present year, so little has it dated itself in a century. In this book Melville gives us the feeling of reality. He was not interested in telling the impossible or improbable, and he was very plausible and graphic in presenting the customs of the Polynesians on their island of Nukuhiva in the Marquesas. Incidents of daily life, house building, food finding and preparing, the making of *kava* and of *tapa*, courtship, religion, *tapu* in theory and practice, and racial traits are all set down in a style that is honest and that does not allow itself a flair into the merely fanciful.

Returned travelers from Europe today tell things that are much more fanciful than Melville's *Typee*, the name taken from the valley that he described. Melville followed this with two other Marquesan books, *Omoo* and *Mardi*, but in these as in most follow-ups the material grew thin.

As we mentioned, the uninitiate might easily imagine *Typee* to be a current book because the style is not outdated. As a matter of fact, Frederick O'Brien in his *White Shadows in the South Seas* and *Atolls of the Sun*, much heralded in the 1920's, is a poor substitute for Melville and his *Typee*. O'Brien adds nothing to Melville, and does not even include as much. Concrete imagery, vividness, and fact are much better in Melville. O'Brien is too dangerously near the "oh" and "ah" condition, which lacks in explanation as it grows in exclamation. O'Brien does give us a faint picture of several white men who, in one decade or another, lived in the South Seas, among them the strange French painter, Paul Gauguin, but a better picture of this artist can be found in W. Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Six Pence*, and in Gauguin's own book, *Noa Noa*.

Tahiti and Pitcairn have been publicized most frequently today by the fine work of Messrs. C. B. Nordhoff and J. N. Hall, as the outgrowth of *The Mutiny on the Bounty*. There is no real plot to *Typee* or the O'Brien books, because they are in the form of personal narrative, but in *The Mutiny*, *The Hurricane*, *et al.*, the most is made of story. It was my intention to confine this present discussion to personal narrative about the South Seas, but it is impossible not to include some fiction, particularly that of Nordhoff and Hall, where fiction most closely approximates personal narrative, factual narrative, or native life and character. *The Mutiny*, of course, owes most

to historical or factual narrative, and *The Hurricane* is a sincere and successful effort in artistically presenting and discussing native character.

Tahiti, of course, is the island today that has suffered the greatest sea-change, through tourist ships. Rupert Brooke visited there before it was spoiled, and wrote about it in a series of poems. In his *Tiare Tahiti*, dated at Papeete in February, 1914, shortly before his death, appear these lines:

> "And there, on the Ideal Reef
> Thunders the Everlasting Sea! . . .
> Well this side of Paradise! . . .
> There's little comfort in the wise."

Another poet, George Gordon Noel Byron, wrote about Tahiti and the band of Fletcher Christian. Byron's long poem about the mutineers of the *Bounty* was written in 1823 under the title, *The Island.* It is really the story of George Stewart, one of the mutineers. As Byron wrote of him, he went by the name of Torquil and lived on the island with his native wife, Neuha, who saved him from an English ship that had come to take the mutineers. Neuha took Torquil to a sea cave on a neighboring island, and hid him until the ship departed. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, in his prefatory memoir to the works of Byron which he edited, indulges in a paragraph of critical appreciation concerning *The Island:*

> Taken as a whole *The Island* portrays an exhaustion of the poetic energy. The lighter or facetious episodes are trivial, and seem to have been introduced to avoid monotony, and catch the magazine public. But there is a deeper and a tenderer note in the recital of the feasts, and loves, and wars, of the dwellers by the coral seas. . . . The "Songs of Toobonai" are plaintive with the memories of lost loves and vanished youth, of sights and scenes, "beloved before." The poetic vision has been purged by suffering and by experience.

It is fitting and proper that in the midst of these romantic isles lies buried the greatest Romantic who carried on in a world of growing realism at the end of the nineteenth century. Facing the sea lies Robert Louis Stevenson, buried at his Vailima Plantation near the town of Apia, on Upolu Island in the Samoan group. He went there to die. Among all his romantic novels, why is there no story of Upolu Island, or some other South Sea isle, equally famous with *Treasure Island?*

Stevenson, in his personal narrative called *The South Seas*, covers the greatest amount of territory, or rather ocean and islands, of all writers of the real South Seas. For years he journeyed and sojourned there. In this book he describes the voyages on the *Casco*, with Captain Otis commanding, to Nukuhiva in the Marquesas and Fakarava in the Paumotus; and then on the trading schooner, *Equator*, with Captain Dennis Reid commanding, to the Gilbert Islands of Butaritari and Apemama. On the subject of Nukuhiva he has nothing of real significance to say, naturally enough, after Melville's book, but for the Paumotus and the Gilberts he has a wealth of material.

Stevenson among the Gilberts and the Paumotus is the genuine artist at work, describing those low atolls of the sun, flat rims of coral, that in the South Seas number thousands and harbor peoples whose natures R. L. S. appraises with an artist's eye. When he decided to build a home in the South Seas, he chose a high or mountain island (with soil upon it, because the atolls have no topsoil, only sand), and in *Letters to my Young Friends*, written to Austin Strong and other children, he drew a picture of life at his Vailima Plantation on Upolu Island in the Samoan group: the black boys, the appearance of his house, the journeys to neighboring chieftains, and the ships that came into the harbor.

Let us turn for the moment to several works of fiction which Stevenson wrote. In a letter which he wrote to his friend, Sidney Colvin, under the date of Sunday, June 15, 1893, Stevenson speaks of one of these stories as "the ever-to-be-execrated *Ebb Tide*, or Stevenson's Blooming Error." Although we realize that the author was thus characterizing the book in half playfulness rather than in whole seriousness, nevertheless we are at liberty to recognize in the remark the fact that a shadow, at least, of uncertainty occurred to him concerning the real worth of the story. There is little wonder that he was doubtful. Too often, in his fiction writing about the South Seas, Stevenson occupies himself with telling melodramatic stories about white men, and consigns the natives to an obscure and sketchy background. Compare *Ebb Tide* and *The Beach of Falesa*. They are simply *Sire de Maletroit's Door* placed in the South Sea Islands by mere physical superimposition. Of *The Beach of Falesa* and *David Balfour*, Stevenson speaks with no uncertainty at all in saying that they "seem to be nearer what I mean than anything I have ever done; nearer what I mean by fiction; the nearest thing before was *Kidnapped*. I am not forgetting the *Master of Ballantrae*, but that lacked all pleasurableness, and hence was imperfect in essence." But it is not in *Ebb Tide*, or *The Beach of Falesa*, or other stories of *The Island Nights' Entertainments*, we suggest humbly, that Stevenson captures convincingly the South Seas as a genuine *milieu*. Rather it is in his travel books of personal narrative, such as *The South Seas*.

The story of *Ebb Tide* is familiar enough, through the motion picture of the same title, as the picaresque account of three stranded white men, who steal a ship and plan to steal the wealth of a quite mad pearl trader on a lonely island. Native character is practically non-existent in it.

And *The Beach of Falesa* is little better as another struggle between unprincipled white men who seek to gain an island monopoly of the copra trade, and carry out a very melodramatic plan. The natives in this story occupy a secondary and incidental place. The pitfall of Stevenson's formula whereby he writes a white man's story, placed physically upon native island ground, is avoided by Nordhoff and Hall who, in *The Hurricane*, present the brown man's story placed spiritually as well as physically on native island ground. This latter formula is much more convincing as a South Sea Island story, for *The Hurricane* portrays a native hero whose struggle develops from his own character which is indigenous to the place where he owes his being.

Regarding literature of the South Seas, Stevenson wrote, "There are but two writers who have touched the South Seas with any genius, both Americans: Melville and Charles Warren Stoddard."

In his book, *South-Sea Idyls*, Stoddard travels in the capacity of a chance or haphazard wanderer, and gives an account in nineteen chapters of his personal travels in Tahiti and the Hawaiian Islands, centering around 1870. His style is that of the pastel artist rather than that of the diary writer or journal keeper, like Stevenson in *The South Seas*, or that of the realistic observer and narrator, like Melville in *Typee*. There is a tendency at times for Stoddard to tumble into the "oh" and "ah" state of writing, and become exclamatory and rather naïvely apostrophic.

It seems most likely that the high points of the *South-Sea Idyls* are to be found in the character portrayals of Kána-aná, of Joe of Lahaina, and of Hua Manu. Kána-aná was an Hawaiian youth from a quiet and remote valley. He attached himself to Stoddard, entertained

him among his people for a long time, and then sailed with Stoddard for California where apparently civilization unbalanced him to such an extent that he pined away, and, on his return to his island valley, met an early death through a rash act. It was among the people of Kána-aná that Stoddard experienced the art of *lomi-lomi*, a kind of osteopathy and massage which he claimed to be a manipulation that was unbelievably beneficial to the health.

Hua Manu, or the collector of birds' eggs, was a Paumotuan youth from the island of Motu Hilo in the Low Archipelago. Together Hua Manu and Stoddard went pearl-fishing but were cast away in a great sea, and only rescued after Hua Manu gave his life for Stoddard. Joe of Lahaina in Hawaii was a less constant youth, but equally effervescent and evanescent in spirit. Generally, the individual natives that Stoddard emphasized in his account were outstanding in faithful devotion to the white man. It is their faithful devotion that serves as the prominent feature of the entire book.

In a letter to Stoddard, William Dean Howells speaks of one chapter in particular from the *South-Sea Idyls:* "I remember very well my joy in *A Prodigal in Tahiti*, . . . and I think, now, that there are few such delicious bits of literature in the language." Despite the estimable opinion of Howells, a general reading of the book is likely to suggest that the "delicious bits" are to be found in the chapters already cited as rich in character portrayal, rather than in the choice of Howells, a chapter which is most aimless, sketching a rather colorless period of life in Tahiti when Stoddard was "on the beach," and containing no really worthwhile contribution of South Sea life peculiar to the natives.

Last, we come to Jack London who sailed to the South

Seas, via the Hawaiian Islands, the Marquesas, Tahiti, and the Society Islands to the Solomon Islands. He started on this trip April 3, 1907, sailing from San Francisco on the *Snark*, and planning a trip around the world that was to take him even to the inland waters of Europe and America. However, when he reached the Solomons, ill health prevented the continuance of the voyage, and he was taken to a hospital in Australia. The *Snark* was his own, a ketch-rigged yacht, forty-three feet at the waterline, and equipped with auxiliary engines that, as he insisted, could never be coaxed to be auxiliary.

Most of his book, *The Cruise of the Snark*, occupies itself with days at sea, with amateur navigation, or with life spent on board even in harbor, and so the account seldom gives us the reality of islands and their peoples. As a matter of very sober fact, London was enthusiastic only about the Society Islands or rather two of them, Tahaa and Raiatea, near Tahiti. About Tahiti itself he said that he preferred to maintain a conspiracy of silence, and about the other islands visited he recorded very little that was definite. He was interested chiefly in the open sea and in his prowess as an amateur navigator.

The literature of escape southward to the South Sea Islands, as started for the American public by the outstanding work of Melville, carries with it ostensibly a comparison of our own civilization with the island civilization. There are two conclusions that we should like to make.

Our first conclusion is that this literature of escape southward deserves seriously to be viewed as one of the currents in the Back-to-Nature stream that has always had its ebb and flow through western civilization and literature. Rousseau, Burns, Wordsworth, and others

come to mind immediately. In application to general life, the Back-to-Nature movement varies through the centuries. Seriously or not, it is in one century symbolized by the Dresden china shepherdess and other, *al fresco*, youths and maidens, or by the dairy village of Marie Antoinette at Versailles; in still another century by the "rainbow in the sky" of Wordsworth; or in Shakespeare's time by his forest of Arden; or today by camping, nudism, life outdoors, hiking, or turning to the South Seas, and many other manifestations.

Despite all these varied manifestations in all these different centuries, the idea is essentially the same: that a reasonable return to nature, to the life of simplicity, has appealed to man as a help or as a cure-all in many ills. And it was the idea of Melville, corroborated by Stevenson, Byron, and others, that the white man brought mainly death and destruction to the South Seas, and that the Pacific islanders had and have much to teach us in the way of social organization and behavior, in living together. The same idea of the evil which the white man brings to the island people is repeated in 1938 in the book by Miguel Covarrubias, called *Bali*, one hundred years after Melville.

The fact demonstrable from this idea by Melville is that the white man needs the sweet reasonableness necessary to learn a few lessons in life from other peoples who have been able to get along very well without him. This, among other things, the escape southward should teach us. And so our second conclusion is that there is more reality to this literature of escape southward than is apparent to those who view it as an opiate for the moment.

The Interaction of Current Problems and Constitutional Law

Common Sense and the Constitution

By CHARLES PERGLER

A CONSTITUTION IS AN INSTRUMENT of allocation of governmental powers, and usually, too, if not invariably, contains provisions for the protection of individual rights against abuse by government; but being an instrument intended for long periods of duration, if not for permanence, it must necessarily be drawn in broad terms, laying down general principles, and cannot have the definiteness of a statute, which may be changed or repealed with relative ease. It is an instrument intended for guidance, must be applied to new and changing conditions, and must never be looked upon as a strait-jacket, especially if amendment is difficult.

The Constitution of the United States is so admirable a document, and has served the country so well, largely because its framers were practical statesmen who were perfectly aware of the limits of the attainable under the conditions of their time, and prepared a fundamental law in the nature of a declaration of general principles, without endeavoring to bind future generations by attempting to settle in detail every conceivable existing question, or every question which they might have foreseen. Much was left for interpretation in the future, to an orderly development of political and economic ideas,

and the adjustments of time and place. The fact that all this was probably the result of compromise, and that more detail would have led to further controversies with the likelihood of disagreement, does not take away from the men of 1787 an iota of credit.

The Supreme Court of the United States, the ultimate arbiter of constitutionality in the American Union as to most questions, at least in theory, and usually in practice, if sometimes belatedly, has adhered to the tenets indicated.

However, in the rather unusual prohibition case the Supreme Court quite forcefully took the position that where the intention of the constitutional provision is clear, there is no room for construction, and no excuse for interpretation or addition, and, what is perhaps even more important, that the Federal Constitution was written to be understood by the voter, and its words and phrases were used in their normal and ordinary, as distinguished from technical, meaning.

Nevertheless, plain as the language of the Constitution is, it requires interpretation and application, and it is obvious that one generation, living under certain industrial, economic, and political conditions, may interpret a given concept in one way, while a succeeding generation, struggling through life under entirely different conditions, will interpret it in another way. A classic example is probably the concept of liberty of contract, a property right, and therefore protected by the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments and their provisions that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.

In the earlier days of the country, and during the period when from a *laissez faire* point of view there was much justification to believe and say that a man had the

right to bargain and agree how many hours per day he may or may not work, it was natural to hold that legislation prescribing minimum hours of labor deprives a man of liberty of contract. Today we know that a man looking for a job, with a starving family at home, has no equality of bargaining power, and in fact no freedom of contract, and therefore protective legislation is being upheld under the supervisory power of the state to guard the health, morals, and general welfare of the citizens, which we have come to call the police power, and which aims, or should aim, not to destroy freedom of contract, but rather to re-establish it.

Considerations of this type lead necessarily to overruling of old precedents and to seeming inconsistencies in decisions, but as a matter of fact such apparent deviations from precedent usually are no more than the closing, in so far as possible, of a lag between law and changed conditions; a lag which to a degree is inevitable, but which wise statesmanship seeks to make as small and narrow as possible.

During the course of years by way of interpretation, a body of precedents is bound to arise, determined by conditions existing at a given time and a point of view prevailing at a given period, which lose validity and wisdom as a result of developments quite beyond the power of mortal men, whether in legislative bodies, on the bench, or in the executive chair. It then becomes necessary either to amend the constitution by the prescribed process, and one which is not easy and should not be too easy, lest the fundamental law become not a framework of government, but a collection in the nature of statutes; or to re-examine the document and ascertain whether the hitherto governing decisions may not be overruled without doing violence to the nation's charter.

And, of course, due regard must be had not to disturb lightly the chief attributes of any law, certainty and continuity. Indeed, it may be a question of returning to the Constitution, not of disregarding it. Refinement of decision, piling of precedent upon precedent, may in itself lead us away from the obvious intent of what still remains, and for a long time is destined to be, a model charter of governmental power and of individual liberties.

The Supreme Court lately has been criticized, in professional circles chiefly, for overruling certain long established precedents, upsetting what had come to be accepted as immutable doctrines. I prefer to believe that the Supreme Court has been re-examining the principles, some of them of permanent validity, and harmonizing its decisions with twentieth century conditions without doing violence to ideas and ideals which lie at the very foundations of the American Commonwealth. It may not be amiss to take a glance at the meaning of the Constitution in some of its aspects, not only in the light of the latter-day rulings of the Supreme Court, but also in the light of that common sense which was the chief quality of those who framed the Constitution and which also should be applied to any contemporary problem of government.

There are still with us echoes of the controversy regarding the eligibility of Senator Hugh Black to membership of the United States Supreme Court. It is something of a pity that the Supreme Court did not pass upon the real question involved, contenting itself with saying that those attacking the appointment did not have an interest substantial enough to entitle them to invoke the judicial power to determine the validity of the appointment. This gives rise to an interesting question: Does judicial

power exist in cases of this type? Without invoking such precedents as exist concerning the problem, let us look at the question from a common-sense point of view, or, perhaps, as a broader problem of government, which it is.

Suppose the Supreme Court did assume the power to pass upon the eligibility of its own member? In the first place, never would a full bench pass upon the problem, and the decision would be by those remaining on the bench following a vacancy, by a rump court, clearly an undesirable if not impossible situation. In the second place, the Court or what would be left of it, would be open to the charge that it is becoming, or may become, a self-perpetuating oligarchy, a situation which would not enhance the Court's standing. There are, however, considerations far more fundamental.

It is a common assumption that all Constitutional questions are passed upon by the Court. This, however, is not true. The Court declines to pass, for instance, upon political questions such as recognition of foreign governments and new states, and abides in such matters by the decision of the policy-making branches of the government. The executive and legislative departments are bound by the Constitution no less than the judiciary, and unconstitutionality is never presumed, the burden of showing unconstitutionality always being upon those who claim it. The power to nominate and, with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint judges of the Supreme Court, is vested in the President, and it must be assumed that the President and the Senate in making appointments do consider the question of constitutionality; indeed, such consideration inheres in the appointing and confirming function.

Once a nomination is made and confirmed, constitu-

tionality is passed upon by the Senate, which for such purposes is a part of the appointing power and sits, not as a legislative body, but as a Council of State. Can its action be reviewed by the Courts? I do not believe it can. It is conclusive as to all problems involved, and any other theory, or attempted action, for that matter, would present an encroachment upon the principle of separation of powers, which is fundamental in American Constitutional law. If the Senate and the President made an erroneous decision, the precedent set by them need not be followed, even as judicial precedents are not always followed, and they may be called to responsibility by the electorate, but there is no judicial remedy for their action, no more than there is for many other matters.

Mr. Justice Black was a member of the Senate when that body passed the Judiciary Act of 1937, a law making provision for the retirement and pensioning of Supreme Court Justices, and it was claimed that his appointment was contrary to the constitutional provision which reads: "No Senator or Representative shall, during the term for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time."

It was claimed that enabling justices to retire rather than resign, and to continue receiving compensation, is an increased advantage and therefore an increased emolument. But when the Senate confirmed Mr. Black it was tantamount to a conclusive decision that a retirement allowance of such nature was not the kind of emolument which was contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and in Mr. Justice Black's case the matter became *res judicata*, and all there was left was that he present his commission to the Court.

I am not discussing the matter in the light of such judicial precedents as exist, but rather from what seem to me considerations of principle. Yet it is interesting to note that only recently the position so taken has received judicial support by the Supreme Court of the State of Washington involving the eligibility of a candidate for judge of a court of original jurisdiction under a state constitutional provision similar to the one found in the Federal Constitution.

A member of the state legislature had voted for a statute providing for the retirement on half pay, out of a fund to be created by salary reductions and contributions from the state treasury, of judges who have served eighteen years in the aggregate, or who, having served ten years in the aggregate, shall have attained the age of seventy years or have become incapacitated. An attempt was made to enjoin election authorities from placing a candidate's name upon the ticket, but the Supreme Court of Washington held that the constitutional provisions referred to do not apply because they do not increase the emoluments of office of a judge. The benefits contemplated are contingent and by no means certain and while in Washington it was a question of a six-year elective term, it still remains true that a similar line of reasoning is applicable in the case of a Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Another objection to Justice Black's appointment was based upon the claim that the statute of 1937 permitting the Supreme Court Justices to retire, as distinguished from resigning, is without constitutional sanction, and is therefore invalid, and that, by the same token, Mr. Justice Van Devanter's retirement did not create a vacancy and that eminent jurist is still a member of the highest national tribunal.

I confess to little patience with the position that Mr. Justice Van Devanter's retirement did not create a vacancy. The assertion, even now occasionally made, is contrary to common sense, and disregards the practice of all governments in filling vacancies caused by retirements. One could very well invoke here the principle stated by John Marshall in the Dartmouth College Case, to the effect that it is not enough to say that no such case was in the mind of the Constitutional Convention, but that it is necessary to show that "had this particular case been suggested the language would have been varied as to exclude it, or it would have been made a special exception."

Certainly it is an untenable position to maintain that the Constitution prevents the federal government from taking care of the nation's superannuated servants by providing for their retirement. If retirement does not create a vacancy, what is its effect? The question answers itself. It also is a general rule that while a legislature cannot declare a vacancy by a declaratory enactment to evade the Constitution, yet reasons for which an office will become vacant may, in the absence of a constitutional inhibition, be fixed by the legislature. (48 Corpus Juris 973.)

This is not dealing with a dead issue, not only because the case of Mr. Justice Black is still the subject of discussion from person to person, in the press and in magazines, but also because it may be of some value to realize that in that case the President and the Senate did not deliberately flout the Constitution and constitutional morality.

A CONTROVERSY MORE IMPORTANT than eligibility of Supreme Court Justices, though not as spectacular and noisy, has revolved around Article 1, Section 8, paragraph

1 of the Constitution, granting Congress the power "to levy and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

A simple reading of the provision quoted, unobstructed by accretion of precedent and changing theories of governmental functions, clearly would seem to indicate that the object of the clause is two-fold; that is, (1) authorize Congress to collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, but (2) for certain purposes, namely, "to pay the debts and provide for the common defense, and general welfare of the United States." Thus the clause is both a grant and a limitation, but the limitation is within extremely broad confines, especially as regards general welfare. Obviously, requirements of general welfare vary from generation to generation, and it is a question to be determined by the policy-making departments of the government, and at any rate primarily is not a judicial question at all.

It will be remembered that in the Hoosac Mills Case, invalidating the original Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Supreme Court took a rather broad view of the taxing power of Congress under the general welfare clause, but in effect the legislation was upset because in the Court's view at the time, appropriation of funds to benefit agriculture was contrary to the Court's idea of general welfare. The object of the invalidated enactment was to protect the consumer by restoring to farmers the normal price of their crops and thus aiding general prosperity, while assessing the cost upon users of these crops by a "processing tax" which would not be felt by the general public when purchasing household and other supplies.

The purpose as well as the method may be debatable as a matter of wisdom, but that it comes under the heading of pursuit of general welfare is hardly open to question. It is an equally tenable view that the welfare of the country, and maintenance of a healthy body politic, require a prosperous agriculture, and that, therefore, Congress may levy taxes for this purpose. In any event, and again, whether it does or not is a question of policy to be determined by the legislative body and not by the courts.

Probably there are certain limits beyond which Congress could not go, and it hardly admits of doubt that it could not embrace within the concept of general welfare matters obviously and indisputably local. Once it is admitted, however, that "general welfare" is a question of policy and legislative discretion, many a legislative act would not be touched by the courts on that ground.

In the Social Security Cases the courts' reasoning, in Mr. Cardozo's opinion, is not far removed from the one here presented, and it may not be presumptuous to express the belief that ultimately it may prevail. Whatever age-old cynicisms may be indulged in concerning legislative bodies, a certain amount of confidence and faith must be reposed in them if the democratic process is to survive, and that means, above all, determinations of problems of policy by those responsible to the electorate.

If any provision of the Constitution was designed to make of the new Union a nation, and to prevent selfish, short-sighted and centrifugal forces from destroying it at the very beginning, it was the so-called commerce clause granting Congress the power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes."

Conditions simply forced an agreement giving the central government authority to regulate commercial matters among the States and with foreign nations without removing from the power of the states matters of purely local interest and importance. It is a power which has been increasingly exercised with the growth of industry and commerce.

Even a cursory consideration of the clause shows that it requires a determination of three questions: 1. What is commerce? 2. What is commerce among the several states? 3. What is regulation? It is obvious that while the power is always the same, the nature of commerce necessarily changes and therefore also the necessities of regulation.

In the very beginning the Supreme Court under John Marshall took a very broad view of what commerce is. The Court declined to rule that commerce is merely purchase, sale, and exchange of commodities, and in the landmark case of Gibbons vs. Ogden, declared that "commerce undoubtedly is traffic, but it is something more, — it is intercourse. It describes the commercial intercourse between nations, in all its branches, and is regulated by prescribing rules for carrying on that intercourse."

At one time the courts came close to limiting the scope of the word "commerce" to transportation between the states, and to that extent deviated from the definition of Gibbons vs. Ogden. This was done by holding that commerce does not begin until in some fashion transportation has commenced, and that, as declared in the well-known Knight Case, "commerce succeeds to manufacture, and is not a part of it." This position obviously became untenable and in course of time was refined away until in the so-called Wagner Act cases the National

Labor Relations Act was upheld and it was established that the provision applies to a manufacturer whose materials are obtained from other states and whose products are sold principally in other states.

Few will deny that such a manufacturer is engaged in intercourse and therefore in commerce among the several states. Yet it will be remembered that prior to the ruling of the Supreme Court a committee of forty-eight eminent members of the Bar in voluminous brief declared the National Labor Relations Act unconstitutional, and it must be admitted that a large portion of the Bar was surprised by the decision. What, of course, most lawyers did was to consider only certain decisions and not the Constitution itself as well as plain facts, while the Supreme Court went back to the fundamental law and the doctrine of John Marshall in Gibbons vs. Ogden, and also reappraised the idea of commerce in a realistic and thoroughly modern and statesmanlike fashion.

Ordinarily there should be relatively little difficulty in deciding when a concern is engaged in interstate commerce, or in transactions directly affecting such commerce. It is, frequently, more or less a question of degree and therefore of point of view, and absolute consistency of decision is hardly attainable. Nevertheless, if legislative judgment is respected and facts always considered, the courts in the future will give effect to the interstate commerce clause as a unifying factor and not an obstacle to national action in spheres wherein only national action can bring about a desired remedy.

It has been a long established doctrine that Congress may prohibit the use of instruments of commerce for immoral or illegal purposes, such as the dissemination of lottery tickets, transportation of stolen automobiles or women into White Slavery, but now the Supreme Court

in the National Labor Relations Act cases has in effect emphatically laid down the rule that the power to regulate commerce is the power to enact all appropriate legislation for its protection and advancement, to adopt measures to promote its growth and to insure its safety, and to foster, protect, and restrain. Congress may now step in whenever commerce among states is threatened with injurious actions, such as obstructions caused by disturbances in manufacturers' plants.

It was on this ground that the court upheld the Wagner Act, which prohibits employers from interfering, or coercing employees, by discrimination with regard to hire and tenure of employment, from exercising the rights of self-organization and of collective bargaining through representatives of their own choosing. Labor troubles may obstruct, and in the past have obstructed, interstate commerce, and therefore Congress may take measures to bring about their elimination.

It is entirely tenable to argue that diversities of legislation regulating child labor affect interstate commerce in that they make for inequality of competition in manufacturers' products. At one time it was held that a federal law prohibiting the transportation of articles manufactured by child labor in one state to another was invalid because it was an attempt to regulate labor in the state of origin and really not a regulation of interstate commerce. It should not be surprising if the future courts will uphold legislation making for equality of commercial opportunity among the states. Thus properly drafted child labor laws may be upheld, and it is now probable that the Hours and Wages Act will be sustained.

The problem will always be to paraphrase the language of the Court in the Wagner Act cases, whether intrastate activities have so close and substantial a relation

to interstate commerce that their control is essential or appropriate to protect that commerce from burdens and obstructions, and that, necessarily, is a question of degree; but that many obstacles have been removed to constructive congressional legislation, appears quite clear, and from the standpoint of economic and social progress is all to the good. In any event, this is not a matter for refinements and where these have accumulated they should be and are being brushed aside by the courts themselves. As a matter of common sense we know what is interstate commerce and what directly affects it. Where there is a legitimate difference of opinion, in what may be termed the twilight zone, the judgment of policy-making branches of the government should be the determining factor and the courts should, and usually do, yield to such judgment.

Debates as to the nature of the Union in its inception are today of historical interest only, and it is now settled that federal authority is supreme when operating within its constitutional grant of power. The problem of determining this sphere of authority is, however, frequently difficult, and has led to a variety of opinions and even conflicting decisions. One of the results of the doctrine, or rather, fact, of federal supremacy within the constitution, is what is known as immunity of federal agencies from state taxation. The states have no constitutional power to levy taxes upon agencies or instrumentalities created by the United States for the purpose of carrying on its powers and functions under the constitution.

This principle has been settled ever since the frequently cited case of McCulloch vs. Maryland in an opinion by John Marshall. That case, however, involved the constitutionality of the law of Maryland imposing a tax upon

the circulation of the Bank of the United States and even of the power of the government to establish the Bank itself. It must be conceded that the Bank was an instrumentality of the United States and that therefore to tax its circulation was an attempt to tax a federal agency. Later, however, the principle was extended so far as to hold that compensation of an officer of the United States could not be taxed.

Is a tax upon a salary the same thing as taxing the instrumentality? The argument has always been that by high taxes states could cripple the activities of the federal government, and even now it is within the knowledge of this writer that at least in one state, owing to severe taxation, governmental agencies would have difficulties in finding capable men willing to take positions in the commonwealth in question.

That, however, does not do away with the fact that no tax is imposed upon the source of income, if that income, once received, is made subject to a tax. No one argues that employers in private life are taxed when their employees are subjected to taxation, and there is no reason to take a different position concerning governmental salaries. After all, something must be left to the good sense of legislators, even in the field of taxation.

The states cannot tax federal agencies, and the converse of this proposition is equally true: i.e., the federal government cannot tax state agencies. This rule, too, was extended to mean that the federal government could not levy taxes upon the salaries of state officials. Here again it must be pointed out that a tax upon income is not a tax upon the one paying the income, certainly not in the legal sense. A tax is simply an obligation of citizenship imposed upon the taxpayer in support of the government whose protection is enjoyed by him in return.

This point of view is beginning to prevail, and lately the Supreme Court has upheld a state tax upon the salary of an official of the Home and Loan Corporation. The question still remains open whether taxes may be levied upon income of officials of what are known as agencies performing essential governmental functions. In the writer's view this distinction is immaterial, for, to repeat, an agency is not taxed when a tax is imposed upon a salary of its officials.

Parenthetically it might be added that conceptions of governmental function in any event vary from time to time. Education and maintenance of schools is today a duty of the state, but only a little more than a hundred years ago that was not the prevailing opinion.

Somewhat similar considerations arise when we weigh the effect of the Sixteenth Amendment providing for income taxes "from whatever source derived." This amendment was adopted as a result of the well known Pollock case which held such taxes to be direct taxes and therefore unconstitutional under the provision that "no . . . direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration," directed to be taken elsewhere in the Constitution.

But in the case of Evans against Gore the court took the position that the income tax did not apply to salaries of federal judges because that would be a diminution of salary prohibited by the Constitution. The theory of the decision is that the 16th Amendment did not extend the taxing power to new subjects, but only makes possible income taxes without apportionment among states according to population, and that the purpose of the 16th Amendment was no more than to avoid the consequences of the Pollock decision.

May it not be said, however, that this decision was the

cause of the 16th Amendment, and that the Amendment was not designed merely to obviate its results, but rather to make possible taxation of all income regardless of source? Certainly, the sweeping language of the Amendment — "from whatever source derived," — hardly permits of any other conclusion. At the time, the court quite naturally had in mind the Pollock decision and therefore its ruling is understandable, but it would seem that now the time has come to give effect to the language of the Amendment — "from whatever source derived." [1]

In this connection, too, we are presented with the perfectly legitimate question, "Can a tax in any legal, or even ordinary sense, be considered a diminution of salary?" A tax may be said to affect one's net income, but generally speaking in no walk of life is it looked upon as a reduction of salary or wages.

As to taxation of income from government securities, such as bonds, the 16th Amendment is broad enough to cover these too. That, at the very least, Congress may give consent to such levies, and that by the same token states may consent to taxation of state securities, seems now to be admitted by many.

I am not arguing for the wisdom or lack of wisdom of any form of taxation, in effect now or proposed. It does seem, however, that limitations upon the taxing power are not as stringent as was until recently believed, and the

[1] After the completion of this article, the Supreme Court ruled in the case of O'Malley vs. Woodrough that a federal judge where appointment was subsequent to the enactment of a statute imposing federal income tax on, *inter alia*, the compensation of "judges of courts of the United States taking office after" a certain date, is within the operation of the statute. While it is true that, strictly speaking, this discussion applies only to judges appointed following the adoption of the legislation referred to, the court, through Mr. Justice Frankfurter, broadly declares that "to subject them (the judges) to a general tax is merely to recognize that judges are also citizens, and that their particular function in government does not generate an immunity from sharing with their fellow citizens the material burden of the government whose Constitution and laws they are charged with administering."

wisdom of most forms of taxation must be left to the good sense of the people's representatives and their responsiveness to public opinion.

The question of alleged encroachment of the federal government upon the domain of the states gives rise, lately, to frequent criticisms. I think research in this field would show that recent legislation, including that declared invalid, in no way has decreased the constitutional, the legal power of the states. In the constitutional sense they have as much power as they always had, certainly since the Civil War, and this power in no respect has been diminished, except perhaps in fields where they can act unless the federal government legitimately steps in, in which case state legislation is suspended.

This, however, can hardly be called a reduction of power, or invasion of the rights of the states, because in such instances, for example, regulation of bankruptcies, the federal government has exercised power which it always possessed, but heretofore did not choose to exert. Invoking power potentially in existence does not deprive the commonwealths of rights which they could assert only by sufferance.

Largely owing to integration of American nationality, and the unifying processes of industry and economic forces generally, the federal government has been forced to exercise power hitherto dormant, but existing nevertheless. From that it does not necessarily follow, however, that the constitutional domain of the commonwealths has been invaded. Federal power has grown by resort to grants expressly and impliedly conferred by the Constitution; it overshadows state power just as the nation overshadows any individual state, but in the constitutional sense state power has not been reduced.

Legislation seeking coöperation of state governments is not an invasion of constitutional rights. Thus the Social Security Act of August 14, 1935, defines the minimum criteria to which a state unemployment relief system must conform if an employer's contribution thereto is to be accepted as a credit on the tax imposed on him by the Social Security Act.

Some of these criteria are designed to give assurance that the state unemployment compensation law shall be one in substance as well as in name, and others are designed to protect contributions against loss by imposing the condition that the state law shall direct that contributions to the state fund be paid over immediately to the Secretary of the Treasury to be held in trust by him and invested in obligations of, or guaranteed by, the United States. To prevent diversion of funds it is further provided that all money withdrawn from the unemployment trust fund shall be used solely in the payment of compensation, exclusive of expenses of administration, and that all compensation shall be paid through public employment offices in the state or such other agencies as the Social Security Board may approve.

The Social Security Act was attacked on the ground that it was an invasion of states' rights, more particularly, of the Tenth Amendment to the federal constitution that "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 refused to adopt this view, holding that legally speaking the Act coerces no one; that it is, rather, a question of inducement and coöperation of the states with the federal government. The soundness of the position can hardly be questioned, especially if we have in mind the analogy with international law, that treaties

and agreements entered into by consent are not in derogation of sovereignty.

What has been here said is a little more than a presentation of a point of view, without the usual lawyer's weapon, an array of authorities and citations. In any event, it is the writer's belief that the recent trend of decisions is nothing to be alarmed about. The Constitution still stands, and has not been refined away by legal or other sophistries, and being the exceptionally admirable document that it is, it will continue to serve the American people for a long time to come.

POETRY:

Griselda Green

Richard C. Pettigrew

Griselda Green was married to a man
Who gave her love, and much of it, but not
The whole of the affection his to give;
And this Griselda knew and loved him still
While springs greened into summers and then reddened
Before the wintry latter years of life.
His love was like that, so Griselda mused,
A seasonal cycle many times repeated
With many women, but he always came
Back to Griselda's comforting arms when winter
Had aged the current cycle into snows
That froze illusions duplicated yearly
And sure, come spring, to blossom somewhere else.
At first her Stephen's love affairs caused ripples
Of whispers in the subterranean channels
Of gossip, that soon overflowed and lapped
The feet of his Griselda, and then people
Awaited with keen eagerness her despair.
But they were disappointed, for Griselda,
Employed in patting pancakes into flatness
As if they were the rumors she had heard,
Proceeded to authenticate those rumors
And scandalized the saintly scandalmongers
By sowing seeds of other rumors still
About her Stephen and some other woman
Whose very name the gossips had not heard.
A cat, then? No, indeed, not our Griselda,
Whose dark eyes shone with love for him she slandered

With not a trace of animosity:
She simply wanted them to know she knew
And that she loved him and that he loved her.
"He likes the meals I cook him," she pursued;
"I don't believe he would, were I to serve
The same old dish for breakfast, and again
For dinner, and for supper every day.
A single woman, after all, is just
A single dish and there are quite as many
New dishes as new women in the world;
And God has given man an appetite
For varied dishes; and what God has given,
Let no man find fault with, nor with my Stephen."
And when they marvelled that she didn't mind
His aberrations, she replied she did,
Just as she'd much prefer he'd not be bald
Nor so pot-bellied as he soon would be
And had not been in times that she remembered;
But there was not so much that he could do
About his belly and about his head,
Nor very much about his wandering love,
Though he could starve it as he might his belly,
But — here she paused with something in her eyes
Too sacred to be twisted into words —
She would not have a husband hungry-eyed,
Subsisting on a diet of oatmeal
Or gnawing bones like some old hungry dog
Whose mistress feeds him with her meagre leavings,
"And does he tell you all about these women?"
A pert young modern housewife asked her here.
And then Griselda smiled that patient smile
That might have made her, but somehow did not,
The laughingstock of half the folks who knew her.
"Ah no," she said, with gentle condescension,

"He does not need to tell me, and he knows it,
For he and God and I know many things
That silence plays a sweet accompaniment to.
They tell me that in Heaven no one hungers,
And there I hope that he and God and I
May sing a trio that will need no fourth
To constitute the quartets Stephen found
Essential to his singing here on earth."
And when I get to Heaven, if I do,
I think that I shall find that she was right,
This Stephen Green's impossible Griselda.

For a Fallen Comrade

Earl Hendler

You were the first thing that I saw after
I opened my eyes and the last thing before
I closed them.
Here in the still-birth of silence
the face lies down in the pillow's death-mask.
The window shade is belly-big with breeze.
Back and forth its edges saw on star
like the creaking of some grief-gate closing,
like the wrench of whistle-wails, their mob-sobs.

Wind out of dream, O branches weaving moonlight,
O heaving branches, spell some sign of him
in the moon's jargon in April-streets, dark April.
See there, the breaking shadows of the bloom
ghost-begotten.
On the deep doom-side of house
a cloudy voice drifts down the dark like a
dream-word whose syllables are spelled by stars.

But one word is beautiful over all the sky,
"Comrade . . . Comrade."

The throbbing threnody
of taxi motor harangues us up the heavy
hill where sprawl the strings of street lights
that peck at the sky like whores' kisses,
where pink bits of signs proclaim the places
where we poke fingers in penny pieces of candy
(saccharine perspectives of our joys
finger-poked, pulled out of place), sit sipping
soda, sibilantly discussing dreams
artist-daubed like dawn embalmed in red
gouache by Matisse, or strings of Picasso's guitar
gnawing people to pieces of what they are
such as the woman who kneeled
varicose veins to her ancestral tree
and took the Cosmopolitan weekly at her door.
(The middle class, fading like old magazine-
cover moons), the decay-song the thunder-voice
sang that summer afternoon, "Roses
in Picardy" which met with much applause
from the ants' thunder-tickling crawls
across the sidewalks.

O comrade you have fallen
in the lighted line of sun-gunnery, trying to
restore these ruins, to restore day to some midnight
where we walk girls home and stars hang heavy
and low, and the silhouettes of suburban homes
along the heart-breakingly clean streets are
faded dream-prints (Along the deep
doom-side of house the cloudy voice drifts down)
and the trees with branches sawed off to the stiffs

of thumbs upbolted like white leeches blood-
sucking heavens heavy-breasted of stars.

This is not for the axe-stare eyes of those
who at hour penultimate to dawn await
the eternal eventide of drawn swords.
For them the drum-roll-rattle of dead leaves,
The armies of shadows camping in the streets,
but not the breaking shadows ghost-begotten.

Let us say to them, "We carry a new world
here in our hearts. That world is growing this moment."
And as it grows its whisper stirs our bones.
In the spring, O stir the infirm ones whose broken
heels dance tap-dirges in the streets.
Lift up, O world-breaking shadows in heaving
branches where now winds weep the first thing in
our eyes after we open them, and, weaving,
unfurl the slow heart-scarlet of our banners.

Beyond this sunset muffled guns salute
the last thing in our eyes before we close them.

Impermanence

MARY N. S. WHITELEY

Who can say that mountains are permanent,
That the sea shall not some day spill
At the edge of an imaged world?

We are small, we see things measured
By lenses of fog ground thickly
And bordered with arc-ed horizons
That do not exist at all;

We are atoms, nebulous fractions
Of what? O violet distance,
What ray holds the living answer,
The positive act and negative
Creating apparent wholes?

Who shall say that sea tides rising
Must fall again when the moon
No longer drinks salty water?

So sure, so compact, so ended
At last where we just begin;
So final — and yet how reaching
For something we seem to know
Exists where the fog is breaking;
So dry in spite of the constant
Struggle for creation,
Ignorant where most learned,
Failing when most sure.

Time has no measured precedent;
Irrevocable, no meaning.
Vision — but what is vision?
The forming of a symbol
That may not exist at all?

Distance contains the answer,
Whatever be answer and distance;
Atoms reflect the meaning,
The spark, the ray, the creation:
The ultimate clew is power
Reflecting an unknown source.

Say that all things are impermanent
Or spilling — yet wherefor spilling,
With no edge and no solid world?

From a Mountain-Top

FRANCES FROST

The valleys darken. The villages darken, the white spire rises last
above the trees. The little lights blink on
like halted fireflies, quivering in clusters.

The small lakes far below drown in their lifting mist, the rivers
wind into silver sleep. The valleys darken,
the villages darken, but the street-lamps stay

shaking their valiant pin-pricks against the monstrous night.
Far ranges darken, the low hills darken, firs
here on the fierce slope climb the cloudless air.

The upper peak, the shattered rock that cleaves the northward sky
remains alone untaken by the darkness
and splits our hearts as they were constellations.

Old Stone-Cutter

His gravestones are his everlasting children.
He loves to get his cramped left hand around
the solid faithful feeling of his chisel
and dig the names of those below the ground

or the family names of provident ones above
who cross their fingers and defy the fates
and acknowledge death their enemy and master
by ordering headstones with their birthing dates.

He carves his holy head, a solemn cherub
with granite wings and childish eyes cast down.
Those who prefer a willowed urn, disliking
angels, can go and die in another town.

FRANCES FROST

The Woodsman to His Love

How in that deep wood trembled
bronze leaf and tender shoot
under the gust, delivered
from the grey maple root;

how in the spruce-light quivered,
perfect and singular
out of leaf-trash, wind-flower's
low five-petalled star;

how the white-throat discovered
green thickets of afternoon,
and the far thrush spoke cooler
slow color than the moon;

how, in first summer, mosses
foretold relentless frost;
how we lay in fern at midnight, —
remember, or I am lost.

FRANCES FROST

The Room 1926–1928

WALTER LEUBA

We separate beings married dwell
In one dull room and none can tell
How from opposing tides of earth
A world within a world has birth.
Yet in life's core I see the storm
That shatters down the dream, the weight
Of what is lost in silent hate,
The enemy of form and form
In one dull room. Two faces meet
And smile, two eyes two others greet,

Lips fondly tell each other fate
Must give release or suffocate.
And in the room two bodies twine,
Pig cupid and his concubine,
The form resolved, the form malign,
You call me yours, I call you mine.

While out of doors the voices say:
Time placates; it is nature's way
To cheer the progress of decay.
You cannot love. Time has begun.
The form's divided: one is one.

Let time placate the damned, not me
Who see within love's lechery
The hotbed of eternity
And time's only potent enemy.

Emily Dickinson

Robert Herridge

Strange was the blessing of her tear
That hungered in no earthly frame;
Whose lucky loss encountered Time
Within the human walls of fear;

Whose gift of light was that desire
To wake no human lover's hands,
But hold four corners of the mind,
As yielding as the hands of fire.

The daily sessions of her eyes
Crept down through dawns of remotest suns;
Small store of things she wished her own
Whose journey slipped through paradise.

Burning Leaves

Charles Edward Eaton

Last night the southwest wind shook through the trees
And sheared them of golden leaves. The gutters
Are choked, and all the garden is covered
With golden drifts. I would liked to have seen
Them falling one leaf on the other slowly
Til a wind-swell brought them down in torrents.
Destruction, in season, can be beautiful.
It was time for the leaves to be falling;
There would have been pleasure in watching them.
To-morrow I will be burning the leaf drifts.
It would be worse to leave them in the garden
To rot and blacken in the rain and snow.
Fire is the purest and most beautiful
Destroyer in nature. The leaves will have
A clean, quick death, and death in its going
Can be beautiful. I will be glad to see
The skeletons of trees shake down their last
Leaves upon the smoking, golden drifts.
The crackle of burning leaves is a sharp
And poignant music, and blue smoke in my
Nostrils has the sweetest scent of autumn.
The destruction will be beautiful
In going until the fire has seared
Color from the leaf veins and the embers
Lie dead among the stones. The signs of burning
Are not lovely, and afterwards I will
Wish I had left the leaves in the garden.
The fire stains will stay on stone and ground
All winter till spring comes to undo destruction.

How Lonely Often Walk . . .

Robert Avrett

How lonely often walk the god-like kin
The Thorn-set paths that must be trod for fame,
Where equal peril lies in praise or blame,
And private folly reads like public sin.
Restrained from love and laughter while within
Still surges ardent blood of youth like flame,
When age finds solace it is not the same
Quick rapture that the seekers hoped to win.

Omniscience has a grandeur all its own,
And probing minds and hearts a certain lure;
But neither breeds immunity from pain,
And knowledge reconciles but leaves more lone
Its holders, who accept one law as sure:
Progression comes through loss as well as gain.

Beauty's Culmination

Paul A. Bartlett

Beauty's end ends not in sight
(although seeing sees no end)
beauty's end ends in the mind
where anything may wage high.

Beauty has no lasting cease
(explorers can not explore)
beauty enters to replete
extension for our mental leap.

Beauty resolves to be there
(tetrahedrons suggest this)
resolves to be timely shared
by the time no time declares.

By the impetus of thought
(beauty hunts no finer home)
by the impetus of law
beauty's end ends not at all.

Travails of the Penurious
American Artist

Pinocchio on the Dole

By GRACE ADAMS *and* EDWARD HUTTER

THIS IS A SUCCESS STORY with a twist — the record of a young man who rose socially and financially through a series of rebuffs so severe that they would have left one of a different calibre bowed in abject shame. The pattern was set by Horatio Alger whose perennial young man discovered a well-filled wallet on the steps of the Astor House. Fortune first smiled on our hero when he too discovered his wallet almost on the same spot in Astor Place. The wallet in the form of a relief station belonged to the richest old man of modern times, his own Uncle Sam.

Just what Francis Richards did in the way of making a living prior to 1933 is not quite clear — not even, any longer, to Francis himself. At that time, however, there is a certainty that he was doing nothing. His worldly possessions in the fall of that year consisted of one suit of clothes, one hat, one necktie, one shirt, one toothbrush, one pocket comb, a tall stack of *Varieties*, and an equally bulky collection of songs, poems, vaudeville skits, and various ideas, thoughts and inspirations — all scrawled on soiled yellow paper by his own large and not quite legible hand.

His literary works, or those of them which he was not

carrying about with him in all his various pockets, were carefully hidden in a corner of the cellar where a speak-easy proprietor locked up his home-made wine and grappa. It was in this speak-easy, too, that Francis Richards acquired not only his artistic inspiration, but at least one free meal a day, almost as much sour red wine as he wanted to drink, and whatever tips the patrons were willing to give him for running errands for them. And it was in the speak-easy that he slept, on a bed composed simply of three chairs and his overcoat, on those nights when he was unable to persuade some new acquaintance that he would make an ideal week-end visitor.

Francis Richards, however, must not be confused with the ordinary, common variety of bum. He was usually clean, and except when truculently drunk, eager to please and to entertain. And what gave him vast respect in his own eyes was his connection with the theatre. Though this connection had never been more tangible, or more remunerative, than a two weeks' engagement with an amateur group in Brooklyn, Francis' identification of himself with all the arts of Thespis was wholehearted. He not only read his *Variety* from back to front every week and the theatrical notes in the morning tabloids as soon as he was awake each afternoon, but he was forever contriving new song-and-dance routines. He was never at all niggardly about exhibiting these to Luigi's patrons. Anyone obviously and gregariously buying and paying for stronger drinks than wines and beers would inevitably be treated to the number Francis had composed in honor of Calvin Coolidge and had never bothered to edit during subsequent administrations because until October, 1933, his oblivion to any news that did not appear on the theatrical pages of his tabloids was so

complete that he scarcely knew that those presidential upheavals had occurred.

It was in that month, however, that Francis read in *Variety* that the federal government through the Civil Works Administration was planning to sponsor a Theatrical Project. He learned further that federal actors expected to be paid $36 a week. Francis then knew that the opportunity he had always expected would soon be his. To hasten its arrival, he registered with National Re-employment Service which, so *Variety* also said, had been designated as the "referral agency" for the CWA. Within a few weeks Francis Richards' name had been added to CWA's rapidly expanding pay roll — but not at $36 a week. Francis Richards, among thousands of others, had been assigned the task of tidying up New York City's parks. He was supposed to work 120 hours a month for $67.20.

Francis was disappointed and he was angry. His government, he felt, had betrayed his talents and his long years of preparation. To even the score, he worked just as little as he was obliged to, which was none. Reluctantly he left his improvised bed early enough to sign the time-sheet in the morning and waited around until he might sign it again in the afternoon — except, of course, when nights before made rising at all an effort too painful to contemplate. On those days, unless Francis found someone willing to scrawl his name for him, he missed his pay. Twice his foreman warned him that he might be discharged. But Francis didn't worry and he wasn't fired, but honorably dismissed when the CWA was abruptly terminated in March, 1934, because President Roosevelt sincerely promised the taxpayers that his Administration was quitting the "business of relief."

Francis returned gratefully to the more restful life of the speak-easy.

By now, however, another Rooseveltian change was beginning to affect the nation. The forces of repeal were catching up with those speak-easies which had so long escaped the forces of prohibition. Luigi, unable to afford the licences required of legal dispensers of liquor, moved his wine and his grappa to a small room behind a cigar store. Most of his business was with longshoremen on their way to the docks in the early morning. Such customers had small use for Francis' talents and were of little value to him. He barely subsisted on the meals that Luigi cooked for two of them over a single gas-burner. And then Francis had an accident.

Late one rainy, slippery night he was carrying three bottles of wine from Luigi to a former patron when he was struck down by an automobile. At the hospital to which the car's owner carried him, he discovered that his left leg had been fractured just below the knee and that he must remain in bed for several months. The lawyer, who took his case on a fifty-fifty basis, had to spend time and ingenuity in getting a settlement for him. It was almost as difficult for him to prove that Francis' injury would interfere with his accustomed way of life as it was easy for the car owner to prove by the hospital's records that Francis was intoxicated at the time of the accident. But the settlement had been accomplished by the time his leg was taken from its cast. When Francis Richards walked the streets again, a well man though a slightly lame one, with his debts to the hospital and to his lawyer paid off, he had in his possession upwards of fifteen hundred dollars.

His former speak-easy companions were amazed when Francis did not immediately spread this money in bars

and taverns. Instead he turned it over almost intact to a female relative in the suburbs, who, so he was heard to say, invested it in real estate. For himself Francis rented a small furnished room, lived modestly and soberly, and began once more to scribble on yellow paper. His friends thought their long suspicions of Francis' sanity were being proved, but Francis was merely preparing for what he was now certain would soon be his — a good job with the proposed Federal Theatre.

During the time he had been in the hospital and on CWA, Francis' body might have been quiescent but not his mind. The information about the proposed Works Progress Administration, which he got from the daily papers, he had supplemented by the practical knowledge that he had gleaned from his associates in the ward and in the park concerning this business of relief. The whole he had formulated into a sure-fire plan for achieving his life's ambition. He knew that through the WPA the federal government was again preparing to do something handsome for its unemployed actors — this time to a tune played on millions of dollars. And he knew exactly how to get his bit in the chorus.

Though the Comptroller General did not approve the Federal Theatre's first millions until the middle of September, 1935, Francis had by then taken definite and irrevocable steps toward gaining his share of this allotment. He had let his room rent lapse for two weeks and had applied for relief at the Single Men's Bureau of New York City's Emergency Home Relief Bureau. He applied at exactly the right time. Had he, a single, unattached male, with a residence no more stable than a back-room speak-easy, asked for public succor earlier, he would not have been accepted on the home relief

rolls. Instead, he would have been given a ticket for a night's rest at the Municipal Lodging House and a book of coupons entitling him to eat at some community dispensary for a week, and then set adrift again. Had he offered his application two months later, even his acceptance on the home relief rolls might not have assured his WPA job. But the date of his asking for a dole showed, as he himself expressed it, perfect timing.

In the spring of 1935, when the golden flood of WPA money was first released from Washington, a single, unattached man had just as much right to receive regular relief in his own furnished room as did a man with seven dependents threatened with eviction from his home. And by the rules of the Works Progress Administration those who were on the local relief rolls prior to May 1st were to be given preference on WPA jobs. Francis' plan, it seemed, would soon bear fruit. The only trouble was that it began to bear sooner than he expected, and once more it seemed to Francis to be of the small garden variety that in all his public appearances he could never learn to take.

In his concentration upon the glorious rumors concerning the Federal Theatre, Francis had overlooked those less glamorous WPA projects which Mayor La Guardia, in order to reduce New York's staggering relief load, had persuaded Washington to start earlier. Yet on the 10th of August, 1935, a whole month before the idea of a Federal Theatre was officially and financially approved, Francis Richards was again summoned for work by the National Re-employment Service. "If it means leaf-raking again," he told himself, "I'll just tell them where to place their horrid old rake."

But it was park-cleaning to which he was assigned this time, recreation work at $21.60 a week. And the nature

of his labors, as Francis understood them, rather appealed to the pleasure-dispensing side of his nature. His duty, as it was explained to him by fellow workers who were assigned to the same project and seemed to know what they were talking about, would be to go from hospital to hospital, treating the children and grown-ups in them to an exhibition of his talents — in much the same way that he had entertained Luigi's patrons in the good old days when home-made wine and off-the-boat whiskey flowed freely. It seemed to Francis as good a way as any to get himself in training for his eventual performances for the Federal Theatre, so he reported for work with considerable enthusiasm.

But Francis did not, as he had anticipated, flit gayly from one institution to another, bestowing happiness as he flitted. He was assigned to a single hospital, one that administered solely to persons who were maimed and crippled. His duty as one of several Recreation Aides was to assist a Recreation Leader in teaching one-legged men how to run races on crutches. He stood it as long as he could, which was almost two months. Then he returned to Aunt Martha in the country.

He had been there three weeks when he read in *Variety* that a unit of the Federal Theatre had actually been established in New York. He took the next train for the city and reported, as soon as he could locate it, at the project's headquarters, where he learned to his consternation that the mere fact that he had once been on home relief no longer assured his immediate employment as an actor. Now that the task of certifying WPA eligibility had been transferred from the National Re-employment Service to the Employment Section of the Home Relief Bureau, his referral papers would have to

come from the particular ERB office of which he was a client. But Francis was no longer an active home relief client. His case had been officially "closed" and wiped from the records the very day that WPA first requisitioned him.

Francis needed several weeks of intense thinking at Aunt Martha's to plan himself out of this impasse. But by the time he again rented a room in New York he knew just what he was going to do — reëstablish his WPA eligibility by applying for home relief all over again, and from the very same house where he had first obtained it. He knew that was wiser than having a new address and a phony name and giving the WPA a chance to pin a lie on him.

The Single Men's Bureau was crowded the day he returned there, for as soon as it became generally understood that a home relief status was the prime requisite for a WPA job, new applicants rushed the New York district offices at the rate of two and three thousand a day. Francis had to wait three weeks for his new home investigator to come to his room and make him repeat the life story which he had already recited so often that it now seemed perfectly true. When the investigator asked about his last employment, Francis said boldly that it had been on WPA. This was a little risky he knew — for it might seem a little strange that one could quit work relief after only two months and yet live adequately for six weeks more — but not nearly so dangerous, he was sure, as denying his WPA connection and having the ERB records prove it against him. Anyway, he was all set for the investigator's inevitable next question: "Why was the employment terminated?"

"Because," Francis said, "of my leg. It was broken some time ago while I was still acting and it gives me

trouble whenever I exercise too strenuously. I was put on a recreational project where I had to run races, and the effort was too much for me."

Francis did not, of course, need to mention the condition of the legs of those who ran with him. And the investigator accepted his story sympathetically. Within two days his name again embellished the active home relief rolls.

When he was summoned to the ERB employment office a week later, he was very firm about the fact that his only former working experience had been upon the stage. He went to bed that night quite sure that the Federal Theatre would soon requisition his talents. But it didn't, not at least for a long, long time and until Francis had gone through many more WPA experiences. When his next requisition came through, it again assigned him to recreation work. This time, though, he was sent not to a hospital but to a settlement house where his task really had some connection with entertainment. He was to tell original stories to a bunch of small boys.

DURING DECEMBER AND JANUARY Francis loved his work. Throughout February he still endured it. But when the first hint of spring smote New York toward the end of March he was transferred from the recreation hall of the settlement house to its outdoor playground. Here he was supposed to propel tiny tots in swings and pick them up when they tumbled off the slides and climbing bars. Francis stood it almost until the end of April. Then for the second time he left the WPA and for the third time applied for home relief. He was a bit worried about quitting now, for he figured that the stiffness in his leg was almost as great an asset as the actual cash he had re-

ceived for its injury. Also he knew that the soldiers' bonus would be paid within two months, and Francis, because he had been on a hospital ship during the final year of the war, had some seven hundred dollars coming to him.

His bonus had no effect on his relief status, but Francis did not turn this over to Aunt Martha as he had the money from his accident. During the two years that he had been intermittently employed by the government, his standard of living had increased to a pitch where the $15 that the ERB sent him regularly every other week was no longer adequate to his simple wants. This allotment, supplemented by his bonus, served him well for a year, however, and he settled down once more for preparing for his début in the Federal Theatre. But during 1937, a rumor spread abroad in the land that prosperity was returning and less money need be spent upon relief. The Federal Theatre was unable to employ any new actors; instead it had to let off many that had already been assigned to it. But before his bonus money was finally exhausted, Luigi once more came to his aid.

Luigi had at last given up his singlehanded, ruggedly individual revolt against repeal, and had become assistant bartender for a cheap gaudy little cellar cafe which boasted, besides the serving of drinks and sandwiches, a piano player, a crooner and two eccentric dancers. It also needed a doorman who for very little pay would be willing to cavort conspicuously enough outside to attract customers down its dingy stairway. Luigi passed on this information to Francis.

All through the summer of 1937, dressed in a clown's costume and receiving a dollar a night and three drinks when he went off duty, Francis jigged and whirled and capered outside the Village Circus. His disguise kept him from worrying about any snoopy relief investigator dis-

covering that he had an outside job and curtailing his allowance. When the cafe failed in the fall, the proprietor still owed him a week's wages, so Francis felt justified in keeping his clown's costume when he settled down for another cozy winter of home relief.

But now he had about given up the idea of ever landing on the Federal Theatre, so he was considerably annoyed one day in October to find a card on the hall table of his rooming house summoning him to the ERB employment office once more — because, although Francis didn't know it at the time, the Administration had decided that those rumors about prosperity's return were somewhat premature and that it had better increase WPA's allotments for a while. This requisition was to WPA's educational division, and for six days Francis conscientiously ignored it. But when he learned that WPA teachers got more than a hundred dollars a month, he thought he might as well look into it. He got his certification card from the relief station and sought out the project supervisor who had to pass on his qualifications as a teacher of Adult Education.

The supervisor was pretty nasty. "That requisition has been closed for three days," she said. "Why didn't you come here last week?"

And Francis, before he realized that he might be endangering his relief status for all time, got nasty right back at her. "I'm glad it is," and he stamped his foot as he said it. "I'm tired of pandering to dirty little children. I'm no nurse-maid. I am a clown."

Francis was immediately chagrined that he should have described himself so. What he had meant to say, of course, was that he was an actor, but his capers of the last few months and his present anger had confused him. Yet at the word "clown" a change had come over the

supervisor. She now regarded Francis not as a lazy relief loafer but as the answer to an educational project's prayer.

"A clown?" she repeated, "Are you really? And have you by any chance a clown's costume of your own?"

"I have," Francis replied, getting his dignity back nicely.

"Why, that's splendid," the supervisor said, "simply splendid. And you have your relief certification with you? Then we can put you to work right away. You see we need a picture of a clown badly to complete a series that we have been making for our work in Visual Education. But our original requisition for materials did not include a clown's costume and for weeks the series has been held up."

For four months Francis Richards had his picture taken every day by a WPA photographer. And he loved it. When the photographer had all of the clown pictures that he could possibly use, Francis was given other costumes and he impersonated other characters. He was in turn a rough-rider, a traffic cop, a Canadian mountie and a French aristocrat proudly facing the guillotine. It was a perfect four months, but it ended abruptly when the project was discontinued because it cost too much. Francis was not dismissed from WPA then, however, but put on "referral" — that no man's land of relief work, where one gets paid by the government for performing no more difficult labor than signing a time-sheet once each day.

While other dopes who were on referral with him spent the rest of their working days rushing from one office to another trying to get re-assignments, Francis, seasoned WPA-er that he had now become, spent his time, and

the twenty-three dollars that still came to him regularly each Friday, in the bars around Sheridan Square. He didn't worry, and he had little need to. Within less than a month his dream came true; the Federal Theatre actually requisitioned him.

The theatrical supervisor who interviewed him was delighted with his pantomimic ability and his singing voice. Not in the children at the settlement house, nor even in the most genial customers at the Circus and at Luigi's, had Francis found such a sympathetic audience. Yet one thing marred his happiness. During the four years since his accident Francis, wandering about Sheridan Square at night, had taken several bad falls. After each one his leg had grown stiffer. By now Francis was really lame — too lame to tap-dance or turn cart-wheels or even walk gracefully upon a stage.

But he allowed himself only a minute to remark ruefully upon the irony of it all. Then the habit of a dozen years came back to him. From his overcoat pockets, his jacket pockets, his shirt pocket and his pants pockets he began to extract frayed and soiled yellow papers, covered with his penciled scrawl. Carefully and with dignity he laid these on the supervisor's desk. "They are," he explained, "a few of my literary efforts. Perhaps they might be of use to you."

"Why not read a few of them, yourself?" the supervisor asked him. And Francis did. He not only read, but sang and declaimed and laughed heartily in just the right places. The supervisor was entranced. Francis, he said, was just the person they needed. His was the simple gift of wholesome, truly American humor so essential to the intimate review the Project was planning. A special assignment went through for him that very day.

The next five months were the very happiest in Francis

Richards' entire existence. His working hours were taken care of in the most satisfactory way. Since it was conceded that he would need the greatest possible amount of freedom in composing his skits and lyrics, he was allowed to work at home. He signed an individual time-sheet every day and brought a week's batch of them to the office to be okayed each Wednesday when he had to be on hand anyway in order to sign his project's "physical check" — the added safe-guard by which WPA officials convince themselves that each employee is actually working at the very spot to which he is officially assigned.

So strongly did Francis' genius possess him when it at last got this recognition that during this first week with the Federal Theatre he locked himself in his room for three whole days and forebade his astonished landlady ever to clean it again — for fear that with her sweeping and dusting she might dislodge some of his precious papers. This protracted bout with his Muse left Francis exhausted and dry-tongued, so he at once sought out a friendly tavern. There a wonderful thought came to him. Those bundles of papers which were once stored in Luigi's cellar and which he still carefully preserved, need not be wasted. They could serve the Federal Theatre as once they had served Luigi's customers. Even if he turned in as many as three skits or songs each week, which was more than required of him, he would still have enough, he calculated rapidly, to last him five years.

He soon devised a novel and elaborate means of deciding which compositions to submit within which week. He made his selection on the basis of a complex astrological chart. It worked splendidly. And Francis Richards rose in the esteem of his supervisors. But he rose too rapidly and too far. He was promoted. He stopped being a writer

and became an editor. He no longer had to copy one of his own compositions each week, but to read and criticize dozens that had been written by other project workers. This was a real obstacle, but Francis got around it.

He had a friend who had once been one of Luigi's most prosperous and generous customers but who was now, so Francis had learned when he sought to borrow a few dollars from him, on home relief and unable to get a WPA job. This friend was a Pole whose knowledge of English was scant and whose dislike of the theatre was so intense that during the bright nights at Luigi's he would treat Francis to drinks only when he promised *not* to recite and sing. Yet Joseph Pudeski, Francis remembered, was an intelligent man, he still possessed a rather battered typewriter, and he was no longer able to buy drinks even for himself. So as soon as he had reduced his editorial duties to a formula, Francis called upon Joseph with a pint of whiskey in his pocket and asked to use his typewriter.

As the whiskey and reminiscences of Luigi's mellowed the bitterness which Joseph now habitually felt over the meanness of his life, Francis began to explain his own job to him. He said that it was so easy that he bet if Joseph tried he could edit these Federal Theatre skits himself. Joseph tried and Francis discovered that he could. Thereafter he called upon Joseph every Tuesday night with the pint of whiskey in his pocket. And each time when he left the pocket that had held the whiskey contained enough neatly typed criticisms to fulfill his weekly assignment.

Things went on in this pleasant way until the early summer of 1939. Then two dreadful things happened to Francis Richards. Joseph Pudeski got a job, and such a good one that he no longer welcomed Francis' weekly

visits. And Congress decided to dispense with the Federal Theatre and to dismiss all WPA employees who had worked steadily for eighteen months. Francis was sure that his days of serving Uncle Sam with culture were over. But they weren't, for Congress just in time remembered the brave boys who had worn uniforms in 1917–18 and decided they could stay on WPA even though their work on it had been steady.

On the day the Federal theatres closed Francis went again to a recreation project. But this time, because of his previous experience, he went as a supervisor at $138 a month. Now in the day time he sits behind a large desk in a noisy office and has two stenographers to copy his reports. Most of his nights and week-ends are still spent in the bars around Sheridan Square. But every so often on Sundays he goes out to Aunt Martha's to make sure that the house which she is keeping for him against the the day when the federal government stops supporting those "who are out of work through no fault of their own" is still there.

A Man Waits Years
To Win Despair

Defeat Deferred

By RICHARD WARREN

SHE WAS TWENTY-TWO and he twenty-five when they met.

The war in Cuba was over and the first contingent of the Rough Riders returned to New York. Lucia Ward had gone down to the pier alone to meet her brother, Lieutenant Ramsey; her husband, as usual, pleading business as a reason for not going with her. That was how she happened to meet William Ross.

Ross, some few may now recall, was the brilliant young American journalist who, with his Cuban message, gave the world its first insight into the struggle of our oppressed Latin neighbors. He had known Bob Ramsey casually at Princeton, and ran across him again in Santiago. During their return voyage to New York together they made tentative plans for a trip to the Orient.

Ramsey stopped for a week with his sister before going on to his home in Boston . . . a week in which Lucia Ward and William Ross forgot many things in the learning of one: that, whenever humans attempt to regulate too thoroughly their emotions, nature steps in.

There was, during that week when they were thrown constantly together, no moment when either would have

admitted the advisability of breaking off their friendship. Both were quite sure of themselves . . . until it was too late.

Lucia Ward had been vaguely aware, since the birth of the younger of her two children, of a void in her life. Her home was managed smoothly by capable servants, every material need was satisfied. But she was a woman, with a woman's emotions, and these, in an increasing absorption in his business, her husband had, apparently, long since ceased to consider. It was not until her friendship with Ross grew into something more than casual friendship that Lucia, herself, became fully aware of this.

"I can't leave him," she told Ross, "I really can't! He has been a good husband . . . a good father. And there are the children to consider."

"But you're not happy with him!"

"I wasn't unhappy . . . until you came," she reminded him.

Ross sat in silence for a long moment. "Will you be happy with him," he asked at last, "when I have gone?"

She shook her head slowly. "No. But he will . . . be happy . . . and the children will." She looked at him sadly. "You *are* going . . . ?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "What else can I do? I can't stay here and . . . be just your friend."

"We are friends."

"I know. . . ."

"And I need you. I want you . . . tremendously."

They both sat, victims of their complex emotions, lost in the turmoil of their thoughts. Finally Lucia looked up. "I'm selfish," she said. "I have no right to ask you to stay . . . to ask anything of you. But . . . I shall miss you."

So Ross remained.

The years went by, their inevitable passage dulling somewhat the early brilliancy of Ross' work. The promise given by his journalism in the Spanish War was still but a promise, unfulfilled. The books that had been logically expected to follow his volume on Latin America remained unwritten. For his field was clearly foreign journalism, a field upon which he had turned his back.

His work in New York held but little interest for him. It was, at best, a stop-gap — the means to an end. Yet what this end was remained problematic. With the full realization of the sacrifices and cost entailed, he gave himself over to his love for Lucia.

Always there was the outside world to consider. They rarely knew in advance when they could be together. They bent their united efforts toward an arrangement whereby they might make use of each precious moment. Only one of them, they discovered, could live a social life independent of the other, and because Ross was the freer of the two, because he had neither home duties nor inescapable social obligations, it fell to him to conform his life to hers. There was no question of the one dominating the other, it was simply a matter of the two surmounting, as best they could, the obstacles confronting them.

It wasn't easy. In the first place there was his living to be considered, work that threw him in constant contact with people. By nature gregarious, Ross made friends quickly; a considerate adaptability on his part kept them. He liked to have these friends drop in on him casually, but this he soon found to be dangerous.

There were innumerable evenings during that first year following his return to New York when Lucia would telephone that she was, unexpectedly, free for a few hours. Usually it was Friday, the night her husband was

in the habit of spending at his club. Sometimes when this happened he was unable, because of some group gathered at his place, to take advantage of the opportunity presented. Whenever this occurred he was unable to rid himself of a poignant sense of loss. The moments when they could be together seemed so short, so fleeting, that he could not reconcile himself to the loss of even one.

Then, too, Lucia herself was never able to feel quite at ease in his apartment while there was always the possibility of someone dropping in. At times it all seemed much too difficult.

In an attempt to offset this, Ross took a small room at his college club where, to the outside world, he continued to live. It was an added expense he could ill afford. It enabled him, however, to maintain in strict privacy a little apartment in the East Fifties.

Lucia was, in a way, pleased by the idea but, at the same time, could not help feeling somewhat distressed.

"It was sweet of you," she said, "but you shouldn't have done it. If only you would let me help you . . . share the expense. . . ."

He stopped her quickly. After a moment she went on. "I don't want to be the cause of shutting you off from your friends. . . ."

"You aren't. . . ."

She shook her head. "I'm taking so much from you . . . and, it seems to me, giving you nothing."

"You are giving me everything. The only real happiness I have ever known."

"Am I so very selfish, William? Wouldn't I, if I loved you as tremendously as I think I do, be willing to chuck everything . . . and go away . . . with you? Forgetting my home . . . my children. . . ."

"Could you?"

Again she shook her head. "No. And yet . . . you mean everything to me."

"Everything?"

She spread her hands in a hopeless gesture. "It seems so to me . . . when we are together. Yet my children mean everything to me, too. I can't leave them . . . I don't want to hurt them. I couldn't. They need me . . . as much as I need them . . . as much as I need you. . . ."

"You have me."

"Not as I should like to have you."

"Won't you . . . sometime?"

"I hope so, I do hope so. Later . . . when the children have grown up and married . . . when they no longer need me. . . . It seems as though things *must*, eventually, work themselves out right."

"And, in the meantime, I want you to be happy . . . and gay . . . I want you to have everything in life. . . ."

"But I have everything . . . now."

THE WORLD WAR STARTED.

The Cuban message was still remembered, although the man who wrote it had very nearly been forgotten. Not quite, however. At the club one night he found waiting for him a note from Maynard, of *The Courier*, asking him to drop into the office. This was on an evening soon after the assassination at Sarajevo. Two hours later he was closeted with Maynard, who asked him briefly who he would like to go to Europe.

"It looks like a free-for-all. No one seems to know how long it will last. May be over before you get there but, naturally, we don't want to miss any bets. We're sending Doane to Italy, Phillips and Edwards to France, North-

way and Green to Germany . . . and a few others on loose assignments. How would you like to go to Belgium?"

"Why pick on me?"

"I believe you could do it. I expected a lot of things from you after the Spanish War. I'm still expecting them . . . God knows why you haven't come through. Why haven't you? Never mind . . . none of my business, I suppose. . . .

"If there's a war, and it looks as though there will be, most of the fighting will be in Belgium. That's where you'll find the color. You'll have the same chance there you had in Cuba. Well . . . how about it?"

"I'll think it over," Ross said at last, "and let you know tomorrow."

"Think! What the hell's there to think about? You never used to hesitate. All right . . . all right!" Maynard waved his hand irritably as Ross started to speak. "Only let me know before noon."

Walking back to his apartment Ross turned the offer over in his mind. He wished that there were some way of getting hold of Lucia that night, and cursed again the force of circumstance that kept them apart. The same chance he had had in Cuba. . . . He hadn't, somehow, done much with that . . . with the opportunities that had followed it, rather.

Another chance.

He wandered impatiently about his rooms through the early hours of the morning, waiting until he could call Lucia. It was necessary, he told her, that he see her at once. Something in the suppressed tension of his voice warned her. When, half an hour later, she entered the apartment she said quickly, breathlessly, "What is it, William?"

"They want me to go to France."

Sitting down on the arm of her chair he related his interview of the night before with Maynard.

"Are you going?"

He threw his hands out wide in a gesture of indecision. "I don't know . . . I don't know what to do. What do you say?"

Without looking at him she said slowly, "I want you to do what is best."

"What *is* best?"

"Whatever will make you happiest."

He laughed mirthlessly. "You know what that is."

She did not answer. Running her finger tips lightly over the back of his hand she said at last, "I've kept you close to me all these years. I made you stay . . . once before. This time I shan't be so weak . . . so selfish. But . . . I shall miss you." She sank quickly into his arms.

Ross remained.

He remained in the ever-narrowing groove that ran to and from the apartment in the East Fifties to Park Row, where daily he ground out half-thought out editorials to be half-read and half-understood by the masses. Always in the back of his mind was Lucia, influencing every mood and move. With the passage of years his love for her had deepened and mellowed. Would it, he wondered, remain forever unbroached . . . turn at last to lees . . . untasted . . . forgotten. . . .

At times, alone with his thoughts at night, he was deviled with a perverse feeling of disquietude. Knowing as he did that Lucia and her husband, while living under the same roof, were emotionally strangers; having, for sixteen long years, known this, he was still unable to accept the situation calmly. Sensitive as he was to her

utter desirability, it seemed incomprehensible to him that another man should remain oblivious to it.

In the vague depths of his inner consciousness he was aware of a lurking fear that some day John Ward would awaken.

Only once did Lucia refer to his refusal of Maynard's offer.

"You would love to have gone, too, wouldn't you?" she said one night, as they sat reading together Davis' story of the German entry into Brussels. "Are you sorry?"

"In a way . . . naturally."

"I've kept you from everything, haven't I?"

He smiled reassuringly down at her. "Not really. I wanted to stay, you know . . . with you. And I'll go . . . we'll go together, someday . . . later."

"I hope so . . . I'm always hoping so. The children will be grown, and leaving me soon, I suppose. And then . . . perhaps . . . John doesn't need me . . . hasn't needed me for years."

Three years later Ross was glad that he hadn't gone, for Lucia needed him then, needed him more than ever. That was following the dispatch about her son's death in France.

It was on the afternoon of Lucia's birthday.

As they lingered over tea in a secluded restaurant William Ross realized suddenly that she was fifty-seven, and he — he himself was nearly sixty-one. He decided not to mention the fact. The last ten years had gone quickly.

So much had happened. Marion, Lucia's daughter, had married — married a fine chap, too. Seemed supremely happy — and you couldn't wish anyone more than that.

And John Ward — John had pulled himself together again. The shock of his son's death had been a severe one, coming as it did during the business tension of war time. For six years he had been a semi-invalid, only to come doggedly out of it in the end.

As for Lucia and himself — well, here they were, still waiting. They had waited so long — and would continue to wait — .

And suddenly he wondered what it was they were waiting for.

"Lucia!"

"Yes, dear. . . ."

"It's odd, not realizing it sooner, but . . ." he hesitated, and smiled ruefully at her across the table.

"But what . . .?" she prompted.

"We needn't wait any longer." And, in answer to the puzzled expression on her face, he went on, "We're free . . . at last."

"Free?"

"Why, yes. Marion is married. John is well once more. There isn't, now, anything to keep you."

She looked at him in silence for a while. "No," she admitted at last, "I suppose there isn't."

"We can go away. . . ."

"Away?"

"Of course. Europe. The south of France. Anywhere."

She smiled tenderly at him for a moment. "We must be practical. What could you do there?"

"Do?"

"We'd have to have money to live on. And you've never saved very much, you know. I'm sorry," she reached out and covered his hand with hers. "I don't mean to hurt you. But . . . well, it's true, isn't it?"

He nodded his head reluctantly.

"We could stay on here," he suggested uncertainly, "if you could get a divorce. . . ."

"That's almost as impossible, now. And then, too, you have no more than enough for you, yourself, to live on. . . ." As he sat, saying nothing, she continued softly, "It may sound hard, William, but I don't mean it to. Money should not matter . . . but somehow it does. We're not as young as we once were. . . ."

"I should have prepared for this a long time ago."

"It's not your fault, dear."

"I wonder. I didn't, I suppose, make the most of my chances."

"You made the years very happy for me."

He sat lost in reflection. It was not the things he had done he regretted, so much as the things he had left undone. The thought awakened half-forgotten memories. That, he now remembered, was where John Ward had failed . . . in the things left undone. He smiled ironically, and raised his eyes to Lucia's.

"Please, William, don't be bitter," she pleaded. "Nothing has changed."

"Nor ever will."

He summoned their waitress and paid the check. Out on the sidewalk he hailed a passing taxi, and helped Lucia in. "About tonight? . . . it's Friday," he asked, standing by the open door.

Lucia leaned forward. "I'm not sure yet. Don't stand there with your hat off, dear, you'll be catching cold. I'm not sure what the plans are. I'll have to telephone you, after dinner."

Ross watched her taxi disappear into the traffic across the avenue. Turning, he walked slowly down to his club, and mounted up to the tiny room he had used so seldom. He rang for hot water and lemon.

An hour later found him seated again in the same restaurant where he had dined so often. The same table — the same waiter.

"The roast beef and Yorkshire pudding is excellent tonight, Sir."

"Good." It always was excellent, it always had been excellent, he supposed it always would be excellent.

He ate alone in silence, and then walked back to his apartment.

Wandering aimlessly from the living room to the bedroom and back again, he sat down at last in the worn armchair facing the gas log that had never ceased to irritate him.

His gaze, straying listlessly about, fell at last on the bookcase, centered on a worn volume on the top shelf. *The Weary West Indies* by William Ross. He smiled again.

Without turning he picked up a volume from the table beside him. He looked at the cover. *Romance* by Joseph Conrad.

Presently the telephone rang.

Career Man of the New Deal —

Robert H. Jackson

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

THE CHANCE of politics may yet do great things for the New Deal's most charming career man —Robert Houghwout Jackson. Although the post he now occupies is as obscure as it is important, the present Solicitor General of the United States is by no means a forgotten man.

Given the right support his extraordinary talents, his delightful personality, his flexible philosophy, and his dependable integrity may yet be counted among the most valuable political assets in the New Deal's impending struggle for self preservation.

Not long ago the President, in one of his whimsical moods, suggested that there must be a dozen charming young men quite willing to carry the New Deal banner after 1940. Every Washington columnist at once placed Bob Jackson's name near the top of the list. His name keeps creeping into the various political polls that confuse the public. Some soothsayers have gone so far as to say that he is the personal if not the political choice of Mr. Roosevelt himself as his successor to the great white throne.

Whatever fate may have in store for him — advancement or retirement to his up-state New York farm — the

last six years of his life have been crammed with excitement and achievement. They have revealed him as one of the most competent advocates on the New Deal rolls. It was he who scourged the late Andrew H. Mellon for evading his income tax payments; it was he who gave point to the New Deal philosophy of restraint of finance and industry. He transcended his journalistic appelation of Trust Buster Number One.

Bob Jackson has worked for the Internal Revenue bureau, for the Treasury department, for the Securities and Exchange commission, and for the Justice department. Now he is the second most important law officer on the Federal pay roll. In these positions he proved himself one of the best legalists in a lawyer-ridden New Deal.

But more important than his many victories and his few defeats in the courts has been his concurrent development of a philosophy deeply imbedded in the traditions of democracy.

Because he has discovered no reason to disbelieve in the present system of political democracy, he has sought means for its survival. This, he believes, has been the purpose of the New Deal. All his many attacks on Big Business have been directed to this purpose. In simple terms, he believes in the necessity of the profit system to keep our inherited system of private enterprise going. The government's duty is to keep the system in working order.

But this must never be done at the expense of a political democracy, any more than Government should settle its policies in terms of economics alone. Economics and politics are inseparable, but when politics ceases to function as a conditioner of economics, then the system fails, and the people may be expected to seek a substitute

that will presumably work to their distinct disadvantage.

Bob Jackson once stated the essence of his philosophy when he said, simply: "Any system, to survive, must feed its people."

Many a businessman has become choleric at mention of Bob Jackson's name. They like to think he is a disciple of the Corcoran-Cohen school of politics whose chief aim, in their distorted minds, is to rid the country of business altogether. They base their hatred on his several assaults on the citadels of bigness; but any study of Bob Jackson's career reveals that when he spoke up sharply, as he did two years ago against monopoly, he had no intention of starting an old-fashioned trust-busting revival.

That, he knew, would arrive nowhere quickly. He did not wish to summon those who had "priced themselves out of a market and priced themselves into a slump," as he succinctly charged, into a police court. What he proposed and what, under Thurman W. Arnold, may eventuate, was a stream-lined investigation into the relationship of industry to democracy whence might evolve a workable understanding.

"So long as the American spirit lives," he once told Mr. Wendell H. Willkie in a debate, "and democracy survives, so that its spirit can be expressed in law, the American Congress will be trying to break down the concentration of power just as fast as the imperialists of business pile it up.

"We are a proud people, raised on the doctrines of equality found in the Declaration of Independence. We do not like to be bossed too much. Not even by a boss we know we can change through the ballot box. We do not like to have any one man or corporation own the town."

As Jonathan Mitchell said in *The New Republic*, these are predicates about the American people it would be

hard to prove. "But if for the American people you substitute Bob Jackson you have an exact statement. He is a proud person and no man or thing will boss him."

Bob Jackson, I think, looks upon government as a good architect looks upon the skyscraper: it is a beautiful thing mainly because it is useful; but its use, and therefore its beauty, ceases when it dominates and does not serve the community. The form of the government under which we live, as I read it from Bob Jackson's words, should follow the function for which, as a democracy, it was planned.

He wants the American people to keep on running their own country. His distaste for big business stems from his belief that, through monopoly or concentration — call it what you will — it has sought to dominate and not serve. Until the basic plan is recalled, and the structure is rebuilt along functional lines, American democracy will not be the thing of beauty the original architects conceived.

Bob Jackson is still a young man. He was born February 13, 1892. In those forty-seven years, he has used his native talents well. With little formal education he has gone far in a meticulous profession. Family background had much to do with this. It made him a political Democrat in a predominantly Republican stronghold, thus teaching him the ways of independence and also instilling in him a deep sense of justice. He has no patience with stupidity. He has a gracious sense of humor; and a biting wit. He does his own thinking; but he knows how to get help. He does his own writing; but he takes the telling phrase where he finds it. He is independent; but not foolhardy. A trained lawyer, he knows the value of precedent, the need for preparedness. A self-made

philosopher, he is continually seeking to temper his pragmatism. A politician by chance, he is primarily a democrat — and democrats cannot be ashamed of politics.

His great-grandfather was a farmer who helped settle the cold and rocky township of Spring Creek, Warren county, Pennsylvania, back in the late eighteenth century. Bob Jackson's grandfather and father were born on the farm he hewed out. The latter, William Eldred Jackson, was both farmer and small merchant, whose deeper love was for the soil. He lived on a farm on the outskirts of Jamestown, N. Y., where Bob was born and raised. From his mother Bob Jackson inherited his Dutch tenacity. She, born Angelina Houghwout, was descended from the early settlers of New Amsterdam.

Undoubtedly Bob Jackson's life has been greatly colored by his great-grandfather, old Elijah Jackson, a crusty frontiersman, farmer, rural democrat. He was a stout follower of Andrew Jackson who, in Bob Jackson's words, was the first "American political leader to seek his political support among all the people." Old Elijah, in a hotbed of Federalists, was a member of one of those Democratic Clubs formed in his time to support the principles for which the French Revolution was fought. His son, Bob's grandfather, was so deeply dyed a Democrat that even the Civil War could not wean him from his party.

"To have a family that glories in belonging to a hopeless political minority," Mr. Mitchell wrote, "is something no child could ignore. One of the possible consequences would be to make the child contemptuous of what is elegantly called the climate of opinion." From childhood Bob Jackson was thus contemptuous; he had to be; and it made him tough.

Bob Jackson's boyhood was divided between farm life and attending the public schools of Jamestown. He was ambitious and impatient. Early in life he decided he would be a lawyer, but he thought it impractical to waste four years in college, when he could learn all he needed to pass the bar examinations in two years at the Albany Law School. He entered — and passed the course in one year. This resulted in the school refusing to give him his degree. He became a lawyer at the youthful age of twenty.

In order to take his first case, he had to receive special permission of the court. His clients were a group of strikers arrested during a "riot" in a Buffalo street car strike. So ably did the tyro present his case that he won acquittal — and the attention of the leading lawyers of Buffalo. He stayed in that city just long enough to gain some practical experience; then he returned to Jamestown to practice on his own.

He became an excellent trial lawyer and soon associated himself with the leading business interests of Jamestown. But he did not become contaminated by them. The railroad companies, the telephone corporation, and the bank, whose counsel he was, were not Big Business.

On the contrary, most of his talents were called upon to keep them from being swallowed up by bigger corporations, bigger railroads, bigger banks. He was forced to defend the thirty-two miles of track from encroachment by the New York Central, the 50,000 annual phone messages from domination by the New York Telephone Company. He succeeded, perhaps because he felt that the buying up of these smaller businesses by huge, impersonal, outside corporations was neither a fair nor an efficient move.

While his economic philosophy was slowly crystalizing in his small city law office he also was becoming interested in politics. His only political office, however, was as corporation counsel for Jamestown. But he was active in Democratic party affairs, and once the upstate machine tried to have him run for election to the Court of Appeals. Later, after the New Deal had attracted attention to his name, he was suggested as candidate for Lieutenant Governor, but this, like a later attempt to make him Governor, came to nothing.

He found his best forum for expression before the several bar associations of which he was an active member.

Here he was unorthodox. With a passion for the law and a high regard for its code of ethics, he liked to chide his fellow barristers. Once, asked to speak on taxation before one association, he said:

"Bar associations could, if they would, contribute powerfully to this cause of tax revision but, frankly, it seems hopeless to count on most bar associations for contributions to governmental, economic or social service — unless intellectual inertia can be considered a contribution."

Another time he said:

"The contribution of the bar to the balance of social forces is likely always to be on the conservative side. Legal training emphasizes the older and established values and the price other generations have paid for existing institutions. Prudent regard for his professional reputation and his client's safety makes it the attorney's habit to proceed along well-beaten paths and shun the unknown and experimental. But the possibility of preserving the judicial or litigation method of settling controversies over facts depends upon the bar's abandoning

its traditional hostility to progress, its cynical opposition to reform."

Just the kind of words you might expect from a bank lawyer who — as Bob Jackson once did — would voluntarily defend a Communist arrested for selling publications such as the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses* on the public square!

As an upstate Democrat, Bob Jackson was known to Mr. Roosevelt; he had served on at least one investigatory commission when the latter was governor. He was known as a young, able lawyer. His personal charm was great.

At the time Secretary Morgenthau asked him to come to Washington as general counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue he was living with his wife and two growing children in a comfortable house in Jamestown, where horseback-riding and sailboating were his hobbies. He left a comparatively quiet, but not provincial, existence to step into the New Deal whirlpool in March, 1934.

Soon after his arrival in Washington he went to work preparing the income tax case against that most powerful of economic royalists, Mr. Mellon. Against some of the best legal brains in the country he contended in open court. As he expressed it, one day when irked by the tactics of the defense: "It is Mr. Mellon's credo that $200,000,000 can do no wrong. Our offense consists in doubting it."

Bob Jackson's victory in this case, in which he recovered $750,000 from the ex-Secretary of the Treasury and ex-Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was obscured by Mr. Mellon's gift of his art treasures to the Government.

But it was a victory, nevertheless.

After that he argued many another important tax case. In 1935 he prepared a brief on the general subject of taxation for the Senate Tax Committee that was praised even by the reactionary press for its lucidity. His next important work was with the Securities & Exchange Commission where, as special counsel, he came in close contact with Tom Corcoran and Benjamin Cohen. With their aid he prepared the SEC case against the Electric Bond & Share Co., one of those holding companies which Hugo Black once called a "network of chicanery, deceit, fraud and graft." Bob Jackson prosecuted this case which, after he had moved on to greater things, won its final victory in the Supreme Court.

As a tax expert Bob Jackson learned much about the concentration of wealth in America and his reaction to this knowledge was what might be expected of one inherently unwilling to let "any one man or corporation own the town." Electric Bond & Share, the Aluminum Company of America, the sixteen leading oil companies, the Big Three of the automobile industry — these were some of the aggregations against which he moved. For a time he headed the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice which, in the past, had acted only on the complaint of one industry against another. He changed that and began originating cases on his own.

Bob Jackson is a progressive but not a radical. Some of his statements bear repeating:

"The Constitution is not a legal document. It is a general outline of great powers and institutions. In dealing with a nation whose genius is invention, we cannot outlaw every action that cannot show a precedent."

"Judges who resort to a tortured construction of the

Constitution may torture an amendment," he told a Senate committee. "You cannot amend a state of mind and mental attitude of hostility to the exercise of governmental power and of indifference to the demands which democracy, attempting to survive industrialism, makes upon its government."

"The Supreme Court's power over legislation is not defined or bounded, or even mentioned in the Constitution, but was left to lurk in inference."

"The only way to ensure a reasonably steady well-being for the nation as a whole is for government to act as an impartial overseer of our industrial progress, ready at all times to call a halt to . . . practices which threaten to throw our economy out of order."

It was when, with a fine scorn and biting words, he attacked Big Business's 1927 "strike against the government," which he characterized with Goethe's phrase as "aristocratic anarchy," that he made his bitterest enemies.

His words stung. But they were not political expediency. They were the words of a man who, in Mr. Mitchell's phrase, is a "durable justice seeker." Bob Jackson has always taken the avowed and reformistic aims of the New Deal seriously. His reward was the Solicitor Generalship when Mr. Stanley Reed went to the Supreme Court.

Whatever his political future may be, Bob Jackson's past is secure. He has expressed candidly and articulately the ideology of the New Deal as most liberals have interpreted it. His formulated doctrine is no patchwork of incoherence. His great hero is Andrew Jackson, of whom he is spiritual but not physical kin. He believes deeply in the liberal tradition of American democracy, which is not rugged individualism.

On the anniversary of his hero's birthday he once pointedly asked:

"Shall we move while we can still control our direction, or shall we wait, as some European countries have waited, for events to push us around?"

The Public Service
Takes its Toll
of Human Dignity

A Matter of Character

By ALLAN ANGOFF

CONCANNON'S FRIENDS and their friends were running all over the city seeing people who might save his job. Frank Healy had been hanging around the Mayor's office for days trying to put the pressure on his friend Tim Logan, who was one of the Mayor's secretaries. Tim finally said he just couldn't mention Concannon to the Mayor any more, because Concannon didn't have a chance.

Up at the City Treasurer's office it was the same story. Jim Lewis, one of the big men in that department, didn't even try to reach the Mayor. "If Leo Concannon was my own old man," he said to those who begged him day after day to do something, "I wouldn't lift a finger for him. It wouldn't do any good. Concannon's as white as they come. But he's out of luck this time." As for the library trustees, who had the final say on Concannon, they were harder to reach than the politicians. Besides, everybody knew that poor Concannon would get nowhere even if they gave him a chance to defend himself. Things looked pretty bad.

Meanwhile the library crowd was enjoying the biggest thing that had happened there in years. Even old Fred Hawkins, the head of the Circulation Department, who

had been on the force fifty-three years and was retiring in two months, said he remembered nothing like it. There had been plenty of cases, but none as serious as this Concannon mess, because the public wasn't involved, and anybody could tell you that you were out of luck if you got too funny with the public. The big thing to remember and the words every youngster who entered the library service got drilled into his head were: "The public is always right." Concannon himself used to tell that to his own boys in the Periodical Room.

That was the funny part of it. Miss Emerson, head of the Children's Room, who had worked in the library for forty years, said, "Leo Concannon was the most courteous man in this building. I just don't understand." Down in the smoking room, before ten or fifteen boys who had sneaked off to get all the dirt, old Jerry Green was saying, "This beats everything. Why, Leo was afraid of that gang of bums who hang out in his Periodical Room. That's the only thing I ever had against Leo. He'd bow down to those blokes, he'd get them anything they wanted. I still can't figure out what happened to Leo this time."

Everybody in the library soon got to know most of the story, but only two or three of Leo's close friends knew the more intimate details. They were pretty sure he was through with the library forever.

Concannon had come to work that Tuesday morning at his usual time, nine-thirty. As head of the Periodical Department, he could come in late, sign nine, and get away with it. He found his boys, Morrie, Frank and Joe, working on the morning mail, pulling the old issues of magazines out of hard covers and putting the newly-arrived copies in. Morrie had looked up from his work and said, "Oh, good morning, Mr. Concannon, a feller by the name of Jesse Powers called up a little while ago,

just before you came in. Said he'd drop in to see you about eleven o'clock. Said you'd remember him."

"Jesse Powers?" asked Concannon. "Is he in town? Say, that's fine, Morrie. Did you tell him I'd be here all morning and all day? Good, that's the boy. I remember Jesse all right. Great guy. Wonder what he's doing?"

After that Concannon found it hard to keep his mouth shut. He kept interrupting the boys with stories about the time, fifteen years ago, he took a leave of absence and went to New York to try out a job, about how he had run into Jesse Powers and how he and Powers had roomed together.

"You know, fellers," said Concannon, standing in front of the three boys who were working at the big desk, "New York is a great town. Yes, sir, it's a grand city. And you can live there, too."

The boys had heard this before and didn't look as if they wanted to hear it again this morning. In other parts of the library, however, there was considerable respect for Concannon. About fifty years old, of medium height, always immaculately dressed in conservative clothes, with a distinguished-looking big bald head, he made the librarians in other departments who didn't see him often think he was quite a man. Girls from nearby schools and colleges especially liked Concannon. He didn't treat them as nuisances to be disposed of quickly and coldly. That was the way the boys in the Periodical Room handled them.

When asked about a book or a magazine article by one of the college girls, Concannon would smile sweetly, his big head and face would flush a little, then he would reach for the glasses in his lapel pocket somewhat ostentatiously, murmur a bit with his lips pressed tightly together while his face darkened a little. "Let me see, let

me see," he would muse. "I think I've got just the thing for you. About a year ago, in May, yes, in May, *Harper's* ran an article on that. Now there was another article, too. You know the English *Nation*, not the American one, entirely different, well, they had something even better. Now I'll tell you what we'll do first. . . ."

But in his own department Concannon was a big bore to his crew, made up of younger fellows eighteen or twenty years old, who didn't intend to spend the rest of their days in the library. They knew all about the boss's New York adventures. After fifteen years in the library he was offered a clerical job in New York in a theatrical producer's office. But Concannon didn't leap for the job and take the next train out of town. No, smart Concannon didn't quit; he monkeyed around the library for two more weeks, then at the right moment asked for a leave of absence for one year, on the grounds that he was sick and needed a long rest.

After four months the producer went broke and Concannon remained in New York because he knew there was a job waiting for him when the year was up. However, he was lucky enough to land another job after he was through with the producer, but he even quit that job when the year was up and hurried back to his library job. Since then he had always lectured the younger fellows in the building on the virtues of a steady job. "Now think it over," he said every time one of his boys quit. "I can still carry you. You've got a good job. Nothing to sneeze at, either. I know."

And Concannon handled his own job with great care. All customers, from the usual bums to the occasional professors, got the magazines they wanted in the shortest possible time. "Remember, Morrie," he used to say to his

favorite boy, "give them what they want. Don't argue. Be nice to all of them. I've seen some of these blokes for thirty years, but, after all, it's none of my business. You never can tell. These fellows can complain just like anybody else. And then where are you?"

But this morning the telephone call from Jesse Powers got him all excited. Smiling, looking at the ceiling, walking back and forth in front of the desk, he repeated the old, old tale about his days in New York. "Of course, it's a hardboiled city too. There's no telling where I'd be if I stayed. I was with John Randolph and Sons, a hell of a big firm, and I had an office job. Good money too, five bucks more per week than I was getting here, but I was afraid. Can you blame me? No pension there, no trustees, no security, no kick if they wanted to fire you. If they didn't want you, out you went. But I kind of liked working in New York and I thought it over plenty before I came back here.

"Of course, this Jesse Powers, the guy who's coming in, he worked with me in the same place and stayed on because he had no job to get back to like I did. He was from Chicago and said that was the last town he wanted to go back to. We used to share the same apartment, Jesse and I, and, boy, those were the best days of my life. We'd get out of the office at five, walk up Lexington Avenue, pick up some stuff to eat, chops, steak, things like that, get into our apartment on Sixty-second Street, just off Madison Avenue, get under the old shower, and then, oh boy! That was the life. We had a three-room apartment and we had some swell times there too. Parties — plenty of them. I could tell you fellows some stories."

Morrie interrupted Concannon to ask, "How much could such an apartment cost in New York? The very least."

Concannon hesitated a moment, apparently bewildered by the question. But he soon answered, "I forget what the devil the exact amount was, but you can take my word for it, it was plenty. After all, Madison Avenue! Well, we were just around the corner. When I talk to you fellows about Madison Avenue and Lexington Avenue and Sixty-second Street, it does something to me. I haven't been to New York for fifteen years now and those names sound good."

Concannon was more quiet now.

"What time did Jesse say he was coming in?" he asked. "Eleven o'clock? Pretty close now. Well, I'll be glad to see that guy. After all, it's been fifteen years. Yes, fifteen years. I wrote him two letters and he wrote me two when I got back to the library. Then I got married and we lost track of each other. The wife will think I'm crazy, but you know I'm thinking of spending two weeks of my vacation in New York this summer. I've had it on my mind for years."

A customer interrupted him by asking for the May *Atlantic Monthly*. After some searching through a big pile of magazines on the desk Morrie told the man it was in use. When the man protested that he had been after that number of the *Atlantic* for two days without success, Morrie repeated that he was sorry, but that somebody was using it. Grumbling incoherently, the man walked slowly away from the desk. After he was out of hearing distance, Morrie told his boss that the magazine was really being used and that he remembered giving it to a girl a little while after he got in at nine o'clock.

"That's all right," said Concannon somewhat recklessly and to the surprise of all the boys. "That punk doesn't know what he wants. He's just looking for trouble and for somebody to talk to. He's been doing it for

twenty years. The place is full of these bums. Anyway, as I was saying, take some time off and go down to New York. You'll love the old town. Spend a week there and just walk around the city, through Times Square at night, up to Central Park, over to Staten Island. Don't let the library get you. Get around."

One of the boys asked, "Mr. Concannon, was your place far from Times Square? I mean your apartment."

Concannon liked that question. He put his hands in his pockets. "Why, it was practically no time from our place. Could get down there by subway in five minutes and could walk it in fifteen minutes. Figure it out yourself. Sixty-two and Forty-two. Twenty blocks and you were in Times Square."

"You said East Sixty-second Street, Mr. Concannon," said another boy. "Isn't the East a sort of rundown section? Immigrants and pushcarts."

Concannon smiled tolerantly. "Say, that's a good one. You're thinking of the *lower* East Side, way down town. Oh now, my apartment was in the upper East Side. There's a big difference. You know who lives in the upper East Side? Some of the biggest people in the city. You know that Lamont, the big banker, a J. P. Morgan partner, he lives on the East Side. As a matter of fact, most of the big bankers live on the East Side."

"That's funny," said another boy. "All goes to show."

"Why sure," said Concannon. "You take in my building alone, where Jesse and I lived. All kinds of big shots. There were big advertising men, a big real estate guy named Jacobson, Rufus L. Bradley, a big politician and a swell guy — people like that. That's the East Side for you. I never saw a pushcart up there."

"Must of been quite a building. How many floors?" asked Morrie.

"Fourteen floors. That's small in New York. But we sure got the service. That's why we stayed there. We had a chance to get a place on the thirty-first floor of a building near there, but we figured we were getting the service. Why change?"

The boys asked Concannon what he meant by good service.

"Well, here's the idea," he said. "If I came home four in the morning — in New York you don't sleep — I press that elevator button and in no time the elevator is there and I'm in my apartment. Now take the shower. Hot and cold water all the time, twenty-four hours a day. And take the shower itself. Boy, I haven't seen a shower like that anywhere. One of those needlepoint things. When you got out of that you felt like something. Lots of things like that."

Getting a bit restless now, Concannon began pacing back and forth again. "I could spend hours telling you about New York. Why, do you fellows know how many visitors come to New York every day? Well, at a conservative estimate, it's one million. Every day."

Concannon paused here to permit his boys to grasp the full significance of his last statement. But he suddenly added, "By the way, I'll probably be going out to lunch with Jesse. If anybody calls, tell them I'll be back late."

As HIS EYES WANDERED toward the windows, a heavy, rather short man with thick black hair came through the doorway and walked quickly toward Concannon and the boys. He looked very sternly out of his tortoise shell glasses as he faced Concannon.

"Could you tell me where I can find Leo Concannon?" he asked rather loudly.

"Mr. Concannon just fell off the roof," answered Con-

cannon just as seriously. "He'll be out for two days. It was quite a fall. Are you a friend of his?" Then breaking into a big smile, Concannon stretched out his hand. "Jesse Powers," he almost shouted. "There isn't a man in the world I'd rather see. How are you, Jesse?"

After Jesse was introduced to the boys, Concannon and Powers moved off to a side of the room.

"How about lunch in a little while?" asked Concannon.

"I'd love to, but I've got to be leaving soon. The next time I'm in town we'll have plenty of time for each other. I'm flying back, you know, and I'll have to grab a cab outside of the building to get over to the airport in time. But how are things, Leo? You're looking fine."

"Everything is okay, Jesse. Swell. Gee, I'm sorry you can't stay longer, but, of course, if you have to, you have to. Must be pretty nice taking the plane back. You've come up in the world, Jesse. What are you doing?"

"This is going to surprise you, Leo. I'm still with the old outfit. John Randolph and Sons. And here's something else. Old man Benson died three years ago and I've had his job ever since."

"General Manager!" exclaimed Concannon. "What have you got on that! Congratulations, Jesse." And he shook hands with him again.

They talked about the old office for a while, about what happened to this man and that girl, about who had quit and who had died. Concannon was extremely interested, but his friend seemed to be getting a little tired. When they had finished with the office they found it hard to get started again. Finally, Powers found something else.

"Bet you're married, Leo," he said slyly.

"Yup, you guessed. Got two boys too. Got married a little while after I got back here. Married one of the li-

brary girls. What the hell. Most of the men here marry library girls. How about yourself, Jesse? You married?"

"Well, sort of."

"What do you mean, 'sort of'?"

"Well, Leo, I've been living in sin for two years. But I'll probably get married one of these days. We're getting along so well that, you know, I hate to make it legal."

"Now listen, Jesse, you just listen to a married man. Do it right. That's no way for you to live."

Powers laughed. "Well, look what's happened to Leo Concannon. Don't forget that apartment we had, Leo. You don't happen to remember a certain girl named Helen? And it seems to me that she lived in your room for three months. And you liked the idea. You've changed, Leo."

Concannon blushed a little, proudly. "I wonder how Helen is," he said slowly. "Do you ever see her?"

"See her every day practically. She's married. Great girl. I could never figure out why you never took her back with you and married her. She was nuts about you. She practically begged you to take her back. But that's water under the bridge."

"So she's married," said Leo. "I don't know what happened to me that time. To tell you the truth, Jesse, and this is between us only, I still think about her."

"That's what I figured, Leo. Well, we all make mistakes."

"Not mistakes like that. You know, Jesse, I thought I'd never get married, but I was hitched less than a year after I got back to the library. And to a library girl at that. After the way I used to rave against the library. But you ought to meet my wife sometime, Jesse. You'd like her. Of course, I took her right out of this place after we were married. She wanted to keep on working, but

none of that stuff for me. She's home where every wife belongs. But tell me this, Jesse, do you get the same dough old man Benson used to get?"

"Ten bucks more per week. If you don't mind my saying so, Leo, you would have been sitting pretty in New York today if you hadn't been in such a hurry to get back to this library. Still, you've got a nice job here."

"Nice nothing," grumbled Concannon.

"Now, now, Leo, cheer up. It's all the same in the end. Say, I'll have to be shooting along. I don't want to take any trains, I want to make that plane."

Leo asked him to stay, make a day out of it and come out to his house for dinner. But Powers said it was impossible and started to leave. Leo walked to the front door of the library with him and shook his hand warmly.

"Jesse, I'll be in New York for three weeks this summer. I'll write you. Don't forget to answer. And say, Jesse, tell Helen I was asking for her and that I'll be in New York soon. So long, old boy."

CONCANNON WALKED SLOWLY back to the Periodical Room. When he got to the door he saw Morrie talking to the man who had asked for the May *Atlantic Monthly* earlier in the morning. They were arguing. Morrie was saying he was very sorry about the magazine still being in use and the man was asking how long he was expected to wait for a magazine. Morrie was having a hard time getting rid of the fellow and was glad to turn him over to his boss. "Here's the head of the department," he said. "Maybe he can help you." The man turned to Concannon.

"How long am I supposed to wait for a magazine?" he asked angrily. "I've been after the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for two days."

Concannon looked at him contemptuously. "You heard what the young man said," he told him sharply. "The magazine's in use. You'll have to wait."

"Well, I don't see why you don't take it away from whoever has got it. They've had it long enough. It seems to me that I'm entitled to some consideration."

"We can't take it away from the person using it," said Concannon, becoming more impatient. "You'll just have to wait until he's through with it." Concannon's voice was louder.

"You can't talk to me like that," said the man. "Whether you have the magazine or not, you could be a little more courteous. If you people didn't talk so much at the desk here, telling dirty stories, and paid more attention to the people who use the library we'd have a better institution."

Concannon looked at him carefully. He began speaking slowly. "About the best thing you can do, mister, is to get out of this room in a hurry. We've had enough trouble from you today." He was speaking louder and more quickly now. "Now go on," he shouted. "I've seen your face around this room for thirty years and I'm sick of it. Get out of here before I call one of the guards to carry you out."

The boys at the desk, surprised and somehow enjoying it, were silent. The people at the other tables looked up and listened to every word of the argument. Before Concannon and his adversary could continue, an elderly man in a long, old black coat, got up and went toward Concannon. "You can't talk to a taxpayer like this," he said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You'll hear more of this. I'm going to report this to the Mayor if necessary."

"Who sent for you?" asked Concannon, seemingly un-

perturbed. "What I said to this man goes for you, too. Get out of here, both of you, or I'll throw you out. If I hear any more of this taypayer stuff from you or anybody else in this room, I'll keep every one of you out of here. This room isn't a convalescent home, it's for scholars, and the whole bunch of you in here are a bunch of loafers." He then looked at the big clock on the wall. "I'm going to lunch now," he said softly, turning to the three boys at the desk.

Concannon took less time for lunch than ordinarily. He came walking into the room quickly, looking disturbed. Before he could get to the boys at the desk an old lady stopped him and said, "I wonder if you could help me? I've been waiting for the latest *Railway Age* for more than an hour. The young man at the desk couldn't find it."

"Why certainly, madame," said Concannon. "You just sit down and I'll get you our reserve copy if necessary. I'm terribly sorry you've had to wait so long."

"Thank you very much," she answered. "You're very kind."

"That's perfectly all right," said Concannon. "That's what I'm here for, to help you. I'll have that for you very soon."

He walked to the desk. "Morrie," he said quietly, "give the lady over there the reserve copy of the *Railway Age*, the latest we have. And say, Morrie, has everything been okay while I was out to lunch? But get the magazine first."

When he returned, Morrie looked at his boss sympathetically. "There was a call from the director's office a few minutes ago. Brewster wants to see you as soon as you come in. Brewster himself phoned and said for you to go right up to his office."

Concannon pressed his lips together tightly. He didn't hurry upstairs as he usually did when the office called for him. He looked at Morrie carefully. "Morrie," he began quietly, "you've been working for me three and a half years now, haven't you? Did you ever hear of a single complaint about service in here? Did you ever see me turn anybody away before helping them in some way? You remember how many times I've worked here for hours looking through magazines, calling up all kinds of places, running all over the building and even going into the stacks myself after stuff which nobody else could find. Well, Morrie, you know that this morning we tried to help that guy who wanted the *Atlantic*. We did everything we could for him. And who got fresh about it? Did we? Of course not. It was that guy and you know it. Well, Morrie, I want you to remember all this. I don't know what Brewster wants me for, but it may be that guy complained, and if he did I'm going to tell Brewster to ask you about it. You were here. I'm not afraid. I'm going up there now. If anybody wants anything, anything at all, give it to them. Give them reserve copies, give them bindery copies, give them any copy you can lay your hands on."

UPSTAIRS IN THE ANTEROOM of the director's office, Concannon was greeted by the executive secretary, the fifty year-old Miss Bradford, with, "Oh here you are, Mr. Concannon. Mr. Brewster is waiting for you. I'll go in and tell him you're here."

In a moment Concannon was in the large, richly furnished, thickly carpeted office, facing not only Mr. Brewster, but the two men he had shouted at earlier in the day. Mr. Brewster, seated behind a large old desk, began immediately. "Sit down, Mr. Concannon. Mr.

Concannon, these two gentlemen have been here for almost an hour now telling me that you shouted at them, in fact, insulted them in the Periodical Room this morning. That's why I asked you to hurry up here. I wanted to hear what you had to say."

"I'm very sorry about what happened this morning, Mr. Brewster," Concannon said nervously. "I was a little hasty, I'm afraid, and really, I want to apologize right now to these two gentlemen." Concannon turned to the two men, while speaking. "I'm terribly sorry, terribly sorry," he said. "It was one of those accidents. It never happened before and I'm sure it won't happen again. I hope you gentlemen understand. It was one of those things, one of those terrible accidents. I'm very sorry." He now turned back to Mr. Brewster, flushed and helpless-looking.

"I don't suppose there's any sense in going over the entire incident again, then," said Mr. Brewster, turning to the two gentlemen. "I'm glad that Mr. Concannon apologized. I want to apologize myself. I also want to thank both of you for losing no time in coming up here. Rare as incidents like this are, I appreciate hearing of them whenever they occur. Excellent as I believe our service to be, your thoughtfulness in coming up here gives me an opportunity to improve it still further. I hope that the incident is closed as far as you two gentlemen are concerned," said Mr. Brewster, rising from his desk as he noticed the two men rising also, "but you may rest assured that I will have a long talk with Mr. Concannon about it. I will review the entire matter with him and I will personally see to it that neither of you or any other library patron has any difficulty in the Periodical Room hereafter. By all means come right up here to this office if you have any trouble whatever in the future." Mr.

Brewster extended his hand to the two men. As he went to the door with them they mumbled their thanks and looked very happy. Mr. Concannon remained seated all through the parting ceremonies.

Mr. Brewster walked slowly back to his desk, looking at the floor all the time. He was a conservatively-dressed, tall man of sixty or so. His thick grey hair was parted in the middle, his eyes were small and he wore pince-nez glasses. He had the ease and deliberate manner of an old librarian of the upper strata, a librarian, that is, who had long ago outgrown shelf numbers, classification schemes, catalogue cards and cross references. Personnel problems, appropriations, annual budgets, circulation figures, library repairs and trustees' meetings made up the world he now lived in as a director. He sat down and addressed Concannon deliberately.

"To say that I am astounded," he said, "would be to put it mildly, Mr. Concannon. In all my eighteen years as director of this library I have never had to face a problem as painful as the one you have created. Insolence to a public library patron, indeed to the patron of any library, is actually a crime in the librarian's code. Now I know that sounds harsh, Mr. Concannon, but don't you see how the whole library structure, not only here, but everywhere, don't you see how the library depreciates sharply in value as an institution of public service if the patron, the public, is not at all times treated with the utmost courtesy and respect? The librarian is not merely a jobholder, Mr. Concannon. He is not merely the practitioner of a great and ancient profession. He is, Mr. Concannon, especially in a library such as ours, a public servant, and his one thought at all times should be to serve the public well and faithfully under the most trying circumstances."

Mr. Brewster leaned back in his chair and continued in a somewhat intimate manner. "Many years ago, Mr. Concannon," he said almost kindly, "when I was a youngster in library work, I had to pay a visit to Princeton University library. Accompanying me on this trip was the late Dr. Edward P. Judson, a man whom I still regard as the greatest librarian this nation has ever produced. It was he who introduced me there in Princeton to one of the great men of this country. That man, a rather elderly man, was sitting on the porch of his home, and Dr. Judson and I conversed with him for some time on library matters. That elderly man was amazed to hear from us how great were the responsibilities of a librarian. That man, Mr. Concannon, was former President Grover Cleveland.

"Now I have a special reason for bringing up Grover Cleveland's name, Mr. Concannon. He is the President who said, 'Public office is a public trust.' He did not mean only Presidents, Governors, Senators, District Attorneys, Mr. Concannon. He also meant librarians. He meant you and me."

MR. BREWSTER PAUSED AGAIN and did not indicate that he was ready to listen to Concannon yet. "Now about this morning's incident. A gentleman asked for a magazine which was in use. After repeated unsuccessful efforts, he approached you and you shouted at him to leave the room. To another gentleman who protested against this treatment you also shouted. Finally you turned on every reader in the Periodical Room, calling them bums. But worse than that, Mr. Concannon, you spoke so loudly to a friend of yours that the gentleman who complained couldn't help overhearing you. This gentleman told me he heard about your leave of absence

and about your working in New York. But — I regret that I have to bring this up — he also told me that you spoke in a loud tone about a former mistress of yours, about somebody named Helen, to be precise. Now is there any truth in this, Mr. Concannon?"

Concannon replied dryly, "I'm sorry about everything, Mr. Brewster. I'm sorry I spoke so loud. I don't know what happened to me."

"Now, Mr. Concannon," said the director, who now seemed to be a little irritated, "at first glance it may appear that I am becoming unduly personal. But in a larger sense my interest in what you said this morning is a library matter. As director of this institution I must look for more than competence and efficient librarianship in my heads of departments. Mr. Concannon, I must ask for strength of character in my men. After all, there are young people working in your department. There are young ladies working in the building here. They look up to you, they respect you. After what happened this morning, well, frankly, I have become a bit concerned."

Mr. Brewster then went on to say that he had stretched a point fifteen years ago when he granted Concannon's request for a leave of absence. Mr. Brewster added that he had had many doubts then and that after hearing about this mistress his doubts had been confirmed. "Unless, Mr. Concannon, there is no truth in this story. Was that gentleman who overheard you mistaken?"

"Well," said Concannon slowly, "this lady wasn't really a mistress. She was a close friend and we had hoped to get married."

"Yes, but you lived with her in your apartment, I was informed."

"That's true, but, I guess, well, it was one of those

things we can't explain. She was only with me three months."

"Three months, three months," repeated Brewster slowly. "Incredible. I suppose she was one of those fluffy, young things."

"She was twenty-three at the time," said Concannon very slowly. Brewster was listening intently, and Concannon apparently thought it would be more comfortable to continue. "She was an actress who was just getting started on the stage. When the producer I worked for went bankrupt she lost her job. During the time she lived with me she was penniless. I was the only friend she had."

"An actress," repeated Brewster. "She probably danced too. Probably one of these slim, one of these sinuous creatures, as the phrase goes."

"No," said Concannon soberly, "she didn't dance on the stage at all. She was a well-built girl. Almost my height."

"There's probably no need in my remarking that she had blonde hair also, is there? Her profession probably demanded that she have that shade of hair."

"She had brown, almost black, hair."

"Well, be that as it may," said Brewster, feigning a little weariness. "But did you have a genuine feeling of love for this woman?" he continued.

"Yes. In fact, I've never forgotten her."

"That's peculiar," said Mr. Brewster. "Then why didn't you marry her?"

"I don't know. It was a terrible mistake on my part. When I heard this morning that she was married it upset me. I think that had a lot to do with my behavior in the Periodical Room this morning."

"Why should that upset you and make you insult peo-

ple. I don't understand your reasoning. Be logical. Was this the only girl you carried on with in New York?"

"The only one."

"What about these parties you told your boys about?"

"They were just little gatherings among a few friends."

Mr. Brewster did not speak immediately. He looked toward the door, he shifted his gaze toward a book on a small table in another part of the room, he fitted his back squarely against his chair, coughed weakly and finally turned to Concannon. "When I appointed you head of the Periodical Department I had some misgivings about you. I had some doubts about your stability, about your presence of mind in critical situations. After all, a department head is not just another staff member."

Now Mr. Brewster lowered his voice. "Mr. Concannon, I've been to New York on only three occasions during the past twenty years. On none of these occasions have I come to look for adventure. I came only because of library matters, such as a convention of the American Library Association."

Then he suggested Concannon might have made a mistake when he returned to the library. Concannon's leave of absence, his illicit relationship with an actress, his inability to forget New York, all of these indicated something very serious.

"Our profession," announced the director, "rarely attracts men of that type."

After a long pause, Mr. Brewster said he would have to suspend Concannon for at least three weeks. He would speak to the trustees about final action.

Concannon asked the director to be more lenient. He spoke of his wife, of his two children, of his thirty years of library service. He said he was getting on in years and that he could not hope to find another position if the

trustees discharged him. He pointed out that the New York matter happened fifteen years ago. "I promise to resign if there are any complaints about me again."

Brewster rubbed his chin with the fingers of his right hand. He had listened carefully to Concannon's pleas and appeared to be moved by them. "I have no other choice," he said. "I wish I had. If it weren't for one factor I might try to take care of the matter myself without consulting the trustees. But that factor is important. I refer to your mistress in New York."

Concannon could barely speak now. He got up to leave. He said, "I'll appreciate anything you can do to help."

The director got up from his chair. "I'll do what I can," he said, "but it will be difficult." As Concannon thanked him and started for the door, Brewster asked, "How old are you, Mr. Concannon?"

"Fifty-one," he said hopefully.

"Well, let's hope for the best. But, really, I'm ashamed of you."

Red Herrings Across the
Path of Civil Liberties

Bogus Friends of Freedom

By FRANK N. TRAGER

When Walter Lippmann wrote *A Preface to Morals*, his diagnosis — just before the October crash of 1929 — was not wrong: the corroding acids of modernity had eaten away the faith of our fathers. Modern man had ceased to believe, but he had not ceased to be credulous. "It is no wonder that his impulse is to turn back from his freedom and to find someone who says he knows the truth and can tell him what to do." And so new dogmatists won power, replaced searching inquiry and critical judgment with their own certainties. Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin: it is not accidental that these individual men, leaders of today, created followings, created norms out of their names.

The impatient ones of today, the yea-sayers as Nietzsche might call them, embraced one or another of these all-consuming certainties. The followers of one totality regarded the others with the hate born of competing similarities. They asserted that Stalinism and its national embodiment in Russia would become (in contrast to its alleged antithesis, Hitlerism-Mussolinism) the home of human values. There, in Stalinland, men would congregate, forever free from the burdens of property and war. A higher democracy, a greater liberty, a real

fraternity and equality would be the signs of *this* totality when once it could slough off the temporary expedient of dictatorship.

They continued to ask a series of rhetorical questions: Did not Nazi-Fascist society torture the free man until he was no longer either free or a man? Were not the means employed in Hitler's Hell characteristic of an everlasting Inferno? What if there appeared occasional and superficial identities in means employed in Germany and in Russia? Was not Stalin's Russia on the road from Purgatory to Paradise? "Down with Fascism," they cried. "For Peace and Democracy." Many, not seeking the verifiable meaning behind the sound, cried with them. And many, in advocating the values of Peace and Democracy, were content to disregard the nature of their sponsors. They were content to accept on faith in today's slogans the alleged good works of Stalin's past, present, and future.

At this point a new conflict appeared on the horizon. Stalinist totalitarians defended the "historical necessity" of starving peasants for the good of forced collectivization; upheld the regimentation of art, science, and letters in order to give birth to an ever-receding free culture; applauded incredible frame-up trials to preserve justice; supported the sale of military supplies to the other totalitarian countries in order to build a free "socialist" economy. These Stalinist totalitarians were joined by fellow-travelers who were willing to ignore the violent means which were supposed to lead to such noble ends!

The opponents of all forms of totalitarianism, the supporters of true democracy in means and ends began to give battle with increasing vigor at the very time that Stalinists and their camp-followers were parading under the mantle of "Peace and Democracy." Singly and then in groups they spoke out:

> The tide of totalitarianism is rising through the world. It is washing away cultural and creative freedom along with all other expressions of independent human reason. Never before in modern times has the integrity of the writer, the artist, the scientist and the scholar been threatened so seriously.
>
> Under varying labels and colors, but with an unvarying hatred for the free mind, the totalitarian idea is already enthroned in Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, and Spain. There intellectual and creative independence is suppressed and punished as a form of treason. Art, science and education — all have been forcibly turned into lackeys for a supreme state, a deified leader and an official pseudo-philosophy. . . .
>
> Through subsidized propaganda, through energetic agents, through political pressure, the totalitarian states succeed in infecting other countries with their false doctrines, in intimidating independent artists and scholars, and in spreading panic among the intellectuals. Already many of those who would be crippled or destroyed by totalitarianism are themselves yielding to panic. In fear or despair they hasten to exalt one brand of intellectual servitude over another; to make fine distinctions between various methods of humiliating the human spirit and outlawing intellectual integrity. Many of them have already declared a moratorium on reason and creative freedom. Instead of resisting and denouncing all attempts to straitjacket the human mind, they glorify, under deceptive slogans and names, the color or the cut of one straitjacket rather than another.
>
> These are immediate and pervasive realities. Unless totalitarianism is combated wherever and in whatever form it manifests itself, it will spread in America. The circumstance that free culture, persecuted and proscribed in vast areas of Europe and Asia, seeks a refuge in America raises these responsibilities to the plane of pressing moral duty. (Manifesto, Committee for Cultural Freedom, May, 1939.)

This "plane of pressing moral duty" was immediately attacked. The organs of the Communist Party and its not too innocent affiliates sprang to the defense of the Stalin strait jacket. Associated with it were the *soi-disant* liberals of the *New Republic* and the *Nation* who called for

double-bookkeeping and urged the claims of complaisant silence upon those who would speak out against the betrayal, Russian version, of the free man.

It may be worthwhile to examine the editorial pronouncement of the *Nation* as a typical incident. In the May 27, 1939 issue, its editor maintained that "the only distinction, and therefore the only important feature of the present manifesto [of the Committee for Cultural Freedom] is its emphasis on Russian totalitarianism." But the editor went on to say that to advocate a policy of "clearest differentiation" is a "counsel of disruption" among liberal and left forces. She called for "an era of good will and decency" in order to create unity and hope and strengthening of the organs of democracy. This "is not to be accomplished by insisting upon differences and crystallizing them in manifestos and committees." However, by October 14, 1939, after the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the same editor of the same *Nation* rejected her Springtime companions! Surely those who had earlier asked for dispassionate rejection of *all* totalitarians have every right to expect more critical judgment from liberals and democrats, have every right to hold that the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact was not the only act by which judgment was to be reached. It was merely an incident in a long chain of abuses. The chain had too many links prior to September, 1939; it merited decisive consideration long ago!

No longer can the *Nation* and *New Republic* editorially defend their double-bookkeeping. Pro-Stalinists in their pages, Malcolm Cowley, George Soule, Heywood Broun, Maxwell Stewart, I. F. Stone, Louis Fischer and others, either retire into wretched silence or abruptly turn somersaults. The *New Masses* loses Granville Hicks and Kyle Crichton (Robert Forsythe) who publicly defended the

Stalin treachery until the eleventh hour. Stooge organizations such as the League for Peace and Democracy, led by Reverend Mr. Harris and Dr. Harry Ward, applaud the Nazi-Soviet embrace and are still supported in the "liberal" pages of the *New Republic*. *The Week* — a mimeographed dopester sheet — edited by Claud Cockburn and distributed *via* the Stalinist-controlled American Committee for Anti-Nazi Literature, continues its miserable rationalization of the Soviet "Peace" policy, the while the vaunted Red Army takes over from the Nazis the assignment of "mopping-up," *i. e.*, the war against the workers who defended Polish Warsaw and Lwow.

In this awful atmosphere, ideals of peace and plenty, of freedom of belief, inquiry and expression fight a desperate battle merely to exist. At this time no special leniency may be granted to anyone whatever his claim or his station. By their deeds men are known and judged. Let me illustrate. Recently a liberal professor wrote a book — an important book. It is called *It Is Later Than You Think*. It is subtitled, "The Need for a Militant Democracy." Now its author, Professor Max Lerner, regards himself and is righly regarded as a thinking man. Professor Lerner finished his book long before Stalin's latest performance but not before Stalin's other performances. Lerner had already castigated the Fascist threat to human life and value, but he chose to overlook the enthronement of dogma versus free inquiry in Stalinland; he chose to ignore the enforced surrender of the free creative artist to Stalin's anesthetics — he could write:

> . . . the current tendency to identify the Soviet system with the fascist regimes is unfair. What they have in common is a formal similarity in the party as the steel frame of political

> society. What they have in common also is the suppression of opposition thought. But here the similarity ends. The driving need for suppression in the case of the fascist regimes is the economic tyranny of the ruling group over the subject majority. The failure to distribute the increases in national income to the workers and the restrictions imposed even on the middle class and a large part of business, produce the real danger of a challenge to the ruling group. From this fact, and from the integral need of the regime for imperialistic expansion and hence for military power, arises the need for totalitarianism.
>
> In the Soviet Union the case is different. A socialist economy has been established. The business group and the middle class no longer exist as appreciable forces. The state is a workers' state, and the increases in national income go in overwhelming measure to swell the workers' standard of living. The suppression of opposition flows partly from the challenge to the dominant party leadership by other groups in the revolutionary tradition who are in the party and the government only because there is no room provided for them outside. It flows also from the fear of external invasion — a very real fear, given fascist imperialism — and from the activity of fascist spies. But all this is magnified by the desire of the party bureaucracy to perpetuate its power.

Note the ease with which Professor Lerner overlooks the "suppression of thought," the "suppression of opposition." Note the facile assumption of "a socialist economy," "a workers' state." Blind, if not ignorant is Professor Lerner. A Socialist economy and a workers' state are incompatible with a party state, a party-bureaucracy state, a one man state! And up until August, 1939, when he affixed his signature to an Open Letter of 400, initiated by those Stalinist stalwarts, Corliss Lamont, Mary Van Kleeck, Donald Ogden Stewart, *et al.*, he had not yet thought sufficiently of the real meaning of "militant democracy," his avowed goal — a goal of democratic collectivism which I also support — to analyze the full meaning of the totalitarian suppression of a free man's culture!

Professor Lerner has just published another book: *Ideas Are Weapons*. The opening essay, written after the Nazi-Soviet Pact, gives evidence of the "shock" which he suffered. Good that he now suffers a "shock." But is it enough? He still believes that in the rapprochement between Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union the latter has "preferred to suspend its doctrines." The clear implication remains that he is unwilling to condemn the doctrine as such and would probably support the Soviet Union once again if it lifted its "suspension!" Is it too much to ask of Professor Lerner that he reconsider the doctrine; that he come to grips with the fatal character of Stalin's totalitarianism once and for all time; that he determine the precise nature of the insoluble opposition between "militant democracy" and all forms of totalitarianism, Stalin's included?

YET ANOTHER EXAMPLE and my case concludes: Vincent Sheean and the *New Republic*. Vincent Sheean is an extremely able writer. Two of his books, *Personal History* and *Not Peace But A Sword*, have made their marks. He, too, has been a stalwart defender of Stalin's totalitarian faith. As late as September 18, 1939 in the *New Masses* he defended the "Party-line" and the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Then suddenly in the *New Republic* of November 8 and 15 he "breaks." Everyone interested in the cause of human values, of the free man fighting against the onrushing forces of repression, should read these articles. He admits the slow, poisonous growth "of power unrestrained and irresponsible, concentrated more and more into the hands of a single man." He admits, at long last, that the achievements of the Stalinist regime during the past decade have been bought at the cost of millions of lives, and the loss to the workers of "every liberty hitherto

known to man. . . . Their compensations . . . are of a purely fascist nature." He admits that "the human and economic waste has been colossal . . . and the enslavement of the proletariat and peasantry . . . is without parallel in the records of mankind." He admits that these things are so; have been so for many years, *but this is the first time he has been willing to speak out.*

Until September 18, 1939, Vincent Sheean castigated every liberal, progressive, and socialist who fought bitterly the Stalinist perversion of workers' democracy; but two months later he speaks out. It is good but not good enough! What ethical norm, what ideal can be served which allows a decade or more of support to its own prostitution? What values of the Free Man can be cherished which suffer continual degradation?

A postscript to Vincent Sheean is in order: The *New Republic* editorializes on his two articles. Its authors, with unspeakable hypocrisy, with feigned Olympian detachment, remark: "We sense what seems to us a certain lack of realism in his point of view, which is shared by many . . ."

I trust it has been useful to cite Freda Kirchwey of the *Nation*, Professor Lerner, and Vincent Sheean. For they, and many others, suffered from a great delusion these many years.

For delusion it is. The values of a free society, a free culture are indivisible. Attacked anywhere, they suffer everywhere. We who believe in and partly enjoy a free culture must proceed at once to the counter-attack lest we, too, and our whole society perish. Men cannot live without bread nor yet by bread alone. They live to find freedom and expression *together* with other men.

Anatomy of a Conversation-
alist Turned Novelist

Sinclair Lewis: The Symbol of An Era

By THOMAS D. HORTON

THE TWENTIES, IN RETROSPECT, seem to us now almost mythical. The period may with justice be called the Dizzy Twenties. No truly satisfactory explanation for it has yet been offered, except the very obvious and profound one that a country, like an individual, goes insane every so often, and that there is nothing to be done about this insanity but to wait till it peters out. All sorts of quackeries were in the air. Everybody seemed to believe that continuous intoxication was a state of bliss, that cohabitation with a large variety of the opposite sex was the sure road to the solution of all the problems of the world, that capitalism was the guardian angel of the heavy laden and sore beset, that the works of Anita Loos, Thornton Wilder, Will Durant, and Walter Lippmann were the real American literature and philosophy, that it was much smarter to laugh at the antics of primitive Baptists and Methodists than to read Thorstein Veblen and Herman Melville, and that the height of good taste was to take your mistress to dinner with your wife.

The country was in a welter of fraud surrounded by tinsel, with three little men in the White House, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, setting the pace of what future historians will probably consider as the first great Amer-

ican bacchanalia. So deep was the stupor engendered that when the entire economic structure of the nation collapsed in 1929 for all to see, our best minds, including the President of the United States and his Secretary of the Treasury, rushed to deny it. Soon there were bread-lines everywhere, and we were heading straight for the abyss of economic despair.

The novelist who was in closest touch with the period as a whole as well as with its chief psychological trends was Sinclair Lewis. He is still the most timely of our fiction writers, and is thus entitled to the rank of our premier imaginative sociologist. His first major book, *Main Street* — it was actually his seventh — was published in 1920, the year of President Harding's election, and the first year of the bacchanalia of the Twenties. The country was in a state of suspense. It was somewhat sick of the Wilsonian idealism and eager to forget the rigors of the war years, but it was not quite sure what change and what form of relief it wanted. In other words, it was for a while in a state of critical self-consciousness, ready to be scolded. Sinclair Lewis scolded it as it had probably never been scolded before in *Main Street*, a long philippic against the dullness of small town life, in terms of the disappointments suffered by a cultivated woman, Carol Kennicott, who had married a virtuous and unimaginative physician of Gopher Prairie.

Two years later Mr. Lewis published *Babbitt*, doing the same thing to the big town that he had done to the small town in *Main Street*, this time using as his chief character a boisterous, nervous, bewildered, unhappy business man. The American people were already in the midst of their bacchanalia, and they read *Babbitt* in the hundreds of thousands, not so much for the pleasure of being scolded, as they had read *Main Street*, but for the pleasure

of laughing at themselves. People in a pleasant daze, especially if there is money in their pockets, always like to look at themselves in a mirror.

In *Arrowsmith*, which appeared in 1927, Mr. Lewis found fraud where the general public had least expected it, in the scientific foundations, and by picturing the initial integrity, later despondency, partial triumph, defeat, and escape of Dr. Martin Arrowsmith of the McGurk Institute, he brought before universal attention the Babbittry that goes on in American scientific laboratories. Mr. Lewis did a similar thing for the clergy in *Elmer Gantry* and for the petty adulterous American woman with her helpless husband in *Dodsworth.* In his next two books, Mr. Lewis somehow lost his grip upon the passing scene and seemed to forget his previous championship of the free spirit. In *Ann Vickers* he attempted to portray the horrors of our prisons through the eyes of an unhappy, earnest, and somewhat comical social worker, and in *Work of Art* he turned traitor to the ideas in *Main Street*, *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith*, by arguing that an efficient small town hotelkeeper is better in the eyes of God than an indifferent poet, however noble his impulses. But in *It Can't Happen Here*, he again hit the stride of his earlier days, writing the timeliest of all his volumes, an imaginary portrayal of Fascism in the United States.

Before discussing these major works it is profitable to examine very hurriedly Mr. Lewis's books before *Main Street*, for in them are to be found most of the virtues and defects of the books that came afterward: a tenderness for the sensitive failures of the middle class, a fine ear for the speech of their economic and political overlords, an inability to get within a character based upon a failure to differentiate between describing a character's actions

and hinting at the personality behind those actions, a tendency to unwarranted and ill-timed sentimentalism, a liking for sophomoric profundities and humor, and an astonishing sloppiness in sheer writing.

Our Mr. Wrenn, published in 1914, is a thin, sentimental story of a clerk who marries his Nell, and sets up house with her in the Bronx, New York, where he tries to eke out a bit of romance on a salary of $32.50 a week. At the very end of the book he runs out to buy "seven cents' worth of potato salad" to complete their supper. All that can be said, and the most that Mr. Lewis himself has said about it since he established himself, is that he feels tenderly toward Mr. Wrenn.

The Trail of the Hawk, which came out in 1915, is an even more sentimental story of Carl, who is all heated up about aviation, who travels all over the country, has an affair with Istra Nash, marries Ruth, breaks with her for no good reason, makes up with her, and as a sort of present takes her on a trip to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. The book is very rapidly put together, and full of false writing and superficial thinking. On the boat Carl says: "How bully it is to be living, if you don't have to give up living in order to make a living."

The Job (1917) is dedicated to "My Wife Who Has Made 'The Job' possible and life itself beautifully improbable." The story proper of *The Job* is that of Una Golden, a Middle Western girl who comes to New York to work in an editorial office, falls in love with one of the editors, Walter Babson, is deserted by him, marries the pre-Babbitt Ed Schwirtz, is violated by him physically and spiritually, and at the end accidentally meets Walter Babson again, who, it turns out, has loved her right along. The book as a whole was a considerable advance in Mr. Lewis's development. He began to show in it his

fine eye for external characteristics, his scrupulousness for clarity of plot structure, and his sharp ear for middle class speech. But it also continued to show his faults. The very opening of the volume, a description of Captain Lew Gordon, foreshadows the Lewis of *Babbitt:*

"He carried a quite visible mustache-comb and wore a collar, but no tie. On warm days he appeared on the street in his shirtsleeves, and discussed the comparative temperature of the past thirty years with Doctor Smith and the Mansion House bus driver. He never used the word 'beauty' except in reference to a setter dog — beauty of words or music, of faith or rebellion, did not exist for him. He rather fancied large, ambitious, banal, red-and-gold sunsets, but he merely glanced at them as he straggled home, and remarked that they were 'nice.' He believed that all Parisians, artists, millionaires, and Socialists were immoral. His entire system of theology was comprised in the Bible, which he never read, and the Methodist Church, which he rarely attended; and he desired no system of economics beyond the current platform of the Republican party. He was aimlessly industrious, crotchety but kind, and almost quixotically honest. He believed that Panama, Pennsylvania, was good enough for anybody."

This is a pretty good picture of the outside of a man, and had Mr. Lewis kept up this pace he might have achieved a book almost as large in scenery and pointed in sociological comment as *Babbitt*. But the world Una Gordon moves in is a restricted one, never leaving the circumference of personal interests. She is an ordinary girl little better than ordinarily treated. Even when she comes in contact with Walter Babson, the heartbroken would-be writer, and gives the author a chance to let loose with his powers of characterization, she continues

to remain shadowy. Then there is the sloppy writing, and callow humor. Una, we are told at the beginning, "could go off and study music, law, medicine, elocution, or any of that amazing hodge-podge of pursuits which are permitted to small-town women." A bit later she meets "the fateful Henry Carson [who does not turn out to be fateful at all, because she never meets him again]. The village sun was unusually blank and hard on Henry's bald spot today. *Heavens!* she cried to herself, in almost hysterical protest, would she have to marry Henry?" A few pages further on Una surprises her mother by bursting into tears just "when they were vivisecting the weather after dinner." Walter Babson, Una's chief and only real beau, was not merely an amiable good-for-nothing, tormented by unfulfilled ambitions; he "was extravagant financially as he was mentally, but he had many debts, some conscience, and a smallness of salary." A cub newspaper reporter writing this sort of English would be severely reprimanded by his city editor.

The Innocents, published in the same year as *The Job*, was apparently meant to be a pot-boiler. It is sub-titled "A Story For Lovers." Page one begins thus:

"Mr. and Mrs. Seth Appleby were almost old. They called each other 'Father' and 'Mother.' But frequently they were guilty of holding hands, or of cuddling together in corners, and Father was a person of stubborn youthfulness. For something over forty years Mother had been trying to make him stop smoking, yet every time her back was turned he would sneak out his amber cigarette-holder and puff a cheap cigarette, winking at the shocked crocket tidy on the patent rocker. Mother sniffed at him and said that he acted like a young smart Aleck, but he would merely grin in answer and coax her out for a walk."

Four pages further there is this passage:

" 'You mustn't use curse-words,' murmured Mother, undiscouraged by forty years of trying to reform Father's vocabulary."

Free Air, which was published the year preceding *Main Street*, is a love story not much different from *The Trail of the Hawk*. Claire, who comes from a refined Brooklyn family, falls in love with Milt, a very good Middle Western garage mechanic, and is very happy with him. The book reads almost like a roughish Kathleen Norris novel, but what strange things are set down in it as profound thought and high humor! On page twenty-six Mr. Lewis poses this conundrum: "Now of all the cosmic problems yet unsolved, not cancer nor the future of poverty are the flustering questions, but these twain: Which is worse, not to wear evening clothes at a party at which you find everyone else dressed, or to come in evening clothes to a house where, it proves, they are never worn? And: Which is worse, not to tip when a tip has been expected; or to tip, when the tip is an insult?"

On the last page the happy Mr. and Mrs. Milt Daggett are described as having married "with the advantage of having discovered that neither Schoenstrom nor Brooklyn Heights is quite all of life, with the cosmic importance to the tedious world of believing in the romance that makes youth unquenchable."

THE TWO BEST of these early books are clearly *Our Mr. Wrenn* and *The Job*. They, like the others in a smaller degree, are important historically because in retrospect they indicate the attitude of *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, which were thus not accidents but natural developments. Mr. Lewis has always been chiefly interested in the behavior of dull people and the life of dull towns. *Main*

Street deals largely with the life of a dull small town, Gopher Prairie, and the Kennicotts are samples of what that life does to a sensitive woman and an honest but unimaginative man. It indicts the town as machinery of economic waste and a miasma of spiritual decay. It shows how the farmers are exploited and the people as a whole degraded.

The book is almost wholly a sociological document, with little imaginative life to it. Carol is rather a peg upon which Mr. Lewis hangs many long speeches that show the strong influence of the writings of Upton Sinclair — the final coming to flower of his Helicon Hall days. *Main Street* is full not only of Mr. Sinclair's ideas, but also of his softness, earnestness, and sentimentalism. Carol is first pictured as a heroine out of all proportion to her size, and then as a logic-molded traitor to all the ideals of her former heroism. When she was studying sociology at the university she had said: "I'll get my hands on one of those prairie towns and make it beautiful." On her return after her temporary absence Mr. Lewis says of her: "Her active hatred of Gopher Prairie had run out. She saw it now as a toiling new settlement . . . a lot of pretty good folks, working hard to bring up their children the best they can."

The volume is somewhat poorly organized, partly because it lacks real characters to give it unity. There is also a large amount of bad writing, proportionally no more and no less than in Mr. Lewis' previous books. For example: "Carol noted that though Bresnahan wore spats and a stick, no small boy jeered." But while Mr. Lewis in *Main Street* showed no advance in his diction, he showed advance in his ability to give at least a semblance of reality to a large specimen of American life.

His indictments of Gopher Prairie are not always just,

because he runs roughshod over the souls of its inhabitants. Thus he often denounces when he should try to understand, and he scorns when he should pity. In other words, he writes more like a district attorney than like a novelist. It is the function of the novelist not to make out a case, but to present fully and honestly what happens when God and society grind down a man or a woman. Small towns probably have as much kindliness and decency and high aspirations in them per population as big towns. And the still small voice of noble agony is also to be heard in them, and the midnight groans of frustration, and the afternoon soliloquies of despair. Emily Brontë in *Wuthering Heights* and Oliver Goldsmith in *A Deserted Village* wrote about their small towns with full awareness of hidden nobility and defeat as well as of dullness.

Mr. Lewis told only part of the story of Gopher Prairie, and that part with acerbity rather than with understanding. Nevertheless, there was so much truth in what he had to say, and his saying took place at such an opportune time, when the United States was in the throes of a brief period of self-consciousness, that his book achieved wide popularity. It was fortunate that it did, because there had been too much uninformed talk about the small town being the back-bone of America and little realization of what a poor looking back-bone it was. Mr. Lewis was the first to call attention to that fact in such a manner that the entire nation had to take notice.

Whatever Mr. Lewis may have intended in *Main Street*, he did not write a novel, any more than Upton Sinclair wrote a novel in *The Jungle*. But in *Babbitt* his achievement came nearer to his intention. It remains his best book for that very fact. It has many recognizable characters, the chief of whom will probably for long re-

main memorable in the national language as well as in the national consciousness. George F. Babbitt, true enough, is a caricature of a type rather than an individual character, and the many situations he finds himself in are comically selected and thus do not set off the man with honest comprehensiveness, but he comes so near to being a living personification of the average American small business man, that one is inclined to overlook his deficiencies as a product of the creative imagination. Mr. Lewis heightens the intense interest of his book with his incomparable mimicry. The blah-blah boosterism of Babbitt, especially his almost incredibly funny speech before the Zenith Real Estate Board, is so cruelly and authentically put on paper that it will probably delight and appall many generations to come.

Occasionally Mr. Lewis forgets his burlesquing long enough to attempt to understand and pity Babbitt. The very last paragraph in the book, reporting Babbitt's talk to his son Ted who had just got married against his mother's implied wishes, still makes moving reading.

"Now, for heaven's sake, don't repeat this to your mother, or she'd remove what little hair I've got left, but practically, I've never done a single thing I've wanted to in my whole life! I don't know's I've accomplished anything except just get along. I figure out I've made about a quarter of an inch out of a possible hundred rods. Well, maybe you'll carry things no further. I don't know. But I do get a kind of sneaking pleasure out of the fact that you knew what you wanted to do and did it. Well, those folks in there will try to bully you, and tame you down. Tell 'em to go to the devil! I'll back you. Take your factory job, if you want to. Don't be scared of the family. No, nor all of Zenith. Nor of yourself, the way I've been. Go ahead, old man. The world is yours!"

Structurally, *Babbitt* is better integrated than *Main Street*. As sheer writing, however, it is full of the usual faults already alluded to. One example will be sufficient here: "He [*Babbitt*] glanced once at his favorite tree, elm twigs against the gold patina of sky, and fumbled for sleep as for a drug."

Arrowsmith IS THE "Babbitt" of the medical profession, though there is a vast difference in detail between the two. It is done on a broader scale, with more understanding of the welter of hypocrisy involved and greater charity for the leading character, Dr. Martin Arrowsmith. The book also has a greater number of nearly full-blown people: Arrowsmith himself, Leora, Gottlieb, Sondelius, Wicket, Pickerbaugh. Then again, it is perhaps more roundly put together than any other Lewis book, and, finally, it stands out as the only one of his works in which there is no happy ending and no compromise. Dr. Arrowsmith makes a mess of his bubonic plague experiments, he is thoughtless of his devoted Leora, he betrays the hopes of his master Dr. Gottlieb, he makes an absurd second marriage with Joyce Lanyon, and he almost gives in to the mountebankery of the Pickerbaughs, but in the end he hies himself to the woods with the monolithic Wicket, there to pursue science in the spirit of the great Dr. Gottlieb. Carol Kennicott surrendered to Gopher Prairie and George Babbitt surrendered to Zenith, but Arrowsmith triumphed by escaping.

The theme of *Arrowsmith* is an admirable one, but for all its many virtures, Mr. Lewis's treatment of it somehow lacks the originality of excitement in *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. The tale also smells a little of Horatio Alger. The obstacles Dr. Arrowsmith meets are real enough in themselves, but for some reason or other they do not

seem real at least to his implied character. The long trouble with Joyce Lanyon is a perfect example of such an unreal obstacle. Then there is the major difficulty that however much Mr. Lewis tells us about Arrowsmith, the reader never quite gets to know him in the same way, say, that the reader knows Dr. Rouault in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. Mr. Lewis pays very little attention to the highly revealing day-time reveries and midnight agonies of Arrowsmith, thus leaving him a mass of activities rather than a predictable human being.

The writing, incidental thinking, occasional attempts at humor, and building up of situations in *Arrowsmith* — one is always forced to consider these matters in Mr. Lewis's books — are exceptionally deplorable even for him. Sewer rats are not merely sewer rats, they are "those princes of the sewer." A Dr. Stokes "had had black-water fever and cholera and most other reasonable afflictions." Why "reasonable?" Is this intended to be humor? The whistle of a boat did not just blow, it "snorted contemptuously," and Terry did not walk home as the boat carrying Martin and Leora sailed away, he "abruptly clumped away." Dr. Gottlieb came to see them off in "a panicky taxicab." On the boat "Martin was cold off snow-blown Sandy-Hook, sick off Cape Hatteras, and tired and relaxed between; with him Leora was cold, and in a ladylike manner she was sick." What does it mean for a woman to be sick in "a ladylike manner?" When Martin was stopped by a Jamaican man-servant he didn't answer him curtly; "he snorted that he was Dr. Arrowsmith."

After *Arrowsmith* came *Mantrap*, a sort of Canadian version of *The Trail of the Hawk*, published eleven years before. How Mr. Lewis came to write such stuff so late in his career is a mystery. *Elmer Gantry*, which appeared

the following year, is so violent, unfair, and unsympathetic a philippic against the American clergy that it annoyed all intelligent people, believers and atheists alike. The book is a gallery of one major and numerous minor clerical monstrosities, unrelieved by humor or one act of believable kindliness. Mr. Lewis writes about Elmer Gantry and his satellites with the district attorney's concentrated animus rather than with the perceptions of the mature novelist. Perhaps the only good thing about *Elmer Gantry* is that in it Mr. Lewis dared to say sharp things about the clergy, thereby setting an example of courage to other fiction writers. Our novelists had been too timid to write about the clergy honestly. Until Mr. Lewis did the job it was generally considered in poor taste to question the integrity of men of the cloth. He broke through that inhibition, and for that deserves commendation. Unfortunately, the book with which he did it leaves much to be desired as a work of art or even as a sociological document.

The Man Who Knew Coolidge (1928), is a hilarious monologue in the manner of George F. Babbitt. It keeps the reader's interest throughout its 75,000 words, and for that deserves a prize for superb literary vaudevillism.

Dodsworth (1929) is the one book in which Mr. Lewis attempted the full portrayal of a woman. It was a timely study in that it grasped the agonies inevitable in the Era of Sex Freedom. Mr. Lewis's attempt so to put them on paper is a bit too homely and somewhat false. The Sex Freedom Epidemic was of short duration, and was confined almost wholly to the metropolitan centers of the United States. It did not reach Zenith, at least in its messiest and cruellest form. Fran Dodsworth at the most would have attempted some relatively stealthy flirtations, but hardly out and out adulteries. The Era of Sex Free-

dom will have to be treated by a metropolitan novelist, which Mr. Lewis never has been: he has ever been the small-town novelist. In *Dodsworth* he made the initial mistake of picking the wrong town and the wrong woman. But there is enough heartbreak in the gradual collapse of the bond of life-long trust between Fran and Sam Dodsworth to make of the book very interesting reading. Fran is certainly not an Anna Karenina or an Emma Bovary, but she serves as a good pointer for future and more competent novelists who would put on paper the American Anna Karenina and the American Emma Bovary.

Mr. Lewis's next two books, *Ann Vickers* and *Work of Art* are among his feeblest. The first is a Sunday supplementish expose of the horrible conditions in American prisons as viewed from the eyes of a bewildered social worker who never, artistically, leaves the plane of a sociological rostrum. In *Work of Art*, as has already been said, Mr. Lewis turns temporary traitor to all his chief ideas. Perhaps traitor is too harsh a word, for a fair case might be made out that he never did really scorn Babbitt or at the most was only equivocal about him.

Some oblique support is given to this contention by the shocking ignorance and wavering judgment that Mr. Lewis displayed in his address on "The American Fear of Literature" which he delivered at the time he received the Nobel Prize on December 12, 1930. In denouncing the general make-up of the American Academy of Arts and Letters he admitted that there were some good men in it, listing, among others, "such a really distinguished university president as Nicholas Murray Butler." He then chided the Academy for not having on its rolls such writers as Dreiser, Hemingway, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Ring Lardner, *and* Fannie Hurst, Louis

Bromfield, and Edna Ferber. The Mr. Lewis who admires President Butler and the works of Fannie Hurst and Edna Ferber, it may plausibly be argued, is not wholly scornful of George Babbitt.

Mr. Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here*, his last work so far that deserves mention, is not quite so poor as *Work of Art* or *Ann Vickers*, but it is feeble enough. Its central thesis is that Fascism can happen in America, and he is obviously opposed to everything it stands for. But it is one thing to be on the intelligent side of a major public question and another thing to transform that conviction into a powerful novel. Harriet Beecher Stowe was probably on the right side of the slavery issue, but no one now claims that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has any artistic value.

The story proper of *It Can't Happen Here* is very simple. Doremus Jessup is the bourgeois liberal editor of the Fort Beulah, Vermont, *Daily Informer*. It is spring, 1936, and everybody is talking about the coming presidential nominations and elections. One of Jessup's cronies brings up the matter of Fascism in America, but the editor dismisses it with the remark that it simply can't happen here. In a few weeks it does happen. Senator Berzelius Windrip — a close resemblance to the late Senator Huey Long — a resounding demagogue, head of the League of Forgotten Men, and "author" of "Zero Hour — Over the Top," is elected President. Before long the country is swarming with Minute Men, composed of the lowest elements in the population, who turn the United States into a Hitler Germany. There are concentration camps, protective arrests, questionings, book burnings, etc.

Jessup loses his paper because of his unwillingness to string along with Windrip's Corpo (Fascist) regime, and in short order he is hurled into a concentration camp for

writing illegal anti-Corpo leaflets. An old admirer, Lorinda Pike, helps him to escape to Canada, where he immediately joins the American exiles who are conspiring against Windrip. The Corpo state soon shakes with scandal and jealousy, Windrip is exiled, two other gangsters capture the government, some of the Middle Western states revolt, and Jessup is sent into the United States to do underground work in the West. For that he becomes William Barton Dobbs, representative of the Des Moines Combine and Up-to-Date Implement Company. The Corpos get wind of him, and he is on the run again. "And still Doremus Jessup goes on in the red sunrise, for a Doremus Jessup can never die."

Mr. Lewis has plainly transferred what he has read or heard about Hitler Germany to the United States. He should have given closer study to the American scene. His analysis of the Fascist forces at work among us says much too little about the intricate machinations of finance capital. The revelations of the Congressional investigations into "un-American" activities seems to have escaped Mr. Lewis completely. He also betrays very little knowledge of the rôle of the Catholic church in our public life. It has tremendous investments in American industry, has been openly anti-labor on innumerable occasions, and would probably acquiesce to a Fascist dictatorship as easily as the Church did in Austria and Spain.

Mr. Lewis's descriptions of several of the Corpo activities, personalities, and writings seem plausible enough, particularly his excerpts from Windrip's "Zero Hour." And as always, his ear for the conversation of shabby Americans is almost perfect. The cogitations of District Commissioner Effingham Swan probably form an appallingly accurate advance report of what the likes of him will be when and if Fascism comes to America.

But as an individual he does not seem credible. Neither does Jessup, nor Windrip, nor any of the other characters in the volume. The one love affair, that between Jessup and Lorinda Pike, seems dragged into the book for no other reason than Mr. Lewis's apparent belief that a little adultery would make Jessup seem more real. Perhaps it would, but surely adultery needs a more logical explanation than the mere say-so of Mr. Lewis. As for the other members of Jessup's household — Emma, his wife, Sissy and Mary, his daughters, and Julian, Sissy's sweetheart — they are all stock slick magazine characters.

The author's attempts at philosophizing never go beyond this banality: "Holidays were invented by the devil, to coax people into the heresy that happiness can be won by taking thought." His essays into the realms of humor and satire are even less successful. The onslaught begins on page two with this sophomorism: ". . . the Flag, the Constitution, the Bible and all other peculiarly American institutions." Thirteen pages further there is another: "[Fort Beulah] was a town of perhaps ten thousand souls, inhabiting about twenty thousand bodies — the proportion of soul-possession may be too high." On page thirty-three there is a reference to the "Republican standard-bearer — meaning the one man who never has to lug a large, bothersome, and somewhat ridiculous standard."

There is a lot more callow stuff like this, but the most shocking involves the family dog, Foolish. Doremus was very gloomy on hearing of Windrip's nomination as Democratic candidate for President, and Mr. Lewis immediately adds, "so possibly was the dog Foolish, as well, for at the turning off of the radio he tail-thumped in only the most tentative way." When Doremus's grandson David was alternately crying and going back to sleep,

"Foolish woke up to cough inquiringly and returned to his dream of rabbiting." On another occasion, when Doremus was particularly concerned about the fate of the United States, "Foolish started, snorted, looked offended but, catching the spirit of the moment, comfortingly laid a paw on Doremus's knee and insisted on shaking hands, over and over, as gravely as a Venetian senator or an undertaker." One afternoon Buck, Mary, David, and Foolish took a walk through Burlington, "where none of them were known — though a number of dogs, city slickers and probably con-dogs, insisted to the rustic and embarrassed Foolish that they had met him somewhere." This is the writing of America's first Nobel Prize Winner in literature!

It Can't Happen Here, as a novel of character and of situation, has almost no standing whatever. At best it is no more than table-talk, and mostly boring table-talk. Mr. Lewis is to be commended for his choice of a lively and important theme, but he did not have the knowledge, the full-blown maturity, and artistic skill to execute it effectively. Whether or not it will influence the country against the Fascist menace it is impossible to say. That remains to be seen. It's an irrelevant question anyway. A bad book is a bad book no matter what influence it has on public affairs.

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE will probably grow with the years. He held up the mirror to America in what was probably its most reckless period, and his books as a whole are mines of information for the future historian. Whether he did any moral good, in the Goethean sense, in his own day, is dubious, but he did label his era culturally and philologically. After all, it is no small achievement for a writer to contribute two major type-

words to the national language, Babbitt and Main Street. He was also the first to inject satire and burlesque into our imaginative literature on a large scale, and thus he helped greatly toward the exhilaration and liberation of the creative impulse in the land. Finally, he dared to attack the clergy openly and without gloves. For that he deserves our thanks, for in probably no other country had the notion of clerical inviolability been so oppressive to the artist as in the United States.

As a creator of character, Mr. Lewis's stature is considerably less secure. There is not one full-bodied, living, breathing man or woman in all his works thus far. His people are caricatures, sentimental abstractions, or mouthpieces for his own ideas. Even as such they show little fundamental variety, which is to say, that Mr. Lewis's imagination is of small range. Carol Kennicott, Babbitt, Arrowsmith, Doremus Jessup — at bottom they are all alike. He describes them all with the same astounding lack of real understanding and insight. If he doesn't write about them as a district attorney, he writes about them as an accountant, detailing only their external behavior, missing all the daytime reveries, midnight agonies, and the still, small inner voices which alone stamp individuality and predictable personality.

As a sheer writer of the English language Mr. Lewis leaves a very great deal to be desired. His vocabulary is extremely limited, his *obiter dicta* and humor are embarrassing, and his diction is often grossly careless. He has neither style nor stylisms, and no amount of anger on his part will hide that fact, not even his pathetic grumble before the Swedish Academy at the time he received the Nobel Prize: "I am not exactly sure what this mystic quality style may be, but I find the word so often in the writings of minor critics that I suppose it must exist."

Perhaps the appalling crudeness of his sentences is to be explained by his haste in composition. In which case one can only apply to him the fine prayer of Arrowsmith: "God give me unclouded eyes and freedom from haste. God give me a quiet and relentless anger against all pretense and all pretentious work and all work left slack and unfinished. God give me a restlessness whereby I may neither sleep nor accept praise till my observed results equal my calculated results or in pious glee I discover and assault my error. God give me strength not to trust in God."

But perhaps the real trouble is that at bottom Mr. Lewis does not seem to be a writer but a conversationalist full of humor with a sharp eye and ear for the antics of the middle class Middle Western American. Had he lived in the days before the printed word came into the public domain, he would have been a magnificent roving raconteur. His writings appeal to the ear rather than to the eye. They are thus weighted with the brevity of life inevitable to public speaking in nearly all its forms, and deficient in the haunting, enduring, and integrated effects that are the marks of memorable art.

ART:

American Art on Exhibit — Superficialities of Changing Criteria

THE SEASON which is drawing to a climax in New York with what promises to be an impressive Picasso show at the Museum of Modern Art, has been notably an "American" one. The Whitney Museum opened its newly decorated and enlarged quarters with a selection of almost three hundred oils, water colors, prints, drawings and pieces of sculpture from its permanent collection. Stieglitz offered a retrospective of Marin, and Wanamaker's (department store) a parallel view of John Sloan's work (price-tags dangling in open sight). Charles Sheeler was given a one-man by the Museum of Modern Art and the Downtown Gallery is at present exhibiting "Contemporary American Genre."

Several younger American artists have made their appearances with some éclat, among them a water-colorist worthy of attention, De Hirsh Margulies. There has been a revival of interest as well in art publications which have been well-issued and moderately priced (considering the processes involved), ranging in subject matter from Peyton Boswell's "Modern American Painting" to Thomas Craven's "Masterpieces of Art" — Renaissance to the present day. The latter is a best-seller, and when art succeeds as a commodity, all the indications would point to a new consciousness (or at any rate a new appetite) on the part of the American public; and the critic is tempted to discuss the definitions and values which enter into an appreciation.

The first of these terms to define would be "American." It has come to mean a variety of things — regionalism,

genre, eclecticism — depending on whatever purpose it has served the gallery or the artist. More recently it has begun to represent a cleavage with so-called European schools, and, what is more disastrous, an abandonment of European (*quod absurdum*) criteria. Art in this country is apparently no longer a method for universalizing experience, but for constricting it. A painting is not merely good or bad, but French or American. Qualitative values have disappeared from the critical vocabulary and have been supplanted by geographical symbols and place-names. The familiar reaction of a decade ago — "but is it art?" — has now become "but is it American?"

The manifest intention, of course, is to evolve an American school. But the approach is infelicitous: paintings, even if they are star-spangled, cannot be waved like banners. It is also true that since the function of art is interpretive, any artist capable of producing a coherent statement will inevitably assimilate some aspect of his local scene. But consciousness begins rather than ends with topography. The physical fact is generalized not through imitation, but through translation into a new form: even maps for all their literal accuracy are dependent on symbolism and synthesis.

It is significant that none of the American masters — West, Audubon, Ryder, Luks, Remington, Eakins or Whistler — worked toward any chauvinistic end. They were primarily concerned with painting as a mode of communication and experience, and since they were Americans, that fact among others colored their expression. It might be noted in passing that many members of the French school (Picasso, Dali, Ernst, Modigliani, Tchelitchew) are French neither in birth nor tradition. Such a concept as the American school (merely a faddist differential for the American tradition which has long

been established) cannot be produced simply by turning the Statue of Liberty into a muse and appealing to speciously anthemized standards. The first consideration is an esthetic one and a painting, whether American or Uralian, succeeds according to that consideration, no matter what language is sung in the public squares.

These observations have been brought on by the current Whitney show which resorts more than ever to sloganized painting. The tendency is a dangerous one. It excludes individualism and experimentation on the part of the artist and at the same time stimulates bad taste in the audience. Various trends and arch-types are established and the young painter — if he wants a place to exhibit, and the Whitney is the leading museum of contemporary American art — either falls in, or presents his ideas before a much smaller public.

The Whitney itself seems to pursue a policy of isolation. It has created a community within its walls and uncoördinated elements are kept out. Any person making a tour of the exhibition may arrive at a satisfactory conclusion by the simple expedient of comparing the paintings to each other and obliterating from mind the fact that work of a vastly superior nature is going on in the world outside whether it be in Europe or on 57th Street.

The one fact, however, which must be constantly kept in mind, is that this is "American" painting. And that is the first fact which this reviewer rejects. It is no more necessary to accept inferiority as an *a priori* of American art than it is to visit a museum with the kind of tolerance one brings to an exposition of handicraft by the blind. As a nation, we are neither psychically nor esthetically retarded. Nor can this rationalization be proved by reference to our other art forms which draw on the same

general cultural residuum as painting. In our poetry, for example, the work of T. S. Elliot, Ezra Pound, Wallace Stevens, Hart Crane and E. E. Cummings, may be more than favorably compared with that of Yeats, Rilke, Valéry or Lorca without reference to native inadequacies or other non-qualitative factors.

Successful art creates an empathy, an *Einfühlung*, common to disparate cultures and societies. It is more than coincidental that Freudian discoveries have their parallels in Sophocles, that Plato in the "Philebus" gives a perfect definition of abstract and non-objective art, or that Bosch has many of the characteristics of surrealism. It is this extension of experience beyond the considerations of time and place — to offer another definition — which fulfills the purpose and creates the universality of art.

It follows that any movement which attempts to restrict art (like a feud) to home-town boundary-lines, is a contradiction in terms and must necessarily fail as a medium of communication. In the modern world, with the perfection of such disseminative inventions as the wireless, radio, telephone and airplane, such a theory of spiritual self-determinism becomes completely meretricious. (Witness Hitler's program for an "anti-degenerate" esthetic.) A portrait by Eugene Speicher must be evaluated by the same criteria as one by Derain — no painter is merely "good for an American." Nor does the critic become an enemy of American painting by withdrawing that qualifying phrase.

It is interesting to note the entirely coöperative reaction of the press to the Whitney show. All judgments as to the quality of the work were withheld. The Museum's wet nurse relationship to the American artist was enthusiastically described instead. And yet the proof of that relationship can only be found in the value of the

work exhibited — which, the reader may have gathered, is quite unsatisfactory. Mr. Edward Jewell of the New York *Times*, for example, after some hints as to the disappointing features of the show, suggests that "a mighty ferment is afoot." That is as good a description of the exhibition as any. One wonders, however, if a museum is the most appropriate place for such a process.

There are, to be sure, half a dozen painters in the collection who would be a credit to any show: Max Weber, John Marin, Eilshemius, Stuart Davis, Henry Mattson and Franklin Watkins, none of whom have to take on the refuge or the protective coloration of nationalism. They are in a word, citizens of art. On the other hand, there are about two hundred pieces in the gallery which can only be described as the results of encouragement.

At the Museum of Modern Art, the Sheeler retrospective offers another problem in criticism. The visitor comes upon work which is, in every sense of the word, finished. Mr. Sheeler is an artist of unquestionable accomplishment and virtuosity. His performances in oils and conté crayon are carried off with a precision one might ordinarily associate with a more manual art like jugglery or jewel-setting. The attention to detail is almost painful and the impression one receives perhaps most vividly is of extraordinary patience. Such a drawing as *Rocks at Steichen's* must have taken weeks of stroke upon stroke of crayon. The same care may be found in the execution of the oils with the exception of a few early impressionistic studies.

No doubt the most human aspect of Mr. Sheeler's talent is its patience and care. Beyond these considerations, the medium ceases to be a form of communication for the artist and becomes a machine for producing

simulacra rather than statements. The element of personal experience is almost entirely eliminated. Mr. Sheeler paints Dutch kitchens, city streets, steamship-decks, as if they existed *in vacuo*. That is to say, as if they were merely physical entities in themselves with no relationship to the act of visual recognition on the part of the observer — or as though they were caught by a robot camera-eye. The camera, however, may achieve an element of spontaneity insofar as it fixes the object in its actual time and place.

Mr. Sheeler, on the other hand, merely imitates the object and deprives it of both the character which is the result of the artist's interpretive consciousness, and the identity which the object possesses in three-dimentional reality. Many of the studies have quite frankly been worked from photographs (also on exhibition) and perhaps the most revelatory comment one may make is that on the whole, the camera studies seem more creative than the handmade versions.

Contraria contrariis curantur, Hippocrates observed a long time ago and without any apparent reference to art theories. A visit to the Marin show at Stieglitz's finds the old cure still good. Mr. Marin is not only an antidote to Sheeler, but an enduring criticism of all the self-conscious and hocus-pocus methods of arriving at an American idiom. His work is febrile and subjective where Sheeler's is frigid and mechanical, dynamic and lyrical where the latter's is unconvincing and prosaic.

The Stieglitz papers covering a period of nearly thirty years (1908–1937) represent the heightening in technique and expression of an extraordinary sensibility. Like Cezanne, Marin will bend a landscape or twist a composition in order to reproduce, not the object so much as a spontaneous impression of it. His method depends upon

quick color relationships and kaleidoscopic perspectives, his brush-strokes are employed almost as metaphors. Any one of the latter water colors such as, *Pine Tree*, *Small Point*, *Maine* or *Movement Pertaining to Deer Isle* may be advantageously hung alongside of the best work turned out in Europe today. Marin, it is true, does not work in oil, but neither, it should be remembered, did the Chinese. As for the usual question — "but is it American?" — the answer still remains "yes, it *is* art."

Christopher Lazare

DRAMA:

A Biographical Play Runs
Ahead of Problem Plays

THE MOST PLEASANT evening in the theatre the present reviewer has spent this season, so far, was at the Empire, where *Life With Father*, a dramatization of the late Mr. Clarence Day's book of the same title, by Messrs. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, will probably delight audiences for many months to come. A series of tableaux rather than an orthodox dramatic work, and suffering at the end from some overemphasis, it recreates certain aspects of a bygone era — the late 1880's — with a compelling charm, and sets before the audience a character, Father, who possesses many of the qualities of nearly everyone's male parent or bachelor uncle.

Outwardly callous to all tenderness, ready to solve every petty and major annoyance with a sharp "Damn!", glorying in his domestic autocracy yet losing every battle to his wife and children, he really does not represent a universal type or even a full portrait of a vanished American type, but a sort of dream type of certain elderly males that younger folk like to build up when contemplating their more vociferous seniors. It makes for better conversation at family gatherings and serves as an inexhaustible source for letter-writing, as all dreams do.

Life With Father thus has small sociological significance, which does not make it inferior, any more than the same lack makes *Hamlet* or *Candida* inferior. To at least one observer it comes across the footlights better than it read. Whole pages become transformed into appealing bits of business, and paragraphs of none too successful descrip-

tion get distilled into well directed smiles. Mr. Howard Lindsay and Miss Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother superbly, and indeed one finds nothing to complain of in the other characterizations, or in the staging and costuming. The ermine trade has taken the play to its heart, but those more closely related to the forebears of Abraham Lincoln will also find much pleasure in it.

Sidney Kingsley's *The World We Make*, based upon Millen Brand's novel, "The Outward Room," attempts to probe a few miles deeper into the human soul than *Life With Father*, but unfortunately it succeeds only moderately. The tale has to do with a young girl, become mentally unbalanced since the death of her brother, and who finally achieves liberation from her pathology by finding love in the arms of a man who sinks into despair when his own brother dies, and whom she pulls back into the normal world with her tender understanding and limitless affection.

A story of this nature may be placed in a cellar or in a palace, for its problem depends only very little upon environment. Mr. Kingsley places it in a cellar, so to speak, with the apparent belief that he can tell it better in such a locale, but before the play has gone into the third scene one feels that the locale has got the better of the human problem, which almost gets lost in the settings and the gabble they naturally call forth. Scene I, Act I shows probably the most elaborate laundry ever put on the stage, steaming and noisy — and engulfing the girl and the ailment plaguing her. The next seven scenes take place in a shabby tenement, which, alas, always gets in the way of the central theme and the central character.

Even the proletarian background, which swallows the play, has grave deficiencies of delineation. Mr. Kingsley

may have had first-hand contact with the proletariat, but he still writes about it from above, as a life subscriber to *Spur* magazine would describe a group of East Side urchins playing in the park. His *Dead End* showed the same condescension and lack of insight. The story there had considerable slickness, but that did not hide its pulp character.

Similarly with the story of Virginia and John in *The World We Make*. The "earthy" talk and happenings in their flat seem designed to bring forth tears and sighs, but they have little relation to actual proletarian life. Downtown, as uptown, girls do not run to neighbors to boast of their pregnancy, men do not suddenly become mush in public when offered a job after two years of unemployment, women in love with their husbands do not habitually insult them before others, and a decent man, even after having just returned from viewing the corpse of his brother, doesn't throw back at his sweetheart the cup of coffee she has offered him in the endeavor to make it easier for him.

Such things create a lot of "action" on the stage, sometimes pleasant to watch for the moment, as when Margo, who plays the part of Virginia, does the acting. But they smell more of invention than of honest observation. Falseness, even about the miseries of the lowly, always pays the same penalty: it fails to convince.

The Time of Your Life, Mr. William Saroyan's new play, presents even more serious doubts than his first, *My Heart's in the Highlands*. A series of sketches of the goings-on in a San Francisco saloon, its thin story has to do with a wealthy patron, a chronic dipsomaniac, who hands out largesse to nearly all and sundry, and who finally rescues a prostitute by throwing her into the arms of a somewhat

thick-witted protégé of his. All the characters spring out of ancient vaudeville programs — the phony cowboy who talks big and mooches drinks, the newsboy who thinks he can sing, the big-hearted cop, the society couple come to see life in the raw, the young man in love who calls up another girl by mistake and tries to date her up but lies out of it when she shows up with all her ugliness, the omniscient bartender, and so on.

These skits appear on the stage almost precisely as they appeared fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years ago, with not a breath of freshness added. The prostitute-rich man episode forms one of the most embarrassingly callow pieces of drama to have reached Broadway in decades. Poor Mr. Saroyan seems to harbor the opinion that all prostitutes carry great dreams deep within them, and that a little kindness from a stranger immediately brings those dreams out.

The whole script oozes cheapness. Eddie Dowling does his best by the dipsomaniac, but five minutes after the curtain rises, his character collapses in the tedious lines, and thereafter the entire evening mounts in boredom. Toward the end, when the ineptly cast Julie Haydon, who plays the prostitute, starts to climb over Mr. Saroyan's extraordinarily undistinguished writing, the play almost shrieks for a doctor to save it.

One hopes Samuel Raphaelson, author of *Skylark*, fully appreciates what Miss Gertrude Lawrence does for him every night between 8:45 and 11 at the Morosco. She rescues a play that otherwise would have no claim to attention. A slicky of a story — the old one about the advertising man who loves his profession better than his wife, loses his wife, and then wins her back by loving her more than his work, or something like that —, its artistic

fraud shines fully long before the first act has reached its "problem." Miss Lawrence, of course, cannot lend it honesty or competence, but she runs about so pleasingly and speaks her unfortunate lines so quietly that one barely listens to what she says and spends the rest of the evening watching her. So few women — on the stage or elsewhere — know how to walk and to speak gracefully that beholding and hearing Miss Lawrence give rare pleasure.

See My Lawyer, by Richard Maibaum and Harry Clork, in essence differs little from such other Abbott shows as *Boy Meets Girl*, *Three Men on a Horse*, and *Brother Rat*. The latter, all Grade B plays, had little to say, but they moved swiftly and held together tightly, and thus did not overburden an evening. Mere swiftness and tightness, however, can become very dull, and that fate has befallen *See My Lawyer*. Messrs. Maibaum and Clork have had to pay the price of Mr. Abbott's previous successes. The story? It's about an impecunious attorney who almost loses his girl in his chase for money, via a wealthy but demented client, and in the end wins her back — after he has learned how much he really loves her, of course. Milton Berle gives a good performance as the lawyer, and Mary Rolfe gives an even better performance as his girl.

The Straw Hat Revue has many good sketches, especially "The Roving Reporter," which in five minutes tells more of the cold, harsh beauty of life in lower-middle class America than Mr. Kingsley's play does in a whole evening. A woman, a plant in the audience, replies to the Roving Reporter's questions. She reveals her dream to dance before the public sometimes and does a few pa-

thetic steps. Then she boasts about her family and the little fur piece about her neck — the fur piece she had been saving for these many years, how well it looks on her, how genuine it is, and how good she now feels.

THE 1939 EDITION OF *George White's Scandals* on the whole fails to satisfy, perhaps because such things have become pretty commonplace by now, thanks to radio dramas. Ann Miller, apparently a newcomer to Broadway, does very well with her dances and rests easily on the eyes. Ella Logan, the chief dancer and singer of the evening, probably needs to take a few more vocal lessons. The female rasp doesn't please as much as it did a decade ago.

LEONARD SILLMAN did an unwitting disservice to the memory of the late Sidney Howard by reviving *They Knew What They Wanted*, which received the Pulitzer Prize fifteen years ago. Hailed as a monumental American play in 1924, it now seems like a precocious trifle. The very capable June Walker did wonders with the shadowy character of Amy.

CHARLES ANGOFF

BOOKS:

A History of American Liberalism

CRUSADERS FOR AMERICAN LIBERALISM. *By Louis Filler. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 422 pages. $3.50.*

MR. FILLER HERE OFFERS the first comprehensive study of American liberalism during the past forty years. He has brought together much information in out-of-the-way sources, shedding light, not only on such major figures as Lincoln Steffens, Upton Sinclair, and Charles Edward Russell, but also on such lesser figures as Henry Demarest Lloyd, John Brisben Walker, and Isaac Kahn Friedman. The chapters on the liberal journalists of those days deserve special commendation.

The book, unfortunately, suffers from wobbly writing, and its scholarship on several minor points can be challenged. Muckraking did not come "suddenly" upon the American scene. Emerson, Thoreau, Wendell Phillips, and even the Rev. John Wise, in Colonial times, practiced muckraking in their own ways. And to dismiss the four decades of reformist labors of Senator George W. Norris in a few lines, makes little sense and brings into question Mr. Filler's knowledge of his subject.

His general attitude, however, seems sound enough. The muckrakers, he points out, gave America a tremendous push forward. They unearthed corruption in the cities, made public the squalor of the stockyards, brought the Federal, state, and local governments nearer to the people, achieved improvements in housing and made the future solution of the problem easier, and fought child labor, food adulteration, the medievalism of prisons, crookedness in the insurance business, and the monopoly of the transportation companies. Thus they

prepared the way for the mild reforms of President Wilson's New Freedom and the far greater ones of President Roosevelt's New Deal.

Further, they always stressed the importance of the individual, never succumbing to the aberration that the state has superior rights. When the Russian Bolshevik delirium hit these shores, most of the old muckrakers refused to be taken in, because they looked upon it as a menace to the American principles of political liberty and economic self-determination. It took their successors twenty years — and the colossal fraud of the Nazi-Soviet pact — to learn the same lesson.

The muckrakers "undoubtedly . . . fell short of completing their work. They retreated in the face of organized business' attacks, and they broke down completely in their first experience with international affairs. But before that happened, they succeeded in uniting the country. America, in 1900, had not been a union. The cultural spadework of the muckrakers synthesized it as surely as did the actual spadework of transcontinental highways."

CHARLES ANGOFF

A Poet Views the WPA

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR. *By Norman Macleod. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books. 1939. 284 pages. $2.50.*

THIS FIRST PUBLISHED novel by a poet of distinction is, as one might expect, written out of an odd assortment of poetry and pain, with a deep feeling for both. The strange thing is that there should be less poetry in the central theme of Gordon Graham, poet, seeking regeneration, than in the subsidiary theme of Frank Klaber, candy salesman, sodden with frustration.

Mr. Macleod shows the artist struggling with nice understanding but little strength against those forces which have overcome many sturdier workers in less difficult fields during the past ten years. But he does not confine his exposition to the immediate aura of the central character. He travels from the more eccentric environs of the Greenwich Village literati, to the day-to-day lower-middle-class existence of the Klabers, to the establishment, workings and disappointments of the Federal Writers' Projects, WPA, to Sonja, the girl who has faith in him and whom he marries.

The WPA, within which Gordon Graham helped shout into being a division of writers, became merely a temporary financial help. In all other ways the result was demoralization. Inter-project politics, off-the-project politics, inefficiency, alcohol, personal jealousies all added to the unhealthy atmosphere.

It was particularly bad for the thin-skinned, and Gordon sank into it, then away from it, but always going down.

Sonja was climbing the heavy-laden hallways of Harlem as a WPA investigator and she sickened under the rigors of the unfair job. Her husband simply drank now, and Sonja wavered. It didn't seem as though Gordon could ever again find enough self-control to achieve his promise as a writer, or even as a livable-with companion.

But then Sonja met Doctor Heinrich who offered hope and the long climb out began.

In the meantime the "Village" dipsomaniacs try to stay sober long enough to collect an inheritance. The Klabers continue their futile efforts to live respectably and establish a normal home-life.

Mr. Macleod has painted the Federal Writers' Project in unflattering tones but in such a way that the

onus rests, as it should, on the narrow shoulders of individual self-seeking. The chicanery is something apart from the end to be served by and the continued need for the project.

While not a particularly pleasant book *You Get What You Ask For* is of definite moral and literary value. It makes quick and absorbing reading and should be on the list of all who are interested, pro or con, in the Federal Art Projects and in the lives of sensitive people.

Mr. Macleod writes well with a fluid style only occasionally interrupted as the poet jostles the novelist unexpectedly.

VINCE HALL

AMERICA FACES SOUTH. *By T. R. Ybarra. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1939. 321 pages. $3.00.*

PUERTO RICO AND THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. *By Daisy Reck. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1939. 241 pages. $2.50.*

It is a common complaint made by the more sensitive of our intellectual patriots that British writers have a sad habit of visiting these United States for a brief, and generally lucrative, holiday, and then returning to their native shores to write exhaustive and highly critical books on America and Americans. Understandably enough, we object to the habit. Yet it is a trait that, not admiring in others, too many of our own writers have taken on.

No less than forty-seven books dealing with the countries south of us have passed over this reviewer's desk in the past three months. To say that nine-tenths of them were bad would be an understatement. A typical example is Miss Reck's *magnum opus*, *Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands*. It reads like a combination guide book, child's history, and a shopping column written by Lucius Beebe. It blushes when the Virgin Islands are mentioned, and makes a pun. . . .

It is something more than a relief, therefore, when a competently-done work such as Mr. Ybarra's appears. Here is an author who not only knows his subject, but understands it as well. Graphically, Mr. Ybarra presents the background and present political and economic condition of each of the twenty republics south of us; he analyzes not

only the problems of these countries, but the problems the United States must somehow solve in future dealings with them. This is no colorful travel brochure, no 1940 imitation of the Richard Harding Davis-O. Henry school. Rather it is a factual and much needed survey that probes beneath the surface, uncovering much that Americans have heretofore ignored or misunderstood. If our future relations with our southern neighbors are important, it is clear that we must acquire a better knowledge of those with whom we are to deal. *America Faces South* is an excellent guide to that knowledge.

WORDS THAT WON THE WAR. *By James R. Mock and Cedric Larson. Princeton University Press. 1939. 372 pages with index. $3.75.*

Here, in the light of another European war, is a particularly timely book for sober and thoughtful Americans. There have been reports and surveys aplenty on what the last World War cost the United States in blood and money. Blame for that war has been placed on as many heads as blame for this current horror. To what cause and purpose America eventually intervened is still a subject of acrimonious debate.

Here, however, is a detailed account of how the American mass mind, once our neutrality was ended, was swept into a fanatic, fighting mood. Here is the first extensive study of the cynical workings of the Creel Committee. Three-quarters of the records of the Committee of Public Information were mysteriously destroyed, but from the remaining fourth authors Mock and Larson have painstakingly compiled a devastating record of the liberties taken with the mind of man in wartime.

For the Committee of Public Information — denials to the contrary — was in actuality a government agency for censorship and propaganda. And in those fields its powers were almost without limit. Regimentation of newspapers and magazines was but an elementary phase, in an astoundingly short time the power of the CPI touched and tainted every aspect of American life. In universities scholars and professors were engaged in rewriting German history to breed a synthetic hate. From their pulpits men of God described in obscene detail the "rape" of Belgium, and beat the drums of war.

Soon the motion picture industry, under the direction of the CPI, was turning out propaganda films. At its first showing, *The Kaiser, The Beast of Berlin,* jammed traffic on Broadway. The radio was not

perfected twenty-five years ago, but in its place the Creel Committee organized a vast group of four-minute men who swept through the country, selling Liberty Bonds, selling hate, selling war-lust. They spoke not only in theatres and schools, but in churches, synagogues, Sunday schools, lumber camps, lodges, labor unions, social clubs, and even gatherings of Indian tribes. In New York City alone, 1,600 speakers addressed 500,000 people each week — in English, Yiddish, or Italian.

That was nearly a quarter of a century ago, but the history of that period is repeating itself, and not in Europe alone. *The Beast of Berlin* has been brought up to date, and is once again being shown in the nation's movie houses. Here and there churches re-echo to the old hymn of hate. In books and magazines, various economists are proving with facile figures that neutrality is more "expensive" to a nation's economy than war. True, there is no official Committee of Public Information in operation today. But the machinery of the CPI has not been allowed to fall into disuse. It is ready and waiting. *Words That Won the War* should be required reading during the interim.

FROM NAZI SOURCES. *By Dr. Fritz Sternberg. New York: Alliance Book Corp. 1939. 208 pages. $1.75.*

Here is one of the more important books for those interested in current European affairs. The actual internal condition of Germany — industrially, economically, and agriculturally — has long been a subject for debate in numerous books and magazine articles, today it is a more vital subject than ever before. Using official Nazi statistics and reports as his source material, Dr. Sternberg presents a bleak picture of Germany's actual condition at the outbreak of the present war. True enough, both industrially and economically, Germany was prepared for war, but industry and economics both need supplies to function properly. Just which of those supplies are lacking, and how serious that lack is, Dr. Sternberg details concisely and objectively, using Germany's state at the start of the first World War for purposes of comparison. Germany has but two-thirds of the man-power available for war service that it had in 1914. It lacks gold reserves and credit in foreign countries. The nation as a whole is badly undernourished; food-cards are being used at the *outbreak* of a war rather than at the end. Essential raw materials are lacking,

particularly iron ore and oil, both important necessities in modern warfare.

Few if any of these materials, Dr. Sternberg believes, will be supplied by Russia. While the Soviets' industrial and agricultural potentialities are vast, they are as yet undeveloped. There is no ready surplus awaiting Hitler's hand.

It should be remembered that this book was compiled before the outbreak of the war. An Hungarian adaption was suppressed, at Germany's instigation, as early as last August. Neither wishful thinking nor British propaganda, the book is well worth study.

My Life. *The Autobiography of Havelock Ellis. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1939. 647 pages. $3.75.*

They who seek inside information about Ellis's books will find very little here, but they who seek to get close to the complex of dreams, fears, hopes, agonies, bewilderments of one of the gentlest, most charitable, and most useful men of the last hundred years will discover in this volume an unfailing source of genuine inspiration and a vast reservoir of beauty. Mr. Ellis knew almost from the beginning what he wanted to do, and he did it all his life without haste yet without rest. His work was his play, and his play was his work. He says: "I can only play. What would be called work was for me simply the atmosphere in which I lived, and there is nothing to say about it because it was omnipresent." His great *Studies in the Pyschology of Sex* gave him "a deep, calm joy," because he had done something he alone could do. His motive in the writing of it was that he "always instinctively desired to spiritualize the things that have been counted low and material, if not disgusting; and where others have seen all things secular, I have seen all things sacred." His relationship with his wife forms the major subject of his autobiography, because love formed the major subject of his life. Before they were married long, he discovered that she was a Lesbian, but his love — as distinguished from passion — for her increased rather than decreased. "What I experienced with this woman — I feel now many years after her death — was *life*. She was the instrument that brought out all those tones which the older I grow I feel to be of the very essence of life, tones of joy sometimes, but oftener of anguish, not happiness." Few love stories of modern times equal in beauty that concerning Ellis and his wife.

BOOKS THAT CHANGED OUR MINDS. *Edited by Malcolm Cowley & Bernard Smith. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 285 pages. $2.50.*

Twelve writers discuss twelve books of the past forty years which they think influenced modern thought. The writers include Charles A. Beard, Max Lerner, Louis Kronenberger, Rexford Tugwell, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Radin, and the books include Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*, *The Education of Henry Adams*, Turner's *The Frontier in American History*, Dewey's *Studies in Logical Theory*, Lenin's *The State and Revolution*, and Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*. All the books mentioned, needless to say, are worth reading, but whether many of them really influenced our times is questionable. Most of them only influenced small cliques of literati and smaller cliques of professors. Besides, most of the authors who discuss these books have amazingly little to say about them that is fresh. The contributions by the editors are perhaps the feeblest in the volume. Mr. Cowley who supplies the foreword and the afterword stutters along to no end, and Mr. Smith's essay on Parrington's work forms one of the most ignorant, opinionated, and sloppily written discussions of him that has yet appeared in print. Mr. Smith writes like a pompous little instructor in a Southern university. The two best essays are by Dr. Beard on Turner and Mr. Kronenberger on Henry Adams. But Dr. Beard only repeats what he said about Turner many times before, and Mr. Kronenberger's paper — the only one that has literary grace — proves that the book he discusses, *The Education of Henry Adams*, has had almost no influence on anybody at any time.

MARXISM: AN AUTOPSY. *By Henry Bamford Parkes. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 300 pages. $3.00.*

A severe criticism of Communist ideology and especially of the practices of the Russian Communist Party, not only under Stalin but also under Lenin. On the whole, Dr. Parkes thinks that the Communist idea has shown itself to be basically false, and among the Soviets has proven itself a hindrance to human happiness, far inferior as an instrument of progress than Western democracy. Whether one agrees with Dr. Parkes or disagrees, one must admit that he presents his case with considerable cogency, even though his prose style leaves much to be desired.

AMERICA'S HOUSE OF LORDS. *By Harold L. Ickes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 214 pages. $1.50.*

The thesis of Mr. Ickes, Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior, follows: "In my credo with reference to our newspapers is embedded the sincere belief that if editorial direction were left to editors and reporters there would be little occasion for criticism. With rare exceptions the attitude of that newspaper is unsocial whose publisher belongs to the moneyed class and whose primary objective is to make money." He goes at the press with his well-known sarcasm and satire, and makes full hits more often than he misses. Though there is not much new in the book, at least to newspaper men and honest sociologists, it will probably have a salutary influence among the general public.

WORKERS ON RELIEF. *By Grace Adams. New York: Yale University Press. 1939. 344 pages. $3.00.*

The author, a psychologist, has taken a highly controversial subject, and has dealt with it both objectively and skilfully. Already, too many millions of strongly partisan words have been written about the success or failure of the WPA. Miss Adams, however, has brought a refreshing impartiality to bear on the subject; by means of case histories she presents the advantages and disadvantages, in terms of human values, of the various Federal projects. More important, the book is a much needed reminder of the impetus responsible for the WPA and the creation of "made work" that during the past four years has furnished employment for some three million men and women. For the WPA was not an "economic experiment." Primarily, it was an attempt to keep decency and self-respect alive. It has been called a paternalistic gesture. Possibly it was. It may yet be too Utopian to suppose that a Government can protect its people with jobs in time of peace, as well as with arms in time of war.

Yet an attempt was made, and it is of this attempt that Miss Adams writes. Wisely, she avoids both the economic and political approaches, concentrating instead on a cross-section of lives vitally affected by the WPA. She writes with sympathy and understanding; not only does she give a clear picture of the intricacies of the WPA, but she presents as well a half dozen skilfully done portraits of workers on relief — the good, the bad, the indifferent.

GIST OF ART. *By John Sloan. New York: The American Artist's Group. 1939. 346 pages. $3.75.*

Mr. Sloan has here written an unusually interesting autobiography. A large part of the volume is made up of reproductions of his work from the very beginning, together with his own comments upon it in the light of his future development and in the light of other artists' works. The honesty of the author throughout is apparent. He also has much to say about art under totalitarian — whether Fascist or Communist — and democratic governments. He thinks that real art is impossible in totalitarian states, but "in this relatively democratic country today, I feel that, since we can talk about things freely, we can go on painting any kind of subject matter we like."

FORCES IN AMERICAN CRITICISM. *By Bernard Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1939. 401 pages. $3.00.*

Mr. Smith's attempt to chronicle and appraise the critical forces in American literary history, unfortunately, serves no purpose save to make public his own ineptness for the job. His knowledge of the subject leaves very much to be desired, he writes a gross and tortured English, and such opinions as he has either make no sense or are of dogmatism all compounded. He says that certain of the Colonial writers are "literally painful to read today," which remark offers a fair picture of the critical cast of his mind.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, published quarterly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1, 1939.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } SS.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared I. Harvey Williams, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager 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, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, J. H. Smyth, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, ———, ———; Business Manager, Irvine Harvey Williams, 420 Madison Avenue, 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.

IRVINE HARVEY WILLIAMS, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1939.

EDITH M. HEMALA, *Notary Public.*

(My commission expires March 30, 1940.)